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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends:

Although I am writing this from a hotel room in California, I really feel at home because my desk is stacked with beautiful cards of sympathy and letters from you friends that have been forwarded on from Iowa. Such messages always mean more than words can say, but when you are many miles from home they seem to carry even greater comfort.

We knew when we set out for Redlands in early January that it was only a question of a few weeks, at best, before we must say farewell to Sue. If my letters to you never carried the full measure of our fears it is because she read them eagerly as soon as Kitchen-Klatter arrived at her daughter Mary's home, and under no conditions could I indicate that we were sorely troubled.

I am free now to tell you that last summer when we came out here we didn't really believe that she could live until we arrived. At that time she was hospitalized and in a most serious condition. But somehow she struggled through that critical period and actually seemed to regain at least a shadow of her former strength. It seemed a miracle to us that she could leave the hospital and return to Mary's home. I am sure that Mary's constant and loving care, plus the presence of her dear grandchildren and frequent visits from Frances, her other daughter near Redlands, all made it possible for her to live several more months.

Sister Jessie, Mart and I arrived here after five days on the road and knew, as soon as we had seen Sue for the first time, that we had made the trip none too soon. From that point on it was just a case of sitting with her quietly and visiting briefly when she felt well enough to converse.

A few days before she passed on she was taken back to Loma Linda hospital, and there she received the merciful care that permitted her to slip away quietly shortly after midnight on January 24th. Jessie and I are so grateful that we could be with her as long as she knew us, and that we could try to be of comfort to her daughters.

Memorial services were held for her on the following Friday. Margery Conrad Sayre, her youngest daughter, came from her home in Montclair, New Jersey and could not arrive until Thursday afternoon. We made the

final arrangements after she completed her long trip, and it was a simple service filled with the reflection of her joyous life and never-failing hope.

Sue was laid to rest in a beautiful cemetery near the mountains she loved so well. It was a lovely day, clear and bright, with snow sparkling on distant peaks, but with a wealth of brilliant spring flowers near at hand to comfort aching hearts. Jessie, Martha and I have now parted from our eldest sister and our youngest sister. Only the three of us are left after all the years of dear and beloved association.

Before Margery had to return to her distant home and four small children (her baby was born only this past summer — Sue never had an opportunity to see her), we had several meals with our three Conrad nieces, both at Mary's home and here at the hotel where we are staying. They are fine young women who are a credit to their mother's teaching and love. I am happy that we have had so many opportunities to see them in recent years.

We had hoped that brother Sol and his wife and daughter Jean could come down from northern California for Sue's memorial services, but word came that Sol was critically ill with bronchitis, aggravated by a serious heart condition. He was under oxygen in the hospital, and there was no question of anyone coming down around 600 miles to Redlands. As I write this, he is much improved and we expect to make the trip soon to see him.

Jessie and I are just now beginning to relax and rest. I have been fortunate enough to miss the epidemic of colds and flu that has swept over most of the country in recent weeks, but Jessie had a dreadful cold and could hardly keep going. Now we are sitting in the sun out on the patio and doing a little fancy work — but mostly we are just sitting and resting. Mart spends long hours reading, and that fills his time fairly well.

He expects to take the bus down to Los Angeles to see his brother Harry one of these days. Until this year we have always driven down, but California traffic has now reached such a pitch that it seems better to confine our driving to the comparatively quiet area around Redlands.

My good friend, Ethel Wells, whom we visited a couple of years ago in

Greenfield, Mass., is back here in California this winter and came to see us shortly before Sue passed away. We may get an opportunity to drive where she is staying and have another visit in the near future. I am also hoping that Gertrude Hayzlett and her husband can drive up to Redlands from their home in Los Angeles, and in one way or another we'd like to get together with Russell's parents who are at Twenty-Nine Palms.

I realize that in this letter there isn't anything that could pass for "California news" but I also know that all of you who have been through the experience we've so recently been through, understand why other things scarcely enter your consciousness. I hardly see how it could be any other way, for after all, our thoughts are concentrated wholly on doing what we can for those who need us so badly.

After Sue had left us we found among her papers an envelope that had been used originally to carry a letter to her from our dear friend, Susie Hadfield of Council Bluffs. On the back of this envelope Sue had written in her small, distinctive hand, the following poem that can really serve as her testament to the world she loved so much.

We feel that in sharing it with you we are passing on an expression of thought that may bring comfort to others who know so well the wrench we are now experiencing. It was the last thing she ever wrote.

As I lie within the four walls of this room,  
One shining thought dispels its every gloom—  
The thought that you, my loved and cherished ones,  
Can still go walking in the noonday sun . . .  
Can lift your eyes up to the stars at night  
And see the full moon's silvery light . . .  
Can kneel beside a flowing, living stream  
And watch its ripples shine and twist and gleam . . .  
Can climb a mountain high to see the sun  
Proclaim to all the world that dawn has come . . .  
And trudge again to this same mountain's height  
To see the shadows bid the world goodnight.  
These precious gifts have all been mine so long  
That in my soul they've left a golden song . . .  
Now all this wealth to you I leave,  
I need it not . . . so do not grieve.

With gratitude to each and every one of you for your prayers and thoughts, I am always

Affectionately yours . . . Leanna

### COVER PICTURE

Back in Iowa our little grandchildren, Emily, Alison and Clark Driftmier (their parents are Abigail and Wayne) have a chance to enjoy their Christmas sled.

## FOR AUNT SUE

It is almost twelve o'clock on a bitter February night, and I have been sitting at this desk for a long time wondering how to find words that could begin to convey the meaning that Aunt Sue Conrad's life held for those of us who were privileged to know and love her for many years.

Words are so inadequate. And words are also awkward. They brush only the surface of what one really *wants* to say.

But a few moments ago I turned my head and saw a glowing wheat-colored vase filled with golden forsythia, and suddenly Aunt Sue was here as vividly, as wholly as though she had just walked into the room.

From her hands came the vase. She turned it on her potter's wheel. And she gave it to us on a beautiful April day when we went to see her in the last spring she was to know in Iowa.

"Here," she said, taking it from the shelf just as we turned to go, "I made it especially for a few sprays of flowering shrub, and I want you to have it because you always remember to bring in pear branches and forsythia just at the right time!"

Dear Aunt Sue! What a living world of beauty she created! What cheer and sparkling hopefulness she brought to the dullest, most unpromising looking day!

The qualities of her personality are the qualities found far too rarely in this world, and they are the qualities that people turn towards as instinctively as the growing flower turns towards the light.

She could not be long dismayed by any catastrophe. When the bottom fell out of the world she looked at it for one surprised moment and then turned, with a twinkle in her eye, and started to pick up the pieces. She simply would not be defeated.

"There is a way out of *everything*," she would state firmly. "And I intend to find it."

I suppose you could look the whole world over and never find a woman who worked harder — sheer, hard physical work. It was heavy manual labor to turn that potter's wheel, and on scalding summer days she was as hot as any man who ever pitched hay under an Iowa sun. But she simply brushed back her hair, kept right on turning that wheel — and sang! Any one who ever saw this could never, never forget it.

But in addition to turning out beautiful pieces of pottery in soft, unusual colors and with different types of glazes not often seen, she had a most special and rare gift for teaching others how it was done. Not for Aunt Sue were jealously guarded secrets. She passed on, blithely and freely, everything that she knew about her art. We will never know how many people had their lives enriched by her through the long years that she traveled at a killing pace to give lectures and demonstrations in schools beyond number.

When one of these young people would write to her later she seemed genuinely surprised and touched.



This is the last picture we have of Aunt Sue. It was taken at Mother's home just a few days before she made her final trip to California.

"Why, I just showed them the little I know," she'd exclaim. And then she'd add, thoughtfully, "Well, I *did* try to make them see that there is beauty all around us if only we will open our eyes to see it."

And that was the core of what Aunt Sue lived by. We are surrounded by beauty because it is God's world. In it there is beauty enough to sustain us all the days of our life. And if we will but open our eyes and see it we will find enough to carry us through the darkest hours.

There were dark hours in the last months of her life, but oh! how gallantly she rose to face them! Not for her were the regrets, the useless yearnings to return to happier days and better times.

It was just before Christmas in 1953 that we went to the little pottery shop that was also her home, to help pack the things for her last trip. She had lived there for fifteen years and it was very dear to her. In the garden outside were the flowers she loved so much. In the rooms downstairs were the kilns, the shelves full of her work, the potter's wheel. She knew, and we knew, that she would never again see this home. It was a departure that anyone less brave could have made a hard, hard thing for those who loved her but were helpless to arrest the course of events.

But she came down the steps smiling. She looked lovingly for one brief second at the big willow tree that had sheltered her roof for so many years. And then she stepped into the car and said "I'm ready now to go." And she did not glance back once, nor did she permit us to drive away in somber silence. Before we had turned the corner she was laughing with real humor at the big collection of boxes that cascaded around her feet!

Yes, it was a privilege to know Aunt Sue. Truly the world is a more beautiful place because she lived. Her rare

and unique spirit will be with us always, and it is comforting to know that her radiant soul is even now searching eagerly through worlds not yet known to us.

\* \* \*

Good-night, good-night! as we so oft have said,  
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days

That are no more, and shall no more return.

Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed;

I stay a little longer, as one stays  
To cover up the embers that still burn.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.  
—Lucile

## JUST AWAY

I cannot say, and I will not say  
That she is dead — she is just away!  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,

She has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since she lingers there.

So think of her faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here;

Think of her still as the same, I say,  
She is not dead — she is just away!

## "LET ME BEQUEATH"

Let there be fields in flowering white,  
Young meadows newly green,  
And afar great mountain ranges—  
Blue peaks with gold between.

Let there be spring clouds, fleecy light,  
And south winds to kiss the heather,

With exhilarant dawns and golden noons  
Going on and on forever.

Let long evenings fringe my prairies  
With an old metallic lace,  
I bequeath them graciously  
To those who take my place.

—Annie Parish Slankard

## NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,

Leads by the hand her little child to bed,

Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,

Still gazing at them through the open door,

Nor wholly reassured and comforted

Ey promises of others in their stead,

Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;

So Nature deals with us and takes away

Our playthings one by one, and by the hand

Leads us to rest so gently that we go

Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,

Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

## DOROTHY'S NEWS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Our winter weather has finally descended upon us with its sub-zero temperatures and lots and lots of snow.

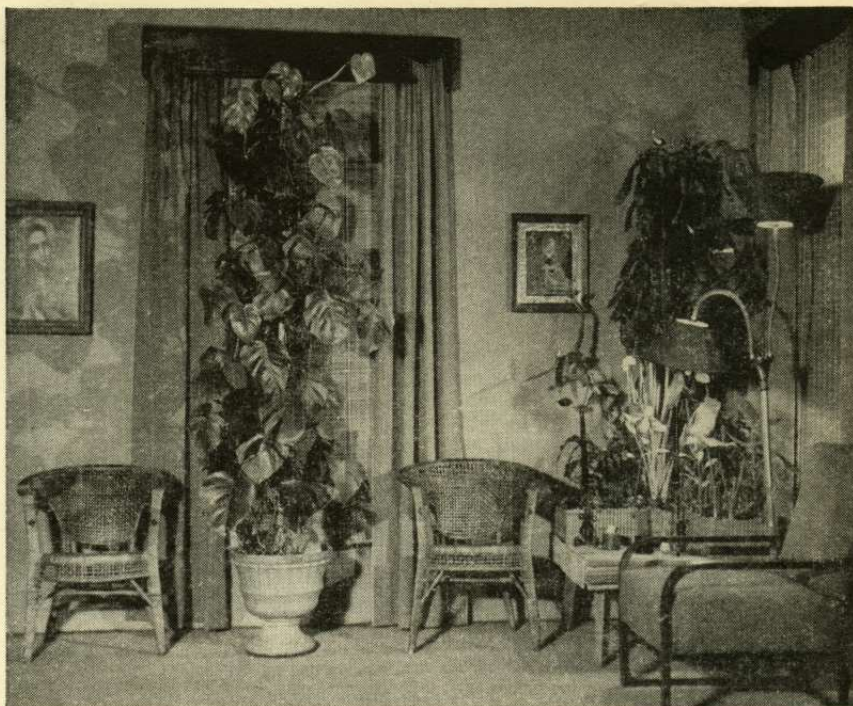
Not more than ten days ago a group of us were sitting around the kitchen table discussing the winters we used to have and comparing them with the warm and balmy winter we were enjoying this year. Three days later we changed our tune when the thermometer said it was 22 degrees below zero and the wind was blowing several inches of snow into deep drifts. Kristin stayed in town with her Aunt Edna last week so she wouldn't have to miss any school. When she came home Friday night she said she just felt as if she were attending boarding school and only got to come home for week-ends.

The deep snow hasn't been good for coasting on our pasture hill but has been perfect for skiing. Saturday afternoon when it had warmed up a little bit Kristin and I took the skis and walked over to the pasture to see how good we were. Right here I will say that Kristin is much better at this sport than I am. She managed to stay upright all the way down and I never got more than half-way down before I lost my balance and fell. I think she is going to love the sport of skiing as much as her Uncle Don does.

Frank's sister Ruth came home for the week-end a week ago and we had a big birthday dinner here on Sunday to celebrate three birthdays in the family. Ruth didn't get to come home for Christmas so we had told her we would save our ducks and have a duck dinner the next time she arrived. I decided on Saturday that we should roast two ducks and it was up to me to clean them. I had never cleaned a duck before and after struggling with those for hours it will not break my heart if I never clean another one. What a job! Surely there must be a simpler way to do it. I will say this though, they were so delicious after they were all roasted and stuffed with Abigail's dressing, that it seemed well worth the time and labor that went into them.

Frank has been spending most of his days (when the weather permitted) working in the timber. He has been cleaning up some of the old trees that have been blown down, and working up the tops of trees that have been cut for logs. Kristin likes to go with him when she is home and help him pile and burn the brush.

Bernie (Frank's sister) is the person in our family who has really been doing things this past month. She has taken over the lunch room at Polser's Station on the edge of Lucas. For years she operated the lunch counter at the Henry Field store in Shenandoah and she is such a good cook that everyone is glad to see her go back into this business. She is still working part time at the post office (afternoons), and the rest of her day is spent at the cafe, so she is a very busy woman. However, a competent woman



If you walked into Lucile's and Russell's home on one of these winter afternoons, you'd think for a moment that you had walked straight into summer! The big jar contains an enormous Monstera that Aunt Helen Fischer loved and cared for through many years. Narcissus and Hyacinths are blooming in the plant container, and in the background behind them is a Night-Blooming Cereus over 35 years old.

is helping her so everything is running smoothly. If you should be driving through Lucas anytime on Highways 34 or 69, stop at the Texaco Station and have a cup of coffee with Bernie and introduce yourselves. She would be happy to meet you.

Last fall when Bernie decided to move into Lucas there was a house she wanted to buy but it belonged to an estate and for some reason couldn't be sold at that time, so she had to rent a house. But a couple of weeks ago she was able to buy the house and tomorrow goes through the agony of moving again. I'm going in early and see if I can be of any help. The new place is only a half block from where she has been living, so things won't need to be carted far. She is going to redecorate the entire house on the inside and do a little remodeling, such as putting in an open staircase and knocking out a partition or two, so she will be living in quite a mess for a while. But as she says, she has so little time at home that she can get more accomplished if she can be in one spot and won't lose any precious time by running back and forth from house to house. Of course the carpenter is working all the time she isn't there so it probably won't be too long before she can get the debris out and the house straightened up.

I told you in my last letter about the little Farrell boy who had been accidentally shot and was in such a critical condition. He got to go home from the hospital a couple of days ago and is making a slow recovery. The accident left him paralyzed on one side and unable to talk, but he is gradually regaining the use of his arm and leg and is now able to say single words, so you can see that he has made great progress.

About the only baking I have done recently is cookies and they can certainly disappear fast around this house. Every other day the cookie jar has to be filled. Oatmeal cookies have always been Frank's favorite until the other day when I got out my Kitchen-Klatter cookie book and made Lucile's Sour-Cream cookies. Instead of adding hickory nuts I added black walnuts and they have certainly made a hit with everyone who has eaten them. I would hate to guess at how many dozen I have made in the past two weeks.

We have several things coming up this month that I will have to tell you about in my next letter. This is the month Kristin entertains 4-H and the week-end following that we are anticipating a week-end visit from Juliana. Since it will be her birthday we are planning a couple of things to help her celebrate but I will have to tell you about those later.

Was I ever thrilled the other day when a couple of catalogs arrived showing the new styles for spring and summer to see that the latest trend in dresses for the Junior Miss and teen-agers is the smocked dress. Just a narrow band across the yoke with a little round collar and a real full skirt. Ruth Johnson lives in Kansas City and she says the store windows there have been full of smocked dresses for this age girl and even for adults. It is called the "little girl" look. I'm awfully anxious now to get some beautiful new cotton material and start in. Kristin is going to need new dresses for summer and I know that a few of them are going to be smocked.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## A SHAMROCK SHENANIGAN

By

Mildred Dooley Cathcart

SHURE and it's time to call out all the sons of Erin — and their friends — so let's plan a St. Patrick's Day Party.

Your invitations will be written in white ink on green shamrocks — or vice versa. Maybe your jingle will go something like this:

"Shure and the Shamrocks are calling  
All the good sons of Old Erin agin',  
Wear your green and come over—  
It's at 8:00 the shindig begins."

### Irish Shenanigans

**Shamrock March:** Place paper shamrocks on floor around room, using one less than number of players. When "The Wearin' of the Green" is played, people must keep moving. When the music stops, each one tries to find a shamrock to step upon. The one left without a shamrock must drop out of the game. He picks up a shamrock and removes it. The last player left is winner.

**Shamrock Puzzle:** Blindfold each person. Give each blunt scissors and paper and see who can cut the most perfect shamrock; — or for a shamrock, you may make jig saw puzzles of shamrocks and see which player or which couple can complete his shamrock first.

**Pat And Mike:** Pat stands blindfolded in the center of circle and points to someone. That person must answer only "Mike" — repeating three times. If Pat can guess the identity, they exchange places.

**Sons Of Ireland:** Each person is given green paper or white paper decorated with small shamrocks. Then he is given the Sons of Ireland test. If he can pass the examination with a perfect score he is entitled to be called a SON OF IRELAND and is given a Shamrock to wear. Here are the questions:

1. A famous Irish Club? Shillalah.
2. Favorite saint? St. Patrick.
3. Favorite dance? Jig or Reel.
4. Favorite color? Green.
5. Favorite animal? Pig.
6. Favorite stone? Blarney.
7. Favorite jokesters? Pat and Mike.
8. Favorite plant? Shamrock.
9. Favorite flower? Wild Irish Rose.
10. Favorite vegetable? Potato.
11. Favorite river? Shannon.
12. Favorite land? Ireland or Erin.

**Shamrock Relay:** Large paper shamrocks mark the goal. Teams may be chosen. Each player is to carry a potato on a spoon to the goal, return, give it to next person on his team, etc. If the potato falls, he must go back to starting point.

**Mulligan Stew:** This is a guessing game. The one who is IT asks each player what he would like to put into Mrs. Mulligan's Stew. The item named must begin with one of the letters in the word "SHAMROCK". The one queried might say shoes, ham, apples, mittens, etc. It does not need to be anything edible so long as it begins with the proper letter. You may have to take a player in on this conspiracy to add interest.



Dad, Mother and Aunt Jessie Shambaugh start out for California on a foggy, almost-black morning in early January.

### Prizes

Prizes may be humorous rather than elaborate, but they should be appropriate. A piggy bank, a bubble pipe, a sack of potatoes, potato masher, or any gift you think suitable for your group may be wrapped in white paper, tied with green ribbon, and shamrocks added.

### Refreshments

The type of food served will depend upon the ages, etc., of your guests. But you can always make shamrock-shaped sandwiches, shamrock cookies, white frosted cakes with shamrocks, green molded salads, and on through the list. You may order white ice cream with a shamrock frozen in it. If you are entertaining teen-agers, leave the pop in bottles, slip a paper lace doily around bottle and paste on a few tiny shamrocks.

You can also cut paper plates into shamrocks and paste green scotch tape around the edges. White plates on green place mats are attractive. The white napkins must have a shamrock in the corner. White nut cups may be pasted on a green shamrock and a green bow tied around the cup.

For a centerpiece, what could be more appropriate — or more easily made, than a SHAMROCK TREE? Find a suitable branch and paint it white, or wrap the branches in white crepe paper. Tie small green paper shamrocks on the limbs. Anchor the branch in a large potato.

Shure and you'll be thinkin' of other ideas once you begin planning your Irish Shindig! And here's one good Irish Dooley who would like to come callin' at your door that night.

### SHURE IT'S IN HONOR OF THE EMERALD ISLE!

An Irish Rock Garden makes a lovely March centerpiece. Arrange clean, scrubbed potatoes upon a large mirror to serve as the rocks in a miniature rock garden. Place bits of fern (the artificial fern from the variety store or snip a few tips from your houseplant) among the rocks. Make sham-

rock "plants" by gluing small paper shamrocks to green toothpick stems and place here and there among the rocks of the garden. Make some peanut pixies (Irish leprechauns, of course) to perch on the rocks, to sit beneath the flowers, etc.

**Pretty Harp Favors** can be made by cutting them (cut around a paper pattern, using a heated knife to achieve smooth edges) from the white straya-foam. A little gold paint can paint the foam to make the golden harp strings. Larger harp cut from cardboard and covered with green and gold foil paper can stand on foam bases for centerpieces. The paper shamrock flowers (described above) can be used around base of the harps. More peanut leprechauns could be climbing the harp strings.

**Shamrock and Leprechaun Favors:** For shamrocks, cut large green gumdrops into petal shape (cut from small end nearly through to bottom). Bend petals back; then stick on a stem made from a length of pipe cleaner. Stick several of these "shamrocks" into potato flower pot. For the pot, cut a potato in half and then trim slice off end so potato pot will stand upright. The peanut pixies might be used on these favors by having some climb the flower stems, some lying lazily in a shamrock flower blossom bed, another curled up beneath the plant asleep.

**Name Card Favors** might be Irish pipes made by sticking a large green gumdrop on a pipe cleaner pipe stem (bend it to shape). Tie name card to pipe with green ribbon bow into which a shamrock is tied.

**Potato Paddy Favors:** Make an Irish Paddy face upon an Irish potato by peeling part of potato for the face and then make features upon it with pencil, crayons, lipstick, eyebrow pencil — whatever you have. Upon Paddy's head cock a green paper hat. Set the head in a base made by pasting together a circle (about 1½" wide) strip of heavy construction paper. Then fasten a green bow tie around Paddy's neck. Attach a name card, or print guest's name upon hat band, if desired.

**Shamrock Wagon Nut Cup:** Cut a shamrock from heavy green paper (about 4 inches in diameter). Fold the three "petals" up to form three sides of cup, or wagon. Cut a two-inch length of pipe cleaner and run through the back of wagon so that you can attach wheels on either side. These wheels can be round candles, slices of gumdrops, or you could use a longer length of pipe cleaner and bend each end into wheel shape. Bend another two-inch piece of pipe cleaner into V shape and fasten to front of wagon so that wagon will stand upright.

—Mabel Nair Brown

### WINTER GARDENING

I'm glad I live where winter comes  
And Springtime lingers far behind,  
For while my frozen garden sleeps  
I grow another in my mind.

—Helen Fischer

## FREDERICK WRITES FROM PUERTO RICO

Dear Friends:

Through the years I have written letters to you from Egypt, from the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, from the Bermuda Islands, from the Hawaiian Islands, from Europe, and now I write you this letter from the island of Puerto Rico.

Accompanied by two persons from my church, I flew down here from New York City in just a little over six hours. We are here to make a tour of hospitals, schools, and churches supported in part by the missionary efforts of many churches back on the mainland. Please note that I do not say, "back in the United States," for Puerto Rico is a possession of the United States, and has been since the Spanish American War of 1898.

It is a large island lying about a thousand miles east of the southern tip of Florida and about a thousand miles northeast of the Panama Canal. Having lived for several years on islands smaller than Puerto Rico, it is hard for me to realize that it is 100 miles long and 35 miles wide.

From where I am writing this letter I can look out across the hills and believe that I am right back in the Hawaiian Islands. The vegetation is very similar to that in Hawaii, and the hills look for all the world as though they had been stolen bodily from the Paradise of the Pacific and set here in the luxuriant beauty of the Paradise of the Caribbean.

It is the sight of the hills and the sight of the vast expanses of ocean from the hills that makes so striking the similarities of Puerto Rico and Hawaii. The 360 miles of shore line consists mostly of beautiful, white sandy beaches, shaded by endless lines of coconut palms.

I have never been anywhere on the mainland of the United States that is just like this. Everything is so tropical here — the brilliant blue water, the lushness of the vegetation, the birds, even the fragrance of the air is tropical. Whenever I make a trip to California or Florida I am very conscious of the different trees I see there, and I think the first thing I noticed here in Puerto Rico that struck me as being very different from New England was the tree life.

Of course, here there are all the usual palm trees found everywhere in the tropics, and then there are magnolia trees, laurel trees, cedar trees, bulletwood trees and mangrove trees. Puerto Rico is the only region in the world that produces the colorful violet tree, and I hope that before I leave here I shall see one. The African Tulip trees and the Royal Poinciana trees are everywhere. Do you know that as long as I was in Africa I never saw an African Tulip tree to recognize it?

When we landed at the San Juan airport after an easy flight from New York City, I was, as always, surprised to find everything so modern and — provincial though this may seem — so American! After all the traveling I have done I ought to know by now that wherever the American flag is



Aunt Martha Eaton must live so far from her own small grandsons that she gets pleasure from her great-nieces and nephews. Here she is with Martin Strom.

flown things will be just as up-to-date and as high in quality as in our best cities at home, but somehow the modernness of cities outside of the United States always catches me by surprise.

The "Downtown" business section of San Juan has all of the fine business buildings, drug stores, department stores, restaurants, etc., that one would expect to see in Kansas City or in any other thriving mainland city. As a matter of fact, there are many aspects of life in San Juan that far excel the best that many American cities can offer. There are some wonderfully fine residential sections in San Juan with large, spacious homes attractively built of concrete and stone.

While here in Puerto Rico I have been visiting with some very dear friends of mine from Bristol who are now making their home here. They have a large home far away from any city in an extremely rural setting. I could very easily believe that they had simply moved one of the lovely coral rock homes of Bermuda down here to this island! There are some differences, of course, one of them being that this home has no windows. Perhaps it would be more exact if I said that they have no glass in their windows, for they do have dozens of openings to the outside, all of them having gaily painted shutters instead of glass.

You see, the climate here is so nearly perfect, that even if there were glass in the windows it would not be needed. The favorite room in this house is actually not a room at all; it is a large veranda running across the front of the house. Sitting on this veranda, one can look off across the sugar cane fields to some beautiful hills in the distance. A long driveway bordered by poinsettias growing four and five feet high winds past the veranda and on out to the road beyond.

Puerto Rico is just as efficiency-minded as many areas of the mainland, and virtually all of the modern appliances known to northern householders are abundant in the stores of San Juan and some of the other larger towns. A household in Puerto Rico can be run along strictly tropical lines

or along strictly northern lines when it comes to food and furnishings; but I have found that my friends here use an interesting combination of the two.

It would be very difficult to write about any place in America and not reveal that for every bright spot in the picture there is also a dark spot. Such is the case in this particular situation. The main reason for my coming down here was to inspect the work that our church has been doing with the poor and needy people on this island. If I did not tell you about the poverty and disease, the illiteracy and infant mortality, I would not be giving you a fair and honest picture of life in Puerto Rico. I have told you about the beautiful city of San Juan, and there are other lovely cities too, but the truth is that two-thirds of all the people on the island live in the rural districts. As a matter of fact, nearly one-half of the people live almost a mile from a main road. More than one-half of all these rural families have an annual income of less than \$500.00 a year.

The most striking feature about the rural or farm families here on the island is the smallness of their homes. This will seem perfectly incredible to you, but it is a fact that nearly two-thirds of the farm families live in houses with floor areas of only about 15 x 15 feet or less. Just think of it! When you realize that there are usually between six and seven people living in a house no larger than one room in your house, and when you realize that there are thousands and thousands of people living in just such small and crowded homes, you begin to get some kind of an idea of what the churches and social agencies must deal with.

As long as I live I shall remember with admiration the rural mothers of this place. How terribly difficult it must be to take care of five or six children in a one-room house and keep them looking neat and clean. Yesterday I happened to be walking along a country lane at about the time the island children were starting off for school—beautiful little girls and boys dressed as neatly and as cleanly as any group of children I have ever seen. I knew that they all came from these crowded little country homes, and I could not understand how they could look so nice.

The chances are that their homes did not even have a sink or an iron! With six or seven people cooking, eating, and sleeping in one room, where did they find the space to keep any clothing looking that nice? It is all a mystery to me now, but perhaps I shall learn the answers to these questions before I leave here.

If you could observe all that our tour does in a day, you would wonder how I found the time to write this letter. From early morning until late at night we are on the go — visiting churches, clinics, hospitals, schools, and having interviews with government, industry, and labor officials. I have not been in swimming yet, but I certainly intend to do so before flying home. This is all a very wonderful experience, and in my next letter I shall tell you much that must be left unsaid now. Sincerely, Frederick.

## CALLING ALL COLLECTORS

By

Hallie M. Barrow

The last time we sent you to your smoke-house, attic or junk room was to find antique objects to use as bases for modern electric lamps.

Today, scurry around for odds and ends to be used as containers for the flower arrangements you'll be making in the months to come. Today, we are "snooping" around for old-time baskets, dishes, conch shells, cuspidors, (if you can keep from associating them with unpleasant memories!), moustache cups, china bedroom sets, bird cages . . . and dozens of other things. Once you start this hobby of being an "antique container" collector, sales will intrigue you as never before!

There are so many clever ideas I hardly know where to start. Already I see that I forgot to mention old copper wash boilers or any old brass, copper or pewter object. You (or your husband), can make lovely copper containers out of these old copper wash boilers for they are easily converted into the low containers now so much used by arrangers. Cut in one piece and just pinch the corners together. Husbands with more artistic talent have been known to cut the container a little deeper, say two inches, and hammer the edges into a scalloped edge.

I knew one garden club that seemingly had cornered the market on old copper wash boilers and obliging husbands. And I heard a flower judge say that the annual flower show held by this club was a joy to work because of their beautiful containers. A copper container is a natural for tulips, pansies, glads, iris, day lilies and dozens of others.

This same club also went in strong for using the bronze canna furled leaves as backgrounds in their copper containers. They told me it was especially good to use the bottom of the boiler without making any changes except to turn up the edge . . . then you would likely have to cut and plan how to use the sides. They (or their husbands) made round, oval and rectangular deep trays for containers.

I see that I also forgot to mention old sewing machines, although this idea was not strictly for containers. Two of these old machines were used as end tables! The head had been taken out and in this well were placed large potted plants; in the middle a lamp extended up high enough to light this novel end table. The sewing machine drawers were pulled out and filled with African violets. The old box head was placed underneath and was full of ferns and foliage plants. On the top was room for plants contained in odd china figures, etc.

Were you lucky enough to have an ancestor who carved out a rolling pin for his wife from a choice piece of walnut? We used these for lamps, I remember, but if you hollow out the middle section, it makes a unique container for a center piece; or, it can be waxed and polished and hung on the wall to make a pot for any ivy or philodendron.



If you look sharp you can see that both the vase and ornamental piece beside it are two sections of an old-fashioned lamp.

Thank Heaven for the bygone style of having enlarged family pictures! I don't know when I've ever seen one on a wall for they were banished years ago. But the big square deep frames can be used for various ideas, such as shadow boxes, framing Grandma Moses chintz scenes, mirror frames, etc. And how I hope you have some of those old pictures of long-bearded men and bustled ladies that swelled out. Remove the glass and you have a very handsome container. Turn it over and you will find it is dished just enough in the middle to hold a frog and some water. These large, concave glass containers can be used for glamorous effects such as for white lilies with fancy caladium leaves, etc. It's also nice to float water lily blooms, touch-me-nots, etc. With such water scenes, glass accessories may be added.

I hope you have some of those "antique" chick feeders, the kind with holes. Don't laugh . . . you can't buy them now, I found; it seems that today only those long open feeders are used. But some of your poultry friends can probably dig up a few. Bronze or enamel them and use them to hold small flowers. I'm not sure whether I raise pansies to show off my containers or, have the containers to show off my pansies. One or the other is the horse or the cart! I'm collecting chick feeders. Some of them I bronzed and others are enameled pale green, silver, or gold. I'm sure you've been told when using small flowers to tie them in bunches with a piece of thread. Pansies, violets, daffodils or lilies-of-the-valley are bunched, some sprigs of greenery are added and the entire thing is tied and then stuck in the holes in the feeder. If you can find enough of these feeders, they can be used in pairs or spaced every so often on banquet tables where low arrangements are needed.

My prize arrangement is touch-me-nots on an old-fashioned tall cake stand. If it is round, you can use a pie tin and fill with wet sand. Start with one color and one flower in the middle, say a red one. Around this make a collar of white touch-me-nots, then a pink, and so on until the edge of your pie tin is covered. You'll never know how very attractive this is until

you see one. Once when I had just finished such a cake plate, a little neighbor girl came in and said, "Who is the beautiful birthday cake for?"

I'm sure many of you could add more novel ideas of using old things as containers. I imagine Lucile would be glad to hear of them too. We might start an antique container idea exchange! If you grow flowers and haven't used old-time containers, this might be the nudge you need to joining these happy collectors.

## TAKE TIME TO READ THIS

Dear Lucile:

Do you suppose that among your readers you could get some yarn for us to use in making afghans for use at the Veterans Hospitals? My shut-ins adore being of use in knitting squares for afghans, but most of them do not have yarn. I buy what I can, but we really do not need whole skeins. Can just as well use the odds and ends that are left after some other project is finished, and said odds and ends would no doubt be just thrown away. We can use any quantity, from a yard or two to a whole lot. Sweater weight is what I get when I buy new (which incidentally, I can get wholesale), but we also utilize lighter weights by using two strands or even three if the yarn is very thin. We can use raveled-out yarn from old garments if it is clean.

Last year my shut-ins made enough squares for eleven bed-size afghans and I took them out to Sawtelle early in December. It is a heart-warming sight to see the men's eyes when they get them. You would think someone had given them a million dollars! They are given to veterans who really need them and usually to ones who have no folks — and they supply the homey touch that the men need.

If you can see your way clear to asking for the odd yarns your readers have, I surely would appreciate it.

Sincerely,  
Gertrude Hayzlett  
685 Thayer Avenue  
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

## ICE - BREAKERS

Choose sides, or merely divide the room into halves. Since this is a time contest, hand out, blank side up, slips of paper on which has been written one word of a familiar proverb suitable to the occasion of the party. Try to have a proverb that uses as many words as you have persons on each side. At a given signal, each person turns his word over and quickly takes his place so that the line will read correctly. Of course the side finishing first, wins.

Another similar stunt, is to use papers with only one letter on each slip. The letters must be arranged to form the words of the saying. We used MARCH OF DIMES with twelve persons on each side.

These were both original with me, but are so simple that they could be adapted to any month or holiday or occasion.

—Martha E. Rogers.

## WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE —FINALLY

By  
Margaret E. Wilkes

Back in 1952 the February issue of this magazine carried an article I'd written about our water problem in which I expressed the hope that someday our apparently inexhaustible well and household plumbing fixtures could finally be hitched together. My husband had his goal too. He dreamed constantly about water being accessible at various watering ports on our farm, for all of us know how much water has to do with turning livestock into pretty blue and green slips from the Livestock Commission.

I must add right here that in the fall of 1952 we sold a bunch of cattle for several dollars less than we paid for them. It didn't help Bruce's temper any (he's the husband in question!) that he hauled 39,900 gallons of water on that losing proposition!

It would take pages to touch ever so lightly on the crucial water failures we've known. Just let some really important crisis arrive and we could almost depend upon hearing the pump snarl its message that the last drop of water had just passed through. But inconvenient as all of it was, we could do nothing but accept it and *hope* that the time would come when we could "afford" to remedy the situation.

To suggest that we could "afford" to correct it this year, of all years, places a very strange light on the word "afford"!

First, two of our very best milk cows gave up the ghost. On the heels of this blow we said a permanent farewell to a goodly number of ailing pigs! When this happened my feelings were: there-goes-the-clothes-drier-and-we-hope-the-taxes-aren't-delinquent.

But these obstacles were only the forerunners of more to come, for this year we had the first corn failure since hybrid corn first gladdened our lives. In our most pessimistic predictions we never think of less than 40 bushels to the acre, but this year the old saw held true that nothing is so bad it can't be worse — and we shared with many the hordes of grasshoppers.

Perversely enough, as we gazed at the sad-looking corn fields, peered regretfully into nearly empty feed lots and looked quickly away from lessened cream checks, we began thinking constructively for the first time about "The Water Problem." A newcomer in our neighborhood had something to do with this. He purchased a farm and installed an efficient water system only to find himself with one thing missing — water! He was hauling from our well and declared himself as shocked that anyone with sufficient water at his disposal should be circulating it in such a primitive manner.

He outlined for us a plan that called for using plastic pipe, and when we declared that the well was "about" 1000 feet from the house, his paper calculations caused our spirits to soar. Why, it all looked so possible and so simple! We were happy and stayed happy until Bruce took his measuring



On the cover of our November, 1954 issue you had a glimpse of Margery's new dining room sideboard, and at that time we promised you another picture. Here is Margery beside this handsome piece of cinnamon-brown maple that furnishes such an attractive way to display cherished china.

tape to determine the exact distance. He hadn't been at the job very long until his heart all but failed: the "about 1000 feet" turned into exactly 1,658 feet, and this extra footage at 32 cents per foot for pipe, plus 15 cents per foot for digging, caused us to rock on our heels. Yet the "water bug" was in our blood and we just couldn't give up our dreams, so next we found ourselves deep in contractor's estimates. And I might add that plastic pipe was ruled out.

We knew we could never manage this project on a short-term loan, so we searched out a financial institution that would be happy to share our "liquid assets". We found it. But then began a most lengthy and long drawn-out siege because this agency had never before made the type of water loan that was needed; such loans have been made in the Western states for years, but in this area it was the very first one.

With figures at hand it wasn't difficult to establish profit-and-loss for past years; certainly we would have been happy if we could so easily have calculated the profit-and-loss of years to come! Finally everything was completed in this department, and with increasing impatience we saw beautiful days come and go with nothing being done on the project. Then, two months later, the day of days for us actually arrived. And never was work so quickly accomplished.

In one day the six-foot high cement block house that was to house the motor rose to completion. Dirt was bulldozed over this converting it into a mammoth ant-hill upon which sits a jaunty little house that shelters the hand pump from which the neighbors secure their water supply.

The second day found the ditch digger in action, and its method of operation was fascinating. An endless chain with cutting blades was mounted on the rear of a jeep, and the entire ap-

paratus was operated weirdly without a driver as it slowly but inexorably made its incision in the long-undisturbed, hard-packed soil. The entire course of 2,200 feet of ditches, six-foot deep and a neat five inches wide, was the result of that day's labor. Tributaries were cut to every conceivable point that might need water. Following the digger down the hill were men laying inch and a quarter galvanized pipe into what we hope is its last resting place.

We had expected to make a production of the last tank of "hauled water", but three days later everything came to an abrupt halt. The electric pump was casually connected and the contractor walked from hydrant to hydrant testing them. And thus, after 74 years, this farm where water has always been in abundant supply, at long last had it well distributed.

The evening of completion found the father and son of this establishment happily filling livestock and chicken waterers. Within the house only a lack of apprehension marked the change. There was still "hauled water" at my disposal but when the little pump uttered its final moan, it was simply disconnected forever, and a valve was turned, producing more and unvarying pressure.

We can if we choose, run the bathtub to the overflow, and my neighbor says it is satisfying to run the water for a drink without my glowering! Tiresome laundry sessions have joined the ranks of sad irons, hot cook stoves, and kerosene lamps.

An automatic washer is in the far-distant future, but meanwhile, with the water set-up and the old machine, it is feasible to turn out a line full of towels and sheets on one day, while on another day work shirts, jeans, overalls and starched clothes may have their session on the line. These days I think of many "water blessings" and look forward to real gardening when spring and summer arrive.

Whether to call the sixteen-hundred dollars involved in this project "debt" or "investment" leaves us entirely without qualms as we anticipate the benefits from the standpoints of finances, health and increased efficiency.

### PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE

The letters in each line below, properly arranged, spell the name of one of our Presidents. The capital letters and the punctuation have no significance.

1. Volt or see; 2. Am sad; 3. Omi sand; 4. Fatt; 5. Hand rig; 6. Turn, ma; 7. Mooner; 8. Rash iron; 9. Ana bunch; 10. Vell dance; 11. Coll inn; 12. He is new ore; 13. Raven bun; 14. Dial Ferg; 15. Trely; 16. Rip cee; 17. Good cell.

### Answers

1. Roosevelt; 2. Adams; 3. Madison; 4. Taft; 5. Harding; 6. Truman; 7. Monroe; 8. Harrison; 9. Buchanan; 10. Cleveland; 11. Lincoln; 12. Eisenhower; 13. Van Buren; 14. Garfield; 15. Tyler; 16. Pierce; 17. Coolidge.

—Grace Stoner Clark.

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

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### CORN FAIRFAX

1/4 cup minced onion  
1/4 cup minced celery  
4 Tbls. butter or bacon fat  
Simmer onion and celery in fat for five minutes. Then add:  
2 cups cream style corn  
2/3 cup green beans  
1 Tbls. minced parsley  
Cook slowly for 5 minutes and then add:

2 Tbls. flour  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. paprika

Stir in 1 1/2 cups of rich milk. Cook 4 minutes and then add 2 well beaten eggs. Pour into buttered baking dish and cover with a topping made by combining:

2/3 cup bread or cracker crumbs  
4 Tbls. butter  
2/3 cup grated cheese

Bake 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

Note: The friend in Marysville, Kans., who sent this recipe said: "For many years Mrs. Daisy McDonald was the famous cook at the Kansas Executive Mansion. She has now retired. It was almost impossible to persuade Daisy to give one of her famous recipes, but Corn Fairfax is what she served for the inaugural luncheon when Governor Carlson assumed office. The requests just poured in for this recipe, and thus it was published in the Kansas City Star. It is a most delicious dish, one that can be prepared the day before and put in the oven for the final baking. It serves 8 or 10 people. I have taken this to Pot Luck dinners and it was the most popular dish there!"

### COMPANY CHICKEN

1 stewing chicken  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1 can cream of chicken soup  
2 cups uncooked rice  
2 Tbls. minced onion  
Salt and pepper

Cook stewing chicken until tender. Remove meat from bones and cut in bite size pieces. Only a small amount of broth should remain (about 2 1/2 cups) and to this add the canned soups, minced onion, salt and pepper. Bring chicken and broth to boil. Add uncooked rice and cook over very low heat until rice is tender and has absorbed liquid.

### GLAZED PEACH PIE

I cannot give you this recipe without a note of explanation! It was my intention to save this for the August issue when fresh peaches are in season, but I had a dreadful scare: I lost the recipe and it was totally missing for over five months! Just when I thought it was gone forever I located it in a most unlikely place. This gave me such a start that I decided the only way to be SURE of having it forever was to print it in Kitchen-Klatter. So here it is — and hang on to it! Some of the finest cooks I know insist that this is the most wonderful peach pie they have ever eaten. The recipe came from a friend in Funk, Nebr.—Lucile.

4 cups sliced peaches  
1/2 cup water  
1 cup sugar  
3 Tbls. corn starch  
1 Tbls. butter or margarine  
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Crush enough peaches to make 1 cup, leaving the rest sliced. Spread these fresh sliced peaches into the pie shell and cover completely with the following mixture.

Combine the 1 cup of crushed peaches with water, sugar and cornstarch. Bring to a boil. Cook over low heat until clear, 2 or 3 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add butter. Cool slightly. Pour over fresh peaches making sure that all are covered. Chill in refrigerator at least two hours. Just before serving garnish with whipped cream. THIS IS A WONDERFUL PIE!

### CELERY-SEED DRESSING

1/2 cup sugar  
1 Tbls. paprika  
1 1/2 tsp. flour  
1 tsp. dry mustard  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup vinegar  
1 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 cup salad oil  
1 Tbls. onion juice  
1 Tbls. celery seed

Sift first 5 ingredients together and then stir in the vinegar. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thick. Then add lemon juice and cool. Beat salad oil in slowly and add the onion juice and celery seed. Stir well before using as the oil will separate.



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### AUNT ADELYN'S APPLESAUCE NUT BREAD

Combine:

- 1 cup applesauce
- 1 beaten egg
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Sift together:

- 2 cups flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 tsps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Sift dry ingredients into first mixture and then add 1 cup of chopped nuts. Turn into a well greased 5x9 inch loaf pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 to 50 minutes.

Note: This is the wonderful nut bread we ate at Aunt Adelyn's home when she had the Driftmier Christmas party. Frankly, this is the end of the road when it comes to nut bread — we don't expect to test any more recipes in this field!

### AUNT ADELYN'S TOMATO ASPIC

- 1 Tbls. plain gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold tomato juice
- 1 1/2 cups boiling hot tomato juice
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 2 Tbls. green pepper cut fine

Dissolve plain gelatine in cold tomato juice. Then add to the boiling hot tomato juice and let cool. When completely chilled add the olives, grated onion and green pepper. Pour into molds and chill. (Lovely in individual ring molds with cottage cheese in center.) Serve with the following cheese mayonnaise:

- 4 Tbls. cream
- 1/4 lb. American cheese
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup regular mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento

Combine cream and cheese in top of double boiler. Stir until smooth. Cool slightly and then fold in the whipped cream, mayonnaise and pimiento. (Note: when Aunt Adelyn served this for our Christmas party she passed the dressing in a separate bowl and utilized the pimiento in strips to make a cross on top of each individual mold.)

### FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. sugar

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 3 Tbls. heavy cream

Mix together the beaten eggs, sugar, pineapple juice, lemon juice and salt in top part of double boiler. Cook over boiling water (see that it doesn't touch the bottom of the upper pan) until thick, stirring constantly.

Cool. Cream together the cheese (which should be at room temperature) and the heavy cream. Pour fruit mixture in slowly and beat thoroughly.

Serve over any kind of fruit on lettuce. Very smooth and delicious. Will keep well in refrigerator if tightly covered.

### DELICIOUS LIME SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatine
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 can pineapple bits
- 1 cup grapes, halved and seeded
- 1 cup English walnuts, broken

- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- Grated American cheese

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water and let stand until it is thick, but not set. Then add the pineapple, grapes and nuts. Cook together the pineapple juice, sugar, egg, butter and flour. When thick, remove from fire, chill and then fold in the whipped cream. Spread this over gelatine mixture. Sprinkle grated cheese on top. Cut in squares to serve on lettuce. Attractive as well as delicious.

### CLUB LUNCHEON HAM PIE

(This is a very tasty main dish for you to serve the next time you have a luncheon at your house.)

- 6 Tbls. minced onion
- 8 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 8 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 12 Tbls. flour
- 2 (10 1/2-ounce) cans condensed chicken soup
- 2 2/3 cups milk
- 3 cups diced ham
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice

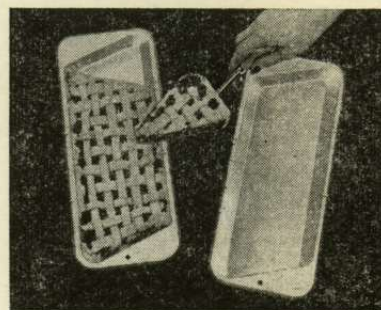
Cook the onion and green pepper in the butter until soft. Add the flour and stir in. Dilute the soup with the milk and add, cooking until thick and smooth. Add ham and lemon juice. Pour into a well-buttered casserole, or baking pan. Top with cheese biscuits made by adding 1 cup grated cheese to 3 cups prepared biscuit mix and adding 12 Tbls. milk. Arrange on top of the hot ham mixture and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes, or until biscuits are golden brown. This recipe will serve 10 or 12.

### DEVILED EGG AND RICE CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/4 cup green pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 10-ounce can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 cup diced ham (cooked)
- 12 deviled egg halves
- 3/4 cup grated sharp cheese

Saute onion and pepper in butter and add to milk and soup. Mix 3/4 cup of soup mixture with rice and ham and place in greased casserole. Cover with eggs, rest of soup, cheese and top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 325 to 350 degrees, for 30 minutes.

Minced ham works very well with this recipe. So many times you have a few scraps left on a ham bone, and used in this way with the eggs it can make "company lunch".



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**GILROY, CALIFORNIA**

### SKILLET MEAT LOAF

(Need a meat loaf in a hurry?)

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup cornflakes
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. catsup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. shortening

Melt the shortening in a medium-sized skillet. Combine all the other ingredients. Add the meat mixture and press down with a spoon to form the shape of the pan. Cover with a tight-fitting lid and cook over low heat for about 25 minutes. Turn out on to a platter and garnish with tomato wedges.

### OATMEAL APPLE COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup oatmeal
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup ground raw apple
- 1 3/4 cups of flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup nuts

Cream together the shortening, cinnamon and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add oatmeal, fruits, flour sifted with other dry ingredients, and nuts. Mix well and drop on to cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

### SAUSAGE-FOR-SUPPER

- 1 dozen sausages
- 2-lb. head of cabbage
- Salt and pepper

Fry sausages in a skillet until crisp and brown. Remove from skillet and keep hot. Pour off all but 5 Tbls. of the fat and then add shredded cabbage to it. Cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with sausages on top.



This is the picture of Aunt Bertha Field to which I referred in my letter last month.

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Come right in and stand on our big register and get your feet warm! That's what all of our local friends do this kind of weather, and it seems only hospitable to make the same suggestion to you.

Every time we think wistfully about installing an entire new heating system in this house I find myself wondering if it wouldn't be a fatal mistake to take such a step before Juliana is entirely through with wild, ripping-through-the-snow activity? Twice a day she comes in with wet jeans, wet mittens, a wet scarf and wet boots. Instantly these things are draped over the "ice-cream" chairs of painted wrought iron that spend the summer on the terrace, and spend the winter in the house. In no time at all that dreary looking collection of soaked clothing is bone dry and ready to go again. And if you could see the size of the register over which this happens, you wouldn't be surprised.

I think these new, elegant, concealed heating systems are simply wonderful, but where do you do emergency "snow-clothing" drying? From the time we had our first heavy snow-suit years ago and right up to the present moment, this has baffled me. A kitchen range, a fireplace or an old base-burner would provide a fairly good substitute, but without any of these things, or without a huge eyesore type register smack in the middle of the living room, *what would you do?* Please, someone, answer this!

I think that we're getting mighty close to the tag-ends of this rolling in the snow business, and we really have expectations of bringing our heating system up to date within the next couple of years. There are many different kinds to consider, we understand, but to date we've given it very little serious thought. Probably Howard's new house will be up by the time we tackle this job in our old

house, and we can see how comfortably he and Mae and Donna live when it's below zero.

While the folks are in California these winter months, Howard's family is living at 201 East Summit, and I notice that Howard has fixed up a corner where he can work on blueprints. Everyplace you turn you see houseplans, books on construction, etc., and he spends every spare minute working on various problems.

I suddenly realized just now that this will be the first brand new house ever built by a member of our family. The folks never built a house and all of us children purchased old places that had plenty of room — and a tremendous amount of work to be done! Howard will be the first one to have the experience of building, and I'm going to be extremely interested in every step along the way. He has a beautiful lot in the south part of town, and some of his permanent plantings are already in. This lot is so large that he could safely put out trees and shrubs knowing that in the process of excavation, as well as construction, they wouldn't be harmed.

Last year, you may recall, we demolished the second floor of our house and practically built in up from scratch. Two years ago we installed new ceilings downstairs and did a major redecorating job throughout. It is with a long, long sigh of relief I tell you that nothing is being done this winter — oh joyful words! Goodness knows there are things that *should* be done (honestly, does the time ever come in an old house when nothing remains to be done?), but we're just plain not doing them this year.

I understand that next winter will see big projects tackled at Abigail's and Wayne's house, plus Margery's and Oliver's house. We do have one major blessing in our family set-up for which we are all properly grateful. The folks don't like to have their

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house standing totally unoccupied during the months they're out of town, and this, in turn, gives people a chance to carry on daily life outside the chaos and confusion of remodeling.

When Abigail and Wayne tackle their upstairs next winter they will move into the folks' house while the work is being done. As soon as they clear out, Margery and Oliver will move in while their house is torn up. When I heard this I laughed and told Russell that the next big job we do right here will necessarily be a summer job, and perhaps the folks will oblige us by going to visit Frederick so we can use their house to escape the worst of the confusion. I'm sure that all of us would manage just fine if circumstances were such that we couldn't use another home for emergencies, but as it is — we're thankful!

These days I've been snatching up

(Continued on Next Page)

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### Lucile's Letter—Concluded

small handkerchief linen napkins and hemming whenever I can find a spare moment. When they're done I won't get to enjoy my product because these napkins are going to a gift booth that is being prepared for our St. John's Episcopal church on February 22 when we plan to serve our first big Shrove Tuesday pancake supper. I know that many churches have had this tradition for years and years, but it is our first venture.

It is a wonderful thing to see a church grow, but going hand-in-hand with growth are pressing problems. It is now totally impossible for us to accommodate even our own membership, to say nothing of outside guests, at any kind of an affair where food is served. We couldn't have managed as long as we did if we had been without our wonderful Monroe Folding Tables, but even those tables can't squeeze 215 people into a room where 100 would be crowded!

It was just about a year ago that we gave up entirely and started renting our Armory basement for church meals. There is a good kitchen in the Armory and several hundred can be seated most comfortably; moreover, the rental is extremely reasonable. BUT one longs to hold church affairs within the church, so now our goal is to raise enough money to build an extension to the basement — thus the Shrove Tuesday pancake supper, plus gift booths.

Juliana will be twelve years old just a few days before you read this, and our plans for taking note of the event are different from any we have ever used in the past. She has always pleaded and begged to go and visit Kristin in "deep winter" when there is a reasonably good chance of being able to ice skate, coast and skii, so this year we are letting her make the trip on her birthday weekend. The only disadvantage to the plan is that her good friends here in town can't participate in any of the fun, so I think that I'll have a few of them in for supper on the night of the 24th — a Thursday. Her birthday falls the following day, so it won't be badly off schedule.

I now have a young daughter who is almost as tall as I, and who is a constant, never-failing comfort and joy.

Oh, I remember so clearly a day back in San Francisco when she was only about eighteen months old and a great physical problem for me to man-

age because of my serious handicap. At that time she ran so fast I couldn't control her outside at all unless she wore a harness affair with long reins — probably you've seen these leather halters that are a real help to mothers, able-bodied or not, when they have a toddler on the street.

Well, on this particular day I started out to walk to our little grocery store not far away, and as I crossed Anza street with its heavy traffic she began running in circles with these leather reins winding around and around my feet. I was terrified — and with good reason. Fortunately those swift-moving trucks and cars came to a stop while I untangled myself, and then with racing heart I gained the curb and somehow made it into the store.

The dear, warm-hearted old Irish woman who operated the store looked at me as I entered the door and said with her thick brogue: "Oh, Mrs. Ver-ness, I was watching and I saw your trouble and I know how hard these days are, but believe me, they'll soon pass and your little girl will grow up to be the most wonderful blessing in all your life. You will thank God every morning and every night that he gave you a daughter to love. She will be the comfort of your heart."

Mrs. Murphy is gone now, God bless her, so I cannot tell her in a letter how wonderfully true were the words she spoke on that morning far away and long ago. But I hope that this letter reaches some other mother who needs them as badly as I once needed them.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile.

### LAST MINUTE NOTES

Last month in my letter I mentioned changing circumstances for two of our faithful contributors — Gladys Templeton and Mabel Nair Brown. My letter for March had gone to the printers before this news arrived, so I'm making a separate note of these facts.

Mrs. Templeton is still undergoing extensive and painful therapy for her fractured bones. She has no idea when she will be released from the hospital. If you can drop her a letter, I'm sure she would enjoy it, and I'm equally sure that she cannot answer because of the serious damage to her right arm. The address is: Mrs. Gladys Templeton, St. Rose Hospital, Great Bend, Kansas.

On February 9th there was a big sale at the Dale Brown farm. This closes a most important chapter in the life of Mabel and her family. They've bucked just about everything you could throw at Midwestern farmers, but a serious spinal ailment proved to be something that simply could not fit into a big farm, heavy chores, and a young son called into Selective Service.

Before long "The Golden Rule Store" in Ogden, Iowa will be operated by Mabel and Dale Brown. They're bound to make a go of it! Already Russell and I are trying to figure out how we can make a summer trip to Ogden to see the Browns and their new store!



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## IT'S FREEZER DAY

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Very few of the tasks of a modern homemaker give me the creative thrill of Freezer Day. It is by no means a weekly occasion. "Freezer Day," so dubbed by a small daughter who loves it, may come as infrequently as once a month. Nevertheless, it gives me a rosy glow just to recall it!

When my husband bought the family freezer two years ago, he did so with the typical male conviction that it would be (1) economical, both money-wise and vitamin-wise, and (2) convenient. Anything to eliminate those numerous trips to town to pick up meat! Any woman could have added another argument to the cause of installation: security. A freezer of food in the kitchen certainly is a jaunty feather in the homemaker's hat.

There does come a time, however, when the last package of cookies has brightened a wash day dinner. "Freezer Day" has come!

Here are some of the freezer foods that rate high on our family applause meter.

We are fond of one-dish meals, and these are tops for convenience. I use these often on Sundays. I leave a casserole out to thaw while we attend Church and Sunday School. When we get home, I pop it into the oven to warm. By the time our little girls are out of their Sunday dresses and their Mom has found an apron, dinner is ready. Macaroni and cheese, spaghetti and meat balls, pork chops with dressing, chicken pie, etc., may be prepared by your favorite recipe, cooled, covered and frozen. Our favorite menu is tuna-noodle casserole, hot rolls with homemade butter and jelly, a tossed salad, ice cream and cookies.

Even salads love the freezer set-up. Margery's favorite frozen salad, which has appeared on the Kitchen-Klatter cooking pages, is a real treat. Most gelatine salads will "weep"; however, if there are enough chopped ingredients to make the mixture thick, it is not likely to do so. We like a fresh cranberry salad. This recipe makes a large batch. I divide it into three family-size molds. Serve each portion on a crisp lettuce leaf, and add a dash of dressing. Delicious!

## Cranberry Salad

Dissolve one package of lemon gelatine, one package of orange gelatine, and one cup of sugar in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of boiling water. Set aside to cool. Put one pound of cranberries, two apples (cored but not peeled) and two whole oranges through the food chopper, using a fine blade. You may add finely chopped celery or nuts if you wish. Combine with the gelatine mixture, pour into molds and freeze.

Pies are a natural for the freezer. I use disposable pie plates, making as many as six shells at a time. These are stacked in the freezer, each in its plastic bag, for future use. I do not puncture the crusts until ready to use them. Thus any crust is suitable for a one-crust pie such as pumpkin or pecan. The same crust, thawed only a few minutes, may be successfully punctured with a fork to bake for a

soft pie. Whole soft pies and meringues, incidentally, do not freeze well, but having a shell at your fingertips can save a lot of time on a busy morning.

I do not freeze many two-crust pies; most of my fruit is frozen, and it seems foolish to thaw it enough to put in a pie and then refreeze. During cherry and berry seasons, however, I do try to freeze several unbaked fruit pies.

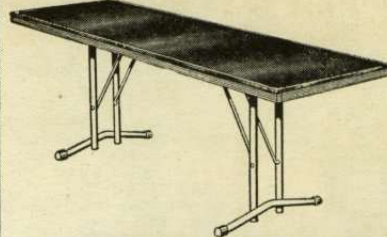
Pumpkin pie is a specialty at our house. I place the crust in the freezer, pour the filling in to avoid spilling. After it is frozen, I remove it to wrap snugly in aluminum foil and return to the freezer. Do not thaw these pies before baking. Simply place in the oven and allow 15-20 minutes *extra* baking time. I buy a No.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  can of pumpkin and bake three pies at a time.

## Pumpkin Pie

- 1 No.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  can pumpkin (or three generous cups)
  - 1  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups brown sugar
  - 3 teaspoonsful cinnamon
  - 1  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonsful salt
  - 1  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonsful ginger
  - 6 eggs, slightly beaten
  - 3 cups whole milk
  - 1  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups cream
- Mix in the order given, pour into crusts and freeze.

Because cookies thaw quickly (and some are fine frozen) they are ideal for unexpected guests, school lunches, etc. I make our favorites in double batches, then freeze them in two-dozen quantities. Sugar cookies, pinwheels, gingersnaps, and the like may be sealed in plastic bags secured with a rubber band. Brownies, bars and other moist cookies are packed in candy boxes or others of similar size, with waxed paper between the layers.

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From the "set" of Clark Driftmier's jaw it looks as though he intended to take a firm stand about something!

## A SNOW TIME PARTY

By  
Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Whether it is a party for the gang or coffee for your friends, you will find that a snow-time party is lots of fun. And if you plan yours around green and white with plenty of sparkle, it will be one of the prettiest and gayest of the season.

The younger group will enjoy an invitation in the form of a large cotton covered snowball or snowman with bits of glue scattered about so that sparkly snow will adhere to the cotton. You might include a little invitation jingle which says:

"When the snow lies deep

It's time to keep

A party date—

Please don't be late."

If you want an invitation that is a bit more dignified and especially pretty use a pale green piece of stationery for the invitation. In one corner paste a white flower that you make by cutting several petals and gluing them on top of each other. Outline each petal with a fine line of glue and sprinkle gilt on these edges. Make two larger green leaves on either side of the flower and likewise line them with glue and "sparkle".

### Games

For an opening "ice breaker" you might want this game which defies anyone to act dignified for very long. JACK FROST is IT and he touches a player with his cold wand. The player tagged must shiver and shake and act very cold. The next player tagged acts likewise. No one is supposed to laugh and if he does he must leave the game. To see these "shivering" individuals is most humorous and soon you will have only one very sober individual who can refrain from laughing and will be judged winner.

**SNOWBALL:** Make a snowball out of white material and stuff it in a round shape. While music is played the snowball must go from person to person. Whoever holds the snowball WHEN the music stops is instructed

to unwrap it. There is a small gift inside—either for fun or a really nice little favor.

**SNOWBALL TAG** is played while someone plays a favorite song such as *Jingle Bells*. When the music stops, the person with the snowball must drop out of the game. The last one to stand is the winner.

**PUT ON THE CHAINS** means its time to get unscrambled and get going. These are ten well known things connected with winter. See who can name them first.

1. Selds—sleds; 2. News Mon—snowmen; 3. Takess—skates; 4. Kis—Ski; 5. Bog Nag To—Toboggan; 6. D First—Drifts; 7. Cic Isles—Icicles; 8. Shoves Reo—Overshoes; 9. Tim Nets—Mittens; 10. Knows A Self—Snowflakes.

**SNOWBALL TARGET:** You may make a heavy cardboard snow man for this game and give each player a certain number of snowballs (rubber balls) to see who can knock the snowman down the most times. Or you may use a covered can and see who can toss the most snowballs into the can in a given number of tosses.

**RESOLUTIONS:** If your party is held near the first of the year, this can be an amusing "quiet" game to follow a spell of activity. Pass a slip of paper and pencil to each guest and ask him to write only *one* resolution—suggest that it be humorous. Don't have him sign his name. Collect these, read one at a time and see if the guests can identify the person. If they guess correctly, ask the person to stand.

### Refreshments

For one of the prettiest winter tables use a very pale green tablecloth with snowwhite dishes. A centerpiece of sparkling artificial snowballs with tall white tapers is lovely. To make very attractive favors and place cards, use a white round paper doily with gilt around the edges. Make a white marshmallow flower to which you may add leaves purchased at the store, or leaves made of green paper. To make a marshmallow flower which resembles a gardenia cut a marshmallow lengthwise in narrow strips. (These thin strips will curl to resemble the petals.) Use the larger ones for the bottom layer. Then cut the next marshmallow crosswise for narrow petals for the other layers. Twist one piece for a center.

The younger set might prefer a Marshmallow Snowman. Use two marshmallows for the body and a gumdrop for the head. Short pieces of toothpicks can be used to fasten raisin features in the snowman. Make him a jaunty hat from black crepe paper. Tie a red ribbon scarf around his neck.

When you plan your favorite refreshments remember that a round cookie cutter can cut bread into snowball sandwiches. Cookies may be little decorated snowmen. Cup cakes with white boiled frosting and coconut look like edible snowballs.

The old have a reputation for wisdom, partly because there's nobody left alive to tell how silly they were at 20, 40 and 60!

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**AFRICAN VIOLETS,** Two Hundred Fifty Varieties. Leaves, Cuttings, Small Plants Mailed. Send 3¢ stamp for descriptive list. Visitors Welcome. Mrs. Tom Hardisty, Corning, Iowa.

**EMBROIDERED PILLOW SLIPS;** crocheted tatted doilies; handkerchiefs. Lena Jorgensen, Panora, Iowa.

**WILL CROCHET.** Violet Umphfleet, Mill Grove, Mo.

**"WAUSA BIRTHDAY CALENDAR AND COOK BOOK"** featuring Smorgasbord and Mamie Eisenhower's Swedish Cookies. 320 recipes for \$1.25 postpaid. Order from Methodist Woman's Society of Christian Service, Wausa, Nebr.

**DULL SCISSORS ARE NO GOOD** to anyone! Why not let us sharpen yours for only 40¢ ea. pp. No stamps, please! Satisfaction guaranteed—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**PAINTED STATE FLOWER** or Double Wed-dingring Quilt top \$5.00 each. Cobber apron, 80 sq. percale, small, medium, or large in green, blue, or red, \$1.25 each. Beatrice Osborn, Lacona, Iowa.

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**READER'S DIGEST SPECIAL.** 8 months \$1.00. Cannot be applied on renewals. Peggy Jo Buddenberg, Hamilton, Missouri.

**WANTED!** Crocheting, hand quilting, em-broidery, ¾¢ thread yard. Ruffled doilies, 7" ruffle, 30 thread, any color, \$3.00. Em-broidered cannon dish towel set of 6, \$3.00. Mrs. Harry Zacharias, Lancaster, Kansas.

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**CROCHETERS WANTED:** Easy work. Ma-terials furnished. Finished articles pur-chased. Illustrated booklet 25¢. Vivien Maxwell, 1415 Glenarm Place, Denver 2, Colo.

**FRESH BLACK WALNUT MEATS.** \$1.75 qt. postpaid. Dorothy Eggers, Avoca, Ia.

**100% NYLON Crocheted Tablecloth.** Mrs. Arvid Segerstrom, Ida Grove, Iowa.

**14" CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES** with fans \$1.00. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebraska.

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**PRETTY PRINT APRONS.** New Pattern \$1.25. J. Richardson, Maryville, Mo.

**WASHCLOTH SLIPPERS.** Crocheted around top, ribbon bow. \$1.00 pr. Rickrack ear-rings, rhinestone centers. 35¢ pr., 3 pr. \$1.00. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

**FRUIT OF THE LOOM** bordered print half aprons \$1.25. Dimity & Organdy aprons eyelet ruffle & ribbon trim \$1.25. Cro-cheted owl pin cushion 50¢. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**FOR EASTER AND MOTHER'S DAY:** The Doily beautiful. 24 small pink flowers cir-cled in a bed of green and white. A per-fect gift. \$2.00 postpaid. A. J. Eltgroth, Carroll, Iowa.

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**BLACK WALNUT MEATS** \$1.35 quart. Fancy quilt tops \$10.00. Quilt aprons \$1.00. Will crocheted afghans reasonable. Ruth Samuel, Gadberry, Ky.

**400 VARIETIES** African Violet Leaves. 7 leaves unnamed \$1.00. 5 named for \$1.00. Mary Long, Stratford, Iowa.

**ATTRACTIVE**—7 Rose Doily 18-in. —\$1.00. Vadyne Allen, Callao, Mo.

**QUILTER WANTED.** Some one to do hand quilting. Mrs. Henry HasBrouck, Manson, Iowa.

**EMBROIDERED PILLOWCASES** crocheted edging \$3.00 to \$4.00. Knitted baby sets \$4.75. Towels \$1.50. Hats \$2.00. Irene Allen, Corydon, Iowa.

**THREE WHITE CROCHETED TABLE-CLOTHS.** Dorothy Eggers, Avoca, Iowa.

**BOOKS! NOVELTIES! MONEYMAKING OP-PORTUNITIES!** Free Lists! For Informa-tion Write, Mrs. M. A. Rader, Paullina, Ia.

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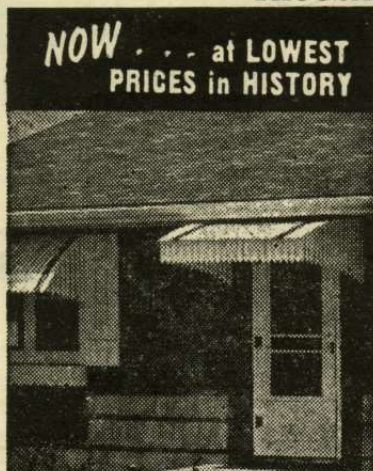
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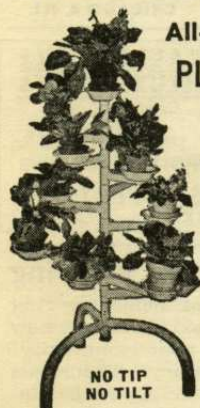
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DEPT. 11

Leaf Oil Labs, Sutton, Nebraska

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

When the new year started you resolved to do more nice things for shutin folk. I wonder if you have kept that resolution? If not, now is a good time to begin and here are some folks who need you.

Sandra Birkhimer, St. Joseph's Hospital, Parkersburg, W. Va., is 10. More than a year ago she was very seriously burned and is still on the critical list. They fear she will be in the hospital for five more years. Please send her some pretty cards.

Miss Bernice Bjorkman, age 27, RR., St. James, Minn., has multiple sclerosis. She can use her hands some, but is in bed or in a wheelchair all the time. She lives on a farm with her parents.

Mrs. May Bunting, Box 84, Shambaugh, Iowa, is an elderly shutin who has been ill a long time and is in the hospital right now. Send cards, but please say you expect no answer.

Minnie Burnard, 119 S. Bluff St., Janesville, Wisc., has arthritis. She can use only her hands, so do write to her.

Mrs. Blanche Loveless, 2028 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Calif., is in the hospital again. She is a former Iowan who would like to hear from old friends and new ones, but will not be able to answer now.

Mrs. Sarah Matthews, 1332 Des Moines St., Des Moines 16, Iowa, is 81 and has been ill the past 8 months. Pneumonia affected her heart. She is lonely and would like mail.

Miss Myrtle Poplin, 4410 McKinney, Dallas, Texas, is a wheel-chair shutin who can use only one hand. She needs cheery letters.

Billy Powell, Rt. 1, Crystal, Mich., is 21 and had both arms taken off in a cornpicker last fall. He is to have artificial arms when he is able to use them. He needs mail.

Mrs. R. V. Sawdy, Box 345, Royalton, Minn., fell in October and injured herself quite badly. She will be bed-fast for a long time.

Mrs. Chas. Schladinki, Fountain City, Wisc., is a double amputee who spends her time in a wheelchair. She would enjoy mail.

Miss Joyce Underwood, 145 Cool Spring St., Fayetteville, N. C., has had cerebral palsy since she was 14. She is 35 now and is in a wheelchair.

Elsie Wilkins, Rt. 1, Onawa, Iowa, is another person who must get around in a wheelchair and would enjoy hearing from you.

Mrs. Pauline Wilson, Rt. 2, Athens, Texas, is badly crippled by arthritis. I doubt if she can write, but she would like mail.

Miss Huldah Durr, 901 Rogers St., Bucyrus, Ohio, has been shutin a long time. She needs constant care which has always been given by her elderly parents, but now both of them are ill. Write her a cheery letter.

Mrs. Alma E. Carlson, Rt. 1, Garfield, Kans., will be 88 March 11th. She has been in a wheelchair for many years and her husband is bed-fast. They celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary last November.