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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 18

MAY, 1954

NUMBER 5



Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, Iowa Mother of 1954

Photo by Verness.

MISS JOSEPH PANNBECKER
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SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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At Home

Dear Friends:

On this beautiful spring night my heart is fast to overflowing as I sit here at my old desk to write a letter to you. Stacked around me are piles and piles of lovely cards and letters sent by you good friends to express your happiness at the great honor that has come to me — the honor of being chosen as Iowa Mother for 1954.

This is an honor that I never dreamed would come to me, and it is an honor that makes me feel very humble, for I have only done what all mothers have done since the world began; just tried to do the best that I could do. If I have succeeded, then I feel that my own dear mother must be given credit for she molded my character and taught me how to rise above adversity. And it seems to me most fitting that the news was announced on her birthday, March 25th.

But I also feel that this honor could never have come to me if I had not had the great strength of my husband to lean upon all through these years. He has been a fortress of courage, and without his faith and moral support I do not believe I could have weathered those months back in 1930 when my life hung in the balance following our terrible accident. He never once permitted me to doubt for a second but what God would spare me for my family. The children and I both feel that the very foundation of our home has rested upon his broad shoulders that somehow found the strength to carry all of the severe burdens laid upon them.

And so you see that these awards a kind world can bestow upon us must really be shared with other lives, for it is all of them working together that make it possible for one individual to be singled out in such a way.

You have heard me say before that I regret our iron-clad deadlines with the printers, but never have I regretted them quite as much as I do now. By the time you read this I will have been to the luncheon in Des Moines and will have met many of you face to face. How I wish I could put those details in this letter! But there's simply no help for it, and all I can do is to write about the luncheon in my June letter.

Also in my June letter will be the account of our trip to Anderson, Indiana for Donald's wedding to Mary Beth Schneider on April 24th. Our

family has said that if we all lived to be a thousand we'd never again have quite such a close shave on dates! Mary Beth's wedding was planned months ago and the invitations were made up before any of us knew about the luncheon plans in Des Moines. Certainly there was no question of changing the luncheon date for arrangements had been made with the Hotel Savery long ago, and Governor Beardsley had his schedule arranged also in order that he could present the award.

It looks as if the only way we can get from Des Moines to the pre-nuptial dinner in Anderson on April 23rd is to fly, and as I write this letter I don't know how the last minute details will be worked out. I feel as if we had some kind of a puzzle in front of us and would have to fit the pieces together somehow!

Even though all of these things will be solved by the time you read this, I must go ahead and say that another point we don't know right now is if Mart will be able to go with me to Des Moines or to Anderson. We had only been home from Florida a short time when he got sick with a very heavy cold, and after ten days or so of treating it with all of these new things medicine has developed, he had to give in and go to the hospital. Sister Martha came to stay with me when he had to leave, and I was so grateful for her cheery companionship.

As I write this, Mart is still hospitalized and no date has been set yet when he can come back home. Every time I go to see him (which is twice a day) I tell him that we really need him now to make this trip to Des Moines and Anderson, so we are all praying that he will recover his strength quickly and be well enough to do these things. This is the first time he has been hospitalized since an appendectomy ten years ago, and both the children and I feel that the roof itself is gone when he is not here.

Many of you friends have asked me how long in advance I knew that I was to be the Iowa Mother of 1954. Well, if my family and good friends had had their way I wouldn't have known until March 25th when the world knew, but this is the way it all happened.

Long ago our faithful contributor, Mildred Cathcart, decided that she wanted to enter my name as one of

the contestants — in other words, she was my sponsor. She spent countless hours working on these details and corresponded at great length with Lucile for addresses of ministers, old family friends and others who had known me over many years. Lucile wanted to keep this from me and succeeded until she learned from Mrs. Charles Robbins, State Chairman, that I must sign a paper stating that I would be able to attend a luncheon in Des Moines if the honor came to me. Lucile sent this paper to me just before we left Florida, and that was my first news about the whole thing.

There were many, many entries and I didn't dream for one moment that I would be chosen. Consequently it was a genuine surprise and thrill when Mrs. Robbins telephoned the news shortly before the 25th. She was kind enough to make a trip down here to give me full details about the Des Moines luncheon, and also to set us straight on what was involved in the New York entry.

All 48 states, plus Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia submit their entries for the National Mother of 1954 to the American Mothers Association of the Golden Rule Foundation of New York. A large board of judges work together to arrive at a decision, and once again I must add that this decision will be announced before you read my letter. I can tell you right now that I do NOT expect to be chosen as National Mother for I am positive that women far more deserving will have their life work reviewed by the judges.

It is a big project to compile all of the material on which the State Committee makes their decision, so Mrs. Robbins has asked me to state in my letter that anyone interested in sponsoring an entry for 1955 should write to her immediately at Linn Grove, Iowa and ask for the official nomination blank. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. She says that if those who are interested in sponsoring a mother will take action now, it will save a great deal of last minute flurry and work.

Here my space is almost gone and I haven't had an opportunity to pick up any family news, but I'm sure you understand — after all, I never again will be Iowa Mother of any year to come!

Aside from Mart, we have all been well and I think just a little busier than usual. We're working now to get our gardens all uncovered and ready for spring. Russell planted so many bulbs last fall that I feel certain we will have a gorgeous display this May, and I hope that many of you flower lovers will be able to leave your work for a day or a half-day, depending upon how close you are to Shenandoah, and come to see our spring gardens in their full glory.

On my birthday, April 3rd, I had all of my little grandchildren (with the exception of Mary Leanna and David so far away) come in for ice cream and a lovely big angel food that Martha iced. We took pictures, and if any of them are good I'll share them with you next month.

It's bedtime now, and so until June I must say Goodbye . . . Leanna.

WHY DON'T PLANTS GROW?

by Pansy M. Barnes

Everyone is familiar with Matthew 7-24 and the advice to build a house upon a rock, if we wish it to last.

Our lives must be "built" upon a good foundation and this wise teaching must be carried on into our gardens if they are to be successful.

Man has learned much by observation, as did the early Indians who taught the Pilgrims to bury a fish in each hill of corn. But in these times we are fortunate, for in addition to observation we know that the scientist is ready and willing to assist us. Our State Agricultural Colleges and County Agents pass on to us valuable information and we should use it.

They will test our soils for us, but when we have only a small garden or yard there is no reason why we can't do this for ourselves. Soil testing kits are inexpensive and any one who can read can use them. Don't say, "I can't grow asparagus or 'I can't grow azaleas' and so on! Find out why! If you buy good quality stock suited to your climate, care for it according to directions and still say you can't grow so-and-so, then you *must* lay your trouble to the condition of the soil.

Some plants are so accomodating that they will grow well whether the soil is acid or alkaline. The tender hydrangea, which will be in the florists' windows soon, belongs in this class. Blue flowers are produced in an acid soil. The potted plant can be watered with a solution of alum, using a teaspoon to a gallon of water. If planted outside, a sandy soil with the addition of peat moss and a feeding of cotton-seed meal will do the trick. If your preference is for the lovely pink bloom and your soil is inclined to be acid, then add some lime or bone meal to it.

Testing of the soil will not only tell us whether it is acid or alkaline, but it will also tell us just what we need in the way of the essential plant foods and how much of each. These "big three" plant foods are nitrogen, superphosphate, and potash.

Nitrogen is necessary to good leaf development. Super-phosphate affects bloom and seeds. Potash is necessary for good strong stems and roots.

God sends us nitrogen free by the ton in every rain, but we can supply nitrogen by using barn yard manure. This is very valuable because, in addition to the nitrogen, it furnishes humus and valuable bacteria and vitamins. Farmers had observed for years that pigs kept in the same lots with cattle did much better, but it's only in the last few years that scientists have found out why; it is simply that pigs acquired the necessary B12 vitamin in this way of handling them.

When manure is put on gardens or fields the good effects do not wear out in one season. For instance, a plot of grass land received applications of 14 tons of manure per acre for 8 consecutive years; then the applications were discontinued. During the first year after the discontinuance of manure, the yield was twice that of an



SUBLATA PHLOX is one of the most beautiful flowers in a spring garden. Here it is used with pansies in the foreground to mark a curved path in Russell's and Lucile's garden.

unmanured plot. Since that time, the yield on the manured plot has slowly decreased, until at the end of 40 years the excess has been about 15% greater than the yield of the unmanured plot.

Besides the actual plant food this fertilizer supplies, we conclude that it produces a better moisture condition, a better texture of the soil, and prevents wind erosion. Not all of us can get barnyard manure, but we can save our leaves, we can buy peat moss, and we can buy bagged, dry sheep manure.

Maybe you have tried one of the graceful white Birches and it has not done too well. The reason may well be because the Birch grows naturally in acid soil. Work in some peat moss, cotton-seed meal, and water with this alum solution and see what happens!

The following require a *mild* acid condition for best results: African Violets, Blue Ageratum, Alyssum, Columbine, Chrysanthemums, Bleeding Hearts, Coral Bells, Iris, Larkspur, Peonies, Pyrethrum, Snow-Drops, and Candytuft. Using some peat moss and rotted oak leaves may make a wonderful difference in the way they respond.

The following will require a bit more acid: Amaryllis, Cyclamen, Easter Lilies, Gardenias, Japanese Iris, most Lilies (Madonnas are an exception), Phlox, and Water Lilies.

Still more acidity will be needed for Ferns, Gypsophilas, Hemlocks, Orchids, and Pines.

A very acid soil is absolutely necessary for Azaleas. These are usually potted in pure peat moss. They should always be watered with the alum solution and fed with the cotton-seed meal. Holly, Camellias, Lady-Slippers, Pitcher Plants, & Rhododendrons demand the same soil conditions, so you can see why they will not be happy with us unless we meet those demands.

Among the plants that like our slightly alkaline Mid-West soil are the Arbor-Vitae, Barberry, Calendula, Clematis, Deutzia, Dog-Wood, Forget-Me-Nots, Geraniums, Heliotrope, Boston Ivy, Mock Orange, Morning Glory, Osage-Orange, Petunias, Poppies, Sweet Peas, and Sweet Williams.

The story with fruits and vegetables is just as interesting. With a little study, we will know why we can't grow good potatoes and asparagus in the same natural soil.

I've always felt that anyone who cared enough about any nursery stock to order it, plant it and care for it should have the benefits of all new scientific developments that can make such an enormous difference in the finished product. So, if you're one of these people who've tried — and tried — and are about ready to give up and say that gardening is just not for you, then take steps to get your soil tested or buy a soil-testing kit. It's very possible that *all* of your troubles will disappear by finding out exactly what kind of soil you are dealing with on your property.

TO FLOWER LOVERS EVERYWHERE

We have every reason to believe that our spring gardens will be a joyous sight this year! This little note is to tell all of you who love flowers that we'll be very happy to share with you the heart-lifting sight of radiant blossoms.

If your Garden club or social club of some type has made plans to come to Shenandoah in May we can only keep our fingers crossed with you that it will be a beautiful day. We've made long-planned trips ourselves and know how discouraging it is to awaken on the big day to see heavy clouds — or to hear rain on the roof.

But we'll hope that you can come, and that you'll have wonderful weather for your visit to our gardens. Mother's and Dad's garden is at 201 East Summit; just park in front and walk right through their yard. Wayne and Abigail's garden is at 207 University, and since their house stands very close to the street you must walk around it to see their flowers at the rear of the property.

When you get to our garden (this means Russell's and Lucile's) you can park in the alley, walk a couple of steps, open the garden gate — and there you are. Do come and see all of our gardens if you possibly can.

TREE PLANTING

Oh happy trees that we plant today,
What great good fortunes wait you!
For you will grow in sun and snow
Till fruit and flowers freight you.

Your winter covering of snow
Will dazzle with its splendor;
Your summer's garb with richest glow,
Will feast of beauty render.

In your cool shade will tired feet
Pause, weary, when 'tis summer;
And rest like this will be most sweet
To every tired comer.

—Anonymous

MY ROSARY OF YEARS

When youthful days have passed
And hours grow long,
Lord, keep a melody
Within my heart. No fears,
May comfort never still
That urge to serve.
May love encompass age—
My rosary of years.

—By Gladys N. Templeton.

AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS —

A Mother's Day Program

By

Mable Nair Brown

THE THEME is built around the family scrapbook and the souvenir box. This means that you can decorate with such items as a large family Bible, an old plush photograph album, stereoptican viewer and pictures, old dishes, an old wedding gown, a baby dress of fifty years or so ago, a stack of old picture postcards, or perhaps someone's napkin collection. Even an opened trunkful of old clothes, one of the handsome hand-painted kerosene lamps, a spinning wheel, etc., would add much atmosphere to the theme.

The suggestions offered are such that they may be adapted for a banquet, a tea, or an afternoon program with tray lunch.

TABLE DECORATIONS: The centerpieces can be cardboard boxes covered to represent the typical old attic trunks, with odds and ends of keepsakes spilling over on to the table—bundles of old letters tied in blue ribbon, pairs of baby shoes (real ones or make some of crepe paper). If you prefer to use spring flowers in the center pieces you can still follow through these ideas by putting small vases inside the trunks or the shoes.

Little paper baby shoes used at each place and filled with violets or pansies would be lovely. Or the shoes could be used as nut cups. Miniature trunks could be made for nut cups, too. These would be equally pretty used on a tray lunch.

Here are two suggestions for the program booklet.

1. Make it to resemble a scrapbook. The front can have simply the wording, "Your Scrapbook". On the first sheet inside (if you can manage it) have a snapshot baby picture of the guest — this in itself will start conversation flowing! Into other sheets in the booklet paste copies of the program. If parts of the program are typed, or printed, on a big sheet of paper and then cut apart in different size "clippings" to be pasted into the scrapbook, the effect will be more realistic.

2. Make up similarly to above except that the front cover can represent the old plush album. Make the covers of cardboard. Cover these with velvet or velveteen in a rich purple or deep red color, padding the cover slightly with a bit of cotton. On the front in gold or silver letters write "Among Our Souvenirs."

REFRESHMENTS: Here I am going to offer just one idea for the Eats committee. Since most such parties, or teas, find ice cream and cake almost traditional for such affairs, we'll go along with it. BUT it is how you serve it that makes it out of the ordinary. This will require before-hand work but with refrigerators and home freezers easily accessible to most of us, the job can be done well in advance.

You will need to provide one small plastic flower pot (lined with waxed

paper) filled with ice cream for each guest. (Or, buy the ice cream cups that taper in at the bottom to a flower pot shape.) Cover each pot with florist paper and tie with ribbon. Almost any florist will sell you some of his papers for this. Use a nut pick or ice pick to make a hole in the center of each pot of ice cream before storing in freezing units. When ready to serve, have ready small flowers such as violets, pansies, or apple blossoms to stick in the hole in the cream. On top of the ice cream sprinkle grated chocolate to resemble soil and PRESTO! you will have a most unusual ice cream posy to set before each guest—ice cream to eat and a posy as a souvenir of the occasion! With these serve dainty tea cakes iced in pastel colors and with tiny floral decorations. This same dessert could be used following any banquet menu. Napkins in pastel colors would complete the table appointments.

PROGRAM: Setting. Have a table in center of stage with two or three chairs around it. On this table have a large scrapbook, a souvenir box (such as a shoe box), scissors, paste, scotch tape, etc.) As program opens the Leader stands by the table and says:

Leader: "I wonder how many of us have had the experience of setting a day to clear out the attic, or a spare closet, only to end up by spending the day sitting beside a trunkful of family keepsakes, or thumbing through a box filled with souvenirs and packets of old letters, or leafing through the yellowed pages of a cherished scrapbook? Fact is, there is seldom very much "clearing out" done for somehow we just cannot seem to part with any of these things which we often allude to as "junk in the attic" but which is, to us alone, actually worth its weight in dream gold from which many of our most precious memories are made.

"If we think about this for a bit we come to realize that it isn't so much the big, spectacular events in our lives and in our homes which take the firmest hold on our hearts and memories, but it's the little things, the little dramas of daily living and of growing up, that forever after carry the greatest significance in our memories and in our lives.

"So today, we thought we would see some of the things which might make up a family scrapbook, or be tucked carefully away in the souvenir box. Perhaps it will help us to see what makes the difference between a house and a home. For some it will bring inspiration. To some it will bring a flood of memories of their own. Perhaps to some it will be a warning—"It's later than you think!"

Leader seats herself at back side of table ready to work on scrapbook. She calls each contributor by name (you will use names of your own ladies when you use this) as she bids them bring what they have for her collection. As these ladies come in, some will stand at one side of the table, while others will find it more convenient to sit in a chair as they chat with leader. But be sure they turn faces toward audiences, especial-

ly for poems, song etc.)

Leader: (looks toward entrance to welcome Louise). "Well, Louise, I see you have something for our scrapbook. My, I remember your house always seemed to be buzzing with excitement, your mother always on the go for she was so good on all committees, club work and practically ran the P.T.A. single-handed for a few years. And she traveled all around this part of the state making speeches."

Louise: "Oh yes, mother was a wonderful person and so busy helping everyone. We were awfully proud of her. But we liked it best when the weather made it too hard for her to go on out-of-town trips or when we got sick and then had mother all to ourselves. That's why I've always kept this little doll dress, ragged though it is now. But mother made it for me one night when I had the measles and missed out on the P.T.A. box supper. I'll never forget all the fun Mother and I had that night as she sewed on this little dress there by my bed and told me such happy stories of her own girlhood. I remember I felt sorry for my brother and sisters because they had to go to the social with daddy while I had this wonderful time with mother!" (Exit Louise and Leader puts dress in box.)

Leader: "Yes, little dress, you have a lovely story of the little girl who wanted love far more than pride in community work. Mary, that package intrigues me — all tied up in blue ribbon. What is it?"

Mary: "Well, don't laugh now. But it is a cookie and it must be all of twenty-five years old! Maybe it seems silly to have kept a cookie carefully preserved all these years, but somehow this old dried up cookie brings my Mom so close to me. You know, she was always thinking up the most wonderful surprises for us kids. As she often said, she always seemed to have a houseful of youngsters and a houseful of work! But she always found time for the extras like a special Maybasket for teachers, Valentine cookies for our school treat or candy apples for all our school friends at Halloween. One year she made such beautiful Valentine cookies and all the kids raved over them. I carefully wrapped mine up and took it home again—and here it is. It's dried and tasteless now but it always reminds me that it always pays "to take time to make time for your children". (Exit.)

Leader: "Nancy, you seem to have both hands full — is that a fish hook I see there on that old string?"

Nancy: (laughing) "You see correctly and thereby hangs my tale." To begin at the beginning — here is a gum wrapper. That came from the first beau, a little freckled faced tow-head in the second grade who liked me because I helped him learn his spelling words. A few grades later he invited me to go fishing one afternoon with him and his father. After landing one tiny little fish I became so enthusiastic that unfortunately I swung the fish pole too far to the left and caught it in the seat of "Freckles"

(Continued on Page 13)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

When you came back into the house just now with this copy of Kitchen-Klatter in your hand did you close the door to keep out a raw chill, or is it standing wide open? I've often thought that these particular days at the end of April can be the most provoking of the entire year. Just when we get ourselves set for warm, wonderful spring, along comes a set-back that always seems particularly vicious. Well, let's hope that it's a beautiful day and that after you have a few minutes of rest while you look through these pages, you can pitch in and climb over some of the mountain of work that is waiting.

It would be very remiss of me if I did not add my own "thank you" to you good, faithful friends who wrote to congratulate us on the honor that has come to Mother. I cannot imagine a more gratifying experience for children to have — it's the kind of thing that you pass on with pride from generation to generation. Some day Mother's great-grandchildren will hear with wide-eyed interest the story of what happened to our family in 1954.

The other night in my reading I came across a quotation by Thomas Carlyle that called up to me my Mother's character. He said: "Not what you possess but what you do with what you have, determines your true worth."

I have long felt that one of Mother's most remarkable qualities is her ability to accept what cannot be changed, and to progress from those hard, unalterable facts without wasting life itself in resentment and bitterness. Through the years I have known people in situations that could *not* be changed, and they have known that things could *not* be changed, and yet they were protesting as wildly and bitterly as if the disaster had just come upon them and they had had no time at all to evaluate what it meant.

There is enormous human wisdom in knowing what can be changed — and what must be accepted. Mother would rise up and protest this if she had a chance to read it before it goes to press (which she won't!), but I am compelled to say that only a very, very few people in this world have ever achieved her complete acceptance of things that *cannot* be changed. Her life is a monument to things that endure, and it is in the hearts of her family and friends that you must look for her treasure. This is a paraphrase, of course, of the profound and beautiful verse from St. Matthew, but it's the best way of stating what I feel.

TWO HOURS LATER

After writing the above I didn't feel like covering other subjects, so I left my typewriter for a while. Now it is almost dusk, rather a bleak, forbidding dusk (rain tonight, do you suppose?) and under usual conditions I would be in the kitchen getting supper, but tonight Juliana is eating at a friend's home and Russell is down at a dinner for the men of our church. This leaves me free as a lark!

As all of you know, who know me



Any mother who has ever had a birthday dinner for an eleven year old daughter will probably find this picture very typical! It's Juliana's 11th birthday party.

at all, I love to cook. I find few things more soundly satisfying than putting a fine meal on the table, and I always like to have company because it gives me more customers for the food! Poor Juliana and Russell sometimes tell me that I should have had eight boys, a husband and two hired-men to cook for. Other people have told me that what I really needed was a restaurant. They always add that I'd go broke in three months. And I probably would. But anyway I love to cook, and just once in a long, long while do I feel sort of foot-loose and fancy free when I don't have to prepare the evening meal.

Our brand new upstairs is all done now and I think that Russell did a wonderful job. When I look at all of that construction and the tricky sliding doors (four sets of them) and the solid walls of built-in shelves I just marvel at what he accomplished with so little actual carpentry experience behind him.

Russell belongs to the school that says you can do anything if you put your mind to it and don't give up right off the bat. He's tackled and completed big projects that people said simply couldn't be done. They've looked him right in the eye and said pityingly: "Why, you can't do that!" And he has.

We are all through now, as I said before, and only two professional workmen set foot in the house. We *did* have an electrician come and check all of the wiring that Russell had done, and at the same time he (the electrician) intalled a new fuse-box. Then we had the carpeting laid by a professional. Otherwise, the whole upstairs was done by an amateur.

We didn't take any "before" and "after" pictures as all of our friends suggested. It's probably true that an interesting article could have been built around such pictures, but when Russell said that the one piece of equipment he *didn't* need in his struggles was a camera, I had to agree. There is a limit.

These days there are such wonderful new building materials on the market that it would certainly pay anyone who's contemplating any kind of remodeling or right-from-scratch construction to look all around before arriving at final decisions. These sliding doors on nylon runners, for instance, are handsome and space-savers. There are new strips with electrical outlets that eliminate the old method of installing individual sockets. There are all kinds of things on the market today, folks, and it would pay you to look into them.

As for the Verness family . . . no more remodeling here for a long, long time to come! I have friends who think that my kitchen stands in desperate need of a knock-down, drag-out job, and I'll grant that they're right, but I intend to work in it just as it stands for many a moon. As a matter of fact, I actually like it just the way it is!

We had a happy surprise this past month when Russell's only brother Richard, his wife, Arleigh, and two of their children, Richard Jr. and Terrie Jean, stopped by for a visit on their trip from Tucson to Minneapolis. They'd spent the winter in Tucson because Richard was transferred there by the Honeywell Corporation, and after many Minnesota winters it was ironic to live through the coldest winter in Tucson's history! Arleigh had left all of the children's heavy winter clothing in Minneapolis because everyone assured her she'd have no earthly use for it in Tucson, so she had to send an emergency call back for snowsuits and all the rest.

I told them that they had timed their visit (we didn't know they were coming until they telephoned from Marysville, Kans.) with uncanny foresight. It was the very day we moved back upstairs! I enjoyed every minute of their stay and only regretted that I didn't get to see the other two youngsters, Thomas and Boletta. Arleigh's mother flew to Tucson from Minneapolis and took them back by plane. Frankly, I think this was a real sensible move! I think driving that far with four children in the car could be rough on the nerves.

You'll be getting this right after Easter, but even so I'd like to mention the fact that we made lamb candles for Emily and Martin. We used our heavy aluminum lamb cake mold for this, inserted a wick through the head (before the wax was poured into the mold) and then frosted them with whipped glow-wax. We colored some of this wax blue for the eyes and even put on red lips — which I don't think lambs have! — and then finished them with ribbons around their necks and little bells tied to the ribbons. They made a very nice Easter gift.

Juliana said just before Easter, "Oh, mother, would you be embarrassed for me if I said that I'd like to have some eggs hidden this one last time?" Alas, it probably was the last time too — I was happy to "make" one last childhood Easter for her.

I must leave this typewriter now and take care of other things. Do write to me when you can.

Sincerely,
Lucile

TODAY

A moment caught from the span of time,
A glance at a falling star,
Can lock a memory in your heart—
T'will be yours, wherever you are.

A gentle word or a smile today,
A lift as you pass along,
Can lock a friend within your heart—
A memory, friend and a song.
—Gladys Niece Templeton

M-O-T-H-E-R IN CANDLEGLOW

As reader explains the meaning of each letter in the word MOTHER, let one of the women used in the skit step forward and light the designated candle, then hand the lighter (candle) to the next woman before stepping to the back of stage. When all the candles are lighted, the women will form a semi-circle behind reader, and the two extras used in the skit will also step out to that semi-circle. Then soloist steps forward and sings the song "M-O-T-H-E-R".

Arrange candles in graduated heights with highest in center. Make large gold covered cardboard letters to form word MOTHER and stand them in front of the candles, using bases cut from the plastic foam (also graduated in height). Use white "angel hair" to hide the candleholders and the foam bases. Let this table with the candle arrangements stand to right front of the stage. The reader will sit at table with her scrapbook, etc., slightly left center of stage.

READER:

"Our Heavenly Father has given to each of us a Mother. Her love and understanding give to us our greatest understanding and appreciation of all that is good in life. Mother is the sweetest word in any language. As we spell it out for you, we will see it unfold in all its beauty.

"M: M surely stands for the word Many. For who can count the many worries, many meals, many washings, many blessings, many joys that are a mother's lot? But she does not count the work as many tasks or many chores but to mother they are "labors of love" and, if she could, she would go still one step further always and do many things more! So for the many, many "labors of love" our mothers do for us we light our first candle.

O: "O surely stands for others for whom mother is always doing so much. She puts the welfare and happiness of her husband and her children first in her thoughts, first in her hopes, first in her prayers. For OTHERS around whom mother builds her life, we light our second candle.

T: "T surely stands for TOLERANCE and I believe it is our mothers who can best teach us the true meaning of the word tolerance, "to bear and forbear", to "forgive and forget", to always willingly and lovingly go "the second mile" to help and understand our loved ones, our friends and our fellowmen. So for tolerance we light our third candle.

H: "H surely means Mother's hands. What a beautiful story is told by Mother's hands. We look at them and see not the careworn, work-gnarled hands. We look at them and remember how they soothed a fevered brow, how tenderly they bound up a stubbed toe, how patiently they whipped up a party dress, how gently they led us along the right paths — serving hands, praying hands, beautiful hands — they are a Mother's hands and that is why we light our fourth candle.

E: "E can stand only for everlasting which is the truest word to de-



This picture of Mother and Dad in the library was snapped on the day the news reached us that Mother had been chosen Iowa Mother for 1954.

scribe a mother's love and devotion that sustains, inspires and comforts us all the days of our life. We can never get beyond the bounds of that everlasting love and for it we light the fifth candle.

R: "R stands for rightful respect that we give to our noble mothers, a respect for one, who, by precept and example, teaches us to stand for that which is right and good, to "give to the world the best that we have", to make The Golden Rule the yardstick by which we measure our way of Life. For Respect we light our sixth candle.

In the glow of our six lighted candles we see the full glory of Motherhood reflected.

"There's a little word called Mother With a rhythm all its own, Which seems to sooth the heartstrings In the cradle of its tone.

God has framed it in tenderness

And understanding true,

And then He called it Mother

For He named it after you."

by Lord Salisbury.

Soloist. "M-O-T-H-E-R"

Benediction.

HER DOOR STANDS OPEN

Her home was one in which her friends could find

Comfort of body, deep peace for the mind,

And the rare feeling that this house was blest,

That here the Lord came as a welcome Guest.

Her door was never closed to need or pain,

And those who sought her often came again,

Not understanding always what they sought

Except the comfort that her presence brought.

—Unknown

LITTLE CHILDREN

When little children play around your feet,

Mark well their words, their baby accents sweet,

For time is swift—the creeping child today

Will one tomorrow rise and go away. Engrave each smile, each word, each baby tone

On memory—for the time when you're alone.

—Unknown

WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

Grandmother on a winter's day, milked the cows and fed them hay;

Slopped the hogs, saddled the mule, and got the children off to school.

Did a washing, mopped the floors, washed the windows and did some chores;

Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit, pressed her husband's Sunday suit.

Swept the parlor, made the bed, baked a dozen loaves of bread;

Split some firewood and lugged it in, enough to fill the kitchen bin.

Cleaned the lamps and put in oil, stewed some apples she thought would spoil.

Churned the butter, baked a cake, then exclaimed, "For Goodness sake—

The calves have got out of the pen—" Went out and chased them in again.

Gathered the eggs and locked the stable, back to the house to set the table.

Cooked a supper that was delicious, and afterward washed all the dishes.

Fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes, mended a basketful of hose.

Then opened the organ and began to play,

"WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY."

—Unknown

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, And tears rained down at the close of day,

For I could not show it to Mother.

But I took up my tasks with a 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 rapture sweet

Lay all my treasures at her feet, And the joy in my heart will be complete,

When I show my life to Mother.

—Martha Field Eaton

We have printed this beautiful poem by sister Martha before, but now there are so many, many new readers that we want to share it with them.

AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE "WHALE PROBLEMS" IN OUR MIDWEST!

Dear Friends:

The first warm day of spring found me out in the yard raking leaves and pruning shrubs and grapevines. I found it very difficult to work in the front of the house for every person walking past wanted to stop and visit with me about the hundreds of crocuses blooming in one corner of the yard. They were beautiful, and I don't think that anyone in our town has a larger bed of them than we do at the parsonage.

It would have been better for me had I done nothing all day but visit about the crocuses, for as it was I had my troubles. In the first place I ripped a good pair of trousers beyond all hope of repair. I had no more than started to burn the leaves when a government forest ranger drove up and informed me that I was breaking the law by burning rubbish without a fire permit. He was all set to give me a ticket, but when he learned that I was a clergyman he let me off with a warning! It seems that a special announcement had been made over the radio that very morning telling of the necessity for fire permits, but since I never listen to the radio in the morning I was completely ignorant of the law. One of the boys in my church, very much alarmed at the sight of a uniformed forest ranger writing out a warning ticket for me, said: "Mr. Driftmier? Does that make you a real juvenile delinquent?"

I am glad that the coming of spring makes it necessary for me to do very little in our yard and garden. A few leaves raked here and there and some pruning soon has everything in tip-top shape.

However, the coming of spring brought some real troubles to friends of mine living in another part of the state. They awoke one morning to find an enormous dead whale on the beach not far from their house. At first they couldn't believe their eyes, but there it was, several thousand pounds of dead whale rotting in the sun. Needless to say, the odor was simply frightful. An emergency call brought the town highway department with tractors and bulldozers, and after much hard labor a grave was dug on the beach for the whale. That did not end the matter however, for the next unusually high tide washed away the sand and once again the dead whale was rolling in the surf just off shore. If it had only drifted out to sea everything would have been fine, but it did not. A few days later it was back again, high and dry on the beach.

If you had had that whale in your front yard, what would you have done? The situation looked pretty bleak for a while until someone had an inspiration. The "Sea Bees" of the navy were called in for consultation. The Navy volunteered to bring one of its giant, experimental bulldozers into action. It was a perfectly enormous piece of equipment, and with it a grave was dug on the beach large enough to bury a good-sized house. In-



Juliana, Kristin and Lois Jean Hutchinson admire some of the wonderful tulips we grew indoors this past winter.

to the grave the whale rolled, and so far as I know it is still buried. Now when the people sun themselves on the beach this summer they can lie there thinking that just a few feet underneath there is a whale. I wouldn't like it, would you?

Twice in my life I have seen whales—once near the island of Maui in the Pacific, and once just off the Bermuda reefs. They were big fellows, rolling in the waves and shooting up high spouts of water. I read in the paper this morning that another dead whale was seen not too far off our Rhode Island shores and that people with homes on the beach in that vicinity had been warned that they might have the unwelcome caller. You might wonder why a dead whale on the beach would not be towed out to sea. That has been done, I understand, but without too much success, for they drift back to the shore again.

The elevator in our house proved to be very useful last week. Mary Leanna was sick in bed and hated to miss her favorite television program. It so happens that the elevator runs from the library downstairs to her bedroom, and since the television set is in the library it was no trouble at all to roll it into the elevator and take it up to her. I don't think that she wanted to see her program quite so much as she wanted the novelty of seeing the television set come to her bedside in an elevator!

When I lived in Egypt one of my best friends with whom I worked was a young man from Switzerland. He was the head of the French department in the American College at Assiut, Egypt where I was a teacher in the English department. I had not seen him for twelve years until just this week. The other day I received a telegram telling me that he was arriving at the Providence airport that afternoon.

He stayed with us for two days and nights, and during that time we had the fun of introducing him to several Rhode Island customs. I took him with me to a church chowder supper. Many of our churches here have Rhode Island quahaug chowder suppers as a means of raising money, and the chowder we ate that evening was of the very best. Another time we took him out to eat a meal of Rhode Island Johnny cakes, and for another meal we saw to it that he had some of our best lobster. He went away from Rhode Island convinced that ours is a state of wonderful food.

Since last writing to you I have taken my Sunday School Junior Department on another roller skating party. As usual, I was persuaded to put on some skates and get out onto the rink with the youngsters. It was the fifth time in my life to have a pair of skates on my feet, and I expected to take a few tumbles, but I did not. In the five times that I have skated, I have only fallen once, and when I tell that to the young people they can't understand it. When they learn to skate they fall down dozens and dozens of times. I explain to them that I simply cannot afford to fall down, for as big as I am a hard tumble might really hurt me.

The next time someone asks you why it is necessary for people to belong to a church when a person can pray to God just as well at home, you might tell them this story.

A clergyman in Southern California was standing in front of his church before the Sunday morning service, while down the street poured throngs of people going on past the church to the beach and the big amusement park not far away. Then came along a family of four: evidently father, mother, older boy, and little girl. The little girl was attracted by the church and was very curious about what went on inside it. A rather long discussion and argument ended with the father saying, "Oh, come on; we can sing hymns, and pray, and worship God, just as well on the beach as we can in church."

"But, daddy," the youngster protested, "we won't, will we?" There's your answer!

When I spoke to my people last Sunday about the importance of the Church, I told them all of us need to write upon our hearts these words of William Ward, a famous missionary to India: "I am more than ever anxious to know no man after his sect, as a Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist. Everyone who bears the image of Christ and brings beauty and fertility into the spiritual desert around him, is my 'brother, sister, and mother.' Let us conscientiously profess our own convictions; but let us love the man of our own sect but little, who possesses little of the image of Christ; while we love him exceedingly in whom we see much of Christ; though some of his opinions are contrary to our own. So shall we know we are passed from death unto life and sectarian quarrels will cease."

Don't you like that?

You and I like to think of our churches as God's houses, and in so thinking we often forget that God dwells among the lowliest of men; He sits on the rock pile inside the prison walls and stands with the beggar who asks for bread at our door. God walks the corridors of our hospitals and stands in line with the unemployed at the state compensation office. I think that more of us would find God in our churches if we were to visit the prisons, and the hospitals first, and more of us would hear the Word of God speaking to us personally if before reading the Bible we were to do something for the poor in our community.

Sincerely, Frederick.

A HOBBY LEAPS INTO BIG BUSINESS

By
Hallie M. Barrow

When Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Richart of Joplin, Mo., bought a farm several miles from the city, their main idea was to have it ready for retirement. They built a modern home and intended to take it easy, but all of a sudden the word "retirement" disappeared completely from the picture.

How did this happen? Well, one of the very pleasant features of the Richart's new home was a brick-paved patio with an outdoor oven. Mrs. Richart often barbecued chickens for their friends, and her own special process, plus a sauce of her own invention, made such wonderful chicken ("chicken delicious" these friends called it) that she was soon being asked to prepare it as a favor for other people. Her fame spread until the Country Club asked that she prepare her specialty for their banquets.

On one of these occasions a salesman enjoyed her chicken, and he carried back praise to the food manager of Trans-World Airlines, a company always on the lookout for extra-good food to serve on flights. The food manager was sufficiently impressed to go to Joplin for a sample of the barbecued chicken. She was highly pleased with what she tasted, and the upshot was that she spent a week there and persuaded the Richarts to go into large-scale production to furnish the TWA with all the barbecued chicken they needed at all of their food centers.

Mrs. Richart, with some help from the food manager, planned a huge kitchen 100 by 30 feet. The walls are white and stainless steel has been used wherever possible.

The big ovens, barbecuing 400 chickens at a time, are a series of shelves constantly moving the chickens through hickory smoke. It takes four hours to finish the barbecued birds. Every half-hour the turning ceases for a short time, the big doors are opened and as each shelf swings into position, a cook on each side, equipped with big swabs, ladles out some of the bright red barbecue sauce from a bucket and puts it on the slowly cooking chickens.

Needless to say, the sauce is their trade secret.

As soon as the chickens are done they are cooled and sharp frozen. Then they are delivered to Kansas City by plane, packed in dry ice. A ton of barbecued chicken and other ready-to-serve products are flown to the city each week from the Richart farm!

Another product they've perfected with great success is concerned with turkey. From September to May they sell over a thousand pounds per week of roasted turkey breasts, so it was obvious that something had to be done to utilize the other parts of the turkey.

The answer was to prepare frozen packages of Turkey *Tettrazini* in which a special (secret) sauce is used along with spaghetti, dark meat and giblets. They also prepare a *Milanaise* in which rice and giblets are



The camera doesn't often catch Emily looking this quizzical!

used, turkey pie or turkey a la King.

Following their success with the airlines they undertook to supply a railroad with a mammoth standing order, plus famous restaurants in Chicago, New Orleans and other cities.

After "jumping off the deep end" so to speak, it was necessary to know precisely how to manage a steady supply of broilers and frying chicken. (Their packaged fried chicken contains eight pieces, plus eight hush puppies.) This meant that a brooder house 250 by 40 feet was built; it has a 15,000 chick capacity. These brooders are filled four times during the year. Then a dressing plant had to be added.

Now, after four years of steady growth, the R and R Farm Production Plant employs 25 persons at peak operation. Modern buildings and facilities are added as they are needed.

The Richarts are not stopping to rest on their laurels. They are experimenting all the time with other frozen poultry. Nothing whatsoever is sold until it has been in their own freezer for a full year to test the quality. I noticed in their test freezer packages marked quail, guinea duck and geese, while on another shelf there was pheasant, turkey tamales, turkey cutlets and turkey tamale pie.

The Richarts think it very likely that they will not be asked to serve European airlines, trains and ships, and if you're wondering *why* it is because European caterers have been among their visitors. They wanted to get first-hand information about setting up comparable production plants!

Not often do we hear of a hobby developing into big business almost overnight. And usually the people concerned are in a constant state of surprise at what has happened. Certainly it is true of the Richarts whose business started in their patio with an unusual recipe.

NOW WHERE IS THAT TUB?

By
Elsie Bailey

Had I known how frequently we were to be playing this game of Hunt the Tub, I might have listened. As it was, I didn't pay much attention when someone suggested that stationary laundry tubs would be nice on one wall of the room we were remodeling into a utility room. It hadn't been but a few years since my husband had made the two-tub bench. This was a sturdy bench long enough to hold two rinse tubs and high enough to hold them up to a comfortable work height for this taller-than-average Monday washer-woman. The wringer of the washing machine swings in a complete circle from washer to tubs to laundry basket and back. It is a good arrangement—when the tubs can be found.

However, a round galvanized tub turned out to be just the thing to place some new baby pigs in one day. The old sow, far from regarding her offspring in a motherly manner, was glaring with murder in her eyes at each new arrival. The pigs were scooped up and deposited in the tub for safe-keeping. A heat lamp suspended over the tub kept them warm while they waited for their mother to settle down and decide to do her duty. The pigs survived and the tub was returned to the house and, after a good scrubbing, to ordinary use.

All summer one tub is pressed into service each night to keep the ten gallon can of milk sweet overnight until the milk truck arrives next morning. Wash day morning is the one morning of the week I am honestly glad the milk truck arrives as early as 6:30! Most mornings that seems pretty early to have breakfast over and the morning milking done so that the truck can pick up both the can of morning milk and the cooled can too. Washdays the truck can't come too early, and when it roars on up the road I rush to reclaim my rinse tub. If all goes well I can have the washing on the line and be sitting down to look at the mail when Kitchen-Klatter comes on the air at nine.

Not regular work, but a summer odd job for one of the tubs, is helping to mulch the tomatoes in the garden. We use grass clippings from the lawn, heaped high in the tub and carried through the garden gate and over to the long rows of tomatoes. The first tub-full of grass clippings seems light as so many feathers, but succeeding tub-fulls grow heavier and heavier, depending somewhat on the temperature. Very warm weather sometimes recalls to mind several urgent tasks waiting to be done in the shade and the far tomato vines wait and wait and wait for their mulching. But how would we get that much mulching done without the old tub?

Last week I heard it again, "Where is that tub?" After hurriedly drying it I handed it over. Here it was, the surest sign of Spring I know. The men were getting ready to plant oats and wanted to "treat" their seed in — naturally — the old wash tub!

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE, and MARGERY

—MAY MENU—

Pineapple Juice Cocktail
Baked Ham and Veal Loaf
Creamed New Potatoes with Parsley
Hot Rolls Butter
Pickled Peaches Tossed Green Salad
Rhubarb Charlotte
Coffee

RHUBARB CHARLOTTE

2 Tbls. gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
3 cups sweetened cooked rhubarb
2 Tbls. orange marmalade
1 1/2 cups whipped cream
Soak gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to rhubarb and orange marmalade. When it begins to set fold in whipped cream. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses.

MAY MORNING ROLLS

2 cups flour
4 tps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. sugar
2 Tbls. melted shortening
2 egg yolks
3/4 cup milk
3 Tbls. butter
6 dates
Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add shortening, egg yolks and milk. Stir. Roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut in squares. Spread with soft butter, lay date in one half and fold over to form triangle. Bake in 450 degree oven for 15 minutes. Serve hot.

RHUBARB MERINGUE PIE

Since finding this rhubarb pie recipe, I have used it many times. Any rhubarb pie is delicious but this one is my favorite.—Leanna

2 cups rhubarb
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
Wash and cut rhubarb in 1/2 inch pieces. Place in colander and pour boiling water through them; drain. Separate eggs; beat yolks and add sugar, which has been sifted with flour and salt. Turn this mixture on to rhubarb and stir until well mixed. Pour into well-lined pie pan and bake in moderate oven until firm, about 45 minutes.

Leanna Says - - GIRLS

You'll LIKE my flavorings.

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REFRIGERATOR CHEESE CAKE (Serves 48)

8 Tbls. unflavored gelatine
2 cups cold water
12 eggs, separated
1 quart sugar
2 cups milk
1/2 tsp. salt
1 gallon cottage cheese
2 Tbls. lemon rind
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 quart heavy cream, whipped
1 quart pineapple, if desired

Crumb Crust Mixture

2 1/4 pounds graham cracker crumbs
2 cups softened butter or margarine
2 cups sugar
Save 1 quart crumb mixture for topping. Divide remaining crumbs into 2 pans 12 x 18 x 2 inches. Press firmly to form an even layer over bottom.

Sprinkle gelatine over water and let stand for 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly in top of double boiler. Add sugar gradually beating until well blended. Stir in milk and salt. Cook over boiling water until slightly thickened, stir frequently. Stir in gelatine until dissolved. Cool slightly. Beat cheese until smooth. Pour in lemon rind, juice and custard mixture; mix until thoroughly blended. Cool until thickened and partially set. Beat until light. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Add pineapple if desired. Pour into crumb lined pans; sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Chill until set.

FAVORITE PIE CRUST

3 level cups flour
1 cup lard
1 tsp. salt
1 beaten egg
5 Tbls. cold water
1 tsp. vinegar

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ESCALLOPED CORN AND CELERY

If you still have some canned corn on hand, try this recipe. It is also a good way to use the outside stalks of celery.

2 cups canned corn
1 cup chopped celery
1 Tbls. minced green pepper
1/2 cup hot milk
2 Tbls. butter
1 tsp. salt
1 cup buttered bread crumbs

In a baking dish arrange alternate layers of corn, celery and green pepper. Add salt and butter to hot milk. Pour over vegetables and cover the top with bread crumbs that have been tossed in 1 Tbls. butter. Bake for 25 minutes in a 325 degree oven.

OVEN FRENCH FRIES

All of us enjoy French Fries but hate to take the time to make them. Try this easy way!

Pare potatoes, cut in strips and soak in cold water for 30 minutes. Dry and dip in melted shortening or vegetable oil and spread out in a pan. Bake in a 450 degree oven until brown and tender, turning at least once.

MINT-CHOCOLATE ICEBOX CAKE

This is a very lovely dessert to serve when you entertain your club. Chocolate and peppermint are two flavors that go together like bacon and eggs. This dessert may be made the day before you intend to serve it which does away with any last minute rush.

- 11/3 cups crushed peppermint stick candy
- 2 cups heavy cream
- 32 chocolate wafers

Crush the candy, whip the cream until stiff and fold in the candy. Lay sheet of waxed paper in shallow pan. Spread wafers with whipped cream mixture and press together lightly to form a long roll on the waxed paper. Use remaining whipped cream to frost outside. Place in refrigerator for at least 3 hours, or over-night. For serving, cut in diagonal slices. Serves about 10.

PERFECT BISCUITS

I have tried many recipes but this one produces the most tender delicious biscuits I have ever tasted. Of course you must handle the dough lightly, just as you do for pastry or doughnuts. Add a little more shortening and you have a perfect cover for meat pies. I also use it for strawberry or rhubarb shortcake. Try it.—Leanna.

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

Sift dry ingredients 3 times. Add shortening using blender. Make well in center and add about 2/3 cup milk. Stir dough just until it follows fork. Add rest of milk if necessary. Knead very gently, folding very gently, folding 8 to 10 times. Bake in 450 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

BAKED EGGS WITH PIMENTO POTATOES

A filling and delicious baked dish for supper.

- 4 cups cooked potatoes
- 2 pimentos
- 1 green pepper
- 2 Tbls. onion
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 6 eggs

- 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

In greased baking dish or casserole place diced cooked potatoes, finely chopped pimentos, green pepper and grated onion.

Make a white sauce with butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk, cooking in double boiler until thick and smooth. Turn over potato mixture; with tablespoon, make six indentations and into each break an egg. Dust with paprika and 1/4 tsp. salt; cover with bread crumbs and bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 35 minutes. When cool, cover with meringue using 2 egg whites and 4 Tbls. sugar. Return to oven to brown.

ASPARAGUS SOUFFLE

There are many ways to use asparagus, but we enjoy this recipe, also the one for asparagus casserole which follows.

- 3 cups cooked asparagus, salted
- 2 cups white sauce
- 3 well-beaten eggs
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- Cracker crumbs

Add asparagus to white sauce while still hot in your double boiler. Add cheese and let stand till cool. The cheese will be melted. Fold in carefully the beaten eggs and pour into a buttered casserole. Top with the cracker crumbs and bake in a moderate oven about 30 min. Set casserole in pan of water.

ESCALLOPED ASPARAGUS

- 2 cups cooked asparagus
- 1/4 cup pimento, diced
- 4 hard cooked eggs, diced
- 1 cup grated cheese

Cover bottom of baking dish with cracker crumbs. Add alternate layers of asparagus, eggs, pimento and cheese. Salt. Add thin cream to nearly cover. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven until brown, and cream is well absorbed.

FREEZING ASPARAGUS

Use young, rapidly grown stalks. Freeze the same day as harvested. Discard short stubby white stalks. Cut stalks 5 to 10 inch lengths. Wash in several waters or use strong spray of water. Sort for size. Eliminate tough portion of stalk. Cut into 3/4 to 1 inch pieces or to fit into container. Scald 3 minutes. Pack tips of cut pieces in container, then cover with 11/2 per cent brine. (11/2% brine is 1 Tbls. salt to 1 quart cold water.)

VERY GOOD DUMPLINGS

These can be cooked without a cover and do not need to be turned. Also, if any are left over they can be reheated and will still be light as a feather.

Beat 1 egg slightly, add 6 Tbls. cold water, 1 Tbls. melted shortening, 1/2 tsp. salt, 3 tsp. baking powder and 1 cup flour. Stir all together until thick and smooth and drop in boiling broth. Cook for 10 minutes.

FREEZING SPINACH (and other greens)

Harvest while tender, before plants become too large. Cut before seed stalks appear. Harvest entire spinach plant. Use only tender center leaves from old kale and mustard plants. Select turnip leaves from young plants. Wash under spray of water a number of times. Trim off leaves from center stalk. Trim off large midribs and leaf stems. Discard injured leaves. Scald 2 minutes. Stir once to prevent leaves matting together and cool. Pack firmly in container to expel air. Do not add brine.

DECORATOR'S FROSTING

Whether it is a birthday cake or one for that Golden Wedding party, you need a dependable recipe for the cake frosting itself, and for the decorator tube. With a little experience you will be able to turn out a real conversation piece.

- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream tartar
- 1/4 cup glycerine
- 1 tsp. flavoring

Beat salted egg whites until frothy, add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Gradually add all but 1/2 cup of sifted powdered sugar. Add glycerine and flavoring. Icing should be very thin. Brush all crumbs from cake. Place cake on a piece of cardboard cut the size of the cake, then place on wax paper. Spread cake with a thin coat of the icing. Let stand until dry. (Be sure to keep the bowl of icing covered.) Add remaining 1/2 cup sugar or more if needed to make icing spread easily for second coat. This will probably take most of the icing but if any is left, cover and keep for decorating. Add enough powdered sugar to make icing hold its shape when pressed through decorator's tube. Add a little melted butter and desired coloring and apply decorations after 2 coatings of frosting have set.

RHUBARB CONSERVE

- 6 lbs. rhubarb
- 6 lbs. sugar
- 2 oranges
- 1 cup nut meats
- 2 cups raisins

Cut rhubarb and oranges into pieces of medium size. Pour sugar over them and let stand overnight. In the morning cook until thick, add nuts and raisins which have been cooked previously. Reheat and seal in sterile jars.

PINEAPPLE-RHUBARB MARMALADE

- 3 lbs. of rhubarb cut in cubes
- 1 can crushed pineapple
- 4 1/2 lbs. of sugar

Let this stand overnight, then boil until thick and seal.

MASHED POTATO AND ONION PUFF

- 11/2 cups boiled onions
- 3/4 cup rich milk
- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 4 Tbls. parsley

Add finely chopped onions and milk to mashed potatoes, with salt and egg yolks. Beat until light and fluffy. Beat egg whites until stiff and creamy; fold into potato and onion mixture with minced parsley. Bake in greased casserole in moderately slow oven, 325 degrees, for 35 minutes; increase heat to 400 degrees for 5 minutes to brown.

WINTER CAME LATE FOR DOROTHY TOO

Dear Friends:

Here it is winter again with snow on the ground and more predicted for tomorrow!

After such a mild and lovely winter, it was quite a shock to wake up and see it snowing this morning. When Kristin and I started out to the car to go to the corner to meet the school bus she started griping about the snow and how much she hated it. I had to remind her that she had been wanting it to snow all winter so she could get some good out of her new snow skates she got for Christmas. But she said, "Yes, but that was this winter and now it is Spring and our tulips are up and everything and now we will never get to hunt for the wild flowers in the timber." I reassured her that this moisture was just what the wild flowers were going to need, but she still wasn't very happy when she got on the bus.

Frank plowed all day Saturday and today we had planned to sow the oats. Needless to say, there were no oats sown today but I did get a big ironing finished, and Frank spent the day hauling hay and just getting all the chores done. Kristin took her music lesson after school tonight, so she stayed in town all night with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond.

Lucas County children have been taking their Stanford Achievement tests this month. The Chariton schools gave the test three weeks ago and the rural children took the test last week. I worked in the office all week helping check the tests with Doris Allen, the girl who now has the job I formerly had, and Mrs. Kiburz, County Superintendent. There were over five hundred of these tests and it made for quite a job. Of course last week, of all weeks, the roads were muddy all week long and Kristin and I had to walk in and out until Friday night when the roads finally dried up enough that we could drive home. Unless something special comes up and they need some extra help, I only work one day a week in the office. Bernie says that it can be nice all week long and if it is going to storm at all it always waits until the day I have to be in town at 8:00 o'clock in the morning!

I am very sorry to announce that Mrs. Kiburz, who has been our Lucas County Superintendent of Schco's for the past six years, has resigned her job. She actually turned in her resignation the first of the year but since she didn't plan to leave the office until April I haven't mentioned it before. She has done so much for the Lucas County schools in the years she has been here that everyone is very sorry to see her leave us. Mr. Kiburz has been in poor health for quite some time and she is needed to help with their own private business. Mrs. Kiburz has been such a good friend of ours that we are happy they don't plan to move away from Chariton immediately.

A couple of weeks ago the rural teachers gave a covered dish supper

in her honor and presented her with a gift. For my contribution to the meal I took the \$100 chocolate cake, and fortunately I had very good luck with it. Everyone raved about it and wanted the recipe. Those of us who work in the office with Mrs. Kiburz are having another dinner tomorrow night and they asked me to bring "another one of those chocolate cakes", so you can see what I will be doing tomorrow morning.

While I am on the subject of cakes, Mother said that there have been a lot of requests for the white cake recipe that Kristin has such good luck with, the one that she saw demonstrated at a 4-H Club meeting, so here it is:

Snowflake Cake

Into a large bowl put:

- 2 cups and 2 T. of flour
- 4 t. of Baking Powder
- 1 t. of salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup milk

Beat this two minutes by hand or one minute with the mixer (turned on low speed).

Add: 4 egg whites

1 t. Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla

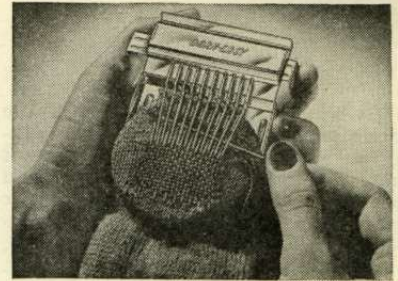
Beat two more minutes by hand or one minute with the mixer. Bake in a 350 degree oven.

Kristin and I are very busy with 4-H activities right now. At one of the recent meetings she had to give a talk on "Courtesy in the Home". Last week was her turn to be hostess and to give her demonstration. Since we knew at the first of the year that our turn to entertain would fall in March, and knowing that the chances were that our mile of dirt road would probably be muddy at that time, Mrs. John Elide, who has been the assistant leader, graciously said that we could have it at her house since she lives on an all-weather road. When Kristin and I were walking back and forth all last week we were awfully glad that this arrangement had been made.

Mrs. Elide feels that she doesn't have the time right now to devote to the assistant leader's job so she has asked me to take over for her. I don't feel that I know too much about 4-H yet since this is our first year in the club, but we do have a very good leader, Mrs. Reed Narber of Lucas, and I shall be happy to help her all I can.

Right now our Whitebreast Zippers girls club, along with three other clubs in this section of the county, are busy working on their part of the program for the big 4-H Variety Show which will be given in April. Each of the four clubs is responsible for twenty minutes of the program. Mrs. Narber asked me to take charge of our club and I found a cute little play which calls for just exactly the number of players that we have girls in the club, so everyone will be able to take part. We have had several practices and will need to have several more.

Our Variety Show will be one of four given in the county during the month of April. Every club in the county is represented in one of these shows. The proceeds goes into a county fund for the boys' and girls'



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entertainments during the year. For instance, during the month of April there will be several skating parties at the Chariton Skating Rink. The rink has been rented for the evening and all 4-H boys and girls and their families are invited to the party. I said several parties because of course we couldn't all go at once, and so the county is divided again into sections. Our girls will go to the party on the night of April 19th. Kristin has never skated at a skating rink, so she is eagerly looking forward to this. She thinks it is going to be a lot of fun to see her mother skate. I have told her how much I used to skate when I was her age but I don't think she will believe I really can until she sees me in action.

It is getting late and there is much to be done in the morning, so I had better say goodnight and go to bed.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

THE MOTHER

"Who is that girl in the dress over there
With the checkered dress and blondish hair?"
"She sorta works there," Bob replied.
"She takes their baby for a ride;
She does their washing, and irons their clothes,
And plants their flowers in neat little rows;
And washes their dishes, and gets their meals,
And makes marmalade out of orange peels.
When the lights go out, she mends the fuse;
She darns their stockings and cleans their shoes,
When they moved into the house last fall,
She painted and papered the upstairs hall."
"Oh — I know then," said little brother,
"She doesn't work there — SHE'S THEIR MOTHER!"

—Unknown

A JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

By

Mildred Cathcart

It's banquet time again, and if the young people at your house are working on a committee, perhaps some of these general ideas could be utilized to fit in with their own particular needs. "Beyond the Rainbow to Make-Believe Land" can be a most colorful, entertaining and easy-to-do banquet.

Decorating seems to be one of the major problems in such an affair and the idea is to transform your gym or other room into a "new place". A large rainbow is the center of attraction in this case and should naturally be given the prominent place. You can fashion your rainbow of heavy paper, bow-shaped, and covered with true rainbow colors. Fine wire may be used to suspend the bow from the ceiling. And do not forget the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!

Streamers seem to be a MUST for such an affair so use pastel shades. At appropriate places hang sparkling stars from the streamers. (Light cardboard stars covered with tin foil may be given extra glamour by gluing colored sequins around the five points and adding a cluster of sequins in the center. A little wishing well could easily be constructed by using brick effect construction paper. The bottom of the well could be made to resemble water by placing a glass over blue paper, but better still, build your well around a large tub that can be filled. Lattice work over the well could be entwined with real or artificial blossoms. Arrange a string of colored Christmas tree lights to cast a pretty reflection in the water.

In one corner of your room, construct a lovely fairy-like castle. On this you can let your imaginations run wild. The result will need to be more colorful than substantial. Certainly the boys will enjoy working on this.

Your tables may be covered with cloths of rainbow hue. Or you may prefer to use a white cover with streamers of various hues arranged in a bow at the sides. For your centerpiece use a pot of gold made by covering a large bowl with gold paper, or you may paint a bowl-shaped container with gold paint. Pastel colored flowers can be added.

I think, however, you will like this suggestion. Use flowers in small holders other than your pot of gold, and then fill your pot of gold with an inexpensive little remembrance for each graduate. Wrap each gift in gold paper and fasten it to a streamer. Attach the other end of the streamer to a guest's place card. This will surely make the honored ones think they have found the pot of gold.

Place cards may take the form of fairy wand's made by wrapping a light wire in silver paper or stringing it with sequins and adding a sparkling star at the end.

You will find in all your decorating that gold paint, gilt or silver paint or "gold dust" adds a magical touch to things, especially under many lights.

As you plan your menu think of various "make-believe" names for the



Mother and her newest grandchild, little Clark Driftmier at the age of four months. He's the best baby we've ever had in our family.

various foods. Clover leaf rolls might be "Good luck"; potatoes, "buried treasure"; carrot sticks, "gold bars"; cottage cheese salad, "Little Miss Muffet"; Pork, "Three little pigs"! Cakes, "Queen of hearts"; Ice Cream, "Fairy freeze", and so on.

When all are seated, sound a bit of fan-fare and then as the song "Over the Rainbow" is played, the door of the fairy castle opens and out step the waitresses all dressed in rainbow colors.

For your program select a few of your make-believe characters to perform. To the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" a drill team dressed appropriately and carrying toy guns could go through a routine musically. Every school child has thrilled to the story of "Peter Rabbit", so have some one dressed like a bunny sing "Here Comes Peter Cottontail." You may wish to include Mother Goose, Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf, Mary and her little Lamb, etc. Someone who plays a horn could be announced as Little Boy Blue when he performs.

Such a program is so flexible that it can easily be arranged to fit your type of school and the talents with which you must work. Let "Some Where Over the Rainbow" and "Make-Believe" be your theme songs.

For such an entertainment you will find your guests so pleased that they will not have to "Make-Believe" when they tell you this is one of the never to be forgotten events of their school days.

FROM MY DESK

By

Leanna

QUES: "Will you please write something soon about this situation where brothers and sisters do not willingly share the responsibility of an aged parent? Two years ago, on my father's death, our family home was sold and my mother was willing to live

with her children rather than to enter an Old Peoples' Home. There are four of us, and it was understood that she would spend three months with one, then three months with the next, etc. We all live here in Iowa and Mother is in good health and could easily be taken by car at the end of each three months' period.

"This was the arrangement, you understand, but at the end of two years Mother is still with us and it has never been convenient for any of the others to have her. We get along nicely and I'm not complaining about Mother, but I am complaining about my sister and two brothers. After all, we have a small house and it would be nice to have a little breathing spell with just our own family. I don't want to put Mother in an embarrassing position by making her feel that she must take action in going to visit the others, so what would you suggest that I do?"—Iowa.

ANS: I'd sit right down and write to the others, outline the original understanding, point out that you've had your mother for two years, and ask them to get together and decide within ten days which one of the three will have her next. Remind them that your mother is not to be embarrassed in any way, but that one of them must write at once and ask her to come and visit for three months. Don't throw up a lot of things — simply write a clear statement without sounding riled up. This should produce action. If it doesn't, decide which home your mother would prefer visiting, and then sit down and write to notify them that she will arrive at such-and-such a time. Obviously they are not going to offer to have her after allowing two years to pass, so you must take action at your end.

QUES: "I wonder if other women have my trouble and how they cope with it? I have never been able to find out what my husband's business dealings are — he's in the real estate business and has been for years. He gives me money when I ask for it, pays all of the bills himself and really isn't stingy, but it frightens me when I think how I don't know anything about our affairs. What if he should pass away suddenly? We're both in our late fifties and I sometimes get so worried and exasperated about this that I can hardly stand it. He refuses to tell me, so don't advise me to ask him."—Ia..

ANS: I thought that this type of husband had just about disappeared and I think to a large extent he has. One of the good things about these younger generations is that husband and wife share all of the financial problems together. You would be perfectly within the limits of reason and good taste to see your husband's attorney and explain the situation to him. Tell him how worried you are and ask him to speak to your husband when he is in the office the next time. Most men have some one lawyer with whom they consult, particular a man in the real estate business, and I think you can enlist his cooperation. A lawyer would be the first to agree that you should certainly have some idea of what your affairs are.

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What I spent I had,
What I kept I lost,
What I gave I have.

—Henry Ward Beecher

(Continued from Page 4)

pants as he bent over to bait his line. To make the story short, many years later I married that tow-head for, as he says, I *snares* him at the age of 12! And he gave me this fish hook as an engagement present! He claims it is that same hook which hooked him years earlier. And these notes are some of the many that Freckles and I passed in school when teacher's head was turned — now I call them our first love letters." (Leader fastens the mementoes in the book as Nancy sings "Schooldays" and then exits.)

Leader: "Marie, are those your baby shoes and dresses?"

Marie: "No, they belong to my husband. They came from my mother-in-law's memory box and now I will put them away with my treasurers. For me, they serve as a reminder of all I owe my mother-in-law. I prefer to call her mother-in-love for she has so graciously shared her beloved son with me and I have here my own son's little shoes, too which will go with his Daddy's. They will remind me, too, to be a loving generous mother-in-law when my turn comes. If I may, I'd like to read you this little poem called *To "His Mother"*, written by Minnie Price.

"Mother-in-law" they say, and yet . . . Somehow I simply can't forget 'Twas you who watched his baby ways, who taught him his first hymn of praise. Who smiled on him with loving pride, When he first toddled by your side. And as I think of this today, I think that I'd much rather say . . . Just, Mother. "Mother-in-law" they say, and yet . . . somehow I never shall forget, How very much I owe To you who taught him how to grow. You trained your son to look above, You made of him the man I love. And so I think of that today, And then with thankful heart I say . . . Dear Mother.

Leader: "Baby shoes hold a special spot in our souvenirs so here is a poem dedicated to all those who cherish a pair.

BABY SHOES

Two worn little shoes with a hole in the toe!

And why have I saved them: Well—all mothers know,

There's nothing so sweet as a baby's worn shoe,

And patter of little steps following you,

The feet they once held have grown slender and strong;

Tonight they'll be tired after dancing so long—

I guided her feet when she wore such as these.

DEAR GOD—MAY I ASK—WON'T YOU GUIDE THEM NOW, PLEASE?

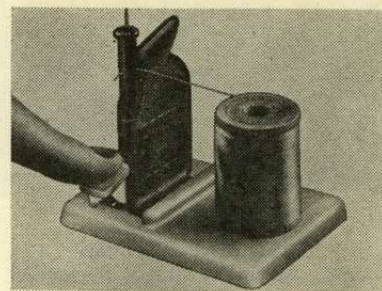
by Isla P Richardson.

(For this poem, use "Tie Me To Your Apron Strings Again" played softly in background).

Leader: "Molly, I see you have several things to reminisce about."

Molly: "Yes, they are all such little things, but they recall some mighty big memories. First, on this card-board is the memento of my last tom-girl escapade. You see, father had

(Continued on Next Page)



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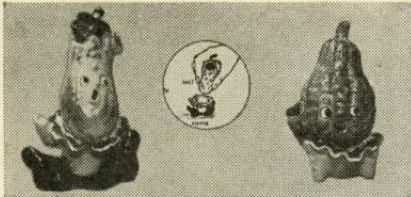


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AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

(Continued from Page 13)

pulled the portable hog houses out to a far pasture. My brothers and I were always hunting places to slide but woe was me the evening we neglected chores to slide down the hog house roofs. This splinter embedded itself in my "slider" so deeply I had to be taken to the hospital to have a doctor remove it. He gave it to me as a souvenir.

"I expected a severe punishment for that stunt, instead mother suggested I was getting a little too old for tomboyish tricks and suggested we do something together as a hobby. So we took long walks and I began a leaf collection—that's why I'll add this leaf for the lovely companionship I had that summer with my mother. That summer, too, Granny taught me to cook and here in her own handwriting is her recipe for "Doughnut Holes". To all of us kids the supreme treat was to come into Granny's kitchen and smell Doughnut Holes frying!"

Leader. "Lavonne, I see you have papers to tell us about."

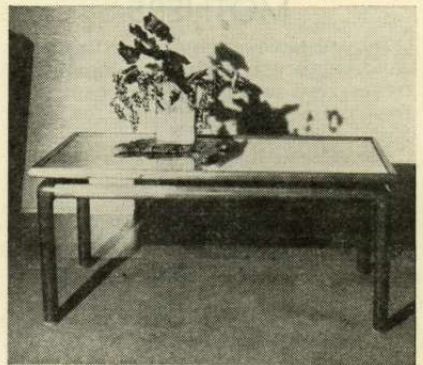
Lavonne: "Indeed I have! I've saved papers all my life. To me they weave a story. First, here is one of the many little notes Mother and Dad would leave on the kitchen table for us kids to find when we came from school if, for any reason, they had to be gone. You see, they felt it important for children to find their folks at home ready to hear the day's happenings. But the notes were fun occasionally, especially if Dad would write one of his funny little rhymes."

"Here are several programs — our first piano recitals, church Christmas programs and declamatory contests. And whenever I recall these events, I see Mom and Dad right there in front seats ready always to lend their moral support to our quaking hearts as we did our part of the program. I'll always cherish these, so please add them to the book."

Leader: "Jennie, you have a snapshot for our book, I see."

Jennie: "Yes, this is a snapshot which reminds me of one of my saddest mistakes but it also reminds me of my mother's great understanding and patience. You see, I was just 16 that summer and had worked out and earned some money of my own. Without consulting mother I bought a piece of beflowered material the saleslady assured me was "just like silk". Mother said nary a word when I showed it to her but helped me patiently as I sewed it up into a grand new dress to wear to the Sunday School picnic. This snapshot shows me in that dress."

"It was lucky the snap was made as I arrived, for a quick thunderstorm came up suddenly that afternoon and before we could grab picnic baskets, blankets, etc., and get to the cars, we were soaking wet. And my dress! Poor dress! And poor me! As the sleazy rayon began to dry it began to shrink—and shrink. I pulled and tugged to no avail. It crept higher and higher, grew tighter and tighter and the colors ran! When we arrived home I simply ducked my head and



Howard made this large coffee table for Mother and Dad as a Christmas gift last year. Although it looks as though it were made with a separate top, it isn't. He used natural mahogany and, like all of his furniture, it has been treated in such a way that the wood simply glows. These days he is finishing the third of a series of large chests done in cherry. Everything he turns out is a future heirloom.

ran for the shelter of my room, to burst into a flood of tears. "Did my mother scold and say, "I told you so?" Indeed not. She comforted and consoled and later pointed out the value of knowing what we are buying. Yes, here is my pictured version of "pride going before a shrinking!"

Leader: "Ah, Martha, I can tell by the way you carry that Family Bible that you cherish it dearly. Tell us about it."

Martha: "Well, when I see this dear Bible it always calls up so many vivid pictures of home — father reading aloud from it just before our bedtime, Mother writing down the names of each new baby in the family. And in it are many marked passages put there by Granny's indelible pencil and there are passages the minister marked for the folks to read after little brother Jamie died of scarlet fever."

"And see this little folded yellow clipping? One day after the Bible was passed on to me, I chanced to find this tucked between the pages. A note on the margin, written in mother's hand said, 'clipped and sent to me in John's first letter to me after I had promised to be his wife!' All these years she had treasured it. It was Elizabeth Brownings sonnet, "How Do I Love Thee?" Remember it goes like this: (Martha reads the sonnet to a musical background such as "Through the Years" or "I Love You Truly")

Leader: "So we close the cover on our big scrapbook and put the lid on the souvenir box. To some it would seem a queer collection of useless things. But we know otherwise. Something else I would point out — not one person brought a dust cloth, or a can of floor wax. Not one contributed a scrap of starched curtain or the cord to the old family vacuum cleaner! Then let us ponder, "What are home memories made of?" Yes, let's remember it's the *livin'* in a house that makes it Home!"

One needs a little place, no matter how tiny, of which one may say: "This is my own. Here I live. Here I love. Here I tarry. Here am I at home."

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

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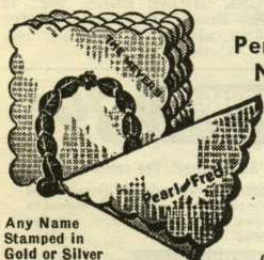
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me down to
sleep I pray
thee, Lord my
soul to keep.
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through . . .
the starry
night, And
waken me . . .
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light."

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

It always seems that shutins feel their shutin-ness more as the warm days come and they are not able to get out and enjoy them, so will you do something to ease this burden for them?

Lena Avery, 237 N. Congress, Rushville, Illinois, has been shutin for many years. In the last few years she has been able to be about the house and yard a little, but at present is living far in the country and gets so lonely. Her mother also is an invalid.

Mrs. Lela Bell, 8315 San Juan Rd. N. E., Albuquerque, N. Mex., has arthritis. Her hands are badly drawn but she can write some.

Miss Edna Casper, St. Elizabeth Hosp., Elizabeth 1, N. J., has been bedfast for years and likely will never be out again. Her sight and hearing are very bad, but she enjoys cards.

Frances Clinton, 1528 Third Ave. S., Denison, Iowa, is an invalid due to multiple sclerosis. She spends much time in the hospital and loves mail.

Mrs. Etta Mae Coffman, 8020 N. 31 St., Omaha, Nebr., is unable to walk or do for herself. A friend reads for her and occasionally writes for her.

Irene Conard, Drawer 37, Nevada, Mo., has been in the hospital and bedfast for a long time. She is unable to write but loves to get mail.

Winona Franz, 548 Main St., Tell City, Ind., is considerably worse. She has been an invalid for 40-odd years, and is bedfast now. Collects hankies and loves to hear from people.

Ralph Griswold, 284 Brunswick Ave., Gardiner, Maine, is 19 and has spent most of his life in a wheel chair. He needs cheery letters.

Mrs. Alma Hanson, Rt. 1, Box 35, Lily, South Dakota, has arthritis, must use crutches and seldom gets outdoors.

Mrs. Winifred Koppes, Hanover, Kansas, a long-time shutin is bedfast now and suffers a great deal.

Mrs. Ethel Mygatt, c/o I.O.O.F. Hospital, Liberty, Mo., has arthritis and is so drawn that she is unable to care for her self at all. She collects stamps which someone has to mount for her, and enjoys mail.

Mrs. Anna Nonemaker, 10 Hummel Ave., Camp Hill, Pa., is almost 80. She had an accident earlier this year, was in bed for some time and is still far from well. She is interested in church work and misses getting to meetings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Percival, Ward 2, Bldg. O, Creedmore State Hospital, Sub. Sta. 60, Queens Village 27, Long Island, N. Y., is away from friends and has no relatives. She wants mail and needs paper and stamps to write, which she enjoys doing.

Mrs. Clara Rasmussen, Rt. 4, c/o Floyd Briggs Sr., Council Bluffs, Iowa, is almost completely helpless from arthritis. She is 74 and needs cheer.

Miss Merle Walter, Franklin, Nebr., has arthritis and is in the hospital much of the time. Her mother helps her make candy for sale.



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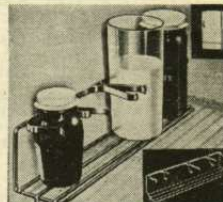
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