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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

I discovered just now that I had run out of dark blue embroidery floss, and it's really a good thing for now I must put down this tablecloth and pick up a pen. I'm one of these people who can scarcely stand to lay down my work when I'm almost at the end of a section, but I have no choice this time.

One of my current projects is cross-stitching a tablecloth for Margery. It is being done in three shades of blue, and at the present moment I'm well pleased with the way it's working out. Margery chose these colors herself, and when we're making something this large for another person's home I think it's a good idea to let them work out the color scheme. Russell's mother did this when she cross-stitched the beautiful cloth for Lucile a couple of years ago, and she was so happy with the results that I decided then and there to have the girls choose their own colors when I got around to making tablecloths for them.

Aside from this cloth I have been working on a cross-stitched skirt for little Mary Leanna. It is pink with the embroidery done in wine and black. Then a chambray dress for Kristin is in the process of being put together, and I also have stamped, but not yet touched, a white skirt for Juliana that will be done in brilliant peasant shades. At odd moments I pick up a quilt that I've been putting together for my sister Sue! This may sound like a rather strange assortment of sewing projects, but I like to have several things going at once.

We haven't yet made much headway with our housecleaning. I don't tear the place to pieces as we did in years gone by, but I do like to get all of the drawers and closets cleaned out, woodwork washed throughout the house, bedding aired, etc. Some of these things I can manage by myself, but the heavier jobs that call for a lot of physical activity are beyond me and then I have to get help.

We have been going along in pretty much the same routine this past month — in fact, it was broken only with a big family dinner to celebrate Juliana's ninth birthday. Dorothy and Kristin were able to come down, and Sue was also here, so a big crowd sat down around the table at 6:30 in the evening.

We always like to hear what you folks have to eat, so perhaps you'd like to hear about our menu. The main thing, of course, was a turkey, one saved from Christmas for just such an occasion. I stuffed this and roasted it, but for once we didn't have mashed potatoes and turkey gravy to go with it. Abigail prepared delicious escalloped potatoes, Margery fixed buttered frozen peas, and Dorothy made an exceptionally good shredded cabbage salad and hot rolls. We had cherry jam, pickles, olives, etc., and then for dessert the big three-layer Lord Baltimore cake that Lucile made, and some ice cream. It was a very happy evening for all of us.

We are beginning to look forward now to sister Martha's return from New Jersey; it seems to us that she's been gone for a long, long time. Jessie and Sue had a wonderful time in California and returned looking exceptionally well and hearty. As soon as Martha returns we five sisters will all be together again, and probably will have a dinner on my birthday in April.

Donald writes that he is working hard and enjoying every minute of it. He has moved from the YMCA to a private home, but will probably continue to eat in restaurants. Some weekend soon he hopes to drive down into Kentucky to meet some friends, but most of the time he stays pretty close to his job.

Margery has finished her papering upstairs and now is busy fixing the kitchen. Her plans call for papering it, painting the woodwork, and rehabilitating a cabinet that has fine storage space in it. You will probably note in this issue how big Martin is getting. He seems quite grown up these days and is able to take care of several daily chores.

As I write this letter it looks and feels as though spring would soon be here. Let's hope that we don't have a heavy storm late in the season—that always seems discouraging. If this good weather holds, Mart and I hope to drive up to Lucas soon to visit Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. We haven't been there since October, and are anxious to make the trip.

Recently we've had quite a few flowers blooming in the house, and they make Easter seem fairly close at hand. This reminds me that a letter from Mabel Nair Brown the other day brought her description of an arrange-

ment they will make this Easter. I found it so inspirational that I wanted to include it in my letter—no doubt many of you will want to do something comparable.

"The Easter message of Faith and Hope is one this troubled old world needs to be reminded of today. So, just as we use lovely arrangements to stress the Christmas story, let's make an impressive Easter arrangement that will "speak for itself". Here is the arrangement that will stand on an occasional table in our living room during the Easter season.

"The family Bible will be opened to the Resurrection and placed at the center front of the table. To the left end will stand the small illuminated white church which is a family treasure. Immediately behind the Bible there will be a pot of bright spring flowers, and then to the right end of the table will stand a very large white Glo-Candle. And there will be our Easter Message at a glance — The Bible, bringing us God's words of assurance and promise; the candle, signifying that therein lies the Light of the World and the way to true Peace; the flowers that stand for hope and faith reborn; the church where we find encouragement and inspiration.

"I must add this note to say how happy we are to have our own blooming flowers to use this year. They are the tulips and hyacinths planted according to Lucile's advice for forced blooming, and they are certainly a thing of beauty to gladden our hearts these late winter and early spring days."

I realize that just about the time you read this you'll be running back and forth to baby chicks, trying to get your housecleaning done, etc., etc. (there's no end to it, is there), but whenever you can take a few minutes to write, you can be sure that I'll appreciate it. I so often wish that I could acknowledge each letter, but I'm sure you understand that this is something I cannot manage . . . and will accept my letter every month as my reply to your good letters.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna

COVER PICTURE

Most of us recall from our school days the beautiful poem of William Wordsworth that begins:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils; . . .

Wordsworth, of course, was a very great poet, and somehow he managed to call up all of the quick, strong emotions we feel when the first brilliant daffodils flaunt their beauty in spring.

These particular daffodils swept away all the long, dreary winter and gave us a whole new lease on life. We can't plant them in the spring, but when fall comes once again, let's be sure to remember how much a few dozen bulbs can mean to us when winter's iron grip is finally loosened.

—Lucile

Come into the Garden

FRUIT GARDENS

By Pansy M. Barnes

The Rose is called by many, "Queen of the Flower Garden," but it may surprise us to realize that without members of the *Rosaceae* Family that our fruit gardens would be sadly lacking!

Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, peaches, pears, plums, apricots and apples are all relatives of "Queen Rose." If all the members of the *Rosaceae* Family should suddenly be able to transport themselves by magic to a gigantic family reunion, it would take a mighty building to hold all of them!

Compared with other fruits the strawberry has been in cultivation but a short time, for less than 600 years have passed since it was first grown in gardens. (These first berries were raised in France.) Wild strawberries were so plentiful in North America that nobody bothered to grow them in gardens until around 1770.

Thomas Jefferson kept a garden note-book and on May 28, 1767, he recorded "strawberries came to the table. This is the first year of their bearing, having been planted in 1766. On an average, the plants bear 20 strawberries each, and 100 fill a half-pint measure."

Wouldn't he be thrilled today with the fine Premier, Gem, Dunlap, and the huge Streamliners! Just imagine how many half-pint measures you could fill with these varieties that grow in our gardens. No sun preserves taste quite as good as those from our own grounds, and there is certainly great satisfaction in going to our freezers or lockers for these ruby treasures when a January blizzard is howling.

Jefferson had some red raspberries from Antwerp and some "black caps" at Monticello, but he never tasted our delicious Sodus—the wonderful cross between red and black. The new Bristol (a black with very few seeds) would surely please him, while our Everbearing Indian Summer would have made a gift worthy enough to present to LaFayette. (They visited each other and exchanged seeds and plants.)

Rubus, to which Blackberries, Dewberries and Raspberry members of the *Rosaceae* belong, is a huge group; more than 30000 species names have been applied. Several of these have ornamental foliage, and others are evergreen. Some have white or bluish white stems which are striking in winter, and still others are cultivated for their bloom. *Rubus odoratus*, for instance, has flowers 1 to 2 inches across which are rose-purple. *Rubus Henryi* comes from West China. It is evergreen, the blooms are pink, and it is used abroad for pillars and pergolas.

Our own North American varieties have proved hardiest. They thrive best in a deep, rich loam which con-

tains plenty of humus.

On November 8, 1791, Jefferson ordered some fruit trees, and among them were early harvest and Spitzenberg apples. How he would smile if he could taste the Yellow and Red Delicious that we have today!

Even those who live in Northern areas can have special apples that were developed for severe climates. Fireside is a super-Delicious. It is the result of work done by the University of Minnesota, and is especially recommended by northern areas. Min-Jon is the Jonathan for colder regions, and since it ripens earlier and is much harder than the standard one, do consider it if you live where the climate is really severe.

Apples should be set at least 40 feet apart in an orchard, and the space between can be used for peaches. They are not as long lived, and by the time the apples have become large, the peaches may be gone. Plums, cherries and apricots can be used in the same way.

Attention should be given to various varieties and their pollination. Delicious, Golden Delicious, Winesap and Yellow Transparent need other kinds. (In some localities they are self-unfruitful.) Jonathan, however, is self-fruitful.

If we can have only a few apples and our near neighbors have none, what we really ought to do is to plant a five-in-one tree. This will bear Red Delicious, Grimes Golden, Stayman's Winesap, Jonathan and Yellow Transparent. The pollen would be helpful, and one would have early, medium and late varieties on one tree.

Bartlett and Seckel pears will not pollinate each other, so make room for a good old Kieffer and its winter pears. A baked Kieffer with rich syrup and whipped cream is a company dessert! The Seckel, while small as to fruit, is most delicious eating. Jefferson planted it and praised it highly.

Every child should have his own cherry tree. They are dandy "climbing" trees, and a pie or cherry jam from his very own tree will give any youngster something to brag about and something to share. Furthermore, it will give him a memory that impels him to take an interest in setting out trees in his own garden years later.

The Early Richmond and the Montmorency cherry cause no worry about pollen, and the fruit from both trees is large and delicious.

No fresh apricots can be purchased which are as luscious as those freshly gathered from our own trees, for fruit shipped in has to be picked before it is ripe and we all know what a difference this makes.

Bailey, the great horticulturist says: "The Moorpark is the best apricot grown in California." Thomas Jefferson ordered it for his orchard, and we can get it easily—just as good today as it was in 1791.

The Chinese Golden is an extra



On Dorothy's last trip to Shenandoah she was very much interested in the beautiful mahogany planter that Howard made. This is an intricate job of veneers, and the final lovely touch is a beaded brass edging around the top of the metal container.

hardy variety with firm flesh and a rich flavor.

Jefferson had some prune plums and probably some blue damsons, but he didn't have Waneta and Sapa. One each of these four would furnish fruit for the table, as well as plenty for jelly and preserves.

Some people are partial to a white peach for the table. Polly has proved itself through the years. However, if you also want a yellow peach, J. H. Hale, Elberta and Golden Jubilee simply can't be beaten.

Space for fruit may be very limited, but surely we can find room for 1 grape. It can be trained on a fence and tied to a lattice against the garage. Certainly there are no poor grapes among the Fredonia, Niagara, Portland, Caco or Concord. But if we are limited to just one, let's pick Fredonia. It ripens two weeks before Concord and is very sweet. Picked slightly before it is ripe, it is unsurpassed for jelly. If the family doesn't devour them entirely, directly from the vine, the ripe ones may be made into jam and juice. After you have tried them, the only reason that you won't plant more is simply because you do not have the space.

PROMISE

By Ethel Broendet

Across the landscape glows the tender green

That hints of all the richer things to come:

The early crocus and the opaline
Of buds that promise ripening peach
and plum.

ENCIRCLING LOVE

I wish, each time a little bird
Must leave safe nest to learn to fly,
That he could know his chirps are heard

By faithful parents standing by.

I wonder, when my precious child
Fears standing on his faltering feet,
Why he can't feel my heart beat with
With yearning love his needs to meet.

Dear God, I pray, forgive despair
When sometimes I feel lost, alone,
For I do know Thy loving care
Is always round about Thine own.

—Grace Stoner Clark

NEWS FROM FREDERICK'S FAMILY

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter from my office on a very beautiful early spring day. Before I could settle down at my typewriter this morning I had to wait for a telephone repair man to finish his work.

Yesterday I called the telephone company and said that it was imperative my phone cord be replaced. I wish you could have seen that old cord! It had become so twisted that I couldn't get the phone more than four inches from the hook, and to use it I had to stretch out across the top of my desk in a semi-prone position. The climax came yesterday when I had to make about thirty calls and ended up with a severe Charley horse in my phone arm. My only concern, now that the phone is fixed, is what I am going to do for exercise to take the place of the pulling and stretching I used to do on the phone cord.

We have a very fine public library here in Bristol from which I often take books, and in addition I have access to one of New England's finest private libraries in Providence. Almost two hundred years ago, the ship-owners and merchants of Providence formed a subscription library to keep themselves in touch with the ideas and discoveries of their day. Today that library is still functioning under the name of *The Providence Athenaeum*, and it is there that I do much of my studying.

Every two weeks I bring home eight or ten children's books for Mary Leanna. Yesterday I promised to take her with me to the library, but one of those early spring snow storms made it necessary for me to cancel the trip. She was so disappointed that I hastily suggested she might like to visit the local public library. Never have I seen a little girl more elated about anything than she was about her first visit to a library. I left her in the children's reading room for more than an hour, and when I returned I found her sitting at the librarian's desk "helping" to stamp books. It was a proud and happy little girl who walked out of the library carrying her own two books.

For the past six months Mary Leanna has been saying the Lord's Prayer every night at bedtime, but last night she decided to try something different. As soon as I left her room, I rushed downstairs and made a copy of what she had prayed. Without any exaggeration, this was her prayer: "Dear God in heaven, I thank you for all the nice, warm, snug, cozy, clear houses in our village. Dear God in heaven, please bless Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy, and Kit Carson, and the Cisco Kid, and Chico. Dear God in heaven, watch over me this night. Amen."

I am sure that I don't know what she meant by a "clear house", but it was a novel prayer, nevertheless. She is now four and a half years old. This year we have had her in a private

nursery school, but we have hopes of sending her to public school next year. I say merely that we have hopes, for because of the shortage of school space it may be necessary for the schools to raise the age of admittance to six years.

Last Tuesday evening our church gave a turkey supper that beyond all doubt was the finest church supper I have ever eaten. We had 232 pounds of turkey to feed 220 people, a bushel and a half of onions, and I don't know how many pounds of potatoes. When our church women put on a church supper the only food that is contributed is the dessert; everything else is bought in the local markets. This week we had to pay 70¢ a pound for turkey, and the women made just over \$200.00 on the supper. We charged \$2.00 a ticket, and we sold 215 tickets. The tickets for the supper were all sold out three weeks in advance.

I am proud to say that my own Betty was the general chairman for the affair. The menu was as follows: fruit cocktail, turkey, dressing, mashed turnips, mashed potatoes, gravy, cranberry sauce, olives, pickles, celery, hot rolls, coffee, and apple pie.

In case you are wondering what a clergyman does when he is not writing sermons and making pastoral calls, take a look at the events held at our church in one week:

- | | |
|------------|---|
| Sunday | |
| 9:45 A.M. | Sunday School |
| 11:00 A.M. | Divine Worship |
| 7:00 P.M. | Senior Pilgrim Fellowship |
| 8:00 P.M. | Married Couples' Club |
| Monday | |
| 3:15 P.M. | Cub Scout |
| 3:30 P.M. | Girl Scouts |
| 7:30 P.M. | Women's Club |
| 7:30 P.M. | Board of Trustees |
| Tuesday | |
| 1:15 P.M. | Senior Class in Religious Instruction |
| 2:00 P.M. | Junior Class in Religious Instruction |
| 7:00 P.M. | Camera Club |
| Wednesday | |
| 1:00 P.M. | Women's Missionary Society |
| 3:30 P.M. | Girl Scouts (Troop B) |
| 7:30 P.M. | Investment Class for Women |
| Thursday | |
| 7:30 P.M. | Choir Rehearsal |
| 8:00 P.M. | Pro Christo Missionary Society |
| 8:00 P.M. | Philatelic Society |
| Friday | |
| 7:00 P.M. | Boy Scout Roundtable |
| 7:30 P.M. | Sunday School Party for Junior Department |
| Saturday | |
| 6:00 P.M. | Cub Scout Blue and Gold Dinner |

The other day one of our local people said to me: "I get sick and tired of hearing you clergymen preach against sin. To hear you talk one would think that there is little in this life that isn't vulgar." Well, I was glad that he used the word vulgar, because I don't think that the Church ever needs to apologize for preaching against vulgarity. It is not a mere prudishness which makes church peo-

ple alarmed at the cheap vulgarity of so much that contributes to the moulding of public taste — the television, novels, comic magazines, advertisements, and motion pictures. There is a deeply ingrained fear of what can happen to a people whose sense of human dignity has been weakened. Cheap, common, coarse people can and do shut their eyes to corruption in private business and in politics and government. People in whom there is little sense of human decency can and do turn their backs upon injustice and human betrayals.

When our children have access to so much that tramples with muddy feet the very inner shrines of life, what are we doing to provide for them a purifying, uplifting, cleansing experience? What are we doing to give our children the knowledge that life is something more than a mad search for the means of gratifying our physical appetites, and that becoming a person of culture requires something more than comic books, school diplomas, and television sets?

It isn't enough to give our children facts about life; we must also give them attitudes, and the attitudes they have toward the highest and finest things in our civilization, will be the attitudes which make them cheap, and common, and vulgar, or fine and good, and pure. The one thing in your town and in mine that constantly works for the highest and finest ideals known to man is the Church, and the attitudes that our children have toward the Church, are the attitudes that will determine the quality of their lives.

Looking through my morning mail, I find a factory catalogue from Grinnell, Iowa. Although we think of Rhode Island as the manufacturing center of the country, my church has found it necessary to order some things from Grinnell, Iowa, and I must say that the Iowa products are superior to anything of that type made here in the East. No doubt many of you folks are wearing rubber boots and shoes made here in our little town of Bristol, and I know that the upholstery in your new car was made just one block from my house. It is most likely that the elastic in some of your clothes was manufactured here in Bristol, and if you have bought any lace recently, there is a very good chance that the lace came from Bristol. Before I write my next letter to you, I am going to visit these factories so that I can tell you more about them.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick

SIGNS OF SPRING

The garden plot is greening now, Forsythia bush chimes golden bells, Meanwhile the lilt of vernal song Is winging through the air. The bulbs are rising through the clod Which were unseen the winter through;

Who called them from their long, dark sleep?

Were warbler songs their clue?
—Elfriede Schutt

SPRING TIME IS BANQUET TIME

By Mabel Nair Brown

During the next few weeks there will be anxious high school students who are responsible for the annual junior-senior banquet, and if you're the mother, aunt, grandmother or cousin of one, you will probably be called upon for ideas. In such a pinch, perhaps one of these banquet plans will help. And I might add that either one would be suitable for other groups who have special get-togethers in the spring.

FAIRYLAND

Last year my son helped work on this theme, so I'll describe it in detail. If you're looking for something particularly beautiful, this is it.

The short flight of steps that led to the entrance of the banquet room were covered with artificial green grass (the kind that comes in carpet-like strips), and painted white rocks lined each side. A white grilled gate was borrowed from a nearby garden and this stood at the entrance of the room. Two little girls dressed as fairies stood guard at this gate, and at the proper time they opened it and invited the seniors to step into Fairyland.

And it was a Fairyland to take ones breath away! Five wires had been strung across the entire ceiling in checkerboard fashion, and on these wires spunglass "angel hair" had been fastened so that the whole banquet hall ceiling looked like a great fleecy cloud. A large "honeycomb" tissue paper moon hung in the center.

A marvelous rainbow arched across the corner above the stage where the orchestra sat. Chicken mesh made the foundation, and paper napkins in rainbow colors were stuck in this mesh in rows, each color in a row across the length of the wire. A great iron kettle which had been covered with gold paper and filled with gilded rocks, stood at the foot of the rainbow for the pot of gold.

Another corner was fixed up like a flower garden with a Wishing Well. The well was made by painting a large barrel snowy white, putting a cover over the top, and piling rocks around the base. Not only did it look attractive, but it also served a useful purpose because iced punch was drawn up in a bucket and offered to dancers who wandered into the garden while the prom was in progress.

This garden corner was enclosed with a low white picket fence on which paper flowers and vines were entwined. Large potted plants stood here and there, and more of the green grass carpeting was used. A white bench stood along one side of the garden and looked inviting to dancers who wanted to rest as they drank the Wishing Well punch.

Other walls of the room were covered in blue and silver glitter paper. These papers come in large rolls and can be purchased in a variety of colors at some decorative supply stores. Exotic paper flowers were also used around the walls, at windows, etc.

Bridge tables were placed in pairs so that six persons sat at each table. Half of these tables had a fairy doll



Do you remember the picture of our Shenandoah postoffice in the March issue, and our comment that Wayne always used the back entrance? Here he is coming out the door at 9:30 in the morning. Could there be a letter from you in that box?

centerpiece; beautiful full-skirted gowns of tulle and net in pastel colors, had been made for them, and in addition they had wings tacked to their shoulders, wore small gold paper crowns and carried fairy wands.

The other tables had fairy castle centerpieces. These were made of construction paper, and their many turrets and walls were covered with pale blue paper sprinkled with silver glitter. Windows and doors were both cut out.

Miniature wishing wells made the nut cups. Regular nut cups were covered in blue glitter paper, a small cover was fitted on, and a pipe cleaner was the windlass of the tiny well. The program booklets, also covered with blue glitter paper, had a fairy castle on the cover.

Music used included *Over the Rainbow*, *Lollypop Land*, *Drifting and Dreaming*, *The Rainbow Trail* and *The Pot of Gold*.

The food was listed under such titles as Nectar of the Gods, Witches' Brew, Ambrosia, Elves' Delight, and Pixie Pie. In reality the menu was fruit cocktail, stuffed pork chops, mashed potatoes, gravy, fresh frozen peas, relish plate, jelly, rolls, and for dessert, chocolate eclairs and coffee.

THE GAY NINETIES WERE THE DAYS

Songs of the Nineties can be used as a basis for ideas which will emphasize the theme. Here are a few to consider: *Bicycle Built For Two*; *The Band Played On*; *While Strolling Through the Park One Day*; *The Quilting Party*; *Loves Old Sweet Song*; *Sweet Adeline*; *Oh, Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve*; *Down By the Old Millstream*; *Pretty Baby*; *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*; *Cuddle Up a Little Closer*; and, since the old river Showboat so clearly typifies that period, use the song *Waiting For the Robert E. Lee*.

For the walls, make up large posters to look like the covers of sheet music with the above titles on the cover. The music staff with oversized notes

can be drawn on long scrolls of white paper, phrases from the old songs written before the staff, and then these scrolls can be used to frame the posters. Here and there on the posters draw colorful sketches of pretty girls wearing the typical pictures hats of the period, and of men wearing stiff straw hats, striped suits, stiff mustaches, etc.

A "Showboat" would make a good background for the stage where musical numbers will be presented. Use painted backdrops which show the river, the skyline, etc., and of course have a moon in the sky!

If old china mustache cups can be found, use them on the tables as flower holders. Or make picture hats of crepe paper, trim them with artificial posies and huge plumes, and use these as flower baskets.

Replicas of the "Show Boat" constructed of cardboard and covered with crepe paper would make lovely table centerpieces. These can be placed on spun glass angel hair which is easy to arrange in the form of rippling waves. A tiny "puff" of this glass placed lightly on the boat's smoke stack will look very much like smoke rolling from the stack.

Bicycles "built for two" made with cardboard and construction paper with pipe cleaner wheels and handle bars, would be very clever table decorations. Small dolls dressed in gay nineties clothes and hats could be placed on the bicycles. This same idea could well be worked into a place favor by using pipe cleaners to make little miniature bicycles to stand at each place.

Another favor, which can stand in the nut cup, uses a wooden or paper spoon as a base. Sketch a face on the bowl of each spoon. Each man's face has a typical nineties' mustache. A bit of yarn can be used for the ladies' hair. Tiny black derbies or sailor straw hats for the men, and picture hats for the ladies can be fashioned from crepe paper and fastened to the spoon securely with cellulose tape. Tie a tie around the neck of the men and a bow on the ladies. If all the spoons are made up as ladies, you can put a ruffle of crepe paper around the nut cup and thus, when the spoon lady is placed in the cup, the ruffle becomes her skirt.

Another favor or table decoration idea—make Milady's fan. Use pretty colored papers and pleat as a fan. Staple the pleats together at one end, and glue narrow lace to the edge of the fan. If fan is used as a place card, attach a tiny name card to the fan handle with a ribbon bow.

The Menu and Program folders could feature the faces of the familiar Barbershop Quartette on the cover, a watercolor sketch of the "Showboat", or glue on a miniature fan like that described above.

When planning the program why not center it around the Old "Showboat" theme? You'll want to include a Barber Shop Quartette number—with the members wearing artificial mustaches, derby hats or stiff sailor straw hats and bow ties. Or you might use a Floradora Quartette (girls dressed in the old-fashioned dresses and big

(Continued on Page 8)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

In this room where my desk is I have two black chests (some details about them later on) and in one chest there are two drawers absolutely stuffed with letters that you have written. In fact, they are so stuffed that every-time I open the drawer at least a dozen come cascading out.

In many respects these letters constitute the single most interesting experience I have ever had. They summon up the entire gamut of problems that we live with in this human life, and I believe that it would be possible to prove just about anything by going through them carefully and setting up a scientific method of tabulating them.

Well, I'm not about to do that! All I ever wanted to know was how you felt about various things that go to make up daily life, and I must say that I found out. I suggested, you know, that you take advantage of the opportunity to blow off steam, and some days after the mail arrived you could hear it sizzle and see great clouds of it escaping.

In this issue we are printing a letter that moved me profoundly. It arrived when I had just finished reading a great collection of letters in which the big problem was not getting to go out enough, a situation that can be downright aggravating and endlessly provoking. Some of the writers concluded by saying that really, when it was all said and done, they shouldn't complain too much because they had strong, healthy children and a good husband—the rub was that he simply didn't care to go out.

Then I read this letter. I felt that it would be a long, long time before I could complain again about being unable to do many of the things that other people take for granted. And I believe that you will feel the same way. When we compare our fretful problems with the problem faced by the mother who wrote the letter, they fade away into the faintest of shadows.

Money is a pressing problem to many people, but it is NOT the single most overwhelming difficulty. This confirms what I suspected. If I went ahead and said much more you wouldn't be left with any surprises to anticipate, so I think I'd better stop right here and simply conclude the subject by saying that for several issues you can look forward to reading about other peoples' difficulties! Incidentally, there were many lessons to be learned from women whose children are now grown and gone—they've lived long enough now to understand the results of what they did, or didn't do. And because I felt that I had learned something, I want to share some of those letters with you too.

The black chests that I mentioned earlier are two that we worked on ourselves, and if I do say so myself, they've always thrown people off guard—they look much more expensive than they really are.

Six years ago we purchased two unpainted pine chests, three drawers in each. It would be my guess that you—and you—and you, have similar



Juliana celebrated her ninth birthday on February 25th, and we took note of the occasion by serving a 6:30 dinner to a dozen of her little school friends. This was the invitation that she sent out. It was such a struggle to keep Vincent quiet that we're surprised we got anything at all in the line of a picture! She is wearing the white organdy dress made by Mabel Schoff of Stewartville, Mo.

chests for they do furnish good storage space. These could have been painted any color, of course, but because we intended to use them in the living room, we decided to buy a black, suede finish paint and treat them as if they were more formal pieces of furniture.

This particular paint doesn't have a gloss—the words "suede finish" give you an idea of its velvety texture. Both chests got two coats of it. Then we used Chinese matting to cover the tops. Around the edges of the top and also on the drawer pulls, we put carved gold strips that came from old picture frames. Then in the middle of each top edge we used the highly decorative carved gold pieces that were once in the corners of an old-fashion plush photograph album. All of the gold strips, plus this gold carved piece, were tacked on with tiny nails. The combination of black and gold, plus the matting top, has given us two unusual and handsome chests.

If you're short of living room furniture, I earnestly suggest that you consider treating unpainted chests in this fashion. For three years we used ours in the living room, one at each end of the davenport, a large lamp standing on each. But a year ago we purchased new tables, and at that time the chests came into the study. They served their original purpose very well indeed, so if you need new living room furniture and feel that you can afford to invest but a small amount, turn over this idea in your mind.

In case you're wondering where in the world to get Chinese matting I must hasten to explain that in recent years many stores and magazines have advertised woven Chinese matting table mats, as well as blinds, strips, etc. A letter to your nearest large department store would bring you complete information, I'm sure. This matting

can be easily cut with a sharp knife to the necessary size, and if you use the gold strips from picture frames to bind the edges, you're set. Our frames came from the Five and Ten, a collection we'd accumulated through the years, and in almost any second-hand store you can find an old photograph album. In short, there are your clues for finding what you need.

The approach of spring finds me itching to tackle fresh, bright, crisp new materials. Juliana has grown unbelievably this past winter, and I've already discovered that none of last year's sun dresses can be worn. Thus far I have made her one new school dress, a brown-and-white checked tissue gingham. This has a white pique scalloped yoke that buttons on, a little detail that slipped my attention when I bought the pattern!

As I looked at the illustration I was under the impression that this yoke was simply cut as part of the blouse and stitched right on to it. When I got out the pattern to cut it I discovered that it buttoned on with eleven buttons! Well, the button holes are all made, and after this I'll watch a little more closely. Mother is making up the same pattern for Kristin in red chambray and using embroidered eyelet batiste for the yoke.

I have also been making new slips, a grown-up type slip with a camisole top and fancy shoulder straps. Up until now I've always made the simple layette type slip—stitched on the shoulders, straight, etc., but with Juliana getting so big I decided to leave my old stand-by and blossom out. One of these new slips has an eyelet embroidered batiste top that I think will look very pretty under sheer dresses.

After I got Juliana stitched up I'll tackle a couple of things for Kristin, and also a fancy white summer dress for Emily. This is to be white batiste smocked in bright red—red handkerchief linen collars and sleeve binding. She looks wonderful in red and white because of her dark hair.

Wayne's Christmas gift to Abigail was a new portable sewing machine, and she decided to start her sewing projects with new slips for Emily. I passed on an old pattern that I used for Juliana at that age, and she has gotten started. Abigail has never done much sewing, but what she tackles she masters thoroughly and completely, so in no time at all I'll be apologizing for my poor workmanship.

Isn't it hard to keep patient and wait for spring? I find myself simply wild to throw open the house, wash curtains, clean the back porch walls, etc., etc. It seems to me that at this time of the year everything in the house looks terribly woe begone and shabby. I noted just a moment ago when I got up and went out to the kitchen that our davenport needs re-upholstering or cleaning or something! And that goes for just about every piece of furniture that we own.

I'm now back on my feet and our life has swung into its normal pattern after five months of disruption.

Am I happy? Well, you can't imagine how happy!

Sincerely, Lucile



EASTER WITH A MEANING

By Blanche Neal Shipley

Too often Easter means only a glorious array of fluffy bunnies, downy chicks and gaily colored candy eggs in assorted baskets; the true significance of the day is only too frequently lost in all the chatter of clothes and celebrations that have no connection with the church.

We planned last year to have a special acknowledgment of the day that we could work out easily as a family group. Sharon Kay, six, and Madelyn, five, were both eager to cooperate, and even little Russell, not yet two, sensed the joyous atmosphere.

A family dinner was decided upon, for Grandpa Shipley had just returned from his visit to California, and this would provide a splendid chance for all of us to gather and hear about his trip. Our girls were delighted with the prospect of helping with the dinner, and with the simple little invitations which they printed and gave to the aunts and uncles and Grandpa.

The girls and I sat down together and wrote out this menu: Easter bunny nest salad, carrots and lima beans, spinach and deviled eggs, roast meat, mashed potatoes, hot rolls and jelly, Easter cake, fresh frozen strawberries, and Easter pie. As all mothers know, small children love to use candy eggs or jelly beans in decorations, and this menu allows ample use of them!

On Saturday morning we fixed two boxes of lime gelatine, shelled the lima beans and put them to soak, boiled six eggs, got the roast out of the freezer and put it in the refrigerator to thaw out, made a big batch of light rolls, two pie crusts, and a white cake.

Saturday evening, after the house had been cleaned, we put the gelatine through the ricer and then placed it in individual dishes. It resembled the green grass used in Easter baskets, and was very glossy and pretty. Then we cleaned the carrots and put them in a plastic bag in the refrigerator, fixed the deviled eggs and stored them similarly, finished the cream pies and decorated them with tiny jelly beans, got potatoes up from the basement, and the spinach and strawberries out of the freezer and into the refrigerator to thaw.

Sunday morning we peeled potatoes, cooked the roast and the lima beans, put the carrots into the pressure pan ready to be cooked, whipped cream and finished preparing the salad by placing a golden peach half in the center of each dish of gelatine, with a spoonful of whipped cream on each. Then we set the table, using a white tablecloth, and a basket of home colored hen eggs and candy eggs as a center-piece. From the basket were red ribbon streamers to each plate, with

an Easter verse pinned to each streamer.

We all went to church, which is our usual Sunday custom. The class session and worship service centered about the Easter theme, and the eleven o'clock service was the Easter story illustrated by beautiful flannelgraph pictures that made it "live" for everyone there.

We came home, displayed the flannelgraph picture of the Resurrection so that all the guests could enjoy it, and finished up dinner by cooking the carrots, spinach, and potatoes.

After we had sat down at the table and asked the blessing, each person unpinned his message from the streamer, and read it. Here are a few of them:

Easter Day helps us to remember
That Jesus rose from the tomb.

Happy Easter Day is here,
Rejoice! He lives again.

On Easter Day we bring our hearts
To greet the risen Lord.

Let us all be glad and gay
On this happy Easter day.

The angel said, "He is not here.
He is risen. He is alive for evermore."

Sharon Kay was quite capable of reading her message, but Madelyn could not yet read, so Aunt Leota read hers and Russell's. Russell was not quite two, but he required a streamer and message just the same. Of necessity, because of the children, the verses were kept simple and straight to the point, so that they could understand them all.

The centerpiece was then removed, thus giving more room on our rather crowded table, and the dinner continued, with our little ones enjoying every minute detail, and continuously saying to Grandpa, "we helped make this."

In the afternoon, when the guests had all gone home, the girls spent an hour or so playing flannelgraph, and it was surprising how well they knew the Easter story as they had learned it from their Sunday School lessons and the illustrated story at church.

At night we went to church to hear a fine sermon on the "Hope of the Resurrection", and we felt that Easter had been a fine experience for the entire family.

FRIEND OF THE AGED

The old man voiced his loneliness;
The pastor understood his plea—
And with compassion said to him
"The Lord, your Friend, waits
lovingly

To comfort you. Hereafter, place
A chair for Him beside your own
And know that God is there." How
well

Was comforted the one alone;
For through the future days his heart
Found peace, as one who has been
blest,

No longer filled with loneliness
For God became his daily guest.

—Elfriede Schutt



We've never known a more cheerful baby than Alison. She is an example of what all mothers mean when they say with feeling: "Oh, she's such a GOOD baby!" This is one of her favorite corners . . . the green rocking chair that was purchased just to rock babies.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR EASTER LILY

By Pansy M. Barnes

The Easter Lily plant that comes to us from the florist is both beautiful and expensive, and most of us would like to take good care of it in the spring and have it bloom again.

As soon as it comes from the florist, put it in a light, cool room (preferably 60° to 65°) and out of all drafts. Make a hole in the bottom of the paper foil wrapping on the pot, and then place the pot in a saucer or some other container. Thus, when the plant is watered each day or two, excess water, if any, can drain into the saucer. Do not let water stand in the saucer all of the time.

After the blooms fade, it is wise to feed it and keep it growing vigorously until the foliage turns yellow and it shows that it wishes to rest. About once a week give it a solution of very weak "cow-manure tea". After the weather has warmed up, knock the plant with its ball of soil from the pot and place it in the flower garden.

Select a well drained location, away from trees and shrubs. All lilies require excellent drainage. Planting among perennials, without crowding, is good.

Dig the hole for planting at least 12 inches deep, but not more than 14 inches deep. Set in the plant and its ball of soil, and then fill in with dirt and firm it. When the hole is two-thirds filled, water, and then finish filling the hole without tamping or firming. Don't worry about the dirt covering the lower stems and leaves.

Late next fall, mulch with 6 to 8 inches of straw for winter protection.

Don't try to dig it up late next fall and attempt to force it into bloom next winter. You won't succeed. It would help to mix some well-rotted manure or compost with the soil where the lily is planted, and if all of these suggestions are followed you have a reasonable chance of getting it to bloom again, perhaps in the fall before frost. If not then, there is still a chance that it will bloom the following spring.

MY GREATEST PROBLEM

Dear Lucile:

When I'm about my daily tasks, it seems that my problems loom up like enormous monsters ready to devour me; but now when I sit down to write about them, it seems more self pity, even though my heart feels like breaking.

First, I want to tell you briefly about my earlier life so you can understand what an adjustment I have had to make.

I grew up in a small rural town. My family was very religious. We youngsters always attended Sunday School and church, and as we grew older we took our places in all church activities, as well as in community activities.

I went on to college and then taught school for thirteen years in my home town. In addition to this I continued my church work, community activities, and helped a great deal with P.T.A., etc. I owned my own car, and the summers were spent traveling with other teachers. I was always able to come and go as I pleased.

In my late thirties I married and moved into a new state. There I started immediately to take part in clubs, organizations and, of course, first and foremost, my church. These activities were shared by my husband, and in addition to these things he enjoyed fishing, travel, the outdoors and good eats! So we spent the first three years doing these things together and making things for our home.

We were very, very happy. Because we were no longer too young we'd decided that we should have our baby as soon as possible, so we made definite plans. When Katherine came to us our happiness simply could not be described. No one will ever welcome a baby more joyfully than we welcomed her.

But our happiness was short-lived. A few weeks after we went home from the hospital I noticed a slight stiffening of her body. These attacks came more and more frequently and lasted longer each time. We took her from one doctor to another, from one specialist to another, and finally to the biggest and best clinics in the country.

Every place we turned we heard that she had suffered from a rare and unusual birth injury, and they could not tell what the final outcome would be. If I had one prayer to utter that could come true, I'd pray that no other mother or father need ever to sit and hear the same thing said to them. You simply die inside. You cannot even cry—then. That comes later.

When she was ten months old she underwent brain surgery. We had been told that there was only one chance in ten that she would survive it, but it was the only thing that might possibly help. We took that chance and she survived. However, brain cells had been injured at birth that could never rebuild themselves, and since the injury was on the left side of the head, she was left completely helpless. Ten days after the operation we took her home, and here we have



In Mother's letter not long ago she described the new drapes made for their sun room, and the Christmas bird bath used as a container for ivy. Here you see a corner window treatment, and also the ivy.

loved and cared for her these past twelve years. We call her our little "gold nugget!" She needs every care that a baby needs for she cannot even hold her head upright by herself, but she's pretty, sweet, normally intelligent, yes, and spoiled, and we love her desperately.

My problem was to adjust my life to an entirely new routine — a stay-at-home one. It hasn't been easy. Even yet, in the summer when everyone is happily planning trips and vacations, I get a sad longing to be able to do it too. The hardest times come on special days and holidays when the family all gather at mother's home. We've been a close family and I miss that so very much.

I've had a wonderful, loving, patient husband through all of this. His love for Katherine is as great as mine. Perhaps we were wrong in giving up everything (this has been suggested to us), but we do know that she would not have lived but for our constant care during the first half of her life . . . and as the years passed we just continued to do it.

I have a dear friend who has offered many times to come and stay for a few hours so my husband and I can go out together for a meal or to an early show, getting back in time to care for Katherine at bedtime. I'd love to do that even if it were just once a year, but he says, "You go. I think I'd like to stay with Katherine. She'd miss us if we both were gone." I can't seem to persuade him to do it and I know it would do him good too.

Like you, I agree that people can be happy without constantly gadding around and spending money. We have found lots of happiness and peace just in doing things together, both inside and outside. My husband does wonderful work with furniture, both making new and doing over old things. We have particularly enjoyed making lamps for our home, and things of this kind.

We have a rose garden (one of the things my husband does do is to attend meetings of the local rose society, and occasionally he gets to regional meetings too), and I couldn't count the many times we walk out together from early spring to late fall to watch and see every little change that takes place out there.

All of our extra-routine duties we

share together. When I prepare strawberries or any other fruit or vegetable for our freezer, he always helps and it becomes a happy task instead of a dreary job.

In the summer evenings we roll Katherine's bed out and sit on our screened-in patio, often without a light. Here we talk about our garden, or just sit and watch the stars in the beautiful heavens. My husband then goes up to bed while I prepare Katherine for the night. While she's getting to sleep, I enjoy my magazines, a book, write letters, crochet, etc. It's such a pleasant hour that I can really call my own. As you can well imagine, a bright mind helplessly trapped in a body that cannot move so much as one inch to do the bidding of the mind, takes much time and thought and activity on my part. This hour at night that I can really call my own is greatly treasured.

We have wonderful friends and a church that shows a keen interest in us and in our problem. We have tried to make our home happy for ourselves and for people who come into it. But with all this there never is a moment that my heart doesn't cry out that everlasting question—why? *Why* did that have to happen to her? And there never is an answer.

SIGNS OF SPRING

Black velvet night with silver rain, then lo!

The blushes of the dawn begin to show.

A bluebird calls for blossoms to appear;

That's how the garden knows that spring is here!

(Continued from Page 5)

hats). A short-talking act, reminiscent of vaudeville days would be a splendid number on the program.

The talks for the program could come under such titles as Good Cycling; All That Glitters Is Not Gold; Life's Little Mellardrammer; On Life's Millstream, and All Aboard For The Showboat.

The waitresses might wear checked gingham dresses with white pinafores (pinafores could be crepe paper ones) and with big ribbon bows pinned across the back of the hair. If it is young men who act as waiters, they should wear bow ties and false mustaches of course!

Here is a suggested menu with appropriate Gay Nineties labels:

Showboat Supreme — (Creamed Chicken on Biscuit).

Fluffy Ruffles—(Mashed Potatoes).
Dream Boats — (Frozen Buttered Peas).

Pretty Baby's Delight — (Tossed Green Salad).

Barbershop Favorite—(Rolls).

Ruby Fancy—(Jelly).

Floradora Special—(Ice Cream with Strawberries).

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LUCILE'S FAVORITE REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cake yeast
- 5 to 6 cups of flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. salt

Scald milk. Add shortening and sugar. When mixture is lukewarm, add yeast and dissolve. (If dry yeast is used, dissolve it in one-fourth cup warm water and reduce milk to one and three-fourths cups.) Add soda and baking powder sifted with three cups flour. Beat until bubbles come. Allow to rise one-half hour.

Beat egg and salt until light and add to the sponge. Add remaining flour to make a soft dough. (The less flour you use, the lighter the rolls and doughnuts.) Knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl, grease the top, and place in refrigerator.

FOR ROLLS

Divide dough into three parts. Roll each part into a circle about nine inches in diameter and spread each circle with melted butter. Cut each circle into 16 wedge-shaped pieces. Roll each piece beginning at the wide end. Place on greased baking sheet. Allow to rise for one and one-half hours, then bake 20 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

FOR DOUGHNUTS

If all the dough is to be used for doughnuts, three-fourths cups of sugar may be used instead of the five tablespoons called for. If the original recipe is used, an extra thick layer of granulated sugar for coating finished doughnuts makes them sweet enough. (The doughnut glaze we gave in the March issue would also be fine).

Roll dough that has been refrigerated to one-fourth inch thickness on floured board. Cut with floured doughnut cutter. Allow to rise one and one-half hours. Then fry in fat heated to 370 degrees. If you don't have a thermometer, test by dropping a cube of bread in the fat. Fat is hot enough if bread browns in one minute.

To love and honor are okay,
And some might promise to obey,
But what makes wives turn slowly
gray
Is what to cook each blessed day!

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

EXTRA FINE SPONGE CAKE

- 6 eggs, separated
 - 1 tsp. cream of tartar
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 1/4 cups cake flour
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring
 - 1 tsp. lemon flavoring
 - 1/4 cup cold water or lemon juice
- Beat 6 egg whites stiffer than stiff. Add 1 tsp. cream of tartar and 1/2 cup sugar, 1 Tbls. at a time.

Beat 6 egg yolks, add 1/4 cup lemon juice or water, flavorings, and then this well sifted mixture of cake flour, sugar, baking powder, salt. Fold this mixture into the egg whites very carefully, turn into a large ungreased tube pan, and bake in a 325 degree oven for approximately one hour. This makes a very big cake that is wonderfully tender and fluffy.

EGG-TUNA PUFF

- 1 7-oz. can of tuna
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup green pepper
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 large eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. baking soda
- Dash of pepper

Start oven at 375 degrees. Grease a shallow, medium sized baking dish. Drain tuna, break up with a fork and mix it with the mushroom soup, green pepper and milk. Pour into baking dish.

Separate eggs. Add salt to the whites and beat until they stand in peaks. Beat yolks with soda and pepper until lemon colored. Gently fold yolks into the whites and pile on tuna mixture. Bake for 25 minutes.

This is enough for 4 people, is quickly prepared, and makes a nice, tasty dish.

RASPBERRY TOPPING

- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. water
- 2 cups raspberry juice

Combine sugar, cornstarch and water and mix to a smooth paste. Heat fruit juice and slowly add thickening. Cook over low heat until clear and thickened. When cold, serve over plain cake or custard pudding. This is a fine way to use up canned raspberry juice or grapejuice at the tail end of winter.

ORANGE-CREAM CAKE

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tbs. cold water
- Grated rind 1 orange
- 1 cup cake flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. any baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Separate the eggs and beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add the sugar gradually, beating all the while with the egg beater. Then add the cold water and grated orange rind. Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt together, and add to the first mixture. When well mixed, add the egg whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in 2 round pans with straight sides, for 30 minutes at 300 to 325 degrees. When cool, spread with

Orange-Cream Filling

- 2 tbs. cornstarch
- 2 tbs. flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1 tbs. butter
- 2 egg yolks
- Grated rind 1 orange
- 3 tbs. orange juice
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- 1 tbs. gelatine
- 1 tbs. water
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

Sift the cornstarch, flour, and sugar together, and add the mixture to the boiling water in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Cook for 20 minutes, add the butter, and beat the whole into the egg yolks. Return to the double boiler just long enough to cook the egg yolks. Add the grated orange rind and the fruit juices. Stir in the gelatine dissolved in 1 tbs. water. Cool, and add the cream, which has been whipped until stiff. Place in the refrigerator for 1 hour before spreading on the cake. When the layers are put together, ice the cake over the top and sides with

Orange Icing

- Grated rind 1 orange
- 3 tbs. orange juice
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- 1 tbs. butter
- Enough confectioners' sugar to make right consistency

Into a saucepan put the grated rind, the fruit juices, and the butter. Let heat just enough to melt the butter, then stir in enough confectioners' sugar to make the icing the consistency of heavy cream. Let stand 10 minutes, then spread.

SUPPER TUNA FISH SALAD

- 2 cups macaroni (tiny rings are preferable)
- 1 can drained tuna fish
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- Salt to taste
- 2 diced hard cooked eggs
- 1 cup celery, cut fine

Cook macaroni in boiling salt water until tender. Drain and chill. Combine with remaining ingredients, and mix lightly with salad dressing or mayonnaise. This is a hearty, good salad that will make a filling main dish for supper.

COCOANUT MACAROONS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup coconut
- 3 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and vanilla. Combine all remaining ingredients and add. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake from 10 to 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

ONE BAR OF SOAP

Mix and let cool 1/2 cup soft water and 1/2 Tbls. lye. When cool, add 1 Tbls. borax and 1 Tbls. ammonia. Pour into 1 cup of warm grease. Stir occasionally until about as thick as rather heavy cream. Then pour into a cloth lined mold and set aside to ripen. It will whiten while standing.

CELERY SCALLOPED POTATOES

- 6 medium sized potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1 can of cream of celery soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1/4 lb. cheese, cubed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Put potatoes in a greased casserole and add salt and pepper. Combine the soup, milk, water and cheese together in a sauce pan and heat until cheese is melted. Mix well with potatoes and bake at 400 degrees for about 1 hour. Cover for first part of cooking, and then remove cover so it can brown.

MOULDED CHICKEN SALAD

- 1 1/2 Tbls. gelatine
- 1/3 cup cold water
- 1 1/2 cups boiling chicken broth
- 3 cups chicken, cut small
- 2/3 cup chopped celery
- 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise
- 1/3 cup chopped pimentos or chopped stuffed olives.

Soak the gelatine in cold water. When soft, dissolve in hot broth and cool. Before it sets, add mayonnaise. Beat well and fold in chicken, celery and pimentos. Chill in 12 individual molds, or one large one.

TAPIOCA PUDDING

- 1/2 cup pearl tapioca
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1 egg yolk, well beaten
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Soak tapioca in milk overnight. Add sugar, raisins, egg, and bake in a buttered casserole for one hour or longer in a 325 degree oven. Beat egg white to a stiff froth, add 1 Tbls. sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla, and spread over top of pudding to brown. Serve with cream. Stir pudding a few times while baking.

BISCUITS SUPREME

(Makes 16 biscuits)

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

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder, cream of tartar and sugar. Cut in shortening. Add milk, and stir just until dough follows fork around bowl. Pat or roll 1/2 inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 450 degrees from 10 to 12 minutes.

FIG COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 3 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder

FILLING

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped figs
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup water

Mix cookie dough in usual way and spread out on greased sheet. Combine sugar and flour for filling, and then add figs and water. Cook until thick. When cool, spread on 1/2 cookie dough through center and turn edges over and cut. Put fold to bottom, leaving top smooth. Bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 15 minutes. These fig bars resemble those you buy, and taste like them too.

MARGERY'S SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. fresh lean pork
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 or 3 eggs
- 3/4 to 1 cup of bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- Butter for frying

Have meat ground together. Brown onion lightly in the butter and mix all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into small balls, roll in flour and brown evenly in butter. Remove to kettle. Make gravy by using the pan liquid and 1 Tbls. butter, 2 Tbls. flour and water to make gravy. Pour over meat balls and let simmer for half an hour before serving. Half a cup of heavy cream will add to the richness and taste.

FUN IN THE KITCHEN*By Alice Hoey Shaffer*

The only fun I ever had
In cake or candy making,
Was when I had a child to lick
The dishes used in baking.



Little Susan waits for mail,
Plus the postman's cheery hail,
Teasing, he will often say,
"How's the bad cowboy today?"

She will brandish knife and gun
Knowing this is just for fun,
Then will answer with a grin,
"OUTSIDE, I'm bad, but certainly not IN".

Susan Kay is the granddaughter of Mrs. Gertrude M. Robinson of Kansas City who made up this verse to entertain her.

SAUCE FOR FISH

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice

CREOLE RICE

- 1 cup chopped boiled ham
- 1 onion
- 1 cup boiled rice
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt

Mix in the order given, pour into buttered casserole. Bake for 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

SUPERB RAISIN SAUCE

- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add the water and heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Add orange and lemon juice and raisins. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add butter and serve hot with meat.



EASTER IDEAS

By Mildred Cathoart

"For, lo, the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." And once again it is Easter!

Easter is our first really Springtime festivity and it should be especially gay and colorful.

It is always nice to see something growing and children will enjoy making these "live" favors. Save your half of eggs shells which you have broken carefully, and a few weeks before Easter, dye them and plant some kind of quick growing seed in them. These will make lovely favors or, with names on them, may be used as place cards. To go with these little egg baskets cut out cardboard bunnies, cover with cotton or pussy willows, and tie a gay bow around the neck. These will add much color to your table.

If you have children I am sure they will enjoy decorating cookies and these may be decorated and used for a centerpiece for your Easter dinner table. It will be different to decorate cookie eggs. You can make a simple egg-shaped cutter by bending and shaping the tin strip off a coffee can, or you can bend a small tin lid into an oval shape. These "eggs" can be covered with pastel shades of frosting and silver shot, or the colored sugars made for cookie decorating.

Be sure and cut out some bunnies and chicks, too. Frost the bunnies (both sides) with white frosting and add finely chopped coconut before the frosting has set. The chicks may be decorated with yellow icing. Arrange the cookie eggs in a basket, if you like, or on a tray nested in artificial grass. Stand the bunnies and chicks upright, and you might like to add bright ribbon bows to their necks. Once we even made little paper Easter bonnets for the chicks! You will find this centerpiece attractive as well as delicious. (Only at our house it was quite some time before we could persuade our daughter that the bunnies and chicks SHOULD be eaten!)

While you are saving egg shells you may be able to manage a few whole ones with a hole only in one end. These can be washed and used for salad molds. These colorful gelatin eggs are put into nests made of lime gelatin that has been forced through a ricer so that it looks very much like grass.

Like the Christmas Holidays, families have Easter traditions and these should be encouraged. Probably everyone has some sort of Easter egg hunt for the children but ours took a different turn last year when Kerry Lee thought it would be fun, for a change,

to let the children hide the eggs and let the "olders" hunt them. No crowd will remain dignified long when Grandpa crawls under the dining room table after a chocolate egg and Grandma races Daddy to the clock for the bright red egg hidden there! In fact a sack of candy eggs provided many hours of amusement.

We, too, play Easter bunny and perhaps you have found, as we did, that there are just too many sweets for tiny tummies to enjoy safely. When many friends and relatives brought along Easter delicacies we found that we were worrying about them instead of enjoying them. Consequently, the Easter bunny left the candies to the mere human folk and he brought a gay bunny story book, an Easter coloring book that can be purchased at all dime stores, or even a corsage, pocket book or accessory to add to the Easter finery. This proved far more satisfactory.

And with all the gaiety that goes with Easter we must not pass by the true and beautiful Holy significance of the day. The Resurrection story should be read and Easter hymns sung by the family. A few recitations by the children will give them a chance to participate. We like to stand a pure white Easter lily beside the Bible which is opened to the story of the Resurrection.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead!—Let us rejoice!"

FROM HALLIE BARROW'S DESK

Are you taking your daily dose of sulphur and molasses? Cheer up! Spring always has come . . . eventually. My father was a cattle man and from earliest times I was his companion as he visited pastures and feed lots. First I rode in front of him on the saddle; later, I was a real help when he drove a wiry team and I could drive through the big pasture gates and wait until he closed them. Much later, after team travel passed out, I was sort of an official chauffeur.

Always at this time of the year, I'd hear his customers "sing the blues". They were low on feed, they were low on money, the winter woodpile was about gone, the apples and potatoes were shrivelly, etc., etc. Time after time, I'd hear my father encourage them with this saying: "If you can just stick it out till grass, you'll make it."

Each year at this time, I begin to wonder if I'm going to be able to stick it out till grass . . . the dreary tag end of a long winter, income tax time and it seems that everything is at the lowest point of the year. I begin to think of how wonderful it will be to catch that first faint green carpeting and each spring I read that essay of John J. Ingalls on, "Grass." It starts:

"Grass is the forgiveness of Nature . . . her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass and the carnage is forgotten. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but

grass is immortal. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, it softens the rude outline of the world. It yields no fruit in earth or air, yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world." Other paragraphs of this essay are almost as vivid and dramatic . . . but these are the lines most often quoted.

Besides feeding a hungry world, another use has been found for grass in the past year. Drug stores now sell pills made from chlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants. If taken according to directions, these pills are guaranteed to neutralize all body odors for the day. I'm wondering if this can be the continuation of an experiment in perfumes? Several years ago one of the important perfume companies announced a new odor, fresh and invigorating, and it was called "Blue Grass Perfume." What next?

Quarter Horses

Many young Roy Rogers fans will be pleased to know that their hero refused a very fancy price for his horse, Trigger. A breeder of quarter horses in Texas wanted Trigger in order that his high degree of intelligence could be passed on to the quarter horse colts. That is one of the most important requisites of this breed—almost human intelligence.

I wonder if you have been noticing this comparatively new breed of horses,—the quarter horses? They are an important act now in most livestock shows, fairs, horse shows and rodeos. Their other name is "cutting" horse and they are used to cut out cattle from the main herd. They were recognized and a herd book started in 1940. Cutting competition is now a favorite class in most all stock shows.

A quarter horse is noted for its great speed for short distances. The name came down from Colonial days when planters raced their horses for a quarter mile. One of the quarter horses' main characteristics is that he must be able to attain his highest speed in a very short time. Cutting horse owners have told us that a good quarter horse is going his speediest at his third jump. After the horse senses the steer you want cut out or turned, he takes full charge of the situation and doesn't let up until the errant steer is right where you designated—and no one is as surprised as the steer! No matter what wild notion a stray calf may take, the quarter horse is just two jumps ahead and turns the calf.

Owners also say these horses can turn on a dime, even if going full speed. However, this turning so quickly when going full tilt looked more like a skid to us and clouds of dust obscured everything except that the horse always had his calf in full view. We can understand how these horses must be smart for their special work.

Much of my quarter horse information came from niece, Jane McKee, who is a Junior at Kansas State College at Manhattan. She grew up on a big ranch and horses have been a

(Continued on Page 16)

DOROTHY REPORTS ON THE TAG ENDS OF WINTER

Dear Friends:

After a few days of real balmy spring weather, the snowstorm we have been having all day has been quite a shock, and I understand we are to expect seven or eight inches during the night. It will be just a year ago next week that we had the terrible blizzard that closed most of the schools for five days.

I have been very fortunate this winter that the weather has only kept me away from my job one day, and that was one time when the jeep was in the garage for repairs and the road was too drifted for my little Ford to get through. Several times I have driven the eight miles to town over solid ice, but most of the time the roads have been good. This has been a long winter and I will be awfully happy to see summer roll around. Yesterday when we got ready to go to town Kristin was busy putting on her snow pants and she said, "Is it ever going to get warm enough that I won't have to struggle in and out of these pants several times a day?"

Kristin and I have been very fortunate in keeping so well this winter. Frank has had several terrible seiges of the flu, but somehow Kristin and I have both been able to keep from getting it. There have been no cases of measles or chicken pox in our little school and those are the only children's diseases Kristin hasn't had. They had a lot of cases of both in Chariton, and of course she spends Saturday in there, but except for walking to her music lesson and back, she spends the rest of the day at her Aunt Edna's, and so she just hasn't been exposed.

One person in our family was glad to see the snow today and that was Kristin. Her Uncle Donald is quite a skier and he got his first pair of skis when he was just a little older than Kristin. He had never discarded them or given them away, and all these years they have been in the basement at the folk's house. A couple of years ago he told me he wanted Kristin to have them because of all his nieces and nephews she had the best surroundings for learning to ski. I had never told her about them because I thought she was too young to manipulate them, and if she knew she had them she wouldn't rest until she had been on them.

At Christmas time when we were in Shenandoah I told her about them and we brought them home with us. So today she got out her skis and I went out with her for a little while and helped her get started. She stayed out by herself for a short time, but pretty soon here she came, quite unhappy. The skis were wonderful, she hadn't fallen down, but Fluff and Rose of Sharon, her two cats, had thought they were something to chase and play with and kept getting in her road. She was so afraid she would run over them that she just had to put the skis up and come in.

A dream has finally been realized at



Yes, Martin Strom is quite grown up these days.

Father Johnson's house. Just before Christmas the water system into the house was completed, and Bernie now has a lovely new sink in the kitchen, an electric hot water heater, and a lovely bathroom. Quite a few years ago a bedroom and this little room that they hoped would someday be a bathroom were built onto the house, so now that we have electricity and they could have an electric pump, the little room has finally reached the end for which it was intended so long ago.

We were down at the farm for dinner today and Bernie was showing me some lovely rugs she had just had woven. One was made out of some old heavy drapery material and it made a really beautiful big rug. Now her ambition is to get enough wool material gathered to make a really big carpet for the living room. I told her I had quite a bit up here and would dig it out and get it down to her.

She papered one of the bedrooms last week and it looks so fresh and lovely. Frank and I just have to get some papering done on our house this Spring. Our trouble is finding the time to do it. I bought some paint for the kitchen a long time ago and still haven't gotten it on the walls. What our kitchen *really* needs is a new plaster job, but I can't stand the thoughts of getting into all of that mess while I'm working every day.

Kristin is coming along fine with her music. She has some pieces right now that she just loves and I don't even have to suggest that she practice. In fact, I've heard them all so many times today that I'm sure I'll hear them all night in my sleep. But how thankful I am that she loves the piano. She told me today that she didn't think she would spend as much time in Shenandoah this summer as she did last summer because she would miss out on too many lessons. Of course, by the time summer gets here she will probably change her tune.

Frank took advantage of the nice weather last week to get some wood up to be sawed, and now that it looks as if we are going to have cold weather for a while, he is awfully glad they got it taken care of. We were out of wood, so it is nice to have a woodpile again.

The stores are just full of such beautiful new cotton materials now and I can think of so many things I would like to make. Mother has told me that she is going to make Kristin and me skirts just alike. They will have a wide cross-stitch band around the bottom. I have always wanted a skirt like this and am eagerly looking forward to getting it. She is also going to make Kristin some new slips for summer.

A lot of people will be moving this month. I have been more aware of that fact this year because teachers have been bringing in the school books for children who are leaving the neighborhood, and other teachers are coming in to get books for children who have just moved into the district.

One family in our neighborhood is moving which means we will lose two pupils from our little school. Kristin is hoping someone will move into the house with a lot of girls. The little girl who is leaving came home to stay all night with Kristin the other night. It was beautiful warm evening and Frank had a lot of brush piled up to burn, so I brought home weiners, buns, marshmallows, and all the trimmings for a weiner roast and we had a wonderful time.

It's time to bank the fire and go to bed. I'm wondering what the roads will be like in the morning, but am trusting that they won't be so bad I can't make it through in my little jeep to get me to work on time.

Sincerely, Dorothy

THESE BOOKS ARE WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN

So many people have expressed an interest in the "Little House" books that this month I would like to print the complete list. There is no doubt in my mind but that these will become genuine classics — with every passing year they will have more meaning and significance as our pioneer heritage becomes more and more a memory.

The author of these wonderful books is Laura Ingalls Wilder. From clippings sent to me last year I know that she is still living in the Ozarks.

1. Little House in the Big Woods
2. Little House on the Prairie
3. Farmer Boy
4. On the Banks of Plum Creek
5. By the Shores of Silver Lake
6. The Long Winter
7. The Little Town on the Prairie
8. These Happy Golden Years

I can only urge you to get these books for your children. If you do not feel that you can buy them, be sure to contact your State Library. All of the volumes are interesting, but any child of our time should have the experience of living through "The Long Winter" with the Ingalls family.

—Lucile

THE COLT THAT CARRIED JESUS

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Rebecca and Rachel could hardly sleep for excitement. Only this morning their mother had handed each of them an earthen vessel and bade them to go to the village well for water. Each day this was one of their duties, so while their mother ground the flour for the day's baking, Rebecca and Rachel placed the vessels expertly on their heads and walked along the dusty streets.

Even before they reached the wall, they could sense the excitement there. Little groups of women, their full jugs unheeded on their heads, loitered to whisper together instead of hurrying home to their duties. The smaller children, who usually played together in the sand at the well's edge, stared wide-eyed at their elders.

Rebecca and Rachel carefully placed their jugs on the ground while waiting their turn to hoist the water from the well. As they waited they could not help overhearing the murmurs of the women.

"It has been written that the King of the Jews will come at the Passover," said one, "and only yesterday my husband heard at the vineyards that the day is not far off when the Man of Galilee will come to Jerusalem to be crowned."

"Ay, when the Sabbath comes, surely that day will bring the Jews the long-awaited King."

"It is said he will bring followers with him, and there will be great rejoicing among our people."

"Do you think the Romans will recognize this King and permit us to establish a kingdom?"

"Ah, I have heard it said He is to be King of our hearts only."

Rebecca and Rachel could wait to hear no more. Grasping their jugs, they hurried through the streets, their hearts pounding with anticipation. The King of the Jews was coming! A King of Jerusalem!

That night after their humble supper and family prayers, Rebecca and Rachel told their story to Benjamin, their father. He listened gravely until they had finished. Then, smiling in the darkness, Benjamin said, "I have gone to the Temple and have studied the Scriptures as all boys do in their youth, and there is much to this talk. Many of the other men working in the vineyards, and I as well, believe that the hour has come. I am eager to see this Jesus of Nazareth of whom so much is said. If He is to be made our King during the Passover, I am ready to serve Him."

How these brave words thrilled Rebecca and Rachel! It was no wonder that they could not sleep, with thoughts of the glorious Passover and the hope for a new King whirling through their heads.

The next morning Rebecca and Rachel awoke early. Already they could hear Benjamin in the stable below their home, talking to the donkey as he fed her. Quickly they dressed and climbed down the ladder into the stable. Hur, a sleek, gray, gentle donkey was eating the hay Benjamin held

out to her. At her side lay her colt. He was getting to be a big donkey now, and Rebecca and Rachel had been hoping that Benjamin would give him to them for their very own.

"Oh, Father," cried Rebecca, "see how Bez is growing! Please, may Rachel and I go with you to the vineyards this morning and ride him?"

Benjamin thought for a moment and then he said slowly, "I have given much thought to the matter of the colt. I believe that we must sell him."

"Sell Bez? But Father," the children protested, "never before have you sold such a fine colt, and you have been awaiting the day when Bez would be big enough to work in the vineyards!"

"It is so, my daughters," reflected Benjamin. "But you see, I wish to sell Bez for a special purpose. With the money I would buy a gift for the new King of the Jews when he comes into Jerusalem this day. Perhaps I shall buy a large vessel, filled with sweet oils to anoint his head." Then seeing the crestfallen faces of his little girls, Benjamin added kindly,

"Come, let us brush his coat shiny and sleek, so he will bring a good price. It is not every donkey who is sold to honor a King! You may lead him to the market this morning."

With this thrill before them, Rebecca and Rachel willingly helped to wash and brush Bez until his grey coat was silky and soft. Then they went with Benjamin to bid good-bye to their mother, and the three of them turned toward the market.

Now when they came to the market place, Benjamin led them to that part where the animals stood, and there he spoke to the man who watched the donkeys.

"I would leave the ass and colt here while I select a gift for the Man of Galilee. If you can sell the colt, there will be a just reward for you." Then Benjamin tied the donkeys, and led Rebecca and Rachel to the booths of sweet oils and spices.

An old man crouched among the great aromatic jugs, his beady eyes glistening with his eagerness to sell his wares. Great crowds of people had come to Jerusalem for the Passover Week, and the old man had hoisted his prices accordingly.

Benjamin and Rebecca and Rachel walked among the sweet wares, and finally they selected a small jar of oils.

"We will return for it when the colt is sold and the money is in our hands," promised Benjamin. Then the three turned happily toward the stalls, for though they grieved at parting with Bez, their hearts rejoiced at the thought of so precious a gift for Jesus.

When Benjamin and Rebecca and Rachel drew near the stalls, they sensed a great tenseness and uneasiness among the crowd. Small groups of people murmured earnestly among themselves and glanced uneasily at the tall Benjamin and his little daughters. Benjamin said nothing, but pushed his way to the stalls where the donkeys had been tied.

"See, they are gone!" cried Rebecca. "Surely Bez is sold, and we can buy the oil."



Emily has enjoyed her Christmas scooter in the house, but what she's really looking forward to is getting out on the front sidewalk with it.

"But where is the mother ass?" murmured the puzzled Benjamin. He strode to the keeper of the stalls and questioned him.

"They were here a few moments ago," explained the excited man, "but I turned to sell another colt, and when I looked again I found them missing!" He spread his hands helplessly.

"I saw it all," interrupted a man standing near. "A huge, roughly dressed man of the hills led them away. I myself questioned him, and he said, 'The Lord hath need of them.' I thought, of course, that he owned them and had decided not to sell, after all."

There was nothing for them to do. Tears stung the eyes of Rebecca and Rachel, and Benjamin's heart was heavy at the theft of his valuable animals . . . for who could know the meaning of those words, "The Lord hath need of them?" Heavily they turned their feet toward home.

Suddenly a great excitement swept through the crowded streets.

"He comes! He comes!" cried the voices, and the people surged to meet a humble procession winding its way into Jerusalem.

Benjamin, too, smiled with a new hope. The King, Jesus of Nazareth, was coming to the village for the Passover. Surely glad days were ahead, and though he now had no gift for Him, he would still offer a ready and loving heart. So Benjamin grasped the hands of Rebecca and Rachel and they joined the crowd thronging the path out of Jerusalem.

Many of the people cut the branches from the palm trees and strewed them in the path; still others removed their outer garments and spread them in the way.

As Jesus came nearer, hundreds of voices raised in glad and worshipful song. "Hosanna to the son of David," they cried. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!"

Rebecca and Rachel jumped up and
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down in excitement and joy, straining to see the little procession over the tall people before them.

Then Benjamin gasped and his hands tightened on the childrens'.

"Bez!" he exclaimed. "And Hur!"

"Father, let us see," begged the little ones. Then Benjamin took a girl in each arm and lifted them to see. There, before their very eyes, were the donkey and her colt. More surprising and wonderful than that, the lowly colt bore upon his back the Glorious One. Calmly He sat, His eyes sad but sweet, and His arms outstretched in blessing. Even as they watched, the Master met the eyes of Benjamin, and a great feeling of dedication came to Benjamin and his daughters as they beheld the Christ. Here were loving and holy eyes which seemed to search their souls and find them good.

When the procession had gone its way to the temple, Benjamin and the girls turned again toward home. They walked slowly and thoughtfully, reviewing to themselves the events of the day. It was Rebecca who spoke first.

"Surely God must have been with us," she said, "because if we had sold the colt, there would have been none to carry Jesus into Jerusalem."

"Nay," said Benjamin, "for the Lord would have provided a beast for His Own. We are indeed blessed that the gift could be ours."

"Then it doesn't matter that we have no jar of oil to give?" questioned Rachel anxiously.

Benjamin placed a hand upon each girl's head.

"The jar of oil no longer matters," he assured them, "for we have given our hearts to the service of the Savior. When I met His eyes above our lowly Bez, I knew that only our hearts mattered, and that we have given a good and acceptable gift."

The girls skipped with joy and grasped their father's hand. Then all three hastened homeward to tell Mother of the wonderful day.

A LADY OF FASHION

This is my new spring bonnet,
This is my smart Easter dress,
With meticulous care I will don it,
Feeling quite gay, I confess.
But wait! One thing I've forgotten.
A flower for my boutonniere.
Such things speak for the Spring time.
Such things add such an 'air'.
Don't chide me the flower is wilted,
Don't laugh that it's only a weed,
To me it's as fair as an orchid
And comes from a more precious seed.
For the flower I'll wear on my shoulder,

Though limpid and pale it might be,
Gives just the right note to my outfit—
My son, picked this posey for me.

—Phyllis Pasqualetti

BIRD SONG

By Ethel Broendel

At dawn I heard the robin sing,
"South Wind has kissed the crystal ring
That held in sleep each dormant thing,
And brought us Spring,
This morning!"

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Can you spare a few minutes to do something for a shutin? Mrs. Marilyn McGowan, 3133 N. W., St. Helen's Road, Portland, Oregon needs some cheery letters. She had an operation last year and is still unable to get about well.

Mrs. Maude Long, R2, Westport, Indiana, wears a brace on her leg and walks with crutches. She needs a word of encouragement.

Mrs. Frank Burkhart, Marathon, Iowa, will be 81 come April 6. She has arthritis and has been in a wheel chair for several years.

Mrs. Della Bartlow, 904 Carolina St., Marysville, Kansas, is also 81. She lives alone, far from her relatives, and would love to get mail.

Mrs. Edwin Sager, whose home is at Dolliver, Iowa, is now in Room 4-238, St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., and will be for several months. She suffered a spine injury and other injuries in a car accident.

Mrs. Frank Apple, Rt. 1, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, has been entirely deaf for years. She has heart trouble, is unable to work, and would enjoy getting cards and hankies.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Cross, R3, Topside Road, Knoxville, Tenn., are both elderly and invalided. He has arthritis and suffers severely. She is able to get about a little in the house. They would love mail.

Mrs. Cora M. Richards, Stapleton, Nebr., has both legs off but gets around on crutches and does her own housework and makes lovely crochet work for sale. She would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Caddie Faith, Rt. 1, Glen Haven, Wisc., fell and broke her right arm. It is in a cast and will be for some time.

Miss Lillian Green, 2504 W. 2 St., Amarillo, Texas, is nearing 40, has been bedfast for many years, and is completely helpless. She loves mail but is not able to answer any.

Paul McClintock, Box 24, Marcus, Iowa, was 11 last November. Has been in cast or braces for more than 2 years, and must lie flat in bed for a long time. Will enjoy small toys, games, etc., that he can play with in bed. Loves to get mail.

Miss Mabelle Stafford has moved to the Nichols Nursing Home, Mediapolis, Iowa. She has been shutin in a long time, and now is in a town where she knows few people and is very lonely.

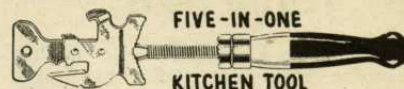
Mrs. Olive Tidwell, Box 716, Quincy, Calif., asks for any and all kinds of books and reading material to be used in an isolated lumber camp. Olive is a shutin, but runs a little free library in her home.

Mrs. Dorris Hicks, 1405 Jones St., Mt. Vernon, Ill., wants old woolen clothing to use in making rugs.

Mary L. Sawyers, Rt. 4, Morristown, Tenn., is crippled as result of polio and suffers all the time. She makes lovely dolls to sell.

William J. Jones is now at Apt. 5, 95 Maffert St., Wilkes Barre, Pa. He will enjoy hearing from you again. He has been an invalid since the first World War.

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

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE, by sending either print or 3 feed sacks, your measurements, buttons, placket zipper, and \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

SPECIALS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS: LIFE 70 weeks, \$7.27. TIME, 78 weeks, \$6.87. READER'S DIGEST, 8 months, \$1. Gerhard Ahrens, Ulysses, Nebr.

CUTE STUFFED DOGS, crocheted girls dresses, Pillow slips, \$3.50-\$5. Pan Holders, other crocheting. Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Iowa.

EMBROIDERED TEA TOWELS, set of 7 \$3.70. Pillow cases \$2.40. Apron Clothes Pin Bags, \$1 each. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Iowa.

TOULOUSE GOOSE EGGS, 65¢ each. ROUEN Duck eggs, 12 for \$2.50. Postpaid. Nice 100 lb. white feed sacks, washed, ironed, 3 for \$1.05. Mrs. Kenneth Falke, Wisner, Nebr.

STAR QUILT TOP, new patch set together in pink or yellow, \$8 each. Velvetten pillow tops. New \$1.50 each. Beatrice Osborn, Lacona, Iowa.

FOR SALE, crocheted tablecloths. For particulars write, Mrs. G. Churchill, 705 Lincolnway, Woodbine, Iowa.

ADORABLE HOME-MADE FELT BABY SHOES. Nylon stitched. Pink, green, blue, yellow, white. Guaranteed. \$1.35 postpaid. Mrs. Clarence Jensen, St. Ansgar, Iowa.

SELL YOUR HANDWORK, through our fast growing exchange. No commission. Quick turn-over. Particulars 10¢. Miss Vivian Maxwell, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

QUILTS, Dresden Plate Pattern. White back, hand quilted. Size 84x90 in., \$20 postpaid. Emma Huss, Exira, Iowa.

LITTLE GIFTS, crocheted chicken pin cushions. Any color, 50¢. Mrs. F. O. Goff, 600 Central Ave., Nebraska City, Nebr.

CROCHETED REBEKAH POTHOLDERS, 75¢ ea. Matching Mats, \$1. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Box 323, Gassaway, W. Virginia.

BEAUTIFUL NYLON ROSE CORSAGES, colors, \$1. Christine Farlow, Lorimor, Iowa.

CROCHETING OF ALL KINDS, price lists. Write. Cleoffa Green, Rt. 3, Lockport, Ill.

10 IN. TREBLE ROSE DOILY, \$1. Handkerchief crochet edging, 50¢. Square Vanity Sets, \$1.75. 12 in. Star Snowflake doily, \$1. Mrs. Frank Brabec, Brainard, Nebr.

WANTED: Women to do Smocking on children's dresses. Fern Neuman, 3031 Grand, Des Moines, Iowa.

PINEAPPLE EDGED PASTEL CASES, \$3.85, and linen Hankies, \$1.35. R. Kiehl 2917—4th, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

LOVELY CROCHETED LINEN HANKIES. Rose, Lady, Pansy, \$1. Ethel Williams, Callao, Mo.

ORGANDY WEDDING APRONS. Any two or three color combination. White lace trimmed ruffle, \$1.75. State your colors. Six or more aprons, \$1.60 ea. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Ia.

BEGONIAS, houseplant slips, rooted, labeled, ten different \$2 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL CORSAGES, made of Nylon hose. Pastel shades, \$1.10 cash postpaid. Mrs. Willard Lowrie, Rt. 1, Box 8, Longmont, Colo.

FOR EASTER: Plastic leather bags, assorted colors and combinations. Roomy, nicely lined, Rayon drawstring. Washable. Ladies, \$2.50. Teenage, \$1.75. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

VERY ATTRACTIVE 20-IN. DOILY, 7 Roses, \$1. Beautiful 15-in., Pansy Doily, 16 Pansies \$2. Chicken Pin Cushion, 60¢. Vadyne Allen, Callao, Mo.

17x23-IN. DOILY, \$2. 16-in. Doily to match, \$1.25, set \$4.00. 20-in. Square Centerpiece, \$2. Lila Stigers, Jameson, Mo.

SEWING EXPERIENCED. Dresses, \$1.50. Chidls \$1. Weaving, \$1.10 yd. cut, sewed, woven, \$2 yd. Sale: Rugs, 25x36, \$2. Rowena Winters, 4815 55th, Des Moines, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL 15-IN. TULIP DOILY: Chartruese center. 4 color tulips, \$3. 11-in. Irish Rose Doily, White center, green leaves, pink or yellow roses, \$2. 13-in. Star center Ruffle Doily or 18-in. 8 point ruffle, any color, \$2. Fine thread used. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

HOUSE DRESSES MADE, \$1. (No button-holes). DRESS SHOP, 820 Locust, St. Joseph, Mo.

PINEAPPLE DOILIES, \$1. Oval, 15x11-in., with fans, 14-in. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebr.

S M O C K E D DRESSES. Pinafores, blouses. Children's Dressmaking. Laura Mitchell, Bedford, Iowa.

CROCHETED HAIRPIN LACES, 42-in., 36-in., White \$1 pair. Tablecloths pineapple, Fans, 72x90, 64x64, white, ecru, \$30. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY OR ALL OCCASION CARDS, 14 or 21 for \$1. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

NYLONS AT WHOLESALE—no selling necessary—free details. Household, 157 St. Nicholas Ave., Dept. 3, Brooklyn, New York.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED 6x7 HEART PIN CUSHIONS. Kapok stuffed ribbon pointed, \$1.25. Not pineapple design. Mrs. Noel Yates, Queen City, Mo.

PERSONAL CALLING CARDS—printed with your name only, or with your name and address. 100 for \$1 postpaid. Card case included free. MARTIN ENTERPRISES, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HAND PAINTED HEAD SCARF—25¢. Look lovely even when it rains. Satiny Velon babushka, waterproof. Handpainted with beautiful Orchid or Hibiscus. Postpaid for 25¢ stamps or coin. KAYWOOD, 3550 Fullerton Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

SCISSORS CUT BETTER—when they are sharpened by machine. You'll be pleased when we sharpen your scissors, 40¢ ea. postpaid. —Ideal Novelty Co., 902 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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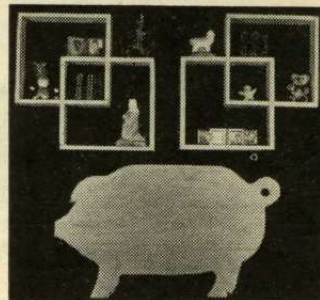
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Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136 143
Sigourney Iowa

(Continued from Page 11)

2 hobby with her since she had a small spotted pony. I asked her the pony's name and she said, "Cactus." When I asked why the choice of names, she explained to me that Cactus bucked and hardly anyone could sit on him!

When applications were received from a nearby summer camp for some one to take charge of a string of twenty horses, break in three new ones, and give riding lessons to the city children who came each week, Jane's was the only application from a girl. She was given this post for the last two summers.

She has many a laugh at the lack of "horse sense" among these children, many of whom have never seen horses. One day when Jane had been coaching a class on the correct way to mount a horse, a young boy eagerly volunteered to be the first to try. He put his foot in the stirrup but gave such power to his swing to get his leg over the horse, that he accidentally kicked the horse standing next in line. The horse shied and the terrified boy's voice trembled as he turned to apologize to the horse. "Oh, please excuse me. I didn't have the least idea my leg was going to swing over and hit you in the ribs. I'm terribly sorry." The horse snorted and the class all laughed and thought he had accepted the boy's apology.

Bluevine Honey

I'm trying to find out what bluevine honey is. I've been told it is a rare and choice variety produced in this country only along the Missouri and Grand Rivers and the White River in Indiana. A honey man says that when bluevine honey can be obtained in the pure state, he gets orders from Europe and many distant points. The last pure bluevine was in 1946, he reports, and he thinks there will be some this year. So watch out when you spread honey on your biscuits... you just may have a very precious tidbit prized by epicures.

Good Old Sassafras!

One last item. If you haven't time to go to the woods, hunt up your sassafras root, dig it, clean it and prepare it for boiling for your sassafras tea. I have been told that a young man, Bob Shurig, has a sassafras bar down in the heart of the Ozarks at Hollister, Mo. Besides serving hot tea and iced sassafras tea, he also makes a sassafras extract that can be added to hot water to make the tea. He bottles this extract in little brown jugs and ships them in cedar dust and I'm tempted to order a jug just to get the cedar dust!

HE WHO LOVES A GARDEN

For him who loves a garden plot, Whose hands have planted bulb and seed, Envisioning the unseen bloom, Faith prompts the worthy deed. For he who watches patiently While fragile blades surmount the clod, And thrills to see each bloom unfold, Is very close to God.

—Elfriede Schutt

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