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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA
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Number 4



Photo by Vernesa.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Redlands, Calif.

Dear Friends:

We didn't expect to be in California when the time came for me to write my letter to you, but . . . well, here we are, still soaking up sunshine. The children have written us not to feel that we must hurry home for they are getting along fine without us, and there may still be some bad weather ahead. However, we are planning to leave before long now, snow or no snow, for we are both a little homesick.

It's a matter of regret to us that we always leave California just at the beginning of the most beautiful time of the year. If I could choose one special season in this part of the country it would be April, May and June, the flower time for southern California. Although there are many blossoms during the winter, the profusion comes during the next three months. The desert, which for nine months of the year is a drab and dreary sight, is covered with a many colored carpet of blooming white, red and yellow cacti, purple verbena, yellow buttercups, and brilliant blue stars as far as the eye can see. The fruit trees shower down their pink and white petals, and the perfume of orange blossoms fills the air.

I believe that my favorite blooming tree is the acacia. This tree has wide spreading branches with fern-like leaves of a silvery sheen. The flowers which make it look like a huge bouquet are of bright canary yellow, each one a little fluffy ball and intensely fragrant. Even the wood of the acacia tree is sweet-scented, and the leaves are sometimes used in cooking just to give a delicate flavor to the food. This is the tree from which gum-arabic is derived.

My! I would love to load our car with flowers and fruit when we start home, but those of you who have driven in and out of this state know the strict rules enforced at the border. *Nothing* is permitted to be taken in or out, and of course it is because a great agricultural state such as California cannot afford to run the risk of spreading plant and fruit diseases. One family I heard of started out with a bag of oranges, and when they reached the state line and found the oranges would have to be handed over to the inspection officers they sat right there in the car and ate every

single one!

This is the season of Fairs in California. Don't miss these events if you enjoy the Fairs back east and have the chance to be in this area during Fair season. Among the big ones are the Orange show at San Bernardino, the Date festival at Indio, and the Imperial Valley fair at Imperial.

At Imperial the fair honors people of different nationalities who have helped to build the great farm empire that produces \$100,000,000 worth of farm crops each year. And just think, the land that produces such wealth was only barren desert a few years ago! Each group elects a queen and presents folk dancing, art displays, music events, and exhibits handicrafts. This Fair also sponsors 4-H Club exhibits. Yes, this is certainly Fair time in California.

I might also add that it is State picnic time. Before long the Iowa Picnic is to be held at Lincoln Park in Los Angeles, and it is estimated that around 100,000 people will be in attendance. Obviously this is no place for me in my wheel chair, so we don't expect to go.

Have you ever wondered where peppermint oil comes from? Maybe you know, but I didn't until I met a woman who is a guest at this hotel where we are staying, and she told me something about it. She has a peppermint farm near St. John's, Michigan. The roots have to be planted, and a machine very much like a corn planter does this. When it has grown up they cut it and let it cure in the field. Then it is run through a steam process that removes the oil. A good field produces about 40 lbs. to an acre. Some years they rotate crops and grow spearmint.

The telephone has just now rung and it is Shenandoah calling. As I write this I can hear Mart telling Lucile that we will start home in less than a week, so I'll wait until we get back to finish this letter.

Shenandoah, Iowa

Home again! And oh, how happy we are to be here. Every time we round the last curve and see Shenandoah on the horizon I think that I've never been so glad to see our town. I don't know who first said, East, West, Home is best," but whoever it was certainly knew what he was talking about.

When we left Redlands early on a

March morning Mart took a mileage reading on the car, so I can tell you that from the hotel entrance in Redlands to our own driveway here in Shenandoah it's exactly 1906 miles. As distance goes these days, that really isn't very far by air; I think it's quite a few miles on the ground!

We have worked out about the same stopping places for these trips, and our first night from Redlands found us at Mesa, Arizona; the second night at Las Cruces, New Mexico; the third night at Amarillo, Texas; the fourth night at Wichita, Kansas; and the fifth night at home in Shenandoah. We had wonderful weather the entire trip, and an expected storm due to arrive our last day on the road, didn't show up at all. We left Wichita early in the morning hoping to beat it, but after we'd been on the road only a couple of hours it was apparent that the storm hadn't materialized at all—or had turned and gone in another direction.

In all the driving we've done back and forth to California we had our first narrow escape not far from Florence, Kansas. Mart had slowed down to twenty-five miles an hour to make a sharp corner, and just as he started to pick up more speed we passed a big truck carrying drums of oil. One of these drums rolled off the truck and struck our car, leaving a big dent under the left front door. Only a matter of a second or two prevented the drum from falling directly under our front wheels, and that would have been another story. All in all, we felt that we were extremely fortunate, since it was the kind of thing no one could possibly anticipate or do anything about.

The children had planned a big turkey dinner to celebrate our homecoming, and in case you're thinking it's an odd time to have turkey I must explain that this was our Christmas turkey we put away in December for just such an occasion. Wayne's birthday fell at almost the same time as our return, so Lucile baked the Hundred-Dollar chocolate cake (his favorite) and we had a grand time. I used my new cross-stitched tablecloth, it's first appearance on my own table, and when I saw it stretched out its full length I felt well repaid for every hour I'd spent putting in those tiny stitches.

All of the children and grandchildren look well and happy. Emily had changed a great deal, and Martin seemed older to us also. He has spent his mornings with other children at a little nursery school, and it has made a big difference. As I write this I haven't yet seen Kristin, but I'm hoping that she and Dorothy can come soon—and then I'll feel that I'm really caught up on the family.

About the time you read this I'll be in the midst of house-cleaning, and we may possibly do some papering and painting this spring. I always hate being so torn up, but the results are worth it.

Let me thank you, each and every one of you, for the wonderful support you have given Lucile and Margery in my absence. They are deeply appreciative, and so am I.

Faithfully yours, Leanna.

Come into the Garden

SHADE IS A BLESSING—AND A PROBLEM

If anyone asked us what gardening question we are confronted with more frequently than any other we'd answer without a second's hesitation: "What can I plant that will do well in a shady area?"

There isn't a one of us who wants to be completely without shade, and yet we become disheartened at the sight of bare areas and want badly to remedy them. There's no use planting some things in those places for a goodly number of flowers and shrubs simply demand sun—if they don't have sun they're not going to thrive. But there is quite a collection of things that require complete shade, or semi-shade, and these are the items we should concentrate on where heavy trees cast their shadows, or large houses present a problem on the north side.

Boston Ivy and Bittersweet are two well-loved vines that will make splendid growth in dense shade. They are attractive throughout the summer, but really come into their own with cold weather. And two hedges that will change the entire picture of a north boundary overhung with big trees are Amoor River North Privet and Spirea Van Houtte. Incidentally, this is the spring to start your hedge—don't put it off another year. Every handsome Privet you've ever admired was started from scratch by some far-seeing person, and he *might* have been as tempted to put it off as you are now. Don't overlook the other two Spireas that do so well in dark places. Both the Anthony Waterer and the Lilac Spirea (Billardia) will give you much satisfaction.

In the shrub department we can recommend Spring Glory Forsythia, Early Flowering Quince, Hydrangeas, Old-Fashioned Snowball, Sweet-Scented Mock Orange, Deutzia Gracilis and Double Mock Orange. All of these can stand pretty dense shade, but they'll do better if they get a little sun at some time during the day. However, the Sweet-Scented Mock Orange can make out with practically no sun whatsoever. One of the finest specimens we ever saw was on the north side of a large house in an area completely shadowed by great pines.

For the darkest of dark, damp shady problem spots Lily-of-the-Valley, Bleeding Hearts (both Fern-Leaved and Old-Fashioned), and Forget-Me-Nots were designed to order. These lovely old favorites have never been surpassed for just such areas. And not only are their blooms ever-charming and beautiful, but the foliage contributes a great deal towards covering what would otherwise be a naked spot.

Flowers that do well in semi-shade make up a much larger list. Balloon Flower (Platycodon), Russell Lupines, Columbine, Corallbell, Daylily and Pansy fall in this bracket. They need a little sun, it's true, but they can get along on much larger quantities of shade than of sun.

It's only reasonable to compensate in some way for the more uphill work that growing things must do when we ask them to flourish in dense shade. The quality of the soil in which we place shrubs and flowers will make a great deal of difference. Make it a point to add generous helpings of peat or compost in places where the soil needs correction. And before you complain too bitterly that *nothing* will grow for you in given places, and that the stock itself must be at fault, just be sure that tree roots aren't sucking the life blood from the ground. A really big tree has roots that often extend as far as 100 feet, and nothing is going to do very well placed directly over such roots.

STILL LOOKING FOR A PROGRAM?

So many thousands of new readers have joined our circle within the past few months that we thought it wise to mention once again that we are able to offer our four collections of Kodachromes (natural color slides) to any organized club that is looking for an unusual and interesting program. This will also answer many questions that have reached us recently regarding these slides.

There are four collections available. Each one is accompanied by a detailed explanation. It takes approximately 45 to 50 minutes to run through each set. You will need a 35 mm. projector, some type of suitable screen, and a darkened room. There is a charge of \$1.00 per set to cover handling them, and we request that they be returned, insured, within twenty-four hours after they are used.

All of these pictures were taken by various members of our family.

The four collections are: 1, Hawaii and Our Southern States; 2, Midwestern Flowers; 3, The West; 4, California. The collection titled Midwestern Flowers is particularly appropriate for garden clubs. However, all of them furnish interesting and wholesome entertainment for church groups, P. T. A.'s, 4-H clubs, etc.

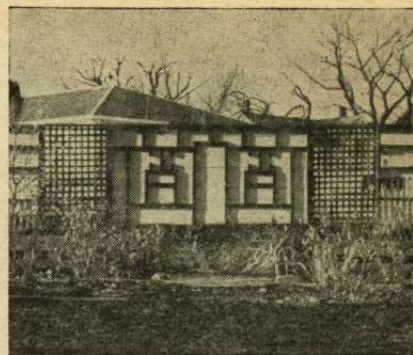
When you write to us about them be sure that you specify your choice by name, not by number. We try to acknowledge all requests within four days after they arrive, but ask that you allow ample time in setting your date since there are many, many requests for these natural color slides.

GARDEN MIRACLE

When spring is green
My eyes behold
The miracle of birth
When sleeping flowers
Wake and stir
And leave their prison—earth!

I question not this miracle
Nor even how, or why,
I only know imprisoned life
Of flowers or man
Must seek the sky.

—Delphia M. Stubbs



I'm sure you're wondering what in the world this can be, so let me explain at once that it is another section of the fence you saw pictured in the February issue. Russell laid out our garden in such a way that this is the focal point. It was built to serve as a background for the pool we expect to have put in this summer. The two criss-cross panels are made of snow fence used both horizontally and vertically; the design on the solid panel is made of 2x4's, and will have variegated honeysuckle growing on it.

WE FEEL THIS WAY TOO

"Sometimes you speak of families who rent and consequently hesitate to plant trees and shrubs. I often wish I might speak up at those times! It is my philosophy that we should justify our existence by doing our bit towards making the world not only a *better* place for our having lived, but also a more *beautiful* place. So I should say to those who hesitate, plant a tree or shrubs. Someone will enjoy them. Most ordinary trees and shrubs will stand a great deal of neglect and still present a lot of beauty. This is such a materialistic age, and the criterion of success is money and the power it gives; however, in spite of all that the world might be a bit better if all of us tried to make it so, and more beautiful if there were more real "dirt gardeners".

"On one of our favorite drives out of the city, we pass a farm yard. We've passed this farm for over twenty-five years and it doesn't have a tree, a shrub or a flower. It is the same year after year, neat enough as far as that goes, but not to have shade on hot summer days is something I cannot understand. One wonders a great deal about the people who live without beauty, the beauty of flowers and trees when they are easily grown here."

—Mrs. B. C. F., Sioux City, Ia.

LINES FOR A SLEEPING PORCH

As a garment I put off the day
And the cares that were mine.
One star at my window is set
Like a candle ashine.
There's a wind in the room cool and sweet
And it bears on its wings
Old fragrance and quiet and sleep
And dreams of old things.

Today has slipped into the past
On a journey unknown.
Tomorrow is God's and is safe,
Tonight is my own.
Like a candle my star in the west
Burns low with its light.
As a beautiful garment of rest,
I put on the night.

—Unknown

SPRINGTIME IS BANQUET-PROM TIME

By Mabel Nair Brown

Gay daffodils wave their bright yellow blooms along the garden walk; fat tulip buds on their slender stalks are ready to burst into a riot of color; a brand new formal in a lovely pastel hue hangs in many a schoolgirl's closet; Junior is secretly brushing up on his dancing technique—Yes, springtime and banquets and proms go hand in hand!

The Junior-Senior Banquet is really a highlight in the school year and the prom which follows the banquet is gaining in popularity. Older folks might be on the lookout for easier, simplified entertaining, but not these teenagers! No amount of work and "fussing" is too much to do for the Banquet or the Prom! It simply *must* be a "stand-out" in every way. So let us consider a few suggestions and ideas you might use if you are one who will be planning, or acting in an advisory capacity, on such an affair.

"Come To The Mardi Gras" could be a very pretty theme for a banquet as well as for the prom. Each invitation could carry the sketch of a southern belle which you can do in water color and you might add a "real" skirt of lace or silk. This belle could wear a mask such as is worn at the Mardi Gras ball. Perhaps you would prefer an Aunt Jemima or Uncle Mose sketch, or even some gay balloons drawn in one corner of the invitation. Around the edge a border of confetti might be glued on.

Decorations for the room for this Mardi Gras could be colored streamers, Japanese lanterns, flowers in profusion (artificial ones might be used effectively in the room decorations to cut on expenses) and bales of cotton (bales of straw can be wrapped in burlap bags with cotton batting showing at each end.) These could be placed around the outside edge of the room as seats for the prom. Banjos and ukeleles might be hung upon the wall. Of course if there is a supply of confetti on hand it will add to the "atmosphere". Huge drawings of clowns and other masquerade characters could be used to decorate the walls also, perhaps with a huge music scale as their background—draw it on strips of wrapping paper. Balloons also would add a festive carnival air.

Table decorations would feature dolls dressed as the masqueraders, Negro mummies, perhaps "cotton trees" (put balls of cotton on painted tree branches such as we use for sugar plum trees.) How about one of these cotton trees placed every few feet down the length of the table with the masquerade figures dancing in a circle around the cotton tree? Musical notes cut from stiff paper might be used on the table also. Place cards might be cut in banjo shape from heavy construction paper, writing the name on the "strings" of the banjo. A sketch of the banjo, musical notes or flowers could decorate the cover of the program and menu booklet. This booklet might also be cut in banjo shape or in the shape of a Japanese

lantern. The lanterns could be water colored in a rainbow of color which would add a great deal to the colorfulness of the table.

Appropriate Mardi Gras names for the food on the menu might include Dixie fluff (mashed potato) Delta dip (gravy) Chicken a la Southern, Ambrosia peas, Jemima's Pride (rolls), Alabama Mix (relish plate), Mardi Gras Special (dessert), Julep (beverage).

Suggestions for the Program theme include: Welcome To The Mardi Gras, Response, Drifting and Dreaming Are Not Enough (speech), Facts and Fancies of Uncle Remus (humorous talk or skit bringing in incidents in lives of graduates—parents can contribute some amusing material), Darktown Quartette (music), Shuffle foot (tap dance), When It's Cotton Pickin' Time (talk on planning life's work), Dixie Medley (music).

Northern Lights works up beautifully for a banquet theme. In decorations include rainbow colors worked in with concealed lighting, along one wall in particular. Background of walls could be white wrapping paper which has been covered with wall-paper paste and while still wet sprinkled with artificial snow or epsom salts. In corners of the room Eskimo igloos would be most effective (make frame of wood or wire and cover with cotton, sprinkled with "snow"). The igloo idea could be used in table decorations too. Northern light idea on tables can be worked out with different colors of paper made in fan shape to "stand up" on table (use a needle point holder), perhaps a flashlight can be arranged to add light to this decoration. Menu names should suggest ice, snow, icebergs, light, igloo, etc. Program carries through with "Where There Is Light There Is Hope" (talk) Ice-capades, (skit or humorous talk), "Thin Ice" (talk), Eskimo Trio (music), Ice Follies (music, skit or talk), Tough Sledding (serious talk).

County Fair offers many colorful possibilities for both banquet and prom. Decorations can go from balloons, midway posters, concession booths (in corners of room), "prize" vegetables and fruits, even posters on "Baby Health Contest", fortune teller's booth to Big Parade.

Table decorations might be Prize fruits and vegetables arranged in straw hats or tied in red bandanas. Dolls dressed as square dance figures would be colorful, too, since idea can be carried on through program and prom. "Prize" ribbons might be hung on the walls or used on the table. Use entry tags as place cards. Amphitheater program will carry the menu and program. Other ideas to consider are the merry-go-round and plastic toys such as ferris wheels, etc., that could be used in decorations or as favors. Program titles to use include, Life's Merry-Go-Round, Prize Winners, Tug O' War Contest, Cornbelt Chorus, Blue Ribbon Class, and Rural Rhythm.

Hit Parade is a sure hit idea for present day teen-agers, especially adaptable for the prom. Cover walls with musical notes and music staff, huge phonograph record cutouts, slogans of top bands of the nation such

as "Sweetest Music This Side Of Heaven", "Swing And Sway With Sammy Kaye", etc., and titles of present tunes on the current Hit Parade. Tiny records cut from construction paper (black outer circle and red inner circle) with name written where title would be are very clever, for Placecards. Toy instruments make effective table decorations; place them on a phonograph record. More work, but so clever, are tiny dolls dressed to represent figures in band holding tiny instruments (cut from catalog and glued to heavier paper) and seated on tiny plastic or cardboard chairs in semicircle on a phonograph record. Have director on podium in front of his band, of course! For another place card idea, make miniature music stands with pipe cleaner or wire as base and glue on paper for rack and write name on this. Food on menu can be disguised under song titles, musical terms or notes. Program can feature titles such as Sour Notes, On The Beat, Marking Time, Top Tunes, Favorite Melodies, Barbershop Quartette, and It's A Grand Night For Singing.

Windows Of the World with a United Nations theme would certainly bring your banquet up-to-date. United Nation dolls and flags could be featured in decorations as well as sketches of the Alpine climber, Swiss yodeler, Scotsman in kilts with his bagpipes, and others.

South Of The Border could be such a pretty theme with bright Mexican colors, Mexican hats and baskets. In nearly every community there is some one who has traveled "South of the Border" who has souvenirs purchased there which he will lend to add atmosphere to your banquet. Waitresses could dress in peasant blouses and dirndl skirts. Tiny Mexican hats could be used as place card favors.

Perhaps the following titles would suggest dozens of ideas for you to enlarge upon for your banquet; South Pacific, Ice Follies, Comic Book, Mother Goose Land, or Live Like A Millionaire.

In planning your banquet do try to give every one in the class a chance to help. By doing this the banquet will mean more to each individual, in addition to lessening the amount of work one person must do! These banquets and proms are planned "for fun" and nowhere is the old adage "the more the merrier" more applicable than when working out the details for them.

GOLDEN GEMS

Life has given me many things—
Winter beauty, fragrant springs,
Sunlight on my window sill;
Moonbeams when the night is still,
Books to enjoy when days are cold,
Songs to sing when my heart grows
old;
Friends who care when clouds hang
low,
Strength from above for trials and
woe.
These things shine like a golden gem,
Thank you, Life, for all of them!

—Joy Comfort

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

If you were to drop into our house at any time between seven and nine in the morning, you would probably find me with David Lloyd on one knee, Mary Leanna on the other knee, and Razz Matazz, our cat, somewhere in between the two. Our nickname for David is Razzle, and we call Mary Leanna Dazzle, and as I bounce them on my knees I sing:

Oh Razzle and Dazzle and Razz
Matazz

Are two little kids and a cat.
They love to wear their mommy's
shoes

And put on their daddy's hat.

Now Razzle and Dazzle and Razz
Matazz

Are as happy as they can be.
They jump and skip and roll and
run

And shout right out with glee.

Mary Leanna called to me the other day from the back yard, and when I finally got out there to see what was bothering her it was just in time to see a small garden snake wiggle into the bushes. It had evidently just come out of hiding to enjoy the warm spring sunshine.

I don't know about you folks, but I am fascinated with anything that has to do with snakes. They are to me wonderful and fearful creatures. We don't have too many snakes of any kind here in Rhode Island, but I lived in places where there were more snakes per square mile than any place in the world, and that was down in the very heart of Africa. While going through a diary that I kept during the summer of 1941, I was reminded that during that summer I found it necessary to kill several poisonous snakes each week. Some of them I killed in the garden of the home where I was a guest; some of them I killed while out hunting; and others I killed in and around woodpiles that are kept to supply the wood for the Nile River steamers.

I have often been asked what I considered to be the most deadly of all the snakes I have encountered in my travels, and I never hesitate to answer by naming the smallest snake of them all, the Egyptian Sand Viper. One of my American friends in Egypt saw a full grown buffalo die within fifteen minutes of the time it had been bitten by one of these little snakes. The Sand Viper rarely is longer than two feet, and all I have ever seen were little more than a foot long.

This snake is so constructed that it can use its muscles to shovel sand over its back until just its head is out of the sand, and since the head is the same color as the sand, this makes the snake practically invisible. Most snakes are very frightened of human beings, but not the Sand Viper, and that is what makes it so deadly. I have seen these venomous creatures come through the sand very quickly, darting straight for the foot of a person. When living in the desert I always kept a supply of Sand Viper serum with me at all times, but even

the serum would not have saved me had I not been able to use it within two or three minutes of the time of a bite.

I shall never forget a certain April's Fool Day when I was teaching in the American College at Assiut, Egypt. Some of my students brought me a large paper sack and presented it to me as a gift. I had entirely forgotten the nature of the day and so was taken completely by surprise when I opened the sack only to look right at a coiled Egyptian Sand Viper. Of course the snake was already dead, but it gave me a few bad moments while the Egyptian boys shouted out with glee: "April Lie, sir, April lie to you, sir." I didn't see anything so very funny about it.

Not many Americans have ever seen a genuine Spitting Cobra in the wild, although many Americans have seen the large specimen of this snake at the Snake House of the Bronx Zoo. While in Central Africa in the summer of 1941 I had occasion to see several of these very vicious and exceedingly dangerous reptiles, and on one occasion I found it necessary to shoot one.

The Spitting Cobra is like most other Cobras with the exception that it actually spits its poison into the eyes of its victim instead of injecting it through fangs. They are quite large snakes, as are all Cobras, and do not hesitate to attack a human when frightened or angered. In the instant of attack, the snake rears, and facing the object of anger it looks intently at one's face. Then, before the victim realizes what has happened, a stream of venom is squirted through the air and into its eyes. After blinding its enemy, the Cobra can soon finish it off. If the eyes are given proper treatment immediately, the sight can be saved, but it is to say the least very painful and most unpleasant.

The first white man to see a Spitting Cobra was an American Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church who opened up a big box in his pantry to get out a platter for the Thanksgiving fowl. A Spitting Cobra was in the box lying on the platter, and it hit the missionary squarely in the eyes with the poison. He was able to treat his eyes immediately, but they were seriously damaged for life.

I have a picture of a naked savage holding up by the tail a dead Puff Adder that he had just killed. A few minutes before taking the picture I had just started to leave the house and was actually opening the screen door when this native shouted at me. I could not understand what he was saying, but I knew that something was seriously wrong and so I just stood still. He then dashed up to the top step just outside the door and killed this large Puff Adder. Had I gone out of that door without any warning, I most likely would not be sitting here writing this letter to you tonight. The Puff Adder is actually a short, thick snake of the viper family. It is rarely more than four feet long, and this particular one was nearly a foot in girth. I have been told that the average Puff Adder is about nine or ten inches in girth. I have never

seen such large poison fangs in my life as I saw in the mouth of that Puff Adder. The snake gets its name from a habit of hissing loudly when molested. It truly is a frightful, horrible-looking snake. I suppose that of all the snakes I have personally killed, the Puff Adder would head the list. I doubt very much if a person would live for more than thirty minutes after being bitten by one of these creatures unless he received prompt medical attention, and even then, his chances of survival would be very slim.

The largest species of snakes in the world is the Regal Python of Malaya and the Philippines, and the longest one ever captured was just a little more than thirty-three (33) feet long. I have never seen a Regal Python, but one day in Africa I killed a Rock Python. Rock Pythons grow to a little more than twenty feet long, and believe me, that it a lot of snake. The one that I killed had a full grown goat in its mouth, and after shooting the snake, we pried open its mouth and removed the goat still alive. We had to shoot the goat for both of its hip bones had been broken by the snake. Perhaps you have heard people say that a Python snake could easily swallow a cow. Such is not the truth. There is no snake in the world big enough to swallow a grown cow, but a large Python can swallow a fairly good-sized calf or deer, and of course a human being. I have never heard of a man being eaten by a Python, although it would be easy for a Python to swallow a man.

Well, here I have taken up most of my space for this letter with tales about snakes. I could tell you much more than I have written, but for all I know, you may not be at all interested in snakes. If you don't like them, a good place for you to live is Hawaii or Bermuda, for neither of these islands have snakes. I personally think that it would be a good thing for both Bermuda and Hawaii to have a few bull snakes to help keep down the rats. The harmless snakes are very valuable assets to the farms, for they help tremendously to keep down the rodents.

Tomorrow is going to be a big day for Mary Leanna, for I am going to take her with me on a quick business trip to Providence. The little girl from the country town loves to ride on the elevators and see the high buildings. I shall have to write to you about that later.

Sincerely, Frederick.

MASTER GARDENER

On ethereal wings I sent my heart.
To seek the Gardener out,
The tide of green will soon be here,
And blooms should all be out.

Blooms on pear and hawthorne,
And snow-ball bushes too,
Blooms for yellow daisie'd floors,
And delphiniums of blue.

A garden would not thrive for me,
In any kind of land,
Unless the Master Gardener
And I, worked hand in hand.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

HOW ARE YOUR BEDSIDE MANNERS

By Mabel Nair Brown

How do you rate as a "cheer-up-er" in the sick room? If you have never been confined to your bed for any length of time, perhaps you have never given it much thought. Most of us don't realize how much genuine cheerfulness and unusual ideas for relieving sickroom monotony can mean to the invalid until we, ourselves, are on the receiving end. Then it is that we realize it is truly "the little things that count" in the sick-room.

For instance, do you listen for interesting bits of fun on the radio, or make a note of clever jokes, cartoons and skits found in magazines so that you can retell them to your indisposed friends?

"Sunshine Packets" will be gratefully welcomed by hospitalized folks. To make these, use construction paper in bright colors for large envelopes. Cut out a different colored envelope for each day of the week. Paste, or use a crayola to draw, a pretty flower in one corner, and write the name of the day on each envelope. Some clever little "decals" might be used to decorate these envelopes. Each envelope is to be opened on the day specified—thus the patient can look forward to something new each day. The following list will suggest articles which you can divide among the envelopes: clippings of jokes, short stories, interesting anecdotes or poems, small pictures, snapshots, comb, nail file, pretty handkerchief, stick of gum, bit of candy, small books, puzzles and games.

For a child, tuck in pictures to color and a box of crayolas or picture books. For the mother of a new baby, include a pair of tiny hose, booties, safety pins, etc. for the baby. A bit of crochet thread and a crochet hook would be welcomed by a convalescent who could use her hands.

Instead of the envelopes mentioned above, you might prefer to tie little gifts in packages, labeling them so that one might be opened at a certain time on each day. A small jar of cold cream, lotion, sachet, deodorant, face powder, pencils, stationery and stamps would be acceptable gifts for such packages. Clever toys, gadgets or novelties would prove entertaining, too.

Perhaps you're handy at composing little jingles and rhymes. Then try writing out the family news in funny rhymes on a postal card. If your fingers have an artistic touch, add little sketches to illustrate your rhymes.

"Like a breath from home" is the way the sick friend will describe your get well card if you will pick a bright blossom from your houseplants or garden flowers, add a bit of fern and ribbon and enclose the miniature nose-gay in your card.

For those who enjoy reading, clip full length novels from magazines, fasten the pages together and take to the invalid. They are lighter to hold than an entire magazine or a book.

If the patient's stay in bed is to be a long one, window gardens will give



Aunt Helen Fischer and Uncle Fred—taken in a corner of their living room on a winter morning in December. Here you can see one small section of the great bank of African violets that bloomed so beautifully all winter. They filled the entire south end of the living room.

many hours of pleasure. One can purchase such clever little plant containers at the Five and Ten and plant seeds of parsley, rose moss or carrots in them; or one might use slips from houseplants. But most folks would enjoy watching the progress of the seeds sprouting and growing.

Fun for both the sender and the receiver are homemade get well cards. They can be clever, humorous and personal, and they will be doubly precious to the patient because they will be "just you"—next best to a personal visit from you.

For an example of such a card, try this: fold a sheet of heavy paper into fourths to make a folder. Cut tiny garment shaped pieces from scraps of bright print. On the front side of the folder draw a clothes line and clothesline poles with a black crayola. Paste the cut-out clothes on the "line" and beneath them write or print "Sorry to hear you've been feeling all washed up but—" and then on the inside on the second fold sketch an ironing board or paste a picture of one and paste the clothes to a clothes rack. On the third page write "I'm glad to hear everything is all ironed out."

Once embarked upon a home-made card spree you'll think of dozens of clever and appropriate ideas which will delight the recipient.

If you are looking for entertainment and "busy work" for a convalescent child, try giving him a bar of soap or a potato and let him try his hand at sculpturing. Provide him with toothpicks, buttons, tiny features and bits of paper with a hint of the clever little turkeys, chickens, pigs, etc., that can be achieved from the potato. The child might make a parade of these animals for his window sill.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

COULD THIS BE YOUR HOUSE?

By Eileen Derr

In our attic we have a lovely old walnut clock shelf and an intricately cut walnut whatnot. They are beautiful. They belonged to our ancestors. Someday we may use them. But at the present we have a clock-shelf and a whatnot that are serving their respective purposes very well indeed. They are both made of ply-board. The clockshelf looks like a dutch windmill and has been sanded and stained with meticulous care. The whatnot, made a few years before the clock shelf, saw very little sandpaper. One is very likely to pick up a few splinters while dusting it if great care is not taken. But it is fashioned of all sorts of irregular curliques that are quite fantastic to gaze upon.

One of our wedding presents came from Japan. It was a hand-painted breadboard and almost too pretty to use. For a few years it held a place of honor in our kitchen but last year it took it's place alongside the other has-beens or will-be's in our attic. In its place is another piece of good old American ply-board. This piece of ply-board has all the aspects of a fat American porkey-pig if looked at from the right direction.

In the bottom of the cedar chest a bronze horse and a dresden lady lie in state. They used to sit on our bookcase. Their places were recently taken by a green elephant (mostly trunk) and a small floppy-eared dog, both made of paper mach'e.

Contrary to rules denoted by famous interior decorators one of our kitchen walls is devoted to block-printed paper plate napkin holders, recipe holders, memorandum holders, clipping holders, and holders of various other things too numerous to mention, among them, three—mind you three—(I couldn't do without even one of them), oatmeal-box string-holders, each with a ball of string in its innards.

Back in a far end of the clothes closet we have devoted a corner to unhung pictures. They have had their day. Perhaps they will again. But at present our walls are graced by a huge reproduction of "The Three Friends" from Grimes Fairy Tales, rendered on the backside of wallpaper with crayola. A summer threshing scene done in water color hangs on one wall and on another is a hand-sketches print of our house and barn with extreme emphasis on electric wiring. In fact there are electric wires all over the place. The last, an inspired piece affected directly by the fact that Rural Electrification has just recently been made available to us, is very original. I feel safe in saying that it is the only one of its kind anywhere in the world.

So you've guessed it! Yes. We too have school-age children at our house. Artists of tomorrow? Who knows? A small gift offered with love and received with due appreciation now, might mean the laying of a foundation for ambition toward greater accomplishments in the future. And it could be your child or mine. Only time will tell.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Perhaps on the day you take this issue out of your mail box there will be a soft, balmy south wind blowing and you'll regret every minute that household chores keep you inside, but as I write to you there is a north wind blowing that says with every arrogant gust we can gird our bones for fraccious weather.

Last night we had our first good booming thunder for a number of months, and I told Russell that to my way of thinking the one great and overpowering virtue of winter was the fact that we didn't have to put up with lightning. How I hate it! I'm one of those people who think that every single bolt is headed right for my own head, and it's a blessing, everything considered, that we don't live on a farm for I'm afraid that I'd drive my husband crazy by my insistence that he get under shelter whenever a mean looking cloud appeared. I realize that this course of action isn't reasonable, but . . .

The only good scare I ever had from lightning came when I was nine years old. We lived in Clarinda at that time, and during the evening a terrific electrical storm descended. Dad was worried about some battery charging equipment at the store and went to the telephone to call one of his employees to find out if it had been turned off. Just as he picked up the telephone a bolt of lightning struck the wire outside, and to this second I can hear the crashing jar that hit our house. Instantly the house was plunged into darkness. Simultaneously the dining room (where the telephone stood) was filled with blazing blue light. In the midst of all this we heard Dad shouting, "Leanna, Leanna, I've been hit!"

Instantly everyone in the house (with the exception of Mother) let loose with piercing screams, and our neighbors two doors down said the next day they could hear Howard and me above all the thunder! We were convinced that Dad had been killed and that probably we'd been killed too and just didn't realize it. My, that was a wild night!

Ever since then I've given the telephone wide berth and I think all other members of our family have done the same. I've read and studied most carefully all articles on what to do during an electrical storm, and the upshot of it is that there's scarcely a place in the house where I can come to rest with any feeling of security. If I'm a safe distance from the chimney I'm too close to a window. If I'm away from the telephone I'm too close to the stove. And as for taking a bath during an electrical storm—why, say, no one living could talk me into that.

But right now while I'm looking out over our pinched, bare garden I'm willing to settle for spring, summer, fall and electrical storms. Winter has long outstayed his welcome in my thoughts, and I'll run the risk of being struck down while observing all safety precautions.

Spring this year finds Juliana out

of everything in the line of clothing. Even her socks are too small. She's grown faster than the proverbial weed this past winter, and it's plain to be seen that some sessions at the sewing machine are in order. Some women sew well enough that they can let their little girls select the patterns they wish to have made up, but I know my limitations so clearly that I don't dare allow Juliana free sway on this score. I simply don't have the knack of being able to put complicated things together. The one most invaluable asset to being a clever seamstress is a good sharp eye for measurements, and since I've always been afflicted with an inability to tell off-hand if a thing is six inches long or ten inches long—well, you can see for yourself where that leaves me when it comes to sewing.

Russell's mother fits my idea of a wonderful seamstress. She can figure out *anything*. Complicated tailored suits and coats are her meat, but she's also able to insert rows and rows of insertion on little dresses and petticoats (by machine) with a greater degree of accuracy than I can manage by hand. She can cut without a pattern too, and that's my idea of real ability. And fast! I simply can't tell you what she's able to turn out.

Last year when she visited us she made Juliana a beautiful tailored suit—her very first. It had a knife pleated skirt and a fitted jacket, and was made of gray flannel. She cut it out in the morning about ten o'clock. When Juliana came home from school at noon it was ready for the first fitting. At four o'clock when she returned again it was all done—bound buttonholes, a professional press job—the whole works. I would have been that long just agonizing over cutting it out.

When I told her this she said: "Lucile, if you'd been sewing as many years as I have you'd be able to do it too." (I wouldn't!) "At the beginning it takes nerve, just plain nerve. I was eighteen when a friend called and asked if I'd make her wedding dress, and it was one of those elaborate satin dresses every girl dreamed about back in those days. If I'd been older I might have had the good judgment to hesitate, but being only eighteen I felt up to anything so I told her that I'd be glad to make it. I did, too. And it came up to her hopes. That was the first big job I ever did, and I decided then and there that nothing would ever stump me."

You can see, I guess, why Juliana's gray suit was like cutting the bread when a turkey dinner is to be served.

Now that the folks are back we can all settle back to normal. Perhaps this sounds strange to you, but when people live so close together and see each other so frequently, there is a big gap when the most important members of the family are not at hand. Mother calls me every morning at nine o'clock when she's in town, and how I miss that call after she goes away. So many times people who have no close relatives ask me if I appreciate what it means to live close to my family, and my answer to this is YES, I do appreciate it. For a good many

years I lived far away, so I know what it means to feel closed off from the warm feeling of family.

Five years ago at this time we were waiting for our household goods to arrive from San Francisco so we could move into the home which we've occupied ever since. During that five years we've seen old friends from California who ask us wonderingly how we could make our peace with living so far from the cities we once knew very well indeed. Well, our answer to this is that we're here precisely because we knew those cities backwards and forwards. Someday I'd like to return to them for a visit, but only for a visit. As far as day-in and day-out living goes I'll take exactly what I have. It's fortunate that people prefer various things! I happen to like small towns, preferably middle-western towns. There are other people who would be miserable if they couldn't live in large cities. I think it's the old case of one man's meat being another man's poison. But if you can be where you *want* to be, you're fortunate.

The month of February brought a new niece for Russell and me, and a new cousin for Juliana. Russell's only brother, Richard, and his wife, Arleigh, had a little girl who has been named Boletta Frances. Her two brothers, Richard Jr., and Thomas may not have cared particularly if they had a brother or a sister, but their parents certainly did! We all hoped for a girl, so that telephone call made us feel good.

Those of you who have now read The Story Of An American Family will remember my references to Russell's only sister, Boletta, and her husband, John. He was a Marine in World War II and came through all of the major Pacific engagements without a scratch. They had just gotten settled in their first home when he was recalled to active service. This leaves Boletta once again in the predicament of so many other young women, and Kristin and Paul will have to adjust themselves to being without a very patient and understanding daddy. Until May . . . Lucile.

THE ROSE BUD

"Twas just a bud all closed up tight,
I placed within my bowl last night.
This morning when I looked inside,
I saw a rose all opened wide;
A flower in it's fullest bloom,
It's sweet aroma filled my room.
There all alone upon my stand,
It opened with God's guiding hand.
—Loretta Ross

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LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

I guess you could say that March is coming in like a lion tonight, for the wind is blowing a terrific gale. We started out for school this morning in a terrible rain and hail storm, but the little jeep plowed right through the mud and got me to school on schedule. I am always so glad when the spring rains are over and things dry up a little because it is almost impossible to keep the schoolhouse clean; no matter how hard you try, the mud does get tracked in.

We have had a new addition to our little schoolroom this past month—a lovely big sand table. My, how the little folks have enjoyed it. I dampen it down for them once in awhile so that they can make big castles, tunnels for their little cars, and mountains with little trails going all over it. By this time of the year the five and six years olds have tired of the blocks, puzzles, and other games, so the sand table has given them a big new interest.

We have been very fortunate in my school this year not to have a single case of a contagious disease, and our attendance this year has been very good. I don't know how we have escaped the mumps since Lucas County seems to be just full of it. So many adults are having them, and Frank and I are constantly amazed at the number of our acquaintances who have never had the mumps and are scared to death they will get them. Our friend Alvin Cooper, whom I mentioned in my letter last month when he had a bad head infection and the neighbors picked his corn for him, has been very sick with mumps and Frank has been doing his chores for him for two weeks now, and taking the doctor back and forth to the pavement in the jeep.

In the little time Frank has left after he has done chores most of the day, he is busy building brooders for the baby pigs which will start arriving next week. We had a few lambs arrive early, but fortunately they came during one of the warm spells we had this winter. Now that the weather has turned cold again they have started arriving daily. Frank and Kristin brought a little lamb home tonight in a big box and put him by the fire to keep him warm. Kristin thinks it is just wonderful to have a little lamb to feed by hand, but I'm afraid Frank and I don't share her enthusiasm. Frank told her that if she would take good care of this one she could have it for her own. Of course her idea of taking good care of it is to feed it every few minutes so Frank has had to keep his eye on her as well as the lamb, and has finally made her understand that she must follow the schedule he has written down for her. She asked me tonight if she was that sick and that homely when she was a baby. I told her she was that sick, but that to us she was just beautiful.

Kristin and I had a nice week-end in Shenandoah last week, going down for Juliana's birthday. This was the first time we had been there since Christmas so of course we had a wonderful



Mother and her niece, Faith Field Stone, Uncle Henry Field's eldest daughter. Every winter Faith makes the trip up to Redlands from her home in San Diego to see Mother and Dad.

time. It always seems strange to us, however, to be there when the folks are gone. I am in hopes that we can go down again as soon as Mother and Dad get home, but since there are only ten more weeks of school the chances are that we will just wait until school is out.

In my letter last month I told you about the Howard family whose home burned to the ground the last of January. They are all settled temporarily in a house just north of my school. The community held a big shower for them and they received many lovely gifts. Work has already been started on the basement and foundation of their new home and if weather conditions are favorable they hope to have it completed and ready to occupy by the time school is out.

Kristin now has a hobby. She came home from school the other day and said that Mrs. McNeer had been reading them a biography of a famous person and that when he was a little boy he collected stamps, so she decided right there and then that she was going to be a stamp collector too. From that moment on there was no peace in the house until Frank and I had dug out and looked up all the envelopes we had in the house. She is not yet convinced that there aren't boxes full of old letters stored away in the storeroom, and asks me every day when I am going to find time to go through all the boxes and find them. She has even started writing letters to everyone she knows so that they will answer them and maybe they will use a stamp she doesn't have. This just reminds me that I do know of a box of old letters I had forgotten all about (and don't ask me why I saved them), and I will bring that out after school tomorrow evening and she can have a wonderful time while I am getting supper.

Frank has just gone out to see if there have been any new arrivals that might need attention before he goes to bed, so I must close and get my few little chores done before we turn in.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Two mothers of invalid children have asked us for help in keeping their children amused and quiet while they are recovering from rheumatic fever. Both children have been left with a weak heart and must be kept very quiet. Nancy Bauer is 11 and lives on Rt. 2, Westerville, Ohio. Sally Booe age 11, lives at 1014 Utah St., Hiawatha, Kansas. Both will enjoy getting mail, games or books or anything that they can play with quietly.

Johnnie Barnhardt, Center Route, c/o Jacob A. Barnhardt, Mandan, N. Dak., has been crippled since birth and is not able to run and play with the other children. He is about 14.

Robert Dolata, 2628 N. Durfee Road, El Monte, Calif., is 7. He has a muscular ailment that cripples him more and more so he is not able to get about at all. He likes pretty cards, or any mail.

Many of you have asked about Bill Jones. I had not heard from him for some time, but received a long letter recently in which he said he is in the hospital again and has had several more severe operations and is to have more at once. He wanted me to tell you that he is not able to write much and hopes you will take his report to me as the letter he would write to you if he were able. He wants to hear from all of you. His home address is R-175 S. Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa., but at present he is in Ward 4 West, Veterans Hospital, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Miss Anna Eckert, Okaton, So. Dak., needs cheer. She has been ill a lot the last year. She will likely not be able to answer you, but it is cases like that who need letters the most.

Mrs. P. G. McNary has been in Uncar-on-Thames San. since before Christmas. That is at Norwich, Conn. Her mother asks you to write to her. She is away from her three small children, quite ill and very discouraged.

Mrs. Sallie Kellams, Rt. 1, Huntingburg, Ind., age 82, is ill and needs cheer. She has been sick a long time, then Thanksgiving she fell and hurt her back and is almost helpless now.

You who have been writing to Evelyn Swearingen at the Co. Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa, will be interested to know that a friend wrote to me about her very recently. Evelyn is now not able to write at all. She has been bedfast for many years, unable to move except for one arm, as her bones break so easily. Both legs and one arm are constantly splinted. Her mail is her only pleasure.

Mrs. Ruby Snead, 2140 Tremont St., Denver 5, Colo., was pleased to hear from a few who were interested in her work, but would like to hear from many more. She makes the most beautiful knitted baby garments to sell. Do write to her if you need any.

Mrs. Maud Smith, Rt. 1, Stanton, Iowa, is in bed most of the time this winter. She gets awfully lonely and needs mail.

Among all these people, I am sure you will find some whom you can cheer. Remember, you can't give perfume to someone else without spilling some on yourself.



GLAZED CARROTS

Cut carrots into 1 1/2 inch pieces slantwise down the carrot. Cook in salted water until almost tender. Drain, saving 1/4 cup of liquid. Into the pan in which the carrots were cooked put 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup butter and 3 cups of cooked carrots. Add the 1/4 cup of reserved liquid and simmer until most of the liquid is gone. Just before serving add 1 Tbls. of chopped fresh parsley.

LORD BALTIMORE CAKE

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 7 egg yolks
- 3 1/4 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar until the consistency of whipped cream. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. (If you have an electric mixer you can safely add all yolks at one time and then beat until mixture is extremely light and fluffy.) Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and lemon flavoring. Bake in 2 9-inch or 3 8-inch layer cake pans that have been lined with waxed paper and then greased. Temperature: 350 degrees. Time: 35 to 40 minutes. This makes a beautiful big cake that has a delicious flavor.

OATMEAL APPLE BARS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup brown sugar (white may be used)
- 1 cup quick oatmeal
- 1/2 cup shortening (butter, if possible)
- 3 to 4 cups sliced apples
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup sugar

Sift together the flour, salt, soda and sugar. Mix in oatmeal, and cut in shortening until crumbly. Press half of this mixture in a 7x11 baking pan. Arrange apples over this, dot with the 2 Tbls. butter and 1/2 cup sugar. Cover with remaining crumb mixture. Bake in 350 degree oven from 40 to 50 minutes. Nuts may be added if you wish. Serve while warm with whipped cream.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

POPPY SEED CAKE

- (In response to many requests)
- 1/3 cup poppy seed
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 3/4 cup shortening (at least 1/2 butter)
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 2 cups cake flour
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 3/4 cup milk
 - 4 egg whites

Soak poppy seed and milk together overnight. Sift dry ingredients twice. Cream shortening and add sugar, poppy seed, dry ingredients and milk. Beat egg whites medium stiff and fold in. Makes 2 9-inch layers. Bake for approximately 25 minutes in a 365 degree oven.

CUSTARD FILLING

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cook first 4 ingredients together until thick. Add egg and cook one minute more, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and nuts. Cover entire cake with whipped cream or a boiled frosting, and expect something extra good.

This recipe came from a subscriber in Madison, Wisconsin who says that everyone to whom she has served it comments that it is "just divine". It is of Bohemian origin.

ABIGAIL'S FRENCH COFFEE PIE

- 1 Tbls. gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup very strong coffee
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell
- 1 cup heavy cream

Soften gelatine in cold water until dissolved. Beat 3 egg yolks until very light and lemon colored. Add 1/2 cup sugar and 1 cup of coffee and cook in upper part of double boiler for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Then remove and allow to cool until almost set. At this point add the 3 egg whites which have been beaten until stiff, and to which has been added the remaining 1/2 cup of sugar and vanilla. Turn into baked pie shell. Let stand until firm. Whip cream and spread over top. A most unusual and delicious pie.

MOTHER'S PINEAPPLE FLUFF

This recipe was sent to us by Mother who enjoyed it very much when she was entertained at a luncheon in Redlands. The hostess gave her the recipe when Mother explained how many of her friends would also enjoy it.

- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 cups milk

Cook in double boiler until thick. Add 2 envelopes of plain gelatine that have been dissolved in 1/2 cup cold water. Let stand until almost set and then fold in:

- 1 cup whipped cream
- 3/4 cup chopped almonds
- 1 cup crushed pineapple

Fold in 1 small angel food cake that has been broken into bits. Chill several hours before serving.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING THAT NEVER CRACKS

(Enough for large layer cake)

- 3 cups white sugar
- 3 sqs. chocolate
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup milk
- 2 well beaten egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Combine sugar, chocolate, cream of tartar and milk. Cook to soft ball stage. Pour over well beaten egg yolks slowly, beating constantly to avoid cooking the eggs. Add butter and vanilla. Beat until thick enough to spread. The good cook who sent this says that it never gets hard and peels off.

1 CAN OF CORNED BEEF

In this day of astronomical meat prices you can accomplish two meals with 1 can of corned beef, priced currently in local stores at 47¢ per can.

Corned Beef Hash

Put 2 heaping tablespoons of shortening in a heavy skillet. Slice into it one large onion. When fairly well browned add the amount of chopped, uncooked potatoes that you allow for your family if you're making up regulation hash. Stir and brown until all potatoes have had a chance to develop a nice golden crust. Then add 1/2 can of corned beef. Cover and cook over slow heat for about a half-hour. This does very well as serving for your main dish at dinner or supper.

Corned Beef Sandwiches

Use the fine blade of your food chopper and grind through the remaining half-can of corned beef, 1/2 of a small onion, 3 or 4 sweet pickles, 1 piece of canned pimento (if you have some on hand) and 3 hard-boiled eggs. Add the juice of 1/2 lemon. Mix with commercial sandwich spread or mayonnaise. This makes a filling, delicious sandwich mixture that is hearty enough to serve as the main thing for lunch if you add canned fruit and cookies for dessert (and if the men in your family don't do heavy work!)

PORK OR CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

If chicken is used, the stock in which it was boiled is the base for the liquid used in this recipe. If pork is used, it will be necessary to make up a liquid base by using beef or chicken bouillon cubes, plus the liquid drained from 2 cans of bean sprouts, plus liquid from can of mushrooms. From the viewpoint of simplicity, it is easier to make chicken chow mein because you have the stock right at hand without preparing the beef stock.

The following measurements will serve eight. However, it is most difficult to compute the exact amount needed. You want to be sure to have enough, so it is preferable to have too much as it can always be reheated.

Melt 1/2 cup butter (can be half salad oil) in heavy skillet. Then add 2 cups onions, cut fine, 2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, and 2 cups celery, cut in fairly large pieces. Cook this for a round 10 minutes or until celery is slightly soft to fork, but not mushy. Chinese vegetables are always firm—never overcooked.

Thicken broth with following mixture: 4 Tbls. cornstarch dissolved in 1 cup cold water; add 4 tsp. soy sauce and 2 tsp. sugar. When this is smooth, add it to the chicken or beef stock. If you are using chicken stock, thicken the above mixture by using 1 cup of liquid from bean sprouts rather than cold water. If you are using beef stock from the pork chow mein, the liquid from the bean sprouts will go into making up the basic stock so that it will be necessary to use the 1 cup of cold water.

When stock is thick and smooth, add vegetables (celery, onion mixture, and bean sprouts). Also mushrooms. Just before taking up add 1 cup of almonds.

Spread chow mein noodles over platter and pour this mixture over it. Spread small pieces of pork and chicken over the entire mound.

CARAMEL SAUCE

28 good quality caramels
1/2 cup milk

Heat over low flame until caramels are melted. Stir to blend milk with melting caramels. This will keep well in a closed jar. Delicious over ice cream.

HOT FUDGE SAUCE

1/4 cup butter
1 1/2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
1/4 cup cocoa
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup cream
1/8 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Melt butter and chocolate (finely shaved) together. Add cocoa, sugar, cream and salt. Bring slowly just to a boil. Do not stir. Remove from heat. Add vanilla. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

This is an extra-delicious sauce for ice cream. We used it for Juliana's birthday—served it warm over vanilla ice cream. Everyone seemed to think it was the best of its kind they'd ever eaten.

BARBECUED BEEF PATTIES

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
3/4 cups oatmeal
1 cup milk
3 tsp. chopped onion
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper

Combine ingredients and mix thoroughly. Form in patties and fry until brown enough to suit your taste. Pour over them the following sauce and simmer over slow heat for 20 minutes.

1 cup catsup
2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
3 Tbls. vinegar
1 small onion, grated
1 tsp. sugar
Salt and pepper to taste

Serve these on a good looking platter, accompany them by big baked potatoes, buttered peas, perfection salad, and some kind of a fruit pie for dessert and you have a meal that will make a hit with any guest.

ONION SHORTCAKE

8 medium sized white onions
1/2 tsp. salt
3 Tbls. butter

Sprinkle salt on onions and put in frying pan with melted butter. Cover and simmer until tender, but do not brown. Stir occasionally. Cool.

1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 Tbls. shortening
2 tsp. baking powder
1/3 cup milk
Half of one beaten egg

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening. Combine milk and half of the beaten egg and mix lightly with dry ingredients. Spread in greased square baking dish or deep pie plate. Cover with onions. Now combine remaining half of egg with 1 cup of thick cream, sweet or sour, and pour over onions. Bake 25 minutes in a 425 degree oven. Serve hot.

DELICIOUS MINCE MEAT COOKIES

3 1/4 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
1 package mince meat

Sift together flour, salt and soda. Cream shortening, add sugar and cream together until fluffy. Add eggs and beat until smooth. Add mince meat broken into small pieces. Add flour and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for about 12 minutes. Makes about 48 cookies, 3-inches in diameter. We found that this dough made grand refrigerator cookies. Slice thin and bake for about 8 minutes.

OLD SPICE WONDER CAKE

1/2 cup butter or vegetable shortening
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
2 cups cake flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. allspice
3/4 cup sour milk
1 cup raisins
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup nut meats (if desired)

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add vanilla. Then add well beaten eggs. Sift all dry ingredients keeping out 1/4 cup flour to dredge raisins. Add dry ingredients and milk alternately. Beat well. Lastly add raisins and nuts, if used. Bake in two-layers or in one oblong pan from 20 to 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven. A brown sugar boiled icing is delicious on this cake.

PINEAPPLE FILLING FOR COOKIES

1 cup crushed pineapple
1/2 cup pineapple juice
3 Tbls. lemon juice
1 Tbls. butter
2/3 cup sugar
3 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/8 tsp. salt

Mix and cook, stirring constantly, until thick enough to spread between the cookies.

I prefer my sugar cookie recipe for the foundation of filled cookies. You probably have your own favorite recipe. Filled cookies make a very satisfying addition to the lunch box, and although they may not look so fancy, it is certainly a great time saver to spread the dough out in a sheet, cover with filling, place a top layer of dough over it, bake and then cut afterwards.

END-OF-THE WEEK MEAT DISH

1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 lb. bulk sausage
1 can condensed tomato soup
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper to taste
1/2 package noodles

Boil noodles and drain. Brown onion lightly in hot fat (bacon grease adds flavor) and add sausage. Stir as it browns. Add tomato soup, salt and pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Lastly add noodles, and turn mixture into a buttered baking dish. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

EACH DAY

Each day I wash my dishes,
Each day I comb my hair,
Each day I stand before my range
And three good meals prepare.
Each day I do some dusting,
Each day I sweep my floor,
Each day I wonder what it was
I did the day before.

—Loretta Ross

A STORK SHOWER

By Mildred Cathcart

No one will deny that when there is a new arrival in the family, there will be "some changes" made. So with this in mind, let's make our invitations in the proverbial three-cornered style. Use a three or four-inch square of white paper, and after you have written all the details, fold the square diagonally and then over in the familiar three-cornered fashion. Secure the ends with a tiny gold safety pin.

Stork showers seem to fall into the conventional pattern set by each community. In various places it is becoming popular to have the shower after the new baby has safely arrived. This has certain obvious advantages as anyone will tell you who has received an abundant supply of ruffles, ribbons and laces, and then had a boy instead of the expected daughter. Also increasing in popularity are Layette Showers in which the expectant mother receives a well planned complete layette from her friends. This must be planned ahead by the hostess but those of you who have received dozens of booties and nary a diaper will know the advantages of this custom.

So when you are planning a stork shower do give these ideas some special consideration.

If possible, collect the gifts before time so they may be placed in a decorated buggy, a bassinet, or other attractive way for presentation. If you have a Layette Shower you may try this novel idea. Stretch an indoor clothes line across one room and hang each little garment on the line with small pink and blue plastic clothes pins. As the honoree takes down her washing each tiny garment may be placed in a plastic lined baby basket. The mother-to-be will be delighted to receive an indoor clothes line and pins for those daily washables.

For your decorations you cannot go wrong with the proverbial pink and blue color scheme and a stork or two to add to the proper atmosphere.

For your table decorations what could be more appropriate than blue or pink baby shoe vases filled with delicate pink and blue sweet peas, baby's breath or other available pastel colored blossoms? Perhaps a stork purchased or rented from a local store could stand guard at one end of the table.

For unusual place cards you may make a clothes line with baby's personal wash fastened to it. The two clothes lines posts are two tooth picks anchored in pink or white gum drops. The line is a pink or blue narrow ribbon or thread tied to the posts. The washing is tiny white squares of cloth or paper glued to the line and each square contains one letter of the guest's name. For example, if the name were MARY there would be four squares lettered M-A-R-Y. The name MARIE would need five squares, etc.

For individual favors why not buy the very inexpensive doll house dolls at your local ten cent stores? Or you may wish to make a stork for a favor. And it will be an amusing looking bird indeed with an English walnut body, pipe stem cleaner tail and wings, and small match legs fastened in a large



When this was taken Mother, Kristin and Martin were all as happy as they look for someone had just called in from the kitchen to say that the ice cream and cake were ready.

pink gumdrop. The neck and head will be fashioned from a safety pin extended so that the hole in the head of the pin forms the bird's eye. The end of a match stuck into the bird's head forms the long bill.

For nut cups you may fold the white three-cornered pieces of paper over a pink or blue nut cup and fasten in place with a safety pin. Or a round lacy paper doily and a pink or blue nut cup is easily transformed into a dainty bassinet nut cup. Cut off the outside edge of the doily and paste it around the top of the nut cup. Now for the top of the bassinet, use the rest of the doily and lay a pleat in it from the center to the outside so it has a peaked effect. Glue this securely to the back of the cup and you will have a lacy top for the bassinet.

Napkins may be folded triangularly.

You will find a great deal of leeway in planning refreshments that carry out your color scheme. Pink and blue icing for cakes, ice cream, pink and blue decorative flowers such as those used on birthday cakes, whipped strawberry gelatin, pink lemonade—all of these things make it easy to plan the type of dessert you wish.

A good way to get the party off to a gay start is to make large bibs from very inexpensive material or crepe paper. As each guest arrives ask her what her choice would be for the prospective baby's name. (You will know in advance how many guests to expect, of course, so allow half of them to choose a boy's name, half to choose a girl's name.) Write this on the front of the bib with crayola, and then explain that for the duration of the party they must address each person by the name on her bib. If anyone forgets and uses the person's real name, he must drop a penny into a large piggy bank that stands on the dining room table throughout the party. At the end of the festivities the honored guest takes the bank home

with her. Just one word about this successful little ice-breaker: If you decide to do this, write on the invitations: Please bring fifteen shiny pennies for a pig. Otherwise people may be caught without a single penny in their purses.

For there "will be some changes made" let us play that game. Have an equal number of blue and pink three-cornered pieces of paper so that each contestant draws one of the slips. The Blues are given a small doll with a blue diaper and three safety pins. The Pinks receive a similar doll with a pink diaper. Each person must take the doll and "change it" and hand it on to the next contestant on her team. The side who makes the changes first is winner.

Any new mother will soon become acquainted with all the familiar nursery rhymes. But let us see how many our guests can identify. Give each person a three-cornered slip of paper numbered to 15. Beforehand you will have prepared 15 pictures that are clues to well known rhymes and number each picture from 1 to 5. A picture of one little lamb would identify "Mary Had a Little Lamb." A horn and a corn stalk would suggest "Little Boy Blue". If you have trouble thinking of others just ask any kindergarten youngster. He will refreshen your memory!

For a hilarious game pass out sheets of paper and crayolas and let each one prepare the birth announcements of the expected arrival. Each person will fill out essential data—date of birth, name, weight. You will find many humorous suggestions. Let the honored guest select the winning announcement.

"Everything for baby from A to Z" is not so easy as it sounds. Have each person write something the baby needs beginning with every letter of the alphabet. No doubt everyone who can think of something for "Z" will write Zwieback.

Before the guests arrive you may find large colored magazine pictures of babies. Paste these on heavy paper and cut into 10 pieces. See who can assemble the pictures first.

If it is at all possible, ask each guest to bring her baby picture. These can be displayed on the buffet in the dining room or on a living room table. Let people guess who is who after the honored guest has had first chance at seeing how many of her friends she can identify.

As the final bit of activity, ask each person present to write on a slip of paper her choice of a name (only one name is permitted), her idea of the date when the baby will arrive, and also her idea of its weight. Such a slip might read: John Lawrence will arrive on April 30th and will weigh 8 pounds, 9 ounces. Collect these, seal them in an envelope and present to the prospective mother with strict instructions not to open the envelope until after the baby is born. A dull hospital day will be greatly enlivened when she opens this envelope and reads all of the various slips . . . and if any guest actually hit the right name, date and weight, she should be notified at once!

THE CHARM OF A CHARM STRING

By Hallie M. Barrow

How's your charm string? Ever get it out any more? Some charm strings are almost like a well kept diary. If you can remember the history of all the buttons and trinkets, you'd have a pretty good picture of your youth. If you had kept up your charm string all your life, it could even be a story of your life. Just such a charm string has Mrs. L. B. Higgins of Highland, Kansas.

Mrs. Higgins is now past sixty years of age. When she was six years old and started to a country school, all the girls had charm strings. Now I don't mean the charm bracelets our young girls have today. But fifty years ago it was the raging style or hobby for little girls to have charm strings. They were collections of buttons and miniature trinkets, strung on a twine string and worn around the neck. Each girl worked to obtain the oddest, prettiest buttons and charms for her string. They loved to receive buttons from wedding dresses, soldiers' uniforms or from famous visitors to their towns.

Many of the charm strings were laid aside after the vogue for them died. But Mrs. Higgins never lost interest in hers. It grew and grew. She added the buttons from her children's first dresses, off the first pair of overalls of a son, and so on until her children were grown. She added some from her grandchildren's special occasion clothes and at last it was some sixty-odd feet long. It was good for a story anytime the children or grandchildren would ask, and it never lost its charm for Mrs. Higgins. It was her way of keeping a sort of a family history . . . as they married or graduated or were christened, a button or a trinket was added and the string and the story grew longer and longer.

She often wondered herself just what she would ever do with it. Then, on a radio program, some one talked about the buttons left in a washing machine. It was a good idea, this speaker said, to string them on a safety pin, put the pin in the mending basket, and then each time you would have the right buttons to use. One listener wrote in that in olden times, when buttons were scarce and hard to get, the children would have wanted those buttons for their charm strings. Alas! the broadcaster on that program didn't know what a charm string was. She read the letter, however, and asked for information on charm strings. Some of the letters she received were stories in themselves, and one of the most interesting was the letter from Mrs. Higgins.

Mrs. Higgins told how all the rest of her schoolmates had lost track of their charm strings years ago. But she had kept on with hers and her consuming ambition was to have it a hundred feet long before she died. But now that she was sixty, and her string was only sixty odd feet long, she doubted if she would ever see that goal she had set of a hundred feet. On the spur of the moment, the broadcaster said, "Why don't we give Mrs. Higgins a radio button shower? Put

some odd and ends from your button box into an envelope and send it to Mrs. Higgins at Highland, Kansas."

Well, Mrs. Higgins was one of the busiest women ever for the next weeks, because she received several thousand buttons in small numbers. She took turns adding the buttons and writing "thank you" notes. Every letter that came with just a few buttons was acknowledged. From time to time on that radio program, progress of the charm string was announced. Then about the time it was nearing a hundred feet, a button collector in a nearby city who had heard the first invitation to take part in the radio button shower, checked over her collection and put the duplicates aside to take to Mrs. Higgins. There were over five thousand and they were not sent by mail but taken over in a small tub in a car. No one dared to utter, "Button, button where is the button." They were in dishpans, crocks and bowls on every table.

That was two years ago. Mrs. Higgins's charm string now is past four hundred feet! It has been exhibited and written up in several city papers and is thought to be one of the longest charm strings in existence.

The buttons are graded as to size. The string is carpet warp and is cut and a few buttons off each cut end taken off. Then she inserts the new length and ties it at both ends of the old string. She exhibits it on a bushel basket turned upside down and covered with cloth. The end with the smallest buttons is anchored to the top of the basket and then the length is wound round and round with the big-3 inch buttons at the bottom. She knows her buttons too! There are over eleven thousand and yet she can tell almost without ever comparing whether a new one offered her is a duplicate, for no two are alike on that string!

Her charm string has brought her lots of pleasures besides the fact that she passed her hundred-foot mark. It has renewed old friendships, made lots of new friends and brought lots of pleasant visitors to her home. She enjoys the letters which come to her about her hobby. Many who come want her picture with her charm string. More than once when some pleasant contact has been made, Mrs. Higgins has been heard to say, "Well, when I began my charm string the first day I started to school almost sixty years ago, I never dreamed it would end like this."

PATTERN FOR PEACE

They have skill, who trained in youth
Learn to mend and sew;
Tiny stitches neatly placed
Seldom ever show.
Skillful patching will conceal
Places badly worn,
Lifting up the spirit which
Daily strain has torn.
How the world needs seamstresses,
Who can make repairs
Sewing up the wear and tear
In our world affairs.

Elfriede Schutt

SOME IRONING DAY "KINKS"

By Mildred Grenier

—Did you ever think of covering your ironing board with striped or checked material? The lines are invaluable when pressing pleats, ironing hankies, napkins, or anything that needs to be ironed to a straight line.

—Spread four hankies or napkins across the ironing board and iron them all at once, then fold. This saves repeated lifting of the iron.

—To hold pleats in place when pressing pleated dresses or skirts, apply paper clips to each pleat at the hem of the garment.

—A piece of cellophane placed over the garment to be ironed will prevent it from becoming shiny; its transparency also will enable you to see cloth as it is pressed.

—One way to remove shiny places from well-worn clothing is to sponge area with vinegar before pressing it.

—You may dampen your clothes for ironing while they are still on the line with the fine spray from your hose; sort into basket and cover until you are ready to iron.

—You will prolong the life of your linens if you will press them at a different crease-point each time.

—When starch scorches and adheres to your iron, cool it immediately. Remove with a damp cloth and a little soap.

—You may saw the ends from wooden hangers to make small hangers to hang children's clothing on after ironing.

—A rubber band wrapped around the ends of wire hangers will keep freshly ironed dresses from slipping off.

—Try sewing a pocket on the under side of your ironing pad — you will find it invaluable for holding pressing cloths, sponges, etc.

—Keep a snap clothespin snapped to your ironing board—you will use it many times to keep shirt sleeves snapped to the board and off the floor as well as curtains and other long pieces.

—When rinsing children's corduroy overalls, fold the leg creases in before running through the wringer—you'll find they require very little ironing!

A QUICK, SLICK TRICK!

Have you ever wanted to take a large quantity of individual gelatine salads to some affair and wondered how in the world to manage it? Here is the answer.

Use paper cupcake baking dishes and slip two of them (this gives you better support than if only one were used) into a muffin tin. When your muffin pans are lined, fill the cups with gelatine. As soon as they are good and firm, slide them on to a big cooky sheet and keep in the refrigerator. Continue with the muffin pan first step until you have the needed number. If you like, take a jar of whipped cream with you, and maraschino cherries too. When it's time to serve, just slip the individual mold on to the plate, decorate with whipped cream and a cherry—and there you are!

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUES: "It would take pages to try and tell you the whole story about our boy, but briefly, this past fall he got into pretty serious trouble because he ran around with a crowd of young boys who are now in the state training school or under the jurisdiction of our local courts. It was proven that he did not actively take part in the trouble and therefore was released to us without any legal restrictions. He is only fourteen but big for his age. Now my husband and I are wondering if we wouldn't be wise to send him to my brother who lives on a fruit orchard in Washington. He is willing to take him, and he can go to school there and help on the place to cover his expenses. The reason we hesitate is because we hate to have him leave our small town while his name is still under a cloud. We'd like to have him behave himself and make good before going away—it would leave a better impression all the way around. I'm anxious for your advice in this matter, Leanna, and hope you can help us."—Nebr.

ANS: This is such a serious problem that I'd prefer you have your local minister help you with it, or perhaps some citizen who has shown an interest in young people. My own personal opinion would be to send the boy away where he can get into an entirely new environment, make new friends, and drop completely away from the scenes where he has had so much trouble. I'd put this in importance before any local impression. However, I repeat that only someone who knows the boy and all of the circumstances can really answer this.

QUES: "We have two daughters, twelve and fourteen, and they're as different as day and night. The fourteen year old is heavy set, has considerable trouble with her school work, and doesn't seem to enjoy going around with any girls in her class. The twelve year old is the exact opposite—very popular at school, gets good grades, and is really pretty if I do say so myself. She really tries to be good to her older sister, but we just have nothing but quarrelling and fighting day in and day out. The older girl seems very jealous and resentful of everything her sister has, and I'm at my wit's ends trying to figure out what to do."—Ill.

ANS: I'm afraid you're never going to have much improvement until you change your own feelings and attitudes. It's pretty apparent that the twelve year old is the queen of the house—just the way you describe the two girls is very revealing. I'd lose no time in finding a real sense of appreciation for the older girl's good qualities, and I'm sure she has them. Spend time and energy developing them. It's pretty certain that the

young girl is going to make out all right in this world, so let your time and money and interests be centered on the older girl until you've helped her to be a happier personality. Once you've accomplished this basic fact you'll find that the fighting and quarrelling is pretty largely a thing of the past.

QUES: "Is it ever correct to write and ask if a gift was received? I sent a lovely wedding gift to the daughter of an old friend, and although two months have passed I haven't heard a word. Could I make inquiries without seeming rude?"—Mo.

ANS: Yes, I think you can. Simply say that you'd like to trace the package if it has not reached its destination. This should bring a prompt reply from the tardy bride!

QUES: "We have a group of about thirty women in our church and always meet in the basement of the church for all of our activities. We started this about five years ago when a number of new people joined our church and they were in no position to entertain such a crowd; that's when we decided that it was wise to meet at the church for everything. However, we've just finished remodeling our house and I can accommodate the crowd and would like to have our annual spring luncheon at my home rather than at the church. I'd like to propose this at the next meeting if you'll give me your opinion on it."—Ill.

ANS: It's very possible that the group would enjoy a luncheon at your home rather than at the church just for the sake of variety, but under all of the circumstances I believe that I'd not break the established precedent. If you think through the whole situation clearly I believe you'll agree.

QUES: "In April our daughter expects to be married and we've had a lot of arguments about several problems. Our home is very small and we are in modest circumstances, but I do want to do the best we can for her. It seems to me that the correct thing would be to have only our immediate family for the ceremony and a simple lunch afterward, but her future husband's mother has a large home and is socially prominent. She wants a big church wedding, to be followed by a reception at their home. Somehow this doesn't seem right to me. My daughter is confused and doesn't know what to think, so we'd be grateful for your advice."—Ill.

ANS: There are occasions when a girl is married at the home of her husband's parents, but it boils down to just about this: when the girl's parents are both dead, or when they live at a great distance. I don't know that I've ever heard about this hap-



Martin likes to ride his shiny red tricycle on the terrace at Uncle Russell's house. Between both terraces and all of the brick walks he has quite a variety in routes, and the thing that makes his pleasure complete is to have Emily behind him on her little tricycle.

pening when both sets of parents live in the same small town. It would be much better taste to carry through with what you have suggested. However, if your daughter's prospective mother-in-law cannot make her peace with this you might have the church wedding followed by a reception at the church, not at her home. And certainly, if this is the case, any financial arrangements should be held in strict confidence by the two families concerned.

QUES: "If one is giving a dinner party and all have finished eating, who gets up from the table first?"

ANS: The hostess rises first, then the host and guests.

QUES: "When plates are served at a dinner should one begin eating as he receives his plate?"

ANS: It is a general rule that one should not begin eating any course until the hostess makes the first move. If it is a large dinner party where food might get cold one may begin as soon as several have been served. Often the hostess tells the guests to start eating as soon as they are served.

QUES: "I have been asked to serve as godmother to a friend's new baby. Do I have to give a gift?"

ANS: I doubt if you HAVE TO but it is the proper thing to do. Let me suggest you give a little silver mug with the baby's name engraved on it.

COVER PICTURE

Spring blossoms and two little girls seem to be meant for each other. Until this year Kristin and Juliana have never tackled arrangements that called for anything larger than garden flowers, but when they saw these pear branches in bloom they felt the time had come to attempt bigger things. The identical dresses they are wearing (coral poplin trimmed with brown velvet) turned up under the Christmas tree last December, their Grandmother Driftmier's gift to them.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FRIENDLY VILLAGE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Long years ago many pioneers crossed the great prairies to settle in the wonderful farming land of Iowa. One man was called John, and his wife was Deborah. They were happy young people, especially since they had a tiny baby girl. All day long she swung in her little cradle in the covered wagon as her parents pushed onward toward the good land.

One day, John stopped and looked at the woods and prairies and rivers around the caravan.

"This is good land," he told the other man. "The river will help us transport our products to the eastern cities. Deborah and Jane and I will settle here." The other men thought it over and counseled with one another. "We will stay, too," they said. Then they called the river the Cedar, because cedar trees lined its banks. They began to build their log houses and a small school and a church. They called their village Janesville, after the tiny baby.

Several years passed, and soon Jane was old enough to run and play outside the cabin. "Never, never go out of sight of the cabin," her parents warned. "There are Indians in the woods who might harm you." But one day Jane was gathering berries in a little basket. The further she searched, the larger the berries were. She went on and on until finally she was deep in the woods. Suddenly she remembered her mother's words. She began to run toward the village, only to find her way blocked by a tall, bronze Indian.

Then Jane remembered other words her mother had told her. "Turn no stranger hungry from the door." Surely, reasoned Jane, this man is hungry, too, so far from his home. Shyly she held out her basket, offering berries to the Indian. Stolidly he took them, stuffing them into his mouth and eyeing her suspiciously. Before long they were seated on a log, the small, white girl and the huge brown Indian, munching berries together.

"Come," said Jane, "I will take you to my home." She held out her hand, but her friend ignored it, choosing instead to stalk ahead of her to the village.

"Oh, my!" gasped Deborah as she saw Jane and the Indian coming across the clearing. "John! John!" John came from the garden, his hoe in hand.

"God help us!" he murmured. For John knew this warrior. He was the great and cruel Chief Blackhawk, whose warriors often plundered and

burned villages to the ground, scattering and killing the people. Then as he saw the trusting eyes of his daughter, John knew what he must do.

"Cook the pheasant," he told Deborah "and open the last of the flour for a cake." As Deborah hastily cooked the meal, John and the Chief squatted outside the door, silently watching Jane at her play.

Soon the dinner was ready, but still the Chief had not spoken. He ate heartily, mopping up the gravy with brown bread, and smacking his lips over the warm cake.

Then he rose and placed his hands on Jane's head, and the fierce old eyes were gentle for a moment. He turned and moved quickly to the woods, his white headdress disappearing among the trees at last.

"We will not fight this village, nor harm its people," he told his warriors. "It is a friendly tribe."

Of course this was long ago. Janesville was not harmed. The little town still snuggles by the Cedar River, and many people know that it is the Friendly Village.

GUESS THESE

When are roads unpleasant? When they are crossroads.

When is a saucepan like a ship? When it's a steamer.

What pets do people stand on? Car-pets.

When do 2 and 2 make more than 4? When they make 22.

What is the laziest mountain in the world? Mt. Everest.

When is a boy leaving school like a pistol? When he goes off with a report.

If a little lamb is a lamkin, what is a little sleep? A napkin.

Why is a hat like a king? Because both have crowns.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

These cookies are so simple and easy to make, and they are so good they will really disappear like magic!

Magic 5-Way Cookies

1 1/3 cups sweetened condensed milk

1/2 cup peanut butter

Any one of these five ingredients:

(1) 2 cups raisins

(2) 2 cups corn flakes

(3) 2 cups bran flakes

(4) 1 cup chopped nuts

(5) 2 cups chopped dates

Mix the milk, peanut butter and any one of the 5 ingredients listed above. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for 15 minutes or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 cookies.



No, this isn't a baby picture of Hopalong Cassidy, but it looks like it. Ricky Lee Lowry lives at Eureka, Calif., where his father is employed in a big logging camp. He is the grandson of Faith Field Stone, Mother's niece.

THE OX AND THE MULE

An ox and a mule worked at the same plow. One day the ox said, "I do not think I will work tomorrow; I will play off sick."

The next day, when the farmer arrived, he found the ox lying down. He gave him a kick or two and, finding that the animal would not get up, he gave him some fresh straw, a pail of oats, and some clear water.

That night when the mule returned from work the ox said, "Did the farmer say anything to you about me?"

"No," answered the mule.

The next morning the farmer again found the ox lying down. He took the mule out to work. The mule pulled the plow all by himself, and when he returned that night he was very tired.

The ox had spent the day in idle leisure. "Did the farmer say anything to you about me today?" he asked again.

"No," answered the mule, "he did not say anything to me, but I saw him talking a long time to the butcher."

A LOVE CAKE FOR MOTHER

1 can of "Obedience"

Several lbs. of "Affection"

1 pt. of "Neatness"

Some Holiday, Birthday and everyday "Surprises"

1 can of "Running Errands" (Will-ing brand)

1 box of powdered "Get up when I should"

1 bottle of "Keep Sunny all day long"

1 can of pure "thoughtfulness"

Mix well. Bake in a hearty, warm oven and serve to Mother every day. She ought to have it in big slices.

"Little Ads"

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

May Ads due April 1.
June Ads due May 1.
July Ads due June 1.

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

BEAUTIFUL GET-WELL CARDS, 14 for \$1. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY DAVENPORT CHAIR SETS, both \$10. White, ecru. Coffee-table doilies, white, 27x14, 28x15, \$3. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

LILY OF THE VALLEY CLUMPS 50¢. Embroidery pillow cases, \$2.25. Tea towel sets of 6 \$3. Clothes pin aprons \$1. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Iowa.

RECORDS FOR SALE. Sacred songs for 78 or 48 players—many old favorites. Write for catalog. Karel Geary, Kennard, Nebr.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, hemstitched and crocheted edge. \$2.15 pr. Mrs. Helen Burns, 2056 A So., 5th Place, Milwaukee 4, Wisc.

CROCHETED SQUARE PINEAPPLE TABLECLOTH, (white) 72x72—\$50.00. Centerpiece to match, 23x23—\$4. Hotplate mat, napkin holder, potholders (set) \$2.00. Large davenport sets \$5. Rambling rose centerpiece 25 in., \$5. 12 in. doilies \$1. Mrs. Sam Stigers, Jameson, Mo.

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BEAUTIFUL HAND HOOKED RUGS, colonial pattern. Pink and white roses, soft green leaves against jet black background. 18"x30". Only \$4.95 or \$9.50 per pair, postpaid. Seat covers to match, \$2 ea., postpaid. Also WELCOME RUGS, half moon shape. 36" wide 19" deep. Black with colorful floral design and welcome in bright red. Postpaid, ea. \$7.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Artisan Galleries, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

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APRIL FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

Foolish Stunts: Guests form a line. They are informed they will see a wonderful picture. In single file they march by a mirror on which these words are written in soap: **April Fool**. You will be surprised at how long a box of good candy will last at an April Fool's party if you label it "Help yourself". Just before lunch is served have the dinner gong sound and someone announce "Dinner is not served."

Spring Fever Bounce: Players bounce rubber ball into waste paper basket. Five chances are given each player, and one point is deducted for each miss.

String 'Em Up: Two leaders are in on the joke. One leader sees that all the guests get lined up in a row and take hold of a long string. When all have a firm grip on the string the other leader says to his fellow leader: "Why, what have you there, Bill?" (Use player's own name, of course.) The other leader answers, "A whole string of April Fool Suckers!"

April Shower's Race: Two couples, chosen from opposing teams, compete in this. Each couple is given a suitcase and at a signal they open it to find a raincoat, rubbers and umbrella. These they put on, race to a goal and then back to the suitcase, remove rubbers and raincoat, put down umbrella and replace everything in suitcase and close it. First couple through wins the race. This is a hilarious, sure-fire stunt.

Spring Planting: (Answers are names of flowers)

1. Plant a dairy product and a dish with a handle. (Buttercup).
2. Plant a happy facial expression and a tool used by a woodsman. (Smilax).
3. Plant a lot of sheep. (Phlox).
4. Plant a man's name and a feather. (Jounquil).
5. Plant a city in England and something that tolls. (Canterbury Bells).
6. Plant a part of a train and our whole country. (Carnation).
7. Plant a farm animal and a garment. (Cowslip).
8. Plant a couple of articles and a part of the face. (Tulips).
9. Plant a fowl and something we use in making our toilet. (Cockscomb).
10. Plant a bird and something worn by cowboys. (Larkspur).
11. Plant a quartet and a time piece. (Four o'clock).
12. Plant a visitor to a dude ranch and a wild animal. (Dandelion).
13. Plant a necessary liquid and an Easter flower. (Water lily).
14. Plant a child's toy and a man's

name. (Balsam).

15. Plant a girl's name and a precious metal. (Marigold).
16. Plant a Bible character and something we hate to see. (Job's Tears).
17. Plant something dogs do and an extinct animal. (Snapdragon).
18. Plant an animal and an article of clothing. (Fox Gloves).
19. Plant some Oriental illumination. (Chinese Lantern).
20. Plant an infant and something we can't do without. (Baby's Breath).

What Do You Read? (Answers are names of magazines).

1. A color. (Red Book).
2. Dear to the heart of all of us. (Life).
3. An emblem of royalty. (Coronet).
4. A citizen of the United States. (American).
5. A woman's pride. (Good Housekeeping).
6. Record of a homemaker. (Ladies Home Journal).
7. Agricultural Record. (Farm Journal).
8. Something not to be wasted. (Time).
9. Someone who is good company. (Companion).
10. Two weeks with pay. (Holiday).
11. Up-to-date review of our time. (Current Events).
12. Up-to-date female. (Today's Woman).
13. Unusual musicians. (Harpers).
14. A young French female. (Made-moiselle).
15. All house plans call for this, plus sound effects. (Kitchen-Klatter).

ANIMAL QUIZ

As far as the sound of their names go, these animals might mean something entirely different if it weren't for the spelling. How many can you figure out?

1. What animal might be costly?
 2. What animal might be found on the flap of an envelope?
 3. What animal might be without clothes?
 4. What animal might be found on your head?
 5. What animal should never grow old?
 6. What animal might be baked in an oven?
 7. What animal might be a type of wrench?
 8. What animal is like a rabbit's home?
 9. What animal is a part of the leg?
 10. What animal is a pronoun?
- Answers: Deer, seal, bear, hare, gnu, doe, monkey, burro, calf, ewe.

ALPHABET FUN

Can you answer each of the following with letters of the alphabet?

1. A plant—I V.
2. To annoy—T T T (tease).
3. A girl's name—L C or K T.
4. Not difficult—E Z.
5. Wigwam—T P.
6. A vegetable—P.
7. Not full—M T.
8. To rot—D K.
9. An insect—B.
10. Pep—N R G.

LILACS

When lilacs bloom beside my cottage door

And breath their fragrant breath into my room

The years turn back to scenes now gone before

When Grandma wove rag carpets on her loom.

I loved to thread the shuttle, it was fun

To sew the strips, then wind them in a ball;

My children think my manners still homespun

When I buy new rag runners for the hall.

My Grandma said, when lilacs shook their plumes,

That spring was here with her caressing touch,

And time had come to decorate the rooms—

A custom she approved, and kept as such.

Does it seem strange that lilacs bring me tears

For one whose face I see across the years?

—Delphia M. Stubbs

GLAD NOTES OF SPRING

When hills sing with bloom,
From Dame Beauty's loom,
And brooks purl and spill,
And birds lilt and trill,
When wind-harps all play,
A soft roundelay,
I thank God, my King,
For glad notes of Spring.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

TRUE WORTH

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

— Alice Carey

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