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Kitchen-Klatter

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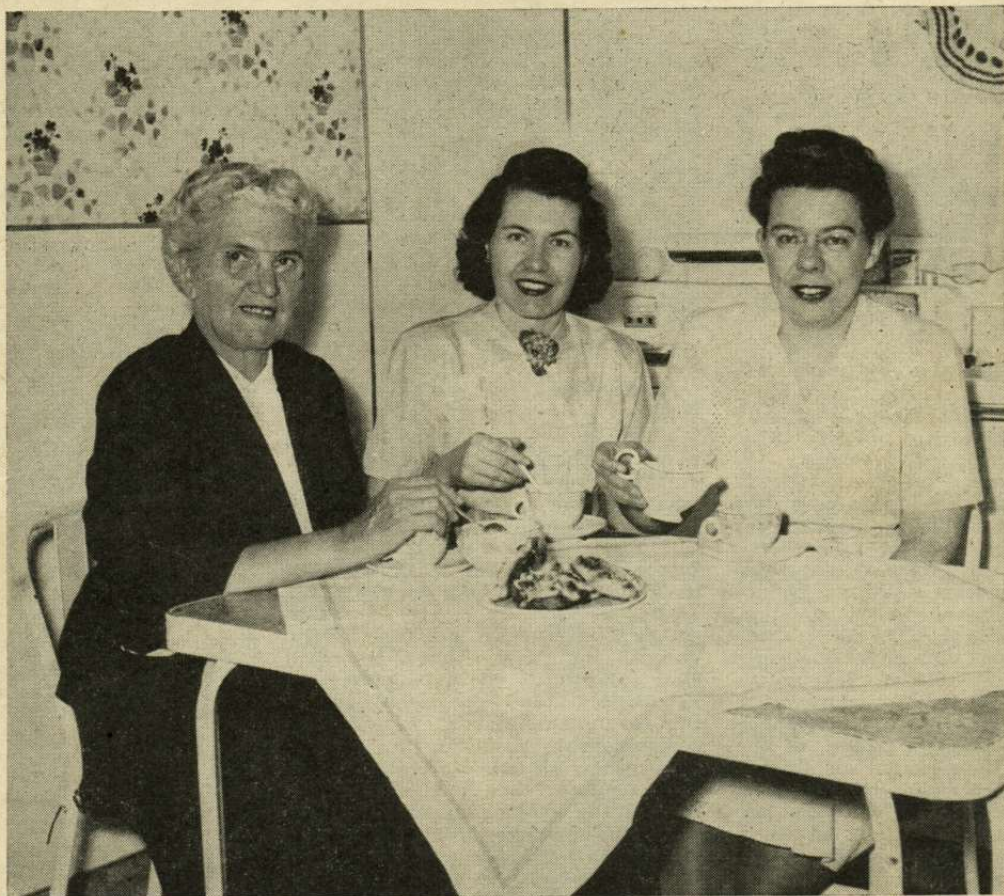


Photo by Verness.

If you were to drop in at 201 East Summit Avenue here in Shenandoah just about any morning at 10:30 you'd find the three of us having a cup of coffee before time to go into our little office and get ready for our radio visit with you. It seems strange to identify us, but after all this *may* be the first copy of our magazine you've ever seen, so if it is . . . well, Leanna is at the left, Margery is next to her, and Lucile is at the right.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Those of you who have been reading my letters for a long time know that among my favorite poems is the beautiful one that begins, "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June" . . . and every year at this time I find it going through my mind when I sit down to write to you. All morning long it's been uppermost in my thoughts, for surely this is the kind of a day about which it was written. There is a lovely south wind blowing through the house, and outside the garden is a glorious sight. It makes up for a lot of the dreary, rainy days that we had for so long this spring.

No doubt many of you made more changes in your house this spring than we did. Our downstairs bedroom was repapered, my little office was also repapered, and we got the woodwork painted in the living room, dining room and library, but that's the extent of it.

I like the color of our woodwork for it is a soft, almost aqua toned whitish-green that blends well with the paper. I find it a relief from the dead white (originally) that we had for so long, and I believe that it will be easier to keep clean. We never had white woodwork during the years our children were small for I never felt that I could cope with it, but these days it has at least a fighting chance to stay in reasonably good condition.

As I write this we have not yet been able to get up to Lucas to see Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. Their roads were in terrible shape for many weeks, and Dorothy told me in a telephone conversation that the oldest of the old-timers in their section could never remember such mud. We've been anxious to get up there since our last trip was made in the fall, but we've had to wait until there was enough of a bottom in the roads that we could get over them.

Wayne and Abigail have been pretty much torn up these past few weeks for they had work done on their kitchen, and also on the exterior. Their kitchen was the old-fashioned kind that could never be made workable and efficient until windows and doors were rearranged and some counter space was built in. They also needed to get rid of a rickety old back porch that served no purpose and was downright dangerous, so that came off and a better way was found

to enter the house from the rear. Emily thought it was nice to have so much commotion going on, but Abigail had other ideas on the subject! It's certainly a relief when carpenters, plasterers, and painters finally wind up a job and you can light in and get things cleaned up.

Wayne told me yesterday that through the nursery season (which we're just winding up) Emily watched him like a hawk during meals, and if he got up from the table for any reason she said instantly, "Are you going to the office, daddy?" He said that the other night he came in the house at 6:30 and sat down to read the paper before eating supper. He had been reading only a couple of minutes when he remembered something in the house that he wanted to check up on, so he put down the paper and Emily said, "Are you going to the office, daddy?" If you'd substitute the word "field" for office, you'd probably get the reaction of most farm children during the heavy spring work.

Martin is still going to his little nursery school every morning, and enjoys it very much. Our neighborhood happens to be one that has not changed much through the years, and this means that the people who were raising their families when we first lived here in 1916 are now getting on in years just as we are, and their children have grown and gone. Both Juliana and Martin have had few close playmates in our immediate neighborhood, and while school solved this for Juliana, Martin's best bet for companionship has been these mornings spent with four other children of approximately the same age. He's learned the give and take that only comes by playing with others, and starting in to kindergarten next year won't be as hard for him as it would have been otherwise.

Frederick and Betty urge us to come and visit them, and we are very eager to see Mary Leanna and David, but as yet we haven't been able to make any definite plans. Traffic in the East is so heavy that we hesitate to start out, and since I've never been in that part of the country and would like to see so much, I'd prefer not going by train. Well, we may be able to figure out something before winter comes again.

Before long now we are expecting

my sister, Martha Eaton, to return from New Jersey. She has been there with her son's family since before Christmas, and we've certainly missed her. I am hoping that she will be able to spend a great deal of time with us when she gets back, and those of you who've mentioned enjoying her original poems that she's read on our Kitchen-Klatter program now and then, will probably get a chance to hear her again.

My sister Sue has been with us on many weekends through this spring, and Sunday afternoons have generally found the two of us, plus Helen, having a good visit.

The pansy quilt that I told you about last month is in the final stages, and when it is completely finished I want Russell to photograph it so that I can show you what I've done. Aside from this quilt I've made some pansy dish towels (a full dozen) and done odd sewing jobs for Lucile and Margery. I told Dorothy that I'd be glad to let out hems in Kristin's dresses if she'd send them down, but she wrote and said that Kristin had grown so tall that the hems were already down, several had been faced, and there was no place left to go—the dresses simply had to be passed on and new ones made.

We were happy to receive an announcement that Jean Marie Cathcart arrived on May 24th. Kerry Lee is pleased to have what she ordered, a sister, and although I know that Mildred will be extra busy this summer, I hope that she can find time to share her good ideas with all of us. Mildred is one of these women (and they're quite a few of them) who does all of her husband's bookkeeping for him, so you can see that she manages well to spend those extra hours at her typewriter.

We're hoping that Donald will get at least a three day furlough before long. The last time he was here we were in California, so it seems like many, many months have passed since we've seen him. He has taken a number of long flights and has sent us cards from very remote places, so unless they fly at too great an altitude he's gotten a chance to look down on a lot of country.

Juliana enjoyed her school work so much this year that she was sorry to see the second grade come to an end. Lucile was pleased at such a change for the first grade had plenty of thorns in it. Juliana told me yesterday that the nicest thing about summer was the chance it gave her to spend most of it with Kristin, either here or on the farm, and probably by the time you read this they will have had their first good visit.

The little bell on the stove has just chimed and this means that my nut bread and custards are ready to come out, so I must go and take care of them. I realize that you're all as busy as you can be, but let me say again that I am doubly appreciative of the letters you take time to write, and the morning mail remains the high spot of my day.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna.

Come into the Garden

FLOWERS AND WEDDINGS

By Pansy M. Barnes

The first man and the first woman began their life together in the Garden of Eden, surrounded by blooming trees and beautiful flowers of all kinds. There were singing birds and gorgeous butterflies. The air was soft and balmy and laden with fragrance.

Down through the ages, the choicest blooms have formed the settings for the young couples starting their life journeys together.

Today, more and more people are finding health and joy in working in the good earth. When a great occasion such as a wedding occurs in a family, what a thrill it is to provide the flowers for it from the home garden. This means work and planning ahead. No one wishes to strip formal borders of their blooms, but a bit of the vegetable plot can be taken for a cutting garden. Plants can be grown in rows and cultivated with a wheel hoe easily and quickly.

Iris have been called the "poor man's orchid", but many of the new ones are as expensive as the choicest orchid plant. However, priced within the reach of most of us are gorgeous varieties that have long stems and petals of good substance. If you know right now, for instance, that there will be a wedding in your family in late May or June of next year, don't let the coming fall planting season pass by without putting out a 50 foot row of Iris. For this purpose, concentrate on white and shades of pink. Blue and yellow varieties do not show off as well, particularly when placed in tall baskets or jardinières. And you'll be using both of these when you are decorating for a wedding.

The little bouquets of a few flowers which we enjoy everyday are not appropriate in wedding decorations. The arrangements must be large and carefully done and, as a rule, they should be symmetrical. That is, the high point should be exactly in the center, and flowers on both the left and right of this center should be exactly alike. If the arrangement is to be seen only from the front, it can be what we call "one-sided", but if it is to be viewed both from the front and back, these should be the same.

Madonna lilies would delight any bride. These can only be planted in the fall and in Southwestern Iowa are in their glory in early June. Regal lilies, another beauty for wedding decorations, open in late June and early July. Tall white delphiniums and baby's breath combine elegantly with these, either in the border or in bouquets.

Peonies are a joy to use in big arrangements. All three stages of bloom, the buds, half-open and fully open, give satisfaction in their rhythm. As a musical composition would be uninteresting without quarter-notes, half-notes and whole notes,

so a flower arrangement achieves one rhythm in this way.

By planting early, medium, and late varieties of peonies, one can be sure of having some at the right time despite the season. Furthermore, if they are cut just as color shows and placed in cold storage where they will be cool but not frozen, they will be available for some time.

For an early May wedding, tulips would be lovely. Here again we can get early, medium and late varieties. The long-stemmed Darwins make spectacular arrangements, and the peony-flowered ones really deserve their name.

Along with tulips come the French lilacs in single and double white and pale pink. They will provide armsful of glorious, fragrant bloom. Lilac villosa (which comes from China) is single, pale pink, late blooming and is a dream with iris and peonies.

For a church wedding, great care should always be taken in arranging the decoration for the altar. The container should be white or very pale cream, and since it will necessarily be shallow, the pin-holder used should have a heavy metal base. To my way of thinking, nothing in this line can surpass a holder that I had made a few years ago from short lengths of old brass pipe one-half inch in diameter. I had this welded together (anyone who has even small welding equipment could do it himself), and it makes such a superb holder that it will not tip over regardless of how heavy an arrangement is placed in it, and the stems "stay put".

Since this altar arrangement will be viewed from the front only, it can be one-sided. The tallest stem should go exactly in the center; it should also be about 1½ times the length of the container. The stems on each side of the central one should be slightly lower than it and exactly the same height. The next two should be still lower and identical in height. In using white delphiniums, five stems could be effective in this way. Below them, white peonies could be placed and the petals of the lower ones should come slightly over the edge of the container.

The altar rail is lovely if one can cover it with a mist of double gypsophylla or baby's breath and "star" this with lilies. Next to the altar rail, pairs of tall candelabra can be used, or tall white baskets of flowers. A number of jardinières can be used along the front edge of the platform, and these should be identical in size, shape and color. One can often buy half a dozen that are alike in shape, but which may be assorted in color—or ugly in color. It is a simple matter to paint these and they really should be a part of the equipment of any church to be used for special occasions.

Frequently the family's plans for decorations call for placing flowers on the pew ends of the center aisle, but if these flowers must be tied on

they are likely to look wilted and faded before the ceremony. Now this can be avoided by what might be called a pew "pocket" and a set of these are inexpensive and certainly could well be church equipment. Your local tinner could easily make these slightly flattened cones about 10 inches in length and 4 inches in diameter at the top. A small hole in the top of each pocket at the back will fit over a small screw in the end of the pew, thus holding them securely. They should be painted white or cream color. It is no trick to arrange a few blossoms in these, and the water in the pocket will keep them beautifully fresh.

For a home wedding, the arrangement for the table is very important. If possible, the container should be of silver or crystal, and if guests are to be seated don't use any flower more than 10 inches in height in the arrangement. However, if the table is to be used only for serving, taller flowers would be all right. Roses from your garden would be exquisite in this combined with baby's breath. Tulips would be equally lovely. Iris could be used with lilacs, but be sure to shorten the stems of the latter and remove all foliage.

If the ceremony is performed in the home, a fireplace makes a lovely background. A big arrangement can be used in the center of the mantle, and it can be extended over the edge with trailing ivy or something similar. Large baskets of flowers should stand at either side of the fireplace. There is one important thing to remember in decorating your home for a wedding: *use good taste*. Decorations can be and should be very beautiful, but they must never be so lavish as to call attention away from the bride!

Garden weddings at sunset are always long to be remembered. Certainly there can be no more beautiful setting. If you have a daughter or daughters in your family, and if the traditions of your church do not require that the ceremony be performed within the church, then begin thinking now about landscaping your garden for this future event. As each planting season comes along, think ahead to flowers for bouquets and one special corner that could be developed with this future event in mind. You'd have to travel far and wide to find anything more beautiful than a white lattice blazing with Paul's Scarlet, or a dream of delicate color with the New Dawn and Prosperity ever-blooming climbing roses!

MUSIC OF SPRING

I will sing
When waking buds unfold
And green leaves
Herald every blooming thing;
And in them find God's matchless art—
A balm for every heart.
When petaled fragrance
Penetrates the air,
I will rejoice
To find God everywhere,
And hear His voice
In music of the spring.

—Delphia Stubbs.

WE'D LIKE TO ACCEPT FREDERICK'S INVITATION

Dear Folks:

There has been much excitement at our house for the past couple of days, and the net outcome of it all is a beautiful chain-link fence around our back yard. The purpose of the fence is to protect our children and their friends from yielding to the temptation to cross the street. Two weeks ago a little boy was run over right in front of our house, and since then the high cost of fencing has seemed very inexpensive indeed. When I came home from the office to view the completed fence, I found Mary Leanna in the act of demonstrating to her friends how easily she could crawl over the top. I immediately demonstrated what would happen if I ever caught her repeating her demonstration.

Mary Leanna is not big enough to open the gate herself, but one of her playmates is able to open it. We have yet to decide whether to put a lock on the gate and then send a notice to neighbors with children which will read: "The Driftmier gate will be opened for a few seconds at 10:00, 12:00, 3:00, 5:00 and 6:00 o'clock", or to rig up some kind of a bell attachment that will inform us each time someone enters or leaves the yard.

In the back yard the children have everything to amuse them that they could possibly want in the way of playground equipment, and so it is not too bad for them to be shut there. It will be a big relief for Betty to know that the children are definitely in the yard and safe from all harm. The only possible thing that could hurt them would be a bee sting or a fall from the swings or slide. We don't have to worry about stray dogs, snakes, scorpions, centipedes, or any number of things that we have had to worry about at some time or other in one of the several places in which we have lived. I don't suppose that anyone reading this letter has ever had to worry about scorpions and centipedes, but in some parts of the United States and in many parts of the world such things are a real problem.

One day when we were living in Hawaii, Betty went out to the front porch to see if everything was all right with Mary Leanna who was crawling around on the floor, and she got there just in time to prevent her from trying to pick up an ugly centipede of the poisonous type. The large centipedes are hard to kill, and Betty had to stamp on it several times before she got results.

A genuine centipede is actually easily distinguished from the common so-called thousand-legged worms that we find in temperate climates under rocks, or occasionally running along the floorboards of our houses, but to the average man they are all alike and are all poisonous centipedes. This is unfortunate, for the little thousand-legged worms are good fellows to have around the house: they eat other harmful creatures.

The Egyptian centipedes are more poisonous than other varieties, and it was in Egypt that I one day heard a



Well, look who's here, absolutely grown up! We blinked in surprise when this picture of Mary Leanna arrived, for we weren't prepared to see her quite as big as this snapshot clearly indicates. Frederick said that she was ready for Sunday School, white gloves and all, when he picked up his camera to record the moment. How we wish we could see her this summer.

woman screaming for help when actually all the help she needed was for someone to pick up her baby and save it from a scorpion sting, something that the woman could have done herself had she not been so frightened. The baby was sitting in a playpen, and the centipede was on the floor of the playpen about two feet from the baby. I never had much trouble with centipedes in Egypt, but I did have to kill scorpions every now and then. here is a saying in Egypt that scorpions can kill small children and old people but that persons between the ages of six and sixty have nothing to worry about except the pain, and there is no pain known to man worse than the pain of a scorpion sting.

I used to supervise one of the floors of a large college dormitory in Egypt, and I shall never forget the morning that one of the boys was stung by a scorpion which had crawled into his trousers during the night. The scorpion was clinging to the inside of his trouser leg just above the knee, and before the boy fainted with pain the scorpion had had an opportunity to sting him more than once. After that experience I was very careful about shaking my shoes and trousers before putting them on, and even now, several years later, I still find myself occasionally doing so.

I wonder if I ever told you the story about the time my host in Central Africa stepped on a scorpion in the dark? It really is quite a story, and it happened just a few weeks before I arrived for my summer visit.

He had a house with a thatch roof, and every few years he found it necessary to take off the old thatch and put on some new. One night he had all of the new thatch on except for one small corner of the roof. He looked up from his bed to the thatchless corner where the moonlight was streaming through and saw something that made him start. There, with its head hanging down through the hole in the roof, was a leopard. It was obvious that the leopard had every intention of coming on into the house and so my friend leaped out of bed to get his gun out of the closet. He never reached the closet, for on his first step he put his foot right down on a large black scorpion. His scream was bloodcurdling enough to scare the leopard off the roof, but even if the leopard had come on into the room, my friend would not have been able to do anything about it, for he was on the floor in a state of anguish that is hard to describe. It wasn't until morning that he found the strength to get up off the floor. You will note that he was stung by a large black scorpion. He can thank his lucky stars that it was not one of the small light brown ones like they have in Egypt, for they are much more poisonous.

This town of Bristol, Rhode Island used to be a famous seaport town, and many of the old homes here belonged to famous sea captains. There is nothing I enjoy quite so much as a peek into the attics of some of these old homes. Out of one such attic came a gift for Mary Leanna today. Our neighbor gave her a doll that her father brought with him from China on one of the old clipper ships. The doll is more than a hundred years old and has brought happiness to many little girls through the years. We think that the doll is altogether too valuable for children to play with, and so we are putting it away in a chest until such a time as it can receive more adult attention.

Here in Rhode Island there is a tremendous interest in professional baseball, and everyone from the young to the old has his favorite team. Because of our nearness to Boston, nine out of ten people favor a Boston team, either the Red Sox or the Braves. Well, while we were having our lunch today, Mary Leanna said: "Daddy, are you for the Red Sox? Do you really like the Red Sox?" I assured her that I did like the Red Sox, and then I went on to ask: "Mary Leanna, just who are the Red Sox?" I love the answer she gave me: "Well, Daddy, the Red Sox are just the same as my blue Sox, except they are red."

The weather here has been perfectly beautiful all spring, and on clear days the harbor is a sight to see. As yet I have done no fishing this spring, but I shall be doing my share before too many weeks have passed. Many of the people in my church own property on one of the islands in the Bay or here in the harbor, and when the weather is a little warmer we shall be riding the ferry boat once again. Why don't you come on over and take a ride with us?

Sincerely, Frederick.

A HEART SHOWER IS DIFFERENT

By Mildred Cathcart

What could be a more appropriate theme for the June bride's shower than "Hearts"?

For your invitations draw two pastel colored hearts and hold them together with a golden arrow. On the front of the hearts write the name of the engaged couple, and on the inside write your shower invitation.

Begin your decorating at the front door where your guests enter. Transform the door into a lacy heart by using pastel colored crepe paper to form the outline of the heart. For the lacy effect, use paper doilies around the frame.

String pastel colored hearts around the windows, in archways, or in other appropriate places. The color of the hearts may correspond with the color scheme you choose.

If you wish to have a door prize, give each guest a paper heart. Some may have the bride's name, some the groom's name, and some may have both. However, the winning heart bears both of their names and has a golden arrow through the center.

For one game you may "Play Cupid." Make a large heart of heavy cardboard and mark off five parts. The center section, which is quite small, is marked 20. Other areas may count 15, 10, 5, and 1. Let each player toss his dart five times at the heart. The winning CUPID will have the highest score.

Next you may allow each guest the privilege of giving advice to the young couple. But the advice must consist of only five words beginning with H-E-A-R-T. It is not too easy and the results are bound to be humorous.

Next let's try "Heart's Desire." Ask the honored guest to write out a list of things her heart desires for her new home. Each thing must begin with the letters of HEART'S DESIRE. For example, she may wish for a Home freezer, Electric stove, Automatic washer, Radio, Table, and so on. Have each guest make out a similar list. When all have finished, have the honoree read her list and have each person see how many she has that are identical. The one with list corresponding most nearly to the honoree's will win. A nice prize would be some handy time-saving gadget for the home—the heart's desire of all homemakers.

You may wish to play "Famous Hearts". See who can write the longest list of famous hearts—noted couples such as Romeo and Juliet, Gabriel and Evangeline, etc.

Perhaps "Broken Hearts" sounds pessimistic but not when you ask your guests to mend the broken heart. Give each one a cardboard heart that has been cut into 9 or 10 pieces. When the hearts are "mended" there will be a heart with the couple's names, wedding date, etc.

If the group you have invited to the shower will not enjoy too many games, you may find sewing a pleasant pastime. Perhaps each one would piece a quilt block and embroider her name on it for the bride. Dish towels

with simple designs could be made in one evening. A fancy apron or plain colored lunch cloth could have the name of each guest embroidered upon it. Each guest might bring along a favorite recipe and household help and a handy book could be made for the honored one.

When it is time to present the gifts, give the recipient a heart that tells her where to find a gift. She must locate it, unwrap it, and pass it for the guests to see. In this way, she finds all her gifts.

The "heart's theme" will allow you to have as dainty a table as you wish. Use a pastel colored sheet or crepe paper under a white lace table cloth. For a centerpiece a bleeding heart bouquet would be ideal if these flowers are available. Other flowers in a low vase may be arranged on a paper heart that has a lace ruffle pasted around it. Heart shower tapers will be most artistic, too. In the middle of a tall candle tie a golden heart. From this heart tie many pastel colored streamers of various lengths. On the end of each ribbon paste a gold or pastel colored heart. Of course, you may not have the candles lighted too long!

For place cards use a white stand-up card. In one corner paste a pastel heart with a golden arrow through it.

Nut cups may be pasted on a paper heart and a tiny bouquet of real or artificial flowers tied to the heart with a gold ribbon.

Your refreshments may be heart-shaped sandwiches, salad made in heart molds, heart decorated cup cakes, a layer cake baked in heart tins, or ice cream with a heart frozen in the center.

Any bride-to-be will be pleased with a Heart's Shower and you will make it a memorable event that will surely be all her heart desires!

AN ANNOUNCEMENT THEME

By Mildred Cathcart

If you are planning an announcement party you will enjoy these ideas for letting your friends "in on the secret." With a few ideas in mind, you can plan your all important event. No doubt you will be entertaining at some sort of tea or luncheon, so these favors or place cards can be the means of your announcement.

1. "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" may be your theme. Tiny corsage favors may have the secret tucked away in one of the flowers.

2. Tiny hats are easily made and a tag may say, "SOMETHING UNDER YOUR BONNET." A lace doily makes the brim while a tiny round covered box forms the crown. Add ribbon band, tiny flowers, or other trimmings.

3. "THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUT SHELL" may be told. Gilt or enamel English walnut shells. Write your secret and place the paper inside. Tie a ribbon to the paper and let several inches extend between pasted nut shells.

4. "I'M BURSTING WITH NEWS" says a card attached to a small blown

up balloon. A tiny pin fastened to the card will prove too much of a temptation for someone and soon the secret will be out.

5. "IT'S IN THE BAG" may be attached to a tiny bag filled with candy or a favor. When it is opened your secret, too, will be out of the bag.

6. "Something PLEASANT FOR A RAINY DAY" may be used. Tiny umbrellas made from crepe paper or from pastel colored hankies may be raised and reveal your announcement.

7. "RING THE BELL" may also tell the news. Tiny gold bells that are very numerous in local ten cent stores at Christmas time may be secured. When the guests start to ring the bells a tiny ring or paper ring may fall out. A rolled up piece of paper will carry the news.

8. "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME" is another idea. Make cute little blue birds and if possible find real fluffy tail feathers. Under his wing will be the tiny piece of paper and the little bird will tell.

9. "IT'S A GOOD EGG"—so the card says in this humorous idea. Save whole clean egg shells and tint them and decorate them artistically. Guests will eventually become curious and break the egg. Inside gay confetti may be found but a capsule will contain your announcement.

GARDEN CYCLE

By Ethel Broendel

The roses in the garden drip with rain,
And lilacs bend their perfumed branches low;
Mockorange blossoms, bridal white, contain
Sweet memories for me, of long ago.

I gathered my first roses to adorn
My mother's dress; I still can hear
her say,
"The buds will all be open in the morn."
Their damask scented perfume seems to sway

My senses still. The lilacs I first knew
Had honeywells of nectar, sweet to sip.
Their branches hid a nesting bird that flew
Away when I came near. And I would snip

Mockorange buds, and play I was a bride.
Today, upon a veil of curtain lace,
I pinned mockorange from the bush outside,
Above my tiny daughter's laughing face.

A GIFT FOR THE BRIDE

A lovely low oval flower arrangement bowl about 9 x 10 inches with hand modeled edge, modern popcorn white glaze on the outside, transparent leaf green on the inside. Perfect for the new home.

Price \$5.00

See Field Conrad
Clarinda, Iowa

IF IT'S A GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

By Mabel Nair Brown

If you have a Golden Wedding coming up soon in your family, you might be interested in the ideas we used for such an occasion recently.

For genuine family enjoyment, inspiration, yes, and pride, I rate a golden anniversary high on the list. It is a wonderful opportunity for the whole family to work together on a cooperative project, with much reminiscing of bygone days on the side. And how the youngsters will love to listen in on this reliving of the past! So when the opportunity comes for you and yours, do make the most of it. May it give you as much happiness as we had when we planned Dad's and Mother's Golden Wedding Day.

The invitations or announcements came up for first consideration. The folks felt they would not word theirs as an invitation since they were very emphatic that they did not want gifts, and wished to avoid any suggestion that a gift would be expected.

So the following announcement was penned in gold ink on a white, gold-edged correspondence card: "We are holding open house in our home (give date) in observance of our Golden Wedding Anniversary. In the afternoon, two to four o'clock. In the evening, seven to nine o'clock." Sign the honored couples name. These were written out in the regulation form for such announcements.

I might add right here that, as usually happens in such cases, there were gifts—folks just can't help wanting to express their love and friendship in some tangible way! I'd like to suggest too that cut flowers or potted plants make a very acceptable gift. Most of us don't have many flowers given to us unless we are ill, so it is a real thrill to enjoy them in the home.

An announcement of the open house was carried in our local papers in the week preceding the anniversary date so that all of our nearby friends might know. The announcement cards went only to those who lived at some distance, and one was also written so that every member of the immediate family could have one to keep as a souvenir.

Refreshments were served from a lovely tea table with an aunt presiding over the silver coffee service. We served white cake, ice cream and mints. The centerpiece was the traditional wedding cake with white and gold "mums" and huckleberry encircling its base. At other seasons of the year yellow tulips, yellow roses, yellow pansies or daisies could be used. Our anniversary happened to fall when yellow "mums" were the best flower available.

Now for the details on the table and food. The bakery made the cakes in large sheets and iced them in white. Then they carefully marked them for us in uniform 2" x 3" pieces; thus the serving girls could easily cut them as needed. Baked in this way the cake stayed so fresh and nice throughout the entire day. They used yellow icing to make the family initial in the center of each serving of cake. The ice cream was the brick style with



When Russell wanted to photograph Kristin with our Iris I suggested that she wear a dress I'd made, and it just plain didn't occur to me that the white front would be a poor background for the blossoms. If you look closely you can see that the Iris she is studying (our beautiful Icy Blue) comes to her shoulders.

gold wedding bell center. The mints were the large wafer style in yellow, white and pink. The small tea (or cocktail napkins) had the folks' names and the date 1901-1951 in gold letters in one corner.

To me was designated the baking of the wedding cake—the whole family knows how much I enjoy baking fancy cakes! It was made in three tiers, and each tier had two layers. With boiled white icing I first put the layers of each size together and then stacked the tiers. Next the whole cake was iced, and after it had "set" I used the cake decorator and ornamental icing to put on fancy swirls and scallops. (This recipe first appeared in June, 1947, but is reprinted again on Page 9.) I went around the outer edge of each tier, then in at the base of the next higher tier, and finished by making scallops around the side of each tier. A final touch was a few yellow roses at the base of each tier. These were made of the ornamental icing that was tinted gold. Topping the cake was an arch of gold laurel leaves with the numerals "50".

Our table was placed along one wall of the dining room between two windows. When we began planning this day, Mother told us she still had the beautiful pink and white paper hearts strung on white satin ribbon which had been used above the dining table at the wedding fifty years ago. My! we were delighted to have those for a "traditional" touch in our decorations. So once again those hearts were put up over the tea table running from the chandelier in the center of the room out to the top of the windows (a small invisible wire between the windows allowed us to fasten these heart streamers in a graceful arch or canopy effect over the table).

Pink and white carnations had been

the flowers used at the original wedding so the grandchildren's gift was a bouquet of those for the buffet. On the buffet were displayed many of the original wedding gifts and pictures, and these were really conversational pieces for the guests found them most interesting. Our parents gave a pink and white carnation corsage to the daughter and the daughter-in-laws, and also to the only aunt who was able to be there for the day. The men of the family received a white carnation boutonniere. And right here I'll say that Dad gave Mother a beautiful orchid to wear—her first one!

We have a friend in Hawaii who thrilled the whole family by air-mailing fifty orchids from Hawaii for the occasion. These were arranged on a low table in the dining room. At another anniversary held here recently the couple were made very happy by having camellias sent by airmail from Alabama. I mention the orchids and camellias merely because it stresses again how much flowers add to the occasion, and perhaps you, too, have friends or relatives who would welcome a suggestion to send flowers from their particular locality if they live in another section of the country.

Another decoration in the dining room was the "Wishbone Tree". The tree itself was the branch of a lilac tree. This was painted white, anchored to a needlepoint holder, and then placed in a white flower pot which had been filled with sand to help hold the tree firmly. (A bit of the white tissue paper confetti, placed around the base of the tree, concealed the sand.) Then the tree was hung thickly with the wishbone favors. And needless to say, good friends had joined with members of the family to save up these chicken wishbones in order to have enough! The wishbones were sandpapered and then painted with gold paint. Tiny booklets, only 1½" x 2" were made. The booklet covers were cut from gold paper and the inside pages were white. On the first page in gold ink was written the wedding date and our parents' names. On the center page was written "Wish many Golden years of happiness for you, too." A short length of gold ribbon was stapled in as the book was stapled together, and then the book was tied to the wishbone. They were hung on the tree simply by hanging the wishbones over each tiny twig. These little favors were taken from the tree and handed to the guests as they left.

Mother and Dad received the guests in the living room where they were seated comfortably on the davenport. Large baskets of yellow and white snapdragons (the gift of their children) flanked the davenport on either side, and deep yellow mums were used on the piano. Mother has kept her lovely ivory brocaded satin wedding dress beautifully preserved all these years, as well as Dad's suit, stiff bosomed shirt and collar. These were on display in the living room, and my! how the women marveled over stitches, the bindings, the hours and hours of tedious, painstaking

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Page 6)

labor that had gone into the dress! As one guest remarked, "It's a work of art even on the wrong side!" A niece modeled the dress during the afternoon for the benefit of the family, and of course she had her picture taken in the gown as she stood between the "bride and groom".

Yes, the day was well recorded in family pictures. That is an important thing to remember to plan for as you think out the details ahead of time. We were fortunate to get two different groups in a four-generation picture which the family will treasure for years to come. Copies of the best "shots" taken that day were sent to aunts, uncles and close friends who were unable to be present; along with the pictures went clippings from our local paper (be sure to order quite a few extra copies in advance) that described the reception, etc.; thus absent ones, too, shared in the joy of the occasion.

These absent ones shared in another way too—by sending contributions to the wonderful Memory Book. Now this is something that every family can do, and if the health of either party doesn't permit any kind of an active Golden Wedding celebration, compiling the Memory Book alone could make it a joyous day never-to-be forgotten.

Three months before the anniversary date I wrote letters to every relative and friends of the folks for whom I could "chase down" an address. My husband's brothers and sisters tipped me off to friends they had known in the four other states where the family had lived, and wrote to all friends and relatives with whom they corresponded. In the letters I wrote I told of the forthcoming anniversary and explained what I was planning to present to Mother and Dad on that day. I asked them to write a letter which would recall past associations of the days when they knew the folks, and also to bring us up to date on their families at the present. Old clippings, old letters and both old and new pictures would be very gratefully received, I explained.

In my fondest dreams I hadn't hoped that the response would be so wonderful. It was like seeing Time's curtain pulled back and being allowed to see the family history unfold before my eyes to read the contents of the envelopes as they rolled in! There were old family pictures, the card Dad had sent to his sister to announce the arrival of his only daughter, clippings from old newspapers, original poems (how we have loved reading those poems over and over!) and of course present day snapshots and the accounts of what had happened through the years to these old friends and relatives.

A friend of ours made a book for me. It had a beautiful cover of wood in golden finish with beveled effect edges, and was constructed so that it lies flat when open. The lettering "Through Fifty Golden Years with Maude and Charles" and 1901-1951 is done in blonde wood on the front cover. As the contributions came in I fastened them in the book, and so



Martin has quite a collection of household chores that he tackles with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Sweeping the front steps with his own broom is something that he usually enjoys, although if he's dumped cans of sand on Grandpa's front steps he sweeps regardless of how he feels about it.

far as possible I tried to group them by division of relatives, old friends, etc. The value of such a book as a family heirloom (to say nothing of the great joy it brought on the anniversary day) simply cannot be described. I can only urge you emphatically to do this yourself.

Perhaps you would like to know how we carried out the other details that go with an open house. The daughter and sons met guests at the door and saw that they were taken to the bedrooms to remove their wraps. The daughter saw that each guest registered in the guest book and then was taken to greet Mother and Dad.

Two daughter-in-laws were dining room hostesses. I assisted in receiving guests and handed out the favors. The granddaughters took over in the kitchen and saw that the tea table was replenished as needed. One granddaughter registered and unwrapped the gifts.

Yes, that Golden Wedding Day to which we all looked forward with such anticipation has come and gone, but truly, it is a wonderful memory that lingers on!

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

There have been many more appeals for cheer this month than we have had for a long time. To help them all, it will take all of us, each doing a bit more than usual. Will you do your part?

Send cards to Miss Katherine Dressler, Box 1, Lorraine, Kans. She has been in the hospital about six months and had several operations and may have to stay there for some time yet.

Miss Elenor Renz, Rt. 2, Richland, Kans., is in a wheel chair as the result of a broken hip.

Miss Kathryn Staver, Afton, Iowa, age 11, has been bedfast 2 years on account of a bone disease in the hip. Sometimes she can be in her wheel chair a while. She likes to crochet.

Mrs. Amanda Wadsworth, 167 North 4th St., Laramie, Wyo., wants old silk neckties to make into a crazy quilt.

Mildred Woodbury, Valley Gardens Trailer Court, Lot 82, 21301 Telegraph Road, Detroit, Mich., wants pieces of cloth, lace and such to make doll clothes. Mildred is a long time shut-in. She dresses dolls to sell. This is the only way she has to make any money. She is alone.

Miss Arlene Ann Rowe, 118 B St., Carlisle, Pa., has been blind all her life. She does lots of knitting and hand weaving, making things to sell, and says she wins blue ribbons on her work. Collects chickens.

Ethel Willaman, Rt. 3, Box 106, LeNoir City, Tenn., is in a wheel chair. She collects view cards and hankies and loves to get mail.

Mrs. Jennie Luikens, 127 Third St., N. W., LeMars, Iowa, wants to correspond with others who have diabetes.

Mrs. Alice Morey, Logan, Iowa, wants pocket size magazines. She has arthritis and cannot hold large magazines. Would like to hear from other arthritis sufferers.

Mrs. Mae Benson, Fillmore, New York, would like to hear from any one by the name of Fyler. That was her maiden name.

Mrs. Opal Pfalzgraph, Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, Colo., has been in a wheel chair for some time on account of polio. She wants an old-fashioned doll with china head and arms.

Mr. M. B. Krogh, 1101 Minnesota Blvd., St. Cloud, Minn., is confined to his home by a heart condition. He collects ad pencils, postmarks and view cards. Enjoys getting mail.

David Recollet, Blind River, Ontario, Canada, has been crippled for years by arthritis, and wants to hear from you.

Chester Shore, Rt. 2, Worthington, Minn., would like mail. He has been shut-in a long time—multiple sclerosis.

We are having calls for knitted wheel chair robes again. Do you have yarn that you would donate, or can you knit some blocks, 8x8 inches, in plain knitting? If you can't knit, send your yarn to me, or ask for the name of someone who will knit it. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

STEP INTO LUCILE'S HOUSE

Hello, good friends:

A moment ago I put away the vacuum cleaner, and as I surveyed the expanse I'd cleaned it reminded me to get right down to brass tacks and answer a lot of questions that have been asked about this house. I haven't deliberately ignored these questions. It's simply that whatever place you live in becomes such an old, old story that you forget anyone would be interested in homely details.

When we walked into this house five years ago we found that it had a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, kitchen, bath, front porch and back porch on the first floor. Upstairs it had two bedrooms. If you were to drive past it today you couldn't tell by looking at the exterior (aside from a new roof and a paint job) that anything had happened, but the first floor now contains a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, and the front and back porches. And there is an entirely new basement, something you'd never, never see from the outside. But we haven't torn off the second floor, so it still stands.

This house was built in 1900 and in a style that I think was more popular in the country than in town. At any rate, we see its counterpart everytime we get out on any highway. Not that it doesn't have many, many carbon copies in our town and your town, but there just seem to be more in the country.

In reality this house stands at a pronounced angle on a diagonal street, which means, in turn, that directions are confusing; to be absolutely accurate I'd have to refer to northeast windows in the living room, etc., but this leads to genuine confusion so I'll stick to north, south, east and west in describing what we've done.

You step directly from the front door (on the east side of the porch) into the living room that now runs the full depth of the house—27 feet at this point. To achieve a room of this size we knocked out the semi-partition that formerly existed between the dining room and living room. Partitions of that style were the popular thing in 1900—solid wall about half-way up, and then two square (or round) pillars to carry support. Ours were square. A carpenter checked this partition and told us that we could safely eliminate it, so out it came. This gave us a room 27 feet long, as I've said before, 15 feet wide at the north end and 12 feet wide at the south end.

I mentioned at the outset that there were two bedrooms on the first floor when we moved in, one on the west and one on the east. A door opened from what the former occupants used as a dining room into that west bedroom. We never did use that room exclusively as a bedroom, but as a combination bedroom and office; my big desk was in there, all of my files, etc.

In January of this year we decided to increase the living room area by incorporating the former bedroom-office into it. To do this we cut an eight foot opening between the two

rooms, and this means, in turn, that our living room is now L shaped: it is still 27 feet long, but we picked up 12 feet in width to add to the original 12 feet, so it is now 24 feet wide through the long side of the L. The only sacrifice we made to achieve this was that I had to give up my big desk that had been built into the wall that we removed. However, I've come to the conclusion that in reality this wasn't a sacrifice for I learned, to my surprise, that a desk can be too big. I've fared much better with my present desk that's half the size of the old one.

There is still one missing bedroom to account for, so I'll tell you at once that we use it for a dining room. In view of the fact that it opens directly into the kitchen there's certainly no reason why we couldn't. It has one window on the north and one on the east, but future plans call for putting the front door where that north window is now located. There is a good explanation for this too.

As matters now stand we step directly from the front porch into the living room, and if you also have that arrangement, you know what a beating the living room takes in bad weather. What we want to do is to use the area now occupied by the front porch as an entrance hall (it's too small a porch to get much good out of anyway), and by changing the position of the front door we'll pick up a solid section of wall that we need badly. Perhaps you too have an old house so chopped up with doors and windows that there is practically no good wall space for large pieces of furniture, and if you do, you know what I'm talking about. There's scarcely a question of sealing up windows to gain this wall space for our old houses with their long, narrow windows need all the light they'll let through, so doors are the only thing we can look at with a calculating eye.

Someone has surely thought by this time: my goodness, you'll enter the house through the dining room when this change is made! You're right—we will. But I've no objection to the arrangement. I like a dining room and if I were building a new house today I'd allow for one, yet is true that we're in it for only three short periods a day, so I'll gladly improve the living room where we LIVE, at the cost of the dining room.

My kitchen is small, only 12 feet square, and this is one of the things that surprises me about a house built in 1900 when kitchens were really big. There isn't one inch of it that's allowed to stand idle. In it I have a huge double-tub sink, a big stove, an eight foot refrigerator, a chest of drawers, and an automatic washing machine. I can stand in the middle and reach any of those things! At the present time practically every inch of the walls is covered with open shelves and I don't consider them desirable from the viewpoint of dust. It's awfully handy, I'll say that for it, but I'll bet I wash twice as many dishes as you do if you have built-in cupboards. Future plans call for moving the refrigerator to the spot that

the washing machine now occupies (it's going to the basement where the vibration won't bring me to my feet with pounding heart), and having steel cupboards installed.

Plans beyond this also call for enlarging the kitchen by using the area now occupied by the back porch. That back porch! Every time I sweep it I have fancy visions of how nice it would be to do away with it and make a nice sunny breakfast area as part of the enlarged kitchen. Sometimes at night when I can't sleep I draw floor plans mentally for my dream kitchen—and if you have a set-up like mine, I'll bet you do the same thing.

However, this must wait until building costs creep down. And for the same reason we must also wait to put into execution our overall, final improvement that calls for building two new bedrooms on the ground floor. Unless you have a dollar tree you just don't lightly throw up two new rooms these days. Occasionally I look at old house plans and marvel. I came across a jewel the other day—an eight room brick house with a fireplace, full basement and attic that had been built in Ohio in 1913 for \$7,000.00. How do you like that? And a friend of mine whose father built a huge house with twelve rooms, two staircases, porches, etc., in 1905 told me that it cost him \$5,000.00. Well, I'm not complaining about things in 1951—I'm just saying that our major remodeling will have to wait.

Thirty minutes later. The interruption was caused by Juliana's return from school. She had stopped by to get Emily and Martin, so all three of them came trailing into the kitchen to see our new kittens. Bawler presented us with four of them about two weeks ago, and they're just now wabbling around on their own four feet. This is the first time Emily has come over without her mother. There is such a busy highway between their home and our home that I couldn't stand the nerve strain of letting Juliana cross it when she was responsible for a small child. But today Abigail and I decided that the time had come when she was old enough to cope with any possible traffic emergency, so that accounts for the visit.

In the May number you no doubt read the peculiar two lines at the bottom of the middle column on page 9. We were certainly shocked and horrified at this typographical error! If you will turn to the last page you will find a quotation that contains the words "perfectly like a Christian." Now, exactly how those words EVER got on to page 9 we will never know, but there they are . . . and it's better to laugh at such mistakes than to weep!

Time to start supper. Goodbye until July. Lucile.

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ORNAMENTAL FROSTING

- 3 1/2 cups confectioners sugar
- 4 egg whites
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 4 Tbls. glycerine

Sift sugar. Beat salted egg whites until frothy; add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar 1/2 cup at a time and beat thoroughly after each addition. Add glycerine and flavoring. You will need more icing for the cake but do not mix more at one time. Use this also in cake tube decorator for final decorations.

OLD-FASHIONED PRESSED VEAL LOAF

- 3 lbs. veal shoulder
- 1 carrot
- 1 slice of onion
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 whole black peppers
- 3 tsp. salt
- Stalk of celery
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 2 hard-boiled eggs

Cover veal with warm water and to it add carrot, onion, whole black peppers, vinegar and salt. Cover and simmer until tender. Strain stock and simmer to 2 cups. Put meat, carrot, onion and stalk of celery through coarse grinder of food chopper. Add grated onion. Oil a 5 by 9-inch loaf pan, arrange slides of hard-boiled egg in bottom and a few rings of stuffed olives, if you have them. Pack meat into pan and chill overnight. This turns out an attractive cold loaf that is fine for summer entertaining.

WONDERFUL OLD-FASHIONED LEMON PIE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 5 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/4 cups boiling water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- Grated rind 1 lemon (optional)
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Mix sugar, flour, cornstarch, salt. Add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook 15 minutes in double boiler, and stir as it thickens. Beat egg yolks, pour cornstarch mixture into eggs slowly. Return to double boiler and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove from fire, add lemon juice and rind. Cool and pour into baked pastry shell. Use whites of eggs for meringue.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

MERINGUE

There seem to be many differences of opinion on meringues for pies, but we've had wonderful results following this method: 2 Tbls. sugar per each egg white, and a tiny bit of salt. Beat egg whites until stiff and add sugar slowly, continuing to beat. Add salt. When glossy spread over the pie being sure that the edges are all covered. Bake in a 450 degree oven for about seven minutes. Watch closely to see that it doesn't get too brown at this temperature. Meringues we make in this way are always tender and fluffy, and do not fall.

CORN PUDDING

- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup bread or cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped green pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 No. 2 can corn (cream style)
- 1 slice of bacon
- 6 slices cheese 1-inch square and 1/8 inch thick

Pour milk over crumbs, add green pepper, salt and black pepper; mix well and add corn. Pour into 1 1/2-quart buttered casserole. Cut bacon into one-inch pieces; dot over top of pudding. Add cheese pieces between bacon squares and bake in a 325 degree oven for 1 1/2 hours.

MAPLE-NUT CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. maple flavoring
- 3 egg yolks
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites
- 1 cup milk
- 2 1/2 cups cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Combine brown and white sugar and cream thoroughly. Add beaten egg yolks to which maple flavoring has been added. Beat vigorously. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fold in egg whites and nuts. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer cake pans for approximately 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Kitchen kettles, pots and pans
Are for your roasts and stew.
So turn away the handles or
You'll cook your offspring, too.

BAKED GRATED CARROTS

- 3 cups shredded carrots
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Bake shredded carrots in tightly covered 1-quart casserole in 325 degree oven for 30 minutes. Remove from oven; add butter and seasonings and serve at once. Do not add water when baking for there is enough moisture in the carrots if pan is very tightly covered.

CINNAMON TWISTS

- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 cake yeast or 1 pkg. dry yeast dissolved in 1/4 cup warm water
- 3 cups flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- Melted butter

Scald sour cream. Add 2 Tbls. shortening, sugar, soda, and salt. When lukewarm add to dissolved yeast and stir. Then add egg and beat vigorously. Stir in the flour, a little at a time, and when it has all been added turn on to a floured board and knead lightly. Cover with a damp cloth and let stand in a warm place for about one hour.

Then roll out into a triangle 24 x 12, 1/4 inch thick, and brush with melted butter 1/2 of the long side; sprinkle this side with the sugar and cinnamon that have been mixed together. Now throw over the side that has not been buttered and sugared (this will make a triangle approximately 24x6). Cut into 1 inch strips—there will be about 24. As you put them on a greased sheet to bake, twist them twice. Cover with cloth, let rise for one hour and then bake in a 375 degree oven for around 15 minutes. When cool frost with powdered sugar icing.

Note: These are really delicious, and the dough is easy to handle. Take time to make them up for your family the next time you have a cup of sour cream on hand. They're a treat.

SOUR CREAM BISCUITS

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 2/3 cups of sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Whip the sour cream. Then add sifted dry ingredients. Roll and cut, or pat into small biscuits—dough is stiff enough to permit one to do this. Bake at 450 degrees for about 12 to 15 minutes.

For my money I think these biscuits simply can't be equalled. My only objection to them is that we so rarely have sour cream on hand, and consequently can't enjoy them often. They are rich and tender—literally melt in your mouth.

QUICK, DELICIOUS BANANA BREAD

(This recipe appeared originally in July, 1950. Unfortunately, it was not complete. Here is the complete version, and we suggest that you try it for it does make a wonderful loaf of sweet bread.)

- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 or 3 bananas (1 cup mashed)

Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder, soda, salt and sift twice again. Add sugar to shortening and cream until fluffy. Add 1 egg, beat, and then add second egg and beat again. Add nuts. Stir in 1 cup of mashed banana alternately with the sifted dry ingredients—stir only enough to moisten flour. Pour into greased loaf pan, push batter up into the corners and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 55 minutes. This should be allowed to stand twenty-four hours to ripen. Slices perfectly and makes delicious sandwiches when cream cheese is used as a filling.

RHUBARB ROSY SWIRLS

Dice nice rosy red rhubarb quite fine to make 3 cups. Then make up biscuit dough as follows:

- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup cream

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Then add milk and cream to make stiff batter. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly; then roll 1/4 inch thick. Arrange rhubarb over it. Roll like jelly roll and cut in 1 1/2 inch slices. Make a thin syrup of 1 1/2 cups sugar and 1 1/4 cups water and pour in shallow baking dish. Arrange rhubarb rolls in syrup side by side. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in 400 degree oven until nicely browned—about 20 minutes. Serve warm with cream. A few drops of red food coloring added to the syrup makes it a delicate pink.

STRAWBERRY PUNCH

(Nice for weddings)

- 2 qts. water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 4 qts. strawberries
- 1 1/2 qts. chilled orange juice
- 1 pt. chilled lemon juice
- 2 qts. gingerale
- 2 thinly sliced limes or
- 2 qts. lemon sherbert

Combine sugar, water and syrup. Bring to boil. Add washed, hulled strawberries and boil, covered, for four minutes. Remove, strain through sieve without pressing berries and then chill. Just before serving, combine with other chilled ingredients. If you decide to use the sherbet, place in scoops on top of punch in punch bowl. Very good and pretty.

MY WORST EXPERIENCE IN THE KITCHEN

Do you suppose there is a single woman alive at this moment who hasn't had at least one perfectly terrible experience concerned with cooking? I doubt it—I doubt it very much indeed. When such things happen we're inclined to feel that never before was anyone put upon in anyway half as bad, so it does us good to remember, when we've cooled down, that other women have been in comparable boats. That's why I'm telling you this. If a dire catastrophe overtakes you, then recall my tale of woe and get your bearings.

This happened three years ago. I've never mentioned it before because I wanted enough time to elapse that no one could hook up those particular pies with any given date and, the troubled world being what it is, I doubt now if anyone aside from myself remembers a certain June luncheon and a certain slice of Black Bottom Pie.

The recipe for this pie appeared in our July issue, 1950. You can give it a try yourself if you want a pie that's a beauty when cut and absolutely elegant to taste. However, if a lot hinges on your particular pie, I'd suggest sending the family to Alaska, locking the doors, and cutting the telephone wires. There are certain stages in its production when any interruption is FATAL.

I got myself into this nightmare because I offered to make three of these pies for a friend who was doing her annual entertaining for a club of women who are wonderful cooks. My friend wanted something different, something delicious and unusual. She has ample help in her house and therefore my offer was wholly unnecessary—just one of those gestures of friendship to help compensate for endless kindnesses.

The pies were due at her home not later than two in the afternoon. They must be thoroughly chilled, so I got up at six in order to clear the decks and tackle them by seven. (I'd made them several times and never had a failure, so all the leeway on time was to get them done early in order to tackle other pressing duties.)

All three crusts turned out beautifully. Now for the filling. I was making fine headway and had gotten to the double-boiler stage when custard coats spoon (recipe says: 'don't cook it one second beyond this point') when the telephone rang. I could reach it from where I was standing, stirring, so I picked it up and said "Hello." In reply I heard a muffled gasp. I raised my voice and shouted "Hello." Another gasp. This went on for a little bit before it suddenly struck me that someone at the other end was in desperate trouble and had just sufficient strength to get my number but not to talk.

As the full implications of this swept over me I forgot the pies instantly and tried to get the operator to trace the call. She couldn't. I turned back to the stove, sorely troubled, and discovered that the custard

had cooked too long and was hopelessly curdled.

Well, at least I had the crusts! I'd simply have to make another filling. Juliana went flying to the store to get all of the necessary ingredients and I started again. At precisely the same stage of cooking the telephone rang, and this time it turned out to be a complicated wire from an old friend who wanted the news relayed to Dorothy. I had to be sure I had it right so I asked the Western Union man to reread it. When this was done I turned back to the pies and noted that the custard just lacked a tiny bit of being at the right stage. At that moment the telephone rang again. Long distance. When I finished this call the custard was ruined.

Now ordinarily I can go for weeks without getting a wire or a long distance call, so you figure, if you can, why both of them should have come at that particular moment.

By this time it was after ten o'clock and I was getting scared. Juliana made another flying trip and very grimly I started again, mentally rehearsing in my mind what I would tell my friend when I had to say that the pies were ruined and the only thing left to do was to run to the bakery and buy cupcakes and then run to the store for strawberries and cream. As I stood there stirring the custard on this final attempt I decided that I would not answer the telephone or door no matter what happened. But I hadn't allowed for one last catastrophe. Just as the critical stage once again approached I heard a blood-curdling scream, the kind of a scream that means real trouble, and I dropped my spoon instantly. Juliana had cut her hand badly and action had to be taken without a second's delay.

I put the CURDLED custard into the three shells. I chilled them. I delivered them at two o'clock. They were edible. But they were far from the glamorous, heavenly creations that I had described so glowingly in advance. I felt terrible about it. But I learned a good lesson. Never, never again will I offer to make anything tricky when a lot hinges on the results. NEVER.

Now, what was your worst experience in the kitchen? —Lucile.

APRICOT GLAZE

This type of glaze makes a professional looking finish for coffee cakes or sweet rolls. Simply sieve cooked, mashed dried apricots to make 1 cup. Add 1/3 cup of sugar and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Spread over rolls or coffee cake while hot, but not boiling. As it cools it picks up a beautifully shiny surface.

BOLOGNA SANDWICH SPREAD

- 2 cups ground bologna
- 1/2 cup ground sweet pickles
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Combine these four things and you'll have an inexpensive sandwich spread that tastes delicious, particularly on dark bread.

NOTES FROM HALLIE BARROW'S TRIP SOUTH

By Hallie M. Barrow

If I could choose the time of the year to make a trip, I'd always settle for the last week of winter and head south. When we used to get so tired and weary at the tag end of a long winter, my father, who was a cattleman, would tell us, "If you can stick it out till grass, you'll make it." This has been such a long, weary winter that even a new word has been coined . . . it's drizmal. So when my friends with whom I've had many enjoyable flower garden trips, Adelene and Emil Kunkel of Oregon, Mo., asked me to make a quick trip with them to Shreveport, La., to the national iris meeting, I accepted instantly. I would have said "yes" every bit as eagerly if they had said it was to be a cattle convention or a hardware or hairdresser's meeting, just so long as it was to be in the South. I ached to see flowers in bloom and to know that somewhere spring had really arrived.

As we left our home in the Kunkel car, they said, "We have invited another flower lover to be your partner on this trip and we'll pick her up in Kansas City." It was Mrs. Bonabeth Brickell who lives on a ranch near Saffordville, Kansas. Their ranch is named, "Flowerhill Gardens." She has a radio garden program once a week at the station at Emporia, Kansas, and also writes a weekly farm-garden column for the Emporia Gazette. She belongs to many flower robins and is the new editor of Region 18 Iris Bulletin. We had many interests in common.

The folks down south have experienced one of the most bitterly severe, damaging winters ever recorded. Many of their famous garden pilgrimages had to be cancelled . . . sleet and ice an inch and a half thick on their lovely old live oaks at Natchez had crashed them into a yard full of chaos. Even the famous Bellingrath gardens at Mobile were sheathed in the disastrous ice storm. At the last moment, Shreveport had to postpone their iris meeting for two weeks.

When we started, however, we were not too concerned whether the Louisiana iris had lived through its winter slump, or not . . . we would be satisfied if only the Ozark dogwood were in bloom, a sight I have always wanted to see. It was. And it was much more wonderful than anyone had ever described.

The oaks and maples were just starting to leaf out . . . at the squirrel ear stage and at that time they have a pinkish or very pale green cast. Then for accent to these pastel colors were groups of somber pines. The white dogwoods covered the hills, and interspersed between the light and dark shades of the other trees, they made the mountain sides seem misty. We talked of the legend about the dogwood. Seems as if the tale went that Christ was hung on a cross made of this wood. God proclaimed then that the dogwood should never again grow tall enough to make a cross for anyone. The dark red spot at the outer rim of their four petaled bloom



If Frederick put this snapshot of a morning walk with Mary Leanna and David in his photograph album next to pictures of his wild game hunts in Africa, he'd be hard pressed to believe that so much time had passed!

is supposed to be a drop of Christ's blood shed at the cross. Often, too, especially in the Missouri Ozarks, drifts of red bud added yet another color. Legend calls this the Judas tree, in memory of that scene at the cross.

Speaking of color, I believe one of the most vivid shades we saw was not flowers or tree bloom but the rather new crimson clover of the south. This clover head is longer and more slender than our plump red clover blooms and is the most brilliant red I've ever seen in nature. It made us all gasp every time we came suddenly on a field of this fiery red field crop. And speaking of red brings to mind another picture not so beautiful to those of us who are accustomed to clear water ponds. There seemed to be even more small farm ponds than we have but that red soil made the water a dirty reddish color and we wondered how stock would touch it.

The purpose of holding this national iris meeting in Shreveport was to introduce to the iris world the comparatively new Louisiana iris. This variety has always grown wild in their swamps and bogs and comparatively recently was transplanted into their gardens. It is very different in shape from our bearded iris with its bloom that is more flat in shape. It comes in reds, blues, purples, yellows and whites, and is much daintier than our iris here. They have gone out in their swamps with their hip boots on and risked much danger to bring these iris back to civilization. They are hybridizing, crossing and improving them and getting them classified. They are especially beautiful in arrangements and corsages and really look more like orchids than iris. Some of our Missouri folks plan to try it out, and one Missourian made the hazardous trip to the bogs and brought along the muck they were growing in. This iris dealer hopes to acclimatize them. My own opinion is that it is strictly a flower for a tropical climate and environment and I do not see how we can ever duplicate its needs in our temperate climate. However, Mrs. Kunkel has a half-dozen

plants doing well in her garden . . . but she is one of those "green thumbs" who can make most any flower grow. Yet in most of the lovely gardens we visited, the Louisiana iris beds were several inches deep in water.

My own garden philosophy has reached this point: to be thankful if I can grow successfully varieties of flowers, shrubs, vines or trees native to my own region. This last trip south further solidified my theory for me. For instance, I have petted and babied along a crepe myrtle several times. One scant bloom would make me very happy. But down there, I saw crepe myrtle shrubs as large as good-sized trees and just loaded with bloom. I have decided that in order to see flowers at home in other climes, the best way is to make a trip to their haunts and see them at their best. Then come home and enjoy the flowers we grow luxuriantly for us and which they can not manage so successfully. Believe it or not, with all the wealth of bloom we met with, there were no peonies. They just can't grow them in a hot climate. So I reveled in the southern gardens full of roses and amaryllis growing outdoors and mocking birds in the oleanders and came back ready to enjoy more than ever our glorious peonies, our showy bearded iris, our robins and purple martins.

There were about as many men as women at this iris meeting. We learned that the garden club movement is as strong or even stronger in the south than here with us . . . at least they have many children's garden clubs (some even holding their own shows and always children's classes included in the adult flower shows), many men's garden clubs and the colored people have their garden clubs too. Along the route, we saw hundreds of new homes being built and nearly everyone had a picture window. If the folks had moved in, always there was a small table with a fancy lamp in the middle of each picture window. We noted many pecan groves and easily learned to recognize these trees by their beautiful shape. We saw mistletoe growing in the tops of the oaks, lots of cattle with Brahman blood, cypress trees growing in water and rice paddies. And I heard a snake story which already we are using as a sort of slogan.

A woman from a Mississippi plantation complained that visitors to her garden, and especially northerners, were so frightened of the cottonmouth snakes in the south and were always looking for and seeing them around her home. She said, "I don't see them because I'm not looking for them. When I go out to hoe in my iris, I don't go there looking for trouble. It's pleasure I'm after and that's what I find." So now when I begin to worry about things which haven't happened but might come to pass, I am reminded not to start out looking for snakes!

I love my native state, Missouri . . . that is until the last week of winter. Then my feet really itch and I long for a trip south.

SCHOOL DAYS ARE ALMOST DONE

Dear Friends:

As I sit here at my kitchen table tonight, I have a lovely great big bouquet of spring wild flowers in front of me and the kitchen door is standing wide open. Of course I hate to mention the fact that it is thundering and that the forecast is for more rain tonight. I am so sick of this rain and I believe everyone else is too. It seems to me as if I have done nothing in the past two months but fight the mud going to and from school. And have you ever seen the barnlots in worse condition? A friend of ours said the other day that the mud was so deep in his barnlot that the only way he could tell how many little pigs he had was to count the ears and then divide by two, and you could almost believe it.

Right now I want to thank all of you friends who sent Kristin stamps for her collection. It was very thoughtful of you and has thrilled her beyond words. Mother is going to get her a good stamp book to keep them in, and I'm sure no beginner ever had a better start. We just have two more weeks of school left, and since there is always so much to do at the end of the year, I haven't had the time to sit down with Kristin and write to each one personally, but we have saved all your letters, and as soon as school is out you will be hearing from us.

My plans for next year are still indefinite. However, I do not plan to go back to the same school again next year. When my director asked me if I would it was awfully hard to say no, because I love everyone of the children whom I have taught the past two years, but if I am going to teach another year I want a school a little closer to home.

I was offered a school that was just going to be perfect for me, and told the director on a Saturday that I would take it, but on the following Friday night it burned to the ground. No one knows how the fire started, except that the coal house burned first. Everyone in that vicinity was asleep since it was after midnight, so by the time someone drove by and saw it and the fire department was notified, the schoolhouse was too far gone for them to get a thing out. It was such a nice little school that I really felt very badly about it. The school board hasn't yet decided what they are going to do about a school in that location, so until they know, I won't know either.

My plans for the summer are very definite, however. With very little of the field work done to date, it isn't the least bit hard to tell where I'll be as soon as school is out. The only thing that bothers me is when I will be able to get my housecleaning done. It really is in such bad shape after nine months of neglect during the school term that it needs immediate attention. But I know that getting our crops in as soon as possible is much more important because if we can still manage to get in the back door after this long a time, we can

manage awhile longer.

I have told you before that we always have birthday parties at school as they come during the year, and since the children who have their birthdays during the summer always feel sort of left out, we try to have one big party at the end of the year for all of these children. So on this Friday, which happens to be Vernon Shelton's birthday, we are going to spend the last hour of the day celebrating nine birthdays, mine included. Kristin's school picnic will be on the 9th, and mine on the 11th. My school will have their family dinner and last day on the 15th, and Kristin's will be on the 19th.

I have an awfully good joke on Mother I will have to tell you about. When she and Dad were in California last winter, Kristin and I made some sugar cookies one afternoon, and knowing how Dad loves them so much and thinking how hungry he must get for them at the Hotel, Kristin decided to send him a box. Well, Mother just raved about those cookies and said they were the best she had ever eaten, and wanted me to put the recipe in my last Kitchen-Klatter letter. The joke is, that I got the recipe from her in the first place and she has made them many times. She gave it over the air one day and I took it down and have used it ever since. So before I give it to you I want to be sure that she has never had it in the magazine before.

However, I am going to give you a recipe this month that Mrs. Howard, one of my patrons, gave to me the other day. She sends cookies to school once in awhile for all the children, and I especially like these icebox cookies she sent the other day, so I got the recipe from her. Since she gave it to me I have had a batch in the icebox all the time and find it so handy when I come home from school, just to slice some off and bake them while I am getting supper.

ICEBOX OATMEAL COOKIES

Cream—1 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
Add—three eggs well beaten
Sift—3 1/2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cream of tartar
A pinch of salt
2 tsp. vanilla

When the dry ingredients have been sifted, divide in half and add 1 cup of oatmeal and 1 cup of nuts to one half of the dry ingredients. Add this first to the other ingredients, then add the rest of the flour mixture. Add 2 t. vanilla and make into two rolls and put into the icebox.

Well, it is late and I must get to bed so I will feel like driving in the mud again tomorrow. Yes, it has just been pouring!

Sincerely, Dorothy.

The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.



Do the little girls in your family like to pretend they are hair dressers? Kristin and Juliana have gone through quite a spell of trying different styles, and their mothers realize only too well that they're limited in their ideas because not the faintest sign of a curl is to be found in either head. We've offered to cut their hair and do away with the braids they've both worn for so long, but at this date they insist they don't want to part with a single inch.

KITCHEN-KLATTER CHATTER

By Lorraine Bowes Clark

Americans waste enough through indulgences to redeem the world economically.

He is the kind of person who hits the nail right on the thumb.

When you expect guests with children, why not put breakables away? Then you won't embarrass everybody if the children touch and drop.

She's so modest she pulls down the shade to change her mind.

I wish my husband had the same enthusiasm for helping with the dishes that our just-three-year-old has—and a boy at that!

One never knows whether it's opportunity knocking at the door, or just another salesman.

You can tell a Mother's lot is not an easy one by the few volunteers she has to relieve her of her duties.

You'll find that dust slides off a waxed dustpan much more easily than an unwaxed one.

Critics are not necessarily enemies.

The first day our four year old came home from Nursery school he cried because he couldn't make his eyes stay closed during the prayer.

People are born with two eyes and one mouth. Obviously that's so they can see twice as much as they say.

Give frankfurters and sauerkraut a new touch. Add chili sauce, caraway seeds or brown sugar to the sauerkraut during cooking.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

Sign in a corset shop; The world may be in bad shape, but you don't have to be.

Happiness adds and multiplies when we divide it with others.

EXTRA MEN FOR DINNER

By Elsie Van Dame Bailey

"Ten extra men for dinner tomorrow—we're going to put up hay." That's the news my husband gave me when he came in to supper last night.

Immediately my mind flew to that large roast in the freezer part of our refrigerator. At least I had had enough warning that the hay would be ready soon to have a big piece of meat on hand. And bread? Yes, a quick glance revealed that there were still two home-baked loaves in food saver bags in the locker, and two still cooling on the cabinet. What a relief not to have to bake bread or make a hasty trip to town on a busy, busy morning! With bread and meat on hand, it would be a simple matter to round out the meal with canned goods from the cave and fresh vegetables from the garden.

Four-thirty isn't too early to rise in order to have the chores done before some of the near neighbors arrive about seven. First though there's breakfast, and I put the meat and bread out to thaw. Then the milking, and as my husband finishes the last cow, I turn out the sheep. The separating doesn't take long, not as long as washing the separator afterward. Now I can forget the rest of the chores except for turning out the chickens and putting out fresh water and feed. How thankful I am for that automatic waterer in the laying hens' house!

While I'm this close to the garden I'll take a bucket and bring in the vegetables, for every step saved now makes a difference. Before I can use the sink to clean vegetables I have to make quick work of those breakfast dishes. And I decide to make the beds and give the floors a quick swipe so I can concentrate exclusively on dinner. A quick swipe will have to be all, too, for those men will be hunting food, not a spick and span house after a hot morning in the field.

A quick glance at the clock reveals it's not much after eight. The gelatin for the salad must be set to cool first. Next comes the cleaning of all the vegetables. Then pies to bake—three cherry pies should be enough. When they are in the oven I turn back to the vegetables and grate carrots for the gelatin, pineapple and carrot salad, and cabbage for cole slaw. These I make up right away. The meat has been bubbling away on top of the stove, but I get out the roaster now so that as soon as the pies come out it can go into the oven. Dressing is usually eaten enthusiastically too with this sort of dinner unless the weather is too hot.

The casserole can now be fitted into the oven too. This we *always* plan to have and it's *not* a vegetable dish, but instead, macaroni and cheese, or spaghetti and meat balls, or a rice pudding with raisins. This is because of one very slim meal a man ate at our place when I had several different kinds of vegetables, meat, salad, etc., but he made out his meal with meat and gravy and potatoes. We were

new in the neighborhood and I didn't know what was the matter until much later I found out that potatoes was about the only vegetable he ever ate! This started me on a discreet questioning of the wives of the men who ate at our house and these were the things I added to the list of disliked foods: chicken, pork, fish, anything with sugar (this man was a diabetic) and anything prepared with vinegar. This list explains why I always fix a salmon salad in addition to either pork or chicken, why there's fresh fruit in addition to the other dessert sometimes, and we never have Harvard Beets, or vinegar in the cole slaw.

By 10:30 we always hope to have the table extended to its limits and everything pretty well under control. "We" now means my husband's mother, and I. This is the time for a run to the mailbox to see what's there, and a side-trip to check up on all the things outside that I've made it a practice to keep an eye on throughout the day. And was there ever a time when a large group of men gathered for work that the phone didn't ring for one of them, entailing a trip to the field for the cook?

Back to the house and time to put on the potatoes Mother peeled while I was taking my hike. The tomatoes come out of their ice water now to be peeled too and sliced. We begin lining up bowls for the vegetables, and put the ice in the tea. Do we have enough glasses? Is everything salted just right? Will everything that's supposed to be cold be good and cold, and everything hot be good and hot?

At last we proclaim everything done and congratulate ourselves. "We're ready, they won't catch us napping." We look out the window, and here they come to wash up for dinner!

Dishing up time is when I'm especially grateful for an extra pair of hands in the kitchen. We set the last glass of tea around as the men come through the door and then we stand back ready to help when we're needed. One time around the table and the bread plate is ready to be refilled. Next is the gravy boat. Then the sliced tomatoes are all gone. It's a good thing we sliced plenty. At last though they leave the table and we hunt us up a clean plate so we can eat our dinners. We survey the leftovers and tell each other they must have had plenty of everything—there's some of everything left. But wait, no pie left. Oh well, we didn't want any pie after all!

THANKFUL HEART

Omnipotent Father, I rejoice to say I hear Thy Voice for I am tuned with Thee!

Thy mighty presence I now feel each day

For inner peace is mine, and I can see

Your patterned way is always best for me.

Sustained by Truth and Glory from above

My heart is ever thankful in Thy love.

—By Delphia Stubbs.



We've never known anyone who can make more stunning flower arrangements than Aunt Sue Conrad. This arresting spot of beauty was made by combining a piece of driftwood, Rex begonia leaves, and pink begonia blossoms. Her own handiwork, the lovely vase in a soft, muted green, set it off to splendid advantage.

LET'S USE ALL OF THE FLOWER

By Sue Field Conrad

What characteristics do you most admire in a person? Doesn't sincerity stand high on your list? I am sure it does, for everyone admires a person who is "true-blue".

This is also true of flower arrangements. Every flower has an inherent beauty that would speak out to you either from the garden or when placed in some container. It may be a graceful, curving stem, delicate curling tendrils, or fantastically formed bud or leaf.

In order to arrange these flowers sincerely we must place them in such a manner that every one of these particular beauties will be displayed to its best advantage. How much more appeal there will be in a few sprays of sweet peas showing the stem, leaves, tendrils and blossoms than in two or three dozen blossoms crowded tightly in a vase—showing only color—losing all the wonder of form. The first is a spiritual whole, the second only a part of this wonderful creation.

There is another means of enhancing the sincerity of our flower material and that is by using containers which have the feeling and color of the out-of-doors, and perhaps adding some beautiful rock or piece of weathered wood which is harmonious in color and texture. Browns, greys and soft greens blend with any flower material and are the colors used more and more in the modern home.

God made the flowers—leaf, stem, bud and all. Let us not conceal or discard any of these but rather do everything we can to give them a worthy setting.



FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. LONGTAIL AND THE WEDDING GIFT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Mrs. Longtail Mouse pattered into the potato bin one June morning.

"Cousin Amy Longtail is getting married tomorrow," she announced happily to Mr. Longtail, who was seated on a big potato reading the Daily Mouse Gazette. "I intend to give her the finest wedding present anyone ever received." She scurried busily about, humming to herself as she brushed her fur and polished her tiny toenails.

"And what," inquired Mr. Longtail presently, "do you intend to give Amy and her groom?" Mrs. Longtail looked this way and that way to make sure no one was listening. Then she said very softly,

"Do you remember the huge white box we once saw on a trip to the kitchen? Well, yesterday Cousin Elmer saw Mrs. Baldman put an enormous brick of cheese in the box. It was twice as long as you are, and much bigger around. Think of it!" she sighed ecstatically, "All that cheese!"

"Hm-m-m-m-m-m-m," said Mr. Longtail, who didn't always approve of his wife's escapades. "Hm-m-m-m-m-m-m."

"I am going to get some of that cheese for Amy by hook or by crook," announced Mrs. Longtail, and she scurried out of the potato bin without even saying good-bye to her husband. It didn't take Mrs. Longtail long to squeeze through a small hole behind the cabinets into the kitchen. There she settled down behind the dustpan to watch the huge, shiny white box.

Presently Mrs. Baldman came to the kitchen. She opened the box and took out a jar. She poured herself a drink of cool water, and all the time Mrs. Longtail was peeking from behind the dustpan. Sure enough, there was the huge brick of cheese, right inside the strange box. Mrs. Longtail shoved hard on the dustpan.

"Bang!" It fell on the floor with a dreadful clatter. Mrs. Baldman jumped with fright and turned from the box to see what had happened. Mrs. Longtail wasted not a bit of time. She scrambled hastily into the box behind Mrs. Baldman's back and hid behind the cream pitcher.

"I can't imagine what knocked the dustpan over," murmured Mrs. Baldman, and she shut the door of the box, leaving Mrs. Longtail with her little pink nose already in the cream pitcher.

It was very dark in the box with the door shut. Mrs. Longtail had to sniff her way around, but presently

she smelled the cheese. She nibbled off a huge chunk, just the thing for a wedding present.

"How simple!" she cooed. "Now, how shall I get out of here? I will follow Mr. Longtail's advice to use brains instead of brawn. I will push this water jug on the floor and while Mrs. Baldman is picking up the pieces, I will lug the cheese home." Her plans made, Mrs. Longtail sat down to wait for Mrs. Baldman to open the door again.

Moments passed, and Mrs. Longtail became a bit uncomfortable. "Goodness, my feet are cold," The thought, so she lay down and tucked them under her.

"And my tail! This is certainly a chilly place." Mrs. Longtail tucked her tail under her, too, and still they were cold. Soon she became so sleepy, she lay her cold nose on her chest and tried to take a little nap. Just then Mrs. Baldman opened the door.

"Oh! Oh!" she screamed. "A mouse—a frozen mouse—in the refrigerator!" She ran to get the cat.

Now Mrs. Longtail wasn't frozen at all. She was just very, very cold and very sleepy. When she heard Mrs. Baldman call the cat, she woke with a start. She grabbed the hunk of cheese and ran just as fast as her cold little feet could go. She shoved the cheese through the hole behind the cabinet and dived headlong after it just as a big black paw reached for her.

The next day Mr. Longtail straightened his tie and picked up the cheese. "I am sure the bride will like your gift," he told his wife.

"A-Choo!" sneezed Mrs. Longtail, who was soaking her feet in hot water and Epsom salts. "Tell her congratulations." Then she put some more liniment on her frostbitten tail and Mr. Longtail went jauntily to the wedding.

GUESS THESE

What is the difference between a boy learning his lessons and a farmer feeding his cows? One stocks his mind while the other minds his stock.

What bus once crossed the ocean? Colum-bus.

Why are spiders like baseball players? Both catch flies.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is satin (sat in).

What goes in a door but not in a room? A key.

What flower should be in a circus? A dande-lion.

Seven is an odd number but how can it be made even? Take away the S.

THINGS TO MAKE

Corn Cob Flyer

This is something you can make that is lots of fun to play with outdoors. But you musn't play with them in the house, or I'm afraid your Mother won't like me a bit for telling you how it's done. Stick three long feathers in one end of a corn cob, then throw it into the air and watch it spin when you throw it.

TONGUE TWISTERS

How fast can you say these without a mistake?

1. Sister Susies sweetheart Sherman said, "Say, Sam, savvy Slavish?"

2. My Grandmother sent me a new-fashioned three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief.

'Tis a gay sort of lion,
All dressed up in yellow;
I've pulled the head off
Of many a fellow.
He stands in the grass,
But he never prowls 'round;
When I blow off his hair
He never makes a sound.
(Dandelion)

AUNT SUE'S JITTERY JINGLES

Do you ever think how good
Mother is to cook your food?
To make it tasty as she's able
And place it neatly on the table?
Don't you think that when we eat
We should keep our place all neat?
Nor let soup or cocoa slop
Or let meat or jelly drop.
Now, that you are getting biggish
I'm sure you do not act so piggish.
And if you'd say "Mamma, thank you,"
I think it would be lovely, too.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

Here is something that will satisfy your sweet tooth that you can whip up in a jiffy!

JAM MARGUERITES

You will need these things:

- 10 soda crackers
- 2 egg whites
- 3 tablespoons raspberry or other jam
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Beat the egg whites very stiff and gradually add the jam and beat until thoroughly blended. Add the flavoring and 3 tablespoons of the chopped nuts. Place a spoonful of this mixture on each soda cracker and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in a moderate oven of 350 degrees until delicately brown.

When has a man four hands?
Ans. When he doubles his fists.

Why does a cat sleep more comfortably in the summer than in the winter?

Ans. Because the summer brings the cat-er-pillar.

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

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Ask two people to stand on a newspaper in such a way that they cannot touch each other. They can do this by laying the paper in a door way and closing the door. They will have the door between them.

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A TRAVELING WE WILL GO!

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

If you are planning to go on a trip with one or more small children, you will find a few planned amusements will make the trip more pleasant for the parents as well as for the youngsters.

Getting ready for the trip is an exciting part of the adventure so let the child share this experience, too. Provide each child with a small case to hold his very own things,—toothbrush, comb and brush, even doll clothes or a favorite small toy or game. When packing your own luggage store away a few surprises that can be brought out when children may become tired or restless. A stick of candy, a new book, molding clay, or other unexpected treats will keep the child happy for a long time. And above all, do not take so much luggage that you must ride uncomfortably crowded. We always plan to have room for our small daughter to "stretch out" in the back seat and take her daily nap.

Last year when we went from our home in Iowa to old Mexico, across to California, up to Salt Lake City, we knew that we would travel many hours a day. So before we left home, I made out a list of family games we could all play.

For one, I marked off a sheet of paper into many squares. In each of these squares I wrote the name of an object—our four year old daughter's paper contained pictures instead. There were such things as deer, chuck wagon, cowboy, corral, rattlesnake, sombrero, serape, boat,—various things we expected to see on our trip. Whoever saw one of these objects first marked an X through that particular square. Each evening the one with the most squares marked through was given some prize or privilege decided upon beforehand.

Often as we drove along and Kerry Lee became tired of the scenery we decided upon some object and would see who could see it first. It might be a white church, a spotted horse, a bald headed man, a black dog, etc.

The old favorite of *Alphabet* is always good for an hour or so of entertainment. The idea is to watch for signs and see who can be first to complete all twenty-six letters in alphabetical order.

One of the most fascinating games we played was undoubtedly the most educational to a small child. We took along a large outline map of the United States and as we saw various places of interest in the different states we would draw them on our map. Besides geographic places of interest, we also drew interesting incidents. For instance, Chattanooga is represented on our map by Look-Out Mountain but also by the picture of a

St. Bernard dog because at our motel there we found a beautiful dog so large that Kerry Lee could sit on its back and have her picture taken. The proprietor was a huge man and when Kerry Lee asked if she might have the dog he chuckled and replied, "Well now, Honey, if you all took him you would have to take me too, and you all couldn't afford to feed the two of us." Los Angeles is represented by a glass of orange juice because here we stopped for breakfast and the friendly waitress let Kerry Lee watch her squeeze real California oranges for our orange juice.

These various incidents have made geography very real to our child. Since we are home Kerry Lee often puts map puzzles of the United States together. She invariably associates each state with these amusing incidents we have shared. Geography, to her, will be far more than maps and places "to learn" because of this particular game.

Also fun is playing Car Color score. For example, a red colored car may count 5, a blue car 4, green 3, black 2, and station wagons 1. As cars pass, each player takes turns at counting cars. If the first car is blue, the first player scores 4. If the next is red, the second player scores 5 and so on. At the end of a designated time, scores are totaled and the player with the highest score wins.

And while watching passing cars we often note the license and see how many states we can find represented in a day's time.

When you are planning your trip, do plan to take the children, too. We began taking our daughter on long trips the summer she was two and when our friends insist they would rather stay than be bothered with their small child we look at them in bewilderment. The education she gains and the pleasures we share as a family will more than repay the extra effort required to take the children along. And when our four year old daughter speaks as glibly of the adobes of Mexico, of the vastness of the ocean Balboa discovered, of the beauty of Mormon Temple, of the cotton fields of the South, the Civil War Battle grounds of Look Out Mountain—then we feel that we have helped her obtain geographical and historical knowledge in four years that we took many more years to acquire.

And if this knowledge, this acquaintance with our wonderful land, makes her have a deeper love and respect for America, the Beautiful, who are we to complain about the trouble it takes to plant this love in her soul?

GRACE FOR GARDENS

Lord God in Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless our little gardens
And the good green growing.
Bless the blossom
And the fruit,
Bless the seed and the root.
Give us sun, give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain.

—Amen.

TRIBUTE TO DEARIE

By Elsie Van Dame Bailey

The first time I encountered Dearie she startled me half out of my wits by coming up behind me and putting her head under my arm. She was about a year old at the time and I thought I'd never seen a prettier little Jersey heifer. She had been a pet of the children at the farm where we bought her, and they had named her Dearie. She came to our farm on friendly terms with the whole world, and she never changed.

Of course, when she became a mother she did outgrow some of her baby pranks. But she was nearly as proud as we were when her first calf arrived, although it's possible we had different reasons for being proud. We were happy because she had a heifer, for we were trying to start a Jersey dairy herd and counting on her offspring to swell the herd's numbers. About the fourth year, I believe it was, we were so jubilant when her calf arrived that we said we'd better consider a letterhead with a little bragging on it. Something like "so-and-so Dairy Farm—Our Cows have Heifer Calves!" Yes, it began to look like Dearie was going to present us with nothing but heifer calves. But it's a good thing we were just joking because even Dearie's record wasn't perfect on that score!

That was years ago. Dearie became the old matriarch of the herd, with grand-daughters in production in the dairy barn, then great- and great-grand-daughters. She was Old Dearie now. She had been the best milk producing cow on the farm, but gradually her production fell off. We had to call the veterinarian with her last three calves. This past winter the frozen ground hurt her poor old feet, and we walked her slowly from the gate to the barn at milking time. A sympathetic voice told her, "Just take it easy, Old Dearie."

Yes, Dearie, take it easy. We all know you're an old lady, and you've served your day. We've been proud of you since the day you arrived, a friendly little black-faced Jersey. For years we'll be saying hopefully, "Maybe this heifer will grow up to be as good an old cow as Dearie was." Goodbye, Old Dearie.

SPRING GARDENS

By Ethel Broendel

Hail to the garden in springtime! It brings
A lilt to the heart when the oriole sings;
With the scarlet of tulip, the soft hum of bees,
And the first waxen blooms of magnolia trees.

TO A GARDENER

You wrote a poem on the sod,
And never knew that when
A master poet wrote a verse
That swayed the hearts of men,
He found the melody of song
Where your fragrant garden springs:
You wrote a poem on the sod,
The poet gave it wings.

—Alberta McMahon Sherwin.