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LETTER FROM LEANNA

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"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

At last spring has arrived! Was it really late, or were we simply impatient because we were longing to clean house, plant gardens, care for baby chicks, or whatever the job might be that we were in a hurry to tackle? With me, my longing was for the garden.

In the spring my thoughts return lovingly to Sunnyside Farm where I was born. The square red brick house stood on a gently sloping hill well back from the road, and in front of it were two tall evergreen trees. Between these trees started a path which led to the front gate.

On each side of this path grew fat, thousand-leaved pink roses, peonies, yuccas and lilacs. At the west side of the yard was a plum thicket, and under its scraggly branches lay a solid carpet of Mertensia blue bells. These had started from a single root that Mother brought with her from Illinois when she came to the Iowa prairie as a bride.

Also on the west side of our yard were beds of early purple flags, tiger lilies and bridal wreath.

On the east side a driveway ran to the house, and here Father planted a lilac hedge. It grew to be very, very beautiful and, when in full bloom, was one of the really outstanding sights in the countryside. Our parents love of flowers has brought great happiness into the lives of their children and is now shared by their grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

As most of you know (although each month I am mindful of our new readers who are becoming acquainted with us for the first time), Mart and I didn't go to California this past winter. We wanted to be at home when Donald, our youngest son, was released from his service with the Air Force and could be home for a week or two before he went back to his engineering job at Anderson, Indiana. He didn't want us to stay home on his account, but . . . well, you know how we parents feel about these children!

By the time he had come and gone it was mid-January, and somehow we just didn't feel much enthusiasm for packing and starting out. We had many letters from our friends who had also spent these last winters in California, and they were anxious for us to join them, but we just never got started. Now it is spring and no oth-

er part of the country can tempt us at this time. I have never been in the Pacific Northwest and would like to take a summer trip in that direction, although right now we have no plans for going anywhere whatsoever.

Speaking of traveling . . . Bertha Field (Mrs. Henry Field), has gotten away this winter for the first time in many years. She took off six weeks to visit Ruth Field Seehawer and her family in Appleton, Wisc., Letty Field Bianco and her family in Marseilles, Ill., and Josephine Field Nelson in Clinton, Iowa. She also got into Chicago to see Jessie Field Wasserman. This took care of the children in our section of the country, but it left the ones on the West Coast very dissatisfied, so now she is out there and having a grand time.

Those of you who have wondered through the years what became of Henry's children as they grew up will be interested to know that in addition to the ones I mentioned above, Bertha is visiting Faith Field Stone in San Diego, and Hope Field Pawek in Oakland. There are also grandchildren to visit in San Diego, Myers Flat, Sacramento, El Cerrito, Windsor and El Cajon; these are all California addresses.

All of us are anxious for Bertha to return and bring us a report from Red Bluff, Calif., where she expects to visit Brother Sol and his wife, Louise. Louise has been very ill all winter and is still hospitalized, so we are most concerned about her.

If you number among your relatives or friends someone who is physically handicapped, I hope you'll make an effort to see that they get to the Hotel Fort Des Moines in Des Moines, Iowa for the second annual convention of physically handicapped persons. The date for this is June 8th, and if you want information about it write to Helen Elmore, Box 326, Lucas, Iowa. (Dorothy's address is Lucas and she says that she knows Miss Elmore.) I understand that they had a most interesting meeting last year and I wish that it were possible for me to attend, but that week we make up the forthcoming issue of this magazine and I must be here in town.

Edith Hansen had a good visit recently with her son, Don, in Fort Worth, Texas. Don is nicely settled in his new home and while Edith was

there to cook for him, they entertained guests for dinner every night. There is a very fraternal feeling between paraplegic veterans, and many of them driving across country stop and stay with Don. These boys have been hospitalized together at various times, so the ones driving through from California stop with Don, and the ones driving to California from the East also visit him. His house is built in such a way that they can manage to get around very easily, and it gives them a good opportunity to keep in touch with each other.

I had thought that my sister, Martha Eaton, might be home from New Jersey in time for my 66th birthday on April 3rd, but she didn't have some sewing done and wanted to finish it before she returned. Jessie, Sue, Helen and I spent the afternoon together, and enjoyed a birthday cake, ice cream and coffee. All five of us plan to have a dinner to celebrate Sue's birthday on May 25th — we are sure Martha will be back by that time!

All of us are well and as busy as all of you are during this season. It's true that we don't have baby chicks to work with or fields to plough, but this is the height of the nursery season and we work long hours seeing that your stock gets to you. In some parts of the country there are nurseries that maintain a fairly even keel the whole year through, but in our Midwest this certainly isn't true. It keeps us scurrying to get our own yards in shape for the growing season that's ahead!

It is the hope and prayer of all of us that this ravaged world can settle into peace and that we won't find ourselves facing the painful duty of trying to console friends and relatives who have lost a son because of War. Such letters are truly hard to write. Because of this, I thought that you would like to have a beautiful poem to turn to when the necessity arises, and your own words seem so halting and inadequate.

I have been searching long for
winged words
That would bring some small com-
fort to your heart,
Words that might lift this blind-
ing fog of grief
That blots from view the stars
that lit your chart;
Do not be hurt because he died so
young,
Years cannot gauge how much,
how well we live;
These past full months, life over-
flowed his cup,
In contrast, time for us drops
through a sieve;
And if our worth is measured by
our gift,
His span has been complete, for
he gave youth,
His place within the world of men,
his life,
My words are stumbling but I
reach my hand,
Hoping you know I care and un-
derstand.

—Unknown

Goodbye until June . . .

Leanna

Come into the Garden

IN CHURCH

I was glad this morning
As I took my place—
Flowers on the altar
In a silver vase.

They, too, have known struggles,
Through resisting sod.
'Tis meet that they should lift
My prayers up to God!

The organ bids me rest;
The flowers bid me wait
Until God's chosen hour—
Heart soothing for heartache.

Ah, they have been with God—
Have looked into his face!
I was glad—this morning,
In that holy place.
—Viva Brandt
Reprinted from "World Call".

When the above verse came to us we felt that it expressed very clearly what we so often think when we enter church on Sunday morning and see the altar glowing with beautiful flowers.

If it is the custom in your church to have flowers throughout the year, then you know that they don't appear there just by magic. It takes far-sighted planning, because such arrangements cannot be left to whims and chance.

Churches with large congregations often depend upon flowers by posting a Memorial chart. This means that members who have lost loved ones fill in dates when they will be responsible for the flowers, and although such a plan works out well, it does require a large congregation, larger than many of us know.

In most churches, I think, the entire project is handled in hit-and-miss fashion. On one Sunday there may be four or five bouquets brought by people who felt that they could spare something from their gardens; the next Sunday there may be one or two bouquets, and the following Sunday there may be nothing. On such Sundays I'm sure that most people sit there and make firm resolutions to do something about it "next year"—but like many good resolutions, "next year" finds nothing substantially changed.

It would be a wonderful thing if your church, regardless of its size, could get started on a methodical plan for providing flowers. This is one plan, in contrast to most of our ambitious plans where our church is concerned, that can actually be tackled immediately. And where most dreams and hopes demand quantities of hard cash to convert them into reality, this is one project that lies within the reach of any congregation. No one will be "hit hard" to make his contribution.

There aren't too many of us who can afford to purchase expensive cut flowers, but if we have even a "pocket handkerchief" size yard, we can allot

at least one small bit of space for flowers planted and tended to the glory of God.

In every church there is one organization that could be responsible for this project. Moreover, in every organization there are some people who have the proverbial green thumb, so it stands to reason that they should make up the committee to outline plans.

Although it's true that virtually any flower, if used in sufficient quantity, makes a lovely arrangement for the church altar, there are some particular varieties that are spectacular for this purpose.

In May, for instance, you can depend upon tulips, daffodils and peonies. This means that the committee will ask Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C. and Mrs. D. to set aside a certain portion of their yards where they can plant tulip and daffodil bulbs in late autumn and, since peonies thrive beautifully when planted in the fall, they can be put into the ground also. With four sources of supply for anything as dependable as these three flowers, you're bound to have all you need.

June brings a veritable riot of gorgeous blooms. But if we had to single out just three varieties that are breathtakingly beautiful in church arrangements, we'd single out Iris, Madonna Lilies and Regal Lilies. They simply cannot be surpassed for this purpose. Fortunately, all three of them are easily grown, so even though Mrs. E., Mrs. F., Mrs. G., and Mrs. H. may be inexperienced gardeners, they'll surprise themselves when they go out to cut blooms on a summer morning! (Be sure that you remind them to plant Madonna Lilies in late August or early September.)

July and August, particularly August, bring Sundays when flowers are conspicuously missing unless definite plans have been made. From experience we've learned that late Daylilies, Shasta Daisies and Hardy Asters are fine varieties for church purposes. Gladiolus are also highly colorful, and if plantings are made ten days apart, you can always fall back on them.

Just one word of advice about the Glads. Be sure that among those you plant for church purposes you include White Gold; this is a magnificent variety of satiny cream shading to gold, and you need it badly for contrast. I've heard people say that they didn't care to see vases of Glads used in church because they were too gaudy, but they haven't seen some of the subtle, delicate varieties that have been developed. I have yet to see anything more beautiful in the line of church arrangements than a large basket of Lavender Dream and White Gold that was used last summer. It was incredibly lovely.

Under no circumstances overlook Dahlias for the Sundays that fall in August and at least part of September—some years they bloom riotously all through September. These enormous,

dazzling flowers are absolutely invaluable for church purposes, and if the women responsible for them will pinch off all side shoots and allow just one bud to develop, you'll have a display that's impossible to describe.

Gaillardias are an old stand-by for church decorations in September. It's almost impossible to discourage them, so even though you have an unusually dry and hot summer, you can still depend upon these stunning flowers to carry you through.

October will never be a problem if three or four people are asked to plant Mums as their contribution to your project. As a matter of fact, you can even slide through part of November on these if the weather is with you at all. All Mums look beautiful when massed for church decorations, but it is nice to have a variety—perhaps two women can concentrate on English or Minnesota Mums, and two others can concentrate on Cushion Mums.

For the purpose of organizing such a project I have used arbitrary dates, but practically everything mentioned here has overlapping seasons. Iris, for instance, run through part of May and all of June. Regal Lilies run through June and up into July. But any project in which a number of people are involved must have definite divisions to avoid chaos, and this is why I've broken down the overall plan in such a fashion.

I've attended many, many church meetings and committee meetings of all kinds, and I can almost hear the comments that will be made if this project is discussed by your group! A number of people are going to say that they can't make anything grow. All right, these are the people who should be asked to plant bulbs—they're going to thrive and bloom no matter what you do! Others are going to say that they haven't time to weed and water. Well, many people don't have time to weed and water a huge garden, but it's hard to imagine anyone who can't find enough time to care for one tiny plot that has in it Shasta Daisies or Dahlias that are headed for church. Others are going to say that they can't cooperate because the children tear up everything they plant. My answer to this is that you'll have to look far and wide to find a child who will "tear up" flowers that he knows were planted just for the church. As a matter of fact, he will take pride in seeing that those particular plants are cared for—he will be truly interested in flowers that were placed in the ground for this one clear cut purpose.

No, this is a project so simple, so inexpensive, that it's hard to conceive of digging up enough complications to keep it from being put into effect.

And isn't it a relief, when it's all said and done, to think about a project that costs so little? New roofs, carpeting, organs, plastering, kitchen improvements—those are the things we usually must put our minds to, and they require an enormous lot of "doing". A small piece of ground, a few plants—well, they're within reach of us all.—Lucile.

ALL HONORS TO OUR MOTHERS!

By Mabel Nair Brown

"I'll help prepare the food or work on the decorations but please — oh, please — don't ask me to make a speech. I just never know what to say."

Do these words express your sentiments exactly whenever a banquet or a tea comes up? Well, someone must make the speeches on such occasions so we will leave the food and the decorations up to your ingenuity and put the emphasis on the speeches in this article.

In recent years, more and more of the Mother's Day programs feature mothers of three, even four, generations. So with this in mind we might say our theme is "Through The Years" and include mother, grandmother, granddaughter, a toast-mistress and perhaps a small great-granddaughter. Some music will be suggested, but of course you will use what is available in your own particular group.

Scripture reading, Proverbs 31:10-31 (The Moffitt Translation of these verses is especially lovely to open the program).

TOASTMISTRESS: "We have come this afternoon to honor our mothers, because, from the moment we first opened our eyes to the world about us, one of our most precious words is "Mother". It is pleasant to think of God's great love as a holy fire, warming the souls of men and lighting the earth with abiding rays. It is pleasant to think that from this holy fire came a spark holding a part of that quality and wonder and love which burns in the heart of motherhood. From the flame in the heart of Mother are lighted the symbolic fires of the home—it is this glow in her heart that warms and brightens the home, that is a beacon fire drawing our hearts and thoughts ever homeward no matter how far we may wander. Truly, God and the soul of the true mother are close together.

Thus our thoughts and love turn to those who first lighted the fires in our own family circle, and to our grandmothers I'd like to dedicate these lines by Thomas Curtis Clark:

"How many stories she could tell
Of toilsome days, and nights as well,
Spent uncomplaining through the years

For those she loved! What cares and fears

Have burdened her! Perhaps her hope
Of left her, till her heart could grope
By steps of prayer back to the light!
What faith was hers in God's great
Right—My Mother's!

May every year now left to her
Be filled with joy. May few tears
blur

Her hope-lit vision. May her way
But fairer grow with each good day
And dew-tipped roses make each dawn
A paradise to her. Upon
Her gracious form may God's love
smile

And from her heart all cares beguile—
My Mother's!"

GRANDMOTHER: "How can I find the words to thank you for the lovely tribute you have paid to all of us of



This mother and daughter are Dorothy and Kristin. If you're a long-time friend you first saw them together when Kristin was about ten days old.

the older generation? I know that I speak for all of us when I say that it is with a feeling of humility and thankfulness that we look back on the years gone by—thankfulness that God has chosen us for the wonderful task that is motherhood, and so humbly grateful for all the joys that come to us and continue to come to us through our children. With the distance of years between we can even look back on the sad events and the disappointments and see them as but the strengthening threads as we wove our pattern of life — dark threads that made all the bright strands stand out the brighter by contrast. And all grandmothers know what I mean when I say that the greatest blessing of our advancing years comes in our grandchildren — ah yes, I see by your smiles, you KNOW! Aren't grandchildren wonderful? Since I now have grandchildren I truly understand a verse I learned back in my old eighth grade reader that went like this: "I see a child, a wonderful thing, A creature of God's design, With its being unfurled, Like a flag to the world, Half human and half divine.

I see a mind, all new and untried, and a heart and a conscience unstained,

And a body that's whole. And an untouched soul.

And they're given to me to be trained!"

(author unknown)

To you young mothers I would like to say, if you would be a real friend to your children, then keep your own heart filled with the dreams of youth. Sometimes to be a genuine friend to our children we must give up many of the traditions and training of our own childhood in order to keep pace with our young — but that is the way we "keep growing" even though our hair be gray! And my! It is such fun to "keep young with the kids" as we say.

Again I say, Thank You for the love and honor bestowed on us today and

may each of you younger mothers know all the wonders of motherhood that have been ours."

TOASTMISTRESS: "Thank you, Mrs."

And now I would like to ask if you have ever tried to explain or to describe the fragrance of a bouquet of flowers? If so, then you know that it is impossible to do it justice. But I think a mother's influence is like the fragrance of flowers, as the fragrance penetrates through the rooms of a house, so a mother's influence spreads o'er all our life. We cannot explain it, we can only thank God for this wonderful blessing that is ours — our mothers.

Anyone who has known a tiny baby knows that there can be countless hours of lost sleep when a colicky baby decides to "raise the roof" until somebody does something about his tummy ache! And the washings! Who can count the gallons of water through which your two hands have "sudsed" bottles, measuring cups, sauce pans, cereal bowls, diapers, and other innumerable objects? And the anxiety of those first days with a "first" baby?—If he cries, is he sick? If he doesn't let out a peep, is he normal? No sound from the bassinet for ten minutes — is he still breathing? Shh! not so much noise or you'll wake the baby! What is that strange gurgle he makes, shall I call a doctor? Or am I being silly? Oh dear, there is such a lot to learn about a baby! "But, as the years go by, are these the things we remember? Indeed not! One smile from a rosebud mouth, one tiny fist curled tightly about your finger, one little sigh of content as baby snuggles down into the crook of your arm—and all else is forgotten! We salute you brand new mothers! And here is Brahms' Lullaby sung especially for you on this day.

Music

TOASTMISTRESS:

"Amid the duties of today, in all I do,
and think, and say,
Whether I work, or rest, or play—
Lord keep me sweet at HOME.

When household duties claim my care
and I seem needed everywhere—
Then tune my heart to praise and prayer,
and keep me sweet at HOME.

No matter what the day may bring, or night—I pray, in everything my life

May glorify my King—especially at HOME".

—by Laura Barter Snow

"Keep me sweet at HOME"—how often mothers of growing youngsters need to breathe this little prayer as they go about their various homemaking tasks! So much to do and so little time in which to do it seems to be the rule, rather than the exception. And how important it is that, in such circumstances, we keep our sense of humor.

And now here is Mrs. speaking for mothers of the—shall we say "small fry" and teen-age group?"

MOTHER: "Thank you, Madame Toastmistress. It makes me very proud to be given this honor of speaking for "growing-up" Moms. And indeed, I feel this really is our own most

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GROWING period for we must grow as our children grow, broadening our understanding, our knowledge and our horizons. Of course it keeps us on our toes, but we would not have it otherwise! In her little rhyme called "To Each His Own" Grace Stillman Minck puts it this way:

Edna gathers china plates, Sally, painted fans;
Esther favors paperweights, while postal views are Anne's.
Horses, horses!! Clarabelle has a fine bronze stable;
And Susan a vast wealth of shell—But I! I crowd my table,
My every room, my yard, my view, my heart, my many years,
With lively little pitchers who always have big ears!!

"In our children we see our future. You look at your child and say to yourself, 'He will carry on what you started. He will sit right where you are sitting now and attend to those things you think are so important when you are gone. You may make all the plans you please but on him depends how they will be carried out. All your work is going to be judged, and praised or condemned by him. Your reputation and your future are in his hands. All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands'."

"Like the Blessed Mary, we ponder all these things in our heart, and who can blame us if we sometimes falter and stumble as the task seems almost too big for our inadequate selves to accomplish? But, as was brought out earlier in the program, there is a special bond between God and Mothers. In Him we find our strength. Our responsibilities are many but we are so very grateful and happy to have been chosen for this greatest of all jobs, motherhood. We pledge our lives and our service, along with the help of our Divine Guide to our children, our homes and thus to the world. May we be worthy, is our prayer."

TOASTMISTRESS: "Thank you, Mrs. And now, here is a dear little greatgranddaughter who is reading a poem entitled "Just Like Mother" written by Edith Tillotson. I am sure you will agree with me that no sweeter tribute could be paid all our honored mothers.

GREATGRANDDAUGHTER:

Just Like Mother

When I'm a big lady, I know what I'll do:
Perhaps you would like me to tell it to you—
I'll have a long dress, and a parasol red.
And do up my hair on top of my head;
I'll learn how to stir and to mix and to bake,
And all goodies for supper I'll make,
Like puddings, and jumbles, and cookies and cake.
—When I'm a big lady, like mother.

When I'm a big lady I'll sit and I'll sew,
And sometimes I'll sing as I rock to and fro.
And when I'm not busy I'll go for a walk,



We're sure that there isn't snow in Bristol today, but it was a snowy afternoon in February when Betty took a walk with Mary Leanna and David. This was taken in front of their home by Frederick.

Or call on my friends for a nice little talk:
And when I go for a stroll down the street,
I'll speak to the children I happen to meet.
And smile at them all and look happy and sweet,
—When I'm a big lady, like mother.

And so, just as well as I really know how,
I'll do all the things that my mother does now.
I'll try to be helpful and loving and kind,
And copy her ways every chance that I find:
Until, you will see, when I'm grown up, someday,
The people will smile as I go on my way,
And then they will look at each other and say,
"Oh, isn't she just like her mother?"

TOASTMISTRESS: I think that we can find no better thought to summarize the thoughts expressed here today than to hope that we, too, might grow to be "like Mother".

(Close with a favorite Mother song.)

MY MOTHER

I know she is where children need her most,
Where small New Angels need a mother's care.
Her hand will reach to that wee dimpled host
To touch the cheek, and smooth its tumbled hair.

Each night she takes a candle lighted star
And guides the sleepy little curly heads
To tiny rooms where Guardian Angels are,
And tucks them in their Heavenly trundle beds.

—Mary Leighton Orters
"Boston Herald"

THE GODDESS OF MEMORY

By Elsie Van Dame Bailey

"The Goddess of Memory is a person one can always lead around by the nose." This old saying in a book I read the other day set me to thinking of all the wonderful memories different odors bring.

The tempting aroma of hot bread just out of the oven makes me think of the kitchen at home where rounded, crusty loaves cooled on the old breadboard under a clean teatowel. The yeasty smell of bread in the making brings to mind my mother mixing bread in a big dishpan for a family of seven. We children sometimes flocked in and asked that it be raisin bread. It quite often was.

Canning days now in my own kitchen recollect memories of the busy, busy canning season at home. Whatever made a kitchen smell more tantalizing than the vinegar, sugar, cinnamon, cloves and allspice mixture that was made to pour over tiny beet pickles in the Spring? As this spicy fragrance meant the start of the canning season, so the heavier aroma from a big kettle of catsup meant we were nearing the end of the tomatoes from the garden.

The old-fashioned Marigold was my favorite flower as a child and I planted them in a little plot under by bedroom window. Now their fragrance reminds me of summer evenings at home with the breeze peacefully rustling the leaves in the big old cottonwood and carrying into my room the light, fresh scent of marigolds.

Onions cooking certainly have an odor peculiar only to onions, and perhaps offensive to some. However, on a cold winter school day, we always shouted, "Good, soup!" when we burst in the door at noon and inhaled that mouth-watering odor that meant good vegetable soup. What a savory soup! And what a mystery it was that with beef, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, tomatoes, celery and onions in the kettle, only the odor of the not-so-bashful onion should come to greet us at the door!

COVER PICTURE

This year when May rolled around we children decided that we wanted a picture of Mother on the cover. Russell asked her where she would like to have it taken, and she said: "Oh, snap it here in the library where I've spent so many hours sewing this winter." So here she is, workbasket and all. I'm sure that in years to come one of our most vivid mental pictures of Mother will be exactly this—it's not often we see her without sewing in her hands.

When faith and hope fail, as they sometimes do, we must trust charity, which is love in action. We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it. When we have done it, however blindly, perhaps heaven will show us the reason why." — D. M. Craik.

FREDERICK POSES A CHALLENGE

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and I hope to finish writing it by four o'clock when I am due to leave here for Providence where I am speaking to a large group of young people. I shall have to go without any supper this evening, for by the time I am finished speaking in Providence it will be nearly time for me to begin speaking at our evening service here in Bristol. To be honest with you, I shall be happy when this day is over! Preaching four times in one day is just too much.

Yesterday afternoon I walked down to the corner to watch some of the old lobstermen readying their lobster pots for the opening of the lobster season day after tomorrow. One veteran lobsterman told me that his business has been getting worse each year because of the rising cost of gear and also because of the spider crabs.

He explained that lobsters with an inclination to seek out the tempting bait in a lobster pot are actually pushed out of the way by the spider crabs with their long feelers and small, but strong, round bodies. After risking his neck on a rough sea to reach his pots, the lobstermen draw them up only too often to find dozens of spider crabs which are good for nothing but chicken feed.

I have a great admiration for the wives of these lobstermen. They bid their husbands good-bye at the crack of dawn and watch them sail out onto a cold, choppy bay to be gone until dark. When a sudden storm arises they watch the water anxiously, wondering if their men are all right. It is not an easy life for either the lobstermen or their wives. I wonder how many people think of that when they are eating a tasty bit of lobster meat?

Just as the spider crabs are hurting our local lobster fishing, so are the common star fish hurting the oyster business. Recently the government has been going to considerable expense to rid some of the waters of the pirate-like star fish. They dredge for them and then take them far out to sea where they are dumped into deep water.

I was pleased to notice in one of the recent issues of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine an advertisement for Folding Banquet Tables. Last year the Women's Guild of our church here in Bristol, R. I. bought several of these tables, and everyone is perfectly delighted with them. I hope that by next year we shall be able to buy several more, for they really are the best tables for church use I have ever seen. I am particularly happy to have them, for I always help the men of our church set up and take down tables for all church suppers, and I don't know of anything that tires me more than having to wrestle with some of the awkward contraptions our church has had for the past 100 years that pass under the name of tables. I think that these ten new tables take up less room than just three of our old contraptions.

Here in Bristol this spring we have



David and Mary Leanna were able to be outdoors almost every day this past winter for it was an unusually mild season in Rhode Island in spite of the snow that you see here. These are the first pictures of David in which we can see characteristics of his father at a comparable age.

had an epidemic of measles. Our little Mary Leanna had them quite severely. We took David Lloyd to a specialist in Providence who gave him an injection which he said would make his case of measles quite light. As a matter of fact, David's measles were so light that we are not now certain that he ever had them.

The owner of the best hardware store in town is a member of my church, and he very kindly lent me an electric train which I set up in Mary Leanna's room to entertain her while she had to stay in bed. Another member of the church lent me a wonderful little electric phonograph with dozens of delightful children's records to help entertain her.

The week that Mary Leanna was in bed Betty found it necessary to serve on the refreshment committees of four different societies and clubs. That same week our next door neighbor had to go to the hospital and so Betty did all of the washing and ironing for the neighbor's family. How my good wife manages to do everything she does never ceases to amaze me.

I have been interested to read some of the letters that have been published in *Kitchen-Klatter* telling of the difficult problems that some people have to face. Just a few days ago one of the men in my church showed me an income tax return that he had helped to make out for an old lady in our church whose total income is just \$650.00 a year. Out of that \$650.00 she had spent \$75.00 on her church, the Red Cross, and the Community Chest. On the bottom of the sheet of paper on which she had listed her expenditures for the year she had written this little note: "And oh yes, I forgot to mention that at Christmas time I gave the paper boy and the milk man a dollar each for their kindness." God bless her! What a different world this would be if more of us were like her.

Now that Easter is behind us with all of its inspiration and challenge, I wonder how many of us will settle back into our little dull, lethargic, religious lives to wait until the inspiration of Christmas moves our hearts? Have you ever noticed how we seem

to hit a spiritual peak at Easter time and then gradually slide downhill from then until Christmas?

At Easter time and for the next couple of weeks most people are really concerned about Christian matters, but then they become apathetic once again and merely ask to be let alone and not be forced to take sides until another Easter rolls around. From one Easter until another some people can't make up their minds whether they are really Christians or not.

Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick tells the story of a man who was rowing down the Niagara River past Buffalo. He could not make up his mind whether or not to get off the boat at Buffalo. First he thought he would, and then he thought he wouldn't. He was undecided. Ultimately he awoke at the very brink of Niagara Falls to discover that he had decided not to get off at Buffalo. He had decided by indecision. Just as Pilate's indecision decided the fate of Jesus, so does our indecision today decide the fate of that institution which represents Jesus in the world today—the church.

Every once in a while some *Kitchen-Klatter* reader mentions in her letter how much her Christian faith has meant to her. Most people don't talk about religious matters to their most intimate friends, and few are the people who mention their faith in friendly letters. Do you know why we are ashamed to write letters to our friends with the same missionary zeal of the early apostles? Do you know why we are self-conscious about telling our friends how much Jesus Christ means to us? Do you know why we are so reluctant to ask our friends to take a definite stand for Jesus Christ?

It is because we have not learned to think in terms of: "He who is not with Christ, is against Him, and he who does not gather with Christ scatters." We are too often content to let our own religious life be dull and in a mood of continuous apology. We haven't faced up the issue that in the final day of judgment there will be only two kinds of people, not three. "He who is not with me is against me!"

We haven't believed it enough ourselves. Too few of us really believe that the most important thing we can ever do is to take our stand for Jesus Christ. Too few of us really believe that the Church and the things for which it stands are worth continual sacrifice. Too few of us know Jesus Christ as a personal saviour whose sacrifice for us demands that we give our lives wholly to Him.

Sincerely, Frederick

COMPANIONS

I do not face my life alone;
For I walk, hand in hand,
With love. And charity and hope;
With God, you understand.

The heights of life,
Or great despair, I never face alone:
For I have found He is my friend.
His kingdom, is my own.

—Phyllis Pasqualetti.

When are you going to stop worrying and start living?

A TRIP TO PELLA

By Hallie M. Barrow

One of the things that I most enjoy doing is to visit old homes full of antiques and the gracious flavor of by-gone days. I had been entranced with the old homes at Natchez, with Mt. Vernon and the early pioneer homes on Cape Cod, but it never occurred to me that I'd find something equally interesting when I casually accepted an invitation from friends to spend a day at the Pella, Iowa Tulip Festival.

Before I tell you about the gorgeous tulips I should like to give you a background for this Festival. Of all the stories of the first pioneers who settled our Midwest, this latest one I've learned about, that of Dominie Hendrik Peter Scholte and his colony at Pella, is the most interesting.

Dominie Scholte was a highly educated, wealthy young man of fine and noble family. His life motto was "Independent in everything". When his government took over control of religion, he decided to emigrate to a country where there was freedom of worship, so in August, 1847, he led the band of some 700 Hollanders who founded Pella.

This group came by boat to Keokuk and traveled by wagon and foot to the spot they called Pella; it means a city of refuge. They were not penniless by any means, and brought their gold in a great brass bound chest.

Dominie Scholte brought his library of many books, paintings, and other cultural treasures that had graced his home in Holland. He also brought his beautiful young, vivacious wife, Mareah, who gave so much color to the history of this settlement.

Dominie Scholte's first wife had died leaving three small daughters. This second wife was much younger and had had a very different background. She had attended college in Paris and expected to become a singer, but she fell in love with this serious, middle-aged minister and married him. Certainly there was nothing in her background to prepare her for the experience of arriving in Pella!

On that day the cultured and refined Dominie was wearing his native costume that comprised a short velvet jacket, knee breeches, silk stockings, and low shoes with silver buckles. Mareah wore a gay Paris gown, her bonnet was flower trimmed and had a wisp of a lace veil, and with her was her maid, Dirkie.

A daughter-in-law of Mareah's, Leonora Scholte, has written this account of their arrival.

"The Dominie, bowing and doffing his low-crowned hat to his pretty wife, helped her down the coach step and put his arm about her slender waist to escort her to the cabin door. No other house was in sight. Looking up into her husband's face and trying to keep back the tears, she said, 'Oh, Dominie! where is Pella?' After a pause he answered, using his pet name for her, 'Ah, Kind, we will build a beautiful Pella soon!'"

There was wild game everywhere, as well as Indians, and the only roads were buffalo trails. Hardships beyond



When this new picture of Jean Marie Cathcart arrived we all said that she looked very much like her sister, Kerry, but it seems that in reality they are entirely different. Jean is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cathcart, Jerome, Iowa.

our imagination were the rule of the day, and yet in time a beautiful Pella was built. In 1851 a college was started. And it is to honor these first settlers that Pella now has its beautiful tulip festival.

Pella is a good example of what a town can do when it adopts one flower. Every resident is encouraged to plant tulips, and bulbs are furnished at cost to be planted along the grassy parkways in front of every home.

At the Home for the Aged there is a Memorial Garden of 25,000 tulips. These bulbs, planted in formal beds of solid colors, were sent to the Pella Historical Society by the Dutch bulb growers as an act of appreciation from the people of Holland for aid extended to the Dutch after their liberation from the German occupation.

Another famous tulip planting is that of the Sunken Garden. You can hardly make your way around these beds for the army of camera fans.

We watched the quaint rite of women in Dutch costume scrubbing the paved street along one side of the square. Men in Dutch costume, with a wooden yoke across their shoulders, a bucket of water swinging from each end, sloshed on the water. The street must be clean for very shortly folk dancing takes place on the scrubbed area.

For this the women put on their best bib and tuckers. Quaint lace caps are worn; the dainty white aprons over their colorful costumes are bordered with knitted lace many inches wide. And you should hear the noise made by wooden shoes, clopped in unison!

There is a fine musical program going on most of the time. Probably nothing surpasses in popularity the operetta given each evening in the Tulip Bowl at West Park. In 1951 it was the Red Mill. All events presented are the best of entertainment and nothing is commercialized. Can you imagine thousands of visitors present

and not a single hot dog stand, pop booth, side show or noise from concessions? Well, Pella has succeeded in doing this.

The Pella Historical Society has an interesting Museum, but the most intriguing event of our trip, aside from the sheer beauty of the tulips, was being taken through the house which Dominie Scholte built for his French bride the year following their arrival. Scholte descendants still live in this rambling house.

All of the original furnishings seem to have been kept and are brought out and displayed during the three days of the Tulip Festival. In the library you'll see shelf after shelf of the Dominie's books that he brought with him on the sailing vessel that took four months to cross the Atlantic. Many of these books bear dates of the 15th and 16th centuries.

French wallpaper, imported and put on in 1851, is still on the wall. One of the few complete duelling pistol sets in this country, is on a table. The rooms are full of beautiful paintings, Chinese vases, elaborately carved horse-hair furniture and priceless pieces handed down in this family.

In one small bedroom upstairs, Mareah's shawls were spread. These included Paisley shawls of several colors, fringed, embroidered silk shawls from the Orient and two magnificent black lace shawls. Men wore shawls at that time too, and a soft gray plaid shawl of the Dominie's was draped over a chair. A picture of Abraham Lincoln on the folds brought out the information from our guide that Scholte had worn this shawl to Chicago to nominate Lincoln. The Dominie was much against slavery and wrote one of the first books published against this practice.

We were shown a beautiful Delft plate, and thereby hangs another interesting story about Mareah. It seems that her chests of fine china were never unpacked while they lived in their first log cabin. She could not adapt herself to this frontier life as did her husband; she was terribly homesick and thought that if only she could have her lovely china to use, she would feel more at home in this wilderness.

At last the big house was finished and she planned to unpack her china. She dressed lavishly for this great occasion, but alas! when the chests were opened it was found that all of the pieces were broken into bits except a few of the large plates. She wept for days and would not part with her china even though it was in pieces. The workmen felt so sorry for her that they used the pieces to lay a walk from the cabin to the big house. They even placed the pieces with the blue color on top so she would always be conscious of her Holland Delft ware.

Mareah always thought of herself as a "stranger in a strange land", so that is the title of a book about her life, written by her daughter-in-law, Leonora Scholte. It is a fascinating story, and I hope that any of you who may visit Pella in the future will read this book first so you can understand and enjoy the background of one of Iowa's earlier settlements.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, good friends, one and all:

About three minutes ago I finished a strip of featherstitching that seemed endless to me, and as a complete change of occupation I decided to get up and write this letter to you.

I have only myself to thank for this featherstitching job! Last November I made a dark blue dress for Emily's birthday, smocked it in red and white and put on tiny white collars that had an exceedingly small row of featherstitching around the edges. This dress was amply short when made and I foolishly forgot how fast youngster's grow, so when Abigail let down the dress it left an unsightly line. I decided to remedy this by putting a row of featherstitching around the entire hem to cover up the line, and when Abigail asked me if it were a difficult stitch I told her that it certainly wasn't but that I seemed to stand still—it took a lot of stitches to get anyplace. But at any rate, it salvaged the dress and actually adds a great deal to its appearance, so I was glad to be able to do it.

Probably you have all of your housecleaning done, but I'm still facing the big job of once again doing up sixteen white batiste curtains. Moreover, I discovered to my dismay when I tackled them in January, that many of them are beginning to give out, and with the price of batiste these days I'm not at all sure they're going to be replaced.

It's a funny thing how deceptive these curtains are. I don't know how many people have asked me what the material is, and when I tell them it's white batiste they look at me doubtfully. I think that the explanation for this is the fact that they're made so full and also that they hang to the floor. Two widths would have covered the windows where they are used between drapes, but we allowed four widths, and it's this that throws people off.

One of the things I've combatted these last few days has been Juliana's chickens. A friend of hers was given a half-dozen, and from that time on Juliana was determined to have chickens of her own. She first insisted that she wanted one-hundred, but I pointed out to her that she'd need a chicken house and run before this could be managed. Then she whittled it down to fifty (still an appalling number under the circumstances) and eventually, after much discussion, she compromised with a half-dozen.

These chickens live in a box and there may be noisier things alive but I wouldn't know what it would be. I noticed today that they begin to look a little droopy, and the chances are that she's not going to realize her ambitions to furnish us with eggs!

If you're half as glad to see spring here as I am, you're mighty glad. It seems to me that there's never been a winter with so much illness. And such curious ailments too. I can remember when children had upset stomachs and the usual run of childhood diseases and that was that. Now there seems to be all kinds of mysterious ailments afloat and no one knows anything a-



Juliana and Kristin are watering our indoor garden—this was a task that they really enjoyed and took care of faithfully when Kristin visited us.

bout them — what they are, what causes them, etc. Fortunately, with all of the high powered new drugs they seem to know how to cure them, and that's all that really matters.

As I write this I can look out and see a cheerful sight. In our garden we have golden and lavender crocus in bloom, and my! how it lifts ones spirits to see their gay colors. We also have grape hyacinths in bloom, and it won't be long until our tulips, daffodils and hyacinths are in their full glory.

This year I certainly hope that we can get to eat some meals out on the terrace when everything is in bloom. I had my heart set on that all last winter (a year ago) and could hardly wait to set the table out there for lunch and dinner. Well, it was such a miserable, cold, rainy spring that not once did we get to have a meal outside. In fact, the one weekend we had guests from out-of-town and I planned big on meals in the garden, we had snow! It's hard to believe that we'd run into such weather two years in succession, so once again I'm planning to do a little entertaining while the tulips, daffodils and hyacinths are at their peak.

Before we know it, school will be out. Juliana has thoroughly enjoyed the third grade and she is actually lamenting the day when the school year is over. After the struggle we had getting her to school when she was a first-grader, this still seems like a miracle to me — the fact that she wishes she could continue going to school all summer! In September she will enter the fourth grade, and it makes me feel that Time is going far too fast. Why, at this rate, she'll be entering high school before I know it!

Faithfully yours—Lucile

BUTTON GARDENS

By Neva Zook Buchenau

Just what is a button garden? Some folks think that perhaps a button garden is a scenic garden picture made entirely of buttons. Others think that perhaps it is a new way to display a button collection. Still others simply will not venture a guess.

Well, believe it or not, a button garden uses only one button. These beautiful creations are called Button Gardens because a very large coat button is used for the base. In other words, the button is used in place of a flower pot.

This type of button, three or four inches in diameter and saucer shaped, was quite popular on ladies' coats several years back. They usually have four holes and these holes act as drainage and as a means of watering the finished gardens. The plants used in these gardens are so tiny that they must be watered from below.

You will want to start several Button Gardens at one time. After you have collected your large buttons, put a tiny bit of Spanghumm moss in each one just over the holes. This moss keeps the soil from packing. Then you place a small amount of rich soil on top of this. Green moss, like you find along creeks and in the timber, is also useful in designing these miniature gardens. The tiny seedums that you have in your flower gardens are the plants used in making these little gardens. Seedums come in many colors and because of their size are very desirable for this type of planting.

There is no set way of planting a Button Garden, but I will describe some that I have seen and I am sure that, once you start this project, ideas will come much faster than you can use them.

One large metal button had been developed into a miniature Chinese garden. A tiny bridge, a tiny pagoda, and a walk winding through it made it very realistic. A delicate little vine ran up the side of the pagoda. Green moss and delicate little pink seedums completed the setting.

Another large button held the replica of a tiny Swiss-Chalet. The tiny little house had been whittled from brown weather stained wood and had been placed upon a foundation of very small pebbles, set into the side of a hill. The tiniest little carved figures of cows, goats, sheep and people were skillfully arranged. Everything must be small enough that the gardens are not cluttered in appearance. One man used a reading glass when he arranged these tiny figures.

I think that the button I liked most of all was a large gray one. In it had been placed a replica of the Garden of Gethsemane. The handicapped person who had made this garden got his idea from the beautiful painting of Jesus in Gethsemane. It was carried out as accurately as possible, and the tiny figure of the Christ was exquisitely carved.

An artist friend tells me that for those of us who are not too well blessed with artistic ability, there are art stores where these tiny figures may be purchased. Such gardens offer a challenge to any ones imagination. The main thing to remember is that they must not be cluttered or messy.

If you are looking for gifts for sick folks or for a gift that is different, try your hand at a Button Garden. They will last two weeks or more as a rule, and will bring you a world of pleasure in their creation.



MY FAVORITE ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 cup cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 1/2 cups egg whites
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring
- 1 cup granulated sugar

Sift together 3 times the cake flour and powdered sugar. Combine the egg whites, cream of tartar, salt and flavorings. Beat egg whites until foamy, add the granulated sugar a little at a time and keep beating until stiff. Fold in flour and sugar mixture in small amounts. Turn into a large ungreased tube pan and bake 35 minutes in a 375 degree oven.—Lucile.

HAM-CHICKEN CROQUETTES

- 6 Tbls. shortening
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 3/4 cups chicken stock
- 6 egg yolks
- 2 cups cooked ham, diced
- 1 cup cooked chicken, diced
- 1/2 cup mushrooms, cut in small pieces

Melt shortening, add onion and cook 3 minutes. Add flour mixed with seasonings. Stir until well-blended, then pour on chicken broth gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point, add remaining ingredients and cook 5 minutes. Chill. Shape to fit large muffin tins. Roll in flour, dip in beaten egg and then roll in bread crumbs. Freeze in muffin tins. When frozen, remove, wrap and store in your freezer. Take out as many as needed for a meal and defrost. Deep-fat fry until golden-brown.

This is a fine way to handle left-over ham. Ham tastes much better after you've allowed a little time to elapse before it appears again on the table.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

- 1/2 cup light brown sugar
- 2/3 cup corn syrup
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup light cream or evaporated milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Boil sugar, syrup and butter together for 5 minutes, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add cream or milk and again bring to boiling point. Add vanilla and serve hot or cold.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

BAVARIAN CREAM

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup whipped cream
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Soften gelatine in cold water. Scald milk and pour it over egg yolks beaten until light with sugar. Return to double boiler, add gelatine and cook, stirring constantly, until custard thickens and coats back of spoon. Cool, fold in whipped cream flavored with vanilla and finally the egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into a wet mold and chill. Serve with light cream, whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

I served this recently with a rich cherry sauce (commercial product) and it was delicious. Any fresh frozen fruit is also fine spooned over it.—Lucile.

BAKED TUNA SANDWICH

- 8 slices white bread
- 1 7-oz. can solid pack tuna
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 3 large eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

Cut crusts from bread; place 4 slices in buttered 8-inch square baking dish. Drain oil from tuna, break up and mix in celery. Sprinkle tuna mixture, then cheese, over bread. Top with remaining 4 slices of bread. Beat eggs lightly, add milk and salt, and beat enough to combine. Pour over bread. Sprinkle with paprika.

Bake in 325 degree oven 40 to 60 minutes, until knife inserted in custardy center comes out clean. Makes 4 servings.

MOLDED SHRIMP SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cream
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 cup shrimp
- 1 glass of pimento cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Beat together the cheese, mayonnaise and cream. When gelatine is cold, combine all the ingredients and turn into a mold. Serve on crisp lettuce.

MACAROONS

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups corn flakes
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup coconut

Cream sugars and shortening. Drop in eggs and beat well. Sift flour, soda and baking powder and add to creamed mixture. Then add remaining ingredients. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a 350 oven. Crisp and delicious. This makes a good cookie to send to boys in service, or to store in plastic bags and put in your deep freeze.

ROUND STEAK WITH DRESSING

- 1 round steak cut 1/2 inch thick (about 2 lbs.)
- 3 cups crumbs made from stale bread
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or other fat
- 3/4 cup water
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dash of sage

Combine all ingredients aside from meat. Pound steak, spread dressing on one half and fold the other half over it. Sew or skewer along the edges. Dredge with 4 Tbls. flour and brown in fat. Place in baking dish, add a little water or tomato juice and bake in a 325 degree oven for about 2 hours.

CHERRY MACAROON COOKIES

- 2/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, chopped
- 3/4 cup cocoanut
- 1 3/4 cups of flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. almond flavoring

Cream sugar and shortening and beat in egg and flavoring. Sift all dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Combine cherries, cocoanut and grated lemon rind and add. Drop from spoon on greased baking sheet and bake in a 375 degree oven for approximately 12 minutes.

GINGER COOKIES

- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup lard
- 1 tsp. each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg
- 1/2 cup coffee

Put these ingredients on stove and cook for 5 minutes. Let cool. Then add 2 well beaten eggs, 2 tsp. soda, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll, cut and bake for about 12 minutes at 375 degrees.

WHEN TEACHER COMES

During the years that my children were growing up I tried my best to entertain their teachers at supper (we never called it dinner) before the school term had ended. When there were only two or three to consider I could entertain them 'most any time, but as the years went on and there were ten to twelve to think about (this included the special instructors who came in once a week to teach music and art), I concentrated on inviting them the first week in May.

There were several reasons for doing it this way. For one thing, the house-cleaning was all done and things looked presentable! I always had fresh flowers from our garden to use on the table and in the living room. And with a large family, it was easier for me to get things organized at one time rather than at various odd times throughout the school year.

I had one standard menu that I prepared for these meals. I'd learned, from much experience, that this could be prepared with the minimum of effort and it didn't call for a lot of last-minute work in the kitchen.

Baked Ham
Creamed Potatoes with Parsley
Buttered Asparagus
Hot Rolls—Jelly
Perfection Salad
Cake and Ice Cream

I bought a large ham and had the butcher cut it into two portions. This was served hot for two of the meals, and the remainder was served cold for the third meal. There were three meals to be served, you see, for our own family made such a crowd at the table that we couldn't very well accommodate more than three or four teachers at one time.

The potatoes were creamed in the morning, reheated in the double boiler just before time to serve and the parsley added when they were brought to the table. The asparagus was cleaned and ready to cook in the morning, refrigerator rolls made, and the perfection salad was also prepared early in the day. I also made the cake and iced it, but we purchased the ice cream for I could never see how there would be time to turn our old-fashioned freezer — and electric refrigerators were not on the market in the years when I first prepared these meals.

Lucile and Dorothy set the table when they came home from school in the afternoon, and they also saw to it that the younger children were cleaned up and on their good behavior. Our house was a busy place from 4:00 until 6:00, but my luck held on those particular days and I can never remember a catastrophe that upset things seriously.

There is still time left in this school year for you to entertain your children's teachers, and if you haven't yet been able to do this, I hope that you make the effort. They appreciate it a great deal, and your children will be more than eager to cooperate in any preparations. Perhaps you have your own menu that is easily managed, but if not, do try the one I discussed here.

—Leanna

ELEGANT CHICKEN A LA KING

1 cup peeled sliced mushrooms
1 Tbls. minced green pepper
1/4 cup butter
3 Tbls. flour
1 1/4 cups milk
1 1/2 cups diced chicken
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. paprika
Yolks of 2 eggs
1/4 cup cream
1 Tbls. lemon juice

Melt half the butter and cook mushrooms and green pepper in it for 5 minutes. Prepare a cream sauce with remaining butter, flour and milk. Combine the two mixtures, add chicken and seasonings, heat thoroughly in a double boiler, and just before serving add beaten egg yolks, cream and lemon juice. Serves 4. Ideal for spring luncheon.

COTTAGE CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

1 pkg. lemon or lime gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup crushed pineapple
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup cottage cheese
1/2 cup chopped nuts
Strips of green and red pepper

Dissolve gelatin in hot water and add pineapple juice. Chill until liquid begins to congeal. Combine drained pineapple, cheese, nuts, salt and fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Serve on lettuce, and garnish with mayonnaise and strips of pepper.

GOLDEN ORANGE CUPCAKES

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks
1 3/4 cups cake flour
1/2 tsp. salt
3 tsp. baking powder
1/3 cup orange juice
1/3 cup water
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually and beat until fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Sift flour, measure and add salt and baking powder. Sift again. Add dry ingredients alternately with orange juice, water and flavoring, and beat thoroughly. Fill greased cupcake or muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

NUT BREAD

1 1/2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup sugar
2 Tbls. melted butter
1 egg, beaten
1/3 cup milk
1/2 cup nut meats, chopped fine

Sift, flour, baking powder and salt together and add sugar and melted butter. Combine with this the milk and slightly beaten egg. Mix in the nuts and pour into a greased loaf pan; let stand 15 minutes. Bake about 35 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

RECIPE

By Ethel Broendet

Take the three words, *I love you*;
Add to them the words, *I do!*
Mix in, softly, lullabies
And the love in baby's eyes.
Sprinkle, through the growing days,
Laughing, tender words of praise,
Plus a few, wee grains of salt
Found in anxious tears; and halt
Hasty words that would replace
Words of wisdom, words of grace.
Bake with love, come storm or sun.
Serve with smiling lips. Well done!

ASPARAGUS RING

1 cup medium thick white sauce
1/2 cup grated cheese
3 eggs, separated
3 Tbls. chopped green pepper
1 pimiento, chopped
Dash of paprika
1 can cut asparagus
1/4 tsp. salt

Combine white sauce and cheese and add beaten egg yolks. Cook about 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool and fold in green pepper, asparagus, pimiento and last, the beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered ring mold. Put ring in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes, or until set.

BARBECUE SAUCE FOR MEATS

1/2 cup butter
1 large onion, minced
3 Tbls. vinegar
1 cup chili sauce
1 cup water
2 Tbls. brown sugar
2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1/8 tsp. cayenne

Melt butter and cook onion in it for 3 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients, simmer about 5 minutes or until thick, stirring occasionally. Use to baste cooking and as an accompanying sauce when serving.

This sauce makes a wonderful thing of weiners—good enough for company! Boil weiners about 5 minutes, then put into baking dish, pour this sauce over them, and put in a 400 degree oven for about 20 minutes. Also fine for spare ribs.

FINE PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup butter
1 egg
1 cup peanut butter
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Sift sugars together, add butter and cream. Beat in egg, peanut butter, salt and soda. Lastly add flour and then vanilla. Roll the dough into small balls. Place them on a greased sheet, press flat with a fork, and bake in a 375 degree oven for about 15 minutes.

DOROTHY SUGGESTS SOME GOOD BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Dear Friends:

Here it is almost the first of April and we still have snow on the ground! But we have had three days now that the sun has been out most of the time so maybe if we could have about three weeks of this kind of weather the roads would get dry enough that I could drive my little Ford clear to the door instead of parking it a mile from the house as I have done most of the time since the first of the year. I noticed when I came home tonight that the tulips Kristin and I planted last fall are peeking through the ground and it makes Spring seem a little closer.

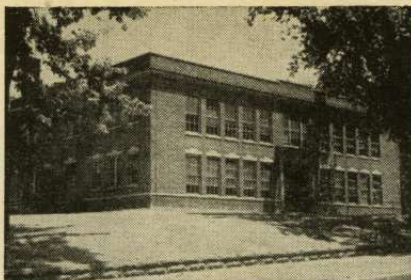
Frank and Kristin have quite a schedule worked out these days while the roads have been so awfully muddy. Frank has been working in the timber in the afternoons, so when school is out Kristin walks as far as her Aunt Delia's and Frank rides his horse there and meets her. Delia always has a little lunch fixed for Kristin of cocoa and cookies or cake, and Frank has coffee. Then they both ride Bonnie to Grandpa's house and start the chores. Frank has lined up a few little chores that Kristin can do every night and she feels very important.

Bernie has five ducks that she got this winter and they aren't shut up, so Kristin looks for duck eggs all over the chicken yard. For a while she found two or three every night, and even found one once in a puddle of water, but her dog Puddin' has also discovered that the ducks lay their eggs out in the yard, so now it is a race between Kristin and Puddin' to see who finds them first.

Frank bought two little calves the other day to put with a cow that had lost her calf. Kristin has named them Sugar and Spice. They are just as alike as two peas, and the next time Juliana comes up we hope we can get some pictures of the two girls and the two calves.

The Lucas Volunteer Firemen had their annual benefit program a few nights ago, and they had asked Kristin to give a reading. She had been sick the week before and had only worked on her number a few days and I told her she had just better forget about it. But she loves to be in programs, and what is more she had a brand new pair of shoes to wear, so she went ahead with her plans.

When we arrived at the Lucas High School building an hour early that night, and the auditorium was already packed, Kristin began to get a little nervous and wanted to back out at the last minute. She had never appeared on a program before where there were that many people. I reminded her of how much she had wanted to come, and of the big effort we had gone to to get there through the mud, and more important, they were depending on her for that number. Nothing more was said and when it was her turn she walked out like a veteran and didn't miss a word of her reading. I'm sure no one knew she was nervous except her mother and her teacher.



This building is the Central School in Shendoah. All of the children in our family attended it, and now Juliana is a student in the third grade. Her room is on the second floor at the left side, and when Emily starts she will be in the kindergarten room directly below it.

Lucas County teachers and students of the Drake Art Class had a Spring banquet the other night. Due to the terrible blizzard that raged all that day and night many of the girls who had reservations were not able to get there, but I do want to tell you about the decorations because you might be able to use some of the ideas sometime. Members of the Drake Art Class that is being held in Chariton this semester had charge of the table decorations and planned and made everything that they used.

In the center of each table was a big bouquet of forsythia which they had made by using spirea branches with little yellow crepe paper four-petal flowers fastened on with scotch tape. They looked so real that people were asking where in the world they got forsythia at this time of year. Down the center of the table was a strip of yellow crepe paper with a narrower strip of brown paper on top of it. The nut cups were pale yellow round ones filled with Easter eggs. Fastened to each cup with a toothpick was a little bird and it looked like it was just sitting on the edge of the nest. The little robins and bluebirds were made of construction paper. The programs were yellow and at the top in one corner was a little kite. The frame was made of toothpicks and it was covered with white tissue paper, with a tail made by tying together bright pieces of yarn. Plain white paper napkins were decorated with crayons. Some of the girls had just colored the design that was in the napkin, and some had made original designs.

Since writing about my work in the Lucas County Library, I have had several requests for more information concerning good books for children. There are so many wonderful books on the market today that it is hard to know just where to begin. When we pick out books for our library, we always try to pick books that will not only be fun for the children to read in their leisure time, but will also broaden their concepts in geography, history, science, etc., and will give them a better understanding of life in their own country and in other lands.

When children can read well enough to read to themselves they love books that are exciting and full of adventure. The settling of the West, the bringing of the West into the Union of States, is a story of romance and adventure.

A fine collection of books on this subject, "The American Adventure Series (Wheeler Publishing Company) is highly popular in our library. These books are true stories of some of the famous characters who helped to settle our country. A few of them are *Kit Carson*, *Davy Crockett*, *Buffalo Bill*, *Chief Black Hawk*, *Daniel Boone*, *The Rush for Gold*, *Fur Trappers of the Old West*, and many others. We have five copies of each book in the series, and the shelf where we keep them is practically always empty.

I brought home *Chief Black Hawk* for Kristin to read the other night and she would hardly put it down long enough to eat. The next morning she propped it on the table so she could read while she dressed. When she had finished the book she said, "Mother, was Black Hawk a real Indian, and is this story really true?" When I told her "yes", that Black Hawk was one of the most important characters in the history of Iowa, she was thrilled to death. Since then she has read four more of the series and says she won't be satisfied until she has read them all. These books are making history so meaningful and interesting to her.

Lois Lenski has done a wonderful service to boys and girls by writing a series of regional stories. Each one reveals, humanly and dramatically, the life of a section of the country little known to those outside of it. She tells of life in the Bayou country of Louisiana in *Bayou Suzette*; the backwoods of Florida in *Strawberry Girl*; the Carolina mountains in *Blue Ridge Billy*; the migrant trail of the Eastern Seaboard in *Judy's Journey*; the cotton fields of Arkansas in *Cotton in My Sack*; the saga of the discovery of oil in Oklahoma in *Boom Town Boy*. These are just a few of the books written and illustrated by Lois Lenski, and every one of them is good. They are published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York.

It is getting late and tomorrow is another work day, so I must get to bed.

Sincerely, Dorothy

THUMB PRINTS

You may travel in Tasmania,
Or live in Timbuctoo;
You may dress in grass and rushes,
Or in silks of gorgeous hue;
You may sleep in gilded castle,
Or be drenched with jungle dew;
But you can not lose the thumb print
That your mother gave to you.

You may change your way of speaking,
Change your looks and change your name;
You may earn life's golden treasures,
Or may play a losing game;
You may love a thousand people,
Or renounce the sacred flame;
But your thumb print—like a first-love—
Unto death remains the same.
—Martha Field Eaton.

Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.

TIPS FOR HOME DECORATORS

By Myrtle E. Felkner

This is the time of year when many of us are thinking about house redecoration. Lucky the woman who has a new house to decorate! Her job is simple compared with those of us who must blend new decorating schemes into old rooms and used furniture or carpets.

There are many points to remember in this business of decorating. Perhaps the most important one is the matter of personality. Too often we forget about personality, with the unfortunate result that we feel vaguely uneasy and unsatisfied with the finished product. Of course you may seek advice about colors and furnishings, but in the end the decisions must be your own. After all, you and your family are going to live in this particular room or house, and you want it to reflect your personality so you will feel relaxed and "at home."

One woman in our community travels extensively. Since travel, history, and government are her main interests, she combines them skillfully in her decorating scheme. Many of her furnishings, pictures and other accessories are from foreign countries.

The highlights in the home of an artist friend are her own oil paintings and her very beautiful Grandma Moses draperies.

Still another home reflects the quiet, serene dignity of a literary friend. Cool colors, deep chairs, comfortable lighting arrangements and a fine collection of books make the living room, particularly, an inviting, pleasant place. Every wise homemaker should keep the interests of both herself and her family in mind when redecorating. Build around them, and you need never feel like a fish out of water in your own home.

Color is the next thing to consider in redecoration. You will probably use three colors . . . the base color for large surfaces such as walls, ceilings, or rugs; an accessory color, which may be in contrast or close harmony to the base color; and possibly an accent color. The latter is usually a "repeat" color. In other words, you may match a lamp shade or slip cover with some minor color in carpet or drapes. Such a trick is effective and beautiful.

Base color is determined by the size and situation of the room as well as the effect you wish to create. Dark greens, roses, blues, or wines are best in large rooms. Their effect in a small room is rather suffocating, whereas they make the larger rooms seem cozy and congenial. Small rooms demand the lighter tones.

Lighting effects color choice, of course. A southern room with picture windows, for instance, would be unbearably bright if the walls were painted yellow or any other bright color. The same room, given a cool northern location, would probably seem lovely in the lighter shades. On the south, however, excess light should be absorbed by cool, darker wall colors.

Accessory colors may be found in



Margery and Martin are sitting on the davenport in their living room. Directly in front of them is the coffee table that Margery upholstered very successfully in chartreuse colored leather with brass tacks.

davenports and chairs or other large furnishings. In a bedroom these would be bedspreads, beside rugs, etc. A child's simple color chart, or the color guide on your husband's favorite necktie rack, can tell you a lot about pleasing combinations if you are not instinctively sure of them.

The accent color can be such a gay and charming note! One homemaker who recently painted her entire house carried the same accent color throughout the home. In her living room, lamps and draperies pick up a tiny shade of yellow in the carpet. The yellow is carried to crisp, ruffled curtains in the dining room. It blends with blue in kitchen and bathroom walls, returns to accent color in lamp shades and shag rugs in two blue bedrooms. It appears again in curtains in a third pine-paneled bedroom. Repetition of this accent brings continuity to a house, and a practical homemaker will love being able to shuffle accessories such as lamps and rugs from room to room while her color scheme remains intact.

Once the room is painted and the slip covers stitched, we must turn our attention to woodwork and floors. If the floor is basically good, though marred from previous carelessness, it is simple to refinish. Electric sanders may be rented from almost any lumber yard or decorating firm, and the fee is usually nominal. A person should be able to do a good job on 300 square feet of floor surface in a day's time. An edger must also be rented to sand floors close to the baseboards.

Once the sanding is completed (and the new sanders are practically dust-free) you may finish the floors according to several different methods. A card to the Extension Service of your state will bring you detailed instructions.

The floors of older homes are usually varnished, so many redecorators will wish to match newly-finished floors to the older ones. A good paste filler should be applied first to any floors of open-grained wood. These include the pine and fir floorings often used in new construction. The application of the filler is a tedious job. A small amount should be brushed on a limited area of floor space and permitted to dry a few moments. When it appears whitish, you must rub it

vigorously to remove the waxy superfluous. A large supply of cheesecloth or flannel scraps is fine for this purpose.

The first coat of varnish may be applied twenty-four hours later, following a very light sanding with fine sandpaper. The first coat may be thinned with a little turpentine to act as a sealer. Two more coats should follow, using the varnish according to directions.

If you have ever experienced difficulties with "sticky" varnish, here are a few hints on its use. Do not use oil of any kind with varnish. Thinner or linseed oil are absolutely taboo. Even your brush must be cleaned with turpentine rather than the more commonly used thinner. Since the filler also contains oil, you will experience trouble if you have not been careful to wipe off all the excess. For this reason, the forementioned light sanding is recommended.

Secondly, do not apply varnish too generously. Varnish dries by oxidation rather than evaporation, with the result that the dried coat of varnish is thicker than it appeared when you applied it. A very thin application will dry to the desired thickness. A thick application may be sticky for days.

Thirdly, varnish demands fresh air for quick and satisfactory drying, due of course to that oxidation. A warm summer day is not particularly suitable for varnishing, since the air is liable to be humid and this slows down the oxidation. A cool, crisp winter day, with windows open and the temperature maintained at approximately 70 degrees will give the quickest drying results.

Second or third coats of varnish may be applied twelve hours apart if all these precautions are met.

Perhaps your floors merely need another coat of varnish. Then hand-sanding is for you! First, clean the floor well, but avoid getting it too wet. Follow with a vigorous rub-down with turpentine to remove all old wax or gummy substances. Now sand to a dull, smooth finish. This won't take long, and it is important for best results. Then simply apply varnish as previously directed.

Woodwork may be refinished in the same manner as floors. An edger may be satisfactorily used to sand the woodwork, or even the flexible shaft in your husband's workshop can be put to work here, providing you are willing to remove the woodwork. While you're at it, you may as well split the baseboards to a modern width, if yours is an older house. If you plan such extensive refinishing, better remove it before you paint!

It pays to put real thought into pictures, mirrors and the like before you hang them on your beautiful walls. Are you sure they're just right for the room, or will you want a change later on? The holes left by abandoned picture screws are hard to patch without use of putty and that, of course, calls for complete wall refinishing. It's better to do without any pictures at all until you find (or can afford) exactly what is right. For the rooms of teen-

(Continued on page 16)



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE WRENS FIND A HOME

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Mr. and Mrs. Wren had been house-hunting ever since their return from the south. One day Mr. Wren thought he saw precisely the place for a home. It was a low, bushy, inviting tree. He called Mrs. Wren to come, and together they diligently began to weave a beautiful nest.

But Mrs. Wren had no sooner fluffed out her feathers and settled down before Mr. Wren began to shriek angrily. He darted again and again at a great gray cat who was crawling into the tree. His attack did no good, however, and soon Mrs. Wren was gazing into the hungry eyes of the puss. Hastily she left the empty nest, and so the wrens had to begin house-hunting all over again.

This time they found an inviting eave beside the house, but they had carried only a few twigs before the housewife drove them away with her broom.

Even their attempt to move into a lovely birdhouse in the back yard was in vain, for there the sparrows stole their nest and screamed racously at them until they were forced to depart.

"It's no use", sighed Mrs. Wren. "We may as well go south again to raise our family."

"But it's out of season!" protested Mr. Wren. "Surely we will soon find a safe nest for the eggs." They perched on a fence and absentmindedly watched the farmer. He was filling his tractor radiator with water, whistling happily while he worked. Soon he hung the water can on a fencepost and drove off to the field on the tractor.

"Look!" exclaimed Mr. Wren to his wife. "The water can is the very place for a nest!" Mrs. Wren was forced to agree. The long water spout was the only entrance to the can, and it was just large enough for a wren. Very happily she and Mr. Wren carried twigs and down and fashioned the loveliest nest they had ever owned.

Mrs. Wren fluffed her feathers again and prepared to lay her eggs. Just then the great gray cat came skulking across the top of the fence. She heard the wrens cooing in their water can and thrust her paw into the spout. Such a time! Mr. Wren dived gleefully at the paw and pecked it again and again until it was quite sore. The cat withdrew his paw when he saw he couldn't get it into the can, anyway, and went away to sulk.

Soon the sparrows came to perform more mischief. The wrens sat quietly and chuckled, because they knew the sparrows were too fat to get into the water spout. Presently they, too, flew

away. The wrens were more than satisfied with their new home.

The next morning while Mr. Wren was hunting worms for breakfast, Mrs. Wren heard the chug of the tractor again.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose . . ." She never finished her thought, for suddenly the water can was seized from the fencepost. The farmer carried it to the water pump and would surely have drowned Mrs. Wren if Mr. Wren had not arrived home just then.

When he saw the farmer preparing to pump the water, he flew straight to the spout of the can and chirped comforting chirps to Mrs. Wren. Then he hopped to the farmer's shoulder and pleaded with him.

The farmer set the water can on the platform. He got out his flashlight and looked down the spout into the can. When he saw Mrs. Wren and the nest, he began to laugh.

"No wonder you're excited!" he said to Mr. Wren. "Well, you may have the water can, and some breakfast, too." He hung the can back on the fencepost and sprinkled a handful of grain on the ground around it.

Mr. Wren carried several grains of it to Mrs. Wren, and then they cooed again, because they were sure this was the nicest home they'd ever had.

OUR MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather,

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

—Anonymous

ASK ME

1. Mrs. Harper has six sons, and each son has a sister; how many children has Mrs. Harper? Ans. Seven.
2. How can you tell the score of a ball game before it is played? Ans. It's always 0 to 0 before the game is played.
3. Why is a dog longer in the morning than in the evening? Ans. Because he is let out in the morning and taken in in the evening.
4. Which is the left side of a plum pudding? Ans. The side that is not eaten.



These five youngsters are Juliana's cousins on the Verness side of the house. At the left is Richard Verness, a third grade student in Minneapolis. Kristin Solstad, who now lives in North Carolina, is holding little Boletta Verness—she was less than a year old when this was taken. Paul Solstad is next in line, and on the end is Thomas Verness. All of these little cousins have visited us with the exception of baby Boletta, and Juliana hopes to see her before much more time passes.

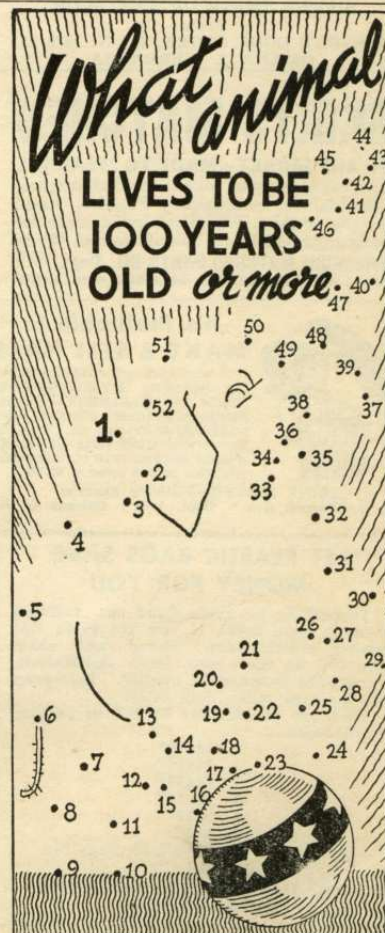
FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

This month we are going to learn to make a dainty cookie that you will love to make and serve at your spring time parties. "Cocoanut Dainties"

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon melted butter
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 1 cup cocoanut
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the sugar, egg and butter together; add the salt, oats, cocoanut and vanilla and mix well. Drop by teaspoons onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 10 minutes in a 350 degree oven.



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By Karl von Mueller

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

YOU are needed. Somewhere there is someone whom you can help. That someone may be among the ones listed in this column. If not, write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., and ask for a copy of the Good Neighbor Guide which tells about dozens more shutin people.

Mrs. Margaret Epperson, KCOS Hospital, Kirksville, Mo., is 81 years old. She has a broken hip and will be in the hospital a long time. Her husband is 83 and in very poor health, and they are alone in the world, no children and no near kin. They would love mail, although they may not be able to answer.

Gertrude Hess, 125 Fourth St., Belvidere, N. J., has been blind for 25 years. She has a spinal injury that makes her almost bedfast, but has a typewriter and manages to type her own letters and also for other shut-ins, and helps them do handcraft. They need envelopes, stamps, pencils, new seals to decorate cards and other handcraft materials.

Mrs. Leon Malcolm, Bradgate, Iowa, is shutin and lonely. She needs some attention to keep her from being too lonely. She does nice crochet and knitting and would like orders, materials to be furnished.

Mrs. Emma Neufund, 322 W. Huron St., Missouri Valley, Iowa, is 84, a total shutin, and alone. She tells me she hasn't been out of the house for three years, since she was brought back after the flood in 1949. Do write her. You will enjoy her good descriptions of life on the prairies in early days—she came to Iowa in a covered wagon. Send her some quilt pieces.

Miss Anna Ohlson, Elgin State Hospital, Elgin, Ill., has been bedfast for many years—arthritis. She is in a strange place where she knows no one who can come in to visit with her. She would love to hear from you.

Miss Eva Pickel, Martel, Tenn., has been shutin a long time. She has not walked in 16 years, and now is bedfast most of the time. She can sit in a chair a little if someone puts her in it and takes her out again. Her mother died last summer. Now she and her father live alone and he takes all the care of her.

David E. Willson, V. A. Center Co. 1, Temple, Texas, has been quite ill. He has been in the hospital since the first of the year, but is hoping to get back to his quarters at the Center before long. He has arthritis and has been in a wheel chair a long time. Loves mail.

CORRECTION

It has always been our understanding that the author of the beautiful poem "Lord of All Pots and Pans" was unknown, but a reader in Chicago took time to tell us that the correct name of the poem is "Kitchen Prayer" and the name of the author is Klara Munkres. We were certainly very glad to hear this for it has long been a favorite poem of ours, and we are delighted to know the name of the author and to give her credit for it.

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

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CROCHETED DOILIES—13 to 17 in., \$1.00, 17 to 20 in., \$1.30. Edwin Nielsen, Cleg-horn, Iowa.

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PERSONALIZED WHITE HANKIES. One name embroidered, crocheted edging, in color or preferred. Linen, \$1.00, cotton, 50¢. Mrs. Anna Mueller, Earling, Iowa.

ALL OCCASION CARDS, 14 or 21 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

EXPERIENCED. Rug weaving \$1.10 yd. cut, sewed, woven \$2.00 yd. Sewing dresses \$1.50. Send thread, etc., Rowena Winters, 4815 55th, Des Moines, Iowa.

QUESTION ANSWERED. 50¢ a question. Mrs. Frederick Arp, Yutan, Nebr.

"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.

SCISSORS CUT BETTER — when they are sharpened by machine. You'll be pleased when we sharpen your scissor, 40¢ ea. postpaid. — Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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REDUCING BOOKLET—(by nurse). Easy to follow 14 day schedule, food charts, gas forming foods, arthritis helps, price 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

CROCHETED NYLON BABY SETS, \$5.50, others, \$3.75. Booties, shoes, 85¢ pair, lacy caps, \$1.50, bibs, pin cushion hats, 75¢; soap holders, cross book-marks, three for \$1.00, 800 different pot holders, \$1.10 pair; cunning embroidered week day tea towel sets, \$3.50, embroidered lace trimmed tubing pillow cases, \$3.50 pair, scarfs, vanity sets, \$1.50 each; print aprons 75¢. Gertrude Burton, Route 2, Orleans, Indiana.

FOR SALE: Large hickory nut meats, 75¢ a pint, postpaid. Mrs. Opal Gallon, Hamden, Missouri.

BEAUTIFUL LARGE BRAIDED RUGS. \$8 each. Mrs. Lars Larson, Box 243, Albert City, Iowa.

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MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS: Sweet William doily—center is a cluster of shaded pastel flowers surrounded with a ruffle in hunter green. Give mother the doily that looks like a corsage. 13 inches diameter, \$2.00 postpaid. A. J. Eltgroth, Route 2, Carroll, Iowa.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DESIGN TABLE-CLOTH. 72 x 90 No. 30 ecru thread. \$40. Mabel Thesing, Stromsburg, Nebr.

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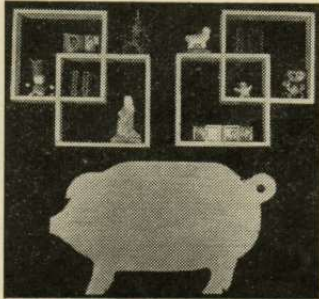
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(Continued from page 12)
agers, whose interests change so rapidly, we suggest hanging bulletin boards from ceiling mouldings using regular picture wire. The clutter on the bulletin boards can be changed with every whim!

Decals are wonderful for nurseries. The small fry can help mother apply the animals or Mother Goose characters at nose-high levels where they can be seen and enjoyed. When a change is in order, soak the decal off with a wet cleansing tissue. Washable walls are a "must" for the nursery, and any accompanying dribbles of water can be cared for in a jiffy. Don't forget the plastic materials for clever curtains or drapes in this room. Rubber tile or inlaid linoleum are grand and practical floor coverings.

It all sounds like a wonderful lot of work, doesn't it? The wise homemaker will probably try to redecorate on a "rotary system," or one-room-a-year. This is much easier on Mother's time and energy and on Dad's pocket-book, too. However you do it, plan it carefully so that it will bring you years of service and satisfaction.

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Just stand aside and watch yourself go by!
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I".
Pick flaws, find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I",
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Unknown

AS I GROW OLD

God keep my heart attuned to laughter
When youth is done;
When all the days are gray days
Coming after
The warmth of sun.
Ah! keep me from grieving
When life seems cold;
God keep me always loving and believing
As I grow old.

Unknown

Conscience is a stick which everyone takes up to beat his neighbor and not for application to his own back.—Balzac.

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