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Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

A cool rainy morning is a perfect time to write to you for I can sit here at the desk in our hotel room and feel snug and perfectly contented—and close to home too. Does a rainy day affect you like this when you're far away?

I think this could be called a billion dollar rain for I'm sure it's worth all of that to the people of Southern California. There have only been two little rains here this winter, and scarcely any snow on the mountains, all of which adds up to a serious situation. In this area so much depends on the melting snow filling the huge reservoirs in the mountains; from there it is piped to the valley for irrigating orchards and gardens—in fact, everything that grows. A lack of a sufficient supply of water is the big worry of Californians.

On every side we hear of a new angle to this question of water, and the facts are that many thousands of new homes are being built here and that these new homes are occupied by thousands of people who are coming from other parts of the country to make this their permanent home. It's a big problem to get enough water to supply the needs of this additional population. I'm glad that I don't have to put my mind to it.

I am sure when the clouds roll back off the mountains we will see snow covered peaks. I hope that it rains for a week! As long as Mart has access to the library and book store, and I can keep my hands busy with a needle and thread we will be happy.

Oh yes, I have the cross-stitched tablecloth done. And I've even had it washed and ironed. It was such a big thing to work on that it was surely dirty when I finished. At the present time I'm making a pair of cross-stitched pillow cases and they certainly are much easier to handle.

I can scarcely realize we have been here quite a few weeks for time passes so rapidly. The rooms on the second floor of this hotel are built around an open patio, and the sun reaches it for many hours each day. After breakfast (which we eat in the cafe that opens off the hotel lobby) we take our mail and go out on this patio to spend most of the morning. Our afternoons are spent riding around the valley, taking the side roads

through green grain fields and orange groves which are beautiful now with the yellow fruit hanging thick among the glossy green foliage. On many trees you see the white waxy fragrant blooms too, and how sweet they smell in the early evening!

We are very fond of tangerines for we enjoy the unusual flavor, and they are so easy to peel. Some people here call them "kid glove oranges" and I can see why. The vegetables in the markets here are wonderful. There are many varieties and they all look so crisp and fresh that I find myself wishing we were in our own home so that I could buy some of them.

Yesterday we returned from a weekend in Glendale where we visited my husband's brother, Harry Driftmier and his wife, Edith. We had a lovely time. Edith is my idea of a perfect hostess for she entertains with seemingly little effort, yet I know that it's because she's planned everything so well in advance down to the last detail. Her meals are wonderful and she gets them on so quickly that I can hardly believe my eyes. This gives us much more time to visit and to drive around the city.

They have the best television set we have yet seen. There seem to be television aerials sprouting on every house-top in Southern California, and even little two-room homes have an aerial on them. We understand that there are over 810,000 sets in Los Angeles alone. The reception here is said to be the best in the United States, and most of the programs are good.

If members of your family or friends have gone to Southern California to work in defense plants you'll be glad to know that the big plane factories are providing very complete protection for their employees. Their precautions against bombing are much more elaborate than in World War II. Very few bomb shelters are being built by home owners, although here and there you'll see excavations in back yards.

A car just passed by our window and it was covered with snow—there were even two large snowballs resting on the back bumpers! I presume that this weekend many cars full of children will head up the mountain roads so that families can make use of the skis and sleds we see strapped to the car top at such times.

My niece, Frances Conrad Hernden (sister Susan's daughter) lives at Crestline where the snow is often six or eight feet deep. She has five boys and they all enjoy the winter sports. Another niece, Mary Conrad Lombard, lives at Hemet, California, and we made a trip there to see her not long ago. They have an acreage where they intend to raise chickens, and it's their plan to build houses that will accommodate 20,000 baby chicks. These they will sell when they are large enough to fry. They are also building a house which will face the beautiful San Jacinto mountain. Mary has four boys and one girl, so they should have plenty of help caring for the baby chicks. Mart and I said when we left Mary's house that day that we wished so much Susan could have gone with us to see her daughter and grandchildren, but from notes she has written to me this winter I know that her pottery business won't permit her to leave Clarinda.

Another niece whom we get to see when we're in California is Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, my sister Jessie's daughter. She and her husband and little Wendy live in South Pasadena and we are expecting them to visit us soon and are looking forward to a picnic dinner. Our other niece, Louise Fischer Alexander (sister Helen's daughter) lives in Claremont with her husband and two children, Jean and Carter. We called on them last week and found them well and happy—and I guess this accounts for all of my California nieces.

Aside from these visits we've enjoyed meeting several of our midwestern friends, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitmer of Lincoln, Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. Reams of Knoxville, Ia., Mrs. Ernest Winkler of Norborne, Mo., and Mrs. Don Martin of Brookfield, Mo. I just now got up to see if I could locate a piece of paper on which I had written other names and addresses, but it's gotten away from me somehow. We also had a lovely day with Mrs. Gertrude Hayzelt whose name is so familiar to many of you because of her Good Neighbor column. Gertrude helped us in our Kitchen-Klatter offices for many years and seems like one of my own family.

I am sorry our tape recorder is broken for I had planned to visit with you every few days by radio, but although new parts for it have been ordered from the East we've been unable to get any definite answer as to when they will arrive. But I know that with Lucile and Margery to visit with you every day you are enjoying the daily program. My calendar tells me too that probably you are hearing Wayne frequently also, so with three members of our family to step into your homes I can't feel that I'm too badly missed!

No doubt I'll be back in Iowa shortly after you read this letter, and until then remember that I think of all you friends very often and hope that you will accept this as my personal answer to the many lovely letters that the girls have forwarded on to me.

As always . . . Leanna

Come into the Garden

THE MEANING OF A GARDEN

By Lucile

Most of the time this page is devoted to informative articles on gardening. That is as it should be, for not many of us have been fortunate enough to reach the point where we know all there is to know on the subject. But there comes a time when we like to step back, so to speak, and take a long look at the things that make a genuine difference to us. We want to understand, as clearly as we can, *why* they make a difference, *why* they are important. This is the reason I'd like to skip one month of factual information and try to say something about the meaning of a garden.

To begin with, most of us have set notions about a garden. If we live in an apartment it's the thing we dream about having someday. If we live on a farm it's the thing we'd like to have if it weren't for the chickens and the dogs and the tremendous load of summer work that keeps our eyes glued to vegetables rather than flowers. If we live in our own property in a typical small town or city lot it's the thing we hope to have someday when there is some money to spend for plants and shrubs, when our children and the neighbors' children are old enough to stop breaking down stock as fast as we can plant it, when the too-shady or too-run down or too-something or other yard has been remedied somehow.

In other words, it's a dream that we hope will come to pass some day. And alas, like all of our dreams, it remains a dream unless we shake off our inertia and take the first step that will turn it into reality.

Now, as all of you know who have read this magazine for the past year or so, we're beginners when it comes to a garden. And you may think, reasonably enough, that it should be left to those of long experience to talk about the meaning of a garden. But when I thought about this I also thought that perhaps the very fact that we're still so new at it has something to be said in its favor. It's just a little like asking a permanent resident of the Grand Canyon to tell you how it seems to live surrounded by such grandeur and majesty! He might find himself hard pressed to summon up the words that could describe how he feels about it.

And so it is with gardening. We've all known people who love flowers and understand them. Some of us have been fortunate enough to live close to men and women who command a vast store of knowledge about everything pertaining to gardening. We've listened to them, looked at their gardens (enviously, perhaps)—and departed really untouched. For gardening is one of the things in this world that we cannot truly comprehend and enjoy until we actually get down to doing it ourselves.

To me, the most remarkable thing about walking through the door into the experience of gardening is the fact that it takes so little to open up this whole new world. Wealth, prestige, splendid health, expensive educations . . . those are not the passwords to this world. A tiny patch of ground (or even an apartment window box if the patch is not to be had), a few plants . . . and there you are. This is all it takes to gain admittance to a whole new way of life.

For gardening is a way of life, make no mistake about that. It changes us. Slowly and subtly it alters the main-spring of our life. To watch but one plant through the seasons is to look with new vision upon the entire pattern of all life.

At first it comes as a shock to realize that we can actually care about the fate of one small plant! Most of us have our eyes fixed on such busy, seemingly important things that we're not in the habit of noticing a few insignificant plants. If they grow, fine; if they don't grow—well, that's just too bad. That's why it comes as a sudden, totally unexpected surprise to realize on some summer day that these insignificant plants have triumphed over our indifference and actually thrived. Or, by the same token, we find ourselves suddenly noticing the dead or dying flower with a completely unexpected sense of chagrin and remorse. With a few moments' trouble we could have saved it—and we didn't.

The first time you experience this you've walked through the door, and henceforth you will always be on the other side regardless of how much energy you may pour into your garden itself. Once you've walked through that door the entire natural world (to which most of us anxious mortals are virtually blind) will become a part of your life and will exert upon your life all of its profound meaning.

Man was never intended to live in the terrible anxiety that we know today. He can contemplate just so much of death and destruction and then his very soul sickens and he finds himself trying to escape from the whole unbearable situation. There is only one escape that endures, and it isn't an escape in the sense that we generally use the word. But there is only one place for man to turn in such an extremity and that is to God and His handiwork, the natural world. When we step into that world we step into God's presence—and this is the true meaning of a garden. That is why we never lose it, once we experience it.

In our time most of us are afflicted with a sense of restlessness that makes us want to go somewhere or be doing something. We are constantly busy with plans, with organized activities, with anything that will keep us on the move. But who of us hasn't spent time in this fashion without the mournful awareness underneath that none of it really helps? We find that "keeping on the go"



It has been said that parents are the architects of memory. I think of this very often on summer days when Juliana stops to study a particularly beautiful flower. She will never grow so old, or go so far, that she'll forget the garden of her childhood.

doesn't solve anything. For troubled hearts there has to be something that has meaning, that will bring tranquility and peace. And for all of us it's as close as our own yards, be they large or small. One brief spring, summer and autumn, just one, spent in the world of growing things will bring you more genuine contentment and happiness than any big trip or busy project you've ever had your eyes fixed on.

One of the things you find out early about gardening is the fact that it gives you an opportunity to be with your family in a happy way, not in the nervous, too often nagging way that is part and parcel of our anxious lives in these times. There are so many things we do in an attempt to have a good time that end disastrously. Who of us can't recall the drives that were punctuated with commands to sit down and sit still; no, don't ask for an ice cream cone because we said before we left that you couldn't have one tonight; no, we're not going to stop at Jack's house . . . and on and on and on. How much have we accomplished on such a drive to build a happy relationship with a child, to quiet our own fatigue?

But a summer evening spent in one's own small garden . . . ah, there is the opportunity to relax in the love that we feel for our families and so rarely take time to express. There we see together the ever-old but ever-new wonder of the slowly fading light in the western sky, the first brilliant stars of night. There the burdens of the day slip away. There we find the grace to accept what must be accepted. There we come close to God and, coming close to Him, breathe the quick, silent prayer of gratitude that is ever with us but that we forget to voice in the stress and hurry of the day.

All of this is to be found within the boundaries of your own small garden. It is the ever-recurring miracle that lies waiting for each and everyone of us to discover. I hope that this is the year you too will walk through the door, for in so doing you will find the source of all contentment and peace.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EGG IN THE WORLD!

By Lucille Sassaman

Editorial Note: On the day before we left Chicago last November, Kira went up to the storeroom and got a very large cardboard carton. When it had been untied and many paper wrappings were removed, I beheld the most wonderful Panorama egg I had ever dreamed of seeing. Even a small egg of this kind is very expensive, and when I looked at Kira's magnificent egg I decided automatically that it must have cost at least \$45.00. Now that doesn't stack up with her parents' ideas of good common sense so I asked what wealthy friend had presented it to her. Then came the shock—they had made it themselves! Here is the story of how they made it. We couldn't get a picture that would do it justice, but let your imagination go to work. There is still time to make an heirloom egg for some child you love, and as Lucille says about the things they accomplished . . . we've no more ability than the people next door—if we can do it, anybody can do it. Incidentally, Lucille didn't supply the title for this—I'm the one who calls it the most beautiful egg in the world. (Lucille)

Several years ago Walter tried to buy a Panorama egg for the Easter bunny to bring to Kira and he soon found out that they had disappeared from the market. I had heard about peep-hole eggs but had never seen one, so I was delighted when he decided to try his hand at making one. (He comes from the Pennsylvania Dutch country where they are standard gifts at Easter time.) The regular store-bought Panorama egg is made with a scene, constructed out of heavy paper or cardboard, inside the egg, and viewed through a tiny peep-hole, but Walter's was much more elaborate and infinitely more beautiful because he used tiny dolls for figures and artificial flowers and foliage to create a fairy garden. I will try to describe the step by step process that he went through to achieve this.

The base was a cardboard egg-shaped box covered with calico, about 10 inches long. It was made in two halves to open so it was a perfect base to work on. We purchased this at a big department store in Chicago.

First he cut a board as accurately as possible to fit into the lower half of the shell which opened lengthwise. This gave him a sturdy level base to work on *outside of the egg*. When the whole scene had been built on this board he dropped it into the egg shell and fastened it securely with lots of glue. This is important because if it tips or slides after completion there is no way to get in and right it again.

The board was first covered with green velvet (this extended over the edges) and household cement used to fix it firmly. Then he cemented a round mirror to the center front to make a tiny pool of water. (We got the mirror out of an old powder com-



Mother had just finished the last stitch on her tablecloth when it occurred to her that Dad should get his camera to mark the moment! Taken in Redlands, Calif.

pack.) Forget-me-nots about one-half inch tall trim the edge of the pool, and then the rest of the flowers were planted all in the same fashion. He drilled tiny holes in the base and set each one individually with the wire stem through the hole and bent under the board base; it was fastened with a dot of cement. It was impossible to get any other artificial flowers small enough to look well so the rest were just the brilliantly colored stamens used in the manufacture of flowers. They come in all shapes and sizes so he graduated them in size and length, putting the tiniest ones in front and the tallest in the rear, banked by a tall mass of maidenhair fern.

The fairy princess which is the center of interest stands in the left center rear. She is a lovely (and quite expensive) 4 inch doll which I dressed in a billowing fine lace dress with a pink ribbon sash. Grouped around her are the miniature animals, the largest one a saucy white bunny carrying a basket which holds a one-inch baby doll. Fluffy colored Easter chicks peek out of the flowers and tiny wooden ducks swim on the pond in front. It is very important that the scene be arranged according to the size of the miniatures that you are able to collect, for your perspective and illusion of space comes from building it up from front to rear, keeping everything in proportion.

After the garden board had been securely fastened into the lower shell with glue it was set aside to dry thoroughly and covered against dust and disarrangement. Then the top half was prepared with four holes 1½ inches in diameter evenly spaced across the top of the egg like the four corners of a square. These are designed to let in light and they were covered with heavy cellophane, although Walter says that if he were to do it again he would try to get glass because it would be easier to clean when you smear plaster, which you will find out about later. He would explore the possibilities of using optical lenses which are cheap when unground and would be just the right size.

After your light holes have been

covered, set the top over the bottom shell and cement together; then go away and leave it alone until it is thoroughly dry. Next cut your peep-hole in the pointed small end about 2½ inches in diameter and cover it with cellophane and you are ready to plaster.

Walter covered the entire egg (with the exception of the holes) with a thin coating of plaster of paris; he used my kitchen spatula to apply it. On the bottom he put an extra large hunk and then flattened it out to make a pedestal for the egg to rest flat upon. After this was done I filled my pastry tube with the plaster and decorated with garlands around the holes and the body of the egg. It worked beautifully and looked more like a cake than any cake I ever made. And you will be glad to know that the plaster washed out easily from the pastry tube. I hadn't been at all sure that it would!

After the plaster was completely dry I decorated it with cake decorations using cement again to fasten the pink and yellow rosebuds and doves. They are studded generously over the entire egg. I first tried to set them into the wet plaster but that was a mistake and we had to do it over because the decorations melted and ran. I never was more surprised because I remember trying to eat one once and it didn't occur to me that they could be dissolved. But they can—and do—so let your plaster dry and save time and work.

The finishing touch was a two-inch yellow satin ribbon tied in a full bow on the top between the light holes. That first Easter when Kira saw it she was firmly of the opinion that the Easter bunny himself had made this just for her, but each year since then, when it reappears at Easter, she is filled with the same sense of magic and her appreciation grows with her understanding of how it was created.

This is not one of those projects that can be whipped out in an evening, but it is a lasting source of wonder and delight as the Vernesses can tell you. We brought it out of its wrappings to show them while they were here and that is the reason for this article.

I have been speculating on how it could be made without having that cardboard egg to build on, and it occurred to me that a large Quaker Oats box might be cut down to size and the plaster used to round out the ends. (You can do almost anything with that plaster.) I wish that you too would make one.

COVER PICTURE

This picture of our garden last spring is one that I have kept directly in front of my desk the whole winter through. On days when there was nothing to be seen but the grayest of gray skies, and equally gray snow in every direction, I could glance at it and remember that what had once been, would be again. It won't be long now until we can walk in our garden and greet these brilliant, gay messengers of spring.

—Lucille

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks,

Last Sunday we had as our guests for the day two very interesting, indeed, two very exciting persons. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Rogoff from Russia. Both of them were graduates of Russian universities, fine, cultured, Christian people. After living under communist rule most of their lives, they escaped from Russia during this last year when the Germans took them as forced labor. They came to this country less than a year ago, and in just a few months have learned considerable English. By using both English and French we were able to converse quite well. I want to tell you some of the things that our guests told us.

I asked this question: "Do the Russians eat as well as we do?"

Mr. Rogoff replied: "I am a university graduate, and in Russia I had a very responsible position with many men working under me, but every morning I got up at five o'clock and then stood in line until seven o'clock to obtain a half-loaf of black bread and a small piece of fish. And mind you, I was not a laboring man, I was one of the managers. Here in America you all eat like kings, even the people that you call poor. We had heard that there was plenty of food in America, but in our wildest dreams we did not think that you had so much."

In the afternoon we took our friends for a ride down to Newport, Rhode Island to see the fabulous mansions of America's richest families. As we left Bristol we had to cross Mount Hope Bridge, a bridge very similar to the Golden Gate bridge at San Francisco. I explained to them that the bridge was owned by a private bridge company, not by the state, and that most of the stock in the private company was owned by one man, one of America's leading capitalists. The Rogoffs were absolutely dumbfounded at this! They just couldn't believe that the government did not own that bridge. Finally, with a twinkle in his eye, Mr. Rogoff said: "Ah, but in Russia it is much better. We have no capitalists in Russia! And we have no bridges either!"

When we showed them the Newport palaces they told us how in Russia the top government officials, that is, the communists, had enormous palaces, larger than any we showed them in Newport. As they watched the Sunday afternoon traffic on the highways they asked: "Are there common laboring people riding in those cars? We have already learned that they have cars, but can laboring people afford to drive them on Sunday afternoon? Why, in Russia only the very top government officials and key men have cars."

We had a major crisis in our family this week when one of my parishioners presented me with a calico cat, just a plain, old, alley cat. I noticed the cat when I was making a call, and almost before I knew what had happened it was my cat. I was assured that it was of male sex (Betty had told me that any pet I brought home had to be of the male



When we saw this picture of David Lloyd Driftmier we simply couldn't believe that he'd grown this big. It seems only yesterday that Frederick telephoned to tell us about his arrival, and now look at him!

sex) but even then it was with fear and trembling that I took the cat into the house and introduced it to the family.

Mary Leanna fell in love with it right away, and in a few minutes had her first bite and scratch. David accepted the cat rather philosophically, but my dear Betty hadn't a word to say, that is, she hadn't a word to say then, but in a few minutes she informed me that my nice male cat was actually a young female already with child. I wasn't sure that Betty would let me keep it until I heard her ordering the groceries. As she told the grocer: "And you had better give me six cans of cat food!", I knew the cat would have its first family at our house.

We had it in the house the first night, and I made a nice bed for it in an old box under a shelf in the corner of the kitchen. The cat, however, found Betty's new Irish linen table cloth lying neatly ironed on the pantry shelf, and it was there it chose to sleep. We discovered the next morning that it is not safe to keep a cat indoors all night, and I had to do the cleaning up. We now have a box for it on the back porch, but we are quite disturbed by its activities under the back porch. I threw a whole box of soap flakes under the porch thinking that that would discourage her, but it didn't. Now what am I going to do about that?

This morning Mary Leanna introduced me to her imaginary friends, Jane and Eleanor, and explained that they had come to spend the day with her. We have never known Mary Leanna to decline an invitation to play out of doors, indeed, that is the first request she makes when she gets up in the morning or from her afternoon nap, but today she said that she couldn't play out of doors because Jane and Eleanor did not have any overshoes to wear, and despite the good weather and our repeated suggestions that she take her imaginary friends out to see her swings, she would not budge from the house. One of the nice things about this sudden passion for playing with imaginary people has been that she has made Jane and Eleanor do everything that good children should do, washing hands before eating, taking naps, and eating every-

thing on their plates. Tonight when Mary Leanna excused herself from the supper table she said: "I am going into the living room to get Jane and Eleanor now. I want them to hear my new phonograph record." She walked into the dark living room and then called to us excitedly: "Mamma! Daddy! Come here quickly. There are a lot of kids in here and I want them to take me by the hand and I have only two hands!"

Bristol, Rhode Island rarely has bad winters, but this one has been unusually good. We have had only one little bit of snow, and the temperatures have been quite mild. Here in this part of the country a distance of ten miles can make quite a difference in the weather. One Sunday night not long ago Betty and I were on a church program in Providence which is just 16 miles north of Bristol. When we came out of the church at nine-thirty in the evening there was a solid coating of ice everywhere. It took us an hour to slip and slide the first ten miles of the sixteen, and then when we were just six miles from Bristol there was no more ice. The main reason for this radical difference is the fact that Bristol is surrounded by large bodies of water. The other day a town just thirty miles north of us had twelve inches of snow and we had nothing but rain. Of course we are keeping our fingers crossed, for it is quite likely that we shall have some bad winter weather before spring.

Have you ever heard the story about the American professor who thought that it would be possible to make a noise so loud on earth that it would be heard on the planet Mars? The story goes that the whole country was alerted for the occasion, and at a given signal everyone was to get out into the open and shout "Booh!" The great day arrived for the experiment and in city, town, and hamlet everyone stood out of doors waiting for a signal from Washington to shout "Booh!" The plan was to have the president push a button which would flash a signal throughout the country, and as the zero hour approached and the final minutes ticked away everyone stood with hands to their mouths ready to make the big shout. The president pushed the button, the signal flashed throughout the country, but not a sound was heard. Every single person just stood waiting to hear the big noise!

It has occurred to me that a great many of us are acting like that right now. We all know that something ought to be done about the present world situation, but we are all standing still waiting to hear the big noise. What can we do? As a Christian I look for the answer in my bible, and in II Chronicles, the seventh chapter and the fourteenth verse I find: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

Warmest regards from all of us to you.

—Frederick

SHURE YOU'RE INVITED TO DUBLIN!

By Mabel Nair Brown

"Shure a good time's a-waitin'
Me fine friend for you
In Dublin I'm thinkin'.
There'll be laughs, fun and stew!
March 17th—8 o'clock—at our home
—Jim and Janet Jones.

Thus might read the invitation which you write in white ink on a green paper shamrock leaf, or on a pig cut from brown construction paper. Or write it with green ink on a penny postal card and perhaps add a shamrock seal.

As you greet each guest at the door hand him (or her) a gay Paddy hat to wear for the evening. The crown of the hat is made by covering a tall paper cup with green crepe paper. The brim is a circle cut from heavy paper, or card board, and covered with the green paper also. Attach the crown to the brim with scotch tape. Make two tiny holes on either side of the crown near the heavy rim of the cup and fasten heavy cord in the holes so that there are strings to tie the hat in place.

As you give each guest a hat also pin on him a shamrock, a pig, a pipe, or a harp which you have cut from paper, some green and some white. These little emblems will decide which group they will be in for the games so you must decide before hand how many groups you will have and, as you pin them on, divide them so groups are even.

Lucky Handshake makes a good game to start as an icebreaker. One or more players have been given secretly a bright new penny. The thirteenth person (this player keeps count secretly) with whom he shakes hands receives the penny in his hand. Everyone is shaking hands about the room. The game continues with this new player giving it to the thirteenth handshaker again, etc., until the leader calls "stop". If your group is large so that some might not be acquainted, you can have them exchange names as they shake hands with each other. The last one to get the penny keeps it. You can have more than one lucky penny circulating if the group is large.

Pop Goes The Weasel: Hide paper shamrocks around the room before guests arrive. When ready to play the game hand out balloons and string so that each player can blow up a balloon and have it tied on his right wrist. Now at a signal have all start to hunt shamrocks, but every time a balloon pops (bursts) the players must go to the captain of their particular group. (chosen before game starts) and give him the shamrocks they have found before they can hunt more. For example, the shamrocks have a captain to whom every one wearing a shamrock must give his shamrocks before he hunts again; the pigs (see previous reference to this) are another group, etc. Of course the balloons will get to popping pretty often as the players get to dashing about or accidentally (?) puncture one to hurry the game along. The group having found the

most at the time all balloons have burst wins the prize;—a bag of green gumdrops would be an appropriate prize.

By now the guests might like to sit down for a quiet game. Have the following questions written on a child's blackboard (or on separate sheets of paper). Supply guests with paper and pencil and allow say ten or fifteen minutes for them to work on the answers.

Get It Down "Pat"

1. Pat fighting for his country. Patriotic.
2. Pat playing with a baby. Pat-a-cake.
3. Pat mending his clothes. Patching.
4. Pat with a pieced quilt. Patchwork.
5. Pat protecting his ingenuity. Patent.
6. Pat in relation to his children. Paternal.
7. Pat grown very old and with hoary locks. Patriarch.
8. Pat in a uniform and on the force. Patrol.
9. Pat at the dressmaker's. Pattern.
10. Pat an object of sympathy. Pathetic.

The *Blarney Hat* is a laugh provoking game between the boys and girls. The boys line up on one side of the room and the girls opposite. The leader tosses a hat up in the air. If it lands top side up the first girl must pay a compliment to the boy opposite her. If it lands brim up the boy pays the compliment. The leader then tosses the hat up again to see which one of the couples next in line passes out the blarney.

Paddy's Zoo is a group competition game. Give each group several potatoes, some gumdrops, toothpicks, feathers, raisins, etc., and then allow ten minutes for them to make up animals and birds using the materials given. The group voted as having the best "zoo" when time is up can be given a bag of potato chips.

Emerald Isle Art Gallery is another group game you might prefer to the one above. Each group is given a paper plate for each player and a supply of crayons. Time is allowed for each person to make an Emerald Isle (Irish) scene on his plate. The object is to see which group can have the best display in their art gallery when time is called. You'll be surprised at the really pretty pictures you will get—along with amusing one, of course!

Lucky Catch is a game to play just before refreshment time if you have a group of young folks who will like a bottle of pop to drink with their lunch. Have as many bottles of pop as there are guests. On each bottle tie a paper horseshoe (pretty ones can be cut from gold paper) to which you have fastened a slip of paper on which a good fortune has been written. The bottles are set on the floor in "ten pin" fashion and the guests each take a turn at ringing a bottle. An embroidery hoop wrapped in green ribbon or paper makes a good ring, which the player tosses at the bottles from a fixed distance. Of course the player

keeps the bottle he rings and reads his fortune aloud.

Irish Toy Shop is a good game for getting partners for lunch. Each boy draws from a box the name of some toy which he keeps secret. At the same time the girls draw duplicate slips from another box. The boys act out their toys one at a time. As soon as a girl recognizes the toy on her paper she claims him from the "toy shop", and he is her partner for lunch. For example; the toy duck waddles across the floor, the dog barks, the mamma doll cries, the toy soldier marches, etc.

Now for a word about refreshments and decorations. Remember your invitation mentioned stew. I have yet to see a group of teenagers who did not have hearty appetites, especially after an evening of activity, so a good stew or chowder, cleverly seasoned, should just hit the spot. With it have a relish plate and crisp hot rolls, or crackers, if you prefer. Doughnuts or cookies should answer the dessert question. If a less hearty lunch seems to be in order for your guests, lime jello can be cut with the cookie cutter in shamrock shape and used on shredded lettuce for a very pretty dessert or salad. I like to use plain lime gelatin, cut as shamrocks, placed on a square of white cake with a whipped cream topping—just a bit of cream, please, so the shamrock isn't hidden. With this serve a sandwich of cold sliced ham and a beverage. Since we connect potatoes with St. Patrick's day, potato salad or potato chips would be most appropriate on your lunch tray.

A very pretty centerpiece can be made by scrubbing tiny potatoes which, with the addition of paper shamrock leaves, become pretty Irish posies to be arranged in a bowl or on a tray. Fasten narrow green ribbon in spiral fashion around tall white candles (use scotch tape). Select large flat-shaped potatoes to use for candle holders. (An apple corer works well for making a hole in which the candle is inserted.) Or a large piggy bank would work as a timely centerpiece. Individual Irish "posies" as described above make clever favors, or tiny piggy banks might be given.

There you are, all set-from the invitation straight through to the eats. Get everything on hand and under control and then have a rollicking good time right along with your guests!

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends, One and All:

A few minutes ago I finished my last piece of mending, and as I put away the clothes I couldn't help but wonder if everyone else falls down as badly on this job as I do.

All of the authorities on such subjects tell us that all garments should be mended before they are laundered, and of course it makes sense—anyone knows that. But I pick up whatever may need some stitching and think: oh dear, if I don't get it washed with the other things it will be kicking around dirty for another week. I don't want this to happen, so into the machine it goes. Then comes the ironing business. If it isn't sprinkled down with the others it won't get ironed on schedule, so I decide then that I'll go ahead and iron it—and then mend. And what really happens at this point? Well, then I don't want a lot of clothes hanging anyplace but where they belong, so upstairs to the drawers and closets they go. And next washday the whole problem wags its tail once again.

About every three months I have what I think of as a knock-down, drag-out mending spree. At that time I round up *everything* that needs my attention and simply wade through it, not permitting myself to weaken until the very last item is fixed up once and for all. Each time I promise myself that henceforth and forever after I will get it done on a weekly basis just as I know I should do . . . and then, why how can be it Monday washday again so soon when I've only gotten the clothes put away? That's the way it goes with me and I hope it doesn't go that way with you.

While my mind is still impaled on the subject of clothing I'd like to ask just one simple question of all you women who buy snowsuits for children eight years of age, or smaller. Are you satisfied with snowsuits as the answer to winter clothing? It seems to me that someplace there must be someone bright enough to figure out a more practical garment, for surely there must be a better solution to this business, of keeping children warm.

I told you last year how I felt that I'd made a great mistake in buying Juliana a very cheap snowsuit—it simply fell apart in no time at all and she was in rags the bulk of the winter. This year I decided to avoid that error and consequently purchased an expensive suit figuring that not only would it carry her through beautifully but that it would be in such excellent condition when outgrown that we could put it away for Emily. That's the way I figured, and I couldn't have been farther wrong if I'd deliberately set out on that course.

The bottom cuffs of these snow pants are frayed to shreds. I've turned and stitched, turned and applied twill tape, turned and stitched again to keep them from looking too disreputable. There is a big tear in one knee. The front of the jacket (a bright red) is so badly soiled that the cleaners can't find any chemical that will ever restore the color or remove the grime. In short, the snowsuit is a



When Juliana got up on the morning of this snowfall she felt that she'd never be able to live through a day at school! By eight o'clock she'd telephoned Martin and promised him a sled ride the moment she was through with her day's duties, and here they are having a wonderful time.

wreck and Emily will never see it.

I don't honestly think that Juliana is any harder on her winter outfits than the average child. They're all going to play in the snow, slide down icy banks on their stomachs, not go out of their way to avoid mud, and so forth. They wouldn't be children if they didn't. But with these suits we have a heavy wool garment that can't be spared for the cleaners (unless the child has two such suits and Juliana certainly doesn't) and that represent such an investment we simply can't ditch them when they fray and get to looking so bad.

Now I'll tell you what I think the solution is and then I won't mention snowsuits again—ever! After all, they became popular and stock items in childrens' clothing when it became the custom to dress youngsters in the same basic garments the year around—and then get outdoor protection over the legs with these heavy snowsuits. If we went back to the sensible way that my generation was dressed we'd keep warm and look better *all* of the time except for just a brief spell (when the suit is first new.) And money? Why say, I hate to think how much I could have purchased in the line of sensible, washable winter clothing for what I've spent on snowsuits.

Obviously we can't make our children conspicuous, so Juliana won't be dressed as I was dressed at her age. But if all of us mothers who are tired of battling this problem could only get together . . . well, it would be a different story. And this is the last time I will EVER mention snowsuits because who am I to buck current styles?

My telephone just now rang and it was Martin who wanted to know if Juliana had returned from school. He telephones almost every afternoon at this time, and even though I talk to him so frequently it always gives me a fresh start to hear his voice on the telephone. I just can't believe he's gotten so big. The first day Emily gets on the phone to ask for Juliana I'll realize that I really am as old as the calendar says.

We did one major upholstering job

this winter. It was to remove the original plaid upholstery on a rattan davenport and two matching chairs, and replace it with a sandy-biege color corduroy. We outlined all four seams on each cushion (a grand total of ten cushions, two per chair and six on the davenport) with a cinnamon brown brush fringe. The completed job looks splendid, and I'm convinced all over again that you can't beat corduroy for day-in and day-out wear. However, I'll repeat once again that it must be the *right* shade of corduroy. We made a big mistake once by using a dark maroon—that picked up lint terribly and showed every spot. Too light a color is equally bad. But if you stick to the sort of off-shades, not too dark and not too light, you've got the perfect answer.

Here is something you may know, but if you don't, it's a suggestion that makes a tremendous difference in turning out a professional looking job.

The thing that keeps most home upholstering jobs from having that good *finished* appearance is the fact that as the furniture is used the material in the covering tends to become slack and wrinkle towards the center and the edges. It loses that first taut appearance that is so effective. You can avoid this by the following measures:

Purchase a genuine upholsterer's needle. This is a murderous looking instrument of steel that costs around \$1.50 or so and can be had at a large department store or a furniture store where custom upholstering is done. This needle enables you to go right through the heaviest cushion, one complete with springs. Now the bulk of the time we're dealing with chairs or davenports that have cushions, or are in sections generally square in shape. This means that if we place five buttons on the cushion—one in the center and two towards either side, the upholstering is going to give slightly, as it should, towards the buttons, but the remaining surface will retain a professional smoothness. Get your buttons covered in the same material as the upholstery. We had fifty covered for the rattan outfit—or rather, I should say that we had sixty covered since ten were put away for spares.

If you're thinking now that you live too far away from any big department store to take action on this, I'll tell you that any such store will take care of your request by mail. At least we've never yet found one that wouldn't. Use heavy cord in the upholsterer's needle to anchor the button. It will hold through long periods of hard wear.

It's almost time to think about washing curtains again, sending drapes to the cleaners, repainting kitchen walls, and so forth and so on. This spring I have my eyes fixed on a new asphalt tile floor for the kitchen and bathroom. I've now made my peace with the fact that in an old house there will always be *something* clamoring for attention!

There's still time before garden work starts to get off a letter to me. I do hope that you will.

Always . . . Lucile

YOU CAN LOVE A BARN

By Hallie M. Barrow

The white elephant on today's farm is the old horse barn. As I drive past farm after farm I can see signs of occupancy and activity in all the other buildings, but from a long ways off, I can sense that the rambling old barn is deserted and stands defenseless against time and weather. Doors and windows hang crazily by a last rusted hinge or are even completely gone, leaving gaps like those along an old deserted fencerow. The roof ridge sags heavily in the middle, boards are being ripped away to use elsewhere on the farm and exposed timbers warp and twist . . . the former pride of the farm leans and sways with the prevailing winds, soon to totter to complete decay and rot.

Occasionally, an old barn can be remodeled into a modern broiler plant or a new-fashioned milk parlor; but more often it is not in a convenient location to fit into streamlined chores. Or, equally difficult, it was built so strong and sturdy from logs sawed out on the farm and pegged together; it was cut up into so many small parts such as box stalls, oats bin, corn crib, harness room, area-ways, tie-up for a few cows, etc., that it's just easier to let nature level it to the ground than to try and rip apart those hand-hewn timbers.

Recently I visited the farm where I lived as a small child, and I remembered that many of my happier memories centered about the barn. In those days children didn't have community recreational centers and playgrounds. But farm children with access to a big barn could think of more games and ways to use it than any modern recreational director.

I was warned that our old barn had not been used for years except as they'd need a board to patch other buildings, and that possibly snakes or other varmints might have moved in. Of course I did see mice, they ran and squeaked just as mice always have in a barn. But life for them was still not easy in the old barn, even if horses and men had gone, for we surprised several stray cats in the mangers and a very solemn, disapproving barn owl glared at us from the rafters where once I watched the graceful barn swallows nest.

As I stood in front of the stalls, even through the mist in my eyes, I could see again those equine friends who used to stand there. I could almost hear them stomping and whinnying those funny little low nickers as they begged you to hurry with their oats and corn. In the big box stall on the end, the carriage pair always stood. Talk about new cars having class! When that matched pair were curried and brushed until they shone, when the brass-studded harness was oiled and polished, the carriage lamps filled and burnished and the final glamour touch added, the flynets, well, you had plenty of class! As much care was taken of those flynets as was given our Sunday clothing. They were hung on



There was a day long, long ago when Dorothy and I pretty much took for granted the fact that we could sit and sew for our girls while we had conversations that covered everything. Well, that was back in California and there've been precious few sessions of this kind since we returned to Iowa. But over the Christmas holidays we actually did find time to take a few stitches and catch up on all the news, so Russell seized the rare occasion to take this picture.

forms so that the yards of gay tassels would never tangle . . . they fitted up over the horse's ears and tied on a half-dozen other spots. When the carriage pair broke into a fast, spanking trot, those tassels all streaming back in the wind made quite a picture!

The next stall was that of Big Jim, my father's riding horse. He was such a big bay horse, white face and four white stockings and a glass eye on the side where the white blaze covered that side of his face. That glass eye always rather frightened me and every time I passed his stall, I shied to the other side. On down the row, I called to mind the horses and mules who used to stand there. The very small stall at the far end was mine for my own Shetland pony, Midget.

Oh, yes, the old barn was often a wonderful menagerie. Most of the farm children's pets were kept here. One could never be surprised either to find a new litter of kittens, a bawling calf or a long-legged colt. All kinds of birds lived there including a flock of pigeons in the cupola, and every once in a while a proud, fussy hen would sneak out from under a manger with a bunch of fluffy chicks and you would then know that was one hen's nest you'd never spied. Those hens were really tricky.

The ladder into the hay mow still seemed safe and I climbed just far enough to get a full view of the mow, the finest playground any child ever had. That breathless drop which children now experience on machines in parks for a dime a ride, we enjoyed by the hour with our home-made hay slides. There never was a more natural setting for that game, "Follow the leader." And even when you weren't playing games you liked, you maybe had to swing out on the hay mow door, crawl up in the rafters to see what was in the pigeons' nests, jump in and out of feed barrels, ride down the grain chute, and walk the manger edges. Nor was there ever such a wonderful reading room in any library. With the big hay door down in the mow, you had

a view over hill and dale. With a few apples and the whole set of 27 Elsie Dinsmore books, I passed away days on end. I liked it even better for a reading room on rainy days. Then you could hear the patter on the barn roof and the pigeons came inside to sing their sweet, low love songs.

Leading into the middle areaway were two big white stones. I've sat on the big flat bottom stone and used the top one by the hour for a place to play "ball and jacks". I've cracked bushels of walnuts, hickory nuts and hazelnuts on that top flat stone step. Sitting in that doorway was a good lookout, too, to wait for the men to come in from the fields. Then we'd meet them at the watering trough and get our special treat . . . be boosted to the horses' backs and ride to the barn. Even though it was an old steady plowhorse, yet it must be led. For if you know horses, some times they bolt for the barn and rush into their own stall full speed.

That barn was such a friend! I often took my troubles there. If the door at the other end of the area-way were open, it was such a comforting place to sit on that top step. On the hottest days there was always a good breeze in the area-way, and it smelled of sweet hay. If the horses were there, I was about on a level with their heads and their fine, intelligent eyes were always a comfort. I'm sure they didn't understand my childish tears of disappointment but they always looked so sympathetic and as if they'd like to help!

If you've ever loved an old barn, perhaps you will like this poem for your scrapbook. It was sent to me by one of my neighbors, Mrs. Ruth Schottel of Rosendale, who wrote it herself.

The old barn is a haven, winter nights
When snow drifts deep along its sagging walls.
Its cribs of corn and haymow full of hay,
With gentle horses drowsing in their stalls.
Even the sparrows that roost beneath the eaves,
The wee, gray kittens in an old salt keg
Are safe and snug, and as my lantern swings,
Its flicker picks out small mice playing tag.

The big box stalls are baby wards, for there's
A spotted heifer with a broken horn
Nuzzling a wobbly calf, while Jersey eyes her own.
And in the corner squeals a litter of new-born.

From dusty rafters where gray cobwebs blow
A bat drifts down to my lantern's light.
The old barn lifts its voice in sighs and moans.
The old barn . . .
But it's a haven on a winter's night.



SPECIAL LENTEN FISH

- 3 to 3 1/2 lbs. white fish
- 1 Tbls. whole pickling spice
- 2 stalks celery
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 1 lemon, sliced
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

The fish in cheesecloth; cover with boiling water. Add remaining ingredients; bring to boiling and simmer around 30 minutes. Remove fish carefully from cloth, place on hot platter, and pour over the following sauce.

- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. vinegar from capers
- 2 Tbls. capers

Melt butter, add remaining ingredients and heat through.

Note: If you have never purchased capers, look for them or ask your grocer to get some in. They are small black berries put up in a highly spiced sauce and add a great deal when drained and used in tossed salads or with fish.

TOMATO-AND-CHEESE RAREBIT

This is a delicious, filling dish that can be served to any crowd late in the evening if they don't care for sweet things. Also a good main dish for your own family and cheaper than meat at present prices.

- 1 No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes
- 4 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1 1/2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. red pepper
- Liquid from small can of mushrooms

Combine all of these ingredients and cook over high heat for 5 minutes. If tomatoes are in chunks they should be broken up.

In top part of double boiler melt 1/4 lb. butter or margarine, blend in 6 Tbls. flour, add tomatoes, and cook until mixture begins to thicken, stirring most of the time. Then add 1 pound sharp American cheese that has been cut into small pieces and continue to cook until cheese has melted. Lastly add the drained mushrooms.

Serve with hot toast or crisp crackers. The best rarebit recipe we've ever found and a great hit with everyone who's eaten it.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

BAKED SALMON LOAF

- 2 cups drained salmon
- 2 cups soft break crumbs
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 eggs

Combine these ingredients. Make a white sauce as follows: 1 Tbls. butter, flour, 1/4 tsp. salt, dash of pepper, 1 cup of milk. Melt butter, add flour and seasonings, stir in milk and cook until smooth. Add this white sauce to the first combined ingredients and mix well. Turn into a greased loaf pan and bake for about 40 minutes at 350 degrees. When I serve this I like to double the white sauce recipe given and take out half to use as a sauce. I always try to add parsley or chopped pimento to it to give it color.

HAM BALLS

- 1 lb. ground cured ham
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground pork
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water

Combine meats, crumbs, eggs, and milk and mix thoroughly. Make into small balls, place in baking pan and pour over the remaining ingredients that have been combined. Bake for one hour at 325 degrees, and baste from time to time. Permits two balls for eight guests. The friend who sent this recipe says: "When I'm entertaining and feel that I can't afford a roast and know that chicken is no treat for the expected guests, I make these ham balls and have had many compliments on them."

SOUR CREAM WHITE CAKE

(For you lucky folks with sour cream)

- Step 1: Beat 3 egg whites stiff
Fold in 1 cup whipped sour cream
- Step 2: Sift together:
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. soda
- Step 3: Add dry ingredients to first mixture with 1/2 cup cold water to which 1 tsp. vanilla has been added.

Bake 35 minutes at 360 degrees.

"I used my electric beater on all of it. Good as loaf, layer or cup cake."
—Mrs. P. H. C., Hopkins, Mo.

CEREAL CANDY

- 5 cups corn flakes
- 3 cups rice krispies
- 1/2 lb. salted peanuts
- 1/2 lb. cocoanut
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup thin cream
- 1 cup white or dark corn syrup
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix the cereal, cocoanut and peanuts together in a large mixing bowl. (Rub off part of hulls and salt from peanuts.) Boil to the hard ball stage the sugar, cream, syrup, and then add the vanilla. Pour this mixture over the first ingredients. Mix and flatten out in a large greased pan. Cool and cut. This candy has a delicious flavor and is better for children than many other kinds we often make!

CRUNCH

Use either vanilla wafer or graham crackers and put together in layers as given.

No. 1. Cover bottom of 9 x 9 pan with crushed wafer or cracker crumbs.

No. 2. Cream together 1 cup powdered sugar and 1/2 cup soft butter. Blend in 2 beaten egg yolks, and then fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites.

No. 3. Small can of drained crushed pineapple.

No. 4. Sprinkle layer 3 with chopped nuts and coconut.

No. 5. Cover layer 4 with quartered marshmallows.

No. 6. Cover with whipped cream. (About 1 1/2 or 2 cups.)

No. 7. Sprinkle crumbs over the cream and keep in cold place overnight. Cut in squares to serve.

"I have used this for teas, etc., and served with coffee it's ample. It has the advantage of being made a day ahead of time, and I've received many compliments on it."—Mrs. G. M., Fairfield, Ia.

OUR RADIO MEAL PECAN PIE

- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup butter, melted
- 1 cup dark corn syrup

Beat these ingredients together. Then mix in 1 cup of pecan halves. Pour into unbaked 9 inch pastry shell and place in a 375 degree oven for approximately 50 minutes. This is a very rich but very delicious pie, and everyone who prepared it the night we all cooked the same dinner had good reports to give on it.

BAKED SPARERIBS WITH DRESSING

Two long pieces of ribs are best for this. Spread one piece with a dressing made by combining 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 cup chopped apples, 1 Tbls. chopped onion, 1/2 tsp. salt, dash of paprika and 1 Tbls. sugar. Cover the dressing with the other piece of meat. Tie the two pieces together, place on a rack in a roasting pan and bake in a 475 degree oven for 20 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350 for approximately one hour. Baste frequently.

SPANISH RICE

- 6 slices of bacon
- 1 minced onion
- 1 green pepper chopped fine
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups of hot cooked rice

Fry bacon until crisp. Remove from skillet and add the onion, pepper and celery to the hot bacon fat; cook for about five minutes. Then add the canned tomatoes, salt and pepper and let simmer for approximately twenty minutes. Stir in the hot rice and crumble bacon over the top. A good, filling dish when the food budget is mighty low.

VERY SPECIAL FLANK STEAK

(Pressure Pan)

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1 large sweet onion
- 1 flank steak
- Flour
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 1/2 cup liquid from mushrooms
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen Bouquet
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Melt the butter in the pressure pan and brown mushrooms that have been thoroughly drained; remove mushrooms and set aside. Slice onion into the fat and brown lightly; then remove from pan. Slice the steak across the grain into 1 inch strips and shake strips in sack that contains flour, salt and pepper. Drop the strips into the pressure pan but do not crowd them for they must brown nicely. When all are browned cover them with the onion and mushrooms. Add the horseradish and Kitchen Bouquet. Pour in mushroom liquid and sour cream. Cook for 20 minutes under pressure. This delicious and substantial meat dish can be prepared entirely in 45 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

EGG CUTLETS

- 1/4 cup butter
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- Dash of nutmeg
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 3 Tbls. chopped canned pimiento
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 8 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

Make a thick white sauce of butter, flour, milk, and seasonings. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Spread 1 inch thick in shallow pan and chill thoroughly. Shape into chops, dip in flour, then into 2 slightly beaten eggs mixed with 2 Tbls. water; roll in cracker crumbs and pan fry from 5 to 7 minutes. Serves 6. Inexpensive and such a welcome change from fried eggs, or creamed eggs or scrambled eggs for the main lunch dish.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 5 Tbls. shortening
- 1 cup buttermilk

Sift flour, salt, baking powder, and soda; cut in shortening. Add buttermilk and stir until dough follows fork around bowl. Turn out on well-floured surface and knead 1/2 minute. Roll 3/8 inch thick, brush with melted fat or salad oil, fold over and cut with biscuit cutter. Cook on ungreased cookie sheet in a 450 degree oven from 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 2 dozen small biscuits.

The letter that accompanied this recipe said in part: "I've tried every biscuit recipe imaginable, including the new type using liquid shortening, and none of them can really compare with this one. Try it and see if I'm not right!"

CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1-oz. squares of melted, unsweetened chocolate
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 cup chopped English walnuts
- 3 cups cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar; add chocolate, eggs, and nut meats. Add flour, sifted with salt and baking powder, and mix thoroughly. Form into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. When ready to bake, slice thin and place on greased baking sheets in 350 degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

FROZEN LEMON DESSERT

- 3/4 cup finely crushed wheat flakes
- (2 1/2 cups, uncrushed)
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup cream
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 1/4 cup lemon juice

Thoroughly grease freezing tray. Coat sides and bottom well with crumbs (reserve less than half of crumbs for topping.) Beat egg whites until they hold a point; gradually beat in sugar and continue to beat until stiff and glossy. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored and then fold in meringue mixture.

Combine cream, lemon rind and lemon juice and whip until stiff. Fold into egg mixture. Pour into freezing tray. Sprinkle remaining crumbs on top and freeze until firm. Cut in squares for serving (will serve 8 to 10) and add whipped cream for garnish if desired, but it is not really needed.

Candy topping can be used in place of wheat flakes if desired. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until crack stage is reached: 1/4 cup butter and 1/3 cup brown sugar. Remove from fire. Stir in 1 1/2 cups wheat flakes and 1/3 cup of nuts.

TOMATO PORK CHOPS

Brown six pork chops. Place in a baking dish and pour over them the following ingredients that have been heated: 1 can of condensed tomato soup diluted with 1 can of water, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 green pepper chopped fine, 3/4 cup minced onions, 3/4 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. paprika. Place cover on the dish and bake for one hour at 350 degrees.

LITTLE TRICKS THAT "TAKE THE CAKE"*By Mildred Grenier*

--A quick way to bring milk and eggs to room temperature when baking a cake is to pour them into separate containers and stand in warm water.

--When making a cake calling for scalded milk, use canned evaporated milk diluted with equal parts of hot water to save time and dish washing. This is economical, too.

--Sprinkle your cake plate with powdered sugar before placing the cake on it to prevent cake from sticking to plate.

--To preserve freshness in your cake, cut pieces from the middle first and then push the ends together; if cut evenly, the halves will retain their freshness almost as well as if they hadn't been cut.

--If you must cover a cake with waxed paper, coat the paper with butter and the frosting won't stick to it.

--Before adding raisins to a cake batter, place them in a pan in the oven to warm—they will distribute more evenly.

--A cake which sticks to the pan may be loosened by placing the tin over a bowl of hot water.

--Save your bottles with screw-on medicine droppers and fill them with the fruit coloring that you use for tinting frostings—you'll never "drop in" too much this way.

--A quick and easy way to make neat cake decorations is to press fancy cookie cutters lightly into the cake frosting. Then cover the lines with colored frosting pressed from a pastry tube.

--You may use a toothpick to draw an outline of the design or lettering you want to show on top of a party cake, before decorating with a pastry tube. If you want to change what you have drawn, simply erase it by dipping a knife in hot water and spreading it over the frosting.

--For easy filling of cupcake pans, pour the batter from a pitcher—there'll be no spills and the batter can be cut off easily.

--If you wish to cut cake layers in half for fillings or frostings, use a sawing motion with a thread while the cake is still hot.

--When substituting cocoa for chocolate in a cake, use three tablespoons of cocoa plus one tablespoon of shortening for one square of unsweetened chocolate.

--If you'd like to test the quality of a cake you are baking, bake a small portion of the batter as a cupcake—then cutting the large cake won't be necessary.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

January is certainly going out with a bang tonight. It is snowing hard and the temperature is hovering down around the zero mark somewhere. When we are at home in the evening, we certainly keep an eagle eye on the stoves for severe cold weather always brings with it tragic fires.

We are especially fire conscious around here these days since we have just had two within the past week in the neighborhood of my school. Just a week ago the Norwood store burned to the ground, destroying everything. I did most of my trading at this store because it was so handy to stop there on my way home from school. All fall and most of this winter Kristin has ridden with me in the morning as far as the store and we would meet her teacher there and she would ride back to school with her. Then in the evening she would ride back to the store and I would pick her up there and take her home with me. It made a lot of riding for Kristin, but I didn't have to worry about her because I always knew where she was until she was with me again. We all felt very badly for Maurice Skinner and his wife, who owned the store.

Yesterday morning about 10:30 fire completely destroyed the home of three of my little girls, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Howard. My two oldest boys came running in at recess and said they could see the smoke and thought the house was on fire, and in about five minutes cars came tearing up the road, so I knew the neighbors were all on their way to help. Of course the children were terribly upset, and no one could get his mind on school work the rest of the morning. When Mrs. Howard came after the children after school, she said, "Well, Dorothy, it just took 20 minutes to wipe us out", and how my heart went out to her.

The only clothes the girls had were the ones they had worn to school that day. One little girl is just a shade smaller than Kristin, so I came right home and we went upstairs and went through the closet, boxes, and dresser drawers and got a box of things ready for her. I have some towels, tea towels, wash cloths and a few pieces of furniture I can spare, so I told her today that as soon as they knew where they were going to live we would bring it over. It isn't much and I only wish I had more because she has been so wonderful to help me with things at school.

We lost one of our families in this neighborhood a couple of weeks ago. The Virgil McCaulley's have moved to a farm they recently bought a few miles south of Lucas. The week before they moved was the week we had such warm mild weather, and the Saturday they moved the temperature soared downward and we had a real blizzard all day long. All the neighborhood men helped, and Frank came home in the afternoon just frozen.

One of Frank's good friends, Alvin Cooper, has been helping him pick our corn all Fall while his own stood in



Some children have to be driven to practice their piano lessons, we've heard tell, but Kristin isn't among them. The moment she gets home from school she runs to the piano, and it's a big disappointment if a storm keeps her from Saturday's lesson.

the field. He didn't have so very much left because he had managed to get some of it picked while Frank was doing something else. Then just when he was ready to pick his own, he got a very bad infection in one of his hands. So last Saturday Frank rounded up several of the neighbors and they went to Coopers and picked the rest of the corn for him.

Well, I didn't get to go to Saturday classes after all. When I went in to register I found out that I had already had the courses they were offering this semester, and since I wouldn't be able to get credit for going, I felt that my time could be spent to much better advantage at home.

The Saturday that it snowed so hard Kristin and I didn't try to go to town for her music lesson, but stayed at home and baked sugar cookies. Kristin wanted to fix up a box and send them out to Grandpa in California because she knows how much he loves sugar cookies and she said she just knew he wouldn't get any at the hotel. So we did and in my last letter from Mother she said they had gotten there just fine and thanked Kristin for putting in the little animal cookies she had made especially for her.

Lucile wrote and told me to be sure to tell you about the "cake walk" we had at Kristin's program last Fall because so many of you had written and asked about it. I guess there are a lot of different ways this is played, but I'll tell you how they did it there. They had a square place marked off on the floor and we "walked" within this space. Hanging down from the ceiling were a lot of numbers. A cake was brought out which had a number on the bottom of it. Each person who wanted to play paid ten cents, then while they played music we walked around and when the music stopped, whoever was standing under the number which corresponded with the number on the cake, got the cake. The mothers of the children furnished the cakes and everyone had a lot of fun.

It is a lot like "musical chair".

Last year in Art class my children made some paper valentines for their mothers, but this year we decided to do something a little different. My girls all just love to sew, so we are making cute little pot holders in the shape of hearts. I got some cute red and white material, and in between we put several thicknesses of flannel. We basted them all together first, and now they are making a button-hole stitch all around the outside with bright red yarn. We will put a red ribbon bow at the top, and a red loop to hang it up with. I had something else planned for the boys to do, but they thought they would like to make one too, and I was surprised at what a good job they are doing. I told them that their mothers would be so surprised to see how well they had done that they would probably let them do their own patching and sew on their own buttons forever after!

Well, it is getting late and I still have a few little chores to do before I go to bed, so until next month—

Sincerely, Dorothy.

HERE'S A SUGGESTION

Do you plan to entertain three or four couples for a social evening in the near future? And are you tired of the things we often serve such as chilli, oyster stew, or pie and coffee? Well, if you have enough money that you can afford to indulge yourself for such a spree, I'd like to suggest that you consider serving fresh shrimp.

It may interest you to know that these are available at practically every locker plant. I know of very small villages where they can actually be purchased at any time. These shrimp are frozen and come packed in 5 pound cartons. One carton will serve eight people generously.

Plan to take them directly from the carton and plunge into a huge kettle of boiling water. Some people add two or three tablespoons of vinegar to the water. The shrimp are green when you put them into the kettle, but they turn a beautiful coral pink as they boil. Allow them to boil about 15 to 20 minutes. Then plunge into cold water. Remove the shells, tails, and black veins. Now they are ready to serve as is or, if you prefer, dipped in batter and deep fat fried. However, when entertaining it is really preferable to serve them just plain boiled—I've never yet met anyone who didn't enjoy them this way.

Pile them on to a huge platter or chop plate and place on the table. With them serve a big bowl of crisp potato chips, a variety of small, unsweetened crackers, and a bowl of soft cream cheese. Also provide small bowls of chili sauce, for most people like to dip the shrimp in the sauce. This is not cheap food—but it's wonderful food. If you feel that you can afford it you can be sure that it will create a sensation.—Lucile

The essence of giving is that you should expect nothing in return. If you do it isn't giving, it's barter.—Alan Blair.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO CANADA THIS SUMMER

By Frances R. Williams

Eighty percent of the population of Quebec province is French. All of the highway signs are in two languages, French and English. We were soon able to recognize the French words on the signs, but our pronunciation would have puzzled a Frenchman.

Canada's largest city is Montreal, a city the size of Cleveland, Ohio. Although 1000 miles from the ocean, it is an important port for sea going vessels dock there to haul wheat, lumber and other Canadian products. The city was jammed with tourists from the United States when we arrived during the noon rush hour. At a busy intersection of one of the main streets a policeman directed the traffic, and it was amusing to see his white gloved hands drawing first one string of traffic, then another, like the director of a symphony orchestra; all the time he kept singing at the top of his voice in French.

One is astonished by the number of horses and horse drawn vehicles on the streets. Ice, meat, milk, bread and coal are delivered by "old Dobbin". Montreal is built on the steep slopes of Mount Royal, and the horse is the most dependable means of transportation. If one wishes to reach the summit of Mount Royal, he must walk or hire a horse-drawn carriage, since no cars are allowed on this road. The clomp, clomp of horses' hoofs on the cobblestone streets is heard all hours of the night, and is a great contrast to the noisy traffic heard in other cities.

The Botanical Gardens are an interesting place to visit. In front of the large administration building a planting of gold marigolds and purple petunias made a brilliant splash of color. In the fuchsia room, where the humidity and temperature must be kept constant, hundreds of different varieties were on display. Out of doors we were surprised to note the many varieties of plants, flowers and vegetables that thrive in the region of long, cold winters.

The usual sight seeing tours are available, but we toured the city in a taxi driven by a Frenchman. When his broken English was inadequate he talked with his hands! We drove to a high prominence for a view of the city sprawled below us: the great river with its busy waterfront spanned by two big bridges, spires of many churches and, dominating the business section, the tall Sun Life Building. From there we went to the old section of the city to see the colorful Bon Secours Market where the French farmer has sold his produce for 400 years. Due to a fire the winter before the central building was not in use, but in outside stalls we found fresh fruit and vegetables offered for sale. The narrow streets, old churches, and old houses are unchanged by the progress of the past 200 years, while a few blocks away the roar of the modern city is heard.



Among Martin's Christmas presents was the most handsome cowboy outfit imaginable, a gift from Donald Hansen. I don't suppose that any little boy ever felt prouder, and he couldn't wait to go over to Edith's house to thank Don in person. Incidentally, Don brought an outfit just like it to his little nephew, Stephen, and if you've never seen a three-months old boy in a cowboy outfit you've missed something! Edith tells us that they've started Don's new house in Fort Worth, so before too long he can occupy it.

Quebec, Canada's oldest city, was settled by the French in 1608. It is said to be the only walled city in North America. (The old walls, still in good repair, are two miles in length.) Its streets are steep, crooked and narrow. Every tourist takes the drive through the "Sous-la-cap" the narrowest street in America. With only six inches (it might have been a little more) to spare between the hub caps and the walls of the houses, we had to stop when we met a pedestrian to give him time to step into the doorways of the houses before we could proceed. It's hard to think of such a narrow, dark passageway as a street.

Dominating the city, from the top of Cape Diamond is the Citadel, the great fortress where the war time conferences between Churchill and Roosevelt took place. The fortress is star shaped in design with thick double walls. The chapel and other buildings inside the walls have been built to withstand bombing for their walls are six feet thick. From atop the walls of the fortress one looks down upon the city, the many turrets of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec's famous hotel, and the activity of the water front.

In our school days we were intrigued with the story of the capture of Quebec by the brilliant young Englishman, General Wolfe during the French and Indian War in 1759. After weeks of bombardment with guns located on the opposite bank of the river, without any effect, General Wolfe landed his men in small boats in the darkness. By morning a sufficient number of English had scaled the 350 foot perpendicular

cliff by way of a secret path to attack the French on the plains of Abraham behind the fortress. The French fought valiantly under General Montcalm, but later both generals fell mortally wounded.

How different from our history books was the version of our young guide, a native of Quebec of French descent. He dramatically told us the French version of the battle: "Wolfe, he dirty sneak. He jump on us from the back!" The Quebec French still fight the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. This battlefield is now a beautiful park where the monuments of both generals occupy an honored place. A large museum houses exhibits of historical value. Later our guide pointed out the footpath taken by the English soldiers and we thought "How did they ever find their footing up the steep cliff in the dark?"

Highway No. 15 leads from Quebec to the famous shrine, St. Anne de Beaupre, twenty miles to the north-east. This shrine, famous for miracles which occur on St. Anne's day, July 26, honors St. Anne, the patron saint of the sailors. Many sacred relics and offerings cover the walls of the beautiful church of the Basilica, built on the exact spot of the first log church erected in the 1600's by grateful sailors whose lives had been spared on St. Anne's day. One may follow the path up the steep hillside where the twelve stations of the cross portray the agony of the Crucifixion by means of large bronze figures, or visit the circular building called the Cyclorama, whose walls are covered with three dimensional paintings depicting the life of Christ in authentic settings.

Old houses line the highway leading to St. Anne's and these are built so close to the road that one steps out of the doorway directly onto the highway. It was an interesting experience to have dinner in one of these 200 years' old farm houses. Our hostess could not speak nor understand one word of English so our young French guide arranged for the dinner and translated the interview with our hostess.

Also enroute to St. Anne's are Kent House and the Montmorency Falls. Kent House, built as a summer home and hunting lodge for the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, is now a Tea room and hotel. From the Kent House terrace one may view the Montmorency Falls, (which are twice the height of Niagara Falls) and then take an elevator down to the foot of the falls.

NEW PROMISE

The plow has severed earth and wheat

To lay a furrow down the earth,
As man goes forth in hope and faith
Preparing fields for Springtime birth.

New Promise comes in sleeping grain
That lays in beds of rich, deep soil,
For yet to seed and grow and bloom
Man's day shall know the fruit of
toil.

Edna Janes Kayser

FROM MY BOOKSHELF

By Myrtle E. Felkner

With Spring and her multiple duties racing towards us, it's a greater pleasure than ever to look over the bright new dust jackets on the bookshelves and to select the last titles we'll have a chance to read until fall.

My reading this month includes a couple of not-so-new titles, but they were no less engrossing to me. Besides that, I have the feeling that literature is growing and expanding, that spiritual things do concern modern authors, and that growth via the library shelves is yet very possible for every busy housewife.

Another novel based on Biblical history has appeared to take its place alongside "The Robe" and "Behold Your King." This one is Legette Blythe's "Bold Galilean." I never fail to be intrigued with the ability of these authors to pick out some insignificant character of the Bible, and with the warp and woof of imagination, to bring that character to life, complete with a past and future. One character about whom this author weaves his story is Naamah, called Mary Magdala by the Bold Galilean. Her life crosses that of three young Romans, Marcus, the merchant; Gaius, ruler of Capernaum; and Lucius, the Tribune to the court of Pilate. All three of these have a conception of God. To Marcus He is wealth and power; to Lucius He is the Roman Army; but to Gaius, who had heard of the Rabbi Jesus, God seemed almost as real as He did to the Jews. This book pursues their lives; how Naamah was changed from a prostitute slave girl to a Believer in Christ, how Marcus became a leper—and later, the only one healed who remembered to thank the Christ—and how even the Tribune Lucius sought a New Faith—these are the fine and moving incidents about which Mr. Blythe writes. This is certainly recommended reading.

Comes the *Comrade!* by Alexandra Orme will bring you an entire change of pace. Perhaps this book won't entertain you, but it will certainly absorb you. Alexandra Orme was "liberated" by the Soviets in Hungary and this book is her story of the months that followed. Miss Orme is now in the United States, having escaped the Soviet zone in 1945. She tells us of the Russian as she saw him and knew him, an intimate, over-whelming sketch of the Soviet soldier. Their personal conduct and filth is appalling, as is their ignorance of culture and of the things that we Americans blithely call "essentials." Almost every stick of furniture in this author's home was demolished, including priceless family heirlooms. Only the kitchen stool remained whole; the soldiers knew what it was and so respected it! Bathrooms, kitchen plumbing, even so simple a thing as a bedstead were unknown and therefore systematically destroyed. On a day off duty, the Russian soldiers got drunk or sat in the sun cracking their knuckles. They seemed unable to think of anything else to do!

My husband's comment on this book intrigued me. He remarked, "If they're so dumb, how come they have us so buffaloed?" All I can say is, it beats me! Quite possibly the peasants are purposely kept so ignorant in order to advance the aims of brilliant and canny Soviet big-shots. At any rate, you'll meet folks in this book who haven't come much past the Middle Ages.

I liked *The Left Hand of God* by William E. Barrett. Jim Carmody is a flier forced down in China, where he is captured by the warlord Mieh Yang. In his effort to escape, he dons the clothing of a dying priest and presents himself at a Catholic mission as "Father O'Shea." There he meets Anne Scott, a nurse, and his troubles seem multiplied instead of diminished as his conscience plagues him for his sacrilege and his love for Anne Scott grows. This is an engrossing story with a thoroughly satisfactory ending. I can't tell it, but you'll like it!

For your lightest reading this month, try Fred Gipson's *The Home Place*. If you've read his previous book, *Hound-Dog Man*, then you already know that there is a family man, a soil-living farmer, writing about the people he loves. *The Home Place* is the story of widower Sam Crockett who takes his three boys and his grandfather home to Texas. There he battles the calamities of Nature and a heavy mortgage, falls in love with a girl from a Texas ranch, builds up his depleted soil and raises his family, much as you and I. The delightful part of this book lies in the portrayal of the characters, particularly Baby Yo-Yo and old Grandpa Firth. Read this book aloud to your family. It is a good, clean, moral book, and a great many chuckles and a warm sense of unity will be yours as you read it together.

WORLD SO WIDE is Sinclair Lewis' last novel and has appeared serially in a large periodical. It is promised the reader in book form soon, and as his last work before his recent death, is worthwhile reading. However—I may as well say it!—I never have cared for the mixture of emotions, the unsatisfactory "realism", nor the biting sarcasm which Lewis brings to his readers. In this case, he transplants a young Denver architect to Italy, introduces him to a sophisticated society, and lets the chips fall where they may. And also in this case I don't particularly like where they fall, but as you know, Lewis is a master of the written word, and though you don't admire his story, you must respect his technique and writing ability. If you like sophisticated reading, all in good taste, then this is your dish.

THE ROBIN AND THE SPARROW

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

—Author Unknown

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Sometime I wish a month would roll round when there would be not a single person to tell you about who needed cheer. Wouldn't that be great! However, that time has not yet come, and here are several shut-ins who will enjoy the card or letter only you can send them.

Mrs. E. Sundstrom, 11736 Gilmore St., North Hollywood, Calif., is very lonely since the death of her husband recently. They had been married fifty years or more. She is not able to be out much, if any.

Miss Edna Casper, who is in St. Elizabeth Hospital, Elizabeth, New Jersey, is having a hard time. She is having both legs broken and put in casts in an effort to straighten them enough so she can walk. Edna was 51 in December, and things of this sort are not as easy at that age as if she were 15.

Mrs. Anton Kozlik, Howells, Nebraska, suffers from arthritis. She can't walk at all and her hands are badly crippled. She sits in a chair all the time. She loves to work puzzles, so perhaps you have some jig saws that you can send her.

Another arthritic is Mrs. Vienna Morford, c/o Miss Mamie Bird, Oregon, Missouri. She is in bed most of the time and can write very little, but loves to get letters. These people who are unable to write really need mail more than ones who can, as when you write letters you just naturally get some in return.

Mrs. Frank Wilson, Box 243, Parnell, Mo., would like to hear from you. She, too, has arthritis and suffers a great deal at times. She is alone during the day time and gets lonely. She collects china dogs and unusual book marks.

Mrs. Katie Penning, Garretson, So. Dak., is 84 and loves to get mail. She is quite badly crippled by arthritis.

Miss Rachel Sawyer, 1834 East Eppler Ave., Indianapolis 27, Ind., has been shut-in for many years. She is bedfast, but from her bed she makes things to sell to help support herself and her father who is not able to work anymore. The two are alone.

Will you send a card to Mrs. Etta Day, Rt. 2, Conway, Mo., please? She is bedfast, has been for many years, and is unable to write at all.

Little Gary Wright's mother writes that he is doing fairly well. He was struck by a truck two years ago, and is still unable to walk or use his hands. For a long time he could not talk, but is able to say a few words now. His mother wheels him to school. He cannot take part in school work except to listen, but learns a lot. Gary will be 11 in May.

Mrs. Raymond D. Sweet, who used to live in Minnesota, will be glad to hear from you. You may remember that her husband is an invalid. They live now in Portland 8, Oregon, P. O. Box 3611.

Taking the first footstep with a good thought, the second with a good word, and the third with a good deed, I entered Paradise.—Zoroaster.

FOR THE CHILDREN

SURPRISE PUPPIES

Blanche Neal Shipley

When Sharon Kay and Madelyn were tiny girls they wanted a puppy. One day a cute little dog came bounding to them when they were playing in the yard, and they were delighted, but just as they were getting acquainted with it, the puppy's master came after it and took it home.

Sharon Kay and Madelyn kept wishing and wishing for a dog, and had Mother tell them over and over stories of doys she had known. And then, what do you suppose happened? Another little dog came whining to the door one day, and this time the girls got to keep it. They named her Friskie because she was so full of life, and they romped with her and played hide-and-go-seek in the shrubs. They fed her and kept cool water out for her too. Sometimes Friskie dug damp holes in the garden for a bed, but Mother didn't like that. "No, No, Friskie", she would scold. "You must not dig in the garden." Friskie didn't seem to mind her scoldings a bit.

One morning Friskie did not come for breakfast. She did not come for dinner. And she did not come for supper.

"Where is Friskie?" Mother asked Daddy.

Daddy grinned. "That's a surprise." Mother said, "Oh!" for she thought she knew what the surprise was.

The next morning Friskie came for her breakfast before the girls were up, so Mother fed her. Then the little dog disappeared, and the girls saw nothing of her all day.

The next morning when Sharon Kay and Madelyn had finished their breakfast, Mother said, "Now, I think you girls should look for Friskie. You haven't seen her for two or three days."

The girls were very concerned. They hoped they could find their dog, and they certainly hoped she was not sick, or hurt.

"But where shall we look?" they asked.

"Oh, look in the old henhouse, down by Grandma's, first," said Mother. "If you do not find her there, come tell me, and we will look for her somewhere else."

The girls went tripping down the path to the old henhouse. It was only a few moments until they came running back to the house as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Oh, come, come, come!" they cried. "We found Friskie, Mama, and oh, oh! She has some tiny babies. Real, live babies. Come, come!"

My, how excited the girls were! Mother hugged them tight, and said, "Does she really have some puppies? Did you see them?"

"Yes, we did!"

"Well, I must go see them," agreed Mother.

The next few days were full for Sharon Kay and Madelyn. They fed Friskie and visited the puppies. They even held them in their hands. Grand-



This is Sharon Kay Shipley holding little Pineapple. When you read the story on this page you'll know how she happened to get him.



It's our guess that Madelyn has just about all she can hold! It takes mighty strong arms to keep a frisky puppy under control, and Madelyn did pretty well.

ma helped them fix a nice, soft bed for the baby pups, and the little fellows stayed curled up in it close to their mother all the time. Each day the girls looked to see if the puppies had their eyes open, and each day they were disappointed.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Grandma. "Are they ever going to open their eyes?"

Mother said to Daddy, "I had no idea it took so long for puppies to get their eyes open!"

Finally, after two weeks, those fat little rascals opened their eyes and began to look at the world around them. They looked at their mother, Friskie. They looked at their nice, soft nest bed. They looked at Sharon Kay and Madelyn.

"What shall we name them?" someone asked. "They must have names."

"Let's name the one Corky that is brown and white and looks like Friskie," suggested Sharon Kay.

"That is a good name," agreed Daddy. "But what about the others?"

Alas, no one seemed to have any suggestions, and those puppies had no names.

A few days later the girls were playing with the puppies. They were singing them to sleep.

"Oh, look, Mama!" whispered Sharon Kay. "See, little Pineapple has gone to sleep."

"Pineapple! Did you say Pineapple?"

Sharon nodded.

"Well, that's an unusual name for a pup," laughed Mother, "but it is cute, anyway." So the tan colored puppy was named.

"The little black fellow is left," said Mother. "Is he Elderberry?"

"Yes, yes," agreed the girls. "Corky, Pineapple, and Elderberry. What funny names, but we like them." They giggled and giggled.

And this is the end of our story. Two little girls, and three little pups—what a happy group they are. And they all live on a farm in northwest Missouri.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK IN MARCH

These "Bunny Nest" salad plates really make the Easter dinner table look bright and pretty—and they taste just as good as they look.

Bunny Nest Salad

Prepare one box of Lime Jello as directed on the package. Turn into a shallow pan and chill. When firm, force through Mother's potato ricer or a large meshed strainer. Arrange this on serving dishes to form the "grass". Place a peach half, center side up, in each "nest". Fill with whipped cream, sprinkle with coconut and place three or four bright-colored jelly beans in each bunny nest!—Mildred Grenier.

TATTLE-TALE MOON

O, Mister Moon,
A-way up there,
Go hide yourself
An' don't you dare
Come sneak' in
An' tell Mommee
I've got my kitty in bed with me!

O Mister MOON,
I want to be good,
Like Mommee says,
So if you would
Stay away tonight
With your big, big grin,
I'll be good tomorrow,
Hones', I'll begin.
—Carolyn Willis Owen.

RIDDLES

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation to you is she? Your mother.

What bow can never be tied? The rainbow.

Why is there never a minute we can call our own? Because the minutes are not (h)ours.

If a hen laid an orange, what would her little chicks say? Look at the orange marma lade!

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 125,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

April Ads due March 1.
May Ads due April 1.
June Ads due May 1.

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

HAND MADE WOODEN WREN HOUSES, painted white with green roof \$1.00, postpaid. John Leacox, 201 College St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Print overall aprons, \$1. Tie aprons, 75¢ rick-rack trim. Free crocheted pot-holder, with apron order. Gay quilt pieces all sizes and colors, enough for one top \$1.50. Bath Scuffs, all colors, \$1 pr. Mrs. Joe Day, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Ia.

REDUCING BOOKLET—(nurse's discoveries) 14 & 6 day schedules, arthritis, overweight calorie & food charts. Price 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, K-B-171, Shell Rock, Iowa.

PURE LINEN HANKIES, with tatted corner and edge, \$1.25 ea. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

DIABETIC RECIPES, candy, cake, ice cream, pie and many others, 4-\$1. Experienced Dietitian on meal planning. Mrs. Gladys Donaldson, Almena, Kansas.

HAND CROCHETED 16" lacet doilies, \$1. Vanity sets, \$1.25. Ruffled doilies, \$1.50. Any color. Davies, 506 So. 5th, Atchison, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED NAPKIN HOLDER, \$1.85 postpaid. Celia Nuss, 1012 W. 5th, Hastings, Nebr.

SEWING EXPERIENCED: Dresses, \$1.50. RUG WEAVING, \$1.10 yd. if ready or \$2 yd. Promptness. Rowena Winters, 4807 Mer. Dr., Des Moines, Iowa.

I MEND RUNS IN NYLON HOSE—mend invisible. Prices reasonable. Send by mail. Ruth Baker, Lock Box 44, Cedar Falls, Ia.

FOR A DRESS THAT FITS, a dress that pleases, send your measurements, either print or 3 feed sacks, buttons, and \$1.50. A valuable coupon and also an apron free with orders for three. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

MACHINE QUILTING, Mrs. C. E. Hicks, Box 345, Montezuma, Iowa.

QUESTIONS YOU WANT TO KNOW, 50¢ a question. Mrs. Frederick Arp, Yutan, Nebr.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE TABLECLOTH, 60 in. diameter, \$15.00. Lonestar quilt top, \$15.00. Clara Muehlethaler, Elgin, Iowa.

HOSIERY MENDING—Mailed out same day. Lillian McKee, 2009 Chicago, Omaha, Nebr.

CROCHETED DRESSES, Aprons, Infant Wear. Guaranteed. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

EVERY-DAY SPEECHES IS "A GRAND LITTLE BOOK", with suggestions and actual speeches to fit occasion, \$1. Writing Social letters, a guide to letter-writing, 30¢. Alma Sothman, 1115 West Koenig St., Grand Island, Nebr.

PIECED QUILT TOP, \$10. Mrs. R. J. Thompson, Rt. 1, Latimer, Iowa.

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH PINEAPPLE DOILIES, 11" \$1; 14" \$1.50; 16" \$2. White or ecru. Mrs. Anna Mueller, Earl-ling, Iowa.

HOME-MADE HALF APRONS: Reversible—use either side. 80 sq. print with contrasting plain color. Yellow, brown, lavender, blue, gray, red. \$1.50. Striking white organdy apron. 5 in. multicolored striped print ruffle. Side gathers. Rick-rack trimming. Pockets, \$1.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Iowa.

PRETTY APRONS, bib style, of good quality feed sacks, bias trimmed, plus 2 pot-holders, \$1. Mrs. Leona Weaver, Ozawie, Kansas.

SMOCKED DRESSES, blouses, pinafores, Mother-Daughter sets. Laura Mitchell, St. Paul, Nebraska.

SMALL FRY TOWEL-SETS, \$1.25 and \$1.55. R. Kiehl, 2917, Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

LADIES DRESSES, send print, sacks, thread, measurements, \$1.25. Children's dresses, made of print, sizes 1, 2, 3,—\$1.50. 4, 5, 6, \$1.75. Mrs. T. R. Anderson, Garden Grove, Iowa, Rt. 1.

FOR SALE—Black walnut meats, \$1.15 pint. Mrs. Chris Rasmussen, 2019 So. 6th St., Harlan, Iowa.

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

NO. 89—ROUND TATTED DOILY, neat, can be used everywhere, \$1.25. Write, for gift price list. Tatting or crocheting by yard. "MARTHA'S GIFTS", 423 Benton, Boone, Iowa.

SPECIAL: Regular \$1 boxes everyday cards, now 59¢ box. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

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

BEAUTIFUL PINAFORE PILLOWCASES—any color \$3 pr. Clothesspin bag like child's dress, \$1. Mrs. Ira Waldmeier, 614 Sycamore St., Burlington, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL 13-in. CROCHETED TULIP DOILY, Chartreuse center. Tulips in 4 colors, \$3. 13-in. Black-Eyed Susan Doilies, White. Flowers, yellow with black centers, \$3. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

COVERED BUTTONS—1/2, 5/8, 3/4 inch sizes, 50¢ per dozen postpaid. Coins, please. Send 1/8 yd. material, will return unused pieces. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Ralph Rettig, Harlan, Iowa.

SEWING: Ladies print dresses, \$1.25. Childs \$1. Includes postage. Mrs. Walter Meyer, Rt. 2, Cumberland, Iowa.

"WHEN MEXICO BECKONS", the wise one reckons to speak Spanish. Send one dollar for 1300 word outline of method and materials I used to teach myself. McConnell School of Spanish, Dept. C. 1737, Ave., "B," Council Bluffs, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Embroidery work and crocheted articles. Send postage for prices. Edith Swanson, Palmer, Iowa.

SEND ME YOUR OLD BLANKETS, spreads, etc., to be woven into rugs for you. .03½ per in. of rug. Mrs. Harm Dirksen, Bancroft, So. Dak.

BEAUTIFUL GUARANTEED 80 SQUARE APRONS, \$1.00. Crocheted linen handkerchiefs, 50¢ and \$1. Mrs. Joe Heller, 815-5th No. Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

LAXATIVE, BLADDER, KIDNEY TEA, \$1.50. Garscia Mineral Springs, Chillicothe, Mo.

LOVELY WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS, with crochet colored or white butterfly corner—\$1. Nice for Easter. Ellen Day, 2954 Apple, Lincoln, Nebr.

40 NOTES AND ENVELOPES \$1. Cuddly yarn haired dolls, \$1. Crocheted doilies, \$1. Zelda Hatch, Melbourne, Iowa.

WILL MAKE CHILDREN'S DRESSES FOR \$2.75 ea. I will furnish cotton prints, trimmings, etc. Make in sizes 3 to 6. This ad good entire year. Mrs. Ivan F. Bauch, Perry, Ill.

NOTICE!—Scissors Sharpened at 35¢ ea. pp. 24-hr. service. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

AFRICAN VIOLETS 3" POTS—Double Neptune, White Girl, Snow Girl, Snow Prince, Rose Marie (Rose), Lady Geneva, \$2.50 each. Bicolor, Gorgeous Bicolor, Red King, Purple Prince, Black Beauty, White Hybrid, Light Blue Dupont, Mrs. Bowles, Sailor Girl, 2¼" pots—\$1.75 each. Not less than 2 plants to one address. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL GET-WELL CARDS 14 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

BUSY DAY VASE—I want you to have a pottery vase in which you can put those first precious spring blossoms. I have made a slender graceful 6 inch one in brown and chartreuse that is just right. The flowers arrange themselves in it. It will make a perfect Easter gift too. I will send it to you P. P. for only \$1.00. All previous ads are still good. While you can get them, why not buy a few things to put away in a Christmas "Hope Chest." Address: Sue Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa.

100 PERSONAL POST CARDS with any name and address printed in Royal Blue Ink on fine white vellum only, \$1.00 postpaid. Also ideal for clubs and organizations. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FOR SALE SUNBONNETS with cape, protect neck, Screen Brim, \$2.00 Postpaid. Quilt tops Dresden Plate, 30-18 inch blocks, \$10.00 Postpaid. Emma Huss, Exira, Iowa.

HERE IT IS!

Yes, it's ready for you! **The Story Of An American Family** has been made into a book, and now you can read our complete family history as it appeared in this magazine over a period of seven years. You'll enjoy the handsome printing job, the 80 photographs that illustrate it. And the price? Well, we've kept it down to absolute bedrock—50¢ plus a \$1.00 yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter.

Note: Orders for "The Story Of An American Family" cannot be filled unless a subscription to Kitchen-Klatter is included. \$1.50 brings you the magazine for a year, and a copy of the book.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

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

KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on your dial.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on your dial.
WJAG—Norfolk, Nebr. — 780 on your dial.
KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on your dial.

YOUNG FARMER'S PRAYER

By light of western moon and morning star
He stirred the coals and kindled brown-dry log,
Then, boy-like, blew curled rings of breath-made fog
As he tip-toed out, leaving door ajar,
Lest unseen spark should reach her new-hooked rug.
Proudly he fired her shining kitchen range
And hoped their dwelling place would never change;
For here love wrapped a mantle bright and snug.
Creeping light arousing him to chores outside
He trudged the snow-filled path that met new day,
His boots in crunchy rhythm, his whistling gay.
Halting to view the dawn, face lifted up
He prayed, "God, spare our world war's bitter cup."

—Carolyn Willis Owen.

Every person born into this world must contribute something, either of good or evil to humanity. In a sense every one of us is a manufacturer. What is our output? One of three things—we are making good, or making trouble, or making excuses.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136 143
Sigourney Iowa

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AN EASTER PARTY

By Alice Miller

Last year my eight year old daughter said to me, "Mother, I'm tired of the same kind of birthday parties and I think the other kids are too. We just play the same old games and have cake and ice cream and go home. Can't we do something different?"

It so happened that her birthday fell just two days before Easter, and after thinking it over for a bit I decided that we really would do something different. Eleanor is old enough to enjoy talking on the telephone so she called her nine guests and told them to come to our house at 2:30 in the afternoon. She also specified that they wouldn't be admitted unless they wore their oldest play clothes.

We have a large kitchen and at one end of it I placed our table with both leaves up to make more room. Six children could get around it comfortably, and right next to it I put a smaller table (considerably larger than a card table, however) at which four more could be accommodated. I covered these tables with oil cloth.

From my friends I borrowed glass mixing bowls of about the same size to add to my collection, and these were filled with Easter egg dye — a wide range of colors. I also purchased a number of envelopes containing the various decorations that are made to go on Easter eggs. In addition to this I put out a stack of crayolas and a couple of paint boxes plus a number of brushes. And then I boiled eggs, dozens and dozens of eggs. (Grandmother lives on a farm and helped out here.)

When the children arrived they were taken straight to the kitchen, and I wish you might have seen their faces when they realized that they were going to be turned loose to decorate eggs to their heart's content. To say that they were thrilled is putting it mildly. I kept thinking that surely they would tire of it before long, but at 4:30 they were still absorbed. We had lived up some Easter games to play, but the children didn't want to stop their egg decorating and get started on any organized activity. However, one of the games planned was to have an Easter egg hunt and quantities of candy eggs had been hidden throughout the downstairs rooms, so I did stop them at 4:45 and start the hunt.

We had our refreshments at the dining room table. In front of each little girl's plate I placed a large rabbit cookie; these were covered with white frosting and the name written across it in pale pink. These served as combination place-cards and favors. Our table centerpiece was a stuffed plush rabbit with white ribbons running from his neck to a little cart

filled with candy eggs. We had the traditional birthday cake and ice cream, but a row of small cookie rabbits frosted in various colors and standing up against the angel food cake in a ring around it made it seem more unusual.

Eleanor told me afterwards that it was the most wonderful party she'd ever heard of, and the other kids thought so too! It wasn't as much work as the usual birthday party because the egg decorating job kept them entertained happily through most of the time that we wrack our brains to keep things going. If you have a youngster between the ages of six and ten who has a birthday near Easter this year, I can heartily recommend the egg party as a well nigh perfect solution.

EASTER ENTERTAINMENT HINTS

By Mildred Cathcart

For this game you will need a cube-like block with numbers from one to six drawn on each side. Each player takes pencil and paper and draws an outline of the Easter Bunny but he omits the features and the ears, feet, and tail. Now each player tosses the cube and when number one turns up he draws one eye. On his next chance he must again turn up number one to add the other eye. Then in order he must get the number two twice to draw the two ears. Number three is the nose, number four is the mouth, five must be thrown for each foot, and number six is the tail. Should a player throw a number three before he gets the twos' he cannot add the nose. He must get each number in correct order. The first one to complete the Bunny is the winner.

Youngsters and grown-ups alike will enjoy decorating Easter eggs. Provide each guest with a hard-boiled egg, bits of yarn, lace, ribbon, crayolas, glue, scissors, feathers, scraps of material, etc. You may give prizes for the funniest egg, the prettiest, the most unusual, or any you should choose.

Every children's party MUST include an Easter egg hunt. To keep the youngsters entertained for a while give each one a small cardboard box with a heavy cord handle and let him decorate his box for his Easter egg treasures. Older children may use crepe paper, lace, ribbon, etc., while smaller children will enjoy pasting on pictures they cut from magazines. Although we do this each year, boys and girls still enjoy having "treasure eggs" hidden. These may be merely candy eggs wrapped in gold or silver foil, they may be certain colored eggs which count for certain treasures, or they may be treasures concealed in an egg shell you have broken, placed a tiny treasure within, and sealed again with tape. For the treasure part of the hunt, I think it is nicest that each child find a treasure. You can do this by saving egg shells that you have broken carefully. Fix one egg for each child, write his name on the egg, and hide such prizes as coins, rings, pins, toy watches, beads, key rings, play house dolls or comparable dime store items.

YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO BRING

"Would you like to know how our clubs handles our fortnightly suppers? In a way they are "pot luck" but yet they are planned. There are six couples of us and this has worked out very well for us.

"We made two cardboard discs, one smaller than the other, and fastened them together in the middle so they would revolve. At six points on the outside wheel we wrote the following: 1. Meat and drink; 2. Potatoes; 3. Salad; 4. Hot vegetable; 5. Relish plate and rolls; 6. Dessert. On the inside wheel at the six points was the name of each couple and in the order of their "turn". Now, in order to find out what you are to take, simply turn the center wheel so that the hostess' name is at meat and drink, and then what falls after your name is what you are responsible for. Each time the hostess has the meat and makes coffee or cocoa. The rest is easy to bring.

"Whoever brings potatoes generally asks the hostess how she would like to have them fixed so that they will be suitable to accompany the meat that is to be served, but the other things vary from previous parties. It is always exciting to see what new dishes pop up, and how we enjoy these get-togethers! Each couple brings his own table service and after the meal is over it doesn't take any time at all to clear up, and then the rest of the evening is spent socially."

—Mrs. G. H., Iowa.

DOES IT PAY?

If some poor burdened toiler o'er life's road

Who meets us by the way
Goes on less conscious of his galling load,

Then life, indeed, does pay.

If we can show a troubled heart the gain

That lies always in loss,
Why, then, we too are paid for all the pain

Of bearing life's hard cross.

If some despondent soul to hope is stirred,

Some sad lip made to smile
By any act of ours, or any word,
Then life has been worth while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

1¢ APPLE TREES

Sensational Get-Acquainted Offer: Order one apple tree for only 95c (regular catalog price) — receive 2nd tree for only 1c additional — both, only 96c! Limit of 2 orders, 4 trees, only \$1.92! Red Delicious, Jonathan, Wealthy, Yellow Transparent or Stamen's Winesap. Finest 4' to 5' heavy, well rooted and branched. Quality and variety guaranteed. Order before March 20.

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