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Kitchen-Klatter

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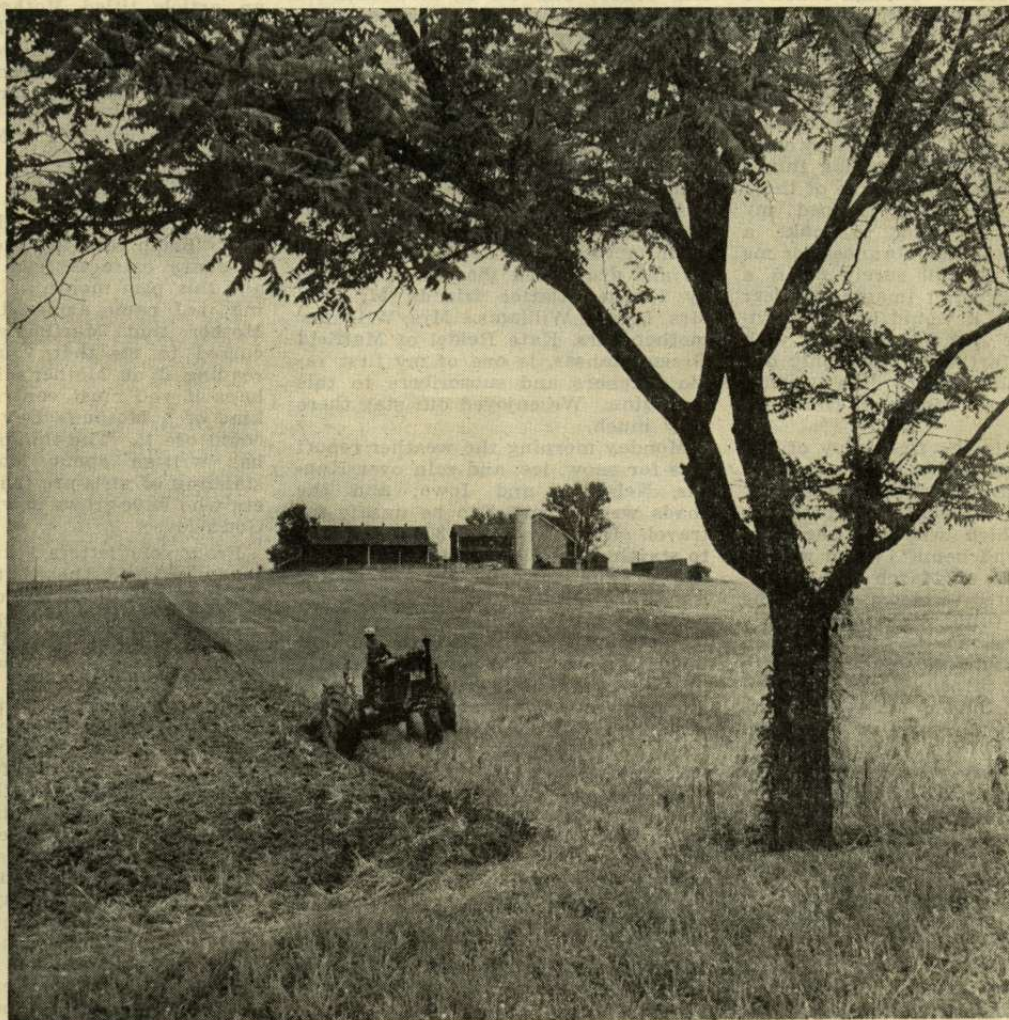


Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My Dear Friends:

I am writing you this letter on my sixty-fourth birthday, and as I look out the window here in my little office I can see a soft snow falling. It is melting as fast as it hits the ground and I doubt if any trace of it will remain for long even though it should decide to snow harder, but I don't remember any other birthday ushered in by a snow storm. Juliana called to sing "Happy Birthday" early this morning, and her little voice sounded so sweet coming over the telephone.

Yesterday my sister Jessie Shambaugh in Clarinda gave a birthday dinner for me, and following the last course of ice cream and birthday cake, they entertained me by telling things they recalled about me—some of these things had completely slipped my mind! Jessie is going to make a booklet of these remembrances for me to keep, and it will surely mean a great deal. I cannot imagine a nicer present, unless it would be the privilege I had of spending the day with my sisters; Martha was the only one missing, and her health didn't permit her to make the trip down from Des Moines.

Unless this is the first copy of our magazine that you've ever seen, you know that Mart and I spent the most severe part of the winter in Redlands, California, which we have begun to call our "second home". When we left there the 16th of March the orange trees had started to bloom, as had the violets, iris, tulips and other early spring flowers. There had not been enough rain and sun on the desert to bring out the carpet of many colored flowers that bloom there in late March and April, so we missed them this year.

We had a very pleasant trip home for both Mart and I enjoy driving along without hurrying to get to some particular place at a given time. We had hoped to take a different highway back this time, one that would take us farther north in Arizona and New Mexico, but weather reports discouraged us for the highways in that area were due to be covered with ice and snow.

Our first night out of Redlands we stayed in Mesa, Arizona, which is not far from Phoenix. When we left there Friday morning we drove to Globe, a typical mining town. Between Mesa and Globe we went through one of the most beautiful canyons that I have ever seen. I was

glad someone else was driving so I could look to my heart's content. We felt very fortunate that we didn't meet a truck or a bus for I couldn't imagine where there would be room for both of us on that narrow road.

Friday night we reached Las Cruces, New Mexico and stopped there. The next day we drove through two hundred miles of sandstorm between Las Cruces and Clovis, New Mexico. In some places the visibility was zero, and we fairly crept along with our car lights on. Saturday night we were at Amarillo, Texas, and there we stopped at the same motel where we have stayed on each of our trips west. We both said that it seemed good to be able to stay at places that have become familiar.

After we left Amarillo we felt that we were brushing into winter. At Wichita we stayed at the Sunset Motel and discovered that it was owned by Kitchen-Klatter friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Williams. Mrs. Williams' mother, Mrs. Kate Reidel of Matfield Green, Kansas, is one of my first radio listeners and subscribers to this magazine. We enjoyed our stay there very much.

Monday morning the weather report was for snow, ice, and rain over Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, and the roads were reported to be unsafe for travel. However, at 10:30 we decided to start out and go as far as we could safely. The sun came out and melted ice on the highway, so we kept on going until at about six o'clock we came to a stop in front of 201 East Summit in Shenandoah! The minute we drove up Martin and Margery came running out to greet us. Margery said that she'd spent the entire afternoon in front of the window, and poor Martin had gotten genuinely impatient.

We had a wonderful family supper and spent the evening visiting. Yes, it's wonderful to be home! I think that Martin had changed more than anyone else in our absence for when we went away he spoke only a few words, and now he is capable of carrying on a real conversation. He talks from morning until night and makes very pungent comments about things!

Emily had learned to walk while we were gone, and she is certainly very much like a little elf as she runs about the room. She didn't remember us, of course, but it didn't take long for her to get acquainted all over again.

If all goes well next fall we hope to make the long deferred visit to New England. I've never seen that section of our country and have had a great hankering to do so. We want to see Frederick and Betty and Mary Leanna in their home, and in addition there is a pretty special reason for wanting to make the trip. Can anyone guess? After we visit them we want to see several dear friends who live in New England, and in addition we are anticipating a chance to see our nieces, Margery Conrad Sayre (Susan' daughter), Mary Fischer Chapin (Helen's daughter), and our nephew, Dwight Eaton (Martha's son). I hope that this time our plans can be carried through.

We are happy that our long-time friend and contributor, Mabel Nair Brown, will have an article in Country Gentleman in some future issue. I marvel at the things Mabel accomplishes. In addition to looking after her three youngsters and all of the work on a big farm, she finds time to take part in many community activities, goes out to give lectures, and writes many an article.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find an article titled *Mother's Love For Girls* by my sister, Martha Field Eaton. This is taken from *The Memory Book*, a book written by the seven of us Field children for our parents' Christmas gift in 1915. The book is prefaced with this statement: The Memory Book, Tales of Sunnyside farm, by the Field children and friends. A Christmas surprise to Father and Mother, December 25, 1915. From time to time I would like to share extracts from it with you, and this past month as I was rereading it I came across the tribute to Mother that Martha wrote. It occurred to me that you might enjoy reading it on Mother's Day, and perhaps if you must contribute to some kind of a Mother's Day program you could use it. The things that Martha has written about Mother's understanding of girls are true of all Mothers who have grown in wisdom through God's love.

From your letters I know you have really enjoyed the visits Lucile and Margery had with you over the radio in my absence. They were quite proud of the fact that they did not miss a single broadcast. I was glad that I had my tape recorder with me and could send back short visits, and I appreciated your letters regarding them.

I came home with a wonderful tan from my winter in California, and my family and friends say that both of us look as though the California climate had agreed with us. There were many foggy days along the coast this winter but Redlands is far enough away from the ocean that the days were very pleasant. I think the fact that the La Posada Hotel is such a friendly place and that we now feel ourselves among old and dear friends has added to our enjoyment of our winter vacation.

You can be sure that your letters always receive a warm welcome at our home. Do write to me when you can find a spare moment in your busy spring days.

Goodbye for now . . . Leanna.

Come into the Garden

"MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE"

(Ed. Note: As a rule we do not print extracts from letters on this page, but exceptions can always crop up and when this letter arrived recently we felt that it was time to make the exception.)

"Dear Leanna and Girls: Tonight I've just finished making out two separate nursery orders and before I put away my pen and ink so little prying fingers won't get into them in the morning, I want to explain the circumstances that are responsible for one of the enclosed orders.

"Back in January I took my two small children and went to Ohio to visit my mother and to help celebrate her seventieth birthday. While I was there I met one of her friends, a lovely woman in her late sixties who had moved next door to mother since I was last there. We had several good long visits and I was interested in many things she had to say for she had had countless experiences in her years as a minister's wife. I've always sort of envied people who had the opportunity to live in many different places, so she found me a sympathetic listener.

"All in all she lived in twelve different towns during her husband's service as a hardworking minister in small Midwestern communities. There were countless memories associated with each parsonage, of course, and I asked her one day which place she remembered with the greatest pleasure.

"I don't have to stop and think about that," she replied. "Most places are just alike under the surface, and I was happy in all towns where we lived. Three of the parsonages were almost new, some of them were very old and in need of many repairs, and the others were just what minister's wives expect to find. But I'll tell you something that may sound strange: the house that I recall with the fondest memories was the oldest of the twelve and the least convenient, and you'd think off-hand that I would have preferred any of the eleven others. But the thing that endeared it to me was the fact that it had a beautiful garden. It was the only place we ever lived where I could have beautiful bouquets all summer long, where there were flowering shrubs to greet the spring and wonderful autumn flowers right up until frost. The women who belonged to that church had made it a point to develop a beautiful yard for the minister's family to enjoy, and they'll never know, even though I tried to tell them, how much it meant to us. We've never forgotten that garden — the only one we were ever privileged to enjoy."

"That talk set a whole new trail of thoughts going through my mind. As soon as I got back to my own home I went to look at our parsonage, and

honestly, I was ashamed. We have a nice seven-room house for our minister and have always kept it up well, but that yard! There wasn't a thing in it except some old scraggly shrubs and it looked awfully bare and naked to my eyes.

"We took the matter up at our women's organization last week and have a committee to work out a planting plan that will extend over several years. We can't do it all at once, of course, but at least I've been authorized to make a start this year so that things can get started.

"I don't know who will live in that house in years to come (we belong to a church where ministers are assigned to new parishes after two or three years in each town), but I hope they'll carry away memories as happy as those I heard about from my mother's friend in Ohio."

—Mrs. S. F. D., Kansas.

COUNT ON ANNUALS FOR COLOR

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

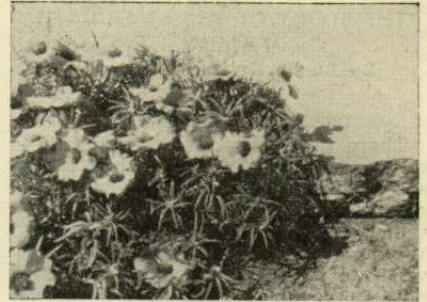
If your garden lacks color at any time during the growing season, it may be because you failed to include a wise selection of long-blooming annuals. Seeds can be planted or plants set between the shrubs and perennials — they will provide the color during otherwise dull seasons.

Because there is no limit to the colors available and since they vary in size from dwarf edging plants to background giants, any color scheme or picture planting is possible. Annuals will blossom during the summer or fall even if seeds have to be planted outside fairly late in the spring. I like to plant most annual seeds in a seed frame and then reset to the places where they are needed as soon as they are large enough to handle. Those that do not transplant easily such as Sweet Alyssum, Larkspur or Poppy should, of course, be planted where they are to bloom.

Blue Bedder Salvia and Pink Petunias make a colorful combination. The pleasing part is that neither call for any special attention and will bloom for weeks and weeks. Marigolds of all kinds are splendid and have that charming long blooming habit. Early Sunshine is one of my favorites with its bright lemon yellow flowers that have the form of mums. Limelight is a little larger with paler blossoms.

Alyssum Violet Queen commences to bloom early and will continue until frost. Like the annual white Alyssum it makes a good edging plant. Dahlborg Daisy is another dwarf grower. The doll-size daisies are yellow and almost cover the fern-like foliage. The plants commence blooming when very small. As they grow, the seed clusters are hidden by new foliage and blossoms. If the bushes should look a little untidy in midsummer, shear them severely. New growth develops with surprising rapidity.

Dahlias may be used as an annual because they bloom the first season



Portulaca Jewel (Rose Moss) is a charming flower. Photo by Tiemann.

from seeds. Not only will they furnish blossoms to brighten the garden but also blossoms for house enjoyment. They are as easily grown as Zinnias and require much the same culture.

Rose Moss (Portulaca) adds lots of color to our gardens no matter which ones we choose. A lovely one is portulaca Jewel. Its scarlet blossoms are single but considerably larger than most Rose Moss. Cuttings start easily. If the garden has a bare spot, simply break off short ends of the Rose Moss and tuck it where needed. If this is done during a rainy spell it will root without further attention. During sunny weather, water it well and shade for a few days.

Annual Phlox can hardly be surpassed for ease of culture and mass of color for weeks on end. There are dwarf varieties for edgings and taller ones for bedding or for border color. All are good for cutting. Tetra Red Phlox was new to me last summer. It is a deep velvety red with a white eye. For vines with lots of color, Heavenly Blues can be depended on for blue and Cardinal Climber or Cypress Vine for red.

Your favorite long blooming annuals may have not been mentioned but they are in the seed catalogs, or flats with plants already started will soon be on sale. Planting time is here.

RETURN

Some day I shall go back again
To where my own things are,
Although the road is very long,
Past moon and sun and star.
I shall pass by the gates of pearl
And saints who sing of God,
And search until I find a street
Edged close with golden rod.
My mother will be waiting there,
Because God understands,
In the gray dress she used to wear,
With sewing in her hands.
And though great saints sit by, to learn
The wisdom of her talk,
She will forget them, when she hears
My footsteps on the walk.
She will spring up and drop her work,
And run to welcome me,
And tell me that my room is there
Just as it used to be.
She will not see that I am old
Or that my hair is gray,
But only smile—"My dear, my dear,
How long you seemed away."

—Unknown.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIVE

There are no two ways about it—the summer of 1946 was full of much activity for our family. In fact, we've never had a summer since that contained such a variety of happenings. It's a mistake to say that I doubt if we ever have another summer comparable to it for one never knows what is ahead, but taking everything into consideration it is highly unlikely that we will ever again see a summer in our family when two weddings are the highlights.

Frederick and Betty spent a week with us in July, as I told you last month, and then returned to Washington where they packed up their belongings, made arrangements to store other things, and then went to Ashaway, Rhode Island, to visit Betty's parents. After a short stop there Frederick took a plane to his post in Bermuda and started the arduous process of finding a house. As soon as this was accomplished (and it didn't take very long) Betty flew to Bermuda to join him.

Back here in Shenandoah we saw Mother and Dad off for a week's vacation at Spirit Lake, Iowa. Before the war they went there every summer, and on one afternoon during that week they met crowds of their friends at a Kitchen-Klatter picnic. This picnic was almost a summer tradition for a good many people, and everyone missed it when gas rationing prohibited travel of any kind. But in the summer of 1946 people were again going any place they pleased, so the folks made the trip up to Spirit Lake. Dorothy and Kristin came down during that time, and Dorothy and I took the radio program together.

Towards the end of July we received a wire from Margery one morning with the news that she was leaving California and would arrive shortly for a visit. The folks hadn't seen her since she went to Hollywood in February of 1944 to care for Kristin during Dorothy's illness. A lot of water had passed under the proverbial bridge since then, and they were very happy to hear that she was returning. I'll never forget how excited Juliana was when Margery came running in to our house to greet us. Both Juliana and Kristin always have adored their Aunt Marge, and they missed her sorely when they couldn't see her.

Shortly after Margery's return we swung into preparations for Abigail's marriage to Wayne. It had been intended originally to have the wedding in Onawa, but after Abigail's father's death it seemed more reasonable to have the wedding here in Shenandoah at our family home.

One thing about our preparations I will never forget, and if you've ever had a comparable experience you'll know what I'm talking about. For at least two years Mother had been eager to have the kitchen repapered and repainted, but during the war years it was virtually impossible to get such work done. All of the young men were in the service, and the older men



The explanation for this family group will be found on the following page.

simply couldn't get to everything—there weren't enough days in a year to cover the endless requests for their labor. Mother had been hoping against hope that the redecorating could be done before hot weather that summer, but as things turned out the paper-hangers and painters arrived just about three days before the wedding. I recall vividly dodging ladders and scaffolds as we went through the kitchen and back hall on endless errands. It looked for a while as though the women in charge of the reception refreshments would have to dodge those ladders, but the workmen stayed late at night to finish so that this could be avoided.

It has occurred to me that perhaps those of you who are having summer weddings this year might glean a few ideas from an account of Abigail's wedding, so once again I will pick up a clipping from our local paper to supply details. Incidentally, Aunt Helen Fischer was in charge of the decorations and she did a beautiful job. It's a shame that all young brides and grooms cannot have an Aunt Helen to take over at such times!

"At four o'clock on Friday afternoon, August 9, Miss Abigail Florence Morrison, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lawrence Morrison of Onawa, Iowa, became the bride of Stephen Wayne Driftmier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Henry Driftmier of Shenandoah.

"The library of the Driftmier home was the setting for the ceremony. Sprays of white sweet peas covered the south and west windows of the room and were used in bowls throughout the house. Crystal candelabra with ivory tapers and white regal lilies were used at the altar, and large baskets of gold and white gladioli flanked

the archways.

"Preceding the ceremony "Because" was sung by Mrs. Margery Harms accompanied by Mrs. Russell Verness. Immediately following this the Lohengrin Wedding March was played and the bride entered the room with her brother, Henry Clark Morrison of Nevada, Iowa, who gave her in marriage. She wore a white gabardine suit with a cluster of white rosebuds in her hair. The groom was accompanied by his brother, Donald Paul Driftmier of Ames who served as best man. Miss Margaret Shuttleworth of New York City, a sorority sister of the bride at Iowa City, was the maid of honor. She wore a suit of gold gabardine with a cluster of gold roses in her hair.

"Vicar Henry F. Robbins read the Episcopal service for the double ring ceremony, and at its conclusion the bridal couple knelt on a white satin cushion for the beautiful closing prayer.

"After the ceremony a reception was held for members of the family and intimate friends who witnessed the service. An exquisite lace tablecloth was used as a background for the three tiered cake that was decorated with yellow tea roses and a miniature bride and groom who stood under an archway of white sweet peas. Crystal candle sticks with ivory tapers and bowls of tea-roses were used on the table, while gold tapers and vases of gold and white gladioli decorated the room.

"Immediately following the reception Mr. and Mrs. Driftmier left for Wisconsin where they will spend five weeks at the summer home of the bride's uncle near Sturgeon Bay. After a short visit at the Driftmier home in Shenandoah in late September they

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)
will return to Iowa City where both of them will resume their work at the University for the coming year. At the end of that time they will return to Shenandoah to make their home where the groom will be associated in business with his father."

This account doesn't tell you, of course, that at four o'clock on August the ninth there was the most beautiful blue sky that I can ever recall. The entire world bestowed a benediction upon all people that afternoon. If one could draw up to order a perfect hour for a wedding it was that particular afternoon.

It doesn't tell you too that some of the guests who were traveling from Omaha had car difficulties and didn't arrive until after Abigail and Wayne had left the house. Or that Donald's six-foot, four-inches trembled so violently during the ceremony that we feared for him! Or that everyone gathered in the backyard of the folks' home and threw showers of rice as the bride and groom made a dash for their car. We have a picture that Russell took at the moment this happened and it looks as though Abigail and Wayne were running through snow!

The picture on this page was taken just a few minutes after the ceremony was read. Mother is in front and Dad is standing at her left. Margery is directly behind Mother and next to her is Dorothy. Wayne and Abigail are together and between them you can see Donald. Howard is standing directly behind me, and one reason we've never used this picture is because of the exceedingly peculiar expression of my mouth! I had just started to tell Juliana to stand still when the camera clicked, and it caught me looking much more fierce than I really am. But it's a very good picture of everyone else, all things taken into consideration, so I've decided to use it this month.

(To Be Continued)

ONLY HEAVEN IS GIVEN AWAY

I bought a gay-roofed little house upon a sunny hill,
Where heaven is very close to earth and all the world is still.
It took my savings, every cent, although the cost was small,
But oh, the lovely things I bought and paid for not at all!

The sleepy valleys that below in tawny sunshine lie,
The oaks that crawl across their slopes and climb to meet the sky.
Stray winds that sing of other things than those our eyes may see,
Blue wisps of mists, the raveled clouds that, fleeing, beckon me.
White suns of mad, glad March, October's wine to quaff,
On crystal mornings my heart fires crackling laugh.

The silent stars that march at night so close above my head,
The sound of raindrops on the roof when I am snug in bed.
For joist and beam and shingles gay I spent my savings small,
But oh, on the lovely things God gave He put no price at all.—Selected

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Today has been such a beautiful warm Sunday, that surely now we can really say "Spring is here." Kristin was allowed to go to Sunday School without her leggings on, and she actually felt as free as a bird. I don't think there is anything she hates worse than wearing leggings, because they are such a chore to get on and off. She has worn overalls and jeans all winter to school, so tomorrow I told her she could wear a dress and she went to bed happy as a lark.

Juliana has an Easter vacation this year, so Kristin is hoping very much that she can come up to spend it with us. Ever since she heard that there was a possibility she could, she has been debating about whether it would be more fun for them to go to her school, or come to visit me, since Juliana has never visited my school. She is also eager for Juliana to see her ride Danny Pony all by herself. We got Kristin a small sidewalk bicycle for Christmas, and finally after weeks of practicing, she has learned to ride it. We knew she wouldn't be able to ride it long because it is so small, but we decided she could learn the art of balancing herself without being hurt because she wouldn't have far to fall, and in our family there is always someone smaller to pass it on to. By the time she is through with it, Martin will be ready for it, and when he is through with it Emily will be ready for it.

Frank has been loading up seed oats today, and if it doesn't rain tomorrow, he will get the oats sown. When I see him in the field it is going to be hard for me to go to school because I have always worked with him so much and we are both going to miss it this year.

We are almost through lambing for this year, and we feel we have had exceptionally good luck since we have only lost two lambs out of sixty, and haven't had to bottle feed a single one. Frank brought one little lamb home one night that was just about gone because she wasn't getting any milk, not because the ewe didn't claim her, but she just didn't have enough milk for her. We fed her that night and got her on her feet, then Frank said he had another ewe that he thought would adopt her because she had been trying to adopt all the lambs, so he took her back to the sheep shed, and sure enough she did adopt her and she is growing like a weed.

Frank has been working here in the kitchen boring a hole in a piece of wood, and he just told me a surprising thing. At Christmas time he bought me a beautiful sorrel riding horse, and after he read my Kitchen-Klatter letter he was afraid to bring it home and give it to me. I don't know how long he would have kept it a secret unless I had just happened to mention that last week-end when we went to Shenandoah to see the folks, Abigail had told me how anxious she was to come up for the day so she could ride Bonnie again, and how I wished I had a horse so we could ride together. I guess he thought it was safe then to tell me that I did have one, and now

he would go and bring it home. Now I'm terribly anxious to see the horse and ride it. This is all so very funny to me because I never have cared how much stock he bought, but I just like to tease him about horses because he is so crazy about them.

One evening last week when I happened to have an extra hour to spend doing anything I wished, I got out a piece of bright red wool I had had for a long time and thought I would baste in the pleats for a new skirt for Kristin, and maybe I would have time to get it finished before Easter and she could wear it with her new navy blue spring coat. (Of course that was just wishful thinking). I must have forgotten that she had put on some weight since the last skirt I made her, anyway after I had all those knife pleats basted in and tried it on her, it was going to be too tight, so I had to take them all back out again. Now by the time I can get around to it again, it will be too late for her to wear it this spring, so I just pulled out the basting threads and put it back in the cedar chest and will just wait until fall to get it out again. It was a bitter disappointment to me since it was the first time since school started that I have had even an hour to sew, then to have it turn out that way—my hour just wasted. I'll know better next time, and will certainly measure before I start anything.

My school children are anticipating our Easter Egg hunt next Friday afternoon. They are each going to bring four hard-boiled eggs to school and in art class we are going to color them. We are hoping we will have a nice day so we can hide them around the school ground. Last week the children brought rakes to school, and they have been busy cleaning up all the debris that has collected since school started last fall. They hadn't noticed how much stuff had cluttered up the yard until after the snow had all melted. The annual state achievement tests are to be given a week from tomorrow, and our school has been selected as one of the centers where the tests will be given, and since we will have visiting children there from another school, they wanted the yard to look nice.

My letter must come to a close for this month. It is late and I like to feel rested and pert at the beginning of a new week.

Sincerely, Dorothy

LOVE'S TRIUMPH

Yet love will dream and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through His cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!
—John Greenleaf Whittier

EVERY DAY IS MOTHER'S DAY

By Mabel Nair Brown

The "flowers to Mothers" May basket decorative theme, plus the program below, is aimed to help you if you are on a committee to plan a Mother's Day tea, banquet or luncheon.

The month of May naturally means May basket time and what prettier way to offer our floral tributes to Mother, — Jonquils, violets, pansies, and apple blossoms are some of the lovely home-grown flowers you might use. If you would like something different from the usual decorated paper basket for the centerpiece, try to locate one of the large brimmed leg-horn hats to use as the centerpiece basket (with a low container of some sort set in the crown to hold the flowers).

Or you might make up your own original hat basket by using a paper plate, lace doilies, veiling and ribbon. In a circle around the flower filled hat, place miniature corsages made by pulling the stems of a tiny bouquet through a hole cut in the center of a small paper doily; then add loops and short streamers of ribbon in pastel shades. These corsages lay on the table with stems pointing toward center basket and thus each tiny bouquet is viewed, framed in a lace paper doily ruffle.

Individual favors are tiny May baskets filled with flowers. These may be made with nut cups, paper doilies, pastel ribbon and perhaps a pipe cleaner handle.

If your group isn't too large, the basket idea could be carried on through to the refreshments by serving the ice cream in meringue baskets (tinting the meringue mixture in different pastel shades). Otherwise carry out the flower motif in decorated cookies or cup cakes or candy mints. Open-faced sandwiches also lend themselves to this theme effectively.

Program. This program is in a simple operetta-like form with the verses to be sung to the familiar tunes indicated in parenthesis. The soloist who sings the opening verse might sing the other songs which describe each scene, or the individuals who portray the scenes might sing their own, or quartette or duet arrangements may be worked out. Be sure the words are sung very distinctly. This little program is aimed to get away from the too serious vein as is too often the case with Mother's Day programs. Use your imagination to bring out the humorous in some of the scenes as indicated in the verses describing them. A large cardboard lettered with the title of each scene such as "Nurse", "Carpenter", "Chief Cook" etc., might be used to indicate Mother's various "degrees" as each is portrayed. The pianist can work in appropriate music between scenes.

Introduction: soloist (Sweet Genevieve—tune)
O! there's no one quite like our Moms
That's very, very plain to me;
For she's a dozen folks in one
That's how she earned her M. A. (ma) degree.



The last time Dorothy and Kristin were in Shenandoah they posed for Russell.

And how is that? I hear you ask,
Well, watch her at her daily tasks,
You'll see she's busy every day
A smoothin' out our bumpy way.

Chorus;

Then here's to them, our sweet Ma-Mas,

So gentle, good, and kind, and true,
And as we see these "true-life" views
They'll bring us dreams of home and you.

1. *Nurse* (Tramp! Tramp Tramp)

When we were but infants small
And with colic we would squall
Our Ma-Ma knew just exactly what to do.

She would heat a bit of water, give it
to her son or daughter,
Thus she'd nurse and sooth our every
pain away.

2. *Seamstress* (The Quilting Party)

From the days when we first toddled
Right straight on through our teens
We were always needin' to be fixed up
Cuz we'd "busted" out a seam!

Chorus;

Sewing, patching, mending
Never finished I suppose
Cuz when she got the kids' clothes
fixed and mended
Why—poor dolly needed clothes!

3. *Laundress* (Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush)

Washing faces, washing clothes
Scrubbing tracks, and so it goes
How it all accumulates
Ma-Ma can only speculate.

4. *Carpenter* (Billy Boy)

1. Here's my poor little truck, with its
wheel broken off,
Can you fix it on for me, darling
Mother?

Yes, I'll fix it up for you, tho' I've
plenty else to do
But you keep an eye on baby brother!

2. O my poor rag doll's lost an arm,
Mommy, dear.

Can you put another'n on'er, dear
Ma-Ma?

Yes, just hand to me my thimble, I
must hurry and be nimble
For it's supper time and here comes
your pa!

5. *Playmate* (Playmates)
Chorus;

Please, Mom, come on outside with me
We're lonesome as can be, we need
advice you see

Ain't got nobody to show us what to
do

We're tired of trucks and dolls, we're
needin' you.

She took the time to play
Let her work "slide" that day
With cheerful grin, she played with
them in her own funny way.

She kicked a football and played Pom-
pull-a-way,

Then looked at Tabby's kittens, helped
feed the banty hen.

They'll ne'er forget that happy, happy
day

When Mother took the time to come
and play.

6. *Cook* (Shortenin' Bread)

Start up the fire, get the oven hot
Mamma's goin' to bake us a ginger-
bread boy,
But that ain't all, Mamma's gonna do,
Mamma's gonna make a little cocoa,
too.

Chorus;

Mamma's little baby loves gingerbread
boys

Gingerbread cookies are the best there
are

We all loves Mamma's gingerbread
boys

Everybody help hisself to Mamma's
cookie jar.

1. *Doctor* (Comin' Through the Rye)

If a body hurt a body
We just run to Ma
She's the bestest doctor now
That you most ever saw,
She kin bandage up that old stubbed
toe

Jes so neat—like this (display wrap-
ped toe)

And if it's feelings that get hurt
He heals them with a kiss!

8. *Judge* (Yankee Doodle)

Mothers must sometimes act as judge
And settle quarrels and fights,
Though we may sulk and pout a bit
We must admit she's right.

Chorus;

Yes, Mother is a judge, I think,
Perhaps a lawyer, too
It takes 'em both to keep kids straight
And train 'em how to do.

9. *Minister* (Now The Day Is Over)

1. Now the day is over, night is draw-
ing nigh

Mother takes us on her lap, croons a
lullaby.

2. Then she tells the story, of the
Child who lay

In a stable lowly, on a bed of hay.

3. Then we kneel and softly say our
bedtime prayer

Asking God to guide and keep us
in His tender care.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning at 11:00
A. M. we visit with you on the
following stations:

KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on
your dial.

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on
your dial.

KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on
your dial.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

A few days ago the three of us went up to Hartford, Connecticut, to do some shopping. While Betty was looking for a new coat I kept Mary Leanna entertained by letting her ride on the escalator, and the two of us went from the first floor to the eighth floor three different times. On the fifth floor just beside the escalator was a meek little man demonstrating vacuum cleaners, and when he saw us go by the third time he looked really frightened, as though he were seeing things.

I think that Mary Leanna would have been happy riding the escalator for another hour, but I was tired, and so we went to find Betty in the coat department. While Mary Leanna ran in and out of the coat racks and played in front of the mirrors, I made myself comfortable in an easy chair at the far end of the room. I had just seated myself when a smartly dressed lady came up to me and holding her arms outstretched turned slowly about. She was wearing a new coat from one of the racks and so I thought at first that she was a model showing me a coat for Betty. I smiled and said: "That is very nice indeed."

"Oh, do you really think so?" she said. "Are you sure that it is not a bit full across the back?"

"Well, I am not sure. Turn around again and let me see the back." She stretched out her arms and turned slowly around. "No," I said. "It is all right. I like that coat on you." I was quite surprised when she called to a clerk and said that she would buy the coat, and she had no more than turned away when another lady stepped up in front of me and asked what I thought of the coat she was wearing. I thought it a bit bold of a perfect stranger to ask me for advice about clothes, but since she asked me for advice, I gave it to her. "No," I said, "to be honest with you I don't like it."

"You don't?" She sounded startled. "Well, what don't you like about it? I think that it looks better on me than anything else you have in here, and certainly it costs more. Why don't you like it?"

Try to imagine how I felt! It dawned on me that these ladies thought that I was the manager of the department or something. I was afraid that if I told the lady that I was just a poor innocent clergyman waiting for my wife she would be very embarrassed, and so I decided to try and answer her as politely as possible and then get up and get out of there.

"Lady," I mumbled a bit obscurely, "I just don't like the coat. There is something about it that is not becoming to you."

"Is it the collar? Do you think that the full collar makes my face look too fat, or is it the way it fits me across the hips?"

I couldn't stand it any longer, and I was sure that the vivid color going up my neck and into my face would betray my inexperience in female fashions. I blurted out, "Lady, please forgive me, but really I don't know a thing about it. I am just sitting here



Every night about nine o'clock Betty and Frederick have cookies and cocoa with the school boys who live in their home.

waiting for my wife. If you will excuse me I want to go and look for my little daughter." I think that at that moment there was never a more surprised lady, and her blush was painful to see.

"Oh, excuse me sir!" she gasped. "I thought that you were the store's fashion advisor! Oh, I am terribly sorry. I really did think that..." But I didn't give her time to finish, for I was on my way to look for Mary Leanna. I got away just in time, for as I walked down through the long room I heard one lady tell another that she was going to run up to the end of the room and get the opinion of the fashion advisor. When I told Betty about it, she laughed, for I am really the last man in the world to give anyone advice about clothes.

I recently heard a missionary from China tell an amusing story. When he was leaving the school where he had taught for several years, the Chinese boys in his English class had a little farewell program. The president of the class at the close of the program stepped forward and presented the missionary with a large bouquet of roses and in his most flowery English gave this little speech: "Farewell to you, good sir. Farewell! May these beautiful flowers be accepted as a token of our great affection for you. These flowers are lovely and so has been your work with us. However, you are not like these flowers, for they will soon lose their fragrance and will fade and die. But you, sir, you will *smell* forever!"

While I am on the subject of missionaries, let me say that there is no group of people I admire more. For the most part they are grand people doing a mighty tough bit of work. When I was living in Egypt I had a good chance to observe the splendid work that missionaries are doing in that needy land. I remember one rather entertaining story about three young ladies who taught in a mission school over there. They had only been in Egypt a few days when they took a taxi to visit some other missionaries. When they started home from the visit, they were very concerned about the fast driving of the taxi driver. They knew very few words of Arabic—all Egyptians speak Arabic—but they thought they knew the word for "Go slowly", and so one of the ladies called to the driver and supposedly told him to slow up. Again and again they told him, and the more they told him the faster he went.

It was the wildest, most reckless ride they ever had in their lives. They learned later that instead of telling him to go slowly they had actually been telling him to go faster, and the poor driver was doing his best to carry out instructions. I am glad that I wasn't with them. It is bad enough to ride in most taxis here in the United States, but to ride in a taxi in Egypt is to court death. When I lived in Egypt a few years ago some of the taxis in use were—believe it or not—1920 model Italian Fiats. It is a tribute to the Italian manufacturers of the Fiat that their cars could be used for such a long time by the wild Egyptian drivers.

Spring in New England is lovely, oh, so lovely! On Sunday afternoon we drive down to the shores of Long Island Sound and go along the rocky coastline. With the deep blue water of the sound on our right, and with the thickly wooded hills on our left, it is truly a lovely picture. I wonder if there is anyplace in the world that is not beautiful in the spring of the year? Has it ever occurred to you that the reason spring is such a delight to those of us living in the northern part of the world is because we have experienced the bleakness of winter? Although spring in Florida is nice, I am sure the people of Florida don't appreciate it as much as do we who have had a bad winter. We love beautiful things only when we are able to contrast them with ugly things. After all, black upon black is invisible, but when white is put upon black we see it in all of its purity. I have never been in any part of the world where there was not some little variation in the seasons. In some places winter does not mean snow, but if it doesn't mean snow it does mean rain. Not everywhere does summer mean green fields and blooming flowers, but it does mean hot dry days with burned off grass and cracked fields.

We live in a world of contrasts, and if it were not so, what a dull place this world would be! There is war, but there is also peace, and the only people who are really grateful for peace are people who know how terrible is war. There is sickness, but there is also health, and no one can really appreciate good health who has not known sickness. Such is life, and when you stop to think about it, it would seem that a certain amount of trouble is actually good for the soul. Sometimes we talk about getting rid of all the evil in the world, and of all the pain, and of all the ugliness. But what kind of a world would this be if we were to take out of it all struggle and all hardships? It is not a problem that can be answered lightly or quickly. The greatest good that you and I know, is a good character. Do you know of anything better than a good character? I don't. Well, it is interesting to note what it is that makes character good. It is the victorious conquest of all that would make character bad. Our characters are made strong only as they successfully resist evil. Why God allows evil to exist is a very profound and a very interesting question to consider.

Sincerely, Frederick



BUTTERHORNS

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cake fresh yeast
(dry yeast may be used)
- 3 beaten eggs
- 4 1/2 cups flour

Combine milk, shortening, sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add crumbled yeast and stir well. Add eggs, then flour; mix to smooth, soft dough. Knead lightly on floured surface. Place dough in greased bowl; cover and let rise until at least doubled in bulk. Divide dough in thirds; roll each third on lightly floured surface to 9-inch circle. Brush with melted fat. Cut each circle in 12 to 16 wedge-shaped pieces; roll each wedge, starting with wide end and rolling to point. Arrange in greased baking pan and brush with melted fat. Cover and let rise until very light. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 to 425 degrees) 15 minutes. For crescents, shape in curve on baking pan. Makes 3 dozen rolls.

MERINGUES

- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. vinegar

Beat the egg whites in a large bowl until stiff but not dry. Add the cream of tartar just as they become foamy. Add the sugar 2 Tbls. at a time and continue to beat until all is used. Add the vinegar and vanilla and beat the mixture until it is stiff and glazed in appearance. Drop mixture by teaspoons on brown paper and bake in a 275 degree oven for one hour.

VEAL LOAF

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground veal
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1/2 cup dry, fine bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup rich milk
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. celery salt
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 slices diced, uncooked bacon

Mix ground meats with remaining ingredients except bacon. Shape into loaf. Sprinkle the diced bacon on top. Bake in 350 degree oven for one hour. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIR

COFFEE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 beaten egg whites

Cream sugar and shortening. Add egg yolks and beat well. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Fold in beaten egg whites. Spread into an 8x8x2 glass baking dish and cover with the following topping: Blend 6 Tbls. flour, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 2 Tbls. butter and 1/2 tsp. baking powder. Sprinkle over cake. Bake in a 350 degree oven from 40 to 50 minutes.

LEMON CHIFFON PUDDING

- 1 cup sugar
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter melted
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
- 3 beaten egg yolks
- 1 cup milk
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

Blend together the sugar, flour, salt and butter. Add lemon juice, grated lemon rind, 3 egg yolks well beaten and 1 cup of milk. Lastly add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake 45 minutes. When done there will be a cake on top and a delicious pudding underneath.

CORN CUSTARD

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 stalk celery
- 1 can corn
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs
- 1 small onion
- 2 Tbls. green pepper
- Large pimento cut in strips
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup milk
- Cheese crackers

Dice the bacon, brown and add the diced green pepper, celery and onion chopped fine. Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add the corn, pimento cut in strips, seasoning, eggs and milk. Mix well. Pour into well-greased baking dish, place crackers in an attractive design on the top and place baking dish in pan of hot water. Bake in 350 degree oven for an hour.

TALLAHASSEE HUSH PUPPY

- 2 cups corn meal
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sweet milk
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 large onion, chopped fine

Sift the dry ingredients together and add the milk and water. Stir in the chopped onion. Add more meal or milk as may be necessary to form a soft but workable dough. With the hands, mold pieces of the dough into pones (oblong cakes, 5 inches long, 3 inches wide and about 3/4 inch thick). Fry in deep hot fat until well browned. Grand with fried fish.

FILLED ICE-BOX COOKIES

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 3 eggs
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar and eggs and beat thoroughly. Sift the soda and flour, and add to the first mixture. Roll out to one-half inch in thickness. Spread with the following mixture:

- 1 lb. dates, pitted and cut in pieces
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts

Combine the above ingredients and cook until thick. Set aside to cool before using. Spread on the cookie dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Set in a cool place over night. Cut into thin slices and bake on greased cookie sheet in a 375 degree oven for about 12 minutes.

HARVARD BEETS

- 12 small beets, diced
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. butter

Mix sugar and cornstarch. Add vinegar and water and boil 5 minutes. Add beets to hot sauce and let stand at least 30 minutes. Just before serving, bring to boiling point and add butter.

LIGHT-AS-A-FEATHER GINGERBREAD

- Pour 1/2 cup boiling water over 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- Combine first 5 ingredients.

Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Bake in 8-inch square pan in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 minutes, or until done. This is a thin batter but do not add more flour.

BAKED CREAMY CUSTARD

- 1/3 cupful of sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 cupfuls of milk
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 egg whites

Heat the milk to scalding. Blend together the sugar, cornstarch and salt in the upper part of a double boiler. Add the scalded milk and cook over hot water, stirring occasionally, for 15 minutes. Add the well-beaten egg yolks, stir until smooth, then continue cooking and stirring for 2 minutes. Remove from the fire and cool. Add the flavoring and set aside until thoroughly cold.

Beat the 4 egg-whites until frothy; then add 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar. Continue beating until stiff. Then add 1/2 tsp. vanilla. Beat until it climbs up the blades; then spread over custard and bake in a 275 degree oven for one hour. Meringue should be lightly browned and crisp on outside; very creamy inside.

CORN BREAD DELUXE

- 2 cups yellow corn meal (preferably white can be used.)
- 2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 cups boiling water
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 4 Tbls. shortening (I used vegetable shortening).
- 4 egg whites

Combine corn meal, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Add shortening and boiling water. Stir until shortening is all dissolved. Add beaten egg yolks at once and beat well. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Pour into large greased baking dish and bake in 400 degree oven 25 minutes or until done.

SWEET SOUR SAUCE FOR GREEN BEANS

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup vegetable stock
- Melt butter, add flour, add liquid gradually. Stir until sauce is boiling and then add:
- 2 Tbls. vinegar or lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- Salt as needed
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

This is the time of year when plain vegetables seem so lifeless and we are all so hungry for fresh garden stuff. Try dressing up beans with this sauce.

DELICIOUS TWO-LAYER SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1 1/2 cups cottage cheese
- Dissolve lemon gelatin in water, cool slightly, beat until light. Add cream, beat, add cottage cheese. Pour into mold. Let set until firm.
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup pineapple chopped
- 1/3 cup stuffed olives sliced
- 1/3 cup nutmeats
- Dissolve lime gelatin in water and pineapple juice. Cool. Add pineapple, olives, nut meats. Pour on top of first mold. Let chill until firm. Cut into squares, serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise on top.

BUTTER-FLAKE REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

- 4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cake compressed yeast
- 2 Tbls. lukewarm water
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- Sift flour, measure. Pour hot water over sugar, salt, and butter; stir until butter is melted. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve crumbled yeast in lukewarm water, add to cooled mixture. Add 1 cup of the flour gradually, beating until smooth; add beaten egg. Add just enough remaining flour to make a soft dough. Place in greased bowl; cover tightly; let stand in refrigerator overnight. When ready to use, remove from refrigerator and let stand at room temperature for 1 hour. Place on floured board; knead slightly into round ball; roll out into rectangle 1/4 inch thick; brush with melted butter; cut into 1 1/2 inch strips. Stack strips 5 to 7 high; cut into 2-inch squares. Place on end in greased muffin pans. Let rise until light, about 45 minutes.. Bake in moderately hot oven (425) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until done.

EGG CROQUETTES

- 7 hard boiled eggs
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 small onion
- Make cream sauce. Grind eggs and onion. Add to sauce. Roll into croquettes and chill. Roll in beaten egg and cracker crumbs. Chill again. Fry in deep fat.

UPSIDE DOWN APPLE CAKE**MIX:**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. light cream
- Spread in 8-inch square baking pan. Arrange 2 cups sliced apples in pan.
- Sift:
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Cream 1/4 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- Beat in 1 egg
- Add dry ingredients alternately with 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla extract
- Pour batter over apples and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or plain.

CHEESE SALAD

- 2 Tbls. gelatine softened in 1/4 cup cold water, for 5 minutes
- 2 cups crushed pineapple, do not drain the pineapple
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups grated American cheese
- 1/2 pint cream whipped
- After gelatin has soaked in cold water for 5 minutes, add it to the pineapple, lemon juice and sugar which has been heated to the boiling point. Allow to cool until it begins to thicken. Then fold in the cheese and the whipped cream. Pour into mold and chill in the refrigerator until it is to be served. The best dressing would be made by blending 1/2 cup each of chopped green pepper and celery with mayonnaise. Serve with salted crackers if you are planning to serve this to your club. This recipe will serve 12 persons easily.

HAMBURGERS WITH A HALO

- Mix together:
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 pound ground round steak
- Salt and pepper
- Form into 4 patties. Brown on both sides in 2 Tbls. melted fat or salad oil. Add these ingredients:
- 2 Tbls. worchestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1 onion, chopped
- Cover and cook for 10 minutes.

Always dip blade of paring knife in boiling water when cutting marshmallows. This will keep them from sticking together.

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WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Wedding anniversaries are well worth remembering whether it be the first or the fiftieth that is being celebrated.

First

The FIRST anniversary is PAPER. Since this anniversary is usually marked more by gaiety than sentimentality, why not just plan a delightful informal affair? Use a paper table cloth with matching paper plates and napkins. For the centerpiece you may use a bowl of paper flowers. Paper nut cups too will be used. The whole affair will be simple, informal, and fun for all.

Fifth

The FIFTH anniversary is the WOODEN one. This time use a wooden bowl to hold a floral arrangement. If you have a small wooden box, chest type, this could be decorated and used to hold a bouquet of roses or old-fashioned flowers. Wooden candle holders will hold matching candles.

Tiny wooden boxes of small cubes of wood hollowed out and painted would make pretty nut cups. A flower decal might be added to brighten them up. For place cards, purchase child's small wooden rolling pins at the ten cent stores and print the guests' name in bright colors.

Tenth

The TENTH anniversary is tin so begin early saving smooth shiny cans. This anniversary will not be elaborately planned so let's have it for a good time. For the centerpiece make one of the tin can trees that were so popular a few years ago. With sharp shears cut a large tin container into strips. On the end of each strip fasten a crepe paper flower. Fill tin bucket with sand and insert strips in it to form a tree. Place candles in small can holders. You may wish to use bright tin plates and cups at each place. Nut cups will be tiny tin cans. Each can may have a label which bears the guests' names so that the nut cup doubles as a place card.

Fifteenth

The FIFTEENTH anniversary is CRYSTAL. Here is the time to plan an elaborate affair. Now you will bring out the very best linens, china, and silverware. Crystal vases, candleabra and glassware will give the table a truly enchanting look. Delicate sweet peas or pastel rose buds will be used for the centerpiece. Nut cups may be covered with shiny cellophane and to the handles may be tied dainty bows or small rose buds. The glass place cards are quite inexpensive and may be purchased at most gift shops. Go all out for this occasion and be sure there is plenty of sparkle and glitter.

Twenty-fifth

The TWENTY-FIFTH anniversary is SILVER. This is perhaps the first anniversary to be observed with open house and it will call for more than table decorations. Silver bells with streamers of colored ribbon may be hung from the lights, doorways or in other desirable places. Flowers in silver vases or plants in pots covered



Emily is a lucky little girl when it comes to having an obliging Daddy. Wayne is almost as "handy" as Abigail when it comes to the many small baby chores that must be done.

with silver paper will be placed in the various rooms.

For this occasion no doubt cake, ice cream, mints and coffee will be served. Dennison's Silver Wedding Anniversary table decorations would be lovely. The numerals "25" covered with silver, may be dramatized in various ways. The centerpiece features a box base covered with silver paper and is surrounded by a ruffle of clear transparent cellophane. A large white maline bow is attached to the front of the box. In the center is a silver "25" set in the center of a wreath of silver leaves.

Nut cups may be covered with silver paper and topped with bells fashioned of silver paper. Napkins, silver trimmed, may be purchased at most stores.

For this occasion you may wish to plan a short program, have a few musical number consisting of songs popular twenty-five years ago, have a book for the guests to register—in short, you will wish to do all those things that will make the anniversary an important milestone in the life of the married couple.

Fiftieth

The FIFTIETH anniversary is indeed the GOLDEN year and plan to make it the coveted, all-important occasion that it is.

When planning the day, take into consideration the wishes of the honored couple as well as their physical condition. Do not plan such an elaborate affair that it will be a tiring day.

For the table decoration make a "ladder of married life." The ladder is heavy cardboard covered with gold paper or painted with gilt. Each rung will have black letters depicting the various anniversaries. At the very bottom of the ladder will be a miniature bride and groom. Each rung will have miniatures to represent important family events in the life of the honored couple. Perhaps by the fifth

year there was a child or two. At this rung you may place a doll carriage with a doll or two. If a new home was the important event by the tenth anniversary, have a replica of the house at this rung. Or perhaps father bought a new car and mother had various escapades learning to drive. A "battered" toy car would be at that particular rung. Such a centerpiece will bring back many memories and keep the conversation rolling. At the last rung may be the lovely cake bearing a golden "50" and adorned with yellow roses and all the trimmings. Surround the whole ladder with yellow rose buds and fernery.

Gold trimmed china, gold colored paper dillies, nut cups covered with yellow crepe paper, and yellow rose buds scattered about will all make it a memorable occasion.

Make this affair so pleasant that the last rung on the ladder—the Golden Wedding Anniversary—seems the nicest one of all.

Whatever the anniversary—be it the first or the fiftieth—make it a day to be long remembered.

HOBBIES

Antiques of all kinds, and recipes.—Mrs. Carl Rohwer, 4129 S. 24th St., Omaha 7, Nebraska.

Mrs. Lena Brown, RFD 1, Almena, Kansas says: "I am quite a collector. I have over 27,000 buttons, 500 shaker sets, 150 little dogs, over 100 pitchers and vases, and 7,000 bottles besides many antique dishes and other things. I enjoy them all."

Cream pitchers.—Alice Blue, Wastha, Iowa.

Post Cards: Early advertising and 1900 variety of horse-and-buggy days.—Mrs. George Gaffey, Linn Grove, Ia.

"China doll bells—Dutch girls and boys, fancy ladies and so on. The skirt is the bell and everyone has a clapper inside. I also have a brass collection."—Mrs. O. E. Crozier, Knoxville, Ia.

Cookie Cutters.—Mrs. Earl F. Christensen, RFD 1, Box 24, Elk Horn, Ia.

Vases and scrap books.—Mrs. Harry Bennett, Bennett Nursing Home, Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.

Bells of all kinds, large ones, small ones, brass ones and glass ones—every shape and form.—Mrs. Paul Banks, Fairview, Kansas.

Pincushions, all sizes and shapes; pot holders and novelties.—Mrs. Carl Abbas, RFD 4, Sumner, Iowa.

Odds and ends of sewing thread, embroidery thread of all colors, old and pretty buttons.—Mrs. John Brenner, Box 407, Woodward, Okla.

Salt and pepper shakers and antique dishes of all kinds.—Mrs. Ralph Ruby, 613 N. Jefferson Street, Sigourney, Ia.

Buttons. Will exchange stamps for feed sacks.—Mrs. Philip Kinsey, 405 N. Leslie St., Carrollton, Mo.

Old dolls and old colored glassware.—Nettie May Lampert, c/o Charles A. Nelson, RFD 1, Tracy, Minn.

Large Dahlia Bulbs, lavender; wish to exchange for bulbs of other colors.—Mrs. R. L. Hall, Louisburg, Mo.

Aprons, records and crochet books.—Mrs. Parlee Mize, RFD 2, Double Springs, Ala.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Today I got up feeling so languid and useless that I wondered at first if I could be coming down with some obscure ailment; I really felt as though I were in the grip of an old-fashioned decline. It wasn't until I got downstairs and had the coffee started that I realized what ailed me—and you'll laugh when I tell you, although you'll understand if you've ever had a comparable experience (and I'm sure you have): entertaining a club was behind me!

If I thought that I were the only one who went through such paroxysms I wouldn't dare mention it, of course, but I feel confident that few women breathe the breath of life who haven't at one time or another found themselves scheduled to entertain a group of women who, for the most part, have never been inside the door. The bulk of us don't live in hog styes, and there's really no sound reason for feeling that everything must be torn up and the pieces put back together again in better condition, but suddenly every single thing in the house looks shabby and we wonder how we've stood it so long.

I must say that there are two ideal times to entertain: in late May or in early autumn. Spring housecleaning and fall housecleaning are then but recently accomplished and it leaves comparatively little upending to be done. But to entertain in April! My, that is a bird of another color. It seems foolish to wash kitchen walls, do up curtains, etc., when the old furnace must continue to burn, and yet at the tail end of winter things look just plain awful. Well, I can only say in conclusion that perhaps it's as well we must gird ourselves up to such entertainment for it's one sure way to get things cleaned up.

Yesterday noon as we balanced bowls of soup in the kitchen (there was no eating in the dining room for the table was all fixed and waiting!) I thought of something I read years ago in a book titled "The Folks". This particular book by Ruth Suckow has long been one of my favorites, and I still recall with delight her minutely detailed description of the day Mother Ferguson entertained her club. If you haven't read this I feel certain that you would enjoy it—and you'll meet yourself over and over again in those pages. It isn't a new book; in fact, if my memory doesn't fail me I believe that it was published about 1935, but it is of perennial interest to women.

Fifteen minutes later. Emily and Abigail just now dropped in to see me for a moment, and I wish that you might see Emily in her new pink coat and bonnet. Russell's mother made this for her, and it is absolutely fetching. The shade of pink is exactly right, and I love the little net ruching around the inside brim of the bonnet. Fortunately there is a nice big hem so I am certain that she can wear it in the fall, and probably next spring as well.

Emily is right in the middle of the



Juliana and Martin were very proud of the May baskets that they left at Ruth Ahlgren's door. The only hitch came when Martin decided that he had to help himself to some of the popcorn and candy that had been tucked inside.

exploratory stage, and I told Abigail today that it seemed to me it had been months since we had had an uninterrupted visit. I was amused today when she (Emily) went into the kitchen and walked over to my open shelves. I saw her head in that direction, so just for fun I called firmly, "No, No, Emily, no, no." Instantly there wasn't another sound from the kitchen. It was so quiet I could hear a twig brush lightly across the outside of the house. And it stayed that quiet until I relented and said briskly, "All right, Emily, you can look at the things if you like." Then, and only then, did we hear a sound from the kitchen.

The other day as I put the finishing touches on a lamb cake I wondered what kind of traditions you observe in your church for Easter? At our church we do something that the children enjoy tremendously, and for weeks in advance they look forward to it with anticipation.

On the table in our main basement room we have quite a beautiful arrangement. A lamb cake (complete with a satin ribbon around its neck) is the main centerpiece. I always furnish this lamb, and to make him seem a more genuine harbinger of spring I place him on a large cookie sheet and then decorate the sheet to look like a garden. The entire sheet is coated with pale green icing, and by using the cake decorator I can make little sprigs of pastel flowers over the surface. Then the small white picket fence, made of plastic, surrounds the cookie sheet.

Behind the lamb stands a large bowl of flowers; last year they were daffodils but this year they were sweet peas. Twenty white rabbit candles are arranged around the flowers and the lamb, and then tall pink tapers

tower over the entire thing. Various members of our church furnish beautifully decorated Easter eggs, and these are lined up in a row around the table.

As soon as church is over the youngsters go to the basement, and there they are permitted to take an Easter egg from the table. They are also given individual potted flowers. Then cookies and orange juice are served, and as soon as this is over they are turned out into the grounds for an Easter egg hunt. While this is going on the grown-ups enjoy coffee and sweet rolls. Finally, when the last person has departed, the lamb is taken to some child who is ill, and the flowers are taken to the hospital. All in all, it makes a happy day for everyone and accentuates the feeling of deep joy that Easter brings. If you haven't done anything of this kind in your church I hope that when next Easter comes around you'll try it. I believe it will mean enough to you to see that it becomes a tradition.

These days whenever I go outside I must adjust my eyes to the fact that our big soft maple tree is gone for good. I had pretty violent feelings about having that old tree chopped down! It has always seemed to me that a great old tree deserves to stand and that it's mighty arrogant for man to bring him crashing down to the earth. But what are you going to do when a tree becomes positively dangerous? I think that the only answer then is to accept facts and see it destroyed, much as you hate to do so.

Our old tree was much beloved. It furnished our only genuine shade on the south, and many a summer day we were grateful for its long shadows. But some of the heaviest branches hung right over our neighbor's house, and when the wind blew wildly we feared that some of those branches would let go and crush that roof. All of these fears became much more lively after we saw a huge tree go crashing down in a heavy wind last summer, and then there was the never-to-be-forgotten afternoon when a big hunk of rotten wood fell on to the terrace just five minutes after the children had left it. They would have been killed had that wood fallen on them. And there wasn't a breath of air stirring on that afternoon either.

Well, the only sensible thing was to take it down, and so that's what we did. But my! how naked and open and bare the yard looks right now. We have new trees coming along fortunately (two Russian olives, five fruit trees, and some evergreens) but it will be a long time before they begin to attain the size of that old soft maple. However, there are compensations. Now we have a new area where we can grow roses, and Russell has plans for making a sort of summer house, so I can see edges of a silver lining.

I've promised myself not to let this day end without putting a hem in Juliana's smocked dress, so I must stop now and get at it. Then the dress, smocked both in front and back, will actually be done!

Always . . . Lucile

STAMPS CAN MAKE ONE WORLD

By Eileen Derr

Not long ago, for lack of something better to do, I started on a foreign adventure that has paid off royally in friendship. I simply answered a magazine advertisement run by the Letters Abroad division of the World Affairs Council, 1411 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I gave them, as requested, my name, address, age, occupation and, in addition, listed a few things in which I am particularly interested in the way of hobbies.

In a few weeks I received two letters, one from a Japanese boy of 19, the other from a German War Widow of 32, both of whom were interested in writing to an American. I answered their letters. And so began my adventure.

In writing to this Japanese boy and German girl I have furnished myself with a personal close-up view of the sentiments of the people of these two countries with which we have so recently been at war. We do not write of world affairs. Far from it. Anne and I have exchanged recipes, family pictures and needlework patterns. We talk about our children, we exchange menus and write of the little everyday happenings in our respective families.

She speaks of the housing shortage and lack of milk for her little boy, and I complain about the low price of eggs and our lack of electric power. She tells me about her work in a bulb factory and her hobbies—ceramics and music. As I had given music as one of my private passions in contacting Letters Abroad, Anne asked me which of the composers I preferred, Bach or Beethoven. I am still wondering how she took it when I expressed a preference to "Mule Train" and this new "Wild Goose" thing we are constantly hearing over our local station.

She has sent my small daughter, Nina, a book of beautifully illustrated nursery rhymes and a tiny, tiny teddy bear. And in January a little, low, fat, crackleware jug found its way to my house from Germany. It was accompanied by this note, "Dear Eileen: I am so sorry then to know this will you arrive never for Christmas. But last month I had no money. Then, Roger need so much because he grew so very. I hope it will bring you also now a little joy and the feeling I will be a good friend. Merry Xmas for you and your family, Your Anne."

The Japanese boy has an imposing name, Seisaku Homma. But he tells me his friends call him Chibi and signs his letter to me in this informal manner. He tells me of his unhappiness that his former life is no more. His traditions have been uprooted and he is confused and at sea about what to make of his life. But he is in favor of a Democracy and is anxious to learn about our way of life. He thinks it very strange that women in America are smart enough to drive cars and operate tractors and hopes that some of these privileges will be enjoyed at some later date by his sisters. He is anxious to learn to speak and to write English in the unstilted American fashion and is using an American

typewriter to prepare his letters to me. He speaks of his homelife, of his mother, the things they eat, his Buddhist church ceremonies, his school, skiing on the mountain near his school, and of his friend, an American soldier.

These letters are enjoyed by our entire family. My husband is interested in the references made to farming and working conditions, in sport descriptions and weather conditions. The children can scarcely wait for the letters to be opened when they see their foreign postmark.

We have looked on the Globe and have studied the topography of these countries—not as Germany and Japan, but as the countries in which Anne and her little Roger, and Chibi and his family live.

Realizing that even the little people of the world would like to feel that they are doing something to win the "Peace" we have been hearing so much about, the World Affairs Council has set aside this free service of International correspondence to foster common understanding between individuals of foreign countries. And within the last six months, 12,000 persons have taken advantage of the service and are helping to weld individual friendships throughout the world. Through Letters Abroad, men and women all over the world can get together to compare ideas, daily lives and hopes on a person to person basis. Genuine personal letters with accurate and sympathetic information lead to understanding between peoples of different lands. Whoever you are, wherever you live, you, too, can become a part of this great effort toward better world understanding and at the same time enrich your own life by adding to your list of friends.

QUIZ IN BLACK

1. A favorite juvenile book about a horse.
2. A dangerous spider.
3. To reject or exclude.
4. The black raspberry.
5. A suffocating gas found in coal mines.
6. An Indian tribe.
7. A place to obtain scarce articles unlawfully.
8. An abusive scoundrel.
9. A small bludgeon or club.
10. Extortion of money by threats.
11. Mountains in South Dakota.
12. Police patrol wagon.
13. War in which Abe Lincoln soldiered.
14. A kind of whip.
15. A daisy.

Correct Answers

- (1) Beauty, (2) Widow, (3) Ball, (4) Cap, (5) Damp, (6) Feet, (7) Market, (8) Guard, (9) Jack, (10) Mail, (11) Hills, (12) Maria, (13) Hawk, (14) Snake, (g) Eyed Susan.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Right now, before you have a chance to forget, please take your pen in hand and write a letter or card to some of these shutin people. They need your attention more than you can possibly know.

Little Russell Tomblinson, 3943 S. Washington, Englewood, Colo., will be 3 years old come July 26. He is in a hospital taking treatment for spastic paralysis. His mother finds it hard to keep him amused as he cannot use his hands much, but he loves to get mail and he loves story books.

Gary Wright, Lindale, Texas, will be 10 the first day of May. A year ago he was struck by a truck. He was in the hospital for many months. He is home now and able to use his hands but not his legs. Send him a card or something he can play with, but I doubt if he will be able to answer.

Donna Williams, 200 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., another 10 year old, who has been sick for five of those years, loves to get pretty cards. She can use lots of them to make scrap-books so you might send her a box of the ones that you have received. She wants broken strands of beads, too, to make flowers.

John Woods, age 11, of Stronghurst, Ill., has been bedfast since Christmas with rheumatic fever. He will have to be very quiet for a long time. Mail is always welcome, and any thing he can play with in bed.

Elsie Boneham is in the Wichita Hospital, Wichita, Kans. She is 11 and has polio. They tell me she is lonely and would like letters.

Cheer is asked for Mrs. Don Annis, 517 E. 5th St., S. Newton, Iowa, who has been sick all winter. Also for Mrs. C. Moran, 1010 Douglas St., Des Moines, Iowa. She was in an accident some time ago and had both legs cut off. Mrs. Fern Morgan, 4903 Bryan Place, Downer's Grove, Ill., is in a wheel chair. She has arthritis. She lives with her son who works away from home, so she is alone a great deal and gets lonesome.

Aileen Haggard, Pine Breeze San., Chattanooga, Tenn., would like to hear from you. She is 26 and has been in the sanitarium 10 years. Mrs. Lillian Robertson, 160½ Raymond Ave., Ocean Park, Calif., broke her hip more than 2 years ago and is just now beginning to get about on crutches. She raises canaries as a hobby, and also makes quilts. Mrs. Ida Rose, 1513 Downing St. NE., Washington, D. C., has been bedfast several years. Mrs. F. S. Partridge, 1521 E. Edward St., Maryville 2, Mo., would enjoy mail but probably is not able to answer. Mrs. Opal Strapporzon, Box 320, Centerville, Iowa, is shutin and her husband almost so. They are alone and have no family, so get pretty lonely.

Ronnie Dale Jones, Rt. 1, Sabina, Ohio, age 10, is unable to walk or talk. Send pretty cards. Also send cards to Mrs. Mary Scott, Ridgeway, Mo.; Mrs. Annie M. Walker, 9324 McNeerney Ave., South Gate, Calif.; Mrs. H. W. Way, Seligman, Mo.; Thomas Fateley, Rt. 2, Bevier, Mo.; H. I. Hendrickson, Milroy, Minn.; Miss Helen Buchanan, Mapleton Depot, Pa.

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MOTHER'S LOVE FOR GIRLS

By Martha Field Eaton

Mother is never happier than when sympathizing with and advising some misunderstood girl. Mother has always declared that she did not understand and was no hand with boys but the fact that she has two such fine and manly sons—of whom she may well be proud—does not bear her out. If she did not understand them, she nevertheless gave them beautiful love and sympathy. That is what counts in the long run and she must admit that she builded better than she knew.

But it is a fact that no one understands a girl's heart better than Mother—not even the girl herself. In fact, it is the very belief that often girls do not know their own hearts that appeals to her for she believes that deep in each is the desire to be all that God in His infinite wisdom intended they should be, and that it only needs help and sympathy and guidance to cause them to turn those desires into lives of service. So keen and far-sighted is her vision that she can see in the undeveloped girl all her possibilities as a woman. That is why the fathers and mothers as well as the girls themselves come to her with all their trials and troubles. Mother seems to understand how the very forces that cause girls to do what their parents often think strange and unruly, are often the ones which, when properly guided and developed, will help them to be charming and useful women, good wives and wise mothers.

Did this girl want to lead an outdoor life or do unusual and unconventional things and refuse to help her mother and learn to cook? Why, she was cut out for a farmer's wife or for a mother of boys; but then she must give a little attention to cooking or she wouldn't be a very good one.

Did this girl want to read and study all the time and neglect to comb her hair and make her bed? Perhaps she was going to be a teacher or a preacher's wife. In any event she should learn to keep up her personal appearance and that of her room, for pupils do not love untidy teachers and preacher's wives have SO many callers.

Did this girl want to spend too much time over her toilet? Well, no doubt she would blossom out into the kind of a woman who always *looks well* and what a source of joy and satisfaction that would be to her husband and family, providing she developed the graces of mind and heart to go with it.

Did this girl want to spend too much time in the company of her gentleman friend? Well, she would certainly make a lovely and devoted companion for her husband, if she could learn to manage so that she would not neglect her other duties to do it.

And so she shares in their ambitions and in the day dreams which all girls have, but ever points out to them the attributes of the woman who is "altogether lovely", and by subtle word as well as by her own womanly example teaches them that their greatest happiness will come to them, not



This new picture of Juliana is certainly proof of the fact that she's grown up since the family group picture that appears on page 4 of this issue. She's very proud of the dress that you see here because it has a navy blue leather belt, her first one.

from the gratification of their own selfish ambitions and desires, but from the measure of happiness they can put into the lives of those about them.

She believes that a woman's greatest charm, as well as much of her power for good, lies in her personality; that girls are not intended to be all alike any more than flowers are; that the girl who was created to be a glorious, carefree nasturtium should not be forced to be a shy and pensive violet. The one who finds it natural to be a dainty, clinging sweet pea should not be expected to be a sturdy, commonplace sunflower.

For God needs all kinds of flowers in his great garden and if each will unselfishly strive to be true to the best that is within them, He will in His loving providence, give to them the work that it was intended they should have. Is it any wonder that Mother always had a bouquet of nodding girls about her, or that they turn to her as flowers to the sun?

STRENGTHEN MY HANDS

So many tasks await me on the way;
Tasks that are unended are with ending day;

Work that is homely makes ceaseless demands,

Strengthen my hands, Lord,
Strengthen my hands.

Children around me and under my feet,

Learning from Mother to be cross or sweet;

Help them in every thing Jesus to see,

Grant me the power to lead them to Thee.

Strengthen my hands, Lord,
For this I pray;

Let me be strong to do

Thy work, today.

—Nebraska Farmer.

HOPELESS WINDOWS? NO!

By Catherine Scott

Why tall, skinny windows were ever in style, I'll never know. They remain a heritage from the days of 12-foot ceilings, unused parlors and plush covered photograph albums, and it's just as hard to know what to do with them. Ready made curtains almost never fit; shades refuse to come clear down to the sill. They fight against any attempt you make to modernize the room.

But at least I fought one of those windows to a draw! It was the only window in the room, so I could devote all attention—and spare change—on that one spot.

All light coming in was needed. So I got an extension curtain rod, and set it out on the wall, about a drapery-width beyond the window glass. In this case, it was 21 inches. The drapes I made out of heavy material, using the full width of the goods, and letting them just escape the floor. They were adjusted to extend from the edge of the glass, out over the wall at each side of the window.

Over the top was fitted a cornice board. The front was 12-inches wide, and long enough to go beyond the ends of the drapes. Side pieces, the same width and 6-inches deep held it out from the wall. A board across the top, 6-inches wide and the same length as the front, rested on the top of the old window cornice, keeping the whole thing in place. Two holes were bored through the front of the cornice board and into the window cornice, high up.

The board was covered with a green material matching the green leaf design in the drapes. This cover was simply a strip of goods about 16-inches wide and long enough to go around the front and ends of the board. It was bound with tape, the edges turned to the inside of the cornice board and, after pulling smooth, tacked in place.

With a punch (I think I used a pencil), I forced the threads apart over the screw holes. Then the whole board was lifted into place, and with long screws, fastened to the window cornice.

Light weight wood should be used. I made use of scrap lumber from a shipping crate, but it had to be pieced, and blocks used under each corner. New, or better lumber would save a lot of figuring on how to get it together. The screws were the longest the hardware store could furnish, 4 inches in fact.

The window is now quite fashionable, with a "new look" of its own. Whenever the cover gets soiled, it will be comparatively simple to unscrew the cornice board, take it down, pry out a few tacks, and the cover will be ready for washing. If I ever want to discard it altogether, the two holes can be puttied up, and the window will be its old self. But I think that won't be for a long time. It's the highlight of an otherwise simply arranged room, now.



FOR THE CHILDREN

JOHNNIE JACKRABBIT AND THE CARROT CAKE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Johnnie Jackrabbit was the loudest thumper, the broadest jumper, and the fastest runner that lived in the hedge-row.

"I am really an outstanding fellow," he was often heard to remark, which goes to prove that he was also the most conceited.

"Tsk, tsk, such bragging," sighed his mother. "You are bound to run into a lot of bad luck someday if you do not get over that."

"Who, me?" asked Johnnie Jackrabbit. "I am too smart a fellow to get into trouble." Johnnie's mother just sighed again and never said a word.

One morning Johnnie went hip-hopping over the country looking for a carrot for breakfast. It wasn't long before he spied one lying in an odd wire box. The box had a top and a bottom but only three sides that Johnnie could see.

"How stupid of someone to leave a perfectly good carrot lying around like that," thought Johnnie, and he hopped inside the box and promptly began to eat the carrot. Lo and behold, he no sooner began his breakfast than a catch clicked, a door dropped mysteriously down, and there he was, tight and secure in a wire cage.

"This is terrible," thought Johnnie. "I shall have to stay here until someone comes to release the catch and open the door." It was not very long before Lefty Jackrabbit came hop-hop-hopping along, sniffing his little pink nose and searching for some breakfast, too.

"Lefty! Lefty!" called Johnnie. "I am caught in a cage. Pull the catch on the outside of the door and let me out."

"Well, now," said Lefty, as he sat down to consider. "Just last week you laughed at me when I tried to jump a puddle and landed in the mud. If you're such a good jumper, let's see you jump out of *that*." Then away he went, leaving Johnnie thump-thumping in the cage.

"What's the matter?" asked an inquisitive voice. Then Johnnie saw Sammy Turtle standing by the cage.

"I am caught. Please pull the catch and open the door for me."

"Well, now, I don't know. Yesterday you *deliberately* led Bowser, the dog, past the place where my brothers and I were sunning ourselves. We were forced to draw into our shells and stay there all day, since we can't run away as you do. No, sir, I guess I'll just be getting along. Surely a

fellow who can run as fast as you can will have no trouble escaping from the farmer when he comes to get you."

Before long the farmer's son came to the cage. He was very pleased to have caught so fine a rabbit and hurried home to show Johnnie to his father.

"That is a nice fellow," said the farmer. "He is big enough to give us each a very generous portion, and yet young enough to be wonderfully tender. Go tell your mother to get the pan hot; and I will skin this rabbit for her." The farmer went to get his knife, leaving Bowser to guard the cage.

"Pull the catch and let me out," begged Johnnie, "and I will never tease you again."

"No, indeed," growled Bowser. "If I did, I would be punished. Besides, I shall enjoy eating the bones of so smart a fellow." Then Bowser trotted off to dig a hole to bury his bones, and Johnnie heard a soft scratch-scratch-scratch on the door of the cage. His ears flopped up in delight when he saw his mother unlatch the door of the cage. Without a word he followed her home, and it wasn't until he was safe and sound in the hedge-row that he said,

"Sometimes being able to thump, jump and run isn't enough, is it?"

"No, indeed," answered his mother. "Having friends is important, too. It is a good thing Lefty came to tell me that the farmer had caught you in a cage."

"I thought he had just left me to my fate," sighed Johnnie. "My, was I scared! I will be nicer to folks from now on."

And then, as mothers will, Johnnie's gave him thirteen carrot cookies, just for good luck.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK MAY

Perhaps Mother is entertaining guests for dinner this evening and will allow you to prepare this delicious—but oh-so-easy-salad!

TOMATO AND MOLDED EGG SALAD

6 eggs
1/2 teas. salt
1/8 teas. pepper
3 large tomatoes, skinned and sliced
Lettuce
2/3 cup mayonnaise

Hard cook the eggs; cool slightly; while still warm, shell and rice or seive them. Add the salt and pepper and pack down firmly into two glasses. Put in a cold place and chill thoroughly, then remove by running a knife around the inside of the glasses. Then cut each molded egg mixture in-



We first used a picture of little Leanna Mae Dickey, Grant City, Mo., when she was only a few months old. You can see here that she too is growing up.

to four neat crosswise slices. Lay one of the tomato slices on a leaf of lettuce on the salad plate, and place a slice of egg on top. Top with mayonnaise. Serves 8.—Mildred Grenier.

Why is money like a secret?

Ans. Because it is hard to keep.

What bird is it that doesn't fly?

Ans. A scarecrow.

What is the difference between a farmer and a dressmaker?

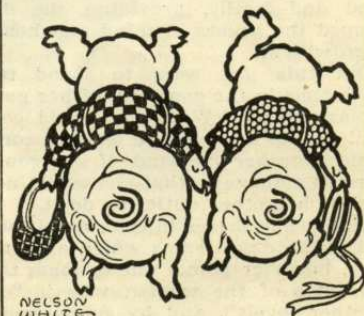
Ans. One gathers what he sows; the other sews what she gathers.

What has many teeth, yet never suffers from a toothache?

Ans: A comb.

TURN-AROUND TALES TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES WRITTEN BY NELSON WHITE

These little piggies round and fat
Stepped in here just to meet you—
Just turn them upside down and see



NELSON
WHITE

How glad they are to greet you.

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SEWING, Experienced, ladies dresses, \$1.50, child's, \$1, aprons, 50¢. Send material, feed sack, pattern. Rowena Winters, 2920 Dubuque, Des Moines, Ia.

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BEAUTIFUL PILLOW CASES. Hemstitched crocheted edge, inserted rose medallion (rose) or pineapple medallion, (any color). \$5 pr. Pansy doilies, \$1.50 ea. Linen handkerchiefs, crocheted corner edge, \$1. Ad good rest of year. Mrs. Iva Miller, 1707 Q St., Belleville, Kans.

BABY SHOES BRONZED, Mother's you will have to hurry if you want those little shoes bronzed and mounted for Mother's Day or Father's Day. Have those little shoes bronzed for a lifetime keepsake. \$3.75 per pair, (\$3.00 with this ad) in Bronze, Gold, or Silver. Mountings of all kinds. All work is guaranteed. E. H. Biehn, Box 375, Fairmont, Nebr.

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"BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME". Hand painted plaques, figurines, Chinese sitters, etc., reasonable. List on request. Ruth Quarstrom, Comfrey, Minn.

FOR SALE, unwashed large white feed sacks. Easily bleached 20¢ ea., plus postage. Mrs. Dan Sasse, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

FELT KITTY SACHET, 25¢; correspondence cards (Cancelled stamp designs) 50¢ doz. "K" 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES, white 17" \$2, 11" \$1, 8" 50¢. Pineapple towel pocket 50¢. Nutcups 25¢, candydish 50¢. Handkerchiefs, corner, edge linen, \$1. Cotton 50¢. Irene Timmerman, Rt. 5, Decatur, Ill.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, and Afghan. Write. Mrs. Clyde Fernkopf, Circleville, Kans.

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CROCHETED PINEAPPLE, BUTTERFLY DAVENPORT SETS, \$6. Chair sets to match, \$4. White, ecru, gold. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

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FOR SALE, crocheted tablecloth, 72x72, ecru. Beautiful. \$35. Mrs. Carrie Boehmann, Holstein, Iowa.

PRETTIEST CROCHETED CARNATIONS, three \$1.25. Mrs. Mary E. Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

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SEW WOOL FELT BABY SHOES. Samples, \$1, and wholesale prices. E. Suchan,—K, Jackson, Minn.

SEWING DONE. Women's dresses, \$1.50. Childrens \$1. Aprons 50¢. Mrs. W. Baker, 1300 E. 28th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

HOISERY MENDING, mail for free estimation. Ruth Baker, Arlington, Iowa.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, \$25.00 Pillow cases, etc. Mrs. Delbert Alm, Adams, Nebr.

10-PRETTY PATTERNS, for how to make up buttons, \$1. Mrs. E. Hunt, Moorland, Ia.

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*Harpo, Curly and Merl 12:15 P.M.
*Merl Douglas . . . 1:15 P.M.
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It's just as well to forget your old troubles, because there are a lot more coming.

ENTERTAINING MOTHER ON HER DAY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

A May Day luncheon or party for Mother would be a wonderful Mother's Day gift. You might make it just a family affair or you may wish to invite several of mother's special friends and neighbors.

You can almost hear mother saying, "Now don't go to any bother just for me," so keep your decorations simple but dainty.

For a centerpiece why not use a May Basket filled with pretty spring flowers or wild blossoms? If these are not available, use a bowl or vase filled with carnations. If you are serving cake you might even wish to make the prettily decorated Mother's Day cake serve as the centerpiece.

One can easily transform a plain white cake into a flower garden by using bright colored gum drops. Cut the various colored candies into thin slices to form petals. Use green gum drops for stems and leaves.

You may add this fancy touch to your ice cream, too, by placing gum-drop flowers on top of each serving.

You may also make a centerpiece cake by covering the cake with white frosting. Add three red roses or carnations made with frosting together with the green stems and leaves. Across one corner use gold letters that say "TO MOTHER".

Tiny corsages with each guest's name will make pleasing place cards and favors. Wrap the stems of the flowers in green waxed paper and tie with colored ribbon. Tin foil may be used for the stems if you have no green paper.

For a bit of fun you may wish to make these humorous place cards that are sure to bring back memories to each mother. Use heavy white paper folded in half so it will stand. Cut from magazines or draw pictures that depict a typical "mother's day". A new mother might have a place card showing a stack of baby bottles waiting to be sterilized or there might be a line full of those three-cornered necessities. Another card might show a mother scrubbing a mud-tracked floor. Perhaps you will know the pet peeve of each guest and can depict that upon her card.

For nut cups use tiny May baskets filled with pastel colored mints or candy.

You will probably find that there is little need for planned entertainment since busy mothers usually just enjoy a chance to get together, sit down in peace and visit.

Should you wish to have a few ideas on hand just in case the conversation

lags, you might try one or two of these stunts.

You may have each guest see who can write the longest list of song titles containing the word Mother, or you might play various songs and see who can identify the most.

Give each a slip of paper containing the letters "M-O-T-H-E-R-S D-A-Y". Ask each guest to name an article beginning with each letter, that she might use during an ordinary day. She might name Mop, Oil Cloth, Table, Hangers, Electric Mixer, Radio, Stove,

Give each guest typed copies of the well known poem, "Somebody's Mother" and leave blanks throughout the verses. Give a prize to the one who supplies the most correct words.

What ever you plan, you and mother are sure to have fun in this merry month of May.

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Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.—William Hazlitt.

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