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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Redlands, California

My dear Friends:

My letter to you last month was written very soon after we arrived at the La Posada Hotel which is to be our "home away from home" for these winter months. This hotel is right on the Main street of Redlands, a town that is surrounded by orange groves and encircled by mountains. There are many beautiful churches here, lovely parks and also a well known college. It is not a tourist town in any sense of the word, but many visitors do enjoy stopping here at this hotel.

Right here I should stop and tell our new friends that I first became acquainted with Redlands many, many years ago when I was a young girl. My parents purchased a home here when they retired and I lived here until I was married, so that is the main reason we chose Redlands when we first started making this California winter trip a number of years ago.

Our hotel is of Mission architecture, a very popular style in California, and there is a comfortable, sunny patio where we spend many hours. There is also a very nicely furnished lounge with comfortable chairs, a TV set and also a piano, if anyone feels like giving us some music. Another thing we like about staying here is that there is a coffee shop which opens off of the lobby, and the food served there is very well prepared.

Yesterday Faith Field Stone (my brother Henry Field's oldest daughter) and her husband, Weldon, came up from San Diego to spend the day with us. We had such a good visit. It was a cool, cloudy day, and imagine how surprised we were to have a regular blizzard blow up while we were eating dinner! Wind, snow and some fine sleet blew in from the north, and in a very short time the ground was covered with a blanket of snow. This all happened so unexpectedly that it caused a lot of excitement. There were snowmen made, snowball fights, and real winter fun even though it lasted such a short time.

This morning there is no snow in sight here in Redlands, but the mountains and foothills which come very close to the town glisten white in the sunshine. The storm covered a large territory—from Los Angeles to the mountains.

Many of the foothills have been burned over by fires this past summer

and fall. You no doubt read about it in your papers. For rapid coverage they scattered mustard and other seeds over the hills from planes, and I am sure that with this rain and snow they will grow and the earth will be green before long. But best of all, the big lakes that store water in the mountains will be full once more and water will be available for irrigating farms and orchards.

Where to get water to supply the rapidly growing population of Southern California is a big problem. You can realize this when you see the hundreds of new homes in every community. I read the other day where one large company had purchased a great many acres in the desert and was building a new town. You can't help but wonder where all of these people will find jobs.

Our car has only been out of the parking lot five times in the month that we have been here. There have been quite a few rainy or cloudy days when it was more comfortable to be inside. Mart likes to read, so he bought some new books, and I have my sewing and OUR letter writing to do! (Like many men, he leaves all of the letter writing to his wife.)

I have finished the cross-stitched tablecloth, the ivy leaf design, and have four of the eight napkins made. I have decided to give this one to Dorothy if it is large enough for her table. I have also made two of the clever puppet pot holders, made like a mitten with eyes and ears on the back of the hand and a mouth that will open and close by the use of four fingers above and thumb below. Right now I plan to make several of these for gifts.

Last week my niece, Louise Fischer Alexander and her father, Fred Fischer, came to spend a day with us. (Louise lives in Claremont, Calif.) We are disappointed that Fred had already made his plane reservations to go back to Iowa, for we had hoped that he would stay at least a month.

I have two nieces, my sister Sue's daughters, who have been to see us. Mary lives here in Redlands and calls often. Frances lives in San Bernardino and is a nurse in a large hospital, so she can come only on her days off and naturally not on every day off since she is busy with her family in addition to her job.

My sister Sue has another daughter, Margery, who lives in New Jersey.

From time to time we've shared pictures of her children with you friends. Their church is sponsoring a family of Hungarians, a doctor and his wife, an aged mother and several children. Margery and her husband have given them the use of the third story of their home.

Besides these California nieces who visit us I have a very dear cousin, Pauline Speyerer, one of my few living first cousins, who called and invited us to their home in San Bernardino for another one of those delicious squab dinners. Her husband (a retired railroad man) raises squabs as a hobby and had saved some nice fat ones for us.

Our big window in this room faces the street and I can look down at the store window display of a lovely gift shop—also a store called "Toyville." We have decided that it is the most popular store in the block. I am going to pay it a visit soon, for we grandmothers can't resist the urge to buy toys, can we? There is a new "yard goods" store that has a special attraction for me too. I am going to send Mary Beth some dainty material for Katharine's Easter dress.

My sisters and I are about as far apart as we can be. Martha is in New Jersey visiting her son Dwight and his family, and Jessie is on Captiva Island off the West coast of Florida. She writes that she is spending many hours adding to her collection of unusual shells, digging for clams and gathering fresh oysters from the cove. This is the second winter Jessie has spent on Captiva Island and from her letters I am sure that she is having a very happy time.

Mary Beth and Donald are looking forward to moving very soon now. They have been able to get a much larger place and are anticipating having a room for Katharine where a door can be closed! When she was born they converted their dining room into a room for her, and needless to say, it couldn't be closed off very successfully. Now they will have a much larger living room, two bedrooms, dining room and a lovely very modern kitchen with every convenience. Fortunately, this new home is at the end of a dead-end road, so there won't be traffic to worry about when spring comes and Katharine can be outside.

Time is passing very rapidly for us. We still have not made our visit to Mart's brother Harry and his wife Edith in Glendale, or to my brother Sol's home in northern California. There are other drives in this area that we always enjoy, but we haven't taken them yet. Traffic is very, very heavy and it takes a little shoving to get us out into it.

You will hear from me again before we start back to Iowa. I don't know when we will return, but certainly we expect to wait until there isn't any danger of snow-blocked or icy highways between here and home. We ran into one terrible storm several years ago and don't want to go through anything like that again.

Best wishes to each and every one of you.

Sincerely, Leanna

ARBOR DAY

By

Hallie M. Barrow

*The man who plants a tree
Has given more than you can see.
He goes beyond the line of duty
Who leaves for others shade and
beauty.*

That was the verse our "First reader" class repeated at my first tree planting at a school Arbor Day program. How we watched that tree and rejoiced that it lived as years sped by!

When our class returned last year for its fiftieth reunion, the little one room school house was gone, but our basket dinner was served under that big oak. Now we regard it with reverence and are beginning to wonder if the tree will outlive the members of that class?

How vivid are the happy memories of our childhood. The day we went to the woods to select our tree, we took along a picnic dinner. My seatmate and I wore sunbonnets! Many of the teachers of that era were men. Our teacher helped us select a small sapling, then took his spade and carefully dug up the roots in a big ball. The ball was wrapped in a damp saddle blanket and then reset in the school yard. Later the school became known as The Lone Oak School.

J. Sterling Morton, a former secretary of agriculture in the state of Nebraska, was the founder of Arbor Day. He was living on a farm in that great treeless belt that extends from Canada to Mexico. He had homesteaded a barren, treeless quarter section in 1854. Timber was a most valuable article. Trees were needed for fence posts, to build homes and barns, for fuel and protection from storms that swept the flat plains with such violence and fury.

Morton, realized too, that unless his generation planted trees, future generations would suffer. Arbor Day, dedicated to tree planting programs, was his way of dramatizing the idea. It became a legal holiday in Nebraska in 1885. The state offered prizes on this day in April to individuals or organizations planting the most trees. So much enthusiasm was whipped up that in the first Nebraska Arbor Day observance more than a million trees were planted. By 1895 Nebraska became known as the Tree Planter's state.

The idea of Arbor Day spread. In 1875 it was adopted by faraway Tennessee. Kansas and Minnesota adopted it the following year. It was an idea that took hold immediately everywhere. Today every state has an Arbor Day either established by law or by proclamation. Canadian provinces observe this custom as does Spain, Great Britain, France, Norway, Russia, Japan and China.

J. Sterling Morton later served as secretary of Agriculture at Washington in the cabinet of President Cleveland. In his memory Nebraska maintains his beautiful mansion and the wooded acres that surround it near Nebraska City as a living memorial

to his public service, and have named it Arbor Lodge State Park. There is a display of mementos connected with his life in the museum there and it is a most interesting place to visit.

There is no dearth of tree material now for any club needing material for an Arbor Day Program. There are so many interesting historical trees that I'm surprised there isn't a *Who's Who* among trees! Some of the more famous have died, such as the Charter Oak (the elm under which Washington took command, although seeds from this tree have been planted all over the world). Now most historical trees are provided with lighting rods and modern tree surgeons can take care of other tree ills. My own vote for the most famous tree I've seen, is the huge spreading live oak in the Louisiana Bayou country, known as the Evangeline Oak.

Most of you know about the Japanese Cherry trees around the Basin along the Potomac River at Washington, D. C. But did you know that the pink and white dogwood trees now growing in Tokyo were sent as an expression of good will by the United States just two years after we received the 3,000 cherry trees from Japan? All over the world are trees exchanged in friendliness by nations. One of the most unusual was the comparatively recent gift of 1,000 pohutukawa trees, sent by New Zealand to the island of Malta in admiration for its courageous stand during the Axis air siege. The trunks and branches of these trees are twisted and gnarled from their struggles with the elements along rocky coastal cliffs, but they put forth cheerful red blossoms. No gift could have been more appropriate for the gallant islanders whose hardihood they honor.

Perhaps next to J. Sterling Morton, George Washington stands foremost in regard to trees. True, he did cut down one cherry tree so fable says, but later he was our first conservationist and planter of forests. A few of the trees he planted at Mt. Vernon are still living. Three black walnut trees in Istanbul, Turkey, are growing in memory of Washington and were sent from Mt. Vernon. On the grounds of the American embassy in Mexico City is another walnut tree from Mt. Vernon. The Russo-American peace oak, was planted on the White House grounds by Theodore Roosevelt. The acorn from which it grew came from a tree in Leningrad, which in turn was grown from an acorn off an oak at the tomb of Washington.

The charter oak is a grandparent of the Crittenden Peace Oak now in the Washington Botanical Gardens. This was a living memorial to Senator John J. Crittenden of Kentucky who authored the Crittenden Compromise in an effort to keep peace between the North and South. Acorns of the Crittenden oak have been planted all over the United States and Europe.

Following the first World War millions of seeds were sent abroad to replenish the war-depleted forests of the allied nations. Aside from their practical purposes they were intended as tokens of international concord

and peace. Since then, a group of Americans has sent to Israel a gift of 50,000 eucalyptus trees to provide lumber and combat soil erosion. The ginkgo tree beside Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive, New York, was a gift from China as a token of international friendship.

So aside from planting trees for their wood, fruit, flowers, fragrance, shade, shelter and beauty, your Arbor day tree can also commemorate events, be tokens of friendship and good will. As for the date of your own Arbor Day . . . that you'll have to find out as each state differs. Also, each state has selected the variety of tree to represent it.

Middlewestern states naturally have their Arbor Day date in the spring, usually in April. Texas, Florida and Louisiana are the first states each year to hold Arbor Day celebrations; these fall in January. Texas adopted the pecan tree as its state tree symbol, since it produces a fourth of the pecan crop in our country. Oklahoma voted on the redbud in 1937 as its native tree; in Louisiana and Mississippi, the magnolia is both state tree and state flower. Maine is the Pine Tree State, the hard sugar maple for Vermont, hawthorn in Missouri; white pine for Idaho, Maine and Minnesota; the shortleaf pine for Arkansas, the Douglas fir for Oregon and palm for Florida. The state tree selections have been made by forestry groups, by garden clubs and sometimes by the vote of school children.

The moral of this article is: Have an Arbor Day program in your club, school or home and see that a tree is planted.

Lucile's note: A number of years ago we suggested that a tree be planted when a child is born. Unless you have done this, you simply cannot imagine how much a tree can mean to a child. I truly believe that the dearest thing on earth to Juliana is the lovely Hopa crab that her grandparents planted for her when she was born. She watches it like a hawk, is very protective towards it (woe unto any child who climbs in it and breaks off a branch!) and feels that it is almost a living friend.

A PRAYER

Our Father, each day is a little life, each night a tiny death; help us to live with faith and hope and love. Lift our duty above drudgery; let not our strength fail, or the vision fade, in the heat and burden of the day. O God, make us patient and pitiful one with another in the fret and jar of life, remembering that each fights a hard fight and walks a lonely way. Forgive us, Lord, if we hurt our fellow souls; teach us a gentler tone, a sweeter charity of words, and a more healing touch. Sustain us, O God, when we must face sorrow; give us courage for the day and hope for the morrow. Day unto day may we lay hold of Thy hand and look up into Thy face, whatever befall, until our work is finished and the day is done. —St. Francis of Assisi.

NOTES FROM A ROLL TOPPED DESK

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

It is a cold winter day and I am sitting at the big roll topped desk in the dining room enjoying the warmth of the house. Looking out of the big "picture window" (it is really just a big old-fashioned window, but serves the same purpose as the lovely modern ones!) I can see and appreciate the beauty of the countryside.

Granted, country snow brings inconveniences as well as lovely views. Stock needs much care when temperatures drop and ice and snow covers everything. Water tanks must have ice broken and heaters continually fed with fuel. Milking must be done regardless of the temperature and the desire of the farmer for warmth. Getting in and out of the farm house can become a real problem if the lane is long and filled with snow.

But how thankful we are in this section of the country for the moisture the soft white blanket of snow is bringing! The roots and seeds and pastures beneath the ground are well protected now. The creek is still and frozen hard. The trees stand straight and stiff, lifting branches etched black against the sleet gray sky. Skis and sleds make multi-width tracks down the slopes. Little boy footprints, big daddy footprints, round dog footprints show the least observing who it was who used the slopes so happily. Winter is fun in the country. Winter is beautiful in the wide open spaces where the snow piles into soft drifts, where it stays clean and fresh looking, where space is wide for the fun of snow play, where warm windows show a wide clear vista of hills and trees and creeks wrapped tightly in winter's last fling of the season.

Surely as I sit here at the big desk I hope winter is on its last leg. The seed catalogues, the promise of meals filled with home grown foods and fresh warm breezes seem far more desirable at the moment than the cold which lingers as March approaches.

Incidentally, a big roll topped desk is by far the most efficient work space ever devised. This one was a gift from a friend and very gratefully received by one who has used everything from a wobbly bench to a tiring lap as a place for typing. When we first brought the desk through the door it grew into huge proportions. It is not a small piece of furniture! But when the colonial clock started ticking amiably in the center of its long flat upper shelf and the white pieces of milk glass were placed on each side of the clock against the dark brown of the wall, the desk seemed to settle down and be at home.

It has all sorts of filing places in it. Husband Bob insists that the products coming from my typewriter should improve with these efficient depths. I make no comment on such statements, but something must be produced here to justify the space taken. Affection is growing in my heart for



The youngest Birkby, little Craig. He's changed a great deal since this six-months old picture was taken, but we think that he's a sweet baby at any age.

the desk, however, just as a mother loves an ungainly child.

This is a good time to think of friends, new ones and old. Reminiscing comes easy when most of the time of necessity must be spent in the house. My thoughts today wandered back to the college class in speech which I attended in Chicago. Mr. Bloxom was our instructor and well versed in the art of bringing from his students their very best work. We loved working for him for he was a real inspiration to every one of us. Along with Mr. Bloxom were the classmates who became such good friends as we grew to know each other well. In a memory compartment marked "to treasure" are the talks these friends made and the experiences we shared.

John Smith was tall and lean and conscientiously dedicated to his work. He had a small church which he served faithfully and was trying to advance his education at the same time. His talks were full of humor and pathos. One day he told us of the condition of some of his parishioners in the slum area of the city. In a small garage lived two young women, both of whom had husbands who were in the overseas army. With their six children they lived in a place without electricity and without running water. Mr. Smith told us that just the evening before he had received a frantic call from one of the young mothers that her baby had been bitten by a rat. It was a terrible place in which to live but they could find no other home, for this family, like John Smith, was Negro.

Another one of my classmates was named Dick. He had come from California via a long stint in the armed services. He had served with the 34th division through the Sicilian and Italian campaigns. Many of his fellow soldiers had been killed. In one of his talks Dick told about his folks. They had at one time owned a little vegetable farm in California but that had been taken from them and they were sent to a detention camp in the desert. Here they had done the best they could with articles at hand. They

made beautiful articles out of sage brush and bits of leaves and grasses which grow in the desert. Dick showed no bitterness, only pride in his parents, who were both born and raised as full blooded an American as any of us. And who can give more for their country than their sons? Dick's name? It was Hayashi, he was a Neisi.

Peter Poppinoff didn't talk about his parents much, although he too was proud of them. He talked a great deal about Poland, the land from which his father had come. Determination that his children would have an education and opportunities which had been denied him in the old country prompted the father to make the long trip. One day, quite by accident, I stopped at a magazine stand on the street corner and there was Peter.

"Well, Hi, Peter," I greeted him. He looked a bit sheepish.

"Hello, I've been watching the stand for my father today. He is sick."

Whenever I could from then on I bought my magazines and newspapers from Mr. Poppinoff. One day we were talking about Peter. Mr. Poppinoff's eyes sparkled as he spoke in his Polish dialect.

"I'm mighty proud of my boy. He's going to have a college education. He is going to have a chance to be more than a news stand man like me. And I'm glad he can go to school and have friends like you."

I reveled in the glow of that remark for weeks. Of such is the coin of friendship.

Then there was Herman Rosenfeld. Herman lived in the Jewish Ghetto, the section of Chicago where tourists wander on Sunday morning. The characters, the small booths, the trading and bartering which go on among the merchants and sight seers and the serious traders is something to behold. Herman was intent, as was Peter, in getting his education so he could leave the ghetto and become something more than just a clerk in his father's store. He was very friendly and full of exuberance and energy.

I was guiding a tour of young people through the ghetto one day when out of a store door bounded Herman. He grasped my hand and bubbling over with happiness said,

"You are the first one of my classmates to come by my father's store. It is good to see you." From that time on we were real friends. Many times he told me of the dreams he had to go on and be an engineer and do something worthwhile in this old world. It was an inspiration just to hear him. Out of a background of poverty he was making stepping stones to greater things.

There were a number of us in the class who were just ordinary, run-of-the-mill folks. We felt mighty humble in the face of the experiences and trials of our classmates. As we sat in the classroom or gathered at International House for a cup of coffee and a continuation of a discussion on every subject imaginable we knew we were far more wealthy than people who, unfortunately, only know people

(Continued on page 17)

FREDERICK VISITS WITH US

Dear Friends,

This has been the coldest winter on record for the state of Massachusetts. Of course, when I lived in Iowa some years ago I saw it much colder than we have seen it here this winter, but it has been cold. Here at the house the temperature dropped to sixteen below zero, and just seven miles from here it went down to twenty-four below. One cold day I walked up to the corner to take a look at the river, and I was surprised to see it filled with ice. It wasn't one solid sheet of ice, but was choked with large pieces of ice, some large enough to carry the weight of a house.

The most unusual thing happened as a result of the cold spell. All of us who live near the edge of the city or near the park had the experience of fighting off the muskrats. At first we could not believe that they were muskrats when they came out of the woods and right up to the doors of our houses, but the game wardens assured us that they were muskrats, and that they were a danger to children. One day two large ones curled up next to the back steps of a house not far from ours, and when the man of the house tried to drive them away with a stick, they attacked him.

All of this caused quite a sensation and the newspapers gave a great deal of front page space to it. Some mothers were afraid to let their children out of the house, and a neighbor was bitten on the leg when he stepped on a muskrat that was in the breezeway between his kitchen and garage. The official explanation for this crazy conduct of the ordinarily fearful and quiet muskrats was the intense cold. It seems that the streams where they were accustomed to feed were frozen so solid for such a depth that the poor rats were driven crazy with hunger. They were keeping close to the houses for warmth and in the hopes of picking up food.

Some people thought that the best way to deal with the situation was to shoot the little beasts, but the game wardens suggested that all of us who had seen the rats about the house should take food down to the streams in the vicinity. The latter suggestion has worked like a charm, and ever since people have started taking vegetable scraps down to the streams, we have had no more trouble.

Today was the first day that I have not seen something about muskrats in the local papers. I wonder if any of you have ever known muskrats to act like that? If you have, I wish that you would write and tell me. When I first heard about it, I thought that it was just talk, but then we saw an unusually big one right on our front walk, and I began to take the matter more seriously.

When we lived on the island of Bermuda and then later on the island of Oahu, we had rat trouble, but this is the first time we have ever had muskrat trouble. It was in Bermuda that the water rats made nests in our coral rock pier and then tried to get into our fresh water reservoirs. And



David Driftmuer pretends that he's piloting a yacht.

it was in Honolulu that the fruit rats that fed on the mango tree in our garden started their attack on the house by dropping down the sewer vent and then swimming their way through the toilet trap and into the bathroom. I have yet to live on any island that is not infested with rats. Most islands do not have snakes, and where there are no snakes there are bound to be rats.

Perhaps some of you will remember that just a year ago I cracked two ribs while teaching my little David how to use the sled that Santa Claus gave him. Well, this winter I was careful not to break any bones, but I did get rather severely bruised when I tried to show a group of children how to slide down a spectacularly steep hill. I borrowed the sled of one little chap, and with all of the youngsters watching I shot down the hill. At the bottom there was a little dip that sent me and the sled several feet into the air. When we came down, the sled broke into a dozen pieces, and I went bouncing and rolling across the ice. The little boy had to have a new sled, and for a day or two I was afraid that I would have to have a new back, but now all is well.

I got out of it considerably better than did one of our good friends who broke her ankle skiing last January and was in the hospital for weeks, and this January broke her knee skiing on the same slope at the exact spot where she broke her ankle. She says that next winter she is going to go sliding with me and leave the skis alone. We have promised our children skis for next winter, but I think that I am too old to learn. Betty skis beautifully, but seldom has an opportunity to do much of it.

Out in Hollywood a psychiatrist is jokingly called a "head-shrinker." It is a most descriptive name, and I am of the opinion that every home should have in it one member of the family who is a good "head-shrinker." In our home it is David. David can do more "head-shrinking" in less time than just about anyone I know.

The other day he asked: "Dad, do you know how many mistakes there are in the Bible?" Naturally, this took me by surprise, and I said: "Where did you hear such talk?" I knew that he often sees religious programs on television, and I rather guessed that that was where he had picked up that bit of information. "Well," said David, "on the T. V. I heard a man say that there are 40,000 mistakes in the Bible, but of course he could have been wrong for he was just a minister!" Being just a minister myself, I took the backseat, knowing full well that my son was up to his old tricks of "head-shrinking."

Have you ever thought about all of the trouble and unhappiness that feelings and attitudes of superiority can cause? I don't suppose that there is any mental attitude more deadly to peace of mind and tranquility in the home, in the school, at work, or in the church than the attitude of superiority. People who really believe that they are superior people are bound to be trouble-makers. The church that believes it is the only true church, the school that believes it is the only school with the ideal teaching techniques, the home that thinks there is no other home in the neighborhood with as fine a spirit, the individual who believes that he knows best in every circumstance all make for unhappiness.

I don't suppose that there is anything in life much more disastrous to peace of mind than humiliation. We can take a lot of blows in life and fight right back, but there is something deadly about humiliation that robs us of the desire to fight back. Back in the days when I was a young bachelor school teacher I used to have posted on the door of my apartment a little sign that said: "Nothing is big enough to hurt you unless you are small enough to let it." Even though I looked at it at least three times a day, it wasn't of too much help to me until it suddenly dawned on me that some of my supposed bigness was actually smallness. In other words, it is when we think that we are big that we are actually small, and often we are most hurt at those very sensitive points in our life where we think we are least small.

The woman who believes that she is a wonderful housekeeper is the one most apt to be hurt when someone suggests that she "doesn't keep the cleanest house in the world." Her "big" attitude is evidence of her smallness. If she were a truly "big" person she would not be hurt by what anyone says about her house, for she would know that this side of heaven there is always more to be done.

All of us need a certain amount of superiority. We need to have some things or activities in our lives that are definitely superior, but true superiority is the attitude that constantly seeks for more perfection and invites every suggestion of a constructive nature, and laughs off the little hurts of life.

Sincerely,
Frederick

THE LENGTHENED SHADOW OR "THE WIND SHALL SCATTER THEM AWAY"

(March Inspirational Service)

By Mabel Nair Brown

SETTING: No. 1 — On wall back of worship center place a large map of your town, your township, or county. In front of this (symbolizing the GOOD in your community) place a miniature church. If possible, place a concealed light in such a manner that the shadow of the church is cast across the map. No. 2. If unable to find above materials, then use an open Bible and a lighted candle arrangement. No. 3. Perhaps, instead of a map, you could find snapshots, news clippings, etc., depicting the various worthwhile activities of churches and other organizations in your community and arrange them to form a backdrop for the church with its shadow (influence) cast upon them.

The stirring strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers" should provide the soft background music as the prelude and as leader speaks:

"The sun shines after every storm; there is a solution for every problem; and the soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer."—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Let us not be content with doing our duty, let us do more! Will we allow the cobwebs to obscure the shadows our lives cast across our community, our world? Let us think on these things.

Scripture Reading: "Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them: and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord and shall glory in the Holy One of Israel." (Isaiah 41:16) "The ungodly are not so: but are the chaff which the wind driveth away." "Let them be as chaff before the wind and let the angel of the Lord chase them." (Psalms 1:4—35:5) "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psalms 51:10)

First Meditation: March is often called the "month of the winds." Many of us think of those winds as being blustery, cold winds. Some may recall chilling wet winds, or ones following the weather forecast "Wind and rain; turning to snow, or sleet." For others, the word "wind" brings to mind wind-swept plains, perhaps clouds of dust.

But do some of you think of the cool refreshing breezes after a gentle summer rain, or the soft whisper of pine trees as the wind moves through them on a crisp winter night? Who remembers the drying winds of the springtime that help Mother Nature get the thawing soil ready for the planting season? To those who have known personally the disaster and tragedy that follows one, the word "wind" may well mean one word: "tornado," "hurricane," or "cyclone." Let us think on the word *winds*—the way we might apply it to our lives.

Have you ever thought how the March winds seem to clear the cobwebs out of Winter's hair? How beautiful, how refreshingly lovely, how clear and bright April seems after



Don't you agree that Clark Driftmier, at three, is a real little pixie?

Mister March Wind has come along and made a clean sweep of the tag ends of winter snow, furnace grime and soot! How wonderfully the sun shines above a newly cleansed earth and we rejoice to see our shadows keeping a merry pace with us, having missed them while skies stayed grey and overcast!

Just as brightly will our daily lives glow anew if we make a clean sweep and brush away the clouds of suspicion, of unfriendliness, of indifference. In turn, our community will be made brighter, more wholesome, as each of us becomes rid of selfishness, greed and pettiness. Each one of us can cast a "lengthened shadow" across our own family circle, our own community if we will—an influence for "good," for the best in life.

How many of us have a set of "roadblocks" in our life?—Pride, a continual feeling of personal injustice, the habit of fault finding, of "picking apart"—these are roadblocks which far too many of us allow to block our way to true happiness and a GOOD life. We need a steady strong wind to blow them out of our path!

Poem: "The Land Of Beginning Again" or any appropriate verse.

Second Meditation: As we think of the CHAFF of our lives which we would have blown away, let us seek to find how it can be done. We need a STRONG wind to blow away a towering roadblock. We need a GOOD broom to sweep down to a clean floor. So we would ask ourselves, as we seek to sweep away the cobwebs from our life—"Have we a GOOD BROOM?—Will I sweep clean?"

Our scripture reads, "Create a clean heart . . . renew a right spirit within me." So we sweep away the chaff by developing a strong sense of love for our fellowmen, more devotion and affectionate understanding of our families. We drive away the chaff when we seek to develop in ourselves the broader vision for our family life, for our community—when we lose ourselves in thinking of ways and means to serve others.

Are YOU strong in backing what you know to be the good causes in your community? Or are you one who is always quick to SEE WHAT

SHOULD BE DONE, for church, for community betterment, but content to sit *passively* and let others take the active part in getting the job done? How often have there been so many SITTERS that many a good cause fell by the wayside—leaving the clouded way, so to speak?

LET US BE STRONG!! LET US CAST "THE LENGTHENED SHADOW." In the words of the poet, "We are not here to dream and drift." Let us stand forth bravely, strongly, for all that is GOOD in our community, our homes, our world.

Leader: Just as the church in our worship setting today casts its shadows across the map of our community, let each of us resolve today to sweep our lives clean of the cobwebs so that we may shine forth to those around us as one who stands for all that is wholesome and good.

An unknown author gives us this thought, "There are two kinds of people in the world, as there are two substances, both carbons. Why is one beautiful and the other unsightly? Because one gives back all the light that strikes it, while the other absorbs the light and keeps it. How different they are in value! One is a precious gem that sparkles and glistens, reflecting a thousand brilliant colors. The other is dark, ugly, and of little practical value. The one absorbs all the good; the other, like a diamond, reflects and shares with others the better things of life." Which one are you?

Song: "I Would Be True"

Benediction: Kind Lord, grant that each of our lives may be swept clean of the impure, the unsightly and the ugly pettiness and selfishness that we may reflect only the pure and the beautiful and share with others the better things of life. Amen.

I sought my soul,
But my soul I could not see.
I sought my God,
But my God eluded me.
I sought my brother,
And I found all three.

"SPRING'S NEAR"

I walked outside in a snow-bound world,
The stinging air crisp and clear—
And to my surprise from our maple tree
A phoebe bird whistled "Spring's near".

A foolish message it seemed to me
With the earth wrapped in chill
and cold:
But a second burst of his lilting song
Brought understanding it could
not withhold.

Just two notes from that little
feathered throat
Gave a promise that cast out
fear—
Made faith—and hope—and trust
flame anew,
As he merrily whistled "Spring's
near!"

—Lola Taylor Hemphill

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends One and All:

How good it seems to sit down at my desk this morning and have a visit with you! I always look forward to writing my monthly letter, but on this particular February morning it has an added measure of gratification for I am grateful to be able to sit at my old desk and type.

You will never, never know how much I enjoyed and appreciated the wonderful cards and letters that you sent to me in recent weeks. Each morning when Russell brought the mail home I wondered all over again what I had ever done to deserve such an outpouring of friendship. It made me feel deeply grateful and very humble—I can only hope that in the days ahead I will be able to justify the heartwarming messages that you sent.

Modern medicine is really something! There was a time, and it hasn't been too long ago, when anyone who had severe major surgery was kept absolutely flat on his back for an interminable period. Gradually you were permitted to lift one finger, and then a second finger, and so forth until finally, a good three weeks later, you were allowed to sit on the edge of the bed and *think* about making it two feet across the floor to a chair. By this time, of course, you were so weak and worthless that it was a major triumph to make it to the chair! I've been unfortunate enough to have quite a backlog of surgery behind me and I know what I'm talking about!

Well, it's a mighty different story today. They *will* concede to cart you from the operating room to your own room (in view of the fact that you're totally unconscious there isn't much else they *can* do!) but that's about the last concession they make. From there on out it's clearly understood that you'd better lose no time in getting up and at it.

Naturally, all you WANT to do is just to lie perfectly motionless, but in your own mind you know that you're going to be much better off if you make an effort to "get up and at it" so somehow you make the effort. As a result, you never get into that weak and worthless condition that always follows a long stay flat on your back, and your strength returns much, much more quickly than you would ever have believed possible.

I guess there are some people who enjoy going to the hospital but I'm not among them. I always have but one flaming goal: to get out of there as fast as possible. For one thing, I'm a very light sleeper—just let someone touch the door of my room and I'm brilliantly wide awake. Now if you've ever been in the hospital you know that someone is always checking up on you (a sound idea, I'm sure), so as a consequence, light sleepers have but one passionate desire: to get back to their own bed in a quiet house where there's a fighting chance of getting some sleep.

Then too, people with vivid imaginations (and I'm cursed with one) can

find so much to worry about in the hospital! I can't bear to hear anyone in pain, and you know as well as I know that you hear a lot of that in any hospital. If someone in my end of the hall isn't doing well and his family spends hours in nervous anxiety outside his door, then I worry right along with them. Then if your room has a window that overlooks the drive and you can see ambulances arrive, there's *really* something to get worked up over. All in all, you can plainly see, I'm always better off at home!

But hospitals are wonderful places when you need them, and you can put me down in favor of them.

Incidentally, I read something not long ago that struck me as very sensible and I wouldn't be the least surprised to see this put into practice in hospitals that are built in the future.

One of the difficult things involved in being hospitalized is the element of loneliness—somehow the days and nights seem utterly endless. One of the few breaks to anticipate is meal time, and yet anyone who is accustomed to sitting down with the family for three meals a day feels very lonely and strange when his tray arrives and he is left to pick at it in solitary silence. Appetites are never exactly hearty after major abdominal surgery, and being all alone in the room doesn't help any.

This particular article I read said that in some new hospitals in the East they had tried what sounded like a revolutionary idea—they built a dining room for the patients. Instead of taking all these individual trays to individual rooms, they had the patients go to the dining room three times a day. Naturally, not all of them could go, but anyone able to be up in a wheel chair or to move about on crutches or his own two feet, got out of his room at meal time and went to this dining room.

The staff of that hospital was amazed at the difference it made in their patients' recovery. People whose recovery had been retarded because they were depressed and melancholy, simply improved by leaps and bounds once they got out for their meals with other patients. People who hadn't been able to eat nearly enough to restore their strength, found that their appetites returned overnight. All in all, the plan was a sensational success.

From the viewpoint of help (and this seems to be quite a serious problem in any hospital) it certainly seems sensible. Surely it wouldn't take nearly as much time to serve twenty or thirty people in one room as it takes to run up and down the halls with twenty or thirty trays!

Many communities are now in the process of raising money to build new hospitals or to put substantial wings on buildings now being used. (Here in Shenandoah we have a large and elaborate wing added to a building that was first built in the 1920's.) In most communities too there are committees of citizens who meet with architects and thresh out some of the many problems involved. I truly do think that this idea of a dining room for the

patients is very sound, and if you are serving on a community committee, do bring up the subject and see what can be worked out.

I can't conclude this matter of hospitals without making one final comment. Nursing is hard work, under the happiest of conditions, and I can remember when any girl who put in her eight hours was regarded as *some* one who had done a heavy day's work—certainly nothing more was expected of her.

But on this last trip to the hospital I was impressed with the number of nurses who carry tremendous loads of work. They put in their demanding shift of a full eight hours (on their feet practically the entire time, mind you) and then go home to all of the work that automatically runs hand in hand with a family of children. Some of these girls who were so kind to me drove in from farms—and I don't need to tell you how much work is always waiting to greet you on a farm. The next time you feel bogged down with the never-ending mountain of work to be done (particularly where there are small children) just stop and wonder for a split second how you would also work in an eight hour shift of nursing! Let me tell you, I've given this considerable thought in recent days.

Of course I had all kinds of reading material at hand while I was in the hospital, but the thing I enjoyed far more than anything else was a book sent to me by a friend in Lincoln, Nebr. It is titled "America Remembers" and is edited by Samuel Rapport and Patricia Schartle. Honestly, never have I seen such a tremendous wealth of material crammed between two covers! I simply cannot imagine anyone who wouldn't find worlds of entertainment and inspiration in this book that deals with our best-loved customs and traditions. Anyone who ever grew up in our country will find countless doors of memories opened as he turns through these pages.

My own favorite article in the entire big collection (669 pages) is a tribute to the old Model T titled "Farewell, My Lovely." If you ever had anything to do with a Model T you'll laugh until you cry when you read this. In fact, I made the great mistake of trying to read this while I was still in no condition to laugh, cough or sneeze, and I just had to put it down and forget it until I was in better shape.

This would make a wonderful gift or a wonderful club purchase. I do hope that in one way or another you'll be able to get ahold of a copy—I can assure you that I treasure mine.

As I write this, a beautiful cardinal is sitting on our window sill where we keep food these days for needy birds. What a brilliant splash of color he is against the snow!

On the 25th of this month we'll be celebrating Juliana's 14th birthday (no, I can't believe it) and when I write again I'll tell you how our plans turned out.

With deepest gratitude for your friendship, I am Always . . . Lucile.

DINNERS BUILD A CHURCH

By

Frances R. Williams

A motorist traveling on "301", one of two main highways that serve the Florida West Coast, will likely notice an attractive white church in the small town of Ellenton, north of Bradenton and Sarasota.

The sign in front of the church reads "Ellenton Community Methodist Church." Hours of worship are listed, the name of the pastor, E. T. Standifer, and below all a big "WELCOME."

This white church is typical of hundreds of churches in small towns and rural communities in America, but how the church members raised enough money to build the church may be of interest to others who are struggling to build or pay off a church debt.

The Ellenton church, dedicated in March, 1954 (completely free from debt) is not only a place of worship, the center of religious and social life in this small Floridian community, but might well be designated as a monument to the endeavor and ingenuity of a small group of women, less than fifty in number, who raised the major portion of the money to build the church. Today it would take approximately \$65,000 to build this church.

For the past seven or eight years, the Women's Service organization of the Ellenton church have served weekly dinners for the benefit of the Winter visitors who flock to this area during the months of January, February and March (the height of the tourist season). Of course the men have helped, but it is the women who have sparked the project.

The church membership, according to Rev. Standifer, now totals 209 — men, women and children, drawn from families of working men and women, farmers and retired couples, the majority of whom are people of modest means.

The exterior of the building, constructed of cement blocks, waterproofed and painted a gleaming white, is of typical Floridian construction (not possible in the North). The interior is neat and attractive. Northerners are apt to comment favorably on the appearance of the building. The church was planned and constructed during the pastorate of Rev. Ralph Rivers, who served the church four years prior to that of the present minister, Rev. Standifer. Considerable labor was donated by the men of the church and community during the construction, and of course this cut down on the cost.

Although the church was free from debt at the time of the dedication, the weekly dinners have been continued, partly because of public demand, and also to build up a fund for the construction of an Educational addition. Future plans also include a dining room and modern kitchen. Already the Sunday School needs more space.

When the new church was completed, the old building, now "Fellowship Hall" was moved to a spot across the drive on the south and remodeled into a kitchen and dining room where



Since this picture was taken on Dedication Day, March, 1954, extensive plantings have been developed.

the famous dinners are served. Although only 85 persons can be seated at one time at the tables, people are willing to stand in line for one or two hours until they can be served!

The majority of the customers are from the many trailer parks in the area—Palmetto, Bradenton and even as far away as Sarasota. Many are regular weekly customers. The women have served as many as 500 in one evening, but the average is about 300 each week. The food is always tasty and nicely served and the helpings are generous, but good old-fashioned (southern) hospitality is dispensed lavishly! Every one is made to feel that he is an honored guest, so it is no wonder that people return again and again.

The flower arrangements are outstanding. Ellenton is located in the heart of the winter gladiolus growing area, and consequently huge bouquets of this striking flower are used with wonderful effect about the Hall. The table arrangements are the creations of a young woman, Mrs. Roy Woods, who also passes platters of hot rolls and fills coffee cups for seconds, and sometimes thirds. Mrs. Woods has the knack of combining flowers and fruit in unique and different ways, coming up with something different and novel in arrangement each week.

Much of the same group work week after week, but a different Chairman is in charge of the planning. Vegetables grown commercially in the area are used (which cuts down on expense) and the fresh vegetables account for the pleasing flavor and crispness of vegetable dishes and salads.

The menu varies each week; the women plan to serve two kinds of meat so that one has a choice, five or six different vegetables, to allow the choice of two; two different salads, with the choice of one and a choice of salad dressing—either home-made mayonnaise or French dressing. One may choose one dessert from a tantalizing array of homemade pies luscious pecan, coconut cream, lemon, pumpkin, apple or berry) and homemade cakes. Hot rolls, butter and a choice of coffee or iced tea are included in the dinner, all for the sum of \$1.25 for adults; 50¢ for children.

The menus include: roast turkey with cornbread stuffing, roast pork and apple sauce, southern fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, baked

ham and candied sweets, creamed chicken on hot biscuits, roast beef, swiss steak, escalloped egg plant, buttered squash, steamed cabbage and (even) turnips that will make one drool.

Requests for the recipe of some outstanding dish is not unusual. It was Mrs. A. B. Alford who took time out from her duties of cutting pies and cakes to give me the following recipes:

Egg Plant Supreme

Peel egg plant; cut in pieces; steam until tender. Place in a buttered baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, dot with margarine; add a little finely minced onion; cracker crumbs; cover with rich milk, top with grated cheese and bake until brown in a moderate (350) oven.

Turnips

Boil diced white turnips in a small amount of water to which salt and a little sugar has been added. Serve with a white sauce to which cheese has been added.

Unusual French Dressing

1 cup salad oil, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup lemon juice

1 bottle of chili sauce or cocktail sauce

1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 clove garlic, finely minced

Salt, paprika, 1/4 teaspoon ginger

1 can tomato soup. Shake all together in a quart jar.

Mrs. Alford suggested that if one wants distinctive and different salad dressings she should experiment using different herbs until the right combination is found.

Southern Pecan Pie

Add 1/2 cup warm water to 1/2 cup grapenuts; let stand until the water is absorbed.

Combine 3 well beaten eggs, 3/4 cup sugar, 1 cup dark brown syrup,

1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons melted butter

1 teaspoon vanilla, mix well and combine with the cereal mixture.

Add 1/2 cup broken pecan meats

Pour into a 9 inch unbaked pie shell.

Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 50 minutes or until the filling is completely puffed across the top.

According to Reverend Standifer the women of the Ellenton Methodist Church plan to serve their famous Thursday evening dinners again this season beginning in January and continuing until about March 15. You will likely find us among other winter visitors standing in line waiting to be served excellent Southern cooking and to be welcomed by Mrs. John Hamilton, Mrs. Dan Shawver, Mrs. Ida Weesner and others of the friendly group.

While it is not possible for every community to raise money by the same method as the Ellenton Methodist women, it is possible to build a reputation for serving tasty food at reasonable prices to raise money for church buildings or the needs of the church.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Dinner is over and the dishes are done, Frank has gone to the timber to saw wood, and while the house is quiet I thought this would be a good time to write my letter to you.

Before I sat down to the typewriter I washed three of Kristin's sweaters and got them on hangers to dry. Every time I wash them I give thanks to the manufacturers who started making sweaters out of orlon and nylon. What a joy not to have to stretch and block sweaters anymore and have them strung around the house on towels and papers. It seemed as if you had them lying around the house for days because it took them so long to dry. By evening these three sweaters will be dry and ready to go back into the sweater drawer in her dresser.

We haven't gotten any painting done as yet, but we did get Kristin's carpet down and her room rearranged. She has always had a single bed in her room up until a year ago when she and her friends got too big to sleep two in a single bed; then we put the single bed in the storeroom and got her a double bed. Her room is quite small and she never did like the double bed because with all her other things it made the room so crowded. So we put the single bed back in her room and now when anyone comes to stay all night we just pull the studio couch in beside the bed and it has worked out very well.

The last time Frank's sister Ruth came home she brought Kristin one section of the new book shelves she had gotten for her. One was all she could manage on the train with her other luggage. Each section has three shelves ten inches deep by 24 inches long. The bottom shelf is light gray, the middle shelf is salmon, and the top shelf is light yellow. The four corners are brass rods and it stands 30 inches tall. When Ruth brought it home it was knocked down and in a box. Kristin spent about two hours putting it together and did it herself. When Ruth brings the other two sections the next time she comes here, they will fill one wall of Kristin's room between the windows. They are so colorful and such a lovely addition to her room.

I recently attended our second 4-H leaders' training school of the year. Our lesson this time was on meats and desserts. We usually take a covered dish for dinner at noon but this time the county committee members furnished the food and prepared it with the help of the instructor. I am going to give you the recipe for one of the dishes we had because I thought it was especially good and is a different way to use that beef heart the next time you butcher.

Heart Italiane

- 2 lb. beef or veal heart
- 3 T. lard or drippings
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced (if desired)
- 1 1/2 t. salt
- 1/8 t. pepper



Kristin and her Grandmother Driftmier get out to enjoy the first snow of winter.

2 T. chopped pimienta or green pepper

- 1 small can tomato paste
- 1 No. 2 1/2 can (3 c.) tomatoes
- One 8 oz. package spaghetti, cooked
- 1/2 c. grated Cheddar cheese

Wash heart thoroughly, remove veins and hard parts and cut meat in 1 inch cubes. Brown meat, onion and garlic in lard or drippings. Add salt, pepper, pimienta, tomato paste, tomatoes and simmer two hours, or until meat is tender and mixture thickened. Serve over spaghetti and top with grated cheese.

While I am on the subject of 4-H, it was my privilege this week to attend the seventh annual 4-H Leaders' Day honoring all Iowa 4-H leaders. This is held on the campus of Iowa State College at Ames. We registered at 9:30 on the lower floor of the Home Economics Hall and then went up to the auditorium in the same building where members of the extension department served us coffee and doughnuts. From 10:45 to 12:30 we attended the opening session where we enjoyed singing together and listening to three short talks by professors at the college. Luncheon was served in the South Ballroom in the Memorial Union. More talks in the afternoon until 3:15, and from then until 5:00 we toured the campus. I enjoyed most our conducted tour of the Home Economics building. When a girl graduates from Iowa State College in home economics she should certainly be well qualified. I wish I could go into detail about this department but I couldn't do it justice, even if I had the space.

The dinner banquet was held in Great Hall, Memorial Union, and we had a delicious meal and a very good program. Hostesses at each table were girls who were members of the Campus 4-H. A member of this group who sat next to me at the table was a Lucas County girl from Derby, Margaret Herring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Herring. Margaret is a Senior in Home Economics and plans when she

graduates in June to be a Home Economist. Right at this time she is living in one of the Home Management cottages on the campus. Every girl who is majoring in home economics must live in one of these cottages for six weeks with several other girls (I have forgotten the number) sometime during her senior year. These girls not only do all the cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and everything else that goes with running a home, but they also have complete care of a tiny baby. Margaret said they had an adorable baby boy and she was loving every minute of her six weeks' residence in the cottage. She only wished it could be longer. Margaret Herring is a lovely girl and I only wish that Lucas County could have her for a Home Economist, but since it is a rule of the college that no girl goes to her home county some other county will be fortunate in getting her.

I have done a little sewing this month. I made a couple of spring skirts for Kristin. When I was making them Kristin said, "Now I'm going to put these away and save them until March or April so that I will have something new to wear when it warms up a little." I finished the first one on a Saturday and the temptation was too strong for her—she wore it to school on Monday. I will tell you about one of them. One day early in the winter when Ruth came home she brought Kristin a darling white blouse with little red hearts embroidered on the collar and a few on the blouse front. She told Kristin she thought it would be nice to save it and wear it first in February. Kristin didn't have a plain red skirt so I bought some red cotton and made a circle skirt. The only trimming is a big pocket, white, and heart-shaped. It makes a real cute outfit, I think.

The bus just drove into the meadow and dropped Kristin off, right behind it was Frank and the pickup load of wood. I will close now so Kristin and I can drive into Lucas and mail this before the post office closes.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

Dear letter, go upon your way

Over mountain, plain or sea,
God bless all who speed your flight
To where I wish you to be.
And bless all those beneath the roof
Where I would bid you rest;
But bless even more the one to whom
This letter is addressed.

COVER PICTURE

All of you friends who have watched our children change through the years will probably notice that Emily has gotten quite a "grown up" look! Snow always makes for so much extra work when it comes to drying coats, mittens, etc., but no one can ever begin to calculate how much children enjoy it. It's probably true enough that we never miss what we haven't known, but most Midwestern families feel that children reared in tropical climates have certainly lost out on some real fun.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

TABLE ETIQUETTE

When hearts are light and spirits gay,
You almost hear the table say:
"These people give me hearty cheer,
I'm very glad they're 'round me here!"
If food is wholesome, linen white,
China and silver polished bright,
With pride the table spreads its leaves,
Glad to dispense what it receives.
With friends in loving converse near,
The table speaks for all to hear.
It says, as plain as table can,
"Draw 'round me all, I'm spread for man."

EVELYN'S RAISIN CAKE

Wash 1 lb. raisins, add 2 cups water and stew for 15 minutes or until almost dry. Remove from heat and add 1/2 cup butter. Add 1 cup cold water. Sift 4 cups sifted flour, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg, 2 cups sugar and 1 tsp. soda. Combine raisin mixture and dry mixture and add 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Pour into greased wax paper lined pan 9x13, and bake for about 1 hour at 325 degrees. This recipe has no eggs in it so don't neglect to write that on your file card.

SPANISH EGGS

2 cups noodles, cooked in salted water
6 hard-cooked eggs
In a skillet, melt: 1/4 cup butter
Add: 1/2 cup onion
1/2 cup green pepper
Cook lightly but not brown.
Add: 1/4 cup flour
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
Cook until thick. Add salt to taste and add 1 cup grated cheese. In a buttered casserole put half the noodles, slice 3 eggs and over all put half of the tomato sauce. Repeat the layers. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

CRUNCHY MOLDED SALAD

Stir until dissolved;
1 pkg. lemon gelatin
1 1/4 cups boiling water
Add: 1/2 cup drained pineapple juice
Chill until syrupy.
Add: 1 drained No. 2 can crushed pineapple
1/4 cup diced celery
1/2 cup diced unpeeled apple
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
2 tsp. pickle relish, drained
Mold individually or in large mold.

WIENER-MACARONI CASSEROLE

1 cup grated cheddar cheese
2 eggs beaten
1 tsp. salt
2 cups milk
1 grated onion
1 cup drained whole kernel corn
1/4 cup diced green pepper
1 cup bread cubes
1 Tbls. butter
1 cup macaroni, cooked and drained
6-8 wieners

Combine cheese, eggs, milk, salt, onion, corn and pepper. Mix bread with melted butter. Combine the macaroni with cheese, egg and milk mixture. Add bread. Mix and pour into buttered casserole. Set in hot water to bake for 35 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Remove from oven and arrange diagonally sliced wieners on top and continue baking until knife comes out clean.

JANE'S 24 HOUR SALAD

2 cups diced pineapple
No. 2 can Royal Ann Cherries
1 pkg. bite sized marshmallows
1/4 cup diced maraschino cherries
No. 2 can pears, diced (or peaches)
1 large orange diced
Dressing

2 eggs
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup vinegar
2 Tbls. butter
Cook until thick, cool until cold.
Add 1 cup cream, whipped. Let stand 24 hours. Garnish with Mandarin oranges and slivered almonds. Serves 12.

CRAB ROYAL

3 Tbls. butter
3 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. paprika
2/3 cup milk
2/3 cup chicken stock (or chicken bouillon cube)
2 cups flaked, cooked crabmeat
1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
1 egg, slightly beaten
Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, seasonings and liquids. Add crabmeat and well-drained mushrooms; add slowly to egg and heat thoroughly, stirring constantly. Serves 6.

LEMON SOUFFLE

4 eggs, separated
1/4 cup hot water
1 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. grated lemon rind
1/4 cup lemon juice
Beat yolks until thick; add water gradually and continue beating; add sugar gradually, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add salt and lemon rind and juice, and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 30 to 40 minutes, or until firm. Serve at once. Serves 6.

FROZEN CRANBERRY SALAD

1 can cranberry sauce (whole or jellied)
1 can crushed pineapple, undrained
1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese
12 maraschino cherries
1 cup whipping cream
1 Tbls. sugar
2 Tbls. mayonnaise

Whip cream and blend in the sugar mayonnaise and softened cream cheese. Mix cranberry sauce with crushed pineapple and cherries. Fold all together and freeze. Nutmeats may be added if desired.

EASY WELSH RAREBIT

2 Tbls. butter
2 tsp. cornstarch
1 cup cream or top milk
1 lb. grated American cheese
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
Dash Cayenne pepper
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Melt the butter in top of double boiler. Stir in cornstarch then blend in the cream. Cook until slightly thick, then add the cheese, salt, mustard, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Cook until cheese melts, stirring. Serve over dry toast. 6 servings.

CORN, TUNA CASSEROLE

1 can whole kernel corn, drained
1 can light meat tuna
1 Tbls. minced onion
1/2 cup grated cheese
2 1/2 cups milk
4 Tbls. flour
Dash of pepper
1 generous Tbls. butter
2 tsp. salt
2/3 cup crushed cracker crumbs
2 Tbls. melted butter
Butter casserole and start with corn, then tuna and layer of white sauce, onion and cheese in center, then repeat layers, ending with cream sauce on top. Lastly, sprinkle crumbs over top and melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

ITALIAN DUMPLINGS

3/4 cup water
2 Tbls. salad oil
1 cup sifted flour
1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs
Heat water and oil to boiling; add flour all at once. Stir vigorously until mixture leaves sides of pan and forms ball of dough. Remove from heat; beat in cheese, salt and eggs, one at a time. Mix thoroughly. Push dough off end of teaspoon into boiling salted water (2 quarts); boil 10 to 15 minutes. Drain; serve with tomato sauce. Makes 4 servings.

FLUFFY MAYONNAISE

Combine 1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 egg yolk, beaten light
1 Tbls. powdered sugar
Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. This is a delicious topping for salads.

MARGERY'S FAVORITE BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 2 tps. sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2/3 cup milk

Sift flour, salt, baking powder, cream of tartar and sugar. Cut in shortening, add milk and stir just until dough follows fork around bowl. Pat out 1/2 inch thick and cut into rounds. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet in hot oven, 450 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. This is my favorite recipe for biscuits.

ESCALLOPED CHICKEN

- 1 cup buttered crumbs
- 1 cup cooked cubed chicken
- 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt, dash of pepper
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1 pimento, cut fine
- 1/2 cup blanched almonds, sliced
- White sauce made with:

- 1/2 cup cream
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 Tbls. butter

Put 1/2 crumbs in 9x13 pan. Mix all other ingredients except white sauce. Add to crumbs, then add remaining crumbs. Pour on white sauce and refrigerate overnight. Place in 350 degree oven. Bake 25 minutes.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 cup salad oil

Beat yolks well; add vinegar, lemon juice, salt and paprika. Add oil a teaspoon at a time, beating constantly.

- 1 small green pepper
- 1/4 Spanish onion
- 3 small, sour pickles
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1/8 tsp. dry mustard

Cut pepper, onion, pickles, and eggs fine. Mix well in oil dressing.

COCONUT-ORANGE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 2 Tbls. finely grated orange rind
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups shredded coconut

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add grated orange rind and flavoring. Beat in eggs well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Fold in shredded coconut. Divide the dough in half and shape into two rolls. Wrap in waxed paper to chill thoroughly. Slice and bake on ungreased cookie sheet for 8 to 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

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At last, friends, here is your chance to get a set of lovely, long-lasting bowl covers in large sizes not readily available in stores. The six covers in this special set range in assorted sizes from 7" up to 17 1/2" (large enough to use as a shower cap.) They are made of miracle vinyl plastic with floral embossing and have heavy rayon elastic to make them fit neatly on your food containers and mixing bowls. Just the right thing for keeping left overs fresh and tasty. Makes interior of refrigerator bright and neat looking with their luxurious assorted pastel colors of blue, rose, green, and yellow.

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- ★ Almond

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The Flavoring With The Quality You Can Taste

BAKELESS CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 3 whole eggs
- 1 cup nutmeats
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 lb. vanilla wafers


Cream sugar and butter. Add eggs and mix well. Stir in nutmeats and pineapple. Place layer of wafers, layer of filling in buttered pan. Repeat until all are used. Let stand 2 hours or more. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 16.

MOIST OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 tsp. soda
- 9 Tbls. hot raisin liquid
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt

Cover raisins with water and cook till tender. Add soda to hot raisin liquid and shortening. Cool. Add beaten eggs and vanilla and sifted dry ingredients. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees.

TRY IT!



DUSORB
MAKES ANY CLOTH
ABSORB DUST
ASK YOUR
LOCAL GROCER

CLUB CHERRY DESSERT

Roll 30 graham crackers fine. Combine with: 3/4 cup sugar

- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup melted butter

Save about 1/4 of this for topping and pat the rest around the sides and bottom of an 8x12 baking dish or 2 pie pans. Combine and cook until thick:

- 1 quart cherries
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 5 Tbls. cornstarch

Stir constantly until thick, then remove from fire and add 3 or 4 drops of Kitchen-Klatter Almond flavoring and a few drops red food coloring if you like. Pour over crumb crust.

Beat until stiff 5 egg whites. Add slowly 1 cup sugar and 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar. Beat like a meringue then pile over cherries being sure to get to the edges. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake for 35 minutes in a 275 degree oven.

LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

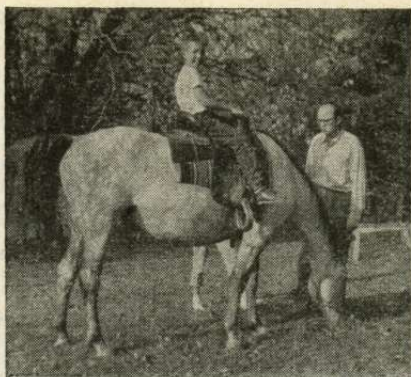
This month finds me back at my own dining room table. You will remember that last month we were spending some time at the folks' house while we were having some redecorating done on our own. Those of you who have done some work on your homes know what a joy it is to get straightened around again and have everything back in its place. We are very fond of our new color scheme, shades of brown and gold with touches of green, and the new light cream woodwork. I've been busy the last few days making the drapes for the living room. They are gold and will draw completely across the end of the room. I am anxious to get them finished and up, for it will certainly make a great improvement.

I have moved my big Monstera plant back to the dining room. It gets more light in the dining room window. It has grown so fast and has so many new leaves that it is becoming quite a problem as far as taking up space is concerned. It has thirty-five leaves now!

Aunt Martha Eaton stopped in this past week-end with her son Dwight enroute to Omaha to take a plane for New Jersey where she will spend two months with Dwight and his family. Since she closed up the house she had to find homes for her African violets so she brought a huge box of them for us. I had to do some rearranging in my living room so that I could put them where they could get some north exposure. As nearly as I can figure out there are no two plants alike. They are heavily in bloom right now and quite a sight, a lovely bright spot in the room.

Uncle Fred Fischer has returned from his visit in California with his daughter Louise. He was gone for three weeks, but when I saw him the evening he returned, it seemed but a few days since I saw him off. Time has certainly flown by and I assume it is because I have been so busy myself. There were so many odd jobs to do this past month after the redecorating such as washing venetian blinds, curtains, bedspreads, blankets and such. It seemed that the plaster dust sifted into everything! As everyone says who comes to see me "House-cleaning is over." That should give me more time to spend out of doors when spring days come, shouldn't it?

Oliver's brother Wendell was hospitalized this past month as well as sister Lucile, so we made frequent trips to the hospital. Two of Oliver's sisters came for visits during the brother's illness. Laura is a nurse in a big Chicago hospital and was able to come home for a week to help with his care. Also, another sister, Emma Anderson, came from Minneapolis for a few days. We enjoyed having them and welcomed the chance to have some good visits. Since Oliver has a traveling job he frequently is able to drop in on his sisters so he does get to see them more than the rest of us. We are delighted to report that Wendell suffered only a light



Martin thinks it's great fun to ride Bonnie when he visits Uncle Frank's farm. That's his dad (Oliver Strom) with him.

stroke and is now up and about the house again.

The children have been having some wonderful sliding weather. It really is the best we've had this year. There are several streets roped off for the youngsters which I think is a very good thing. I know some adults are enjoying it also. It gives parents an easier mind knowing that some of the dangers of coasting are eliminated when there are certain areas designated for the fun. Martin has a regular type sled but Emily and Alison have the new disc type. They certainly look like they would add greatly to the sport for you can make them turn 'round and 'round at will. Wayne said that he has been tempted to use it when he has been out with the youngsters, but he is afraid that his weight might bend it out of shape. One of the ministers in Shenandoah has flooded a piece of ground for ice skating and I understand that children have been enjoying skating more than in years past. I never was very good on ice skates but I hope that Martin takes it up in another year or two. He enjoys roller skating so much that ice skating should be equally appealing to him.

Speaking of Martin, I might mention that since we worked on the house his interest in keeping his room in order has perked up again. Children respond in that way about like adults do, I find. With his Cub Scout hobbies growing we are finding it necessary to do some eliminating, so a great many things have gone to the basement playroom to make way for new interests. We are going to have to make another bulletin board for award cards and some of his Cub Scout achievements. Not long ago he drew pictures of the five stages in the development of our American Flag which he would like to display, also our Iowa Flag and motto. I think it is very important to keep these things before the children for they are more apt to remember them in years to come if they can carry them in mind in the pictures on the bulletin board of their childhood. Martin really needs the largest room in the house but has the smallest for it is the best for light and ventilation. I'm glad we do have such a nice big room in the basement for the overflow. It isn't a fancy recreation room, but a nice big room with a linoleum on the

floor and some good windows and an enormous workbench which will hold any number of odds and ends of interest. In the far end of the room is the children's little theater where they hold puppet shows and magic shows on Saturdays. These activities hold their interest until they can get outside and start working on club houses and caves! I must confess that although we have moved back to our house, the electric train is still at Grannie's and Grandpa's house. When I go down to work on recipe files and letters Martin goes along to play with the train. We decided that Daddy is the one to move it and set it up again for the next move will probably be quite permanent.

A hot lunch program has been started in Shenandoah for the school children who want it. While we are having cold weather the children are being transported by bus to the grade school where it is served. Martin was most anxious to go one day when his teacher was going to help with the children. He hasn't eaten in cafeterias very many times so he was very thrilled with the trays, and he reported that the food was delicious and that the entire experience was great fun. I expect he will want to eat there frequently. (I'm sure I would be hearing about it again this week if he weren't on duty with the school patrol.) It was a long day for me and being alone during the noon hour was something different. I hardly knew what to do with myself! I did think about all of you whose children are gone from the house from morning until evening every day.

That day I called on a new mother and her month old baby girl. It had been quite some time since I had been around a new baby. Every time I marvel again at the miracle of life. It is hard to remember when Martin was so tiny, and Martin was much smaller than this baby.

One of the clubs I belong to had a handkerchief shower for a member who was moving away. I think this is a nice idea, not new, but always a good way to see a friend off to a new home. I don't know when I have seen such a beautiful collection of handkerchiefs and cards. I had a letter from the friend the other day. They are enjoying their new home in Texas, particularly the weather. They are near the gulf and were very fortunate to be able to watch the filming of a big television show one afternoon. She said it was most interesting.

Since I am writing my letter so near Lincoln's birthday, I can't help but mention the trip we plan to take this summer. We plan to drive over to Springfield, Illinois to see the historical places of interest there. Martin is very busy these days collecting all he can about Lincoln. He has a lot of picture post cards, some souvenir books and magazine articles and pictures about Lincoln. These will help prepare him for this little trip.

I must close for it is time for Martin to be coming home from school and he will want a snack before he goes out again to play.

Sincerely, Margery

IDEAS FOR A ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

By
Mildred Cathcart

INVITATIONS

Perhaps you will wish to keep your invitations simple and use merely white paper and green ink to write your note and add a shamrock seal for decorations. Children, no doubt, will wish to be more elaborate. They may make their invitations in the shape of white pipes and write the information in green ink. A tiny green bow attached to the stem of the pipe will be decorative.

GAMES

Hunting for the Shamrock. Hide a number of shamrocks about the room counting points for those of certain color, size, etc. Or you may make numerous shamrocks the same size and then cut them jig-saw fashion and see who can get the most complete number of shamrocks in a given time. Children might enjoy sitting down and putting a shamrock jig-saw puzzle together without having to search for the pieces.

The Irish Potato. Give each person, or couple, a potato together with bits of crepe paper, lace, buttons, and other items that may be used for decorating. See who can make the prettiest, the most comical, or the most unusual looking Mr. or Mrs. Potato.

Pin the Tail on the Pig. Smaller children never seem to tire of the proverbial "Pin the tail" game so this time substitute a pig for the donkey.

Kissing the Blarney Stone. Be sure you know your guests well enough to try this or you may find someone more angry than amused! Use a small rock and gilt it or paint it green and call it the Blarney Stone. The blind-folded person kisses it and makes a wish which, of course, will come true! Occasionally substitute a shallow pan of flour for the unsuspecting victim. Shure and you had better be sure he has an Irish sense of humor!

Irish Words. Give each person paper and pencil and see who can write the longest list of words connected with St. Patrick or Ireland. You will include such items as emerald, pig, snake, shamrock, blarney, potato, and so on.

An Irish Race. This may be done individually, by couple, or by teams. Use green gum drops and a teaspoon and have the players carry the gum drops to and from a set goal. Or you might have the old-fashioned potato race.

A Bit of Blarney. Seat players in a circle so they may pass the Blarney Stone from one to another. When the music stops, the person holding the stone is the favorite Son of Erin and each player must pay him a compliment—just a bit of blarney.

TABLE DECORATIONS AND REFRESHMENTS

For the table use a white cloth with place mats cut in the shape of shamrocks from green construction paper. In the center use a large hat which is easily fashioned from a hat



These darling twins are Janice and Jeanne Quiggle, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Quiggle, Braham, Minn. They were a great thrill to this family for their three brothers are 22, 20 and 18 years of age.

box or other round box. Cut a large rim for the hat and cover the entire hat with green construction paper. Add a gold band and bow. The hat may be filled with inexpensive favors for each guest. Perhaps you will use gifts, candy, balloons, or whatever is best suited for those you are entertaining. From these gifts run tiny green streamers to each plate.

You may make individual nut cups similar to the larger hats, if you wish, or you may make cute hats from a cork, adding a brim and bow. Little pipes for individual favors and place cards are easy to make. Small children would enjoy tiny bubble pipes and you might later let them use them to blow real bubbles. Or you can make a pipe by sticking a pipe cleaner into a marshmallow. To make it look more realistic sprinkle chocolate bits on top of the marshmallow like the tiny chocolate bits you use to decorate cookies. (This looks like tobacco in the pipe and probably should be used only for adults.)

For refreshments, just carry out the green and white scheme. There are green gelatine salads, ice cream with a shamrock in it, cookies and sandwiches shaped like shamrocks, etc.

And before you depart sing the *Wearin' Of the Green* and Begorra you will all have fun!

FUN FOR BABY SHOWERS

by
Erma Reynolds

There should be planned fun for the friends who bring gifts to a baby shower as well as for the honor guest. Between the gift opening and refreshment time there occurs a blank period and if no entertainment has been planned for this dull spot it can lead to bored guests.

A few contests playing up the baby theme make good fill-in-fun for this time. Here are suggestions for these games:

BABY EQUIPMENT: The hostess has placed a collection of articles used by, or for, babies in sturdy paper bags, one article to each bag. The bags are tightly closed with rubber bands, and each is given a number. The guests receive a pencil and numbered paper. The bags are circulated among the guests so that they can feel the hidden objects. They list their guesses as to the identity of the articles by the corresponding numbers on the paper. At the end of the time

limit, the lists are checked and the guest with the most correct answers wins a prize.

STORK STUFF: The guests stand in a circle for this contest. They are each given a sheet of paper and at the starting signal they place their hands behind their back and tear out the figure of a stork from the paper. This contest has to be witnessed to appreciate its fun. The facial expressions and behind-the-back contortions are priceless. When the birds are completed, the finished results are placed on display and a vote is taken to determine the best likeness of a stork. A prize goes to its creator.

SAFETY PIN SEARCH: Ten safety pins, in different sizes and colors have been placed about the room. They are in plain view but are disguised by being placed on similar-colored backgrounds. The guests are given a pencil and paper and circulate about the room trying to locate the pins. When they find a safety pin they move quietly from its hiding place so that they will not disclose its location to the other searchers. On their paper they jot down a brief description as to where they found the pin. The first player to find the ten pins wins the prize.

A NAME FOR BABY: The guests are seated in a circle. One player starts the game by giving either a boy or girl's name. The next player must mention a name whose first letter is the same as the last letter of the name just given. For example, JANE is the first name, so player No. 2 would give EDWARD. Player No. 3 names DORA, and so on, around the circle. When a player repeats a name that has already been given, or cannot think of a new name, she must drop out of the contest. The last player left in the game wins a prize.

BABY SLOGANS: Each guest is given a pencil and a paper which lists the following well-known advertising slogans for baby products. The players must supply the name of the product that is advertised by the slogan. Fifteen minutes is allowed for the guesswork. The papers are checked and the guest with the most correct answers wins the prize. Here are the slogans:

1. foods for babies.
2. More mothers depend on
3. Babies are our business — our only business.
4. Softer than ever.
5. The box for you is blue.
6. More mothers buy than any other make.
7. foremost name in meats for babies.
8. America's most popular nurser.
9. baby specialist since 1880.

ANSWERS: 1. Beechnut; 2. Fletchers Castoria; 3. Gerbers Baby Foods; 4. Scott Tissue; 5. Q-Tips; 6. Playtex; 7. Swifts; 8. Even-Flo; 9. Mennen.

A famous Chinese proverb: "If you are planning for one year, sow grain; ten years, plant trees; but when planning for one hundred years, grow men."

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SOME HANDY BUTTONHOLES FOR THE HOMEMAKER

By
Mildred Schmidt

To say quizzically "which came first, the button or the hole?" would be just as perplexing as to ask the age old "chicken or egg" question. Buttons may come and go, many are now being replaced by an array of grippers, snaps and zippers, but try as we like to find an adequate substitute, the buttonhole is here to stay. It will outlast the button it holds because the button itself is so multipurpose, and we can make it work for us in home improvement jobs as well as in our spring sewing. Nevertheless, buttonholing is sometimes tedious, so let's first find the really handy way of doing the task.

Almost all expensive clothes make use of the bound buttonhole. As a whole, this type has, during the last few years, taken second place to the machine-made type which handy attachments on sewing machines help us make. I'll wager a guess though that there are still many women today making beautiful hand-made buttonholes. But if you are a busy seamstress and don't have a buttonholer with your sewing machine, try some bound buttonholes on your spring outfits for the family. If you're a beginner you can easily learn by the step-by-step instructions in sewing manuals, or better yet, you might have a veteran show you how she makes them so easily. Bound buttonholes can serve a decorative as well as useful purpose on garments.

Neighboring is fun and I was glad that I happened to have the only buttonholer in our block until the fuss of having to make a trial run for each new button a neighbor brought in seemed to take all the joy out of sharing. In order to determine the correct size hole for any button without taking templates in and out each time I started to turn out a batch of buttonholes, I came upon this idea which has turned out to be triple purpose.

Using each size template and bight (width) setting my buttonholer will make (and all makes have the same type settings), I made a handy strip of holes on a long piece of denim material. After cutting the holes through I have kept the strip in the sewing machine and it is always ready for any new holes to try it on for size. The strip is particularly handy for ornamental buttons which often need a larger hole than a guessing glance would indicate.

My own youngsters were always underfoot or under the sewing machine it seemed when I wanted to do up a delicate buttonholing operation. One day I found accidentally that the utilitarian strip of holes also made them a very handy "keep me busy" toy. I attached an assortment of odd buttons to a large cardboard and they try holes on their big and little buttons each time I'm busy at the sewing machine. If you try out this home-spun psychological toy you will find they like it because they pretend like



Last summer these four cousins had a grand time stringing beads at Grandmother Driftmier's dining room table. From left to right are David Driftmier of Springfield, Mass., Clark and Alison Driftmier, and Jean Bianco (Uncle Henry Field's granddaughter) of Marseilles, Ill.

they're doing what Mommie does with buttons. It interests most the two-year-old "investigative" age. And it is at this age that the self-help feature that the "try on" holes encourage, is an especially valuable aid in learning to button their own clothes.

Many mothers say they don't have the time to sew and actually "hate" to sew when the children are around. It is easy to drift into this kind of thinking when we don't take the extra time to help the children join us in their busy work. My guess is that a minute spent with the children saves many moments of exasperation.

It is often more convenient for the home seamstress who turns out many garments in a spring sewing spree to save all her buttonholing for a mass job when the attachment is on the machine and all the colored threads are assembled. Sometimes it pleases the children if we let them glue a magazine picture of their choosing on a piece of denim. Then it is simple to stitch a hole in the top of their cloth picture when we sit down at the machine. At our house they are off to button it up on the wall where their Daddy has nailed small nails through the holes of several very gay buttons in a neat row between their bedroom windows. They can have a change of picture often (of course they can always cut holes in paper pictures with the scissors to button up), but the cloth and buttonholed pictures are kept for full time decoration.

Are you as tired as I of bungling the iron over the elastic waist band of boxer shorts and slacks which are the routine dress of little folks? "Necessity is the mother of invention" and a bout at the ironing board convinced me that there must be an easier way with elastic. The next time I made a pair of shorts I put two buttonholes inside the waistband (before turning and sewing the band down) to pull the elastic through. The large button I sewed on one end of the elastic served as a good means of "fishing" out the elastic through the band and it buttons tight to the other hole to draw up the waist after ironing.

The garments dry so much faster too! Elastic waistbands are a real headache for winter time drying (yes, and even automatic clothes drier drying). With this method of straightened-out waist bands the garments can even be folded to line dry so they need no extensive ironing.

A "CHECKERBOARD PARTY"

By
Mildred Grenier

If your children enjoy playing checkers as much as my young son does, they will love this "Checkerboard Party" on their birthday—or on any day of the year!

The children can easily make the invitations themselves—we folded construction paper in book form and cut the outside fold in slits so strips of contrasting colored paper could be woven through to form a checkerboard. The invitation was written on white paper inside the "checkerboard" cover.

If the guests are old enough to understand the game of checkers, most of the entertainment problem will be solved. Have card tables set up or other suitable places for the checkerboards and let the children team up and play—the winners of each game playing each other until one person has eliminated all others and is declared the grand prize winner. To add interest to the game we used wrapped pieces of candies of contrasting colors for the "checkers" and each child was allowed to keep the candies that he had collected during the game. Our party fell near Hallowe'en and we used the black and orange wrapped "candy kisses."

For the young guests too small to enjoy checkers, we invented a game which we called "Musical Checkers." The children sat in a ring and passed a checker from player to player while music was played on a phonograph. The child who held the checker when the music was stopped was awarded a small prize and dropped out of the game. This continued until all the players had been awarded a small prize.

Another game we called "It's YOUR Move." The children were divided into teams and one team started the game by naming an object in the room starting with C. The first child on the opposite team named an object starting with H, the next one, E, and so on through the word, CHECKERBOARD. The child who failed to name an object dropped out of the game. For children too young to spell, reciting nursery rhymes back and forth would be good entertainment until only one child remains "undefeated" and is declared the winner.

If the weather permits the children to play outdoors, try CHECKERBOARD BLACKMAN." Have the children divided into two teams, one on each opposite base or "King Row." Between the two King Rows mark six or eight other bases equal distances apart. Only one child at a time may leave his base and start to make his way to the opposite King Row. He must make only one base at a time and must proceed straight ahead at all times. Only one child at a time on the opposite team may pursue the runner and try to tag him before he reaches his base. When a runner is tagged, he drops out of the game. When a player succeeds in making it to the opposite King Row,

he is crowned a "King" (with a hat or cap) and may then go either backward or forward when pursuing a runner. When one team eliminates all opposing players, that team is declared the winner of the game.

A checkered tablecloth, if you have access to one, would make your table colorful and appropriate for this type of party. Checkerboards and "Checker Men" for place card favors at each plate at the table will run into a little expense but are guaranteed to add a happy climax and put your party on the "Best of the Year" list.

At each plate place a checkerboard and on each one set a "Checker Man" made in this fashion. Stack two rows of nine checkers each close together for the Checker Man's legs. Five checkers stacked together form his body and the remaining checker is placed on its side atop the body to form the head. Paste paper features on so they can be easily removed. A pipe cleaner is twisted around the man's neck and the two outstretched ends form the man's arms which holds the place card bearing the child's name. Of course, the checkers are taken home by each child to complete his checker game.

Refreshments for this party proved to be the most fun of all! Of course, the birthday cake was a chocolate and yellow checkerboard cake baked in the conventional checkerboard cake pan. We made checkerboard sandwiches also. In case you have never tried these, here is the way to do it.

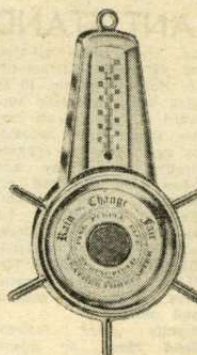
You will need white and wheat bread. Trim the crusts from the slices. Alternate two slices of white bread with two slices of wheat bread, with soft fillings spread between. Cut in 1/4" slices and spread sides with filling. Put two slices together again, alternating white edges with wheat edges. Place in plastic bag or wrap in wax paper and damp cloth and thoroughly chill in the refrigerator. Cut crosswise in 1/4 inch slices. Of course these sandwiches may be made the morning before the party or even the day before and eliminate much last minute work. On each checkerboard sandwich on the plate we placed small "checkers"—round slices of small crisp radishes! Slices of olives would also make appropriate "checkers."

We also made slices of checkerboard ice cream for each plate in the same fashion that we made the sandwiches. Half-gallon boxes of chocolate and vanilla ice cream were sliced in about 1/4 inches slices. They were alternated as the wheat and white bread slices were and cut accordingly. You will need to work quickly with the ice cream, particularly if the weather is warm, and I thoroughly chilled the plates and knives before starting to work with them. Round slices of banana (dipped in lemon juice) or maraschino cherries could make checkers for these ice cream checkerboards.

Inexpensive games make good prizes to award at this type of party. Checkered hankies or head scarves could also be awarded.

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"PROCRASTINATION"

By

Esther Sigsbee

There are quite a few differences of opinion about the day called tomorrow. Some philosophers advise that we should never worry about it, for tomorrow never comes. And we are told that we should never put off until tomorrow what we can do today. Still other sages agree that we shouldn't worry about tomorrow but just do our best today, for tomorrow will take care of itself. I suppose that all attitudes are true, in part, but I have found that tomorrow does indeed come, only by the time it gets here it's really today and we do have to fret about that.

If you want to get into something complicated, just try to explain to a four year old child what, "tomorrow" means. We went through this at our house with each of our three children. When they were told that something especially nice was going to happen, "tomorrow" each one invariably awoke on the appointed day with the question, "Is this tomorrow?", only to be told that it was, "today". When our son, Bill, was little he finally got it through his head. He said, "I know what tomorrow is. It's two days after yesterday."

When you want to put off a chore, tomorrow comes in very handy. In fact, putting off things until that day is so prevalent it has become sort of an universal vice. There is an Alcoholics Anonymous, a Divorcees Anonymous and perhaps even a mutual aid society for drug addicts. I think there should be an organization for putter-offers called Procrastinators Anonymous. I'd be willing to sign myself up as a charter member!

Procrastinators Anonymous should have some sort of hook-up with the dental societies for is there anything that is easier to put off than going to the dentist? (Especially if the tooth doesn't actually ache.) There should be a field worker in every dentist's office so that when we procrastinators feel the urge to put off our appointment for our six-month's check-up, he could see to it that we don't let our vice get the better of us.

There is also some work to be done by an anti-procrastination society in the realm of letter writing. A thank-you note can be put off until the giver almost forgets what kind of a present he sent! And how many times have you longed for a chat with an old friend but failed to write more than a hastily scrawled note on a Christmas card, saying, "I'll write more later?"

Paying bills is easy to procrastinate and I've found the little amounts-due are easier to put off than the big ones. It may be hard to meet our larger obligations but we are usually forced to do so. It's those \$1.14 items we charged last summer at the drug store when we were out of change that keep us working at procrastination.

Putting off the mending is one of the best jobs of procrastination that I do. It's true that a stitch in time



Our most recent picture of Mother and her niece, Frances—taken in Redlands, Calif.

saves nine, but most of the time I'd rather take the nine if I just don't have to get out the needle right now.

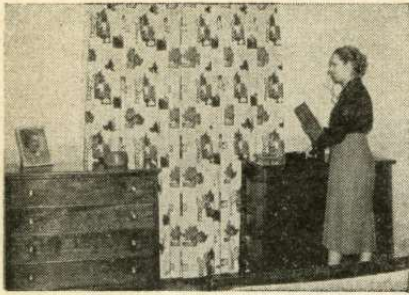
Cleaning the cupboard is an easy job to put off, so's the ironing and I find that rewaxing the floors will always wait until tomorrow. Renewing subscriptions is easy to put off as I've ruefully observed when I failed to receive an issue of a favorite magazine or newspaper, and the payment of dues can be procrastinated until you are in danger of being dropped from the club roll call.

Radio and television commercials have gone over to the side of the procrastinators, it seems to me. There are special tooth pastes that can be used, "if you can't brush after every meal." I'm waiting for somebody to be shown in these ads who says, "I don't need Florochlorylident because I can brush any old time I want to!" And those soaps and deodorants that keep you more than "half safe" if you skip a bath. This philosophy is dangerous to the male half of the population because although the commercials mean that you might skip a daily bath now and then, the guys get to thinking if they use the deodorant they can skip that bath they used to take every three weeks!

Kind words and thoughtful deeds also can be put off, sometimes until it is too late. I blush for shame at the times my heart has gone out in sympathy to someone and I failed to express it with so little as a word. Or the times I have admired a job well done, and didn't say so, the thanks I could have uttered and the occasions when I could have, with very little trouble to myself, cheered up somebody when he needed it.

All too frequently, incidents occur in the lives of all of us that emphasize again that our stay on this planet is indeed temporary and that life is too short to put off our better impulses. And living is far too full of opportunities for worthwhile deeds to leave room for the petty and mean thoughts and actions which even we veteran procrastinators don't put off.

I'm not much of a person to hang mottos on the wall because I can't drive a nail straight to hang those Home Sweet Home pictures. Besides, the available space at our house is pretty well taken up with scotch tape hung samples of the kids' art work. But when I do get around to hanging a motto, it'll say in big red letters, "Do It Now!" I need that reminder and I am going to try to follow it.



We certainly wish that you could walk right into this room and see the beautiful matching chests that Howard Driftmier made for his wife, Mae. (She's standing at the right.) These are made of solid walnut rubbed down to a magnificent finish. The drawer pulls all have silver inlays, and the two top drawers are each divided into three compartments. Everything Howard makes is a genuine heirloom. Also in this room is the stunning walnut bed that he worked on for almost a year.

A CORRECTION

Those of you who read the opening lines of Mother's letter in the January issue will be glad to have the complete story behind them. A number of people sent this information, but I have a friend in Nebraska City to thank for the particular lines that I am now sharing with you.

"One of the most popular Christmas cards in England, year after year during the war, was one on which was printed part of the Christmas message delivered in the 1939 broadcast of King George VI.

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:

Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.

And he replied: Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.

That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.

So I went forth, and finding the hand of God, trod gladly into the night.

And he led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

May that Almighty Hand guide and uphold us all."

MARCH MORNING

The trees lift frost-fringed fingers to the sky
For warmth; should some spring breeze go passing by.
A raucous blue jay starts in to complain
About some lesser bird invading his domain.
The captive little brook is laughing in its bed,
Although the glittering ice still arches overhead,
And very little evidence is, as yet, seen here,
But some mysterious feeling insists that spring is near!

—Lula Lamme

It is not *who* is right that is of greatest importance, but *what* is right.

The best pay for any work is experience. It is the one thing no one can take away from you.

OUR THANKS TO EVELYN

We couldn't let this issue of Kitchen-Klatter go to press without thanking Evelyn Birkby for the wonderful help she gave to us when it was so badly needed.

Evelyn is a very, very busy farm woman with three small children, and I sat here and thought for quite a spell before I picked up the telephone to ask her if she could see her way clear to drive 20 miles in winter weather to "pinch hit" for me. I shouldn't have sat here in such indecision, for Evelyn said instantly that her children were well and she would work things out so that it could be managed.

Habit is a powerful influence! For eleven years now we have come to visit you as two people—a combination of Mother and Lucile, Mother and Margery, or Margery and Lucile. Any of us could arrive alone for this visit, but we're so adjusted to talking back and forth that it would certainly seem most strange—to put it mildly.

We knew that all of you felt acquainted with Evelyn because of her articles in Kitchen-Klatter, and we also knew that many of you listened to her faithfully when she had a daily radio program. We figured that you'd welcome a chance to hear an old friend, and we certainly figured right. From your viewpoint and from our viewpoint it was simply the perfect answer to a crisis.

So . . . our heartfelt thanks to Evelyn for making the drive, getting the children taken care of, and all the other complications that had to be considered. We certainly hope that never, never again does a trip to the hospital enter into future plans, but it's mighty good to know that if such trouble springs up we have such a good friend in Evelyn.

—Lucile

Notes from a Roll Top Desk—Cont.

like themselves. Really knowing individuals of other races and cultures, sitting down with them to a meal, visiting them in their homes and attending class with them is an enriching experience which I shall always treasure.

No matter how far the mind wanders, it must of necessity return to home base. While the softness of the snow outdoors and the fun of remembering friends of days gone by makes me want to linger, a spot of unmatched beauty is right beside this big roll topped desk today, and demands mention. The big black bulb which we carefully planted and watered and left in the sun for these many weeks has four big red trumpets in perfect formation on the top of a sturdy green stem. An amaryllis is Bob's favorite flower and this one has lived up to every expectation of the man of the house. The blooming of such a wonderful flower from a dry, stiff bulb is a perfect example of life from death and spring from winter. We know the turning of the seasons is near at hand.

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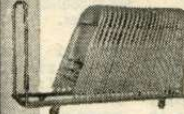
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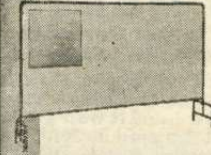
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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By
 Gertrude Hayzlett

So many people need cheer these wintry days! Here are names of some who probably will not be able to answer, but will love to hear from you.

Miss Adra Keene, Rt. 2, c/o Douglas Nursing Home, Bridgeton, Maine has been bedfast a long time with multiple sclerosis. Lonely.

Mrs. Lynn Johnson, 2900 Ardmore Ave., Manhattan Beach, Calif. had polio and her arms are still affected. She has two small children.

Mrs. Chas. Eyre, 9021 Menlo Ave., Los Angeles 44, Calif. is 89 and quite ill. Please send cards and be sure to say that no answer is expected.

Mrs. Hattie Chiles, 120 S. Pendleton St., Independence, Mo. has arthritis. She recently moved to this community and is lonely.

Miss Joan V. Burke, 3933 W. 32 Ave., Denver 12, Colo. is a long time shutin. Both parents who have taken care of her are ill, so please send a friendly letter.

Mrs. H. W. Adkins, Rt. 3, West Ridge, Church Hill, Tenn. has been sick much of the time and now is losing her voice. They will try surgery, but meantime she can speak only in a whisper. She does crochet work to sell.

Anna Landtiser, 2115 Jefferson St., Unionville, Mo. has arthritis. She lives alone.

Mrs. Ed Johnson, Coleman Nursing Home, Burwell, Nebr. is almost 80 and has been an invalid for a long time. She has a broken arm and hip.

Mrs. Birdie Thompson, Rt. 2, Box 179e, Lansing, N. Car. suffers with arthritis and a heart condition. She is lonely, and could answer letters if she had stationery and stamps.

Mrs. J. W. McNabb, Rt. 2, Osceola, Mo. is a long time shutin. She is bedfast, and badly drawn by arthritis. Loves to get mail.

Mrs. Retta Walter, MR 41, Watson St., Easton, Pa. has something wrong with her legs so she cannot get about much. She collects miniature dogs.

Mrs. Orah Isaacs, 3163 W. Center Ave., Denver 19, Colo. is getting more handicapped all the time with arthritis. She would like to hear from you.

Miss Lillie Edlund, 807 Washington St., Prophetstown, Ill. has been bedfast for 25 years and suffers constantly. She would enjoy cards.

Last year the Good Neighbors turned in to various veterans' hospitals around the country about 30 wheel chair robes, crocheted or knitted mostly by shutins, of yarn that was supplied in good part by Kitchen-Klatter readers. These people enjoyed doing the work, and were helped by the knowledge that they could help someone. They would like to do the same again if you will supply the yarn. It need not be full skeins. They can use odd amounts of all kinds and colors, just so it is clean. Send it to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. or write me about it and perhaps I can send you the name of a knitter who lives close to you so you can send it for less postage. Please?

FARM HOUSES . . . AMERICANA

By
 Evelyn Witter

Of course you have heard of people dominating a house, but have you ever thought about houses that dominate people?

I have been in several such houses lately. Old farm houses that have personalities of their own which are as unmistakable as human traits. These farm house personalities were formed by the joys and sorrows and happenings of the times and in the lives of the several generations who lived in the houses.

There is a second parlor, for example, in a fine old house, that has a personality no one could overlook. It is a stiff little, high-ceilinged room which no amount of decoration can change. Generations of people used that diminutive room for special occasions . . . Sunday afternoon callers, baptisms, perhaps a wedding or two. Certainly the preacher was ushered into this second parlor when he came to call. The windows, woodwork, the floors, show special care and grooming. And now when you are asked into the room you step lightly and sit on the edge of your chair in prim fashion. The personality of the room forces you to do so!

There is a large parlor in another farm house I know that has an outstanding personality too. It was built sturdily by robust people who came to the Middle West in covered wagons. They lined the walls with bookcases enclosed by leaded glass doors; they built a big, utilitarian fireplace, and above it they hung an oil painting of "Grandma" who looks out sternly over the spacious room.

The woman who lives in the house told me that she'd like to "do something" with the room but she can't. In the first place it would be a "kind of a crime to move Grandma" and with her looking on she feels that replacing the Victorian chairs or painting over the woodwork would be most inappropriate. Besides the spirit of the room is set by the to-last-for-all-time construction and materials. Any appointment or accessory that might appear to be the least bit frivolous would be as out of place as a formal at a church bazaar.

There are other farm houses, built in past eras, whose spacious bedroom, big kitchens, graceful bay windows, winding stairways and ornamental verandas have charm and character that draw you to them. As you visit in them you can almost relive the past. In these houses you get the feeling of the people who lived in them, and of their way of life. You begin to understand how the community, the country, grew under the leadership of these strong and able people.

Dominating old farm houses open their doors and invite you to take a peek behind the scenes you read about in history books. Understand the personality of these homes, and you will understand a great deal about what is meant by Americana.

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