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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Number 5

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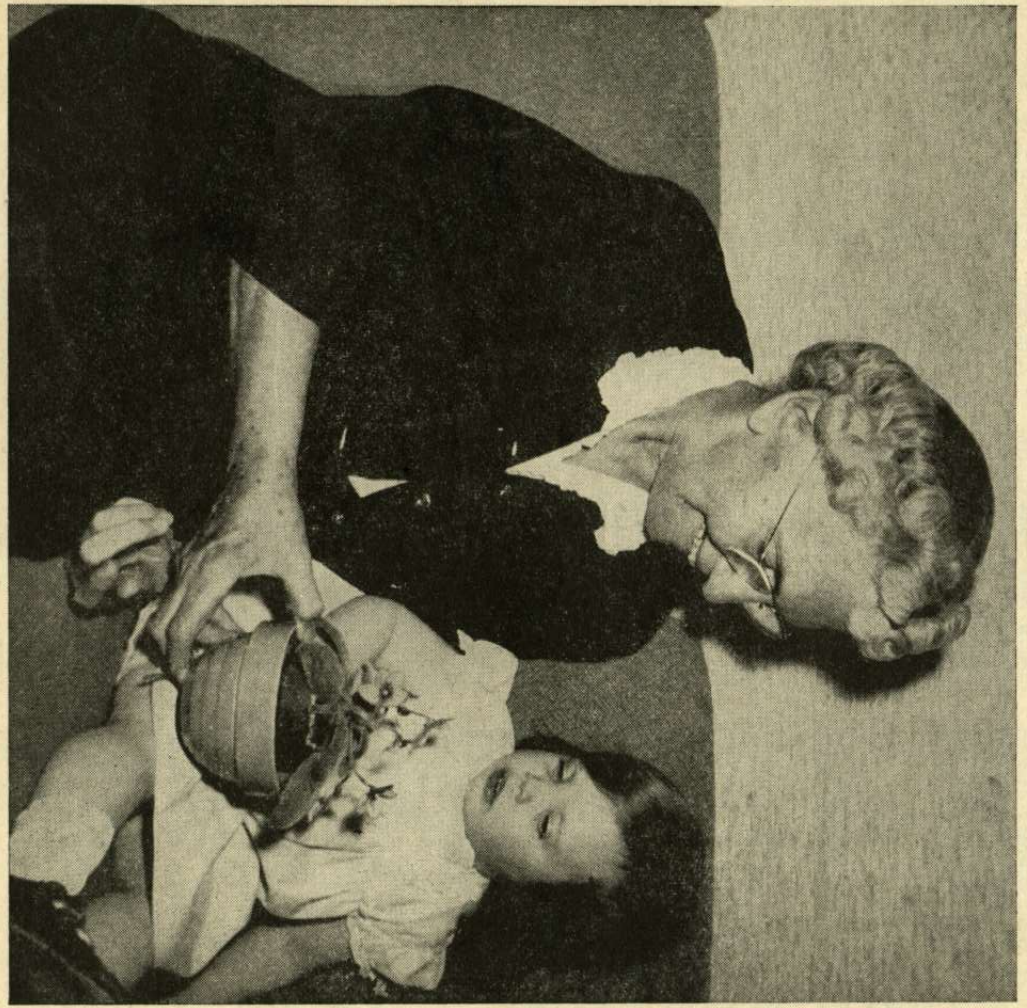


Photo by Verness



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

This is the end of one of the most beautiful spring days I can ever recall. I spent almost all of it out in the garden soaking in sunshine and the beauty of our tulips in full bloom.

During these past five or six years when Mart and I have been free to travel we have seen many beautiful sections of our great country at various seasons of the year, but I honestly think that we've never seen anything more beautiful than Iowa on a glorious day in April. I wonder if anyone agrees with me?

Our garden has been completely rearranged, and those of you who plan to come and see our family gardens should walk along the west side of the yard and then back. In days gone by it was impossible to get through on that side, but we've taken out some of the shrubs that divided the yard and now you can walk straight through to the rose garden at the rear of our property.

All of you friends who have been so concerned about my sister, Helen Fischer, will be happy to know that after her critical illness and hospitalization, she is now back home and doing nicely. I get down to see her every day, and Jessie, Martha and Sue come over from Clarinda frequently.

At the time this reaches you, Helen's daughter, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, will be in Holland. All of us are so happy that she was given this opportunity when the Associated Bulb Growers of Holland asked her to be their guest during the two weeks that their tulips are in full bloom. We are hoping that she'll have a chance to go and see the farm where our own fine tulips are grown. And I'm sure that she'll come to see her parents just as soon as she returns, so at that time we'll get to hear all about her interesting experiences.

During this past month we enjoyed a good visit with my niece, Jean Field Johnson and her husband. Jean is the only daughter of my brother, Sol, and we hadn't seen her since we were in northern California three years ago. This trip was made between major changes, for Jean and Harvey have just sold their ranch and are opening a general store at Proberta, as soon as they return to California.

As I talked with Jean and heard about their interesting experiences it

seemed to me that you friends would also find these things interesting so I hope that before long she will take time to write a letter. As a matter of fact, I'd really like to have a letter from each one of my nieces that I could share with you, for they are widely scattered over this country and live in such different ways . . . just a real cross section of American life.

Before this reaches you we hope to get up to Lucas and spend a Sunday with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. Dorothy came to see us when we first returned from Florida, and I found her looking rested and more relaxed now that she has given up her strenuous office routine. Kristin has gotten so tall and "grown up" that I hardly recognize her, and the same thing is true of Juliana.

Speaking of young ladies reminds me that in this issue you will see a picture of Donna Lair, the charming high school sophomore whom we were so happy to welcome into our family when her mother, Mae Lair, married our eldest son, Howard. To Juliana and Kristin, of course, Donna is already a "grown up", but to the rest of us she is a lovely young girl who is very active in school activities but also unusually interested in sewing and cooking. We've had many a delicious cookie that she's baked, and we feel that she has every promise of being a truly gifted seamstress. Next month we'll show you a brand new picture of Mae and Howard.

These days Martin and Emily are much enjoying some new playground equipment that has been installed in a small park not far from their respective homes. Visitors to Shenandoah always comment about the large number of parks for a town of this size and it's true. I think that most of us associate many parks with a city, but here we have several that are used constantly by both children and grown-ups. In this little park where Martin and Emily play it isn't at all unusual to see as many as fifteen or twenty small children there on any morning or afternoon.

I had expected to tell you more about Florida in this letter, but the truth is that I've gotten so involved and interested in life right here at home that most of the things I'd expected to "remember for you" have just plain slipped my mind. Don't

you think that this is typical of anyone who has been gone from home for a long time? I was surprised tonight to find how blurred our return trip had become!

But one thing I do want to mention was our most interesting visit at the home of Lois Lenski in Tarpon Springs, Florida. Those of you who've read Kitchen-Klatter during this past year will recall that she is the well known writer of wonderful children's books who is interested in doing a new book about our corn country. Many of you were good enough to write to her at the time Lucile included a letter from her in her own letter, and while we were there she opened a file and showed us those letters.

During the winter months Lois Lenski and her husband live at their home in Tarpon Springs (their summer home is at Torrington, Conn.) and we found this an interesting town. It is the center of the sponge industry, and we drove out to the docks where men were going out in their boats to dive for the sponges. It seems that Tarpon Springs has many residents of Greek descent who are famous as sponge fishermen, and they are the ones who have built the very large and very beautiful Greek Orthodox Cathedral. At the noon hour we heard its wonderful chimes being played.

Unfortunately it rained heavily on most of our return trip. We had anticipated stopping to see the famous Bellingrath Gardens in Mobile, for instance, but when we reached there we were in such a violent rain storm that we just kept creeping along — there was no question of getting out of the car for anything. This really was a disappointment to us because Russell and Lucile took beautiful pictures of the azaleas in Mobile when they were there five years ago, and we had long looked forward to seeing them in full bloom.

By the time we reached Anderson, Indiana where Donald lives, we'd been on the road so long that we were bedraggled and travel worn. It had been our intention just to stay at the motel and visit with Donald there, but when we arrived we discovered that he was occupying the home of good friends who were in Florida on a vacation, and he insisted that we come out to the house and stay with him. Furthermore, he made a hurried trip to the cleaners with our clothing, for he had friends whom he was eager for us to meet. So, the upshot was that we had a lovely house in which to rest, and an opportunity to meet his very fine friends.

Donald had expected to have an Easter vacation with us, but at the last minute he was sent on a business trip and couldn't get out here to Iowa.

After a winter in Florida it was quite a surprise to run into a severe blizzard in Illinois, but fortunately they cleared the roads promptly and it didn't take us long to drive on to Shenandoah. And those of you who hear our daily visit know what we've done since then.

In June I'll be visiting with you again. Affectionately yours, Leanna.

Come into the Garden

THESE THINGS MAKE A DIFFERENCE

By Lucile

Back in February, 1950 I wrote an article for this page titled, "The Beginner's Experience With Roses". That title was no accident — we *were* beginners and no mistake about it.

Now I don't know exactly where you stop being a beginner as far as gardening is concerned, but I do know that we've grown enough roses since then to know much more about them — and I'm sure that we have more to learn.

Probably by the time you read this we will have planted the new hybrid teas and floribundas that will grace our garden this summer, and in case you are planting roses for the first time right now it will probably interest you to know that we set them out from 18 to 24 inches apart. We also prune them back to about five or six inches, something you'll have a hard time making yourself do if this is your first pruning experience. But you *MUST*, no matter how foolish it may seem to whack off so much of that handsome bush. Roses bloom from the new shoots and you've got to give them a chance to develop to their maximum.

You also must mound 4 or 5 inches of loose soil over the bush to protect the precious bud which is close to the surface of the ground. It takes only a few minutes to do this and it's mighty important. The soil can be taken away as the plant develops. And right here let me say emphatically that a rose must be planted very firmly, for if you can pull it up easily after it has been planted you haven't really planted it at all, and that rose is bound to die.

Given just a halfway normal growing season you're going to have your first gorgeous blooms in June, and up until that time there isn't any pressing problem of moisture. We soak our plants thoroughly when they are first set out, and unless an abnormally dry spell comes along there seems to be enough moisture in the earth to carry them along.

But from June on we've found that a mulch around the plants is extremely important. This protective covering keeps the roots from drying out and guarantees that the plant will continue to be productive.

Once last summer we went to see a garden where the owner complained that her plants just plain refused to bloom. She'd purchased fine stock, planted correctly, etc., but after the big June display they balked. One glance at the ground around the plants told the story. It was as hard as concrete and each individual rose stood nakedly alone without a thing to break the full force of a blazing sun. Fortunately, the owner had a small compost pile and at our suggestion she covered the area around the roses with a layer of this protective material. It didn't take

long for those plants to perform in fine style.

A compost pile is absolutely invaluable (more about this later), but if you don't have one now and are planting roses, here are two alternative suggestions. We've tried them both and know that they work.

Peat moss is wonderful for this purpose. It is pretty widely available, but I'm aware of the fact that where you live you may not be able to lay your hands on any. In this case, plant forget-me-nots or violets or something equally low growing, in the area around your roses. They'll help provide the ground covering that is needed so badly if you're to produce magnificent roses all season long.

It's disheartening to see people stand with a hose and spray roses haphazardly! This constitutes abuse and maltreatment where roses are concerned. Only their roots must be watered, and this should be done with the slowest possible stream running from your garden hose. We purchased one of these "soil-soakers" a couple of years ago and felt that it was a wonderful investment. But if you don't have one, at least keep the water right on the ground and let it soak in as slowly as possible.

During the prolonged dry spells that we often get in July and August, plus early September, we give our roses a good soaking about once a week. We don't have to carry buckets of water to get this done, but even if we did we'd consider the end results worth it.

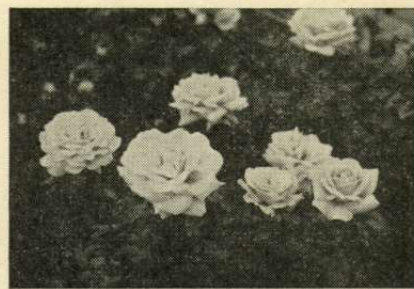
The old saying about an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure is the one thing that flashes across my mind when I think about Black Spot! This is something that every rose lover broods about. Not only is the ailment itself unsightly (black, sooty spots that are caused by a fungus), but if left unchecked the leaves turn yellow and drop off, leaving you with a gaunt, sick looking plant.

Spraying with a good, dependable rose dust is the answer to this. As soon as the leaves first unfurl in the spring, cover both sides of the foliage thoroughly, and henceforth keep the foliage protected by a thin film of the spray. This prevents the spores of diseases, such as Black Spot, from penetrating the leaf and getting a foothold.

We do our dusting only in the morning when the air is still, and how often we dust depends to a great extent upon the weather. During a long rainy spell we dust as often as twice a week to be sure that the foliage is protected, but later in the season (given normal rainfall) we get the job done about every two weeks.

If your roses do develop Black Spot before you've gotten on to your dusting schedule, pick off every single leaf that is infected and burn it.

Earlier I mentioned compost and now I'd like to tell you how we handle it.



We can think of only one consolation for the fact that these beautiful Capistrano roses must appear in black-and-white: even the finest color doesn't begin to capture their exquisite shades of glowing rose and pink. We took colored slides of these particular roses in our garden, and although they were beautiful, they didn't do justice to the blooms.

Back in one corner of our garden Russell has built a wooden frame from scrap lumber — it would be my guess that it's around 6 feet long and 2 feet wide. Into this goes grass clippings, weeds, all vegetable refuse from the kitchen such as celery tops, outside cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce leaves, etc., and everything remotely allied to these things. In the fall there is an enormous pile of leaves to add. A thin layer of lime is indispensable in a compost pile, but it so happens that in this elderly house we've always had some stray pieces of plaster to add . . . it seems that we're forever fixing a wall here or there. (With a new house you wouldn't have such ready access to plaster and would be compelled to sprinkle on a layer of agricultural lime, enough to whiten the surface.)

Periodically Russell stirs up this pile with a long pole, and before what promises to be a heavy rain he goes out and make deep holes into which the water can penetrate.

(I can hear someone saying "But doesn't it smell in hot weather?" No, it doesn't—not in the least!)

There may be more important things than compost in a garden but I don't know what it would be. One reason we've had such incredibly large blooms on everything, from roses to gladiolus, is because we dip into this compost frequently and spread it out on the ground. It's a safe, powerful shot in the arm where plants are concerned. And even the tiniest yard has a place where you can put this material that is to develop into compost. It isn't necessary to build a frame — we simply did this because we had the scrap lumber and the spot was available; earlier Russell had hauled compost from the far corner of the lot and he wanted it in a more convenient location — close to the rose garden.

As I write this on a brisk April evening I can close my eyes and visualize our rose garden in only a few short weeks. There is something perpetually rewarding about roses. They make up for many dull winter months and many disappointments of one kind or another. I hope that you too are growing some of the glorious new Hybrid Teas and Floribundas that are now available, and that you'll take time to tell me about your favorites when you write.

SUGAR 'N' SPICE — A MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

By Mabel Nair Brown

Much as we love and revere our mothers, sometimes it gets a little monotonous to hear the same old theme repeated each May in which mother's virtues are stressed, and she is placed on a high pedestal where she often seems unfamiliar and unapproachable.

Then too, many such Mother's Day programs are keyed to a somber vein that saddens our hearts rather than gladdens them, so how about taking a different, though none the less admiring, slant this year?

From the first lilting note of music let's make this a gay, sparkling tribute to warm-hearted *living* motherhood that will lift our spirits like the song of the first robin of spring.

Since mothers are "but little girls grown tall" what better place to begin our tribute than with a little girl who is sugar and spice and everything? SUGAR 'N' SPICE will be our background theme as we show that little girls are much more than that by answering the question of the day: WHAT IS A GIRL MADE OF?

A little girl is never more proud than when sharing an event with mother or when "Dressing up", so let the little daughters take part in this program along with some of the older "girls" and make it truly a Mother-Daughter Day.

Our program will be patterned after a style show. Backdrops are needed for the stage setting and portable screens work out beautifully for this. These screens can be decorated in several ways. If three are used, cover the two outside ones with pink or blue paper; in the middle of each screen, tack a big question mark made of white paper. Then on the center screen, also covered in pink or blue, fasten a scroll of white paper on which is printed: "WHAT IS A GIRL MADE OF?"

If you prefer, the screens can be decorated in red and white or green and white with paper candy canes pasted on for decoration; if you do this, print SUGAR 'N' SPICE above the canes. Just be sure that the big scroll with the question goes up in the center of the screen. Baskets of cut flowers at the side of the two end screens will add a good deal.

As each guest arrives, hand out the program-favor; this will be a little booklet giving the names of those taking part, the numbers in which they appear, etc. The cover of this booklet will carry out whichever idea you have used on the screens. For instance, a blue or pink cover tied with pink ribbon with the question printed diagonally across the cover, or a white cover with a red and white paper candy cane pasted on it and a red ribbon used to tie the booklet together.

Your program can be presented in the usual program style or, if you are having a mother-daughter banquet, the models can walk out before the screen, pause there for a moment and



Donna Rae Lair, the fifteen year old daughter of Mrs. Howard Driftmier

then walk down among the guests (seated at long tables or at bridge tables) so that the pretty dresses can be seen better by the guests.

In any event, as each player or character in the playlet is designated by the reader, she will take her place before the screen, turning gracefully to show off the costume. The names of the models will be omitted in the narrator's lines given here, but the name of each model should be given as she comes on the stage.

Some of the music will be suggested, but there are many substitutions that can be made that will prove equally suitable. Vocal solos can be worked in to give variety. Just bear in mind that a pianist who can choose music that best suits the spirit of each scene can add a great deal to the success of the program.

One more suggestion: there is an article entitled "What Is A Girl?" written by Alan Beck and put out by the New England Mutual Insurance Co. that is perfect to be read as an introduction to this playlet. If you take prompt action by contacting any local insurance agent for the address of this company you will have time to get ahold of it before your program. Introductory music: "Candy and Cake."

Narrator: "Someone has said that a girl is 'innocence in a mud puddle, beauty standing on her head and motherhood dragging her doll by the toe'. What do you think? Suppose we take a peek and see."

Music changes to "That Little Girl of Mine."

Narrator: "Babies are born with a bit of angel shine about them, and one look at a pink-cheeked little cherub will tell you why she will truly steal your heart away."

A young mother in a crisp, pretty housedress poses before the screen with a baby girl in her arm. If the little girl is around six or eight months

old so that she sits up nicely and looks about as her mother holds her, they will make a pretty picture. (Can you possibly get a baby girl whose hair could be combed into the proverbial little curl right in the middle of her forehead?)

Narrator: "But then again there are times when the angel glow wears thin and you begin to wonder about their trade-in value!"

Music: "I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard" as two little pre-school girls dressed in sun dresses take their place on the stage. They appear to be in the midst of a quarrel — one may hold a doll behind her and the other may be trying to grab it.

Narrator: "Just as your poor nerves are worn to a frazzle and you get ready to open your mouth and shout — suddenly the scene changes and you see the little imp standing there demurely with that extra glow in her eyes as she waves goodbye and goes off to school."

Music: "Schooldays". A little girl comes out dressed in a crisp gingham school dress and carrying tablet and box of crayons.

Narrator: "Goodness! School brings many changes right through the years. New friends mean new activities, so immediately after school is out each day it means the little minx is in a hurry to raid the refrigerator and be on her way, perhaps to play a game of tennis with her girl friends."

Music: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game". A little girl of nine or ten in play clothes, hair caught back in a ribbon and carrying tennis racket.

Narrator: "But perhaps before this time comes she has begun to appreciate pretty clothes, and so it is a mighty proud little miss who steps out in a brand new Easter outfit from head to toe."

Music: "Easter Parade" is played as a little girl of five to seven steps out proudly to show off her Easter finery.

Narrator: "Who would believe that almost between breaths she has 'skinned' out of her fancy outfit into blue jeans for a romp with the kittens or to play with the puppy!"

Little girl in blue jeans carries a puppy as she sings "The Doggie in the Window" or, if she carries a kitten, "Has Anybody Seen My Cat?"

Music: Any good march.

Narrator: "Everyone gets itching feet when the band strikes up a brisk march, but probably no one struts more proudly than the baton twirler; and Mama looks at Papa and Papa looks at Mama as they say: 'That's our girl — the one there in front with the baton.'"

Girl dressed in majorette uniform does twirling act. (Tap dancing could also be introduced here.)

Narrator: "What is a little girl? Well, she is lightning like changes — stubborn as a mule or soft as a kitten; noisy bundle of mischief, a perfect little angel! And so, from the high-stepping baton twirler (or tap dancer) "it is but a flip of the page, so to speak, to First Communion."

Music: Suitable hymn sung as a
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FREDERICK WRITES FROM BRISTOL

Dear Friends:

Do you remember that back in the dusty, drought-stricken days of the early 1930's there were gloomy weather prophets who foretold that our country would in a few years' time become a desert? I wish that those same self-styled forecasters could have a taste of the wet weather we have been having in New England this spring. For the past two weeks we have had enough rain to float Noah's Ark. I believe that it has rained every Sunday for the last two months. Amazing though it may seem, however, the wet Sundays have not greatly reduced our church attendance.

As a matter of fact, our church attendance drops on the beautiful Sundays when so many of our people who live on the water go fishing or work on their boats. All along our coast there are many small boatyards that are as busy as bee hives on good weekends. You see, all pleasure boats are taken out of the water around Armistice Day, and they are not put back into the water until about the first of June. Practically every boat has to have a new coat of paint each year, and it is not unusual to see entire families, mothers, fathers, and all the children with paint brushes in hand working on the boats.

When summer actually arrives some of my church families will be spending all of their spare time out on the water. The father of one such family said to me this week: "We have to attend church every Sunday during the winter months to build up a good enough attendance record to see us through the summer." On several occasions I have seen that same family come to church in their boat, anchoring it in the harbor within walking distance of the church.

One of the interesting things about our town of Bristol, Rhode Island is that it has the largest Roman Catholic population of any town its size in the United States. It would do your heart good to visit Bristol and to see how well the Catholics and Protestants get along with each other. When one of the Catholic parochial schools burned down, my own church offered all of its facilities to the Catholics to use until they could get another school. For many months their children were actually using my own personal office as one of their classrooms! How happy my people were to help them, and we are confident that in any emergency they would likewise help us.

Recently, when one of the Catholic priests passed away, my church sent a beautiful letter of sympathy which was read at all masses in their church on the following Sunday. On Easter Sunday my people received a wonderful letter from their church. We are all children of God, and I believe that He wants us to live together as brothers and sisters whatever our faith. I wouldn't say this if I didn't think that you would agree with me.

If you had been at the breakfast table in our house one day this past week, you would have observed a per-



When Emily came over to her Uncle Russell's garden and saw the rainbow of crocus in full bloom she flung herself down on the ground to see if the purple blossoms smelled as good as they looked!

fect example of how a child gets what he wants from the world he believes exists solely for the satisfaction of his desires. Our little David who is just two and a half years of age had already eaten two sweet rolls, and he wanted a third. Actually, I think that he would have eaten them all. He used the time-honored method used by all children for getting what they want — that of making a nuisance of himself. A child very early learns that if he will scream loudly enough, and cry loud enough, and act angry enough his world will eventually succumb to his wishes. The younger the child is, the more certain he is to attack all of his problems in just this way, and perhaps the greatest concern in rearing children is to help them outgrow this infantile method of group persuasion.

Has it ever occurred to you how often some of us adults are still extremely infantile at just this point? Many unwise parents have inflicted upon our society spoiled children who, as grown adults, still seek to get their way by furious bursts of anger, by loud talk and insinuations. At home they browbeat their wives and their children; at business they bawl out their subordinates with sarcasm and vindictiveness; and in lodges and churches and politics they try to wear down their opponents by a method equivalent to the childish method of screaming and kicking heels.

When this method doesn't work for a child, he has another plan of attack all ready for instant use. When anger and screams fail to obtain his desires, a child can always fall back on an often tried and proved method — that of feigning injury or sickness. Haven't you known children with whom this is a favorite remedy for any situation that is disappointing to their ego? If they think that they are not getting the attention they deserve, their legs ache, or they are all tired out, or they have a headache. When a child doesn't want to eat what is set before him on the table, it is

amazing how quickly he can affect nausea!

Honestly now, don't we all recall times and occasions when you and I have been guilty of this same type of deception? It is bad enough in a child, but when a grown person is so immature and so childish as to use this same technique for pressuring the group to submit to his own selfish wishes, it is utterly disgusting. There is the husband who complains of the hard day in the fields or at the office as an excuse for not fixing the screen on the back door. Or there is the wife whose sick headache becomes an ever ready excuse for the house being in confusion and disorder. There is the member of an organization or a committee who, when the group decision is contrary to his own, is so hurt, so injured, that out of sympathy the others decide to give in to that one little self.

You know, we grown-ups can learn a lot about ourselves just by watching our children. I have noticed that when anger, loud talk, and the feigning of injury or sickness do not get the results a child wants, and when the overruling action of the group makes the child look foolish and his plans are upset by others, he often resorts to name-calling. People who disagree with him are bad persons, and even the people he loves and calls his friends are wicked and evil. Well, there are some adult children who never outgrow this last desperate bit of childishness. In our own frustrated little ways there are times when each of us is a miniature Hitler or Stalin calling people names who don't agree with us, and it is just such immaturity as this that threatens the peace and order of our society as a whole, and our various family, social, and religious groups in particular.

The world has had the Christian Gospel for a long time, and where it is not applied, where we find spiritual confusion and tragedy, where we find church people fighting among themselves, where we find broken hearts, rivalries, and vindictiveness, there it is that we find grown-ups who are acting like children, people who have never known what it is to seek "mature manhood to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Jesus Christ". There will always be broken homes, divided churches, and warring nations when adult children have their way.

I had a funny thing happen to me the other day. I was giving a religious talk to a group of elderly people, and in that talk I told several jokes. Afterwards one old man told me that he didn't like to hear anyone tell funny stories in church. In his opinion, religion was too sacred for laughter. Well, I respect his right to his opinion, but frankly, I don't agree with him at all. I think that laughter is one of God's most sacred gifts to man. We believe that man is the only animal with a soul, and I think that it is interesting to note that man is the only animal that can laugh. Laughter is refreshment for the soul. God wants us to be humble.

Laughter certainly helps us to have

(Continued on Page 11)

MOTHER'S HANDS

By Virginia Thomas

For a devotional service during the month of May or, if you need just a short number on a Mother's Day Program, try this service built around the idea of Mother's hands.

Secure the picture "Praying Hands" by Albert Burer to place on an easel or table so that you can throw a spot light on it during the service. Lacking a spotlight, place lighted candles on either side of the picture. (If you do not have the picture, inquire of your minister, your local picture dealer and among your acquaintances for it has become very popular in recent years. Since it is one of the pictures used in 4-H picture study, the county home economist may be able to locate a copy for you.)

There is a lovely story for the picture in the book, "Christ and the Fine Arts" which is now in most libraries; if you don't find it there, perhaps your minister has a copy.

If you can find this story, begin your devotions by telling it in your own words. Then give the following narration:

Have you ever paused to think for a few moments about your mother's hands? When you look at them do you see the chapped skin, the broken finger nail? Perhaps some of us in our younger days were even a bit ashamed of mother's hands because they were rough and red from all the dish washing, the laundering, the scrubbing and canning.

But what a beautiful story is told by mother's hands! When we look at her hands through the eyes of love we do not see them careworn and work gnarled. We look at them and remember how they could smooth and sooth a fevered brow, comforting us through a long, restless night. And when we were whimpering over some childish hurt, there were no hands as tender as mother's. Mother's hands could be firm and sure, too, if necessary, to set our reluctant feet on the way they should go.

Gently mother's hands led the way to God's house and in the carrying on of His work.

Her hands were seeking hands when she wanted the best that life had to offer to her children in the way of education, good books, good music and good friendships.

And oh, the patience of those hands through the years as they picked up, patched up and mended after us as we went on childhood's thoughtless way!

They were hands that could cook the plainest food in such a way that through the years no other food ever tastes quite so good.

Lovingly her hands stitched the clothing that kept us warm, but not forgetting the pretty things that warm the soul as the practical warms the body.

Her dear hands knew soap suds and grime and dirt but she just smiled and called them "labors of love."

Yes, mother's hands were beauti-



Alison adores kittens, and here she is debating as to whether or not she should attempt to lean over and pat Saccafrass, who is the black and white blur in the lower right corner.

ful hands, serving hands, praying hands.

Perhaps the great flow of Time has brought us to the place where our own hands are but ghosts of what they were when we were young, and yet it is never of our own hands that we think in quiet hours . . . but the memory of mother's hands.

In conclusion I want to read a poem "To Mother" by Martha Field Eaton.

TO MOTHER

When I was a careless little girl
With turbulent spirit and hair a-curl,
The thing that kept me good all day
And made me work instead of play,
Was the thought of what she would
do and say

When she talked with me at the close
of day,
And I showed my work to Mother.

Today, when the work of my hands
was sought,
And loving homage by friends was
brought,
Their praise seemed little and far
away,
My heart was heavy instead of gay,
For I could not show it to Mother.

But I took up my tasks with courage
new,
I can live my life so sweet and true
That my heart will be glad and my
skies will be blue;
And then, when the boys have to
manhood grown,
And my harvests are gathered, where
love was sown,
I can slip away, and with raptures
sweet
Lay all of my treasures at her feet,
And the joy in my heart will be com-
plete,
When I show my life to Mother.

There is not enough darkness in
the whole world to put out the light
of a single candle.

COVER PICTURE

With Mother's Day so near at hand we wanted to share with you our latest photograph of Mother and her youngest granddaughter, Alison Field Driftmier.

WHY GOD CREATED MOTHERS

When God created mortals, neither
perfect nor divine,
He smiled upon our frailties with
countenance benign;
For though He knew our problems
might grow very great, indeed,
He had the perfect answer. He
knew our every need.

Someone should teach us what is
right to say and do.

Someone should guide us as to
what is false or true.

Someone should listen when our
hearts burst into song;

Someone should understand when
everything goes wrong.

Someone should love us, in spite of
our mistakes.

Someone should comfort us and
soothe away our aches.

Someone should cherish us — all this
God understood . . .

So God created Mothers, and "He
saw that it was good."

—Mildred Hoskinson

GAMES FOR A MAY DAY PARTY

Pass The Flowers

Divide the children into two teams and have them stand facing each other. A basket containing paper flowers is at one end of each line, while an empty basket stands at the other end.

At a given signal from the leader, the first child on each team picks up the paper roses, one at a time, and passes them down the line. No player is allowed to hold more than one rose at a time.

When the roses have been passed to the last child and dropped into the empty basket, he then starts them back in the same way. A stick of candy is given to each child whose team is first to get all the flowers back into the original baskets.

Name Catching

The players stand in a circle with "it" in the center. He has a ball which he now throws into the air, calling the name of some player as he does so.

The child whose name is called runs into the center and tries to catch the ball before it bounces more than once. If he succeeds, he returns to his place and the child who is "it", throws again. If he fails to catch the ball, he is "it".

Putting Flowers In The Pot

A large sheet of wrapping paper on which a big red flower pot has been drawn is hung upon the wall. Each child, in turn, is blindfolded and given a flower cut from paper to pin on the pot.

A prize for the one who comes the closest to getting his flower correctly placed in the pot could be small, flower-shaped candies.

—Lynda Schlomann

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This is a tranquil, beautiful spring evening, an evening so lovely that we went out on our terrace and had several cups of coffee. As we sat there looking at our white tulips that actually glistened in the moonlight, I felt downright rich as I thought of all the summer months ahead when we can spend our evenings in the garden. We never have any hankering to take trips during the summer. Our garden satisfies us. And isn't it a blessing we feel this way since we're far too busy to go anyway?

Just this week we wound up the last of our inside painting. It took so long to do our living room that we never did get to the kitchen and I had to be satisfied with washing the walls out there rather than painting them. But I did get new kitchen curtains made and that's something! I used white percale, four widths, and cut them so that they come from the top of that long narrow window (my only window) down to the sill. All of the others I've made were much longer for I used plaid gingham or striped chambray and treated them more like drapes.

These new white curtains are on a traverse rod and can be pulled together easily. To trim them I used strips of bias tape in red, navy blue and green and stitched it on across the material in groups of three up the entire length of the curtain. These look fresh and colorful.

We still have two chairs and a loveseat to upholster on rainy evenings, but we *did* get our big wing chairs upholstered and that was a terrific job. These are extremely large chairs with a curved back and were originally upholstered in a quilted chintz. They have looked positively disgraceful for a good three years, but they presented such a problem that Russell hesitated to tackle them.

For one thing, each chair has over 1200 ornamental tacks in it, a solid, double strip outlining every single major surface. Just to get out those tacks was an endless job . . . to say nothing of replacing each one with a brand new tack once the upholstering was done.

We learned something very important while working on these chairs that I want to pass on to any of you who own chairs with high, curved backs.

It had not been our intention to use quilted material when we tackled them with the new upholstering. We purchased an egg plant color in a very heavy fabric, one woven with some kind of a thread in it so that the surface seemed rather lustrous. It's a beautiful piece of material and seemed absolutely perfect for the chairs.

Now we took off the original upholstering very carefully to use for a pattern, so it wasn't a question of error on our part when we discovered that ONLY quilted material could be used on a surface with such a pronounced curve. As a matter of fact, we had intended to put on this new



Juliana and her two kittens — Saccafrass (black with white feet and a half-white nose) and India, jet black. This is one of the chairs we had such a time upholstering.

material directly over the quilted lining used under the original material, but as soon as we saw that this couldn't be done we took off that quilted lining. Underneath it was a thick layer of cotton, a thick layer of horsehair, and, covering all of this, the conventional muslin. That muslin was split right down the middle. We knew then and there that if we put on the fabric we'd purchased, it too would be split right down the middle in no time at all.

Well, we couldn't run and purchase quilted material for those two big chairs and simply abandon what we'd already gotten, so in this crisis we quilted it . . . the new material. For a foundation we used two quilts that were completely worn out (those were lined with thin cotton and hand-quilted) and simply cut the pieces to fit the pieces of upholstery.

If anyone has figured out how to handle down cushions so they'll hold their shape, we'd like to hear about it. These wing chairs have down cushions, and although they're mighty comfortable to sit on, they do crush down and look badly. We thought we'd found the solution when we purchased a sheet of foam rubber and used two pieces of it, one on each side of the down. Furthermore, we had buttons covered with the material and used those as further assurance against crushing and wrinkling. We are not satisfied. As of this date it's our opinion that you're never going to be able to get a down cushion to hold its shape, but if I'm wrong, please let me know.

Recently I finished reading a book that I enjoyed very much. This would make an ideal program for those of you who know full well that you have a program to give in the not too distant future. I'm referring to "Dear Dorothy Dix — The Story of a Compassionate Woman" by Harnett Kane.

I cannot imagine anyone not being absorbed by this book. It's the honest, very well written account of a remarkable woman and, unlike many books, it's put together in such a way that you'll have no trouble whatsoever in outlining the high points. Miss Dix met a personal tragedy, one that extended over many years, with enormous dignity and courage, and you'll feel great respect for her when you put down this book.

As soon as things have quieted down a little I want to make another shirt for Russell. I know my limitations and I'm not about to tackle a long-sleeve shirt in expensive material, but I have turned out two good looking sport shirts — if I do say so myself.

If you've had hopes of being able to make your husband's sport shirts and yet couldn't bring yourself to start one, I'd like to suggest that you get to town and buy three yards of inexpensive cotton, preferably something with a colorful pattern. This is because your first fell seams may not be too straight, and on plain material your faulty sewing would show up much more conspicuously.

It's always exasperating not to have a pattern number when you want it, so I'll go right ahead and say that while you're shopping you should pick up McCall's 6166. They don't make a shirt pattern more simple than this. It's good looking too and fits beautifully.

On one of Juliana's dresses I used a trimming that turned out successfully. The material is a small blue-and-white checked gingham. Across the front of the blouse I used three rows, evenly spaced, of large size red rick-rack, but instead of stitching this on with the machine I applied it by making a black French knot in each point of the rick-rack. I like rick-rack as a trim but I don't like the way it irons if it is simply stitched down the middle. By putting it on with the French knots it lays flat, looks good, and there is no ironing problem. I also used this around the bottom of the skirt.

When I was in Chicago last fall Lucille Sassaman gave me some of her size ten patterns that she can no longer use for Kira. I have found that Simplicity 2657 is a grand basic pattern. I made this up once using a brown and yellow plaid gingham for the small inserted yoke, back of the blouse and skirt. I used white pique for the sleeves, collars, sashes and the front of the blouse under the yoke. Then I put a strip of white embroidered eyelet around the inserted plaid yoke.

For the blue-and-white checked gingham I used the same pattern but cut the front blouse all in one so that I didn't have the inserted yoke. I want to make it up next week using a pastel pink plaid for all of the dress except the yoke and collars. For those I will use a lovely piece of white embroidered batiste.

I wish that you folks who sew for your girls would tell me the patterns that you use and how you make them up. I need ideas too!

Until our next visit . . . Lucile.



CHICKEN LOAF

(A delicious way to use one of your heavy chickens.)

- 2 cups cooked chicken
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 small onion
- 1 stalk celery (with leaves)
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 beaten eggs

Heat milk almost to boiling point and then pour over bread crumbs. Add butter. Chop up onion, celery and parsley and mix with chicken. Add seasonings. Beat eggs slightly and add to bread mixture. Add chicken and mix thoroughly. Pour into a medium size casserole, set in a pan of warm water and bake in a 375 degree oven for 45 minutes, or until center of loaf is firm.

Turn out on to platter slightly larger than mold. Pass a gravy boat with steaming hot sauce made by combining 1 can of cream of chicken soup with 1 can of cream of mushroom soup.

GREEN RICE

(The friend in Lincoln, Nebr. who sent this recipe says that it is the best casserole dish she has eaten in the past five years.)

- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1 1/2 cups evaporated milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup grated cheese (pimento preferred)
- 1 green pepper
- 1 small onion
- 1 cup parsley
- 2 cups cooked rice

Grind pepper, onion and parsley through food chopper and combine with other ingredients. Turn into a buttered casserole and bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees.

Serve with sauce made as follows:

SAUCE

- Combine in a double boiler:
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk

Cook until smooth. Then add 1 cup of drained tuna fish and the contents of a 2 oz. can of mushrooms. Serve piping hot over above casserole dish.

Grand for a noon club meeting when one hot dish is served.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

HOUSECLEANING CASSEROLE

(The friend who sent this recipe said that she first made up the dish during housecleaning time as the answer to a good, filling, easy-to-make casserole. Many springs have passed since then, but to everyone who's eaten this at their home it is known as "Housecleaning Casserole".)

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 crushed bay leaf
- 4 large potatoes
- 3 medium sized onions
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- No. 2 can tomatoes
- 1/4 cup butter, melted

Brown meat in shortening and season with sage, bay leaf and paprika. Cut potatoes and onions in thin slices and arrange in alternate layers with meat in a medium sized casserole. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over layers. Bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 350 degree oven.

STRING BEAN AND BACON SALAD

- 2 cups cooked string beans
- 3 slices cooked bacon
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- Radishes
- Salad greens

Combine salt, pepper, sugar, oil, vinegar and catsup and beat well. Toss beans with dressing. Crumble bacon. Arrange greens (leaf lettuce is fine for this) and top with beans and bacon.

GRAHAM CRACKER BREAD

- 28 graham crackers
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3 eggs, beaten slightly
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup nuts finely chopped

Roll crackers fine, add salt, sugar, baking powder. Cut in shortening and mix until crumbly. Add eggs, milk and nuts.

Turn into a greased loaf pan and bake 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven—350 degrees.

FIRST PRIZE EGG YOLK COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening (part butter)
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 6 egg yolks
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add 6 beaten egg yolks to which flavorings have been added. Combine flour, soda, cream of tartar and add.

Roll into small balls; dip in sugar and flatten out on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen.

Our check for \$25.00 went to Mrs. Robert Rath, RFD 4, Denison, Iowa. She wrote about these cookies: "You'll find them very tasty and attractive—and they are so easy to make. It's a good means of utilizing extra egg yolks, and they do freeze very well."

TWO STANDBY SAUCES FOR ICE CREAM CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1 1/2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 2 Tbls. light corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Cook chocolate and milk over low heat, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt, corn syrup and continue to cook, without stirring, until a very soft ball is formed in cold water (220 on candy thermometer). Add vanilla and serve hot over ice cream.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1/4 cup water
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Combine syrup, water, butter and sugar and cook, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved. Cook until a soft ball forms when dropped into cold water (238 on candy thermometer). Remove from fire and stir in vanilla and cream. Delicious hot or cold.

ELAINE'S SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatine
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 1 pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup grated cucumber
- 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup chopped cashew nuts
- 1 tsp. grated onion

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Turn into bowl and chill. When it starts to thicken, whip with rotary beater or electric mixer. Then add remaining ingredients. Turn into large mold or individual molds. Serve on crisp lettuce.



Those of you who read the March issue — we think of it as our Smorgasbord issue — may recall our description of the appetizers that were served. Here is a photograph of the table, hurricane lamps and all. This happens to be a long, narrow table that stands in the sun parlor at Mother's and Dad's home, and if you're thinking about having a Smorgasbord we can only repeat that it helps a lot to utilize such a table for the appetizers — relieves congestion in the dining room.

SIX CREAM PUFFS

- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- Dash of salt
- 2 eggs

Bring oil and water to boil. Add flour and salt all at once and stir vigorously until smooth and mixture comes away from sides of pan. Remove from heat and add the eggs, one at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Drop by spoonfuls (2 inches apart) on to a greased baking sheet, making 6 puffs. Bake in 450 oven for 10 min.; then reduce heat to 400 degrees and bake 25 minutes longer. Cool. Slice off top of each puff and fill with vanilla custard or whipped cream. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

BAKED LIMAS WITH SOUR CREAM

- 1 lb. dried baby lima beans
- 3 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup butter or margerine
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. molasses
- 1 cup sour cream

Soak beans overnight. The following day drain off water, cover with fresh water, add 1 tsp. salt and cook until tender. Drain again, rinse and put in a medium-size casserole. Mix brown sugar, dry mustard and remaining salt and after dabbing the 3/4 cup of butter over the beans, add the brown sugar. Stir in molasses and then pour over the sour cream and mix gently. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Serves 8.

BAKELESS PUDDING

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 well beaten eggs
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 lb. graham crackers

Cream butter with sugar until fluffy. Add well beaten eggs, nuts and pineapple. Crush graham crackers and then alternate layers of crackers and pudding mixture in a loaf pan. Let stand for 12 hours in refrigerator and serve with whipped cream.

BAKED EGGS WITH POTATOES

- 4 cups cooked, diced potatoes
- 2 pimentoes
- 1 green pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 6 eggs
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs

Put potatoes in a buttered baking dish along with the finely chopped pimentoes, green pepper and onions. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Pour this over the potatoes and with a spoon make six indentations into which the eggs are broken. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a 350 degree oven for 35 minutes.

ORANGE-PUMPKIN CUSTARD

(Chances are you've had your fill of pumpkin pies for the time being, but there may still be a can or a jar of pumpkin in your kitchen. Here is a really delicious way to use it.)

- Rind of 1/2 lemon
- Rind of 1 orange
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 1/4 cups canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. mace
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. cloves
- 2 eggs

Finely grate lemon and orange rind. Mix with pumpkin, sugar, salt, spices and orange juice. Beat eggs lightly and fold into pumpkin mixture. Pour into 6 individual glass custard cups that have been well buttered. Place in a pan that contains hot water and bake 50 to 60 minutes in a 350 degree oven—or until a knife blade inserted into the center comes out clean.

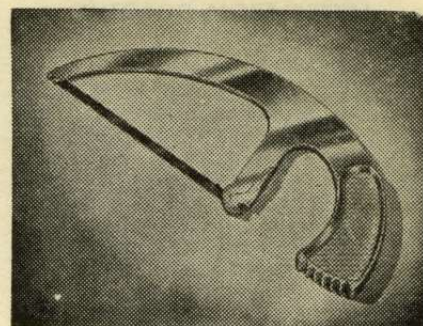
PARTY TORTE

- 1 dozen eggs, whites only
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Have egg whites at room temperature. Beat until frothy and then add the vinegar and vanilla. Beat until soft peaks form. Then gradually add, 1 tsp. at a time, 3 cups of sifted sugar, beating constantly. All grains of sugar must be dissolved for a perfect torte.

Line 3 9-inch flat pans with brown paper. Divide torte into 3 equal parts and turn into pans. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes in a 300 degree oven.

Spread layer of whipped cream and a layer of well-drained shredded pineapple on first torte. Place another torte on top. Cover with another layer of whipped cream and pineapple. Then top with remaining torte and cover both the top and sides with whipped cream. Decorate with cherries. Slice into 1 inch slices when ready to serve.



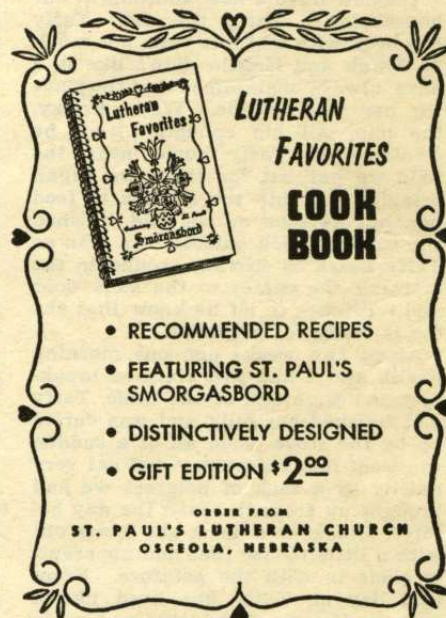
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JOSEPH J. BLAKE

"The Gift'n Gadget Man"

Dept. K-5, P. O. Box 200,
GILROY, CALIFORNIA



ORANGE NUT BREAD

- 1/2 cup orange peel, ground
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup dates
- 3/4 cup nuts, chopped

Combine orange juice and orange peel, dates and nut meats. Add melted butter and beaten eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven 350 degrees.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Supper is over and the dishes done, Frank is reading and Kristin is listening to her favorite radio program. I cut out a dress this afternoon and thought perhaps I would do some basting on that tonight, but decided instead to write my letter to you.

It is raining tonight. In fact it has rained almost continually for the past two days and a half. Frank took Kristin to school on the horse and said when he came in at noon that the creek was running bank full and might be over by the time school was out. Since the creek is between us and the school house we were afraid Kristin might have to stay with her Aunt Della all night. But Frank was able to go after her and took her with him while he did the chores.

When they came home on the horse they used the timber trail, and Kristin came in all excited because the water had backed up over one of the low places and the horse had to wade through it to get them home. I expect when we wake up in the morning we will see water all over the bottom, and since we don't have a boat Kristin will probably have a vacation from school tomorrow.

We now have a new addition to our household — Taffy the cat. Taffy has been with us for a year, but much as Frank and Kristin didn't like it, I have always maintained that the place for her was outside. When Frisky, the pup, got big enough that he wouldn't let Taffy come near the food we put out for them we began bringing her into the kitchen to feed her, but as soon as she had finished she was put back outside. As soon as Taffy hears us stirring around in the morning she comes to the back door and scratches to let us know that she too is ready for breakfast.

About two weeks ago one morning Frank and I had just finished breakfast and were still at the table, Taffy had finished her milk and was curled up by the stove when all of a sudden she went into the pantry and sat very quietly by a sack of potatoes we had brought up from the cave the day before. Quick as a wink she came out with a little mouse that had apparently come in with the potatoes. From that day on Taffy has lived like a queen. Kristin fixed her a box to sleep in by the stove, all padded and made soft with doll blankets. Frank says that little did Taffy know that one small mouse was going to change her whole future.

Frank has been keeping busy in the timber, some days splitting posts and other days trimming up the rest of the trees that were cut for posts, and piling the brush. When there is a lovely warm springlike day I hurry and get the dinner dishes done while Frank gets a few chores done, then I fix some fresh coffee and a lunch to take with us and go with him. When anyone asks me what I go along for I just tell them that I'm trying to wear the stumps down by sitting on them and watching Frank work. But I guess the real reason is just that I



Juliana was invited to a party this spring where all of the little girls were supposed to dress up like their mothers. This was taken as she left the house looking VERY grown up.

like to be outside these beautiful spring days, Frank likes to have me tag along, and we just have fun.

I was chairman of a committee to plan the program for the March meeting of our P.E.O. chapter in Chariton. The program was originally supposed to be a food sale and recipe exchange, but since this plan had been abandoned our committee decided to go ahead and plan the program around something dealing with food. At the start of the program we passed around little slips of paper and had each woman write her name on it. These were folded and placed in a basket. As we drew out a name, that person had to stand up and tell her most embarrassing cooking experience, or some funny cooking failure she had had. We had several little gifts in a box that we had had donated for this program, and we gave some of these to the women who told their stories. The rest of the gifts were given to those who were sitting in lucky chairs. (I had gone to the home of the hostess in the afternoon and on several of the chairs I had hidden a little tiny charm; these were fastened on with scotch tape. After we had heard about three or four stories, I would say, "Someone in this room is sitting on a chair with a little rabbit. Will you please bring this rabbit to me?" Of course everyone got up and started hunting, and it really was a lot of fun.

Our committee thought it would be nice to raise a little money for the treasury at this meeting. With the exception of a few special parties during the year, this organization does not serve refreshments. I told the women about the cake contest that had been conducted by the Kitchen-Klatter program, and said that tonight we were going to serve them a piece of the prize winning cake and

coffee. If they liked the cake and would like to have a copy of the recipe, they could have a copy for 10¢, the money to go into the treasury. I had typed off enough copies for everyone, and everyone bought one. So we not only had a lot of fun at our meeting, but made a little money besides.

I had hoped to have another new cooky recipe to give to you this month, but this has been a month for baking cakes at my house, and you already have the recipes for the ones I baked. I wish I had kept track of the cakes I have baked in the past few weeks because there have certainly been a lot of them. I baked three of the prize-winning Sweet Chocolate cakes in one morning, and I had to stop and do the dishes between each cake because I don't have enough mixing bowls to just keep going. I hurried so that I didn't know how they were going to look and taste, but fortunately they all turned out beautifully.

Well it is almost bed time and I think I shall stop and make some hot chocolate. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

"MAY" CONTEST

Each description may be answered with a word beginning with "MAY" or with the same sound.

1. The vessel in which the Pilgrim Fathers came to America . . . Mayflower.
2. The chief magistrate of a city . . . Mayor.
3. Bewilderment . . . Maze.
4. An oblong yellowish fruit . . . Mayapple.
5. A young unmarried woman . . . Maid.
6. Defensive body armor of steel or plate work . . . Mail.
7. Perhaps or possibly . . . Maybe.
8. To cripple or mutilate . . . Maim.
9. A condiment used for cold dishes . . . Mayonnaise.
10. The "Pine Tree" State . . . Maine.
11. Indian corn . . . Maize.
12. A military officer . . . Major.
13. A continent . . . Mainland.
14. To create or fashion . . . Make.
15. The long hair on the neck of a horse . . . Mane.
16. Feeding trough for horses or cattle . . . Manger.
17. A deciduous tree . . . Maple.
18. A companion or associate . . . Mate.
19. A mother (Latin) . . . Mater.
20. A married woman . . . Matron.

—Mildred Grenier.

If you simply have to keep up with the Joneses, all right; but if you're going to pass them, don't do it on a hill. There are too many of us coming back this way after our effort to keep up with our own Joneses.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

By Leanna

QUES: "I have a serious problem that I do hope you can help me with, Leanna. Our only daughter married four years ago and lives in a small town ten miles from us. She is very unhappy in her marriage and comes home frequently to pour out her troubles. I never know what to say or do. My husband says that I shouldn't permit her to come here and upset me, but she is lonely and it seems so heartless and cruel to say this. What do you think I should do? I really must add that I'm not a bit well and every time after she has been here I'm in bed with a sick headache. Sometimes I feel I should encourage her to leave him."—Mo.

ANS: I feel that you should do nothing of the kind. The only person in this world who can make the decision to leave or to stay is your daughter herself, and she should reach this decision without having any pressure brought to bear on her from you or your husband. I think you should tell her flatly that you're willing to listen if she must talk, for everyone needs someone to whom he can tell his troubles, but do make her understand that you will NOT take sides in their trouble and that you will not tell her what to do. She must make her own decision.

QUES: "This past year I've found out how unpleasant it is to be the target for neighborhood talk and criticism. My husband and I moved on to this farm a year ago in March and there was so terribly much to be done that I got right out and worked beside him — ran the tractor, helped build sheds, etc. It seems that none of the other women in this neighborhood ever do anything outside but take care of gardens and chickens, and I understand that they've had a lot to say about the heavy work that I've done. It's made me so self-conscious that I hate to have spring work begin — I'm afraid I'll be watching all the time to see if any of them are passing by. Do you think I should change my activities and keep pretty much to the house?"—Nebr.

ANS: No, I don't. If you enjoy this outside work and if it is helping you and your husband to make a good farm, as I'm sure it is, then you just go right ahead and help him. I've never understood why people are so quick to pass judgment and criticize others who may not follow right down the path that their neighbors follow. Do your work, enjoy it, and don't keep lifting your head to see if anyone is watching!

QUES: "This has been such a long, hard winter and I see no relief ahead. I have my husband's father here and he is not bedfast but simply so confused mentally that he must be watched every second. I dare not leave him for more than five minutes—he might set the house afire or something equally terrible. The problem is that my husband's two sisters live within five miles of us and never once, during this past year that we've had him



Our latest picture of Margery and Martin.

in this condition, have they offered to come and stay so that I could get out just once in a while. I haven't asked them because I thought surely they could see how things are and would offer, but they haven't. Do you feel I'd be justified in speaking to them and trying to work out arrangements of some kind?"—Ia.

ANS: Don't put off speaking to them. If they haven't offered through all of this time I don't believe that they intend to unless something is said. Your health will suffer if you keep on brooding about this, so take action and see if you don't feel like a different person just to get the problem out into the open with them.

QUES: "I am a widow and live here with my daughters, seven and nine, in my parents' home. An unmarried sister of mother's also is here. The only really serious problem that comes from this arrangement is that both my parents and my aunt are so quick to find fault with the children's teacher, a nice young girl who is trying hard to do a good job. If the girls bring home low grades it's the teacher's fault, and I think it's hard to build up respect when they hear so much tearing down. I'm worried about this and wish you could tell me what to do about it."—Mo.

ANS: If your parents and aunt won't listen to reason and common sense on this matter, then you must talk to your girls and explain to them when older people are so fond of grandchildren it is hard for them to understand how the children could be in the wrong. Tell them that you respect and like their teacher and that all children have their problems at school and days when things go wrong. Don't sound critical of your parents and aunt — simply try to make it clear to the children that older people are inclined to forget about the problems at school.

QUES: "How can I bring my husband to realize that most of his leisure time should be spent at home? We have two small children, I try to

keep our house clean and cook good meals, and yet my husband spends at least four nights out of the week just loafing around town. He doesn't gamble or drink to excess (at least I don't know about it if he does) but I can't seem to get him to stay at home with us."—Mo.

ANS: Let me assure you first that if your husband gambled or drank to excess you would know it. Some things can be concealed, but gambling, with its financial upheavals, and drinking, with its physical consequences, aren't easily hidden. Are you sure you haven't gotten whiney and nagging? People can fall into these two habits without realizing it. See if you can't find some kind of project around the house in which you can interest him; invite another couple in. I believe if I were you I'd wrack my brains to think of a new way to approach this problem instead of just bewailing it.

QUES: "My husband died two years ago and I am left alone here in our large family home. My two daughters are married and live on the west coast. They've been after me constantly to sell my home and move out there — want me to spend my time between them. I have lived here all my life and feel lost when I think of giving up old friends, my home, my church, and everything that has meant so much to me. I'm in good health. Of course I miss my daughters and would love to be closer to them, but I go out for a visit once a year and have a grand time, but I'm always glad to get home again. Some of my closest friends cannot understand why I don't make this move my daughters want me to make, and now I'm confused. What do you think?"—Nebr.

ANS: I don't want to sound pessimistic, but the time may come when you may not be able to live in your home and will be forced to live with your daughters. As long as you are in good health and prefer staying right where you are, stay ahead. Tell your daughters that you've come to a final decision and ask them to drop the subject.

Frederick's Letter Cont'd

courage. I am a veteran of both the army and the navy, and I know from actual experience that the boys in danger who can never laugh are soon no longer fit to be in danger of any kind. I give thanks to God every day for the gift of laughter. How blessed it is that in a world of frustration, of pain, of suffering, of loneliness, and of constant peril we can laugh.

I think that one of the best stories to come out of the last war is the story of the old woman in London. One night down in a bomb shelter during the London blitz a newspaper reporter asked the old woman if the constant bombings frightened her, and she replied: "Well, the bombing is a bit of a nuisance, but it does help to keep my mind off the war!" Do you see what I mean? Thank God for laughter!

Sincerely, Frederick

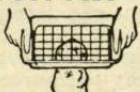
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Last month you saw a picture of the outside of Kerry Lee and Jean Marie Cathcart's playhouse. Here are the two little girls having a fine time inside.

Sugar 'N' Spice Cont'd

solo while girl between ten or twelve years of age comes out dressed entirely in white for First Communion.

Narrator: "And little girls sometime are a mirror. If you don't agree, just take a peek at this little girl who has slipped into mother's bedroom to try on her new spring outfit. Ever watch little girls play house and hear your words come back at you? That can be an enlightening experience sometimes!"

Music: "Little Girl" or "My Mother Was a Lady" as a little girl dressed in her mother's clothes and high heels comes out carrying a mirror and preening herself this way and that.

Narrator: "Almost overnight it seems that from a little girl playing at being grown up in mother's clothes, our girlie is a self-conscious pre-adolescent in her first party dress for a friend's birthday dinner party."

Music: "Happy Birthday" as a girl about twelve comes out dressed in party clothes and carrying a gift-wrapped package.

Narrator: "Then all too soon we have a teen-ager in the house and it's just one continual round of basketball, school paper, speech contest, play practice, dates, long telephone conversations and day-to-day personality changes varying with the current hits on T. V. or movies."

Music: Local school song. Girl dressed in sweater and skirt comes out carrying an armload of typical school "stuff".

Narrator: "But the four years of high school pass almost before we know it, and there comes an evening in May when proud mothers make some excuse to hide behind shrubbery and watch their daughters arrive for the Junior-Senior banquet."

Music: Some sentimental ballad should be played while a senior appears dressed in her banquet clothes.

Narrator: "Perhaps you thought many times through the years that your little girl would never grow up, but suddenly here she is, a radiant

bride, and you realize that one cycle of her life has ended — and another is beginning."

Music: Soloist sings a favorite wedding song such as "Because" as a young woman dressed in a bride's clothes appears before the screen.

Narrator: "How important she feels as she takes her place in church and club activities and presents her very first paper for a program."

Music: Stately, dignified music as a smart young matron takes her place in front of screen, a sheaf of papers in her hands.

Narrator: "With what joy the expectant mother awaits the arrival of her own little one. She dreams endlessly as she knits and sews. If the baby is a little girl, what will she be like? What shall we name her?"

Music: "Pocketful of Dreams" is played as the expectant mother, wearing a smock, sits in chair knitting or walks across the stage carrying some baby clothes.

Narrator: "And here we are, back where we started, a brand new baby girl. And once again her mother looks at her fondly, unable to explain or express all the love that is in her heart, and she often finds herself asking the question: "What is a little girl made of?"

Music: Brahms' Lullaby is sung as mother appears carrying a tiny baby in her arms.

Narrator: "Sugar and spice and EVERYTHING NICE — that's what little girls are made of!"

Music: Program is concluded with the same music that opened it.

NOTE: If you wish to utilize more girls in your program, simply write in suitable narration and add appropriate music for any of the incidents that are bound to occur to any committee. By the same token, eliminate something indicated here if you haven't enough time.

This type of program can really be highly festive and successful, and it does give mothers and daughters a genuine chance to enjoy something together.

SLOW ME DOWN

Slow me down, Lawd, Ah's goin' too fast.

Ah can't see mah brother when he's walkin' past.

Ah miss a lot of good things day by day.

Ah don't know a blessing when it comes mah way.

Slow me down, Lawd, Ah wants to see

More of the things that's good for me. A little less o' me and a little more o' you;

Ah wants the heavenly atmosphere to trickle thru.

Let me help a brother when the goin' gets rough.

When folks work together, it ain't so tough.

Slow me down, Lawd, so I can talk with some o' your angels.

Slow me down, Lawd, to a walk.

—Anonymous

TIPS FOR MAY TIME PRETTIES

Serve your party lunches in May-basket plates. To do this, attach a wire handle to a heavy paper plate. Cut a circle of crepe paper about three inches larger than the plate. Glue this to the bottom of the plate, pull up around the plate and flute the edges. Cover the handle with paper and add ribbon trim, if desired. If these are made in many pastel shades they add a lovely springtime accent to May parties, as you serve refreshments in them.

For a cute favor, make a small sun-bonnet of crepe paper. This can be placed right over the nut cup as if it were a hat rack. For more laughs, why not have the ladies wear the sun-bonnets while they eat?

Give a growing plant as a favor. Small blooming violets or pansies can be planted in tiny flower pots and used as favors that the guests will enjoy taking home after the party.

The miniature toy plastic garden tools that are sold at variety stores make inexpensive favors or decorations for the table.

For a table centerpiece and favor combination, set up a pretty flower sprinkling can in the center of the table. Let ribbons in pastel colors run from the handle of the sprinkler out to each place and attach each one to a packet of flower seeds — the seeds will be the favor the guests take home.

For flower cart nut cups use the nut cups covered in pastel crepe paper for the cart. A length of green covered flower wire can be pulled through the nut cup, out to the front and through a life saver for the wheel. Also use this wire to bend to make handles and legs on the cart.

If you are having a bridal shower in May and wish to give usable favors, make umbrellas from pretty flowered handkerchiefs. To make the umbrella, fold a handkerchief over a new lead pencil (handle) in umbrella folds. Fasten the folds to pencil with scotch tape. (You can use covered wire for handle if you prefer.) At the end of pencil where hankies go over pencil, tie a tiny ribbon bow about one inch in from the end. Tie a matching bow on the handle. A place card can be tied into the bow on the handle, if you wish. Candy canes make pretty handles for these hankie umbrellas, too, if you leave them wrapped in cellophane—so they won't become sticky! Do not forget that the lace paper doilies can be used instead of hankies to make these umbrellas and they can be used as May-basket cups — or fill with tiny flowers for pretty favors at each place or on a tray.

Paper doilies work in beautifully for a traditional Maypole idea, too. Set up a maypole in the center of the table; for the pole use a paper wrapped stick, a candle, or a large stick candy. Run ribbon streamers to each place where there is a corsage made by putting the stems of small flowers through the small paper doilies. Let a small ribbon bow hide the tape that attaches the streamers to the corsage.

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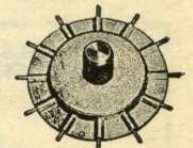
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Players are seated in a circle, and each is given pencil and paper. At the top of the paper each person writes the name of some unwanted object or undesirable attribute. After folding the paper down to cover what she has written, she passes it to the person on her left.

This person writes on the paper the name of the man or woman to whom she would like to make her bequest. It can be anyone, present or not. With this folded down and passed on, the next paper is used to state the reason for giving away the object.

After all the guests have written on their paper, open up the sheet and read it aloud. Here are two examples of how the scrambled wills might read.

One: A double chin is left to Ex-President Truman because it sags at the hemline.

Two: A dying potted begonia is left to Mrs. Jordan because it crows so early in the morning.

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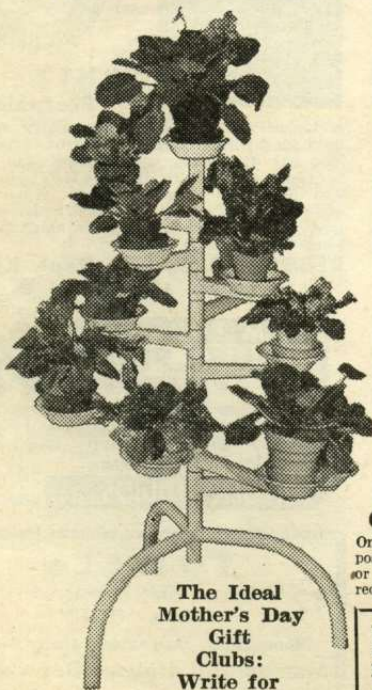
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2. Undertaker—tombstone
3. Architect—cornerstone
4. Politician—Blarneystone
5. Burglar—keystone
6. Stockbrokers—curbstone
7. Laundryman—soapstone
8. Borrowers—touchstone
9. Surgeon—bloodstone
10. Cobbler—cobblestone
11. Motorists—milestone
12. Editor—grindstone

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BABY CLOTHES, handmade. Everything in crochet for baby. Write me your needs. You name it. I have it. Satisfaction or money refunded. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

RICK RACK EARRINGS (different) all colors, 35¢, 50¢, 75¢ and \$1. Ad good year around. Mrs. Willard Feurer, Johnson, Nebraska.

GIVE BEAUTIFUL HANDY-Hanky aprons for Mother's Day. Assorted flowers; Red, blue, yellow, orchid — \$1.25. Girls cute animal aprons, \$1. Mrs. La Vern Wittler, Talmage, Nebraska.

SALT & PEPPER COLLECTORS—Join new club now, FREE. Write Good Friends Salt & Pepper Club, Box 509-A, Youngstown 1, Ohio.

HAND KNITTED DISH CLOTHS, attractive, durable, economical gifts. Prepaid 3 for \$1. Methodist Church, c/o Mrs. E. M. Waldron, Glidden, Iowa.

LITTLE GIRLS CROCHETED DRESSES, Infant - wear, Hemstitching, Hosemending, Buttonholes. Get well, all occasion cards 21 for \$1, plus 10¢ for postage. Guaranteed, Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

(SACCHARIN) recipes (no sugar) ice cream, candy, jelly, cream puffs, etc., \$1. Duck or goose feather pillows, flowered ticking 21x28 55¢ and \$7 pr. Nice print feed sacks 7 for \$2. Salt & pepper shakers, sugar and creamers (for collectors). Stamp for answer. Mrs. Walter Donaldson, Almena, Kansas.

TRY CROCHET your pattern or mine. Violet Umphleet, Mill Grove, Mo.

HALF ORGANDY APRONS \$1.50. Mrs. John Jirik, David City, Nebr.

CROCHETED — Grape cluster \$1. 3 leaves, size 7x5 inches. Fine for hot mats or wall plaque. Mrs. F. O. Goff, Nebraska City, Nebr.

RUG WEAVING. Mrs. Marshall Beecher, Belleville, Kansas.

AMAZING NEW MULTI-VIMS. Contain all essential vitamins and minerals. Protect your health this winter. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Send only \$2.00 for full 30 days supply. Vigor Vitamins Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

GOSLINGS—Toulouse, Emden, Chinese. Also Wild Mallard ducklings. Free literature. Guaranteed 100% live delivery. Tibodeau's Goose Hatchery, Windom, Minnesota.

NYLON HOSIERY BARGAINS: 6 pairs for \$1.00 factory rejects. 3 pairs Better Grade \$1.00. Postpaid when cash with order. Allen Hosiery Co. P.O. Box 349, Dept. C, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"MY KITCHEN PRAYER"—inspiring verse on decorative 8½x11" wall plaque, with plastic cover and colored border, \$1.00 postpaid. Lovely gift. Mrs. Harms, 6721-K South Halsted Street, Chicago 21.

HIDE — ENDS MICE AND ROACHES. Amazing new scientific discovery! Safe. Simple. Dust "HIDE" in runways, Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away. \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Write for free booklet. **HIDE, 55 - 9th Street, Leon, Iowa.**

GOOD MONEY IN WEAVING. Weave rugs at home for neighbors on \$59.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Looms, 150 Post St., Boonville, N.Y.

SLIPPERS—Washable for bedroom or beach. Flame, yellow, or blue. Elastic holds them on. \$1.00. Mrs. Harms, 6721-K So. Halsted, Chicago 21.

OLD BEADS WANTED, colorful and larger beads preferred, also antique jewelry. Send for estimate to Kathryn A. Ross, Box 78, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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CHEW IN COMFORT!

Chew all kinds of food! Komfo Dental Pads bring you blessed relief from pain and soreness caused by ill-fitting false teeth—or your money back. Plates hold **TIGHTER**—won't slip or click.

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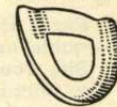
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Department 658

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Champion Bakers — Cooking Schools know the secret of better baking

IT'S THE PASTRY CLOTH

Bread boards are out! Mrs. Redden's Pastry Cloth makes PERFECT pies and pastries. Dough can't stick for it never comes in contact with cloth — just a fine film of flour. And it won't pick up extra flour to throw recipe off. Specially woven so flour goes into cloth but never thru it onto table. A baker's secret for flakier, lighter pastries. Lasts indefinitely. Set includes: Pastry Cloth; Tubular knit rolling-pin jacket... and the following gifts for prompt orders.

F-R-E-E
Plastic storage case that holds both cloth and rolling pin (keeps them sanitary). Also Mrs. Redden's personal recipes for hot water pie crust, noodles, biscuits, many more!

Guaranteed! You must be delighted 100%.
It's only \$1.00 postpaid.

REDDEN SALES CO. Dept. KK-501

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**MAKES ANY CLOTH
ABSORB DUST**
59¢ and 98¢



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"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD." Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scraps, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, Box 78, Shenandoah, Iowa.

AMAZING CHROME AND METAL PROTECTOR. No matter what weather, it will not rust or tarnish. No repeated polishing necessary. Will sparkle and shine for weeks. Easily applied. Moneyback guarantee. \$1.50 per can. Special prices. Wholesalers, Distributors, Agents. Orders of 12 or more cans. John Zoltak, 12802 McGowan, Cleveland 11, Ohio.

LOOK: Full Fashioned Nylon Hosiery; Seconds 3 pr. \$1. Thirds 6 pr. \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Premier Sales, Box 8177, Chattanooga, Tenn.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Haylett

They say you can't sprinkle perfume on someone without getting some on yourself. The same goes for whatever you do for someone else. Always you get more than you give — so give as much as you can.

Mrs. H. C. Erickson, Midway Hospital, 1700 University, St. Paul, Minn., has been ill a long time and needs cheering letters.

Grandma Almer, Garretson, So. Dak., is sick in bed and time passes slowly. She is unable to read books but would like letters.

Mrs. Jennie Keas, 714 W. Pikes Peak, Colorado Springs, Colo., has rheumatism and is unable to walk. She needs a wheel chair badly. Could we do something about that?

Mrs. E. Williamson, Bergen County Home, Paramus, New Jersey, is badly crippled with arthritis. She would like mail but I doubt if she will be able to answer.

Little Connie Mock, New Paris, Pa., is 6 years old, has heart trouble and is not able to go to school. She would enjoy small playthings or picture books.

Mrs. Ruby Snead, 2140 Tremont, Denver 5, Colo., is badly crippled with arthritis. She does lovely crochet work in wool, such as baby things, and would appreciate an opportunity to sell her products.

Mrs. Rose Riemer, 218 Emerald St., Watertown, Wisc., is almost 82. She had a stroke and is unable to get about at all. They think she will be all right in time, but is lonely and letters would help.

Miss Lena Springer has had to move back to the country. Her new address is R.R., Camden, Ill. They have no telephone, no electricity, and she is so discouraged. You will remember that she and her mother lost everything last year in a fire. Lena has been an invalid for many years.

Mrs. Leo Benson, 220 Arbor Ave., Monroe, Mich., had surgery twice in December and is still very much under the weather. Write to her.

Nellie Eppes, Bland Lake, Texas, tells me that the glasses we got her some years ago have to be changed as her eyes are so much weaker now. She is not able to get new ones herself. Would you like to help her? You can send your contributions to me. She is a long time shutin, is alone and has practically no income. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Miss Hope Smith, 929 W. 59 Place, Los Angeles 44, Calif., has been shutin 20 years or more. She is bedfast, except when once in a while someone comes in and helps her into a wheel chair for a little while. Her 83 year old sister cares for her and another invalid sister. They would love to hear from you.

Louise Hanan, 12707 Danbrook Dr., Whittier, Calif., is a long time shutin who is trying to make ends meet by running a gift shop in her home. She does lovely work and has all sorts of nice gifts on hand. Ask her for what you want.

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NO RIGID DIETS

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NO HARMFUL DRUGS

Why risk drugs or diets that may be injurious to your health? Let us prove—AT NO COST TO YOU—that you can lose inches from your hips, abdomen, waist, thighs and other parts of your body this wonderful natural, new way. Just take 2 to 4 DietRITE tablets before your regular meals. Then in between meals when you feel a need for

food, take two of these tiny hunger-easing tablets. That's all there is to it. DietRITE tablets supply a sensation of bulk that helps curb your hunger. As a result, you eat less and soon begin to lose weight naturally and effortlessly. So don't let overweight rob you of your pep and vitality. Get a supply of DietRITE today. Feel good again.



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GENTLEMEN: Rush me at once your wonderful DietRITE method for reducing per your money-back guarantee. Include the free Saccharin.

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Plus 24 Wood Folding Tables

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Reflecto-Aluminum lettering on black-enamel background. For top mail box 1½-in. letters on 3x18-in. metal, one line both sides; or House Marker, inch-high name, 1½-in. numbers, one side 6x9-in.—each \$1.00 plus 25¢ for wrapping and postage. Two lines inch-high letters for mail box \$1.50. Complete and can be installed in one minute. Metal Marker Co., Box 25-S. West End Station, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

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There'll be no more dried out, tasteless food at your house if you use these fine quality plastic bags. Bread and cakes wrapped in them stay fresh indefinitely. Vegetables improve in quality. Left-overs can be used many days later. Can't be beat for home freezer containers. They are an absolute MUST in packing lunch boxes.

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EACH SET - 12 BAGS \$1.00

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A song in your heart
A smile on your lips
Love, patient, forgiving
God's greatest of gifts.

This lovely verse on decorative wall plaque, 5½x8, plastic cover, colored border — ready to hang — Nice Mother's Day gift, 65¢ postpaid.

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