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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Maitland, Florida

My Dear Friends:

This little table out under the orange trees seems the most fitting place to write my letters from Florida. Every morning when it warms up enough I come out here and take care of correspondence, and today my "writing hour" is going to be given over to you good friends who haven't forgotten me even though I am far away.

I want to tell you about our trip from Rhode Island, but first I must let you know where we are located.

Neither Mart nor I care too much for the ocean or the crowds one finds at winter beach resorts, so we decided to take Highway 17 & 92 which runs down through central Florida. We stayed overnight in Jacksonville, and from there it was only a few hours drive to Maitland. The road was not crowded with traffic, as is big highway No. 1 that runs along the east coast, and it was bordered for miles with dense pine forests and the accompanying saw mills.

As we drove further south the oak trees were hung with beautiful festoons of lace-like grey moss, with here and there an autumn touch of brilliant red and golden brown. It was certainly beautiful country to drive through and we enjoyed every minute of it.

Although I do not care for the ocean as much as some people do, I fully enjoy the many lakes that are found in this inland country. They may be the homes of alligators and snakes, but their mirrored surfaces don't indicate it!

Maitland is a small town surrounded by orange groves. There are packing houses and a large plant where orange juice is made. Of course, up and down the highway there are stands where oranges are sold by the bag or packed in fancy containers for shipment north.

As we neared this little town of Maitland we read a sign recommending the El Rancho Motel and decided, just on the spur of the moment, to stop here. We certainly feel very fortunate that we did so, for I can't imagine a place that would suit us any better. It is really a home away from home. I particularly enjoy this beautiful back yard (our room opens directly into it) with its tropical trees and shrubs, and the brilliant hibiscus and poinsettias which are now in bloom. There are a dozen or more

orange trees loaded with fruit, and all guests here have the privilege of picking what they want.

The owners of this motel, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stangler, were from the Midwest originally. Mrs. Stangler was born near Hannibal, Mo. They are most thoughtful of our comfort, and we were certainly appreciative when they slipped into our room while we were out driving and decorated it for Christmas.

Maitland is a very short distance from Winter Park, and it is the most beautiful city I have ever seen. Enormous oaks covered with moss form arches over many of the streets, and there are a number of beautiful lakes bordered with lovely homes. Not only the city parks but the campus of Rollins College as well are regular botanical gardens. Almost every road in this area leads to something unexpected and beautiful, so we never tire of driving and "exploring" for as many miles as time permits.

At the present time our climate is comparable to Iowa during the month of May, although our first few days here reminded us more of Iowa in late March! We hear on every hand that from this time on our weather will be wonderful, and if what we've had recently is a fair sample, we could ask for nothing better.

As those of you know who read my letter in January, we spent some time with Frederick and his family in Bristol, Rhode Island during the month of November. When we left there in early December, Frederick volunteered to drive us through Connecticut and New York City to the New Jersey turnpike which extends the length of the state. We accepted this offer with alacrity for it gave us another day to be with him, and too, it meant that Mart could enjoy the trip so much more if he didn't have to watch the heavy traffic all the time.

Our first stop after we left Frederick was to be Washington, D. C. Before we left we had written to our nephew, Philip Field, brother Henry's son, and asked him to engage a room for us at a centrally located motel. He did this at once and then sent us detailed instructions for reaching the motel — we checked in there about three in the afternoon on Friday, December 5th.

Philip did not have to report at his office on Saturday and Sunday, so he and his wife, Marie, and teen-age

daughter, Billie, acted as our guides, and I really doubt if anyone ever saw more of Washington in two short days than we did. By the time we were through sight-seeing I almost felt that I could direct someone else to any government building or monument.

Although we saw countless inspiring things, I believe that the single most impressive sight to us was the Lincoln Memorial at night. It is brilliantly illuminated with flood lights, and one can see the great and majestic statue for many blocks. When we first saw it by day we thought that it was truly wonderful, but one must really see it by night to get the full impact.

Mart is very much interested in our national history during the Civil War period, so he thoroughly enjoyed the visit to the Bull Run battlefield with its fine museum. Of course we spent some time at Mt. Vernon and Arlington, and unless I'm mistaken, I believe I remember Lucile and Russell saying that they'd taken photographs of Mt. Vernon that they wanted to use in this February issue.

Incidentally, my stay in Washington was the first opportunity I had ever had to see where Frederick and Betty were married. Frederick was stationed there as a navy chaplain when he met Betty — she was responsible for finding housing for the many girls who were assigned to duty in Washington. At the time they were married I had not yet "tried my wings" at traveling and didn't feel able to make the trip. How I wish the calendar could be turned back, for it would be a different story today.

After our two full days of sight seeing we drove to Bluemont, Virginia, to visit the Roscoe Applegate family. They were old friends of ours when we lived in Clarinda, and we hadn't seen them for twenty-eight years! Bluemont is in the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a lovely place to live. Our drive there took us on winding roads through the part of Virginia known as the horse country. Those rolling, grass covered hills are the playground of many fine thoroughbred horses, and we enjoyed seeing them.

The following day we started our trip south to Florida, and next month I'd like to touch some of the high spots for we found it all very interesting.

Christmas is only a memory now, but we were glad to hear that our children had such a happy time together at our old home on Christmas day. They told us that their Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred Fischer took our places at the table, and I'm sure that everyone had a festive time.

I haven't started any handwork yet, but I want the girls to send a set of our transfers so I can make dish towels to take back home with me. I knew when I left that our supply was getting a little low, but I figured that during these months I'd have time to make some attractive new ones and now I must get at it.

Mart says that it's almost noon and time to think about a little lunch, so I must say goodbye. Next month I'll tell you more about Florida.

Affectionately, Leanna.





A boxwood garden at Mt. Vernon.

## NOTES FROM THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS AT MT. VERNON

By Lucile

There are few things more interesting and stimulating to garden lovers than to visit a beautifully planted garden, and for this reason, in addition to all the other reasons, it is a wonderful experience to visit Mt. Vernon.

I don't know what other people expect when they make their trip to Mt. Vernon, but somehow we were not prepared for the elaborate and intricate gardens that are totally unlike anything else we have ever seen. Many of the ideas utilized there are far too much on the grand scale to be practical for us run-of-the-mill people with limited means and limited space. But there were other ideas that seemed sensible enough to be utilized anywhere.

For instance, in one of the pictures on this page you will see a corner of the vegetable garden. It is laid out with the kind of taste and eye-appeal that is generally confined to flowers. Herbs are used for edgings, and Russell was delighted to see this for he has wanted to try something of the kind along the brick paths in our own small garden. He has long maintained that vegetables can be used ornamentally right along with flowers, and certainly at Mt. Vernon he saw this theory wonderfully well confirmed!

To those of us from our section of the country it is a genuine thrill to see Boxwood used dramatically as it is at Mt. Vernon where the flower garden is dominated by its boxwood hedges. In the picture on this page you get an idea of its elegance and intricate design. This boxwood is really old—historians have reason to believe that it was planted, exactly as you see it here, in 1798.

Although General Washington never set foot out of the United States, the gardens and grounds of his home are in the tradition of great English estates. There is an explanation for this. He consigned his formal gardens, vineyard, and other planted areas to a gardener, usually a Scotsman or a German, who had "signed articles" to serve in that capacity for three or more years in return for his passage and a stipulated annual wage.

In a letter written by George Washington to William Pearce, dated June 5, 1796, he said: "Tell the Gardener I shall expect everything that a Garden ought to produce, in the most ample manner." This certainly gave the Gardener wide leeway — and if he

loved his work he must have been a happy man.

Washington appreciated and loved trees. Here is an interesting quote from a letter written in August, 1776. He was in New York at this time and was supervising details of his estate by correspondence and correspondence only.

"I want groves of Trees at each end of the dwelling House, . . . these Trees to be Planted without any order or regularity (but pretty thick, as they can at any time be thin'd) and to consist that at the North end, of locusts altogether, and that at the South, of all the clever kind of Trees (especially flowering ones) that can be got."

The grove at the north end of the mansion was a prominent feature for many years and is now represented by a thriving young stand of locusts, whose blossoms each spring justify George Washington's preference for the tree.

When you visit Mt. Vernon, be sure you notice the fruit trees, particularly the pear trees, that are trained against the garden walls. These espaliered trees have trunks as big as trees grown in the usual way and bear fruit that is just as large, but they are certainly decorative and beautiful used in such a way. At the present time there is new interest in growing trees against a wall, and after you see what has been done with them at Mt. Vernon you'll be tempted to try at least one fruit tree against a wall at your own home. We're going to!

## COVER PICTURE

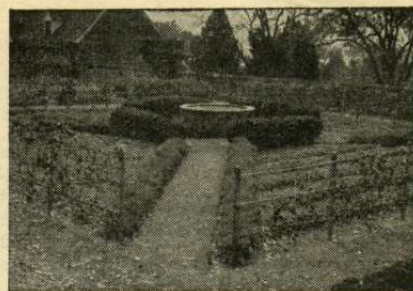
Last October when we were at Mt. Vernon we took this picture with a February cover in mind. You are looking at the rear entrance of George Washington's home (that's Juliana near the tree) and our reason for showing you this entrance rather than the conventional front entrance we all know so well, is because you approach Mt. Vernon from the rear.

We were greatly surprised and taken aback by this. It never occurred to us but what we would see that big handsome gallery with its stately pillars when we came around the last great curve that takes visitors to Mt. Vernon. We didn't dream that you come upon the house from the back side!

But you do. And to see the familiar front side it is necessary to walk around the house. Incidentally, if you're a camera fan it will interest you to know that the famous front view we've seen all of our lives is snapped from one of two places: either from the top of large trees or from a boat on the river—which calls for a telephoto lens.

Mt. Vernon is built right on the banks of the Potomac river and the ground falls quite sharply down to the water. To get the full sweeping view that we associate with Washington's home, it would be necessary to take a picture in one of the two ways I've mentioned here.

—Lucile



A vegetable garden at Mt. Vernon.

## MORNING PRAYER

Lord, in the quiet of this morning hour  
I come to Thee for peace, for wisdom,  
power  
To view the world today through love-filled eyes,  
To be patient, understanding, gentle,  
wise,  
To see beyond what seems to be and know  
Thy children as Thou knowest them,  
and so  
Nought but the good in anyone behold.  
Make deaf my ears to slander that is told;  
Silence my tongue to aught that is unkind;  
Let only thoughts that bless dwell in my mind;  
Let me so kindly be, so full of cheer  
That all I meet may feel Thy presence near.  
Oh, clothe me in Thy beauty, this I pray—  
Let me reveal Thee, Lord, through all the day!

—Unknown

## FEBRUARY 14TH

T'was only a bit of red paper,  
Tucked under my plate that day—  
Small fingers had labored the cutting,  
Though done in a curious way.  
Bright eyes were watching my pleasure,  
Though only I knew its true worth;  
A valentine labeled "To Mother"—  
A wee bit of treasure on earth!  
Today his messages sparkle  
With roses or candies, I know;  
But memory sees that red paper  
Tucked under my plate, long ago.  
—Gladys Niece Templeton

## NEW RADIO SCHEDULE for your

### KITCHEN-KLATTER VISIT

Our Kitchen-Klatter radio visit can now be heard on KFNF and KFEQ at 9:00 A. M. and on KOWH and WJAG at 11:00 A. M.

KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920  
on your dial 9:00 A.M.  
KFEQ—ST. JOSEPH, MO. — 680  
on your dial 9:00 A.M.  
KOWH—OMAHA, NEBR. — 660  
on your dial 11:00 A.M.  
WJAG—NORFOLK, NEBR. — 780  
on your dial 11:00 A.M.



## A HEART SHOWER FOR A FEBRUARY BRIDE

By Neva Buchenau

February is a wonderful month to entertain at a bridal shower. Valentines, hearts, red satin bows and fat cupids seem made to order for such an occasion, and the possibilities called up by these words are enough to make any hostess enthusiastic.

It takes planning and work to have a "different" shower—no question about that. Some of these suggestions I make in this article may seem like too much trouble and work at first glance, but if you will reread them and put your mind to details, I believe you'll agree that all of them can be managed without too much stress and strain.

And certainly, when you get through and are ready to open your door to the guests, you'll agree that every single thing you've done was well worth the effort. People truly appreciate and enjoy whatever a hostess does to eliminate the stereotyped shower that so many of us know so well.

Let's begin our decorations at the front door. We all like Christmas wreaths, so why not a Valentine wreath?

To make this, cut a huge red heart from heavy wall board or any other product sufficiently strong. (You'll probably want to draw the heart on in crayon and have your husband cut or saw around it.) Cover this with red plastic material and be sure that it is glued smoothly to the heart foundation.

Now cut streamers of different lengths from red ribbon or cotton material (pinking shears would come in mighty handy here) and attach one end of each streamer to the back of the heart. Next, take tin snips and cut apart some shiny coffee cans; from these, cut out shiny silver hearts and glue to the free ends of the streamers. Tube cement will do this job very firmly.

Attach this wreath to the front door, for the tin hearts will tinkle merrily each time the door is opened and shut. Your guests will be in the spirit of the party from the moment their eyes glimpse this wreath.

A large window is perfect for this next suggestion, but any size window can be made to serve the purpose. Cover the inside of the glass with red cellophane. Then, using white tissue paper, cut a large lacy valentine in whatever shape lends itself best to the shape of the window. This should be glued down in the exact center of the red cellophane area.

In each of the four corners of the window glue a fat cupid (decals work nicely for this.) In case you can't locate any, hearts cut from lace paper napkins can be substituted. When the light filters through the red cellophane, the lacy valentine in the center and the cupids or valentine in the corners stand out in relief and it gives the effect of a stained glass window. It is unusual and a genuine "conversation piece."

For one reason or another this window treatment may be impossible for you to create, so in this case tie your curtains back with gay red bows and pin a lacy valentine in the center of the bow. Red hearts sprinkled over the curtains (they can be pinned on quickly and neatly) are also most effective.

After your windows are satisfactorily trimmed, stretch out your dining table to its full capacity. I hope that you have a long one for this particular purpose. Before closing the table, bring an extension light cord up between the two middle leaves and then close it. This cord can be used to light the centerpiece that will be used. (You will have to remove the socket so that you will be able to run the wire through an open place in your lace tablecloth. Then you will replace the socket.) In this way you eliminate the long extension cord that otherwise would have to trail across the table.

For your centerpiece use two low bowls placed side by side. In one place short stemmed flowers (either fresh or artificial) and in the other construct a "Sea of Matrimony" by filling the bowl with water. On its surface place a small ship, the kind that can be purchased at Variety stores, and to its mast anchor a miniature white flag on which you have printed LOVE with red crayon. On the deck of the little love ship place tiny dolls—a miniature bride and groom are ideal, of course, but if these can't be obtained, dress doll house figures in a scrap of black and a scrap of white tulle.

Now that you have your bride and groom setting sail on the Sea of Matrimony, use some sort of greenery such as fresh or artificial ferns around the edge of the centerpiece. String a few red Christmas tree bulbs in this greenery using the ferns to cover the light cord. The glow of the red bulbs gives the finishing touch to this centerpiece and makes it look most attractive.

A child's coaster wagon gaily decorated with hearts and streamers and loaded with gifts should be pulled in by a little child who will represent Cupid. Wire clothes hangers can be bent into the shape of wings and covered with white cheesecloth on which red hearts are sprinkled. These can be anchored firmly to pieces of heavy white material stitched on to the shoulders of the youngster's dress or suit. They won't be comfortable, of course, but they need be left on only a brief time! A big red satin ribbon should run around the child's chest and up over his shoulder. If he can carry in one hand a gilded bow and arrow, your cupid will be absolutely complete.

After the gifts have been unwrapped and admired by the group, a lunch or just a dessert may be served at the table. Place cards should be made in the form of valentines with the guest's name printed in gold on the outside. On the inside you could print something approximating this:

Ambrosia—Angel food cake and whipped cream  
Nectar—Coffee or punch.  
Heart's Desire—Heart shaped mints

If time permits games may be enjoyed. Every one knows how to play the old games of Hearts, but there are many variations. Another game of Hearts uses a large heart with a target painted in the center. In each circle of the target is a number. These numbers are added up for the score after each member has thrown a dart five times. If the dart strikes the circle marked 20 that number is written down on the score card and so on, until each guest has thrown the dart five times. The one having the highest score wins.

In a red plastic bound notebook, let each guest write a short bit of advice to the bride and also her best household help. This book will be treasured very much in years to come.

Give out hearts cut from white paper. Write or type the following verse on each card:

When the honey moon is ended  
When married life sets in  
And he won't get up mornings  
(finish the line—to rhyme with in)  
One aggressive lady ended her rhyme  
in this manner:

"Just sock him on the chin!"

The endings cause much merriment and some are unusually clever.

Any February bride-to-be need not envy the beautiful showers given the June bride. Each month has a charm all its own, and February stands high on the list.

## GAMES FOR FEBRUARY ENTERTAINMENT

By Mildred Cathcart

### Mending A Broken Heart

Make one fairly large sized paper heart for each guest and cut the hearts into four pieces. Hide the pieces about the room. See who can be first to find and complete a heart.

### Matching Hearts

Below are famous "go-togethers", old, modern, fictitious or true. Match the names in the first column with those in the second.

- |               |            |
|---------------|------------|
| 1. Mamie      | a. Boaz    |
| 2. Martha     | b. Isaac   |
| 3. Cleopatra  | c. Ike     |
| 4. Evangeline | d. Rhett   |
| 5. Scarlett   | e. Gabriel |
| 6. Ruth       | f. Anthony |
| 7. Rebekah    | g. George  |
| 8. Elizabeth  | h. Harry   |
| 9. Rachel     | i. Reuben  |
| 10. Bess      | j. Phillip |

### Hearts To Give Away

Give each person or each couple some scissors, paste, paper, lace doilies, bits of ribbon, etc., so they can create a really artistic valentine. You may give a prize for the prettiest if you wish. And then it would be very nice if you would ask each person to address a stamped envelope and mail his valentine to some shut-in, some

(Continued on next page)



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful warm winter day which melted quite a bit of the snow and ice on the roads. Our timber has looked like a lovely fairyland the past week with every twig covered with ice fringed with snow. When the sun broke through the clouds all of the trees sparkled like diamonds. Today the sun was out all day and when the wind blew a little the trees popped and crackled and the ice fell to the ground. By evening the trees were bare.

We spent a quiet Christmas at home because Kristin was sick in bed. She had just recovered from a case of tonsillitis and had been up and around for three days when Christmas Eve she began complaining of a stiff neck. By morning the glands in the back of her neck were swollen and she couldn't even turn her head. Because she had a temperature she had to stay in bed and we brought her gifts to her.

The gift she was most thrilled with was a small doll about ten inches tall with hair that can be curled. Kristin has never been crazy about big dolls, much to my despair, because I think there is nothing harder to sew for than a very small doll. I managed to get three dresses and a pair of pajamas made for the doll before Christmas, so she was very happy for a couple of days, and now she has made a list of all the clothes that the doll really needs. She has said, however, that there isn't really any rush about them and I can just make them in my spare time.

Speaking of spare time, I'm going to have a little more of just that during 1953. I have resigned my job in the County Superintendent's office and am just going to stay at home and be a full time housewife for awhile. Frankly, this was a hard decision for me to make because I have never had a job I loved so much. Not only did I have a lovely place to work, but a wonderful boss to work with and it was a sad day for both of us when I quit. Loss of weight and just a general run-down condition forced me to make my decision, and if it weren't such a struggle to get back and forth to work during the long winter months and the rainy season in the Spring, I would probably still be there. But as it is, I'm enjoying being at home resting and just putting around. Frank and Kristin think it is pretty nice to have me at home too.

The most excitement around our neighborhood is the talk about our new road. The surveyors have just finished surveying the road and here and there are little stakes with red flags waving, and it looks now as if our long hoped for Farm-to-Market road will get under construction this Spring. But I will say about this just what I said about the electricity. I wouldn't believe that until they had actually set the pole in front of our house, and I won't believe we are going to get a good road until I see them pull in with the machinery and start to work.

During the snowy and icy weather



Lucile reads to Juliana and Kristin from *The Little House on the Prairie* by Laura Ingalls Wilder.

we have been having it takes Frank just about all day to do the chores. By the time he moves the cattle from one place to another, hauls hay, and keeps the stove in the water tank going, he doesn't have time to do much else. He has been getting a few of the fences mended where they needed it the most. He hopes this week to get enough wood ready for a wood sawing.

Frank's two sisters, Edna and Bernie, have been coming to help me with some of my housecleaning. The house had gotten into a terrible state and was worrying me to death, so they said they would come up and help me whiz through it, which they did. About the only thing I did was tell them where to put the stuff that they didn't know what to do with. They got the downstairs finished, and I said I would do the upstairs a little at a time until it was finally clean. It seemed that when I was working, leaving the house at 7:30 and getting home around 6:00 at night, that things just didn't get done.

Today I got two new drapes finished for the living room and have two more to go. I have had the material for months but while I was working there was just no time to get them made. So that is one job finally being accomplished. I have a lot of sewing I want to get done, and a lot that has to get done. From the looks of the pile of coveralls and jeans that need patches, I don't think Frank ever clears the top of the barbed wire fences he climbs over! I have never been able to darn socks well and Frank says they hurt his feet, so at least I'm spared that job. The patching comes under the heading of "Sewing that Has to Get Done". Now under the heading of "Sewing I Want to Get Done" comes a little smocked dress for a new baby cousin, some new spring dresses for Kristin, and maybe something for myself. Of course at the rate I go these projects will last until summer.

Little Champ is growing like a weed and is almost as big as Silver. He looks so fat with his winter coat on. Kristin loves him dearly and is already looking forward to Spring when she can be outside with him more. She thinks she has taught him several tricks and is afraid he will forget them before winter is over.

It is late and I must get to bed, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

## (February Entertainment—Cont'd)

elderly person, or anybody who would be especially happy to receive this remembrance.

## A Bible Quiz

Below are portions of Bible verses each containing the word heart. Score ten for each accurate answer.

1. The heart is ---- above all things. (deceitful)
2. Create in me a ---- heart, O God. (clean)
3. That Christ may swell in your hearts by ----. (faith)
4. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a ---- heart. (broken)
5. Search me, O God, and ---- my heart. (know)
6. O fools, and ---- of heart to believe. (slow)
7. Blessed are the ---- in heart. (pure)
8. Singing and making ---- in your heart to the Lord. (melody)
9. Let us draw near with a ---- heart in full assurance of faith. (true)
10. A ---- heart is sin. (proud)

## Putting The Cherries On The Limb

Draw a large limb on a piece of paper and give each child a "cluster" of cherries. Play as in pinning the tail on the donkey, only he must pin the cherries on the limb. For older ones, draw a large limb on a heavy paper and place it on the floor. Give each player a cluster of cherries made on cardboard and let him toss the cherries at the limb.

## Crossing The Delaware

Give each team a small toy boat to cross the Delaware. The river is a large sheet of blue paper placed at one end of the room. Proceed as in relay only the player must go to the "delaware", place his boat on the river and push it to the opposite shore. The next player goes to the shore where the boat lies, pushes it across to the other side and then takes his place at the end of his line. This will be hilarious if you have adults on their knees sailing boats and, of course, youngsters will enjoy the make-believe.

## Who Did It?

How good is your history? Below are 20 things in a list. As these are read if the word applies to Lincoln, write his name; if it describes Washington, write his name.

1. Surveyor. 2. Revolutionary War. 3. Store Keeper. 4. Log Cabin. 5. Plantation. 6. Nancy Hanks. 7. Martha Custis. 8. Civil War. 9. First President. 10. Springfield. 11. Gettysburg Address. 12. Mount Vernon. 13. French and Indian War. 14. Feb. 12. 15. Feb. 22. 16. 1732. 17. Honest Abe. 18. Valley Forge. 19. Rail-splitter. 20. Cherry tree.

## Who Is It?

Give each player a paper, pencil and scissors, and bring out a good silhouette or picture of Lincoln and Washington. Ask each player either to draw or cut out a picture. At the end of a given length of time, let the guests vote for the best. The results will be more humorous than artistic so perhaps you had better offer a prize for the most comical one as well.



## THESE CHURCH DINNERS ARE UNIQUE

By Hallie M. Barrow

We thought we had heard of just about every kind of a church meal possible — turkey, baked chicken, ham, hamburgers, oyster stews, Easter breakfasts, waffle suppers, fried chicken, chicken pie dinners and pot luck affairs. But the Sportsman's Dinner, held every year for the past five years at the Christian church in Stanberry, Mo., is really something different.

On December 4th, 1952, around five-hundred men from seven different states, ate 300 lbs. of elk meat, 200 lbs. of deer meat, 100 lbs. of antelope, 75 lbs. of mountain sheep, 300 lbs. of fish, and lesser quantities of moose, bear, raccoon, wild geese and ducks, pheasant, squirrel and rabbit. To balance this meat supply they were served mashed potatoes, gravy, pump-ernickel bread, cranberry sauce, cabbage slaw, bowls of turnips, baked corn, wild rice dressing, quarts of persimmon pudding and gallons of coffee.

This game dinner has become an annual affair because the minister of the Christian church, Reverend Charles Hagee, is a big game hunter.

The first game dinner was a gesture of hospitality on the minister's part. His game bag more than filled his own home freezer and he wished to prove to his members that wild game, properly cared for and properly cooked, is really good eating. This was quite a treat to the members of his mens' club who heretofore had eaten only corned beef, pork, mutton and domestic poultry.

As a matter of fact, this game dinner created so much interest and his mens' club bragged so enthusiastically about what a delicious meal it was, that requests came to have names added to this game pot — and then the mens' organization took over. In addition to the big game donated by the minister, local hunters started adding quail, ducks, geese, rabbits and squirrels, and all of it was kept in freezers until the big day.

Strange that a minister should be a big game hunter? Not if you know the Hagee family history. It runs in that family for the men to be ministers and hunters. They lived in the Ozarks, and long before Reverend Hagee started to school he was well versed in all kinds of nature lore. His grandfather, his father, some of his uncles and his older brother were all ministers as well as woodsmen, and he followed in their footsteps.

During the five years that Reverend Hagee was an army chaplain his hunting grounds enlarged until he had hunted or fished in every state but two, and in several foreign countries as well. Mrs. Hagee says that as she followed him from camp to camp to establish a home, the dishes, bed-clothes and what most folks carried with them, they shipped; with them they carried guns and fishing tackle! The Hagees have been in Stanberry for five years now, and hunting is pretty much restricted to yearly vacations that are spent in Wyoming and Colorado.



Emily has her problems at the early age of four! She loves to make things at her little table, but Alison, 18 months old, insists upon trying to help.

Reverend Hagee contends that the reason many folks don't like game is because it hasn't been properly dressed. He says that preparation should begin the minute the shot kills; feathers, fur or hide are never left on his game. It is dressed out at once, chilled, and then cut up and frozen. He has an insulated trailer and brings home his packaged, frozen meat packed in dry ice. From there it is placed in his own large-sized home freezer that stands on an enclosed back porch at the parsonage, in the eleven lockers the church rents, and in the freezers belonging to members who help with the cooking.

All of the game served at the big dinner is cooked in home kitchens and brought to the church ready for the table. Mrs. Hagee fries all the game steaks. These are pounded with flour, fried in hot grease until brown, and then piled in roasters and steamed for three hours. She has found that the best seasoning for antelope steak is a little sage; sausage seasoning does wonders for elk; and deer calls for only salt and pepper.

Mrs. Hagee also orders the wild rice from Minnesota, cooks it and parcels it out to the members who make dressing. The fish are fried in a large vat in the Hagee garage.

All in all, it is a well-organized church dinner and everyone knows his particular job. The same women cut cabbage for the slaw, make the coffee, persimmon puddings, etc. Nor is the decorating committee changed either in personnel or pattern. Every year the pillars and walls are decorated with mounted heads, stuffed birds and pelts from the Hagee home. On the tables, decoy ducks seem to float on mirrors and are surrounded by ears of Indian corn, gourds and oak leaves.

Earlier in the year the women prepare their persimmon pulp for the puddings. Farmers notify them when the persimmons are ready, and they collect them, sieve the pulp and freeze it ahead of time. (When freezing persimmon pulp, ½ cup of sugar is added to each cup of pulp; then it is stored in freezer containers to within an inch of the top.)

Probably you'd enjoy the pudding recipe they use. Put in a mixing bowl and stir, 1 qt. of persimmon pulp, 2 cups of sugar and 2 well beaten eggs. Add 1/2 tsp. of soda that has been dissolved in 1 Tbls. of warm water. Add 1 quart of milk alternately with 1 1/2 cups of sifted flour. Pour this amount in two pans, 8 1/2" x 8 1/2" or 7" x 10" and bake for 50 minutes in a 300 degree

oven. Serve with whipped cream topped with a dash of nutmeg.

It stands to reason that game constitutes most of the Hagee's meat supply. One of the jokes relished by the church members is Mrs. Hagee's comment when a member butchered a baby beef and took in some as a gift to the parsonage.

"Oh, thanks so much!" said Mrs. Hagee. "You just don't know how good it will be to eat some 'civilized' meat for a change!"

But Mrs. Hagee makes many different dishes with her "wild" meat. She has found that ground moose makes the finest of chilli, squirrels with dumplings is another change, and mincemeat made from venison is good.

No charge can be made for serving game. Even the game that is donated must have the hunter's license recorded. But to defray the extra expense for vegetables, coffee, bread, etc., a free-will offering is always gladly made by the men who enjoy the dinner and welcome the opportunity to visit with sportsmen, members from the Conservation department and the guest speaker, as well as to see the movies and pictures made by Reverend Hagee on his trips. For several years the Reverend Frank J. Pippin from the Community Christian church at Kansas City has been the requested guest speaker. He too has served as a chaplain and closes the evening's entertainment with the kind of religious talk that men like.

The first year after expenses were paid there was enough left from the offering to buy a stove for the church kitchen. Two years ago the surplus was added to the church emergency fund. This year, the surplus was added to the travel fund for Reverend Hagee and his church voted to send him to the Holy Land.

Three days after the dinner he left by plane to join a tourist party that was flying to the Holy Land. This party was to attend a special Christmas celebration on Christmas Eve on the hills just outside Bethlehem. It seems strange to reflect, doesn't it, that one of a Missouri minister's big game hunts eventually led him to the Holy Land for such a wonderful service.

## FOR ONE WHO IS TIRED

Dear child, God does not say today,  
"Be strong."

He knows your strength is spent,  
He knows how long

The road has been, how weary you  
have grown,

For He who walked the earthly roads  
alone,

Each boggy lowland and each rugged  
hill,

Can understand, and so He says, "Be  
still,

And know that I am God." The hour  
is late

And you must rest awhile, and you  
must wait

Until life's empty reservoirs fill up,  
As slow rain fills an empty, upturned  
cup.

Hold up your cup, dear child, for God  
to fill;

He only asks today that you be still.



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Friends:

How has the first month of the new year treated you? Perhaps it would be a better question if I asked this: how have you treated the first month? More and more I am convinced that the years of our lives are pretty much just what we make them. The year 1953 can be a good year or a bad one depending upon what we do with it.

I, for one, am going to make this year a year of adventure. No, I am not going to travel; I am going to find my adventure right here at home. When all is said and done, the biggest adventure in life is the building of a family, the rearing of children, the one road that is always new. It is the most thrilling, the most challenging, the most difficult, the most beautiful, and finally, the most rewarding adventure life can offer.

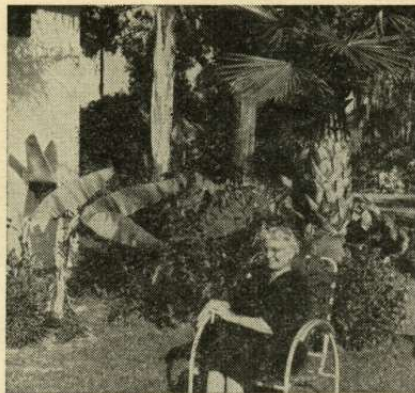
Home-making can be a slow, discouraging process at times, and very often we lose sight of the element of adventure, but when we give to it everything that it demands of us, not just for a month or a year, but for a generation, it will give back to us all of the glory and the beauty and the triumph that no amount of fame, and no amount of travel, and no amount of wealth could ever provide.

Certainly home-making can be exciting. Just the other night I was sitting in the living-room watching television when I heard a scream from Mary Lea's room. I leaped out of my chair, dashed up the stairs, ran down the upstairs hall. Not knowing that the door was shut into her room, I bumped into it so hard in the dark that it knocked me down and nearly knocked me out. The resounding crash made Mary Lea cry out in fright again and also woke up David who started to yell twice as loud as Mary Lea. When I finally reached Mary Lea's bedside to learn the cause of the original outcry, all she had to say was: "I screamed because I wanted you to come up here and see how pretty the moon is out my window."

In the meantime Betty, who had been thoroughly frightened by the crash when I hit the door, came up the stairs so fast that she slipped on the landing and shook herself up a bit. Why, I don't think that a night in the jungles of Africa could be much more adventuresome than all of that!

I don't expect that this year will be a quiet one in our house, and I have nobody to blame but myself: I gave the children an old-fashioned hand organ for Christmas, one just like the street entertainers use when they have a dancing monkey. I found the organ at one of our own church rummage sales. For more than fifty years it had lain in an attic with many other old antiques, and was finally put up for sale. With it I also got a box of roller records to play on it — Old Kentucky Home, Jesus Lover of My Soul, The Washington Post March, the Star Spangled Banner, and several others.

The children keep it on a chair in their play room, and either one of our children or one of the neighbors is in



This picture of Mother was taken in the garden at El Rancho Motel, Maitland, Florida. Here you can get at least a suggestion of the palms and tropical vegetation that she is enjoying so much.

there playing it from morning until night. I showed the organ to Mother and Dad when they were out here this winter, and they thought that it was too valuable an antique to let the children play with it. Perhaps it is, but now that they have it I know that I shall never be able to take it from them without a great deal of sadness.

For the first two years of his life, David would have nothing to do with any pictures projected upon a screen, whether motion pictures or slides, but now there is nothing that he enjoys more than motion pictures. I have my large sound projector in my study, and when I want to use it I set up a large screen in the dining room. Recently David has been asking for pictures from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night. The trouble is that he is never satisfied to see the pictures by himself. He insists upon everyone in the house watching the pictures with him, sitting in the chairs that he arranges for us, laughing when he laughs, and getting frightened when he gets frightened. Although he is only two and half years old, I am teaching him to run his own slide projector, and I give to him the pictures out of each roll that I don't want to keep for myself.

Just the other day I received something in my mail that I want to share with you. It is entitled "Ten Ways to Kill an Organization." (It could also be called "Ten Ways to Kill a Church.")

1. Don't go to the meetings.
2. If you do, go late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of going.
4. If you do attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the officers and members.
5. Never accept office, as it is far easier to criticize than to do things.
6. Get sore if you are not appointed on a committee, but if you are, do not attend committee meetings.
7. If asked by the president to give your opinion on some matter, tell him you have nothing to say.
8. After the meeting tell everyone how things should have been done.
9. Do nothing more than absolutely necessary, but when other members use their ability to help matters along, howl out that the organization is run by a clique.

10. Hold back your dues or don't pay at all.

Tonight on the front page of our newspaper there was a picture of a married couple with their newly adopted son. The small boy had just arrived from Germany, having made the trip all alone in the care of the airplane hostess. I have not often seen a newspaper picture as heart-warming as that one — the smile on the little boy's face, the tears of joy in the new mother's eyes, and the proud smile of the father. I wish that you could have seen the picture.

Do you know of anything much more wonderful than the adoption of a child? To give a child a mother and father, to give him the love and affection that can only come from being part of a family is just about the most Christian thing that any of us can ever do. And then think of what it means to the parents who adopt the child; not only does it bring them happiness—it gives meaning and purpose to their lives.

You have probably heard it often said that there is a big shortage of children for adoption. That definitely it not true. Some years ago I made a study of several children's homes here in the East, and from that study I learned that there is a shortage of babies for adoption, but there is no shortage of children. There are thousands of children between the ages of seven and fifteen, beautiful children, intelligent children just waiting to be adopted. There is a big shortage of parents willing to adopt a child past the age of six, and that is the major problem in the matter of adoption. The very children who need homes the most are still available for adoption.

If you have a comfortable home and no children to share it with you, and if you and your husband or wife are mentally and emotionally well-balanced, and if you want to do something in 1953 more wonderful than you have ever done before, why don't you give some thought to adopting a child?

If you are at all interested, contact your child welfare services in the city nearest your home. Waiting for you right now may be the child you have dreamed about all your life. The main thing is, don't take your neighbor's word for it; don't believe what other people say about adoption until you have investigated for yourself. One person might have been told for a very good reason that there were no children for adoption; you might receive a very different answer.

But whatever you do, don't do it without prayer! When you are thinking about adopting a child, you are getting very close to the heart of God, you are on sacred ground, and you need His blessing. Yes, and when you finally adopt a child you will need God's help more than you have ever needed it before. Think first always of what it will mean to the child, and then what it will mean to you will come in due time.

Sincerely, Frederick.

There are times when we cannot see one step ahead of us, but five years later we are eating and sleeping somewhere. (22 centuries ago!)



## A "SWEET SIXTEEN" VALENTINE PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

If there is anyone who enjoys a party with all the frills and fancies, and strictly for fun, it is a group of teenage girls. Knowing this, I decided when Regina celebrated her sixteenth birthday early in February last year to "pull all the stops" and give her as an elaborate a birthday dinner party as I could manage.

Since I did all the work of the decorations, games, favors, etc.; plus preparing and serving the meal myself, it was necessary to plan the evening well in advance and right down to the last detail. But the party was such a huge success that it was well worth all the time and effort that went into it and if you, too, have a teen-age daughter I heartily recommend this type of party as a wonderful way for her to entertain. Certainly Valentine's Day offers the perfect theme for such a dinner party.

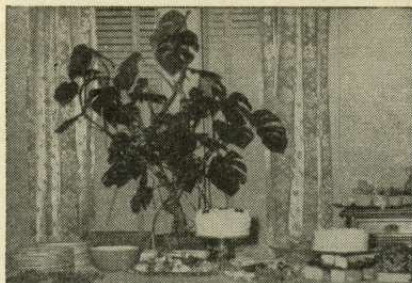
Fourteen of Regina's classmates were invited to her party. The invitations were written in red ink on small white cards; "I would like to have you come to a dinner party honoring Regina on her Birthday, February eighth at six o'clock. (signed) Mrs. Dale Brown. R.S.V.P. The invitation card was decorated with small heart seals and one seal was placed on the back of each envelope.

The menu for the dinner included escalloped chicken supreme, golden potatoes, buttered frozen peas in heart-shaped patty shells, Waldorf salad, relish plate, hot home-made rolls, strawberry jam, ice cream with a red heart center and a Valentine Rose birthday cake.

The golden potatoes were made by quartering large potatoes and then cooking until done, but not too soft. The pieces were then dipped in beaten egg and fried a golden brown in vegetable fat; I garnished them with parsley at serving time. One reason for choosing these potatoes and the chicken casserole was so the meal could be kept waiting, if necessary, without losing flavor.

The girls were too full by the time the dessert course arrived so we waited until later in the evening to have the cake and ice cream; that way everyone had her appetite back and was really able to enjoy it.

Oh yes, on the relish plate I had carrot rings with carrot sticks inserted in them, celery curls and stuffed celery, dill pickles, sweet pickles, beet hearts and olives. This relish plate proved very popular with the girls and went around the table again and again. The girls served themselves to the hot foods at the buffet and then found their places at the dining room table which was stretched to capacity so that all fifteen girls might be seated at one table. The rolls, salad, relishes, etc. were on the table. Later I passed the hot foods again. Handling the meal in this manner allowed the girls to be served quickly, and it also left more room on the table for the decorations without a cluttered or crowded look!



Aunt Helen loaned her big Monstera plant to mother. It stands in the east windows of the dining room.

Our table was covered with a white rayon cloth. The tall red tapers were in crystal holders and two heart-shaped silver lace paper doilies stood on each side of the candle holder (fastened to the holder and candle with scotch tape to hold them upright.) I made peanut pixies and fastened them to each candle. The pixies had a match in hand as if to light the candle.

The nut cups were heart-shaped ones made from construction paper and had slits in one side so that the white paper arrow, which was also the name card, could be slipped into the slots. Favors were lollipop ladies which stood at each place. These had the small red heart shaped "suckers" used as the head. Small white lace paper doilies were folded in quarters and glued around the stick just below the heart, thus forming a skirt which held the little lollipop lady upright. A bow of narrow red ribbon was tied at the neck and small candy cake decorations were used to make the eyes, nose and mouth.

The birthday cake was the center piece. It was a very large white heart-shaped cake. The large pink roses and buds (those made of icing around a marshmallow center, you know) were used to decorate the base of the cake and to make a corsage decoration on top of the cake. The sixteen candles went in pink icing rosettes around the outside edge of the cake. This cake was placed on my largest glass plate with the paper doilies forming a frame around the base and making it truly a Valentine cake.

Encircling the cake was a heart-shaped wreath. To make this I used the heavy green covered wire and to it fastened artificial roses and leaves, which I made; interspersing these were small hearts cut from red felt which I glued to green wire stems.

After the dinner the girls found comfortable chairs in the living room and played games. Here are the games we used. (We had wrapped up small articles such as pocket combs, balloons, candy kisses, handkerchiefs, powder puffs, lotions, etc., and each winner was allowed to choose a package from the prize basket.)

**HEART HUNT:** This is an old one, but always fun. I had hidden candy motto hearts in two rooms and at a signal the girls hunted them.

**IT'S IN HER NAME:** Each girl was handed a pencil and paper with Regina's full name written upon it and then the girls were allowed fifteen

minutes to write a story with each sentence beginning with the letters in her (Regina's) name, using them in their correct order. There were some hilariously funny stories and what fun as they were read aloud and judged!

**QUEEN OF HEARTS:** For this game the girls were divided into three groups. Each group was provided with a box in which I had put red crepe paper, bits of ribbon, gold foil, pins, paper doilies, feathers, etc. Each group chose a girl as model and then dressed her to represent "Miss Valentine", using the materials provided. The models then paraded the room to be judged.

**PUZZLE:** For these puzzles I simply made jigsaw puzzles by cutting up old Valentines and putting each puzzle in an envelope. The first one to have her puzzle assembled correctly won the game.

**TYING UP A BEAU** proved a cute stunt. The girls formed pairs and one girl in each couple was given a necktie. At a signal she tied it on her partner. The partner then untied it and tied it on the first girl. The first couple to get the tie correctly tied on both girls, won.

By this time the girls were ready to sit quietly while Regina opened her gifts. Then, since we didn't want her to be the only one on the receiving end, we had the girls stand in a circle and pass small packages like those used for prizes. I played music and whenever the music stopped, the girl who held the package kept it and dropped out of the circle. Then another package was started and so on until all had won a package.

Then it was time for the girls to move back to the dining room and sing "Happy Birthday" and have their dessert and candy.

I do want to add that red and white paper streamers formed a canopy over the dining room table. On one occasional table I had a Heart tree—a white tree branch in a white pot and the candy hearts tied to its branches with red ribbon. On another table, I made two wire hearts and covered them with white ruffled cellophane. These were tied together with pink ribbon so they would stand, and to one side was a red cardboard cupid with his arrow aimed at the hearts.

The front door also had a huge red cardboard heart and cupid fastened to it.

All in all, it was a birthday party long to be remembered and to mark the sixteenth as a most special birthday for our daughter.

From a sundial on the campus of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

Time is

Too slow for those who wait,  
Too swift for those who fear,  
Too long for those who grieve,  
Too short for those who rejoice.  
But for those who love, Time is

Eternity.  
Hours fly,  
Flowers die.  
New days  
New ways  
Pass by.  
Love stays.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Now I know full well that I said in my January letter I would finish the trip, but do you know what? Well, I'll tell you what. We've now been home so long in the oh! so familiar and well known routine, that I'll swear our trip seems like a dream and a legend. Today I have a hankering to visit about things at hand, so if you don't mind I'll just mention a few of the high spots that flash into my mind at the moment and call the trip quits.

There is one thing more that I want to say about Washington, D. C., and it is this: On our trip to Arlington National Cemetery I was moved almost to tears by the beautiful simplicity of the few words carved on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Washington is a city given to carved words. Every building carries long inscriptions and some of them, such as the new postoffice building, are almost ludicrous they are so detailed and involved. I was prepared for the great amphitheater at Arlington for I've seen pictures of it for years, and I've also seen pictures of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. However, I had not seen that gleaming white marble against an autumn sky, nor had I realized how majestic it is in its very simplicity.

But this is the thing that moved me so deeply. On the side of the tomb are engraved just these words: Here lies an American soldier known but to God. It is the one perfect inscription for the ages. Not a single word could be added or subtracted. I asked at several places who was responsible for these few beautiful words and no one could tell me. I should like to know the person — he was as much of an artist as the person who drew the design for the tomb itself.

We took a Baltimore and Ohio train from Washington to Chicago (at the Union Station in Washington we actually ran into one of our good Shenandoah friends!) and the only thing noteworthy about this trip was the experience of seeing the huge steel mills at night. For miles around the Pittsburgh area we actually looked at a scarlet sky and great fountains of sparks.

In Chicago we had a brief but heart-warming visit with our old and dear friends, the Sassamans. Lucille always has something up her sleeve that interests me and this time it was the beautiful tablecloth, a delicate lime green, on the dining room table. A big dinner party was scheduled for the evening and I stood open-mouthed at the chrysanthemums and candles on this lovely cloth.

Well, you could have one too if you still possess one of these heavy white embossed bedspreads that were so fashionable twenty or twenty-five years ago. A first rate dye job in the washing machine accounted for its luscious color. I came home and ransacked mother's linen closets for I knew that we once had just such bedspreads in our family home. But they evidently bit the dust years ago — not a one to be found. Perhaps

you'll be luckier when you start searching. I can guarantee that they make very handsome tablecloths.

Oh yes, I must tell you about that dinner party—about the food. Lucille is the single finest cook I've ever known; everything she serves is superlative and a terrific feast for the eyes as well. About ten people were expected, and as we sat chatting in the kitchen around noon I looked at the impressive big standing rib roast and said,

"Are you going to have potatoes and gravy?"

"No, no," Lucille said. "I'm not serving potatoes and gravy. We're having the roast, some hot French bread, my big Chinese salad, and for dessert a charlotte russe molded with strawberries."

Well, I was so tired from the trip that I went upstairs to bathe and sleep, and I overslept so that when I came downstairs dressed for dinner the first guests were arriving. I never did get to the kitchen again, but when we sat down to dinner about eight I was staggered to see a big Yorkshire pudding and mushroom gravy coming on to the table.

Lucille told me later that evidently my question about potatoes and gravy sowed seeds of doubt and uneasiness in her mind, for about five o'clock she suddenly decided that her original menu wasn't enough and she frantically made up the big Yorkshire pudding and mushroom gravy. This tickled me for some reason or another. I do the same thing, you understand, but Lucille has such aplomb that it never occurred to me I could throw her off!

It was the most delicious meal I have ever eaten, barring none. And for a spectacular conclusion you simply can't beat an immense crystal platter bearing a molded charlotte russe with the strawberries glistening down its sides, and an additional silver bowl of berries. Very elegant and very delicious eating.

Christmas is only a memory for all of us, but this past one was a very happy time for us. Last year I was ill and shut in for so long that we really didn't have much of a Christmas, so we felt as though we hadn't observed the holiday for two years.

Our house dripped tinsel and evergreens, huckleberry and candles. We had big platters of decorated cookies, several boxes of candy, and all of the other things that I've no business ever touching — but *did*, during that time. Juliana's one big gift was a new baby doll and I was certainly wrong on this particular item. She's played with dolls so little in recent years that I thought this new doll would merely join the others to sit upstairs on a chest of drawers. I was mistaken. Baby Stephanie gets full attention, has her formula made three times every day, and is faithfully undressed at night and prepared for bed.

Russell and I confined our gifts to each other to one joint project — a new TV set. We're at home so much the whole year around that we thought we'd really get our money's worth out of it and we were right in

our calculations. We are really enjoying it tremendously. However, we *don't* turn it on and let it roar away all day. We know what programs we want to see and confine our looking to those. Juliana was also rationed on her shows and I said at the outset that we were NOT going to eat in front of it! I still want to put a civilized meal on the dining room table and sit down in civilized fashion.

Today, early in 1953, I have sort of a luxurious feeling as I look ahead to all there is to anticipate. Through these winter months I want to get some sewing done (I've actually accomplished quite a bit already and now am prepared to embark on a sport shirt for Russell) and some testing-of-recipes done. Marge and I want to start our Kitchen-Klatter meals on January 14th and have them every two weeks for a while. All of this will serve to keep me pepped up on the cooking proposition.

Then before too much longer our spring garden will burst into bloom and we can once again get outside and breathe deeply. I told Russell the other day that almost the nicest day of the whole year was the first spring day we found it warm enough to sit on the terrace and I could number on my fingers all of the months ahead in which we could enjoy the garden. That is a great day!

Then in the summer I will write our 1954 catalog — a job that I truly enjoy enormously. And then . . . well, beyond this I don't see any big highlights, but they'll come along no doubt.

Right now we're in a frozen, winter-locked world and I'm so glad that the folks are happily and comfortably settled in Florida. This spell would be hard on them.

Do write to me this month if you possibly can. I love your letters.

—Lucille

## THE HOUSEWIFE

My days are days of small affairs,  
Of trifling worries, little cares—  
A lunch to pack, a bed to make,  
A room to sweep, a pie to bake,  
A hurt to kiss, a tear to dry,  
A head to brush, a bow to tie,  
A face to wash, a rent to mend,  
A meal to plan, a fuss to end,  
A hungry husband to be fed,  
A sleepy child to put to bed.  
I, who had hoped someday to gain  
Success, perhaps a bit of fame,  
Must give my life to small affairs,  
To trifling worries, little cares.  
But should tomorrow bring a change,  
My little house grow still and strange,  
Should all the cares I know today  
Be swept quite suddenly away,  
Where now a hundred duties press  
Would be an ache of loneliness—  
No child's gay ribbon to be tied,  
No wayward little feet to guide.  
To heaven then would rise my prayers:

"God, give me back my little cares!"

Good judgment comes from experience, and experience—well, that comes from poor judgment.





### SEALED SANDWICHES

- 3 boiled weiners, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup grated sharp cheese
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped pickle
- 1 1/2 Tbls. catsup
- 1/4 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- Dash of salt

Mix all ingredients together. Hollow out the center of a bun, pack with filling, and put top back on. Wrap each bun in waxed paper or foil.

Place on cookie sheet and bake in a 250 degree oven for 20 minutes.

These hot sandwiches are amazingly good. They'd make wonderful refreshments for young people after a skating party, or a surprise for the family on Sunday evening.

### MOLDED SHRIMP SALAD

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

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. When completely cold, beat cheese, mayonnaise, and cream together and add to gelatin. Add remaining ingredients and mold.

### CORNEB BEEF HASH

- 1 can corneb beef
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 3 cups sliced potatoes

Melt 2 Tbls. shortening in heavy skillet, add onion and brown lightly. Now add corneb beef and uncooked, sliced potatoes. Add 1/4 cup water, put on lid, and simmer until potatoes are done, turning frequently. This is an inexpensive and filling dish.

### BANANA AMBROSIA

- 2 oranges
- 2 large bananas
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut

Peel oranges, cut into sections and let all juice drop into bowl. Add bananas and coconut and mix together. Serve cold.

This is one of mother's old stand-by desserts. It is quick, very good and most attractive when served in sherbet dishes.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

### CINNAMON PEARS

Drain juice from can of Bartlett pears (No. 2 1/2 size). Add 1/3 cup red hot cinnamon candies and 2 drops of red vegetable coloring. Boil juice until candies have melted. Then pour back over pears and when cold, store in refrigerator. Pears should stand in juice about 24 hours and will then be a brilliant red. Fill cavity with cream cheese and place on crisp lettuce. A colorful, good salad.

### FROZEN GRAPE JUICE SALAD

- 1 can frozen grape juice
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 6 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup white cherries, drained

Mix 1 can frozen juice with 3 cans of cold water. Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup of cold juice. Add sugar and salt to 2 cups grape juice and heat. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add to gelatin mixture. Add lemon juice and pour into rinsed individual molds. When the gelatin begins to congeal, add the mixed nuts, celery and white cherries. Serve on lettuce cups with mayonnaise. Of course, many of you have your own home-canned grape juice to use in a recipe of this sort.

### DATE PIN WHEELS

- 1 1/3 cups of chopped dates
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Cook until thick and set aside to cool.
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1 1/3 cups of brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 2 2/3 cups of flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and then the dry ingredients sifted together. Chill thoroughly. Roll out in to rectangles 1/4 inch thick, spread with date filling and roll up like jelly roll. Wrap in wax paper and chill overnight.

In the morning, slice and bake on greased cookie sheet—375 degree oven until lightly browned—check at the end of 8 to 10 minutes. This makes about 5 dozen delicious cookies—fine for entertaining or a special treat for the lunch box.

### A HOUSEWIVES LAMENT

We have frankfurters, hamburgers  
Vealstew and lambstew,  
Codfish and salmon and such;  
But where are the steaks  
And the nice juicy hams,  
We used to enjoy so much?

It makes me unhappy;  
If I had but known  
That prices would ever rise so;  
Instead of a grasshopper,  
I'd been an ant,  
And saved a bit of my dough!  
—By Hazel Bassett

### A PERFECT, QUICK COFFEE CAKE

- 4 Tbls. shortening, butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Melt the shortening and cool slightly. Then mix with beaten egg and milk.

Sift dry ingredients together several times. Add mixture of milk, egg and shortening, and mix only until combined. *Do not beat.* Pour into greased 8" square pan and sprinkle over the top a mixture made by combining 2 Tbls. of sugar with 1/2 tsp. of cinnamon. Bake in a 375 degree oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

I consider this cake the perfect answer to something quick when you want to serve a cup of coffee to "drop-ins." It can be put together in a flash, is not too sweet, and positively is the lightest, most feathery quick bread you've ever eaten. From here on out it's going to be my standby.

### ROLLED FLANK STEAK

- 2 lbs. flank steak
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 3 medium-sized onions, sliced
- 3 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- Salt and pepper
- Hot water

Ask your butcher to cut a pocket in the flank steak.

Melt butter and add onions; cook until light brown. Add bread crumbs, seasonings and just enough hot water to hold ingredients together. Fill pocket in flank steak with stuffing; roll and fasten with skewers—if you have them. (I don't—still use heavy string to fasten such dishes—it works.)

Place in roasting pan, add a small amount of water; cover top with strips of bacon. Roast in a 375 degree oven for approximately 1 1/2 hours, basting frequently. This frequent basting gives the meat a much better flavor and prevents the bacon from shriveling up into nothing.

Things are pretty well evened up in this world. Other people's troubles are not so bad as yours, but their children are a lot worse.



**CHOCOLATE COOKIES**

Here are two chocolate cooky recipes we've tried in this past month and consider unusually delicious. One is for a bar; the other is a drop cooky. They are both out of the ordinary and your family will enjoy them.

**CHOCOLATE BARS**

- 1 sq. chocolate
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water and cool. Cream together the shortening and sugar. Now add unbeaten egg and melted chocolate. Mix in flour, soda and salt that have been sifted together; add warm water alternately. Nuts can be added if you wish. Spread out into a shallow baking pan 7" x 11" and bake 12 to 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. When cool, cut into bars and roll in powdered sugar.

These are easy and really delicious.

**CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES**

- 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 squares of chocolate
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup nuts

Melt chocolate over hot water and cool slightly. Cream together sugar and shortening; then beat in eggs and chocolate. Sift together flour, salt, and soda. Add alternately to the first mixture with the milk to which vanilla has been added. Lastly, add nuts.

Drop by teaspoons on to greased cooky sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. *Watch these closely.* A very rich and good flavored cooky. One batch disappeared here before I turned around—and my family doesn't care too much for chocolate cookies.

**STIRRED CABBAGE**

- 2 lbs. Chinese cabbage
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cut cabbage crosswise into 1/2 inch strips. Heat oil in skillet and put in the white stems of the cabbage. Stir for exactly one minute. Add salt and 3/4 cup water. Cover and cook over medium heat for 3 minutes longer. Add the green leaves, cover and cook from 2 to 3 minutes longer. Serve with juice.

Chinese cabbage is in our markets now and this is a really good way to prepare it. Time it right to the last second—that's the secret of this fresh tasting and tender vegetable. Our own American cabbage can be used in this, but it must be a small and tender head.

**STRAWBERRY MERINGUE PIE**

I'd like to make my comments *first* on this recipe. Here you have a delicious, luscious pie made with *only* one package of frozen strawberries. If you have them in your own home freezer you're lucky; if you must buy them, they're expensive and it's wonderful when you can turn one package into a tempting dessert that will serve six people.

**MERINGUE SHELL**

- 4 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup of sugar

Beat the egg whites until frothy and then add cream of tartar. Continue beating until peaks are formed. Then begin adding sugar by small amounts until it has all been used; finally add vanilla. If you have an electric mixer this is just about the easiest of all pie shells. If you must beat by hand, take it easy! Perhaps someone can lend a helping hand when your own hand is paralyzed. There's no doubt that it's prolonged beating that makes a gorgeous meringue.

Turn into a buttered 9" pie dish—a deep apple pie dish is fine for this. Make an indentation in the center and pile up a thick border. Bake for 10 minutes at 275 degrees. Then reduce temperature to 250 degrees for 50 minutes. Remove from oven, cool, and when completely cold, cover with a layer of whipped cream.

**STRAWBERRY FILLING**

- 1 pkg. of frozen berries
- 1/4 cup of sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- Whipping cream

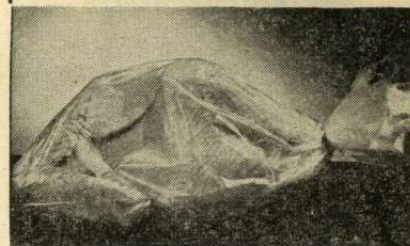
Thaw berries and force through a fine sieve. (If you are fortunate enough to have a blender, this is the time to use it. The berries must be entirely crushed.) Combine the cornstarch and sugar; mix with the berries. Cook over a low fire until clear and thick. When cool, pour into shell. Just before serving cover with whip cream.

This dessert is tremendously impressive to look at! It is equally delicious. Do try it.

**APPLE ROLL**

- 3 medium size apples
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- Biscuit dough:
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1/3 cup milk

Make biscuit dough by regular method. Combine sugar and water and boil slowly about 5 minutes. Roll out biscuit dough 1/2 inch in thickness and spread with peeled, chopped apples. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut slices 1 1/2 inch thick. Pour syrup into baking dish and place slices in syrup. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Bake in hot oven about 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with cream.

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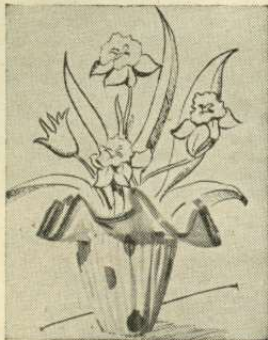
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## RIGHT OR WRONG— THEY'RE YOUR NEIGHBORS!

By Lorraine Bowes Clark

The dictionary defines neighbor thus: one who lives near another; also, one who is near by chance.

How many times have you had to count up to ten, or bite your tongue to abstain from saying something hateful or spiteful against your neighbor? If your answer is "Never", you are indeed a super, wonderful, human being, and I wish you lived on all four sides of me. However, don't be ashamed if the answer is upwards of a hundred or more for we're all human, and you wouldn't want to be in a class by yourself, would you? Sooner or later we all have so called 'run-ins' with our neighbors.

Children's behavior and jealousy of material gains are probably the two biggest factors involved in neighborhood squabbles. Nine times out of ten it's because their ten-year-old Willie, who is big for his age, can usually get the better of our ten-year-old Jimmy in a scrap, or vice-versa. The wisest way to handle the small fry is to let them handle themselves. Of course, if something really big comes up such as defacing or destroying property, then we must lend a hand and straighten things out to everyone's satisfaction, if this is at all possible.

Little Tommy and Susan learn at a very tender age the old adage about "keeping up with the Joneses". "We want a new tricycle because Billy and Betty have one". As a parent, we must explain why they may or may not have the desired article. Perhaps they have recently had a new toy, or perhaps their birthday is soon and they can have one then. But just because the Smith children have one is not sufficient reason for them to have one too.

I admit it is hard for small children to understand this type of reasoning, but if we begin teaching at an early age, before long they will realize they cannot always have everything they want, or everything that others have. As adults, we must never desire aloud and in the presence of children, any newly acquired article of our neighbor.

Be a friendly neighbor! Don't run over only if and when you want to borrow a cup of sugar or use the telephone. If you bake a cake or cookies, put some on a plate and take them over. It's always fun to eat something you don't have to prepare yourself. The habit will probably carry over to them in no time, and they'll be bringing you fresh rolls. However, if they do not, you keep on anyway. Perhaps cooking isn't her prize art, but maybe she will crochet an edging on your new pillow cases if you don't know how.

We should try to be helpful neighbors! Many neighborhood mothers work out a rotating baby-sitting plan. If there are three or four mothers with small children, one keeps all of the children for a forenoon or afternoon, perhaps once a

(Continued on next page)

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(They're Your Neighbors—Cont'd)

week. I think this is a splendid idea. This gives the relieved mothers a chance to shop, go to the dentist, club, movie or just loaf. Do things for your neighbors! Don't wait for a fire or death or some equally tragic incident. Be a good neighbor every day, not just Sunday or when misfortune strikes. If the neighbor's youngsters are sick and have to be in bed or kept indoors, send over some fruit or an inexpensive book. You can't imagine how happy it will make them; besides, it's a good lesson in kindness for your own small fry to be learning. If it's their birthday, a kiddie card with just a stick of gum is appreciated. Don't wait for a special occasion to ask the young set over for cool-aid and fresh cookies. They taste super to them any day of the week.

Children and monkeys, they say, are natural born imitators; so it's a pretty good chance your child's attitude towards the neighbors will be the same as yours. Let's make it a good, whole-hearted, pleasant attitude. After all, isn't that the way we want them to feel toward us? Think it over — I'm sure your answer will be "Yes".

If you are the newcomer in the neighborhood, remember they didn't ask you to move next door or across the street. If you are the established neighbor, remember how you felt as a newcomer and you will be prompted to acts of neighborliness.

So the next time the Joneses don't return your snow shovel until they borrow your lawn mower in the spring, remember right or wrong — and no doubt you think mostly wrong — They Are Your Neighbors!

## DO YOU JUST BELONG?

Are you an active member,  
The kind that would be missed?  
Or are you just contented  
That your name is on the list?  
Do you attend our meetings,  
And mingle with the flock,  
Or do you stay at home  
And criticize and knock?  
Do you take an active part  
To help the work along,  
Or are you satisfied to be  
The kind that "just belong?"  
There's quite a program scheduled  
That I'm sure you've heard about,  
And we'll appreciate it if you, too,  
Will come and help us out.  
So come to the meetings often  
And help with hand and heart,  
Don't just be a member  
But take an active part.  
Think this over, women,  
You know right from wrong,  
Are you an active member  
Or do you just belong?

—Anonymous

Said the lady, shaking hands with the preacher after the service: "Wonderful sermon! Everything you said applies to somebody or other I know."

A secret: Something you tell to a number of people individually.

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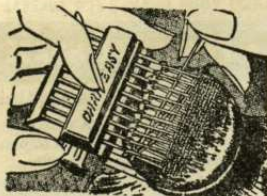
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## THE BEST VALENTINE PARTY

By Maxine Sickels

(Editorial Note:

In February, 1947 we printed this charming Valentine story. Cappy made such a hit with the youngsters who were small then and avid readers of this page, that we decided to let our little girls and boys of February, 1953 get acquainted with him too.)

Carolyn and Katherine were just finishing the last things for their Valentine party which was to be at two o'clock

In the morning they had helped Mother sweep and dust the front hall, the big dining room and the living-room.

Since lunch Carolyn had helped spread the snowy white tablecloth on the big dining table and put the pink crepe paper streamers from the center basket to the little baskets that marked a place for each child. It was as pretty as a picture. She had tiptoed around the table counting carefully, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and we make ten." She was certain the table was ready for the party.

In the living room Katherine was just as busy. She was tying bright red bows on big red hearts for a game the girls had planned. When the last one was finished, she laid them on a chair by the door counting to herself, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and we make ten."

She looked at the clock ticking busily away. It was almost two o'clock. "Hurry, Carolyn", she called as she started toward the stairs to put on her pretty party dress.

"I'm coming," called Carolyn. And away they ran upstairs forgetting that Mother had said, "Put that Cappy dog outside. He is so mischievous. He will be sure to get into something."

When Cappy heard the rush of feet on the stairs, he came out from under the desk where he had been taking a nap and stretched his black self all over. He had intended to rush pell mell upstairs with the girls but he stretched so long that the door went shut. At that he went trotting around the room looking at the pillows in a neat row on the studio couch, sniffing at the long, white table cloth until he came to the chair with the ribbon-tied hearts.

He reached out a careful nose and touched a ribbon. Nothing happened and no-one said "Don't, Cappy," so he took it carefully in his teeth and carried it behind the studio couch. Now don't ask me "Why?" because Cappy is no good at giving reasons. I only know he likes to tease. I do know he made ten careful trips. He drop-



No two little cousins ever had more fun on their sleds than Emily and Martin.

ped red hearts under the desk, behind the big footstool, into the wastepaper basket, under the dining table and in enough other places to hide ten red hearts. He had just finished with the last one and stretched out on the rug in front of the stove when the girls came down stairs and looked around the rooms.

Katherine said, "Carolyn, where did you lay my hearts?"

"I didn't have them," Caroline answered. "Mother must have put them up."

"Mother, where did you put my big red hearts?" called Katherine to her Mother in the kitchen.

"I didn't have your hearts. They must be right there where you left them," Mother answered.

"They aren't here and what will I do?" cried Katherine.

She really didn't have time to do anything for just then the girls began coming to the party and she was busy going to the door and making the girls feel welcome.

When they were all in the living room, Katherine just had to tell them about the lost hearts.

"Just like a mystery story," said one of the girls. "Let's all help find them."

They all began to search and they began to find hearts all around. Someone laid hers on the chair by the door and Cappy, joining in the fun, picked it up carefully in his teeth and started under the desk with it.

How the girls laughed and shouted!

"Cappy, we have caught you!"

"Cappy wanted to help us have a nice party!" And they did have, the nicest party ever!

## A GOOD GAME

Squeeze little bits of cotton into balls the size of a marble. Put ten or twelve of these on a flat dish, a saucer would do. Blindfold the player and have him see how long it will take him to carry these little balls in a spoon from one table to another that is located across the room. Only one hand can be used. The other must be held behind you.

Some people are like blotters; they quickly soak it all in, but get it all backwards.

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## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Berry, 136 Clinton Ave., Cortland, N. Y., are both elderly and bedfast. He was paralyzed by a stroke. She has a complication of things caused by old age.

Mrs. Louis Borsemerberger, Rt. 3 Box 86, Collierville, Tenn., is 63 and bedfast with a heart ailment since she had rheumatic fever as a child. She also has arthritis and some other troubles. Wants pieces of yarn to make an afghan and some quilt patterns.

Nick Eurich, Rt. 2 Box 3, Pueblo, Colo., will have his 40th birthday on February 28. He is entirely helpless as a result of arthritis and lives in a Convalescent home. He is unable to write but would like mail.

Mrs. Ray Garrett, 1817 22nd St., Des Moines, Iowa, is shutin with a heart ailment. She is able to be up part time, likes religious poems and could correspond in Swedish if desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. King, Salix, Iowa, are both elderly — they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary last summer. He had a stroke and she cares for him. Mail means a lot to them.

Myrtie Kline, Worthington Boarding Home, Mound City, Kans., is in a Rest Home and away from her own people. She is so lonely and suffers a great deal. She loves mail and could answer if stamped envelope were sent.

Robert Lepinski, 3067 S. 34 St., Omaha 5, Nebr., is about 25 and is blind and also paralyzed. Send cheery letters.

Vicki Lewis, 416 Leland Ave., Topeka, Kans., is 3½. She had polio and was in the hospital 3 months; is home now but badly crippled. She is taking treatments and they hope she will be all right in time. Meanwhile she needs things to keep her amused, such as bright cards and playthings her tiny hands can manage.

Mrs. K. M. McCurdy, 7915 N. 30 St., Omaha 12, Nebr., is a long time shutin and this winter is quite ill. Send cards—she is unable to answer.

Mrs. Mary McMasters, 547 Union St., Danville, Va., was 73 in January. She suffers a great deal with arthritis and likes mail. Her husband is also a shutin.

Dorothy Nees, 255 Cypress Ave., Johnstown, Pa., is blind and bedfast. She is in a hospital away from her home town, enjoys cards, but can't answer.

Mrs. Lydia J. Roy, 124 W. 3 St., N. Vancouver, B. C., Canada, is an arthritis sufferer. She lives alone. She is a Missourian and would like to correspond with some people from the Middle west.

Miss Dorothy Rieser, 4907 Bryan Place, Downers Grove, Ill., has been bedfast for a long time with arthritis and suffers severely. She loves mail.

Mrs. Robert Westphal, Fontanelle, Iowa, is bedfast most of the time with multiple sclerosis. She has a birthday on Feb. 20—do send a greeting.

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