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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE



SHENANDOAH, IOWA  
Price 10 cents

Vol. 16

MAY, 1951

Number 5



Photo by Verness.





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Shenandoah, Iowa

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### My Dear Friends:

If you were handed a piece of paper and asked to write down a list of things the word "May" called to mind, what would they be? Number one on my list would be birthdays, for May is really a birthday month for our family. First are the birthdays of Lucile and Russell, both coming on the same day, May 3rd. I wonder how many of you husbands and wives have the pleasure of sharing the same birthday. Then comes May 8th, Frederick's birthday. That was a cold May and being afraid he would not keep warm enough, I set his basket on the open oven door. Yes! You guessed it. He was soon covered with a red rash from the heat, but I was sure he had the measles and called the family doctor. His Uncle Henry called with a huge bunch of large, beautiful tulips. We call tulips Frederick's flower and I hope he always has some blooming in his yard.

Dorothy was born May 13th. Her flower was the Lily of the Valley. They were especially lovely that spring and she received many bouquets of them. I have planted a bed of them on the north side of our house. Dorothy generally comes here for her birthday and she and Kristin love to pick the Lillies of the Valley for me.

May 25th is my sister Sue Conrad's birthday and we are glad that she can be with her four sisters this year.

Second on my list would be May baskets—for my thoughts go back to the many years when the dining room table was a confusion of brightly colored crepe paper and cardboard boxes for a week before May Day. In those days only flowers were put in the baskets. I wonder who started the idea of the "goodies", too. Young mothers, don't complain of the extra work May Baskets make. They are a sweet part of childhood and will always be remembered. Have the children hang baskets for the old and sick in your neighborhood.

Third on my list will be flowers, for May brings a mental picture of my spirea hedge, the many colored tulips and rows of pansies. We have a bed of Blue Bells which always bloom in May and lots of Sweet William growing wild in the nooks and corners of the back yard. Be sure to have early blooming perennials and shrubs for the May Baskets. (Maybe the reason

children put candy in the baskets was because they had no early blooming flowers in their yard. You mothers can overcome that difficulty!)

Last but not the least in importance, Memorial Day. Those of us whose fathers belonged to the dear old G.A.R. have mental pictures of those grand old men, shoulders stooped and steps uncertain, following the "colors" to the cemetery and standing with gray heads uncovered as the bugle sounded "Taps" over the grave of the unknown soldier. Memorial Day seemed to mean more to my generation than it does to the children of today. The evening before Memorial Day was spent making wreaths for the soldiers' graves—and arranging red, white and blue bouquets to be used in the hall where the patriotic concert, a yearly event, was held. We were taught that it was a sacred day. There were no plans for picnics, ball games or excursions such as are planned by the young folks of today. We parents must have failed in our teaching some where along the line.

This has been the busiest spring the Driftmier's have ever had. We have been busy and happy. Being on four radio stations has brought us many new friends and the arrival of the mail has never failed to be the big thrill of the day. I wish I could share all of these wonderful letters with you.

Oh yes! I must tell you of my latest sewing project—a pansy quilt for Lucile. Juliana has already asked me if I won't make her "just a little one", of the scraps I have left. The blocks are twelve inches square and in each corner is a pansy with some leaves. I am making the flowers of plain material in the pansy colors and I believe it will be very pretty. I am so fortunate that I have good eyes and limber fingers for I know so many at my age are not so fortunate. Our family members have all been well since I wrote you last month except for some colds which seem to be quite prevalent these days. Don, our youngest son, has been seeing some interesting places from the air and seems to be taking life as it comes with no complaints. Every time a plane goes over, Martin Erik is sure it is Uncle Don. We try not to be too busy to send him some cookies from time to time.

I am hearing from so many listeners who tell me of members of their family who have been called into the service of our country. We did not dream that this would happen again so soon. Remember the power of prayer for it is only with God's help that we can hope to live in a world at peace.

I know that this is the busiest time of the year for many of you but don't forget to write to us once in a while. This poem from a radio listener we enjoyed very much for it is so like the way we feel.

### FRIENDS THROUGH CORRESPONDENCE

Oh, I have found that friends who live  
A thousand miles away,  
Have added color to my life  
In written words they say.

They always show more interest  
Than friends, along the street,  
Who do not know my thoughts at all,  
Though many times we meet.

I've found companionship so dear,  
Through looked-for envelopes  
Containing inspiration for  
My deepest dreams and hopes.

I would not trade this priceless gift  
For anything on earth.  
Because through correspondence,  
I have found what friends are worth.  
So please write to us sometime.  
Sincerely, Leanna.

### AT DAWN

The dawn thrusts back the curtain of  
the night and decks the sky in  
bright array;  
The birds all trill a chorus sweet to  
welcome in another day;  
Ah! here she comes, dear one, her  
tripping feet all wet with dew,  
And in her eager hands she bears a  
wondrous gift to you.  
A chalice filled with newborn strength  
to help you meet this day,  
And courage strong to face, with song,  
the tasks along the way.  
New faith to keep your soul through  
all calm and serene,  
To follow still with unflinching will  
the vision you have seen.  
And love to help you see the beauty  
in each God-created thing,  
Each human soul, each fragrant flower,  
each bird upon the wing.  
And when in service you have drained  
the cup, still you may say  
"How good it is to serve, How gladly  
will I greet another day."

—Susan Conrad

### KITCHEN-KLATTER

Our Dad was always hungry  
And when we heard him coming  
We rushed into the kitchen  
And started things a humming.  
We knew if dishes rattled  
And made an awful clatter  
He would never realize  
Something was the matter,  
For he would read his paper  
While we felt like a sinner  
And ran into each other  
To serve our Dad his dinner.  
—Rose Lemmitt.



# Come into the Garden

## FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

By Sue Field Conrad

When my sister Leanna told me I might use this Garden Page this month to talk with you I wondered what special part of my enthusiasm for flowers would be most interesting to homemakers in May.

I wondered how many of you have a flower garden in which the lovely spring blossoms are fulfilling their promise of a new season. I thought how much it would add to the beauty of your homes if you could have a few of these colorful blossoms here and there as that finishing touch, like that bit of hand embroidery you mothers put so lovingly on your little daughters' dress that takes them out of the commonplace and makes them something very special.

There has been so much said and so many pictures shown about flower arrangement that I almost dread to use those words for fear you will say, "Oh! That is just for a person who is artistic. I'm not an artist." But you are. Everyone who loves beauty is an artist in his heart. Maybe he can't paint a beautiful picture or carve a great statue or make a lovely vase, but he can make something beautiful if he *learns how*.

As true artists do, we have to imagine how the lovely thing we are working on will look when it is finished and to make it a bit different in some way. It is exactly the same with flower arranging. There are a few simple things that will help you have a good time creating a flower arrangement that will satisfy you. Burnish up your imagination and in the coolness of the evening or the morning gather in some of the flowers that are bursting in their greatest profusion of wonder at this spring-time of the year. Put their stems deep in water and set them in a cool place until the morning work is done and you have time to arrange them. This is called "conditioning" the cut flowers.

How much easier it will be for us to make a picture using flowers than for an artist who makes a picture with brushes and paint for he has to choose his colors and often must mix and mix to get just the shade he needs. The person who makes a picture with flowers has colors and shapes already made. All he needs to learn is *how* and *what* to put together.

Let's make a flower arrangement together, the first one I have ever made with you for my helper. As we walk through the garden together this dewy spring morning we will choose the flowers that we are going to use.

This time we will choose flowers for a tall vase and use a container I happen to have which will be appropriate. See those King Alfred daffodils over there. Three of those would make one of my favorite "climbing" arrangements. It is easy to make and there is something satisfying about the way it points upward. The

vase that we will use is this yellow and green pottery vase, because its colors tie in perfectly with the yellow of the blossoms and the green of the leaves and its mouth is just large enough to hold the three blossoms and some leaves.

Our flower picture will look better if the flowers and leaves are all of different lengths. The tallest blossom should be twice as high as the vase. Our vase is six inches high, so the tallest daffodil stem should be twelve inches long, the next ten inches and the shortest eight inches. Then for the leaves—about three or five of them, according to their size, each cut a different length, but not the same lengths as the blossom stems. The longest leaf longer than the tallest blossom. The flowers are so lovely, as delicate as fine silk. Appreciation of the flowers will help us make a beautiful picture. We will try not to break a single fragile petal.

We will put them in the vase one at a time turning each blossom a different way—straight front, profile and side front. Now the leaves, one at a time, not to cover any blossom. We will put it on this piece of polished walnut for the dark, rich brown will emphasize the light yellow green of our vase and the gay yellow flowers. Let's place it on the table in the hall, being sure that the shortest blossom is facing toward the door to speak welcome to each one who enters. Yes, let's use that little yellow pottery bird on one end of the walnut base looking up as if he were admiring the flowers. There! Wasn't that easy? But, did I hear you say, "I thought you said there were rules to be used in making a flower arrangement." Yes, there are and we have used several of them.

*First*, in taking three blossoms and placing them in different positions and at 1-2-3 heights, we made a triangular design and used the principle of Dynamic Symmetry. This rule is found in many natural forms and is interesting to observe.

*Second*, we remembered the principle of Harmony by making our colors tie together and harmonize. It is as if we were striking several tones on the piano that blended to make one beautiful sound.

*Third*, is the principle of Rhythm, expressed in the way one's eye can follow the blossoms in our picture in an "S" curved line through them.

*Fourth*, in that we planned our arrangement with thought for the principle of Balance, by having just as much material on one side as on the other so there is no feeling of tipping over.

*Fifth*, is by making our flowers the height and amount for the size of our vase. So we observed the rule of Proportion.

So, you see, in this one simple arrangement, we have used five of the principles that underlie the whole wide field of creating beauty. Thinking about this, you will realize how



Sue arranged some daffodils for us on a Sunday morning.

many of these rules you would have used even though you had not thought of them as such. Some people call their flower arrangements by an imaginative name. Let's call ours "The Golden Ladder".

Just for fun, make another arrangement. In its making break all these rules, and notice the difference. Make the flowers and the leaves all the same height; place the daffodils in a pink vase and tip them all over toward one side and you will see why there are principles. It is just to help us make something that will please the artist that is deep in each person's heart.

Wouldn't it be thrilling to have arranged some flowers so beautifully that when your little daughter came home from school, she would stop in the door and exclaim, "Oh! Mommie. What a beautiful bouquet! It's like looking at Fairyland." Or to have a middle-sized brother come back to the kitchen to find you and say, "Mom is there a cooky somewhere? Thanks. Say, Mom, those are swell flowers on the table in there." Or the high school girly say, "Mother, what a heavenly arrangement of daffodils you have made. May I put it in the living room tonight? Some one is coming over if he can have the car."

And even quiet father might be enthused to make a comment after the children are tucked in. "Mother, those flowers on the table make everything seem cheerful around here. We need all the cheer we can get these days. Keep up the good work."

Our hearts are singing. We have put a setting around the loveliness within our own reach that has spoken of the peace and wonder of order, color and form that are the unchanging joy of this "Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World."

Each flower is like a person,

With a beauty just its own;  
No matter where it's blooming  
Or in what garden grown.

It gives this beauty freely  
To those with eyes to see.  
May the God of love and beauty  
Grant this sight to you and me.

—Sue Field Conrad.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Most of the time I write to you at night, but this month I've sat down to my typewriter early in the morning and figured that we could visit while the first batch of laundry grinds through the machine. It was a disappointment to see that this is another dark, forbidding looking wash-day and that the clothes must once again be hung inside. I must have a lot of company in thinking that sheets, pillowcases, towels and tablecloths are never again going to look their best until they've had a run-in with sun and wind.

Last night Juliana and I finished reading *The Little House in the Big Woods*, and I made a mental note of the fact that I wanted to be sure and mention it to you. It's my understanding that this is the first in a series, so we're eager to get more of them as soon as possible. Your children too would enjoy this book. And another one I can recommend highly is *Lucinda* by Mabel Leigh Hunt. This is a beautifully written book about a Quaker family in the Civil War era, and Juliana says that it is just about her "most favorite" story. I enjoyed it very much too. I think these books are important that deal with a way of life so different than we know today, for they give the child a realization that although surface things have changed tremendously, underneath it all people had the same troubles and hopes that they have now.

Thinking about these two books brings up something connected with school that I want to tell you about. If you have a PTA in your community, and if you too wonder how to stir up better attendance, I can only suggest that you invest a small amount of the club's funds in a gold fish bowl and a few fish. The room that has the most parents represented at PTA gets to keep this goldfish bowl for a month, and you don't know what high pressure tactics are until a second-grader gets to work on you.

Juliana's second-grade room at Central School won this bowl when it first appeared, and I can't recall any personal gift she ever received that made such an impression. We heard about this for days, and finally came to the conclusion that the three fish were incredibly huge and beautiful, and that never had such glass been made into a bowl. It was the eighth wonder of the world.

Circumstances looked as though we'd never make it to the next PTA meeting, and when I broke this news to her it was just as if I'd said that we were going to skip Christmas—wrench that date right from the calendar. She took it so hard that we seized those aforementioned circumstances and tore them to shreds—and turned up at the meeting with sharp eyes out to see if the second grade had triumphed once again. When we returned home with the announcement that her room was victorious it was just as though we'd come home with a department store and all of its contents. She marvelled over and over at their good luck, and questioned us

repeatedly as to who was there. I got the general impression that the unfortunate children whose parents hadn't made it were in for a rough time.

So, get yourself a goldfish bowl, three fish, and then relax. Your PTA will thrive as never before UNLESS you can resist the kind of pressure and sales talk that would induce even Rockefeller to buy the Brooklyn bridge.

These days I can look with a certain amount of gratification at the sewing I've accomplished since I last wrote. Juliana has three new school dresses, two sun dresses (in case summer ever arrives), four new petticoats, a half-dozen pairs of new panties and two pairs of pajamas. In addition to this I made Emily a couple of pinafores and several pairs of panties, a dress for myself, and new bathroom curtains. Now I realize that this grand total is but a drop in the bucket compared to what many of you have turned out at your own machines, but it's so much more than I've ever gotten done before at one crack that I feel pretty good about it.

The other night when I painstakingly pieced together some sections of eyelet embroidery I thought that if I had fifty stray dollars to do with precisely as I pleased, I'd walk into a store and spend the whole amount for materials, lace, embroidery edgings, etc. That would be my idea of a riotously good time, and I'd be willing to bet that I'd get more fun out of doing away with fifty dollars in that fashion than a millionaire would get out of spending five hundred times that amount. If I have more than three pieces of material on hand at any given moment I can look at them and feel downright rich! I guess this carries through a remark that a friend made to me many, many years ago when I was only eighteen. She was a woman who had traveled the world over and had countless experiences, and one day she said with an air of perplexity: "I don't understand you. I've never known anyone else who got so much out of little things." And I remember saying, "Well, it's a blessing because I've run into mighty few big things." So, I can feel rich with three pieces of material.

Recently I've had a good time trying out new recipes that have been beckoning for many a moon. Since groceries are so high (and the lack of ingredients has been my chronic excuse for not trying these things earlier), I've sort of crept up on my food budget, you might say, and laid in necessary items a little bit at a time. When enough of them have accumulated I give the recipe a fling. Now hard-headed people would be unable to figure out wherein the difference lies—if you buy these extras at one fell swoop or over a period of time, the fact remains that you've still laid out a given amount of money for given things—but I have a dozen different ways of sneaking up on my budget so that black seems to be white. It may not make any money sense, but I recommend it to everyone who feels in a dreadful rut.

Before I forget it . . . there have been so many inquiries about using *The Story Of An American Family* as a book review for club programs that I'd like to make a blanket answer. If you've been going to write and get my permission, then this will save you the trouble. Anyone who wants to review the book has my permission to do so.

Easter came so early this year that it is now only a memory, but I do want to mention the fact that we spent it in Omaha and had a happy time. Juliana was a houseguest of Judy, Kathy and Sue Gillies, and I doubt that four girls ever had a happier two days. Like all only children, her idea of paradise is to get smack into the middle of a big family, the bigger the better. You couldn't call three children a big family by any means, but to hear her stories of how much fun they had you would think that there were at least a dozen children involved. The only drawback to these happy times is the sense of let-down that follows. She can't figure out what to do by herself, and roams around looking like the end of the world.

It won't be long now until our tulips and hyacinths are in full bloom. We are expecting Russell's parents to come from Minneapolis for a visit at that time, and by some hook or crook I'm going to serve as many meals as possible out on the terrace. It seems a shame to lose even a minute of that beauty we anticipate for months and almost despair of seeing when cold days hang on endlessly. We've nothing to complain about in this corner of the state, everything considered, but it does seem to me that winter lasts just a little longer every year! I can scarcely wait to throw open the doors and windows, turn off the furnace for good, and settle down into spring and summer. And I hope I have sufficient grace to remember this statement when August and blast furnace days bear down upon us.

It's time to get Juliana up, fix her breakfast, braid her hair and get her off to school. She has a big gang, she says, and they have a lot more to do than they can ever manage before the last bell rings, so I must give her a fighting chance.

If you can squeak out just a little time before your garden claims every waking moment, I'd love to hear from you.

Lucile.

## COVER PICTURE

The three little girls on the cover, Juliana Verness, Emily Driftmier and Kristin Johnson, were really a joy to their mothers' eyes when they got into their new spring outfits. All three coats are of navy blue, and the children *did* look nice when they started down the walk together on a Sunday morning.

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## RURAL CORRESPONDING

By Mrs. Eileen Derr

Most Rural homemakers help in some way to supplement the family income. Pin-money, it is usually called. Sometimes it amounts to much more — a new party dress for the teen-ager, the dreamed-of refrigerator, a rose garden, or lawn furniture. Extras this year's budget has refused to include. This extra money may have been realized from chickens, ducks or turkeys. Another homemaker's specialty — garden-fresh strawberries, fagoted pillow slips, or homemade cottage cheese. Whatever it was, you may be sure that it added to her self-esteem and gave her a side-line in which she could recognize her own personal ability — factors in themselves as important to happy living as extra pennies.

There are many ways in which to make pin money. But rural newspaper corresponding has unlimited possibilities for the homemaker who enjoys caring for her family and home and at the same time likes to scribble. One need not have any particular leanings toward Journalism to be a successful newspaper correspondent. In my experience as such I have sometimes suspected (after having sent in a particularly lengthy epistle) that editors would rather one didn't wish to express oneself. Editors want FACTS and unless you are unusually good at putting words together they prefer to edit these facts themselves according to the space they have available. Anyone who can write legibly and who can distinguish gossip from news is a potentially valuable asset to the editor of any newspaper. And she can realize sizable checks from the energy and time spent in gathering this news and setting it down on paper.

Births, deaths, school and church activities are a few of the things happening daily in any community that furnish material for news items. The prime pre-requisite of any submitted news item is that it be true beyond a doubt. And to be news it has to be fresh — something that everyone doesn't already know about.

In submitting your first item to the editor of a paper it would be well to enclose a short informative letter telling him of your desire to serve as correspondent in your particular territory.

He may or may not answer it but your letter will be filed and you will have made a dent in his armor — so to speak. And if your follow-up items furnish the material he would like to print, it will be printed — and paid for. You do not have to worry about the honesty of editors. If they use your news items they'll pay.

Most editors would rather receive straight facts from a beginner. These facts will answer the questions Who? What? When? Where? and if at all possible Why? Sometimes one sentence from you will embrace all the facts necessary for an editor to build a story from.



When Emily comes to see her Grandmother these days she loves to look at books and magazines.

In case of accidents, fires, murders, etc. classed in the sensational news class, an on-the-spot correspondent can be of great help to her editor. It won't be necessary for her to go out and cover this news. All she will need to know is that it happened. Then if she will phone in this tip information to her editor he can send out an experienced staff reporter to collect the facts, take pictures and write the article.

I have in mind a particular incident that would illustrate tip news service. Enroute home from a summer vacation we passed an overturned bee truck near Atchison, Kansas. Angry bees were all over the place. We rolled up our windows to keep them out and drove on. To find out what had actually happened we would have had to query neighbors, contact highway patrolman, telephone hospital officials. Instead we put in a collect call to the St. Joseph News-Press. The editor was glad to pay five dollars for the unusual accident story they were able to get from my phone tip. It ran on the first page supplemented by a picture taken from the air by a staff photographer. Most papers would rather pay tip pay on a story of this type because they have a much better chance of getting a really first class write-up if it is handled by staff workers familiar with their policy.

When sending in an item, study your particular paper to see what facts it is their policy to include in an item. Then tell your story clearly and simply. Sentences should be short and to the point. Figures of speech and words should be those easily understood by the great mass of newspaper readers.

Prepare your copy neatly and if at all possible on a typewriter. Use 8½ x 11 inch unlined paper leaving wide margins and plenty of space between the lines for the re-write man. Be sure to include your name and address in the upper left hand cor-

ner of page one and number each page consecutively. Be brief. The newspaper correspondent's job is to inform the editor not to impress the reader. Later if you really like to sling words around after you have proven your worth and your ability to state facts correctly it may be possible to interest the editor in a feature about someone interesting in your neighborhood. You might even be allowed to write an editorial or a column.

Being a newspaper correspondent — a good one — is a big job in itself. But if handled well it can grow into much larger returns. Newspaper reporting is an interesting and at the same time a profitable hobby. In the search for facts one's own knowledge as well as one's acquaintance-ship is widened. As your ability and confidence grows perhaps you may want to branch out into the many markets afforded to free-lance writers by magazines. Never has the publication market been larger than it is today. Any person who can gather facts intelligently and write them interestingly and accurately will not find it difficult to market manuscripts if she will study the various kinds of publications and familiarize herself with the type of material the editor wants.

If it's pin money you want—if you want to serve your community—if you want to meet and know more people—if you'd like to learn more about many things—why don't you try Rural Corresponding.

## COLORING HYDRANGEAS

The formula for making hydrangeas blue is not as secretive as it sounds and it certainly is not hard to do. Take one pound of aluminum sulphate and add five gallons of water. Stir well and water plants with this solution. You will be rewarded with flowers of a rich blue color over your white or pinkish ones, and it is not expensive. I loosen the soil all around the plants to a depth of about two and a half or three inches, and then pour the treated water well in the soil until it is completely soaked.

Pull a cover of top soil and grass cuttings to hold in this moisture, and before you realize it you, too, will have billowing blue hydrangea plants. If a light blue is preferred use less sulphate per gallon of water. This same solution can be used on the potted plants.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

## FRIENDSHIP'S CLOAK

I took the cloak of friendship; I found it growing thin.

I said, "Oh, what a pity! It really were a sin

If this warm and lovely garment should let the chill air in."

I patched the cloak of friendship with gold threads from the past,

And where the seams had given out, with love I stitched them fast.

For friendships, like the clothes we wear,

Are oft in need of some repair.

—Unknown.



## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter at the close of a very busy, beautiful, spring day. If I had had some film for my camera, I could have made a perfect picture this morning when the one and only horse in the town of Bristol was standing in the driveway.

I had employed an old Italian gardener to bring his horse and cart to haul away some rubbish that I had raked up in the garden, and it turned out to be the big event of the week for this neighborhood. Mary Leanna was carried away by excitement when I told her that the only horse in Bristol was going to pay us a visit today. She said: "You mean just an imaginary horse, don't you, Daddy?"

A few minutes later she was convinced that it was a real horse when she saw it plodding slowly up the street toward our house, and soon every child in the block was sitting in a neat little row with their backs against the garage door watching the old nag sleep on its feet while the wagon was loaded. I wish that I had been able to make a secret recording of their remarks. They sounded something like this:

"Gee, that really is a big horse. I'll bet that it is as big as an elephant."

"Oh! Look at its teeth. We better be careful or that horse will bite us. Oh! Just look at it!"

"Do you suppose we could ride that horse like Hopalong Cassidy?"

"Boy! I wouldn't want that horse to eat me up, because I don't like horses to eat little children. Horses are just supposed to eat lettuce like bunny rabbits."

"Oh, you're crazy! Horses don't eat lettuce! They eat apples!"

Easter was a big day and a very wonderful day for me this year. It was my first Easter in a church of my very own, and oh, how happy and thrilled I was! Easter morning at eight o'clock found me up at our parish house hiding candy eggs around the lawn and under the bushes in preparation for the egg hunt that was held for the Sunday School youngsters just a few minutes before the regular classes were held.

Following the egg hunt I led the singing in the junior department and then went from there across the street to the church where I told a story to the primary department. From the primary department I went to the men's class where I lectured for a half hour on the historical aspects of Easter. It was then time for the church service, and believe me, our church was filled to overflowing. After church I had just one half-hour for lunch and then began to make my rounds of the sick and aged, serving holy communion nine times between one-thirty o'clock and four-thirty. At five o'clock I was back at the church for a worship service and supper with my Junior High School youngsters, and then from seven o'clock until nine o'clock I was conducting a service for the High School young people. Easter, as you can see, was a very full day for me.



Martin Erik starts to Sunday School on a spring morning. He feels badly if a cold keeps him at home for he enjoys every moment of the primary class activities.

I had a strange argument with a young man who lives in Fall River, Massachusetts, a town just a few minutes drive from here. This chap insisted that the water in Bristol was not fit to drink and that this was a great hardship for him since he worked in Bristol all day long. He claimed that he always brought his drinking water with him when he came to our town. I suggested that he must have very strange tastes for those of us who live here are quite fond of our water; as a matter of fact, we believe that our water is superior to that of any town around us. The argument was really quite silly, for what one likes in the way of water all depends upon the kind of water to which one is accustomed.

It all reminded me of a humorous experience I once had in a little rural village in France. One day I was sitting in a little French restaurant eating a cabbage soup and watching several peasants drinking their sour French wine when I asked the landlord if they had good water there. A washer-woman sitting near me with a glass of wine in her hand promptly answered, "Oh yes, excellent water. All the tourists who come here bring such gray, dirty shirts, but once or twice washing here brings them white as milk."

A stevedore close by, seeing by the smile on my face that I did not consider my question answered spoke up and said: "Oh yes, we have first rate water here. The only time the boats have any trouble is in winter. It doesn't often freeze here, but when it does, the water is not navigable." By this time the girl behind the counter was all smiles, and she got her word in by correcting the others: "The gentleman doesn't want to know about washing water or river water for the boats. He wants to know about our well water." She then proceeded to inform me that the cabbage soup I

was eating was made out of well water, and that everyone in the village knew what good soup their well water made.

At this, I slapped my hand down hard on the counter and almost shouted in my broken French! "Look! All I want to know is whether or not the water is good to drink. I want a drink of water." To this day I do not know if the water in that little French Town is good to drink.

In this little harbor town the first sign of spring means work on the boats. The boats which have been stored all winter long are now being put into shape for a return to the water, and in a few more weeks Bristol Harbor will once again be filled with boats of all description. We had hoped that we might have a boat this summer, but it isn't working out that way. Of course, we shall have plenty of opportunities to be on the water, for all of our friends have boats, and not a week goes by that we aren't invited to go for a sail or a cruise. The water plays such a big part in the lives of youngsters here in Rhode Island, that I find it hard to understand what the youngsters back in the West do without the water. I try to think back to my own childhood days and wonder what I did when there was no water on which to sail, and practically no water in which to fish. I remember that I got along famously without any water to speak of, but I also remember that as a child I always hoped, prayed, and dreamed about living near a nice body of water.

The big event of the week will be the marriage of Betty's brother in Westerly, Rhode Island. We are driving over for the wedding and are then spending the night at Betty's home. It will be the first time that we have been away from the children overnight. I am going to take part in the service, assisting the local clergyman, and one of my brothers-in-law is going to be the best man.

I do hope that you and all of your loved ones are well and happy.

Sincerely,

Frederick.

## A GARDEN DEDICATION

This little plot I set aside  
For sacred hours;  
Here I shall come and gently walk  
Among my flowers.  
The house is new, the premises  
Have all been planned  
But this small-bound acreage  
In no man's land.  
For it belongs to Joy and Rest,  
To sun-kissed Peace,  
To Dreams that only gardens know,  
To Pain's surcease.  
And they shall help me till the soil  
And plant the rows  
Of magic seeds; and I shall come  
When twilight glows  
Across the sky, to be a guest  
Of flower and tree.  
When life is hard, their soothing faith  
Will shelter me.  
A sanctuary I shall build  
With glad accord;  
Come Thou and be a Guest within  
My garden, Lord.  
—Mrs. Gertrude W. Robinson.



## AUCTION SALES

By Hallie Barrow

Just what is the great attraction of a country auction sale? Why will strangers motoring past and hearing the chant of the auctioneer stop and mingle with the crowd when nothing else could induce them to lose a precious hour's time? When I asked these questions of an old, retired auctioneer, these were the reasons he gave.

1. The lure of getting a rare antique piece at a bargain. One of the best ways to draw a mixed crowd is to advertise that a few of the family heirlooms will be sold.

2. It is one of the best visiting occasions country people can find. Members of the family holding the sale who haven't been back to the home place in years, usually are all present when the family possessions are disposed of. Folks know they will meet old friends and neighbors from far off points. They will hear of weddings, births and deaths. Any scandal, club news, politics, bad roads, the new teacher or the old preacher—all will come in for a thorough discussion. Sometimes it's just a good day's education to attend a big sale. Women know they will be apt to find a choice new quilt or crochet pattern or a recipe. For the men, the sale is one of the best business barometers they have. By the way live stock and machinery sell, they may gauge their future farm operations.

3. A chance to get a really good home-cooked meal amid genial surroundings and friends, particularly if some church organization or women's club is serving the meal.

4. An outlet for human curiosity and a desire to see how other people are going to act. A sale is as good as any dramatic show you might pay a big, big price to attend. At any sale there is apt to be a bit of tragedy, pathos, bitterness, joy, greed, selfishness and generosity. It is up to the auctioneer to provide the comedy.

When I asked him to explain some of his reasons, he continued: "Take the characteristic most of us have quite a bit of—curiosity about other peoples' affairs. Maybe a family has been very close-mouthed and neighbors never found out many facts they wanted to know. On sale day, all barriers are down. The most intimate family possessions are on display and often tell their own story. You wish you had known that even a very common, ordinary family had had all that stuff packed away in trunks in the attic. Are they so greedy for money that they will sell an old shawl of their grandmother's? They knew she had worn it over on the steerage when she came from some foreign country and started the family fortunes in this new land. You wonder what kind of folks people are who can, for only a few cents, part with objects of sentimental value—such as christening robes, a wedding slipper, baby shoes and hand woven linens.

"I've never understood why they sell old family albums and pictures. I know they are of no value, but why not destroy them. I remember when



Abigail and Emily had stopped by to see Grandmother Driftmier just as things were being picked up in the kitchen. Emily instantly spotted the makings of a nice tea party, so out came one of Martin's bibs to protect the pretty dress that Mrs. Leigh Seavey of Des Moines had sent to her. As a rule, Abigail turns her nose at such times, but on this particular afternoon they were headed for town and a little supervision seemed wise.

I sold the furnishings of an old estate, whose family had been known for their arrogant pride in their ancestry. The younger generation wanted every cent that could be squeezed out. They were furious when a city newspaper made a human interest story of the old tramp who bought all the family portraits in their large frames. He lived in a hut on a river island and made his living selling fish and furs. He said he had never had any ancestors that he knew of and felt this loss keenly. He had been reared in an orphanage and had always wanted a family back of him—members to whom he could point with pride. So he hung the enlarged pictures of the aristocratic family—a dozen or two of them—in his fishing hut and had the time of his life claiming them. He made up legends about them and had them all catalogued as to whether they were a cousin, grandparent or uncle of his. Talk about folks turning in their graves, I used to wonder if sometimes those old aristocrats wouldn't leap out of those picture frames some day and slay the pretender.

"When all the furnishings are sold there is a spirited bidding for the junk. Tubs, boxes and pans are loaded with the miscellaneous stuff and buyers eagerly start rooting to see if they have bought a treasure buried in what looks like trash and worthless articles. Now that they are using old bird cages and fish bowls for potted plants and flower arrangements and making lamps out of old coffee grinders and shaving mugs, the junk may be the most profitable line in the sale.

"Often women's reputations as cooks are made at farm sales. As hungry men start down the line they begin asking for Mary's baked beans, Julia's slaw, the meat loaf that is always flavored with garlic. Some Aids are noted for their chili, vegetable soup or chicken and noodle bowls.

"Is it any wonder that the men stop at the pie table unable to make a decision? I've seen tables of pies at sales which looked more attractive than at any fair. Most men seem to prefer what the women call "soft" pies and so over half of the pies were lemon, chocolate, butterscotch, cream and custard. The meringue would be a mountain high and each cook had

her own particular meringue swirl. Yes, out in the country, reputations as cooks are made, not by what you whip up for a bridge luncheon but by what kind of a pie you send to the sale at which your organization is serving.

"Not only do the humans have a display of emotion at the uprooting process of a farm sale, but even the livestock senses the chaos. I well remember how farmers used to part with their horses. I remember in particular a black team, John and Jake, some twenty years old. The farmer and his wife had raised this team from colthood, broken them to harness and worked and driven them all the years since. Two different buyers bought the old horses, which had never been separated. When the buyer came to load John, he whinnied pitifully as the truck started off. Jake ran up and down the pasture fence and nickered as long as he could see John's neck and head. The old farmer looked the other way and twisted his hands. His wife put her gingham apron up over her face and cried.

"Cows tied behind wagons would bawl every step of the road as long as they could look back and see their old home. I never saw a farm dog sold. If he were a good stock dog, either the owner took him or gave him to a neighbor. Cats were usually left to fend for themselves.

"Family feuds are started or ended at the final sale. If the heirs can't agree beforehand as to how the personal effects shall be divided, they will be put up at the sale and go to the highest bidder. Talk about a show of emotion! A bunch of heirs at the "outs" can really keep a crowd's excitement alive.

"I'd say it's really the combination of all these reasons that makes an auction sale an attraction to everyone. The chance of finding something valuable at a bargain, a view of human nature and a good meal. And of course, it's the auctioneer who calls the tune. His repartee may outsparkle that of many of the high-priced radio or stage comedians. Yes, a clever auctioneer can provide one of the best shows on earth. Folks love it."

## MY GARDEN

I love my Higgleddy Piggledy garden

Where plants don't grow in a row  
All prim and proper, but run around  
And mingle with high and low.

It reminds me of pictures an artist  
paints

In a very sketchy way.

Seen from a distance the effect is  
fine,

But don't look too close, I say.

For mixed with my flowers is many  
a weed.

Long ago with myself I simply agreed  
As it's the best I can do I'll like it  
that way,

And not worry a bit—just so it looks  
gay.

—Ellis Jarrett

"Back to Eden"—July, 1947



## TELL YOUR TEACHER "THANK YOU!"

By Blanche Neal Shipley

Have you ever come across this little story? One day a famous man, Dr. William L. Stidger, remembered what a debt of gratitude he owed to a former teacher, Mrs. A. B. Wendt, at his college in West Virginia. He sat down and wrote a letter of thanks to her, and in due time received the following reply:

"My dear Willie—I can't tell you how much your note meant to me. I am in my eighties now, living alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, lonely, and like the last leaf of fall lingering behind. You will be interested to know that I taught school for fifty years, and yours is the first note of appreciation I ever received. It came on a blue, cold morning, and it cheered me as nothing has in many years."

How long has it been since you told your local teacher "Thank You"?

I am reminded of some friends whose daughter had a beautiful singing voice, but because of certain physical handicaps she could hardly force herself to do the necessary things to train it further. And then two fine, devoted, lovable teachers came along—one a voice teacher, the other an English teacher. Step by step, with kindness and patience, they helped the child to overcome the handicaps of timidity and awkwardness, and developed in her such a sense of assurance and poise that she could find joy in her fine talent.

Sometime later her father remarked to me, "They are unusual teachers. They do the jobs they are paid to do, but it's the extra jobs far beyond the call of duty for which we are so grateful. Their influence upon our daughter could not be paid for in dollars and cents."

And then I asked, "Have you told these teachers how you feel about their fine service?"

"Why, no," he replied. And then he added hesitatingly, "Do you think I should?"

"By all means," I said, "and don't put it off."

I hope he did send a few words of thanks that would mean so much to those noble women. One of them was a widow who had carried alone the burden of rearing and educating three sons. Because of her vast ability to serve she has been given tasks far beyond what her normal strength should bear, but she has given and given of herself with great eagerness and sweetness of spirit. I wonder how many mothers and fathers have expressed just a little of the appreciation that I know they felt?

Some people, and I hope it is only a few, think that the teacher is getting paid for her work and that this is enough. Others are inclined to be shy around the teacher and do not care to know her as a person. To them I say, make friends with your child's teacher and let her know that you are back of her in all the good things she hopes to accomplish.

Smile, and mean it, and it will be easy to say "thank you" for she will give the very best that she has to give, and you will feel gratitude from the bottom of your heart.

Little children should be helped to realize that their teacher is working hard to make everything happy for them at school. They should be taught also to say "Thank you" for there is something magic about those words and they do something to the human heart that is good and purifying. They put spirit into an otherwise dull day, and bring life into the atmosphere. How beautiful to me are the memories of my school pupils' gratitude! Through nine years of teaching their shy "Thank you's" gave meaning to the long procession of days.

## HAD YOU THOUGHT OF THIS?

My hobby for a good many years has been "Being a Good Daughter". I have a wonderful mother of my own so I've had lots of good practice.

After Mother was older she had among her friends a number of women who had no children, or women whose children had gone far away to live, leaving them lonely. Now all of you know the kind of things you do for your mother if she is near; little things she might enjoy that you take to her, little tasks beyond her strength that you do, little trips she wants to make. Just little things, I mean, but how they remind older people that you do remember them and care about them.

I don't have much money to spend, so you need not stop right here if you are worrying about money!

One of the favorite Christmas presents for my friends is a small tree with a ninety cent string of Christmas tree lights already on it. They can't get out to enjoy their city lights, and how they do enjoy their own.

Last holiday time I borrowed a wheelchair and took one friend through all the stores we could manage, to do her Christmas shopping. The same afternoon I picked up all the bundles another friend had bought and couldn't carry home.

I remember every birthday, sometimes with tiny cakes baked in one pound coffee cans, complete with candles and decorations.

But when all is said and done, I think the best thing I do is LISTEN. So many old people sit alone quite a lot and have no one to whom they can tell their thoughts. Have you ever stopped to think how lonesome that would be? Well, I've probably listened to more family stories, childhood escapades, etc., than most folks. And in doing so, I have discovered that the interest I pretended often became real. So when I say "I'm going in to talk to Aunt Molly" I usually mean LISTEN to Aunt Molly.

And the hobbies I have become interested in! Quilts! History! Crocheting! Antique dresses! Old Books! Flowers! I do not mean I have started all of these, but I know people who have.

The task I like least but one that seems to do a great deal of good is visiting the cemetery. Nearly every one of my friends has said, "Would you take me out to \_\_\_\_\_'s grave? I haven't been able to go for weeks (or months, or years)." So some fitting day we make the pilgrimage that means so much to someone left behind.

I can tell you that this hobby is a life-saver if you are lost and lonely and feel that your life is over simply because your family doesn't need you every minute. And what are my compensations? Oh, so many that I couldn't begin to number them, and if you try making this your hobby you'll know exactly what I mean.

(Ed. Note: The friend who sent this said: "Please don't use my name. I wouldn't want any of my present Old Folks to know they were a hobby, for they are all far more than that to me.")

## OTHER FOLKS DISCOVERED THESE

To avoid a soggy pie crust sprinkle sugar on the lower crust before putting in the filling.

Boil cauliflower head down and the scum will not settle on the white parts.

Iodine will cover white spots on most any kind of furniture.

Paint brushes can be kept soft and pliable for months if you will strip off excess paint, drop the brush into a plastic bag, pour in an ounce of linseed oil or turpentine, close the bag and hang it up.

Buy an extra dustpan to use as a handy and safe scoop for removing pans of hot food from the oven.

If you're tired of trying to keep up with baby as he tosses toys from his high chair tray, tie them on with pieces of elastic. This works much better than string for the "give" of the elastic will help to keep him amused.

The new plastic starches on the market are fine for treating small rugs which curl up at the sides. Brush on the starch just as it comes from the bottle (put it on underside of rug), then put a newspaper on it and iron dry.

Before you put your garden hose away for the winter, rub it with melted tallow. This will keep it from cracking.

To prevent dresses or other articles of delicate white material from turning yellow, especially when stored for the winter, blue a good sized pillow case and store garment it in.

When your coffee pot or percolator becomes stained put a cupful of salt in it, add water and let it boil a few minutes. Make it a practise once a week to let coffee pot soak in a solution of soda water. This keeps it in prime condition for fine coffee.

If your baby is at the age where he can rock back and forth in his high chair and thus move it across the floor, put pieces of sponge rubber under each leg. This will prevent him from moving about in it.





## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

### KITCHEN MINDED

If I could leave  
The kitchen sink  
I think I might  
Have time to think.  
But if I could,  
I think I'd think  
Of unwashed dishes  
In the sink.

—Unknown

### GLAZED HAM LOAF

1/2 lb. smoked ham  
1/2 lb. ground beef  
1/2 lb. pork steak  
1 egg  
1/2 cup tomato soup  
3/4 cup milk  
1/2 cup cracker or bread crumbs  
Dash of pepper  
1/2 tsp. salt

Grind the three meats together. Mix with rest of the ingredients. Over the top pour a sauce made by combining the following and boiling for 8 minutes: 1/4 cup vinegar, 1/4 cup water, 3/4 cup brown sugar. Pour this over the loaf, bake 1 1/2 hours in a 350 degree oven, basting frequently.

### RAISIN SAUCE

2 Tbls. melted butter  
2 Tbls. flour  
2 cups apple cider  
1/2 cup seedless raisins

Melt butter and then stir in flour. Remove from heat and add the cider and raisins. Cook until mixture boils, stirring constantly; then boil 1 minute. Remove from fire and serve hot.

The last time we served ham this sauce was prepared and it made a great hit with the family. Also extra good with tongue.

### PARTY SANDWICH LOAF

Remove crusts from a loaf of day-old bread and cut four 1/2-inch lengthwise slices. Place a slice on a platter and spread with mayonnaise, cover with peeled sliced tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Spread another slice with mayonnaise and place with dressing side on the tomatoes. Spread top of this slice with soft cheese (preferably olive-pimento) spread and cover with third slice of bread. Spread it with mayonnaise and place on lettuce. Soften 3 packages of cream cheese with milk and frost outside of loaf. Chill an hour. Serve in inch-thick slices.

### A FABULOUS PIE

The friend in Sutton, Nebr., who sent this recipe says: "It is fabulous looking and fabulous eating."

1/2 lb. marshmallows  
1/3 cup evaporated milk  
1/4 cup lemon juice mixed with 1/4 cup water  
1 tsp. grated lemon rind  
2 ripe medium sized bananas  
3/4 cup evaporated milk, chilled very cold

Melt marshmallows in the 1/3 cup of milk in double boiler; remove from heat; add lemon juice, rind and water. Peel bananas, cut six or seven good slices for garnish and sprinkle with lemon juice. Slice remaining bananas in quarters lengthwise, then cut in medium thin slices. Fold bananas in marshmallow mixture and cool until it thickens. When cooled and thick, whip the 2/3 cup of milk. Fold this quickly but thoroughly into the marshmallow mixture. Pour into graham cracker crust or just in a plain baked shell. Garnish with the sliced bananas. Chill until set—from 2 to 3 hours. Makes one 9-inch pie; six or eight servings.

### OPEN-FACE RHUBARB PIE

2 lbs. rhubarb  
9" unbaked pastry shell  
1 cup sugar  
2 Tbls. flour  
2 eggs

1 tsp. grated lemon rind  
Arrange rhubarb in pastry shell. Beat together sugar, flour, eggs, lemon rind and dash of salt and pour evenly over rhubarb. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees) for 15 minutes; reduce oven to 350 and continue baking for about 30 minutes or until rhubarb is tender and custard is set.

### STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE PRESERVES

1 qt. hulled berries  
4 cups sugar  
1 cup chopped pineapple  
Rind and juice of 1/2 lemon

Combine these ingredients and boil for 20 minutes. Stir frequently. To cook fresh pineapple and strawberries combine and cook for 10 minutes; 1 cup shredded pineapple, 3 cups sugar. Add 2 cups of hulled strawberries. Cook for about 20 minutes longer, stirring frequently.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter 11 A. M. perfectly like a Christian.

### ASPARAGUS SOUFFLE

3 Tbls. melted butter  
3 Tbls. flour  
1 cup milk  
4 eggs separated  
2 1/2 cups cooked asparagus  
3/4 tsp. salt

Blend butter and flour, add milk gradually and cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, add asparagus and salt and add to the sauce. Beat egg whites and fold into asparagus mixture. Pour into greased casserole, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow 325° oven for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

### ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

3 cups cooked asparagus  
4 Tbls. melted fat  
2 Tbls. flour  
2 cups milk  
1/2 cup grated American cheese  
1/4 tsp. salt  
3/4 cup dry bread crumbs  
2 Tbls. flour

Cook asparagus for 5 minutes and place in a casserole. Make a cheese sauce of fat, flour, milk, cheese and salt. Pour sauce over asparagus and sprinkle with crumbs. Dot with butter and bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes. Serves 8.

### RHUBARB CONSERVE

4 lbs. rhubarb  
5 lbs. sugar  
1 lb. seeded raisins  
2 oranges  
1 lemon

Wash and peel stalks of rhubarb and cut in 1 inch pieces. Put in kettle, sprinkle with sugar, add raisins and grated rind and juice of oranges and lemon. Mix, cover and let stand 1/2 hour. Bring to boiling point and simmer for 45 minutes, stirring constantly. Fill jelly glasses, cool, seal, label and store. Makes 10 eight-ounce glasses.

### JELLIED CONSOMME

1 qt. beef stock  
1 Tbls. grated onion  
1 tsp. salt  
Few grains of pepper

Cook gently for five minutes and strain. To this add 2 Tbls. unflavored gelatine softened in 4 Tbls. cold water. Chill in flat pan and cut in cubes.

### LIME PUNCH

2 qts. gingerale  
1 large can pineapple juice  
1 qt. lime sherbet

Stir together. The lime sherbet melts and makes a milky green punch with foam on top. Highly refreshing on a hot summer day.

When running dates and nuts through food chopper and you don't want to lose so much on the inside, start a piece of bread through. It will push out what is inside crust and the few bread crumbs that come through won't spoil anything.



## MAY DAY

May Day is one of the oldest festivals. The idea was to pay homage to the flowers and to give thanks for the promise of what would come from the earth.

During the sixteenth century in England people went out from their homes to gather flowers and upon returning decorated every door and window in the village. They elected a queen to reign for the day and danced around the gaily decorated May Pole. This custom is carried out today in our May Day festivities.

If you are entertaining on May Day make use of the gorgeous spring flowers and trailing vines in your decorations.

## MAY MORNING BREAKFAST

Partially Frozen Grape Juice  
Egg in Baking  
Bacon Ring Powder Biscuit  
Orange Marmalade  
Meringue With Fruit and  
Whipped Cream  
Coffee

## MAY DAY LUNCHEON

Jellied Consomme in Cubes With Mint  
Salmon Croquettes Peas  
Asparagus Salad French Dressing  
Rolls Jam  
Sponge Cake  
Coffee

## MAY DAY DINNER

Fresh Pineapple and Strawberry  
Cocktail  
Baked Stuffed Flank Steak  
Buttered Corn and Green Peppers  
Rolls Spiced Watermelon Pickles  
Molded Tomato Salad  
Apricot Cream Ice Box Cookies

## EGGS IN BACON RINGS

Curl thin slices of bacon inside muffin tins. Slide into the oven until partly cooked. Remove and break an egg inside each ring. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake until set but not hard. Serve with a sprig of parsley.

## APRICOT CREAM

Rub enough canned apricots through a sieve to make one cup. Add 1 tsp. of unflavored gelatine which has been soaked in 1 Tbls. cold water and then dissolved by setting the cup in gently boiling water. Fold in 1 cup of cream, whipped, and freeze. You can enlarge this recipe, using the same proportions.

## BAKED STUFFED FLANK STEAK

3 lbs. flank steak  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
2 Tbls. salad oil  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. pepper

Have the butcher score and make a pocket in the steak. Wipe clean with a damp cloth. Mix lemon juice, oil and seasonings and brush inside of pocket. Fill cavity with stuffing—sew loosely. Put in a casserole, cover and bake for 3 1/4 hrs. in a 300° oven.

## STUFFING

5 Tbls. water  
2 Tbls. green pepper  
2 Tbls. parsley  
4 Tbls. onion  
2 cups soft bread crumbs  
1 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. poultry seasoning

Add water to finely chopped vegetables then cook until water is absorbed. Cool and combine with bread crumbs and seasonings.

## MOLDED TOMATO SALAD

2 Tbls. onion  
2 Tbls. green pepper  
1 stalk celery  
1 cup cold water  
1 clove  
1 small bay leaf

Chip vegetables and place in a saucepan. Add cold water, clove and bay leaf. Simmer for 10 minutes and then strain and measure. Should be about 1/2 cup.

Add:

1 1/2 cups tomato juice  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 Tbls. sugar  
1 Tbls. gelatine dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water for 5 minutes.

Chill in molds and serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

## SALMON CROQUETTES

1 3/4 cups cooked or canned salmon  
2 Tbls. butter  
1/3 cup flour  
1 cup milk  
Salt and pepper to taste  
1 tsp. lemon juice  
1 egg beaten  
Cracker crumbs

Make a white sauce of the fat, flour and milk. Add salt and pepper, salmon and lemon juice. Shape into croquettes, dip in the fine cracker crumbs, roll in beaten egg and again in the crumbs. Fry in deep fat until delicately brown.

## SUNSHINE PRESERVES

8 cups berries  
9 cups sugar  
Juice of 1 lemon

Cook sugar and berries for 10 minutes. Stir in lemon juice and can. If you want to make them into sun preserves, after stirring in the lemon juice, pour into shallow pans or platters and put sheets of glass over them. Put in the full sun until thickened and then can in sterilized jars.

## SUNLESS STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

4 cups berries, washed and stemmed. Cover berries with boiling water and let stand 1 minute. Drain. Add 1 cup sugar, bring to boil and boil for 5 minutes. Add 2 more cups sugar and boil 3 to 5 minutes or until thick as you desire. Remove from heat and stir in 1 tsp. lemon juice. Pour into shallow pan and let stand 24 hours, stirring occasionally. Pack cold in sterilized jars. Seal.

## COOKING FOR A BANQUET?

By Mabel Nair Brown

Are you on a committee to plan and prepare the menu for a banquet this spring? Then perhaps, if you are new at the job, you would like some ideas on the amount of food needed for 100 persons.

We will start with this typical springtime menu. Creamed chicken on biscuits or with mashed potatoes, spring fruit salad appetizer, buttered peas, relish plate, buttered rolls, jelly, cake, ice cream and coffee.

Here are the amounts to figure on using if preparing the above menu: Chicken (Uncooked, dressed weight) 35-40 lbs.

Potatoes (one-third C. per serving) 50 lbs.

Peas (one-third C. per serving) 6 No. 2 1/2 lb. packages of frozen peas. Allow one lb. butter or margarine to season peas.

Salad, orange-grapefruit section on lettuce leaves with French dressing) 6 heads of lettuce allows 2-3 leaves on each plate. There are 10 to 12 sections in a medium sized grapefruit and 9 to 12 sections in medium orange. It will take 1 to 1 1/2 qts. dressing.

Relish Plate—one tray for each 10 persons. (Pickles (small) 4 qts. gives 2 each; Olives, 4 qts. allows 2 each, carrot sticks.

Rolls—allow 2 for a serving if no biscuits are served, less if chicken is served on biscuits.

Jelly—8 med. glasses.

Cake—sheet cake 16"x20" makes 80 2 in. squares or use 6 - 8 in. layer cakes.

Ice Cream—small scoop per serving —10 qts. Figure 8 servings to each brick of ice cream.

Coffee—2 lbs. coffee and five gallons water.

Coffee Cream—2 1/2 qts.

Other foods you might be serving with the amounts to serve 100 are:

Punch (two-thirds cup per person) 4 gal.

Tea—1/2 to 3/4 lb.

Ham (regular with bone in, uncooked) 35 lbs.

Meat loaf—25 to 30 lbs. meat.

Turkey (roast with 1/2 to 3/4 lb. meat and bone allowed per person) 70 lbs.

Jellied Cranberry sauce—12 one lb. cans.

Lettuce (about 1/5 head per person) 24 med. heads.

Beets—(Harvard) 4 No. 10 cans diced beets.

Cabbage—(for slaw) 20 lbs.

Bread—(1 1/2 slices per person) 10 loaves.

Fruit for fruit cocktail—4 No. 10 cans or 16 No. 2 1/2 cans.

## Recipe for Biscuits For 100

6 qts. sifted flour

1 1/4 cups baking powder (cups is correct!)

1 1/2 Tbsp. salt

3 cups shortening

7 1/2 cups milk (perhaps more)

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening, add milk and mix lightly. Roll out 1/2 inch thick and cut with 2" cutter. Can divide dough for easier handling.



## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

In my letter last month I mentioned how March was coming in like a lion, and tonight it is certainly going out like a lion. The wind is blowing a terrific gale and it is snowing again. When I was in Shenandoah the last of February Lucile and I were talking about what a short winter it had been and how lucky we were that we didn't get all the snow they had had in the East. Well, the month of March has certainly made up for it.

Kristin and I did get to go to Shenandoah shortly after the folks came back. We went down on a Friday night as usual, and during the night it turned cold and began to rain. By ten o'clock Saturday morning everything was a sheet of ice and the weather was for more of the same for Sunday, so, since I had to be home on Monday for the school election, I decided that we should get to our train in Red Oak while it was still possible. So we left at noon, and we really didn't feel as if we had been there at all. It was a great disappointment.

There had been no snow in Shenandoah, so imagine our surprise when we stepped off the train into snow six inches deep and still snowing. I called Frank and told him we were in Chariton and to come and get us. By Monday morning Kristin's teacher was snowbound, so Frank took Kristin and me to my school. The little Jeep made it all right, but it took us an hour to go the eleven miles. I had to scoop a huge snowdrift away from the door before I could even get it open. Only six children showed up, and when Frank came after me he said I had better stop and tell my director that I wouldn't be there in the morning because by this time the drifts were so deep we were going to be lucky if we even made it home.

Tuesday and Wednesday we were at home, in fact, we couldn't even get out of the yard. On Thursday morning we started out again with our shovel in the back of the Jeep. This time we made it to within three miles of the school. At this place the snowplow had even given up because the drifts were almost as high as the Jeep. So we turned around and came home again, and there we stayed until Monday morning.

Here I was, with all this marvelous time to get some spring sewing done for Kristin, and I didn't have a single pattern or a piece of material in the house to work with. I did have some red wool that I had had for quite some time, so I got that out and made Kristin a new skirt to wear with the beautiful white blouse Lucile had made for her, and that was what she wore to Sunday School on Easter Sunday.

I had gotten Kristin a new Spring coat last year, and fully expected her to get another year's wear out of it, but when it came home from the cleaners and we tried it on, it was so short that she looked plain ridiculous. Her Aunt Edna and Aunt Bernie wanted to get her something for Easter, so they told me to go into town and pick out a coat for her,



Kristin and Juliana have gotten much pleasure from their set of miniature logs and built many cabins on the few occasions they could play together this winter. This big box of logs also comes in mighty handy when Martin and Emily stop by to play with Juliana.

which we did. Kristin was so thrilled and so was I. It is really a beautiful coat and different from anything she has ever had before. It is a brown tweed-like material with a little round collar of brown velveteen, fitted in back with a little back belt and a kick-pleat, and it buttons all the way down the front. She likes it because it makes her feel so grown-up.

Frank got all his pig brooders fixed up before the cold snap, and he was certainly glad, because he really needed them during that week. Kristin's little lamb didn't make the grade and she felt very badly about that. I told her just to wait, that we were going to have lots more lambs and no doubt she would have several to take care of.

The children at school were disappointed because we had snow all over the ground at Easter time so they didn't get to have their annual egg hunt. I noticed by the paper that they went ahead and had the hunts in several places, but the drifts in the school yard were so terribly deep, I knew they would get just soaking wet, so we played games inside instead. I gave them each an Easter basket full of eggs, and with the other refreshments they were happy. I did hear about one cute stunt that we could have played with eggs, but I didn't have enough string on hand to do it. I'll tell you about it though, and maybe you can use it in another year. You have an egg for each child with his name on it hidden around the room. Each egg has a string fastened to it with tape, then all the strings lead to the middle of the room. The strings are somewhat tangled and mixed up, and each child starts at the middle and tries to find the right string to his egg.

I'm awfully anxious to see the weather clear up and dry up, so I can give the schoolhouse a thorough cleaning. I'm so sick of mud being tracked in. It is impossible to keep the schoolhouse floor clean. We are also anxious to have some company from Shenandoah. The folks haven't been able to get up here since their return.

Well, it is getting late and Saturday at our house is always a busy, busy day. So until next month—

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Once again the first Sunday in June has been designated as National Shut-in Day. Be thinking about it and plan something extra for any shut-ins whom you may know — and if you don't know any, here are a few who will appreciate hearing from you.

Mrs. Florence Ferguson, Rt. 3, Box 295, Co. Inf., St. Joseph, Mo., has been bedfast for many years. Is unable to write but loves to get mail. Has arthritis.

Miss Alice Haberberg, 1664 St. Anthony Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn. Has been in bed 5 years, following rheumatic fever. Hopes to get up soon and is wearing shoes in bed to get feet used to them.

Martin Peyo, Elaine's Nursing Home, Sioux City, Iowa, was born paralyzed. Is in bed most of the time. Send cards, picture books, toys.

Mrs. C. C. Wehrer, 612 S 9 St., Norfolk, Nebraska, is bedfast. Has heart trouble and arthritis. Age 65. Wants to hear from you.

Mrs. Doris Harris, 1532 Washington St., Bath, Maine, needs cheery letters. Is crippled in both hands by arthritis. Unable to write but likes to do crossword puzzles. Son is in Korea.

Mrs. Hettie Stickland, c/o Sapp Nursing Home, Plymouth, Ill., is 87. Twelve years ago she broke her hip and has not walked since. Now her eyesight is completely gone. Enjoys letters.

Loretta J. Hess, Box 115, Mahaska, Kansas, age 12, is in a cast as result of polio. I'm sure you can think of nice things to do for her.

Donald W. Grooms, 500 W. Madison St., Franklin, Ind., had rheumatic fever and is confined to bed. He is 12.

DeeEllen Munsey, Sebasco Estates, Maine, age 5, had rheumatic fever a year ago. It left her very frail and with a weak heart. She is one of four children and the others can run and play. She can't. Do what you can to help her keep happy. Recently her mother had a serious operation.

Another rheumatic fever sufferer is Doris Godfrey, Welcome, Minn.

Gretta Thomas, 116 S 19 St., Payette, Idaho, is an invalid since she had polio. She is 32.

Mrs. Ed Sherrow, 2504 S 8 St., Lincoln, Nebraska, says she has spent more than a quarter of her life in a hospital. She is 70 now. She would love to hear from you, tho I am not sure she could answer.

So many of you have asked about Bill Jones. I had not heard for some time but now he sends word that he has been in the hospital at Wilkes Barre, Pa., since Nov. He has been very ill and had operations without too much success. For weeks he did not know anything. He wants you to know your letters always help and he hopes to hear from many of you. Send mail to his home address, R-175 S Wyoming, Kingston, Pa.

Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head and keeps pecking away until he finishes the job he starts.—Coleman Cox.



## MEMORIES OF THE PATCHWORK QUILT

### Mother-Daughter Banquet

By Mabel Nair Brown

How many memories are woven into the old-fashioned patchwork quilt! As the colorful pieces are joined together with tiny stitches by painstaking fingers, the mind of the patient seamstress tenderly dwells on the memories that each patch calls forth—this one from Teddy's first rompers, that was Amy's favorite pinafore, and, oh my! Here is a scrap from Jenny's very first little print dress. The precious story of "Home" seems to be told in the patchwork quilt and so we use it as the theme for our Mother-Daughter Banquet.

**Invitations:** Make a folder of white paper. On the front cover glue patches cut from colored paper or print material to form the patchwork design. Or you might use watercolors to do this if you are artistically inclined, perhaps lettering in such labels as this on the patches; "John's shirt", "Teddy's rompers" or "Betty's Easter dress". Write the invitation on the inside fold. This little verse might be used on the inside cover too:

"When dear Grandma sits and sews  
In and out her needle goes.  
In and out till she has built  
A memory garden in a quilt."

**Table decorations:** Centerpiece—use the old-fashioned wicker workbasket (sewing) with the lid turned back or leaning on the side of the basket. Fill the basket with pieces of pretty quilt scraps and balls of brightly colored yarn with streamers of the different colors running from the basket out to the nut cup at each place. If some small bridge tables are used to accommodate all the guests, try to find some little girls' toy sewing baskets to use on those. A pair of knitting needles might be arranged to stick from a ball of yarn in the basket.

The nut cups should carry out the workbasket idea, too. One suggestion would be to use the separator strainer pads. Paste the small patchwork pieces of print material on one side of the pad, then run a gathering string of yarn around the outer edge. Draw this yarn up to fit around the top rim of the nut cup. You will see that the strainer pad will form the shape of a squat little workbasket. One could use crayons to mark the lines on the pad to resemble the wicker reeds instead of the patchwork design. Gild tooth picks for knitting needles for these nut cup baskets and fasten the place card to one of the toothpicks. One of the sunbonnet needle holders would make a clever favor for each guest. These are made by making the tiny sunbonnets of print and fastening a flannel pad in the wide brim of the bonnet.

**Menu and Program:** Dip a large piece of muslin in a plastic starch solution, dry and iron. Then cut this into rectangles which you will fold like invitation folders. If you have pinking shears, use them to cut these, giving a decorative edge. Decorate the front cover with a quiltblock de-

sign. On the inside write the menu and program with indelible ink. Tie the folders with yarn.

Decorate the napkins by gluing two or three triangles or squares of gay print material in one corner.

If carnations are to be presented to the mothers, they may be placed at each place. As the guests are seated, each daughter might stand, introduce her mother and pin the carnation on her. For this particular banquet, if you are buying flowers anyway, may I suggest you get Forget-me-nots and make tiny corsages of them by inserting the stems through the center of a very small paper doily.

The following is a sample program carrying out the patchwork quilt theme.

Since the different speakers will be placing a "patch" on the memory quilt, place a large square of white material or a sheet on the wall where it can be seen by all, or one could fasten it on an improvised quilt frame so that it would stand easel fashion. Each speaker as she finishes her talk will step up and fasten her patch on the quilt. To prepare the material for this part of the program, you will need to have a paper pattern the size of the sheet used for the background. You will cut this in irregularly shaped pieces—as many pieces as you have speakers. These pieces will be the patterns to use for the colored patches for each speaker. Each patch should be numbered and this number should be lightly penciled on the foundation sheet or material so each speaker knows just where her patch is to go. When the last speaker has put on her patch the finished effect will be that of the old favorite, the "Crazy Quilt". Small straight pins can be provided for fastening on the patches. I should think one might very well carry out this idea with paper instead of material if preferred. The patches could be fastened on with Scotch tape.

**Toastmistress:**

"When my grandma sits and sews,  
In and out her needle goes,  
In and out till she has built,  
A memory garden in a quilt.  
Recalling songs, the fairy tales,  
The injured hand, the childish wails,  
The saddened moons on loved grave stones,  
Drift through her thoughts in every tone,

Drift like lazy autumn bees,  
These treasure-laden memories.  
Every patch and every seam  
Are hieroglyphics of a dream."

**Music:** "Memories" or "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" (optional).

**Welcome:** Mothers, to me has been given the great pleasure and the honor of bidding you a most heartwarming welcome and to try to tell you how happy we are to have you here, how honored we are to share this occasion with you. No words can ever half express all the love and gratitude we hold in our hearts for you, our mothers—we can only hope that in this instance "Actions will speak louder than words"! A house is built of wood and bricks and stone, but a home is built of loving deeds and sweet memories

that will stand for countless years to come and we well know that it is Mother who is the head architect of the home.

"All honor to our mothers,  
So loyal, true and blest;  
Whose lives were lived for others,  
—To us they gave their best.  
Their thought was ever for us,  
For us their earnest prayer;  
Their love was ever o'er us.  
To guard us everywhere.  
Unto the gracious Father,  
Our grateful thanks we bring;  
For His dear gift of Mother,  
Whose praises now we sing.  
Her sacrifices loving,  
She made for you and me;  
So let us give her honor,  
As long as time shall be."

—Selected.

**Music:** Solo, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine".

**Response:** On behalf of every mother present, I want to say "Thank you" for the wonderful tribute you have paid us. If we have been all that you would credit to us as mothers, I want to say we have been well repaid in all the joys which our families have brought to us. No greater blessing can come to any woman than to have a home with children in it. You have pointed out to us how great a responsibility we have—how much of what our children are to be in years to come depends on us. It is a great undertaking—to show them what to do by what we do, to show them what to become by what we are. With your faith to inspire us and God's guidance to show us the way, we can strive to live up to ideals you have for us.

**Toastmistress:** I am sure that in the heart of every woman here are a countless number of memories of Mother and of the home of her childhood, yes, and of some part of her grownup days which Mother has shared. Of course we cannot begin to share them all, but we have asked several friends to share with us some of the memories of their home and their mother with which we can fashion our Patchwork Quilt of Memories.

**First Speaker:** From babyhood it seems to me I have been conscious of my mother's love. My! Mother's love could do anything! It soothed hurt feelings, healed a bump, smoothed the disappointments and oh, how wonderful was just the plain cuddling and loving which Mother shed on us at every turn.

"The best love is the love that leads  
To sacrifice and kindly deeds.  
And this love dwells within the  
deeps

O Mother's heart—it never sleeps.  
A love that lives in shine and shade  
And does not ask to be repaid.  
There is no love that's just like this;  
There is no kiss like Mother's kiss.  
In all the world no other love  
Can be the same as Mothers Love."

So I will put on the first memory patch for *Mother's Love*. I am particularly thinking of the times when I knew I had been naughty or had been a disappointment to my mother and yet at bedtime, there she was to tuck



me in with a goodnight kiss. I went to sleep secure in the shelter of her love. (She places her patch as she gives her last sentence.)

*Second Speaker:* When I think of Mother, I like to remember her tolerance and understanding. She always looks for the good in everyone and in every situation. When others are too quick to find fault, too quick to condemn a neighbor on circumstantial evidence, it is Mother who says, "Let us not be too harsh or condemn too quickly. Perhaps there is a good reason or an explanation that will make us see things in a different light." In the quarrels that are a part of the childhood of brothers and sisters, in the little home catastrophes that came about through our disobedience or our desire to explore the new, Mother's tolerance put us back on an even keel once more. For the *Tolerance* she showed at home and toward her neighbors I'll honor Mother with my patch.

*Third Speaker:* I am so glad that we have *Praying Mothers*. Some of the sweetest memories surely are centered around the bedtime prayer, and how well we recall Mother reading to us the favorite Bible Stories. What a wonderful heritage the child has who can remember a mother who took an active part in the church of her choice! As we grow older, what a source of inspiration and contentment it is to know that we are still remembered in Mother's prayer! My memory piece in the quilt would be for Mother's *Faith*.

"God bless you! Why, it means so much

I almost whisper as I say it;  
I dream that unseen fingers touch  
My hands in answer as I pray it.  
May all it means to all mankind  
In all its wondrousness possess  
you,  
Through sun and cloud and calm  
and wind,  
God bless you!"

—Selected.

*Fourth Speaker:* How many of you are remembering fun in the home? Surely Mother's *Humor* should have a place in our quilt. Isn't it wonderful when Mother can laugh as hard as anyone when the children, dressed in the contents of a trunk in the attic, put on an impromptu program. And blessed is the child who remembers a mother who could laugh at the funny sight you made standing helplessly in the middle of the spilt milk rather than scold you for the broken pitcher. What a wonderful thing to recall, too, a mother who could have a peck of fun playing a game of baseball or "Kick the Wicket" right along with the children. Yes, my patch is for Mother's *Humor*.

*Fifth Speaker:* A treasured memory of mine is of Mother's *Devotion* to her family, her home and her community. Those were the things she called "her job" and she was ever alert for new ways to make them better, to actually "do something" to improve the home and the community. It means so much to have a mother who is not only interested in a child's school experience but will take time

to be a good listener when he is ready to "tell it all" between bits of the after school bread and jam. The mother whose devotion to family means sharing their home graciously with friends of the children is one long remembered with gratitude. Certainly we want a patch for *Devotion* in our memory quilt. This poem seems to best express the meaning of Mother's *Devotion*.

"I live for those who love me  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above  
me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do."  
—Banks.

*Sixth Speaker:* My favorite memory picture of Mother is as she walked in her old-fashioned flower garden, gathering a bouquet of flowers for some child, to take to a sick friend or to arrange on our dining room table. Mother loved beauty, not only beautiful flowers in her garden, but the trees, the green grass and all of the great out-of-doors. She taught us, too, to see the beauty in a flowering weed, a bank of pure new-fallen snow, in a loaf of home-made bread, or the graceful sweep of a gnarled leafless tree against a grey winter sky. From her we learned the beauty in a poem and in a song. I can see her today as I saw her many times in the years gone by—her hands busy with the dishes in a pan of suds while she quoted poetry to the small fry as they dried the dishes. I would put a patch on our quilt for Mother's *Appreciation of Beauty*.

Music: Song, "An Old-Fashioned Garden".

Toastmistress carefully takes down the quilt during this song and at its close she steps forward with the quilt over her arm and says, "So we see that year by year we add the beloved patches to our Patchwork Quilt of Memory and to us all, as we become older, is bequeathed this memory quilt to cherish and to pass along to our children as the years go by. We fold each little memory as I have folded our quilt and tuck it away where we may call it forth often to encourage, to inspire and to bless. Thus Mother's Love live on forever. Shall we stand and join hands in love and fellowship while I quote these lines by Frona Scott.

"Forget-me-nots we bring to you,  
Remembering your service true.  
Forget-me-nots shall sweetly say,  
'Blessings on this Mother's Day.'  
These blossoms mean we think of  
you,

Each year they speak a message  
new.

The fairest flowers that ever grew,  
Are none to fair or sweet for you.  
Forget-me-nots we, too, will be.  
Forget-me-nots of memory."

and so

"When dear grandma breaks her  
thread

For the last time, and dreams are  
fled,  
A monument she will have built,  
With needle, thread, and Patch-  
work Quilt."

## THE STAR OF MOTHERHOOD

Out in the mists of an unknown sea,  
Battling rocks and foam,  
A wee little ship, with a cargo of love,  
Waits to be piloted home.

Anxiously here at the shore we wait  
For the dear little ship to come,  
For only a mother may cross the surf  
To pilot this little ship home.

But know we not how, in the long ago,  
There came from Heaven above,  
To dwell in a mother's heart below,  
The Wonderful Spirit of Love?

How He came to earth in the self  
same way

In the form of a little child,  
That never a mother need brave alone  
The rocks and the tempests wild?

He knows the way through peril to  
joy,  
And will walk by each mother's  
side,

No way too dreary or hard or long  
That by love has been glorified.  
—Martha Field Eaton.

## MOTHER AND HOME

The home that holds a mother  
Is a cheery place and fair,  
Her smile lights up the corners  
And puts the sunshine there,  
There's peace and joy and comfort,  
There's gladness every minute,  
For the home that holds a mother  
Has a bit of heaven in it.

—Selected.

## A WORTHY LESSON

The camel at the close of day,  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off  
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou shouldst to thy knees,  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And have thy Master lift thy load,  
And grant repose.

Else, how canst thou tomorrow meet,  
With all tomorrow's work to do,  
If thou, thy burden all the night  
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at morning's dawn  
To have his guide replace his load,  
And rises up to take anew  
The desert road.

—Selected

## THE CLOCK OF LIFE

The clock of life is wound but once  
and no man has the power to tell just  
when the hands will stop, late or early  
morning hour. Now is the time we  
own. Life, love, strive with a will, for  
tomorrow the hands may be still.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### JOHNNY RABBIT GETS FOOLED

By Blanche Neal Shipley

Johnny Rabbit hopped out into the bright light of the clear fresh morning, sniffed of the wholesome air, and decided it was very good to be alive on such a wonderful day. Yes, very good indeed. He hopped briskly here and there around his brush pile home, looking for something to do on such a grand morning.

"Now, Johnny," warned his mother from the kitchen window, "don't go near the farmer's garden today. I saw a big dog over there yesterday and last night I am sure a big tomcat was prowling around. You must keep close to home."

Johnny Rabbit wrinkled his little nose in a funny grin. "Mothers are such worry bunnies," he mused to himself. "Why, I could out-hop any old dog or cat on this farm."

Everything became still in the rabbit home, and Johnny knew his mother was busy with the mending, so off he hopped lickity cut, straight to the farmer's garden. He stopped short, looked all around for danger signals, sniffed a couple of times, and leaped right into the middle of a fine bunch of lettuce.

"There's nothing like fresh, green vegetables to give one vitamins and pep for the day's work," Johnny thought to himself, nibbling furiously at the lettuce and the radishes. Then he spied the young beans coming up evenly down the long row, so he nibbled off each one quite close to the ground.

"Guess I'll have peas for dessert", he said half aloud, and straightway ate a liberal helping of the tender, juicy plants.

The farmhouse door slammed, and the farmer came out to start his work in the field. The farmer's wife came out with a funny looking spray gun and began going over the rose bushes. Children began to romp and play, and Corky, the dog, barked joyously as he romped with them.

"Guess it's time for me to scram", Johnny Rabbit mumbled to himself with his mouth full of peas, so off he hopped as fast as he could caper to his home in the brush pile.

Mother Rabbit was a bit concerned when Johnny refused to eat much dinner, but Grandpa Rabbit said, "He'll be all right. Could be he has a reason for not eating much." Grandpa grinned at Johnny, and Johnny felt so uncomfortable that he excused himself and went out under a shade tree to snooze awhile.

"Grandfathers are such wise bunnies", he said to himself. "I won-

der if he really knows where I've been."

The farmer's wife worked all day in the flowers and the vegetables. She sprayed and weeded and hoed and plowed. It was quite late in the evening when she came to the lettuce and radishes and beans and peas. Imagine her surprise and disgust when she found parts of the rows nibbled to the ground.

"For goodness sakes!" she exclaimed. "Whatever has done this?"

"Looks like rabbit mischief to me", answered her husband. "Why don't you bug dust those remaining plants?"

"That's an excellent idea", she agreed, so off she went to get the bug dust, and she carefully dusted the entire garden.

The next morning Johnny Rabbit sneaked out bright and early, and made a streak right to the farmer's garden. Making sure that the dog was not near and that no tomcat was lurking close by, Johnny hopped joyously into the garden. "What a garden!" he exclaimed. "I intend to eat my breakfast here every day this summer."

So saying, he grabbed a big bite of cabbage, and began munching as fast as he could. But, alas! Johnny had a big surprise. Yes, indeed, a big surprise for such a tiny bunny.

"Oh, Oh," he cried, spitting and fuming, "What is wrong? Oh, dear! Let me find some peas, quick!"

He hurried over to the peas, and bit off a big mouthful.

"No, no, not that!" he spit and spit again. "They have gone bad, too."

Johnny hopped frantically from plant to plant, from row to row, first nibbling here, and then nibbling there, but each mouthful brought such spitting and fussing that the noise at last aroused Corky, the dog, and he came bounding down the path with fire in his eye. "Bow, wow, wow!" he barked. "I'll get that naughty rabbit for my breakfast."

Johnny turned head over heels and headed for home so fast that he forgot to spit any more, and he never stopped until he was safe inside his brush pile home. Grandpa Rabbit eyed him with his funny grin.

"What's the matter, son? Didn't your vegetables agree with you today?" and he chuckled merrily.

"Why, Johnny," scolded Mother Rabbit. "Have you been in the farmer's garden?"

"Yes," answered that little rabbit, ashamed of himself for being so naughty, "and there was something awful on every bite I took today. I



These two little girls, Roxanne and Barbara Wiebe of Ralston, Nebraska, call up all of spring, we think. Their Grandmother took the picture.

feel sick."

Grandpa Rabbit laughed until his big fat stomach shook bumpy bump.

"That was only bug dust, son. I saw the farmer's wife dusting the whole garden last night, so I just kept still. Thought you needed to be taught a lesson. Ha! Ha! Guess you learned your lesson all right. Ha! Ha!"

Johnny Rabbit crawled up on his mother's soft lap and whispered, "I'll mind you next time, Mom. You always know best." Then he snuggled in her arms and went to sleep.

### AUNT SUE'S JITTERY JINGLE

I'm sure you're always clean and neat,  
When it's time to go and eat.  
Although you may have other plans,  
Quickly run and wash your hands,  
For you've grown big enough, I think,  
To pull a chair up to the sink,  
(Not bother Mother when she's busy)  
And brush your hair if it's too frizzy.  
Please help little brother, too,  
'Til he gets as big as you.  
Then Daddy will say, "How sweet  
Children are, when clean and neat."

### FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

Now that you are playing outdoors most all of the time, you are probably finding that it is harder than ever to keep up with your appetite! Here is a healthful and nourishing "snack" you can fix easily by yourself.

#### YELLOW BUTTER SANDWICHES

Hard-cook 3 eggs and mash finely with a fork. Add 1/8 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, 6 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Blend this all to a smooth paste. Spread this "butter" on thickly between slices of bread.

#### PLANTATION MILK SHAKE

1/4 cup peanut butter  
1 tablespoon honey  
2 cups milk  
1/4 teaspoon vanilla  
Dash of salt

Place peanut butter, honey and salt in a bowl, add 1/4 cup milk and whip with a rotary beater until smooth. Add remaining milk gradually; beat until smooth. Add vanilla. Chill in refrigerator until ready for use. When serving, top each glass with a dash of nutmeg. Makes 2 tall glasses.



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## FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

For a very pretty, yet easy to do Mother's Day service, you may wish to do this exercise. If given at night you will find it most effective to have the room darkened and light tapers for each of the letters. Or it may be given with desired effects by placing a gold letter at the base of a large bouquet. Once each letter is properly placed, of course, you will have spelled out "MOTHER."

Throughout this reading, you may have soft music played off stage and you may add songs, poems, etc., as time and talent permits.

**READER:** "MOTHER" is a beautiful word and as we dwell upon it we shall see how, like a rose, it unfolds in all beauty and perfection. "M-O-T-H-E-R-S," seven letters in all, and the number seven typifies work finished or perfected. God created for six days, saw everything He had made was good and on the seventh day He rested. Our mothers are that seventh number—the person complete, the one by whom we measure perfection, the one in whom we find rest and enjoyment. Now let us look at these letters separately and see what makes up this work complete.

**M** "M" surely stands for "many." Many washings, many ironings, many sleepless nights. Tasks too many to enumerate yet nothing gives a mother more contentment than performing these many tasks of love for her family. And so for "M" I light this taper. (If you place letters you will, of course, substitute this last sentence.)

**O** "O" must stand for our own mother. How can we better express this than repeating the familiar words of the poem, "Only One Mother". (This poem is available in many books). So for our own mother I light this taper.

**T** "T" will stand for true. It matters not whether we are rich or poor, good or bad, our mother's love remains true. It stays fixed as the sun in the heavens and our personal universe revolves around it, is attracted to it and never gets beyond its boundless expanse. And so for true, I shall light this taper.

**H** "H", I think, appropriately stands for "hands." Mother's hands are so tender in administering to the sick and so capable and strong for work in the home or even in field, factory, or office when crisis demands.

So for the versatile hands of mother, I light this taper tall.

**E** "E" is for mother's eternal love. Her love stands out like a beacon to steer us through life's storms and bring us safely into the harbor. (An

appropriate song may be sung about mother's love.) And for eternal love I light this taper.

**R** "R" shall stand for reverence—not the Godly reverence set aside for Godly worship but a reverence and respect that broadens with each growing year. James Whitcomb Riley sums this up in this poem, "A Boy's Mother." (Available in many books) So reverently, I light this candle for the deep respect we have for Mother.

**S** "S" is for sacrifice and we know that this is typical of all mothers whether it be eating all the chicken necks at Sunday dinners or wearing the old faded clothes another year so sister may have the new formal. But no mother calls this sacrifice—it is a privilege to give her children these many advantages. So for "S" I light this taper—sacrifice.

**READER** Now that our candles are lighted we see the glory of Mothers perfected in their glow. There we have the seven words characteristic of Mothers. While man looketh on the outward appearance, God looketh on the heart. And when He sees a mother's heart that is so filled with love He must rejoice at such perfect inward beauty and perfection.

## YOUR BALANCED READING DIET

By Myrtle E. Felkner

A woman I know has never read a book from cover to cover! "They just don't interest me," she explains. "I read magazine stories once in a while." To one who cut her teeth on a fourth grade geography, this is not only incredible, but smacks directly of parental neglect of the intellectual welfare of a child as well. To me, it seems as important to provide the means by which a child may develop his mind as it is to provide the food and nutrients so necessary to his physical growth. To be a friend of the library is, indeed, to own a passport to the best minds of the centuries.

The educational facilities available today are far greater than those of twenty or even fifteen years ago. There is scarcely a child today who has not heard a lecture illustrated by movie slides or who regards the radio and motion pictures as strange phenomena. Yet sometimes we wonder if these advantages may not eventually direct children further and further from the delightful experiences to be found between the covers of a well-loved book. There is no aspect of my own childhood so cherished as the companionable hours our family spent over our books each evening.

Electricity had not made its advent into our rural community in those days, but the best Alladin lamp was placed in the center of the dining room table each evening, and about it gathered four youngsters, each of us pursuing a book indicative of our age. It was an iron-clad rule in our home that the oldest must read aloud to the younger ones before he could read his own book. As we each learned to read, it became a monument to a new achievement when it came our turn to become the "reader" for the

younger ones. How proud we were when the "Wizard of Oz" fell magically from our lips, and although young minds occasionally struggled over the harder words, it is to the credit of the younger ones that no reproach was ever forthcoming . . . as long as the story remained unscathed!

How rich and rewarding, too, were those years when, under the direction of an extremely capable literature teacher, I first began to explore the works of Victor Hugo, Galsworthy and Shakespeare. William Cullen Bryant, Walt Whitman, Poe, Emerson, and Henry Van Dyke . . . all of them left an indelible memory of word mastery and intriguing plot upon my mind.

In later years I have found myself turning more and more to light autobiography as a source of greatest literary pleasure among modern works. Without closing my eyes to the sins of us mortals, I cannot accept as fact or indicative of the American way of life such revolting stories as some of those so popular on modern bookshelves . . . "The Wayward Bus," "Story of Mrs. Murphy," and "The Sun Is My Undoing," to mention a few. We may well be thankful that there are scores of clean amusing books available, though less advertised, and that we may find in them the refreshment we seek. "Autobiography of Wm. Allan White," "Catherine of Aragon," "My Chinese Wife," "Papa Was a Preacher," "The Egg and I," "Chicken Every Sunday," "Preacher on Horseback" . . . these are some titles for your greater reading pleasure.

I hope that you will join with me in a fuller, more comprehensive reading program in the months to come. I hope there is not one of us who will fail to read one good book, "cover to cover," each month. You will enjoy the results of this endeavor, not only while actually reading the book, but in discussing it with your friends, and eventually you will find that mutual pleasure in good literature will become one more strong family tie.

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortune perfectly like a Christian.—Alexander Pope.

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