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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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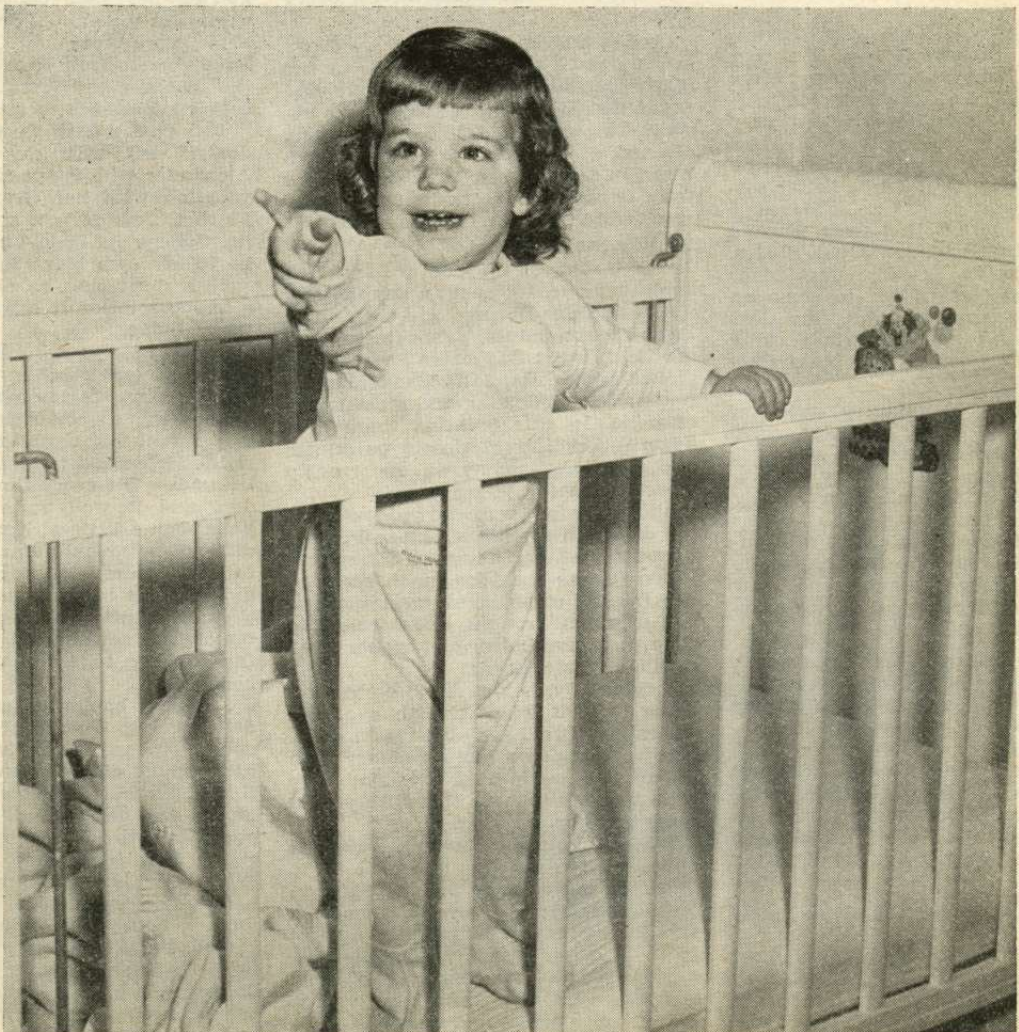


Photo by Bob Dyer

MISS JOSIE PFANNERBECKER  
RT 1 BOX 146 MAH 533  
SIGOURNEY IOWA





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.  
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.  
S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.  
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My dear Friends:

I'm writing this letter to you on my birthday, my 71st. When my little granddaughter patted me lovingly on the back this morning she said, "Why Granny, I didn't know you had had so many birthdays!" I told her that it was hard for me to believe it too. In fact, I'm not sure that I really believe it at all for, as I said to my children, I certainly don't feel 71 at heart!

When Mart asked me what I wanted for my birthday I told him that I'd like to have a new living room chair to replace one that had certainly seen better days. He's a very practical man, and after he had studied the chair from every angle he said that he thought I'd be better satisfied if I just got it reupholstered. I had to agree that the chair was as solid as a battleship, so I called Mrs. Meyers (Bertha Field's next door neighbor) and asked her to come up with upholstering samples. She does beautiful work and the whole thing ended with my getting two chairs reupholstered!

The copper-gold tapestry used on one makes a lovely spot of color against the dark green wall where it stands, and the red tapestry with a gold thread in it makes an equally attractive chair. I'm much better pleased with these two chairs rejuvenated than I would be if I had gone down and bought one brand new chair, so Mart's practical advice proved to be very successful.

Of course, the nicest thing about a birthday is hearing from your children and my day was made happy with phone calls, telegrams, letters, flowers and a box of candy. We didn't have a family get-together of any kind since we'd had our birthday celebrations a couple of weeks earlier, so Mart, Fred Fischer and I had a light meal in the evening and let it go at that.

We had a very comfortable and safe trip home. Our family had begged us to stay in California a little longer than we had originally planned, but we are very thankful that we decided to make the return trip when we did for if we had waited even a short time later we would have been caught in the terrible blizzard that raged over the area west of us. Our highway took us through the section where the storm was the heaviest. However,

if we had been out there at the time of the blizzard we would have stopped at the first motel along the way with the first flake of snow because we don't feel able to cope with severe weather conditions at our age.

Nothing exciting happened on our trip back to Iowa. We just clicked off mile after mile on exactly the same route we'd covered going to California. We stayed at the same motels every night too.

On the 5th day of our trip we drove into our own backyard at 4:30 in the afternoon, and believe me, home had never looked so good to us. In our absence the girls had had our carpets cleaned, a job that was badly needed. They had also seen to it that there were flowers on the table, food in the refrigerator, and the kitchen table set for our evening meal.

Our last week in California was a very busy one. We spent a day making a trip to Palm Springs and then on to Palm Desert and the publishing offices of the "Desert Magazine" where we visited with Randall Henderson, a former Shenandoahan and a classmate of mine. In this building there is a beautiful exhibit of desert paintings, and we always enjoy an opportunity to see it again.

Shortly before we returned we spent the day with my niece, Louise Fischer Alexander at her home in Claremont. When it was time for lunch some of her friends came in to meet us, and one of them brought an elegant big cake that reminded me of some of Lucile's masterpieces.

Incidentally, Louise drove up to Redlands to visit us at the time of the snowstorm I told you about last month, and we snapped a picture of her with a snowman made by Mary Lombard's little boy. We'll share this with you in some issue before long.

When I returned home I saw our house with fresh eyes and decided to pluck up my courage and take action on the problem of my big monstera vine in the library. It had grown to be 15 ft. long and was very gangling, so Russell took it out and cut off some clippings that have been started in a jar of vermiculite and water. I miss my big vine, of course, but know that these slips will grow fast and will really be much more attractive.

Dorothy and Kristin were here for a long weekend during the big storm, and when they left I gave her the

cross-stitched ivy pattern tablecloth and napkins. This had been my hand-work project while we were in California, and if I do say so myself, everyone who saw it thought that it was beautiful. Dorothy says that it will fit her table perfectly and that she'll enjoy it for years to come. I think that we mothers get great pleasure from making thing for our daughters and granddaughters. My next project is a cross-stitched bedspread if I can locate a pattern that I've seen.

We were anxious to see Margery's home when we returned for she had written to us about all the changes and redecorating. If you buy an old house, as they did, it means a lot of work for there always seems to be something that needs doing, but they've worked together on it and have really enjoyed every minute of it. We have some new pictures of the final results and will use them in the months ahead.

I'm getting very anxious to see my sisters. Martha is still visiting in her son Dwight's home in New Jersey and will stay there until Jessie is ready to come home from Florida. Then they'll make the trip together. Jessie wrote and told me that she had been busy getting her shell collection ready to exhibit at the annual Shell Fair that is held every year on Captiva Island. People come from near and far to see the displays and it must be an interesting experience to attend.

This past month we enjoyed a wonderful visit with my niece, Jeanne Alexander who is spending her spring vacation with her Grandfather, Fred Fischer. Jeanne is a student at Oberlin College in Ohio and she couldn't go to her own home in California for such a short visit, so Shenandoah was a happy solution to a week away from the campus.

Those of you who listened to my sister, Helen Fischer, for so many years may remember that when Jeanne was a very little girl she often talked with her Grandmother over the radio. Helen had taught her the scientific name for every flower in the garden, and it was quite surprising to hear such a little girl pronounce those difficult botanical names without hesitation. Jeanne is very interested in radio and has been in charge of record programs this winter. She is also interested in sewing and we had lots of fun sewing together while she was here.

Jeanne is hoping to have her mother drive back to Oberlin at the end of the college year. Louise's Shenandoah high school class is having a reunion this summer, and since she wants to attend the celebration it would be a good time to go to Oberlin and then return here for a visit.

Mart has just asked me if I'd like to hear some music. He has developed quite a hobby out of buying classical records for our record player. We don't have Hi-Fi as so many of our friends do, but our player (housed in our TV set) has a good mellow tone and we are well content with it. I realize that it's getting late and some soft music would be a pleasant way to finish this day, so I'll say goodnight to you and put away my pen and ink.

As ever your friend . . . Leanna



## WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH VINES

Many motorists stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Dodge at Hamilton, Missouri, last summer to find out if their eyes were playing tricks or just what was under those luxuriant vines! This was the winning novelty entry in the flower box contest sponsored by the Hamilton Garden Club.

The horse was made of wire netting stretched over and around a very crude framework of scrap iron. Four pieces of old iron were used for the legs, and then heavenly blue morning glories were planted around each leg. Soon they smothered the framework and the vines were trimmed daily to be kept in horse shape. I almost forgot to add that one morning glory was allowed to climb the very tall pole which represented the whip.

The antique sleigh was nicely painted and held a fine assortment of foliage plants, geraniums and petunias.

So if you have an old sleigh or any kind of old horse-drawn vehicle rotting away, be in style, paint it, put it in the front yard and load it down with house plants. An old carriage is a honey to work with as the steps and carriage lamps can be used in a number of ways. We stopped in Colorado at a motel with an old surrey out in front that was bursting with flowers in bloom. Just above the fringe, a row of pots had been arranged around the top.

—Hallie M. Barrow

## TREE TOMATOES? YES!

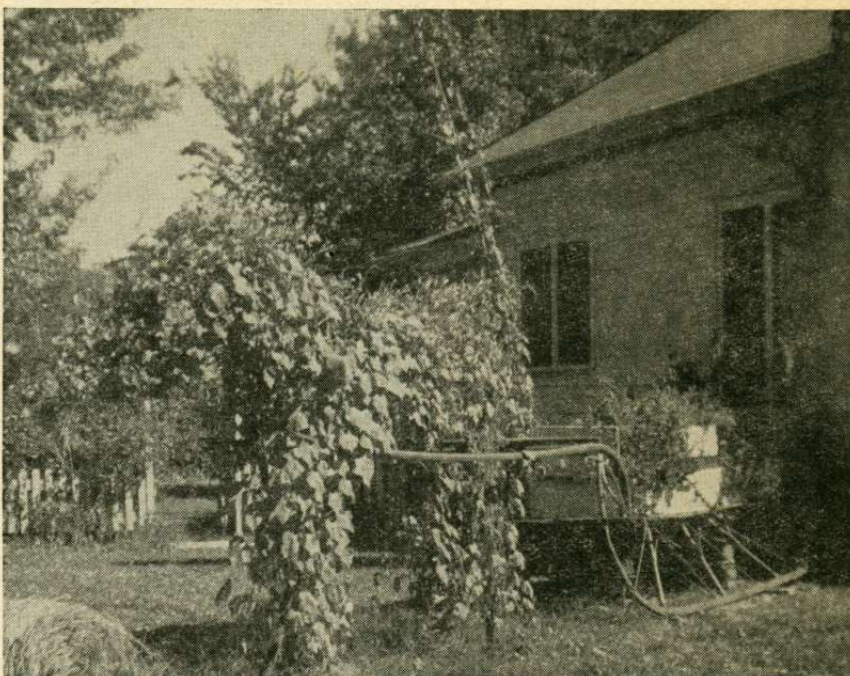
Dear Driftmiers:

When your seed and nursery catalog arrived in late January I was surprised to see that you listed the Giant Tree Tomato and made up my mind to tell you about our experience with it, but somehow it's easy to put off letters so I'm just now getting around to writing.

We live in one of these developments of new homes and have quite a nice neighborhood spirit—which is a great blessing since we are all so close together. The first year we were one of the very few families who had a vegetable garden, but when the others saw what could be produced right in your own backyard and how much money it saved, they all got interested too.

The second year over half of the families had vegetable gardens, and we all had quite a thrill when one of our neighbors returned from a trip and described this new Giant Tree Tomato. Frankly, we thought he was exaggerating when he told us about this vegetable, but he had us all so stirred up that we watched his Tree Tomatoes with great interest (he'd brought some seed home with him, you see) and at the end of the season we had to eat our words! He hadn't exaggerated at all!

Then we all ordered seed and decided to have a neighborhood contest. That was certainly a lot of fun and we had a big picnic to treat the fam-



This picture may baffle you at first glance, but a full explanation for it can be found in the column at the left.

ily that produced the largest tomato—if I remember rightly it weighed 2 lbs. 6 oz. They are delicious eating, slice beautifully, and ripen so much more evenly since they are not down on the ground.

This year everyone in the development is going to enter the Giant Tree Tomato contest and even the children are excited since they have the idea that it's something like Jack and the Beanstalk. I can't think of anything that gives you better eating along with good neighborhood friendships than to start a contest of this kind. I'll let you know what the final results are in 1957."—Kansas.

*Editorial Note:* We've heard other reports of this kind and think that it's a good idea for building up an old-fashioned friendly spirit in any neighborhood. But no matter where you live you'll enjoy growing these Giant Tree Tomatoes—and you'll enjoy eating them even more. We scouted around and found the finest quality seed that it's possible to buy (25¢ per packet, postpaid), so we'd like to suggest that you include this in your seed order.

## FRUIT TREES WITH VEGETABLE PETTICOATS

We are very happy when garden visitors admire our flowers. But last year, to our amazement, almost everyone who visited our garden admired our early vegetable garden more than any of the flowers.

One visitor said that he had never tried landscaping his vegetables! Another visitor who's been keenly interested in all growing things for more than a half-century said that he couldn't imagine why it had never occurred to him to put out his early vegetables in a bed around young fruit trees!

Well, we copied our idea from an old retired farmer neighbor who used to be out with his rake and a packet of seed long before gardens could be worked. When we asked him what in the world he was doing, he replied: "Just scratching in some lettuce seed under the young apple trees." We tried it, and then enlarged on the idea.

First, it's good for the young tree because we applied fertilizer and compost around it in the fall. This made a fine rich seed bed for spinach, lettuce, radishes, chard, beets and carrots. These small plots could be "scratched" as soon as the ground thawed, and much earlier than a garden can be plowed and beds and rows laid off. We make our rows go 'round in circles.

Next, it keeps the weeds down and insures some hoeing which a young tree seldom receives. The last hoeing is given when the lettuce and other vegetables have gone to seed. The plants are cut down and act as a summer mulch.

Your early vegetables are out of the way; in the big garden, the early plots often grow up to be weed patches. This leaves the garden space which can all be laid out in long rows.

Lastly, it makes as attractive a picture as you'll ever find in any "high brow" landscaped garden! Unless you've seen the combination of fruit trees encircled with beds of bright green lettuce you just don't know what a pretty sight it can make. (See page 12 for illustration).

—Hallie M. Barrow

All of us are here today, alive, because at many junctures in history our forefathers — undismayed by the particular fears which haunted their times — took courage from faith and transmitted faith down through succeeding generations to us. Only faith is truly and invincibly strong and viable.—Lewis Strauss.



## FROM THE MEMORY BOOK

On December 25, 1915, the seven Field brothers and sisters presented to their parents a book made up of the experiences they remembered from the years they were growing up on Sunnyside Farm. Some of these things we have shared with you from time to time, and now in May, 1957 we'd like to give you a chance to turn the pages of the Memory Book with us and read Aunt Martha Field Eaton's vivid account of a great crisis in the life of the Field family.

*Leanna's First Resurrection*

Leanna was born early in April. Mother did not have the nourishment to give her so she had to be put on the bottle. The cow that supplied the milk was kept up and allowed to have only the choicest food and the cleanest water, but when an awful hot summer came on, even though the greatest care was exercised, even to milking the cow for each of her feedings, the dear, patient little thing did not thrive. Finally *cholera infantum* set in and all of Dr. Bailey's medicines and Father's and Mother's loving care was of no avail.

On the day of which I am about to write, Dr. Bailey had advised trying a new food; Imperial Granum. She was too weak to take it from a bottle and a little had to be dropped on her tongue and allowed to run down her throat. Fever had wasted her little body until she was a most pitiful looking little mite, yet she did not cry nor fuss. Perhaps she was too weak.

It was a dry, sultry day in August. Dr. Bailey's team had been tied at the gate for many hours. Father and Mother had not left the sick room all day and Mrs. Swartz had told us that, if we loved our Baby Sister we must stay out of the house and keep very quiet, so we went over to the windmill and as we dipped our hot bare feet in and out of the horse tank we discussed what we would do if Leanna really did die.

Jessie was sure that she *would* die. But Father had said, "While there is life, there is hope."

Just then we saw Mrs. Swartz coming over the hill. "She is coming to tell us Leanna is dead," said Jessie.

"No," said I, "they would send for us first. They always have to kiss them goodbye."

She told us that the baby was almost gone and our bare feet flew over the dusty ground as we ran wildly to the house. Dr. Bailey, with his eyes full of tears, was in the sitting room trying to put his things back into his well-worn case. There was nothing more he could do and he felt that the scene was too sacred for even his kindly eyes.

As we tiptoed into the bedroom where the other children had already gathered, our eyes traveled from Mother who had given up and was weeping beneath her apron, to the little still form on the bed and rested beseechingly on Father who, the last to lose hope, was leaning over her with a mirror to see if there wasn't still a faint trace of moisture (the sign of life) on the glass. She had been such a dear



Celestia Eastman Field, a pioneer mother who served as a lasting inspiration to her husband and seven children. This is our favorite photograph of Grandmother Field.

little baby, so sweet and *good* and had such a wonderfully sweet smile. It was so hard to give her up. Wasn't there *something* we could do? But Father shook his head.

"Aren't we going to get to kiss her?" I asked.

"It would take her little breath," Father said, "but you may all pat her little hand."

After we had reverently done so, Father placed his hand lovingly over it, the tears streaming down his cheeks. As he did so, she gave a little faint, beautiful smile. Thinking it was the death smile, he said between sobs, "We can never see that smile again."

Even as he said it, she seemed to struggle for breath. Father's quick eyes noticed it. "Bring the little bathtub," he cried excitedly.

A good neighbor coming in to see if it wasn't time to make the funeral arrangements thought poor Mr. Field was losing his reason, but the little tub was brought. With clumsy but gentle hands, he removed her clothing and lowered her limp form into the warm water with which Mother had filled it. Softly he dipped her in and out again and again. Then, carefully wrapping her in a soft blanket, he called for the bottle with "Imperial Granum" on it. She had not opened her eyes but was breathing regularly by this time and when the bottle was gently forced into her mouth the little lips puckered and the little cheeks began to pump for the first time in many days; her forehead became moist and she sank into a deep, natural sleep.

Did she decide that she guessed she would stay after all, that even though this old world *was* a hot bad place and artificial food was not very good, she could stand it for the sake of being with brothers and sisters and parents who loved her so much and did she kick up her heels at the death angel and say, "I guess I'll just stay" when she gave that little smile? Or did the Lord decide that we loved her

too dearly and needed her too much to have to give her up?

I guess it was the latter for we all did need her and Mart needed her and she has gone on smiling ever since. We could never get along without Leanna and her smile.—Martha, 1915.

## TO MOTHER

When I was a careless little girl  
With turbulent spirit and hair a-curl,  
The thing that kept me good all day  
And made we work instead of play,  
Was the thought of what she would  
do and say  
When she talked with me at the close  
of day,  
And I showed my work to Mother.

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

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

MOTHER'S DAY SONG SHEET FOR  
A TEA OR BANQUET

## Tune — Doxology

Praise God for mother's gentle hand,  
And love we cannot understand;  
Praise Him who sent us from above  
The blessings of a Mother's love.  
Amen.

Our Moms will shine tonight, our

Moms will shine,

Our Moms will shine tonight, all  
down the line.

They're all dressed up tonight, don't  
they look fine?

We're glad you're here, you're each a  
dear,

Our Moms will shine!

## Tune — Faith of Our Fathers

Faith of our mothers, living faith  
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,  
In nursery love and fireside lore,  
Thy presence still pervades the air.  
Faith of our mothers, living faith,  
We will be true to thee 'til death.

Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,  
For youthful longing, youthful doubt;  
How blurred our vision, blind our way,  
Thy providential care without;  
Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,  
We will be true to thee 'til death.  
Amen.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, Near and Far:

A few minutes ago I finished copying Aunt Martha's account of "Leanna's First Resurrection" that you will see in this issue, and as I finished typing and closed the pages of *The Memory Book* I thought of the tremendous changes medicine has brought to our lives since the scalding summer day in 1888 when Mother almost died.

Imagine how helpless and anguished parents must have felt in those days when a little child sickened and steadily grew worse. The good family doctors such as old Dr. Bailey would come and sit patiently all night long and all day long, if necessary, trying every desperate measure they had ever heard about. But there was so little to try! They were almost as helpless as the parents.

I remember reading the life story of an old-time family doctor who described most graphically his sensations when he walked into a house and saw a very sick baby. He felt defeated at the outset because he knew how few drugs there were to turn to, how little could be done to save this baby that lost ground steadily under his eyes and, far too frequently, simply died as he struggled to keep it breathing. These were the lowest moments of his life as a doctor. His heart ached for the distracted parents who pleaded with him to *do something* . . . and there was so little to do.

I think there were wonderful things about our pioneer days, and I also think that we have lost some of the finest qualities that were part and parcel of those days; but when we look at the reality of what it meant to cope with serious illness that even the best-trained doctors were helpless to combat, we feel like breathing a fervent prayer of gratitude for the medical science that is available to all of us today.

I remember once when I talked with an elderly woman and told her that Juliana, then seven months old, had run a temperature for a couple of days and refused to eat, but that her doctor had come out to the house with a new drug that he said was miraculous and would have her back in her usual good health overnight. He was right. In only a few hours her temperature was gone and she wanted her bottle.

My friend's eyes filled with tears. "I'm so *happy* for you," she said earnestly. "There is nothing in the world that can tear your heart to pieces like a sick baby, nothing so terrible as seeing the doctor shake his head after he had done all he could do. We all just struggled and suffered together back in those days. The doctors didn't know much more than we mothers knew. And when you had to give up a baby as I had to do, it was almost more than you could bear."

I've never forgotten that. And I have mentioned it in this letter today because more than one young mother is reading these words who has sunk down into a chair to get a few minutes rest while her sick baby slept. Well, you're very tired, I'm sure, and things look dark right now and illness



Beverly Case, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Case, Oakland, Nebr., was a flower girl twice in the final months of 1956. This dress was made of blue flecked nylon with blue velvet ribbons on the hem and neckline; lace at the bottom is white. We're sure that she was a charming member of the wedding party.

is a financial blow when every penny is needed so badly, but think for one moment what it would be like to have your baby sick if you were living in 1888! No wonder so many portraits of our pioneer grandmothers showed eyes that were shadowed and troubled! So you see, we're mighty fortunate today. When your baby wakes up he's going to seem much perkier and if you need anything more in the line of medicine it's within your reach . . . and what were you so blue about thirty minutes ago anyway? It *does* pay to count our blessings.

Last month I told you about the renovating that we hoped to do in this "study," but these recent weeks have been so crowded with work that we just couldn't start tearing up the house. There is never a convenient time to have the house in a mess (believe me, I know what I'm talking about!), but when you can see that you're not going to be able to spend more than an hour a day working on the project, it doesn't seem smart to start. Now Russell says that when you folks have your seeds and nursery stock safely at hand he'll feel that he can start ripping out old plaster, and until then we'll just close our eyes to the worst of it. When you've put up with something for several years you can surely hold on for a few additional weeks.

I've been wanting to ask you folks something and this seems as good a time as any.

Recently I've read a number of different articles about what women want in a house and some of the opinions are so extremely different from my own personal preferences that I'm beginning to wonder if I'm 'way out in a boat all alone! For instance, I've read that women today don't want a dining room—that a dining area in the kitchen is all they want. Well, I, for one, want a dining room. I want to have a table that is always up and ready to set—I don't want to put up cardtables if we have company, or remove books, magazines, a lamp, etc., from a table in the living room. We have such a small kitchen that we can't sit down in it—no room for a table—and this means that we eat three meals a day in the dining room. Now I'd like to have a kitchen where we could sit down for breakfast or supper, but I wouldn't want to be without a dining room. How do *you* feel about this?

Another thing I've been reading a lot about is what the architects call "the disappearance of interior walls." They say that women want all of the rooms to "flow together," want to take out kitchen walls so they can be right in the midst of all family goings-on while they're cooking and washing dishes.

Well, I don't know how you feel about this point, but I can tell you that I want kitchen walls. There are a good many times when I don't have my kitchen in such shape that it can be on public display, and I'd hate to think that everyone who came to the front door could just sit and look right into the confusion that I hadn't time to tackle. I don't like to lose out on family goings-on anymore than the next person, but if I have to give up my kitchen walls to get in on the goings-on I'll just pass up the goings-on.

It costs so much to build a house in these times that every inch has to count. If I were building a house I'd gladly settle for very small bedrooms on the grounds that we simply fall into bed at night and get up early the next morning—all you need for this stark routine is a bed to fall into, and a place to put your clothes. Big spacious bedrooms are awfully nice, I think, but they're a space luxury if you're busy. Same thing goes for bathrooms. I'd save every possible inch there too.

It seems to me that a screened-in porch is *almost* a necessity in our Mid-western climate if you're to get much pleasure from our summer months. Our poor old back porch is just about ready to fall in, but I won't give it up even though the house would look a sight better with a modern type entrance where you go directly from the steps through the door. That little old porch off the kitchen is my one chance to get "fresh air" without going down a flight of steps into the garden.

Do you share my thoughts on these points, or do you hold with these surveys that seem to indicate women want to do without dining rooms, kitchen walls, screened-in porches, large bedrooms, etc. etc.? I wish you'd express yourself on the subject because I think that everyone's viewpoint is interesting when it comes to houses and living in them.

Juliana is getting much pleasure from her class in home economics and has now completed two skirts. One skirt was a required project, and she enjoyed making it so much that she went down town and bought some turquoise colored denim to make a second skirt at home. I still get quite a start when I see her at the sewing machine carefully stitching in a zipper! I'm sure that when her Grandmother Verness comes to visit us in May she'll be pleased to see her granddaughter taking such an interest in sewing. Grandmother Verness is a wonderful seamstress, you know, and has made many lovely things for Juliana through the years.

We didn't have any exciting experiences during the big storm—just stayed inside and watched the snow pile up and hoped that we wouldn't  
(Continued on page 19)



## WITH A SONG IN MOTHER'S HEART

By  
Mabel Nair Brown

The suggestions presented here are such that they might be carried out at a Mother-Daughter banquet or tea; or, the program might be used as a devotional service. Perhaps some of the suggestions as to favors and decorations can be used on refreshment trays at aid or club meetings.

**SETTING:** As the worship setting, use a church hymnal in the center with a tall lighted taper at the right. On the left side use a large treble clef design which is easily fashioned from chenille covered wire (obtain this at a florist's shop, stationery store, or a window display shop). By extending the length of the center bar wire, the bottom can be twisted to form a circular stand which will hold the clef sign upright. Large ones might be more firmly anchored by placing base on a needlepoint holder or modeling clay.

Arrange delicate sprays of spring flowers and greenery around the base of the clef and candleholder. (I love the combination of yellow and lavender flowers for Mother's Day, such as lilacs, forsythia, tulips, etc.) Pansies are equally lovely, too.

**TABLE DECORATIONS:** If possible, arrange the tables in a sunburst or "staff" design with the tables radiating out at spokes or bars from the setting at one end of the room. Centerpieces might carry out the musical theme by making musical staffs of the chenille wire, anchoring the bar of the clef sign at one end and a bar (at end of measure) at the other end in squares of plastic foam that have been concealed with flowers and greenery. This same wire, or pipe cleaners, can be bent easily to form stemmed notes which can be attached to the lines of the staff. The chenille covered wire comes in a wide range of colors—perhaps you will want to use lavender ones with yellow flowers, or visa versa.

Each nut cup might be a pretty little May basket with a smaller chenille treble clef standing behind it. A "note" attached to this clef could hold a tiny name card. The programs should have covers fashioned to represent the covers of a hymnal, with inside pages decorated with sketches of notes and other musical signs. Mother's Bible and hymn book might be placed at the base of each table centerpiece also.

If you are using white tablecloths and wish less elaborate decorations than all of the above, scatter musical notes cut from pastel colored paper on the white cloth.

**PROGRAM — A Song In Mother's Heart.**

Let the pianist provide a musical background throughout with appropriate selections to fit the words of the narrator; she can drift into the strains of the songs to be sung at the appropriate time.

**Music:** "Jesus Loves Me" as Narrator speaks:

"Do not wait until some deed of kindness you may do,

Do not wait to shed your light afar,  
To the many duties ever near you now  
be true,

Brighten the corner where you are."  
(Music of "Brighten the Corner"  
while scripture is read).

**SCRIPTURE:** "I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with understanding also." (1 Cor. 14:15) "O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." (Psalms 95:1) "O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth." (Psalms 96:1) "Speaking to yourselves (one to another) in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making a melody in your heart to the Lord." (Ephesians 5:19) "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord" (Col. 3:16).

**Music:** "There Is no Place Like Home"

**Narrator:** "How blessed is the home where dwells a SINGING MOTHER! Let us pause and think a bit about the fine old-fashioned habit of mother singing softly to herself as she went about her daily chores. I say "old-fashioned" because, isn't it true, that far too many mothers today are in too much of a hurry and out of breath to sing as they work?—or the radio or T.V. is too much competition?

"But how many of us have known the wonderful feeling of security and love that came from hearing mother sing or hum as she worked about the house! There was a good bit of common sense and homemade psychology, well seasoned with love and kindness and a generous amount of Faith wrapped up in that old-fashioned singing mother! Why not revive the habit, mothers of today? Time has proven it reaps big dividends—not only in the wonderful companionship and security of the present, but in the bulwark it becomes to the members of the family in years to come.

"Children learn by repetition. Their security is made up of little day by day details. How fortunate the child who hears a mother express her feeling of well being "all's right with the world" by bursting into the sprightly words of "Brighten The Corner," or her faith in times of stress by easing her heart with the words "Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways!"

"Let us look back to our childhood and see how the songs our mothers sang strengthened her faith and ours and pointed out to us, her children, the way in which she would have us go. Oh, yes, just as each of our lives need the balancing wheel of humor and laughter, so sometimes the choice of mother's song brought a chuckle!"

**Music—"All Through The Night"** or any lullaby.

**Narrator:** "From the first moments in its mother's arms, a baby is aware of love and surely its earliest recollections must be of mother's lullaby, and now — is going to sing for us the lovely lullaby —." (Brahm's Lullaby, or any of your choice).

**Narrator:** "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake baker's man, along with 'Here's the church and here's the steeple' probably are among our very earliest recollections too. Then we're ready to go to Sunday School. Our very favorite there and one I'm sure which we sing over and over again with mamma at home is "Jesus Loves Me" and at this time let's all sing it together with all the fervor of those days of yesterday.

**Narrator:** "Oh yes, and Sunday School meant a whole set of the most wonderful action songs! Remember? And first off when we got home, we would have to 'teach 'em to mamma'. Did you ever learn the one that went like this?" (Here let some teacher of the Sunday School nursery department do two or three of the little action songs, with all the gestures, of course.)

**Narrator:** "The first day of school, and mother bolstered up your spirits and hers as she got breakfast by her favorite "everything is going to be all right" hymn, and here is our quartet to sing, "You May Have The Joybells" (or "He Keeps Me Singing").

**Narrator:** "As we grew older we came to know there were many family crises, days when mother's heart was sore and troubled. We also learned the source of her strength and courage to meet it as we heard her singing, "What A Friend We Have in Jesus". We have asked — to sing it for us today." ("Count Your Blessings Instead Of Sheep" or "Blessed Assurance" might be used here with equal effectiveness.)

**Narrator:** "Then there were days when life just seemed to overflow with vim and bounce, sunshine would flood the kitchen as mother stepped sprightly about to the fast tempo of "Dwelling in Beulah Land". We youngsters knew then that Dad must have topped the market with his pigs, or the spring housecleaning was all done and the first rows of radishes showing in the garden!" (Song given may be used as solo or chorus).

**Narrator:** "During our teen age years, mother's songs might occasionally take on a frivolous lilt as she picked up some of the children's "top tunes". Here is — to sing "Side by Side" (or "Tip-Toe Through The Tulips") for you—a top tune of days gone by. (Or choose a top tune of today.)

**Narrator:** "The eventide ever brings back to me the supper hour and mother singing softly, "Now, The Day Is Over". (Duet).

**Narrator:** "Ah yes, how mother's songs reflected her ideals, her faith, and her love of home, and how the memory of them inspires us through the years. The quote says "God could not be everywhere so He made mothers"—I would add, "Let us be SINGING MOTHERS."

"And now as the time draws near to close this program let us repeat the prayer of our childhood, "Now I Lay Me" and then sing together another of mother's favorites, "Sweet Hour Of Prayer"—May the songs our mothers sang and the ones we sing to our children ever be a blessing to all who hear them. Amen."



## NOTES FROM FREDERICK'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Folks,

As I sit here in my study writing this letter there is a constant roar overhead. It is the sound of several enormous B52 air force bombers climbing into the skies as they go on one of their daily practice flights.

Unless you have seen and heard one of these giants of the sky, you just cannot imagine how big and awesome these planes are. They are the largest airplanes in regular use in the world, and many of them are based just outside of our city. At night when they are coming in for a landing, they pass right over our house, and the sound of it is ear-splitting. Gradually we are becoming used to it, but once in a while we get awakened from a sound sleep when the windows and doors shake and rattle as a B52 passes close overhead.

Just the other day I was thinking about all of the noises that we have in our day by day city living. Ambulances and police cars with their sirens running full tilt go past my office on an average of four times a day, and while they are passing it is impossible to hear another person who is speaking in the same room.

Of course there is the constant noise of the bumper to bumper traffic that stands backed up from the red light on the corner, and during the rush hour in the evening there is considerable honking of horns as impatient drivers try to hurry things along. Most of the time I do not pay any attention to all the noise, but there are other times when I long to get out into the country away from it all. Oh, how I do love the quiet of the country!

We have all heard the old story about the city lady who went to the country for her summer vacation but soon gave it up and went back to the city because of all the bird and animal noises! There is some truth to the fact that when one is surrounded by quiet, even the singing of a bird or the crowing of a rooster can sound very loud, but perhaps more important is the truth that we all become accustomed to whatever noises we have to endure.

There is one room in my father-in-law's factory where the noise is beyond all doubt the loudest continual sound I have ever heard, and yet there are several women working eight hours a day in that room without appearing to be bothered by the sound. I can't stand to be in that factory room for more than five minutes, and I suppose that it is simply because I am not used to it.

Last Saturday afternoon I took my six year old David to the Planetarium to see a special children's showing of the stars. For two full hours we were together that day without any other member of the family along. Next Saturday I am going to take my nine year old Mary Leanna on some little expedition. Because I often go for days at a time without seeing the children except for a few minutes at breakfast, I have decided to give each



Every child in Shenandoah who wasn't "down with the flu" got out to enjoy the big storm in late March. Here are Alison and Emily ready to slide down a bank.

of the children some time alone with me each week. It is going to take some doing, for the moment I suggest that the two of us go off to some spot of interest, there is the immediate suggestion that some little school friend be invited to go along.

For several months I have been bothered by the thought that my children were growing away from me, and I know that that is because I don't see them often enough under conditions conducive to good conversation. When a second child is along, the children do all of the talking, and I just listen. What I want, and the thing that I think will help so much, is just the opportunity to visit with my children one at a time.

After a long hard day of listening to other people's troubles, I went home the other evening to find this letter awaiting me. It was written in ink and had been mailed to the right address:

"Dear Dr. Driftmier,

Please prepare yourself for a shock! What I am about to write has nothing to do with you, so don't feel badly. Because you are a minister I feel that you would understand what I am about to write.

"I have planned what I am going to do for a long time, and that is to destroy myself. I cannot live without love. Ever since I was a little girl I have never felt the kind of affection I have wanted from people. I don't know when I will commit suicide, but I think that it will be within a few days.

"I am not going to put my name down at the end of this letter because I don't want you to know who is writing this letter. I just feel better writing it out to a minister. I love your sermons in church, but I wish that I could believe in what you say. I appreciate all that you have done for me, and I thank you for having the kindness to read this letter."

For the past two days I have been

watching the death notices in the paper to learn about any suicides. It is generally believed that those who speak of taking their own lives never do so. In my limited experience, I have known of two exceptions to that, and therefore I am a little nervous about this one.

Yesterday I looked over the 700 people sitting in my congregation trying to think who present might have written the letter. This is the third person in the past few months to speak to me of suicide, and if this person actually does go through with it, it will be the first one of the three to do so. The other two persons I had an opportunity to reason with, and I would like to think that I had some influence in helping them to take a new lease on life.

How often in my experience as a clergyman I have had people sit here in my study and say: "I just don't know what to do! I can't make up my mind! I am at the breaking point and I can't go on!" Well, what is the breaking point in life? Of course, there are many breaking points, but most psychiatrists probably would agree that the most frequent breaking point for many of us is the point of complete indecision; it is the point of life where one loses faith in his or her ability to make any decision. So much of our mental health is dependent upon a certain security which comes from faith in a power within ourselves to decide for the right against the wrong, and when a person becomes aware that there is no longer alive within himself that spiritual power, then he is at the breaking point.

The reason so many of us have difficulty making decisions is because too much of the time we try to live our lives on the perilous edge of doubtful practices; too much of the time we are doing things that are really against our better judgment, but since everyone else seems to be doing them, we just go along. Because we permit so many of our decisions to be made by the influence of others around us, we find ourselves stepping over the edge more and more often, and thus we begin to lose faith in ourselves and in our ability to permit the power of the Holy Spirit, the power of good that is in us to rule our lives.

Not too long ago a husband was telling me how difficult it was for him to make a decision of any kind and how utterly frustrated he became when he could not make up his mind on some of the simplest matters. I listened to his long story of woe, and then I said to him: "The trouble with you is that you have permitted your wife to make too many decisions for too long, and I am willing to bet that when you were a boy you permitted your mother to make too many of the decisions that you yourself should have been making. Just remember that you can't have the strength to make decisions unless you practice making them, and you can't have that kind of practice if you continue to permit other people to make them for you."

Every day of the week I give several

(Continued on page 15)





## TO MOTHER — ON MOTHER'S DAY

By  
Evelyn Corrie Birkby

The picture is the large, stylized, posed type taken at the turn of the century. The brown tone makes it soft and pleasant in effect. But the radiant face of the 16-year-old girl in the picture is what catches the eye.

She is lovely. Her skin is fair and clear, and the softly curled hair when unbound lies long on her shoulders. Her eyes are sparkling with humor and have the distant look of youth dreaming dreams of the great things which will be accomplished. The future is just ahead, beckoning from the mysterious unknown. To my great delight she seems to be armed for this advance with a cattail; for in her right hand, held as regally as a queen holds a scepter, is this common sturdy sentinel of the marshlands.

Through the years I have looked at this picture of the beautiful young girl longingly, wishing I had known my mother when she was 16 years old, with all the hopes and dreams and plans untouched by years of struggle.

Mother took these hopes and dreams from the brick farmhouse in central Illinois and went to the great center of learning at Evanston. Music was her first love, and the music school at Northwestern fitted her talents perfectly.

She had surely dreamed of meeting a tall, handsome young man someplace along her way, but one can never anticipate exactly how or when. Mother's knight in shining armor walked into the boarding house which mother's sister and husband had in connection with the college. He was tall and gangly, rugged of face and with some of the awkwardness of the western prairies still in his actions. But he had a sparkle in his eye, a deep, constant kindness, and a dedication to the highest calling in the world—serving God and man. That is where Florence Mae Dragoo met Carl Milford Corrie, who became her husband.

After their marriage in the big house at Murdock, Ill., they boarded a train for the far reaches of the world, or so it seemed. Talmo, Kansas, was out in the middle of hot, arid plains. The church was new and was

not organized in any fashion whatsoever. The pastor was the first to come to the tiny village.

With high ideals and great courage the minister and his bride moved into the little four-room house and tackled the myriads of problems in the small community. This home became the social center, the place for educational discussions, and the "mission" for the needy.

Mother tells the story of one of the missions of mercy in that little place. "One bitter cold morning the station agent of the little country railroad called to ask if we could care for a woman with two little children. She had gotten off at the wrong station, and there was no train due to take them on before evening. Old Fritz was hitched to the family buggy and driven to the station to get the little family. What was found was not just pitiful—it was tragic.

"A tiny baby of five months who had no mind, a very bright boy of five years, and a sad widowed mother made up the little group. She was looking for work. In all my life I have never seen beans and cornbread disappear as it did at the dinner table that day. The little lad with his big brown eyes looked his grateful thanks. In the evening they went their way to the county seat where she hoped work was waiting."

Mother tells another incident in that early pastorate. "A young girl was engaged for work in a home in the town. On arriving it was found she had a tiny baby whose existence had been kept secret. She was literally turned out into the street. The good man of the parsonage found them and brought them home. I took one look, gathered the baby in my arms and told them to come in. I would fix a room until other arrangements could be made for them. Not much to do in those early days? Must have been dull? No, that was living!"

Perhaps the clear, blue, 16-year-old eyes in the picture did not anticipate such a life, but they held a vision of service which was more than fulfilled.

The years passed rapidly, far more rapidly than 16 realizes they will. Charge by charge the young minister and his wife served with love and devotion, giving of their time and efforts far above the requirements for such a position. They were giving their lives!

They had many discouraging and sad days. They lived through the struggling, tragic war years, the scourges of the flu when they sat with the dying through the night and buried the dead and comforted the sorrowing by day.

They had their first child in a cold, inconvenient parsonage and almost lost her in the series of flu and pneumonia sieges of that first winter. Some of the congregations were kind and thoughtful; some were selfish and full of bickering and friction. Sometimes all a minister and his wife can do is pray that a kind heavenly Father will bless not their accomplishments but their efforts!

A second little girl came to keep mother company just as big sister



Mae Corrie today.

started to school. Mother's days became busier than ever. She shared her music and teaching talent unselfishly; there were calls, board meetings, wedding parties, dinners for the family and food for the needy, a house to keep company-ready, and the phone and door to answer. Only those who have lived in a parsonage can really appreciate the part the minister's wife plays in the life of the parish. But patiently, undaunted by depression, discouragement, and what sometimes seemed like defeat, mother fought her side of the battle for right beside the man who held the banner of service so high.

Balancing the ledger of the hard times were the rewarding successes: the class of boys in their early teens which mother taught. They became leaders of the church, becoming a part of Christian living as a group led by their dedicated teacher. Another class which mother taught was a group of high school girls. One of the girls so beautiful and young was definitely going in the wrong direction. It was difficult to persuade her to attend Sunday School. Through the example and loving guidance mother gave her, she too decided that life as a Christian would be true happiness.

Although the "good man of the parsonage" has now gone to a heavenly appointment, mother has never ceased to live the life of service of a minister's wife. Her time continues to be filled with activities which are helpful. She feels that God has work which she needs to do here before she goes on to the charge which dad is serving now.

One day when mother was talking to a wonderful deaconess, she exclaimed, "Oh, there is so much to be done, and we can do so little."

But the kind woman answered, "Dear friend, no one can do a bigger work in a community than keeping a clean, happy home and living a beautiful Christian life."

If someone had asked mother her philosophy of life at 16, it surely (Continued on page 18)



## DOROTHY'S REPORT ON THE SNOW STORM

Dear Friends:

The most exciting news this month everywhere in the Midwest was the big snowstorm of 1957!

On the beautiful Friday preceding the storm I picked Kristin up after school and we drove to Shenandoah for the weekend, our first visit with the folks since their return from California. Since we planned to go by way of Bedford we took one of Kristin's friends, Vicki Whitaker, with us that far to spend the weekend with her grandparents.

It started snowing and raining in Shenandoah on Sunday morning so I decided we had better start home right after dinner. We started all right, but my windshield wipers weren't working so when we got two miles out of town and I couldn't see to drive I decided to turn around and see if I could get them fixed. Of course I couldn't find a mechanic around on Sunday afternoon so we decided to wait and go the next morning. If it hadn't been for those windshield wipers some farm family on highway 2 would probably have had three unexpected guests for a couple of days because no doubt we would have been stranded somewhere along the way.

I called Vicki and told her the story and said I would notify her parents so that they wouldn't worry. This was a problem since I knew they didn't have a telephone, but I finally called a friend in Chariton and asked her to get word to them, and she also called Frank and told him. Frank told me later that his call from Mrs. Hutchison was his last contact with the outside world because the telephone line broke shortly after that.

Of course by Monday morning no one could even get outside the house, let alone drive anywhere, so we settled down for a longer stay. The highways were finally opened for one-way traffic by the middle of the morning on Tuesday, so we started home. We got to Bedford at noon where we found that Mrs. Whitaker had a lovely dinner ready for us. We had no trouble getting home and arrived in Chariton about 4:00. The girls hadn't missed any school since the schools had been closed for two days.

As it turned out we might just as well have stayed another day because Kristin and I couldn't get home from Lucas because the roads hadn't been opened up yet, so we spent the night with Bernie in Lucas. The telephone line to our house was still down so Frank didn't even know we were that close! We followed the maintainer out the next morning as far as August Johnson's, had dinner there, and then Frank came after us with the team and wagon.

Frank said I would be amazed when I got home to see how much damage had been done by the heavy wet snow to the trees in our yard. It looked just as if a twister had gone through! Both of our big apple trees that have been standing for years were broken off; the long row of cedar trees on the



Strong backs were needed to budge the heavy snow after our big storm. Here are Martin and his father (Oliver Strom) scooping their walks.

north and east sides of the yard had the tops broken out of them; two cherry trees in the yard were so badly damaged they will have to come down; and Frank and Kristin tell me that you can hardly walk through the timber for the limbs and trees that are down. Frank has spent all last week and this week cleaning up the debris.

He had to saw down all the cedar trees on the north side, and the apple trees which were also on the north side. It is going to look awfully bare to us for awhile until we can get a good hedge started. Another tree that is going to have to come down since it was split right down the middle is our big old peach tree. This really broke our hearts because we have had so many big delicious peaches off of this tree every year.

So far as I know, the Frank Johnsons (on bottom land) are the only people who didn't need all this moisture, at least everyone else is very happy about it. Even before this snow Frank dug a hole three feet deep for a big corner post he was setting and the ground was wet all the way down. But just Sunday Raymond Halls, who lives thirty miles from here, said he had been trying to dig some post holes and when he got six inches down the ground was hard and dry. Raymond has a lot of his spring plowing done and Frank hasn't even been able to get into the field to disk the stalks. Goodness only knows when he will get into the fields now.

Kristin has been doing quite a bit of cooking and baking lately. Cooking year in 4-H is her very favorite project since she loves to cook. I am so glad she does that I never say "no" when she wants to spend a Saturday morning in the kitchen. Last Fall when we were in Shenandoah Mother helped her bake her first bread. The other Saturday she wanted to try some by herself so I stayed clear out of the kitchen. It turned out very well but she wanted to try out the recipe that came with some of her 4-H material and we didn't like it quite as well as Mother's recipe. She made the cinnamon rolls that were in this same leaflet the next day and we thought they were very good. Frank's sister Edna

is the one who makes the most delicious cinnamon rolls I have ever eaten and she has promised to send us her recipe.

Kristin has been having another siege in bed, this time with the flu that so many people have been having recently. She was groaning around yesterday because she couldn't go to school and said that first with the chicken pox and now with the flu, she had spent more time in bed this month than she had out of it. While she has been sick I have been sewing on her new pink dress I told you about last month. There are so many beautiful patterns and materials now that I just wish I could afford to sew all the time.

It is time to start dinner for my hungry family, so this must be all for now.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

## DOCTOR OF HUMANITIES

As I remember it, some few years ago a college was granted authority to confer the degree of Doctor of Humanities. Now I do not know all that is included in such a degree, but evidently it is conferred upon someone who has served humanity in a wide range of needs.

I would like to nominate my mother as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Humanities. Here are some of her accomplishments:

She could stretch a dollar even in the days when it was a silver coin, and make it do tricks ten times more amazing than any magician you ever saw.

She could supervise and control a family of seven giggling girls, and eight rambunctious, headstrong boys six days a week, superintend a Sunday school on Sunday and then serve a dinner fit for a king.

She could make a dress over three or four times and each time it came out a new style. Think this is easy? Well, try it!

She could sew on a button while she made oatmeal; patch trousers while she put the baby to sleep; make a dozen loaves of bread while she supervised the laundry; counsel her husband, Samuel, while she laid the rod on her son Oliver, and compelled each to accept her decision as final.

She could settle a quarrel, teach a child to pray, tell a Bible story, send comfort in the form of a glass of jelly to a sorrowing neighbor and consider it only a part of an ordinary day.

She could nurse a sick child back to health, she could speak words of cheer to a homesick college girl, she could entertain a wagon load of distant relatives for a month and make them feel welcome every long trying day.

Will the candidate, Mrs. Jennie Wilson, please roll her wheel chair forward and receive her degree—Doctor of Humanities.

One of our Kitchen-Klatter friends in Clay Center, Kansas, sent us the above tribute to her mother that was written by her brother, the editor of a church paper. We think that countless mothers could well deserve the honorary degree *Doctor of Humanities!*



# "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter

## Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### MAY BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges  
Shirred Eggs with Sausage  
Sour Cream Biscuits Currant Jelly  
Coffee Milk

### MAY LUNCHEON

Eggs and Asparagus Casserole  
Pickled Baby Beets Cheese Biscuits  
Fruit Compote

### MAY DINNER

Apricot Juice  
Baked Ham with Pineapple  
Baked Potatoes Chopped Spinach  
Sliced Tomatoes with French Dressing  
Rhubarb Cream Pie  
Coffee Milk

If you are entertaining this month you are very fortunate for there are numerous table decorations that will not demand too much time and effort. I have several suggestions that we have utilized in our own homes and found quite attractive.

I always think of pansies in May for Mother used this idea for a May breakfast several years ago. In the center of the table she had a large deep tray covered with aluminum foil. This contained pansy plants individually planted in paper cups with narrow lavender and purple ribbons leading to each place card. Not only did this serve as an attractive centerpiece but after the breakfast the plants were given as favors to be planted in the guests' own gardens.

Of course May time is May basket time and what prettier way to use your early spring flowers? Place a large May basket in the center of the table and a small May basket at each plate. If it has been years since you tried your hand at making May baskets this should not only bring back a lot of memories for you, but it will also make a good topic of conversation for your guests.

One year when we entertained in May we used card tables covered with pastel organdy cloths. In the center of each table was a May pole made by covering a large candle with ribbon; ribbon streamers tacked to it were extended to each place card. Spring flowers were arranged around the base of each candle.

Now, with menus and decorations to give you some ideas, why not entertain this month?—Margery.

### RHUBARB CREAM PIE

1 Tbls. butter or margarine  
4 cups rhubarb cut finely  
1 3/4 cups sugar  
2 Tbls. cornstarch  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
2 egg yolks, beaten  
1/4 cup cream  
Melt butter in a heavy pan. Add rhubarb and one cup sugar and cook until rhubarb is tender. Add remaining 3/4 cup sugar, salt, cornstarch, egg yolks and cream. Add to rhubarb and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Turn into 9-inch baked pie shell. Top with meringue made of the two whites to which 1/4 cup of sugar has been added. Bake in 350 degree oven until meringue is browned.

### RHUBARB STRAWBERRIES

This is a fine way to stretch those strawberries, come June.  
1 qt. raw strawberries  
1 qt. raw rhubarb  
6 cups sugar  
Cook until thick. This sauce may be sealed while hot.

### RHUBARB ROLL

Prepare your favorite biscuit dough or use a ready mix. Roll into a square. Spread dough with:

3 cups cut rhubarb  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/8 tsp. nutmeg  
2 heaping Tbls. softened butter  
Roll as for a jelly roll and cut into two-inch slices. Place this roll in a baking dish that contains:  
2 cups sugar  
2 cups water that have been boiled together for several minutes. Bake in 375 degree oven for approximately 30 minutes.

### RHUBARB PUDDING

This is a simple recipe for a busy day.

1 cup sugar  
1/4 cup butter  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1 cup milk  
Flour to make a stiff batter  
5 generous cups finely chopped rhubarb

Place rhubarb in well-buttered baking dish and cover with 2 1/2 cups sugar. Put batter on top and bake until done in moderately hot oven.

—Mildred Cathcart

### CHEESE CAKE

2 cups dried toasted crumbs  
1/3 cup butter, melted  
1/3 cup sugar  
3 cups cottage cheese  
1 cup sugar  
2/3 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind  
1/4 cup flour  
4 eggs, beaten  
1 cup cream or whole milk  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
Mix crumbs, 1/3 cup butter and 1/3 cup sugar. Reserve half this mixture. Line a buttered pan with the other half. Beat eggs, add the 1 cup sugar and cheese pressed through a sieve. Add flour and remaining ingredients. Place in the pan, put rest of crumb mixture on top and bake 1 hour and 15 minutes in a 300 degree oven.

### MARGARET'S CHICKEN SALAD FOR 20

2 chickens, cooked and boned. Let stand for several hours in French dressing. Stir occasionally.

1 cucumber, diced  
1/2 green pepper, diced  
1 c. celery, diced  
3/4 cup ground blanched almonds (Use medium blade.)  
2 canned pimientos, diced  
Salt and mayonnaise to suit taste  
Drain off any French dressing standing in the bottom of the bowl. Toss lightly with remaining ingredients. Serve on lettuce with pitted ripe olive on top.

### FRENCH PEAS

4 slices bacon  
1 Tbls. chopped onion  
1 Tbls. flour  
1 cup light cream  
1 6-ounce can sliced mushrooms, drained  
2 Tbls. butter  
2 cups drained, canned peas  
Salt and pepper  
Dice bacon and brown. Add onion and cook until tender. Blend in flour and cream and cook until thick. Cook mushrooms in butter for 5 minutes. Add peas and mushrooms to cream mixture. Season with salt and pepper.

### UPSIDE DOWN APPLE CAKE

Mix:  
1/2 cup butter  
1 cup light brown sugar  
2 Tbls. light cream  
Spread in 8-inch square baking pan. Arrange 2 cups sliced apples over this mixture.

Sift:  
1 1/2 cups flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. salt  
Cream:  
1/4 cup shortening  
3/4 cup sugar  
Beat in 1 egg  
Add dry ingredients alternately with 1/2 cup milk and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Pour batter over apples and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or plain.

### MOLDED HAM SALAD

2 Tbls. gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 Tbls. prepared mustard  
2 cups boiling water  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Stir lemon juice, salt and mustard into boiling water and add soaked gelatine. Stir until dissolved and cool until like honey.

Add:  
4 C. cooked, ground ham  
1/2 cup ground green pepper  
1/2 cup sweet red pepper  
1 c. ground cucumber  
Place in ring mold or pan and chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.



Both of these recipes have a little story behind them.

Perhaps you'll recall that in my recent letter about hospitals I mentioned the fact that so many of the nurses worked full-time shifts and then went home to all the demands of a family in which there were several small children. You can imagine my surprise when one of these nurses, Irene Farnum, turned up at my door on her day off with a big sack of the most wonderful doughnuts any of us had ever tasted. She had even taken time to type off the recipe for me! Believe me, these are absolutely tops in the doughnut line and I hope you can try them soon.

There are so many recipes for Applesauce Cake that when this one came along I decided to call it "Beauty Shop Applesauce Cake" for the best reason in the world: I got the recipe at the beauty shop! One morning everyone there was discussing this cake and naturally I pitched right in to copy the recipe. It is a very delicious cake that tastes like an extremely expensive fruit cake. You're going to be as surprised and pleased as I was when you taste it. (Yes, 2 tsp. of soda and no eggs is correct.)

#### FASTNACHTS (Doughnuts)

- 3 medium sized potatoes, peeled and quartered
- 2 cups salted water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 7 to 8 cups sifted flour
- 1 package dry granular yeast or 1 cake compressed yeast
- 1/4 cup warm, not hot, water
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Boil potatoes in salted water until tender, drain; reserve 1 cup water and pour into large mixing bowl. Stir in sugar, salt and 1 cup of the flour. Beat until smooth. Sprinkle or crumble yeast into 1/4 cup water (95 to 105 degrees F. for dry yeast or 85 degrees F. for compressed yeast). Let stand for 5 minutes. Stir, then beat into batter. Cover bowl with a cloth and let rise in a warm place free from drafts until bubbly (about 4 hours).

Mash hot potatoes, measure 1 cup into a mixing bowl and beat in margarine or butter, eggs and nutmeg. When the batter is full of bubbles, stir in potato mixture and remaining flour, or enough to make a stiff dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead 8 to 10 minutes or until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with melted shortening, cover and let rise in a warm place free from drafts, until double in bulk (about 2 hours).

Punch dough down, cover bowl and store in refrigerator until 2 hours before serving time. Remove from refrigerator and cut in half. Roll each half 1/3 inch thick on lightly floured board. Cut with doughnut cutter or into 2 inch squares with a sharp knife. Place doughnuts on floured board, cover with a cloth and let rise

in a warm place until double in bulk. Slip doughnuts into deep hot fat (365 degrees F.). When they rise to the top, turn with a long handled fork to brown other side. Drain on absorbent paper toweling and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Yield: 4 dozen more or less.

#### BEAUTY SHOP APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups hot applesauce
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup nutmeats
- 1 cup dates

Peel, core and chop apples (I used Winesaps) leaving them in fairly good-sized pieces. Measure 1 1/2 cups chopped apple. Put in pan, add 1/2 cup water and cook until apples are soft and water has been almost absorbed—about 10 minutes.

Cover the 1 cup of raisins with 1/2 cup water and cook for 2 minutes.

Pour hot raisin mixture over sugar, salt, shortening and applesauce which have already been combined. Sift all dry ingredients and add. Lastly fold

in nuts and dates. Turn into a long, well-greased baking pan (your 8x8 inch cake pan is not suitable for this cake) and bake in a 350 degree oven until done—around 30 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream, if you wish; it is equally good cold without a thing on it.

#### STRING BEAN AND BACON SALAD

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

Combine salt, pepper, sugar, oil, vinegar and catsup and beat well. Toss beans with dressing. Crumble bacon. Arrange greens and top with beans and bacon.

#### HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Melt in double boiler 32 marshmallows with 1/2 cup evaporated milk. Then add 3 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate, a dash of salt and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Blend well until chocolate is melted. Serve hot over vanilla ice cream.

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**"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"***A Bouquet For Mother**By**Virginia Thomas*

On a table or mantel, center a lovely vase with ferns or other greenery. If possible, have a dark cloth backdrop of some soft material, preferably deep green. Pin gold paper letters spelling M-O-T-H-E-R'S D-A-Y in a semi-circle to the cloth above the bouquet.

Each person who takes the part of a letter in Mother's Day should carry a single carnation, or some spring flower if you prefer to have a mixed bouquet. After she speaks the lines for her letter she will place her flower in the vase.

Music adds so much to these programs that it is hoped you can have a pianist play well known "Mother songs" throughout (very softly, of course), but if a piano is lacking, arrange to borrow a record player for the many "Mother songs" available in recordings—and keep the volume down.

*Leader:* (Lights a tall candle and places it to the right of the vase just before she speaks.)

"What is this love of which they sing? 'Tis a noble, pure and tender thing; Warm as the heart of yon dancing flame" (points to candle), "Loyal, steadfast, forever the same. The truest love on earth that's given; Reflecting that which is known in heaven. God linked this world to His throne above when He blessed us with a mother's love. 'What is a GOOD mother?' I hear a voice say; so let's find the answer in our Mother's Bouquet."

"M": "Mothers dear, we bring to you with hearts filled with delight, these flowers that are cheerful and so lovely, fresh and bright. Mother is the dearest friend whom anyone could know! On her we know we can depend, where e'er in life we go." (Places first flower in vase.)

"O": "O is for *Others*. We notice as we grow older that others always seem to be foremost in a Mother's mind. She thinks and plans first for her husband and children and then, if anything is left, she might, just *might*, consider it for herself! Perhaps it's not accidental that *others* needs only one letter added to make it *mothers!*" (Places second flower.)

"T": "T is for *Togetherness*. Without it we would find this world a lonely place to be. Certainly it is the thing that binds all family ties and creates a strong refuge of warm security." (Places third flower.)

"H": "H is for *Happy*. To our Mothers we wish happy moments, happy days and happy years. All of these combined will make for happy memories of the past." (Places fourth flower.)

"E": "E stands for *Every*. May every thought be a lovely thought; may each and every hope be fulfilled. All of us, being only human, cannot avoid bringing disappointment to our mothers, but we learn by our mistakes and thus every experience carries in it the seeds of growth and wisdom that every mother longs to see in her children."

"R": "R is for *Remembrance*. There is so much to remember about our mothers that we could fill countless vases with flowers! So perhaps it is best simply to say: R is for Remembrance of the good times I have had, just livin', lovin', learnin' from Mother and from Dad!"

"S": "S is for *Solicitude*. It is the quality of unfailing love and concern that begins with our opening breath. All of us learn as we grow older and go out into the world that too often the world just plain doesn't care. But the Solicitude that our mothers feel for us never falters, never fails."

"D": "D is for *Devotion*. We want you to know, Mothers dear, that just as your Solicitude has never faltered, never failed, so our Devotion to you remains steadfast and true. No time and no trial can ever touch the unshadowed Devotion that we've always felt for you."

"A": "A is for *Affection*. The quick smile . . . the loving pat . . . the gentle voice . . . these are the things that make up Affection and brighten our day. It is the thread that ties the love knots that holds us all life long."

"Y": "Y is for *You*. No words can ever be found to express what is really in our hearts where Mother is concerned. Artists have tried for hundreds of years to capture our feelings in paints, in music, in marble and in poetry, but our love for *YOU* evades their efforts. Thank you, dear mothers, for just being *you*."

*Music:* "Songs My Mother Taught Me."

*Leader:* "Just as each flower helped to make our bouquet more beautiful, so has every thought, word and deed of our mothers helped to make our lives more lovely, more complete."

**MY GARDEN: TO MOTHER**

Your heart, it always seems to me.  
Is like a garden fair:

A blending of beautiful colors,  
Sweet fragrance everywhere.

Pansies, of course, are your thoughtfulness;

Red roses, your love so deep.

Dark purple iris your sympathy  
To smooth roads rough and steep.

Violets and forget-me-nots

Nestling close to Old Mother Earth,

Mean your ever wise understanding

For healing the world's little hurts.

Vines, with their clinging fingers

Are your loving arms so strong;

The green of their leafy verdure,

Your faith in me, right or wrong.

Everything in my garden,

Caressed by God's sunshine and dew,

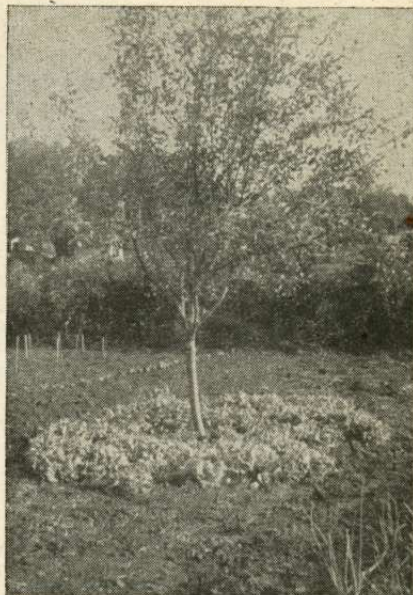
Tells of the love undying.

Deep in the heart of you.

— Lola Taylor Hemphill

**FOLKS, WE'RE SORRY**

This last month we know that many of you good friends were upset by the fact that your April issue of Kitchen-Klatter didn't arrive right on schedule. It wasn't carelessness on our part — we were just plain swamped.



See page 3 for an explanation of this fruit tree with its "petticoat".

Even though everyone put his shoulder to the wheel and worked as hard as possible our mailing schedule was turned topsy-turvy. We're genuinely sorry that you had to write about the delay because we certainly try our best never to inconvenience or disappoint anyone.

Thank you for being patient with us. We bent every effort to take care of the situation and expect to have things back in their normal routine by the time you read this. Please don't be "mad" at us! It was one of those things that just couldn't be helped.

— The Driftmiers

**MOTHER**

"She riseth while it is yet night"—  
Duty knows no hour  
And loving hands no rest.

"She stretcheth her hand to the poor"—

To share her humble bread  
And feed the hungry soul.

"She speaketh wisdom and love"—  
Wisdom is in her mouth,  
Kindness is her law.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands"—  
The while her candle burns,  
Before her sun is set.

— Gladys Niece Templeton

**COVER PICTURE**

Katharine Driftmier certainly looks as if she wanted to be up and at it on a beautiful Spring morning! This is the first picture that was taken in her brand new room and it's our guess that Mary Beth and Donald are probably a little happier than she is about the arrangement. Children like to be out in the middle of everything, preferably right under your feet, but only parents who have had to use a dining room for the baby's room can know how nice it is to have a door that closes!



## MARGERY HAS MORE "HOUSE" NEWS

Dear Friends:

As I scooped the walks this morning after our lovely snowfall in the night I wondered if it would be safe to put the shovel in the basement? Surely this is our last snow and by the time this letter is in print it will seem far removed from the spring flowers, green grass and freshly spaded gardens. How much we appreciate the moisture no matter in what form it chooses to come to us!

Last month I told you that our church circle planned to have a chili supper in connection with a church meeting. It had been necessary to postpone it from the original date so when setting a new day for it we considered decorations and decided to have it as near as we could to St. Patrick's Day. We didn't intend to decorate as elaborately as we did for the smorgasbord, but in my estimation the tables looked almost as attractive.

They were set singly seating ten each instead of a number of tables put together, an arrangement we have been following for the last several church suppers. One reason we have been doing this is because our basement dining room is large enough to let us spread out. Another reason is because we feel that with ten at a table you can visit with everyone, whereas at long tables you visit only with the people beside you and across from you. The last reason is that it is easier to decorate the small tables!

We had little trees (really branches set into Plaster of Paris) painted a pale green and trimmed with artificial flowers and tiny shamrocks. We bought girls' floral head bands and took them apart, each little blossom being on a separate wire which we wound around the ends of the branches. Occasionally we tied on a green ribbon bow instead of a blossom. At the base of the tree we put a tiny colored fuzzy chick, such as you can buy in the dime stores before Easter. My, but those tables looked "Springy" and gay!

After the dinner we sold the trees for a dollar each, hence making money on our decorations. We also cut out larger shamrocks from green construction paper and scattered them here and there on the tables around the candleholders.

Our menu consisted of chili or chicken soup, crackers, relishes, gelatin salad, apple pie and coffee. One of the men in our church is famous for his chili, so we turned the job over to him. We decorated and set the tables and made the salads the day before the supper so we really had no last minute work to do. We charged 75¢ for adults and 50¢ for children, selling as many tickets as we could several days before the supper so we had a fairly reasonable idea as to how many to prepare for. In spite of the fact that we did not solicit food but bought everything and had not planned this supper with the purpose of making money we did clear \$38.00 which we have designated to a fund for new table linen.

Getting back to the little trees, I



Spring housecleaning was done and Margery could relax in her living room when this recent picture was taken. She made the new drapes herself.

brought one home for Martin. I chose one which had yellow blossoms predominating because I use touches of yellow in our home. We decided that it would make a lovely Easter Egg Tree so removed the shamrocks and Martin has been busy decorating and blowing fresh eggs. He had never done this before so it took a few trials before he achieved much success. Needless to say we have had quite a diet of scrambled eggs at our house!

I expect everyone has a "blizzard story" and I am no exception. Oliver had been on a business trip and was due to arrive by train that Sunday in Hamburg, Iowa. You can imagine my sensations when the rain turned to snow and the temperature started downward! Martin and I decided to start out immediately for Hamburg, because if the roads got bad we would meet Oliver's train and if we couldn't return home at least we would be together. Our trip to Hamburg was uneventful except that we had to drive quite slowly.

After we met Oliver and his business companion we started home for the snow seemed to be letting up; however, it did become heavier and we saw several cars in the ditch on the return trip. We fairly crept to Shenandoah and although the roads were not yet slick, visibility was very poor. We arrived home safely and were scarcely in the house when the storm reached blizzard proportions. We were very grateful to be safe and sound for the radio soon was carrying reports of accidents and stories about snow-bound travelers.

Oliver had planned to work on the yard when he got home but the snow changed that picture so he decided it was the perfect time to start painting the kitchen. The bottom half of our kitchen is a type of linoleum covering so it had to have an undercoat before we could apply the enamel. This was done before we got down to brass tacks as to our choice of color. That gave us time to think about it!

I had bought the kitchen paper at the same time I bought the paper for the living room and dining room. We

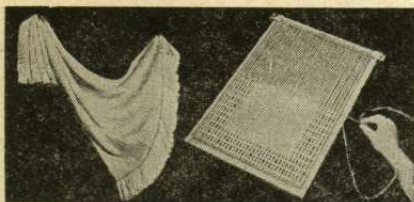
held up a roll of it and decided we had three possibilities as to color. Since we had been so conservative with color so far we decided that we wanted the kitchen to be very gay, so we chose chartreuse. We applied the first coat where we could but are waiting now for new upper cupboard doors to be made. When they are done we can finish the painting and start papering. I haven't gone into all the details such as sanding the woodwork, scraping off layers and layers of old paint, etc., but those of you who have redecorated old houses know all about the work that is involved with such an undertaking. I hope that by next month the kitchen will be finished and I'll have more details to give you.

Last month when I wrote to you I didn't dream that this next situation would develop. I've saved the biggest news until the last! As most of you know, our house was a duplex when we bought it. We have five rooms downstairs, and since the four rooms upstairs made a lovely apartment, we continued to rent it after we bought the house. However, our tenants found a nice little house that just suited them so they decided to move. At this point we had quite a decision to make—whether to re-rent the apartment or use the entire house ourselves. Now, of course we are a small family and the space downstairs would ordinarily be adequate if we lived under ordinary circumstances. However, I really needed an extra room for my office work, so we decided to use the entire house. Since we had redecorated the upstairs last September no work had to be done to it before we could use it.

Upstairs we have two bedrooms, a hall bedroom which I am using for a sewing room, and a playroom which was the kitchen. It makes an ideal playroom for there is a linoleum on the floor, the sink for mixing paste and watercolors and cupboards galore for storing toys, a nice table for finger-painting and an ideal area for setting up the electric train. We have left the stove and refrigerator as they are. (For those of you who might be concerned as to the safety of that, they

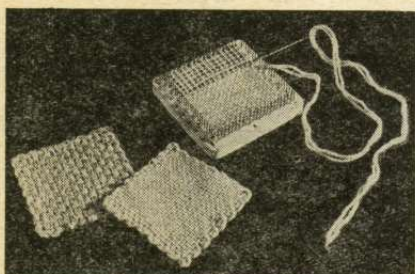
(Continued on page 18)





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## MOTHER'S DAY IDEAS FROM OUR READERS

"It had always been the custom in our church to have a rather formal luncheon or dinner to observe Mother's Day, but last year when our committee sat down to make plans we faced some facts that most of us had been aware of but just brushed aside because it was the line of least resistance.

In our church membership we have quite a number of widows whose married daughters live far away, a number of spinsters who have always been devoted, faithful workers, and a few middle aged women with daughters who have never taken an interest in our church activities or who have joined other churches. For these women our annual luncheons or dinners couldn't possibly be the happy, comradely events that they were for those of us who could arrive with our young daughters and our mothers. In fact, I had often looked around from the tables where these happy trios sat and thought to myself that it would be hard to attend such an affair all alone, or with a substitute daughter or mother.

When I brought this up at our committee meeting I was quite surprised to find that the others shared my thoughts on the subject and were more than willing to try something that wouldn't point up quite so sharply the loneliness felt by some of our guests.

A covered dish dinner was decided upon rather than a formal menu for everyone can contribute to such a meal. We arranged to call for every single person who would otherwise arrive alone, and those of us who provided transportation kept a sharp eye out, once we had reached the church, to see that no one was left to stand or sit by himself.

Our committee had put up the tables, provided centerpieces and stacked the proper number of dishes needed at the end of each table. All of the food was arranged on one long table and everyone, from the oldest to the youngest, took care of his own service. Just before we started our buffet-type meal the chairman of the committee announced that anyone could sit where she pleased with one exception: no mother, daughter or granddaughter could settle down at the same table.

This made for much merriment since it was so unexpected and relieved the tension of those who didn't have mothers or daughters present.

At the conclusion of the meal (and none of us could ever remember when people had lingered so long and pleasantly over their food!) we had group singing. This was followed by informal talks that had been arranged in advance; we asked one of our oldest members to tell us what it was like to raise a baby before the turn of the century; then a mother of the next generation told us about her experiences, and the youngest mother in our group brought us into the present by telling us what the doctors say today. Each speaker offered to answer, as best she could, any questions that

were asked, and this made for a very lively and interesting discussion.

Special music was furnished by a mixed chorus from our local high school, and then we concluded the evening by singing "Blest Be the Tide that Binds".

Probably this bare outline sounds as if we had a routine covered dish dinner, and in a way it was, but it was a wonderfully happy and successful event. By minimizing the mother-daughter angle we made it possible for every single woman to feel that she belonged in the group, and it did away with the heartache that so many are bound to feel no matter how bright a smile they might wear. I'm sure that in years to come we'll have the conventional luncheons and dinners again, but we'll certainly intersperse them with the type of Mother's Day affair that I have written about." —Missouri.

"The Study Club to which I belong is making plans for a Mother's Day observance that might interest other clubs of our approximate membership—eighteen women. We have a home for elderly women in our town and every Christmas we have taken gifts of fruit and flowers to be distributed among them. All of these women are able to be up and around, and we learned from one of our members whose husband is a doctor and makes periodic calls to the home, that they longed so to get away for even a few hours and into an honest-to-goodness house such as most of them had once known.

We decided, when we heard this, that we'd make it a genuinely festive day for those fourteen elderly women who no longer had their own homes. Most of them expected callers during the afternoon and most of us in the club had family plans that had to be considered, so we decided to have a nine o'clock breakfast on Sunday morning.

One of our members has a large home and generously offered to serve as hostess. We have appointed a committee to prepare the food (mixed fruit, broiled ham, hot muffins, preserves, coffee) and another committee to call for our guests. No entertainment is planned at such an hour, of course, but each guest is to be taken to the church of her choice if she chooses to go. All of our local churches are represented in our club membership, so there will be no complications of any kind.

We expect to write individual invitations and mail them about ten days before the Sunday breakfast. When we planned all of this with the woman who manages the home she told us that never before had her group been invited out together for a social affair, and she was certain that it would be a very happy occasion for them. I'm certain, in turn, that it will be a happy time for those of us who are doing the entertaining. We feel that it is a tribute to our own mothers who are no longer here to be remembered on Mother's Day. And there is consolation in bringing happiness to others at such a time."—Kansas.



## WHAT DOES MOTHER'S DAY MEAN TO YOU

By  
Mildred Cathcart

Before I became a Mother, the very sound of Mother's Day had a magical quality about it. When I think of my own mother I think of a person with a fairy-like touch who can turn plain food into a sumptuous meal, who can take an old dress and make it into something special, or who can touch a child's feverish cheek and make it feel cool and refreshed.

But now when I have two children of my own, my impression of the word "Mother" changes as I look at myself.

Instead of being able to sit up all night, wide awake with a sick child, I still remember the night I nearly fell flat in the floor after pushing Jean Marie in her baby buggy until four o'clock in the morning!

Instead of being the sweet understanding person a mother is supposed to be, I find myself yelling at the children and saying "no" more often than is necessary. Washing dirty dishes and soiled clothing . . . well, I do these things frequently in anything but a loving spirit!

But secretly, I hope that when our youngsters are grown and think of me that the word MOTHER will have a magical meaning for them, too. I hope they will remember the times I have piled dirty dishes in the sink and played ball with them. I hope they will remember the times their daddy and I have given up a special invitation so that we could take them wading in the little creek where pretty rocks may be found. I hope they will remember the gorgeous sunsets and the first evening stars we have taught them to appreciate.

And most of all, I hope they will remember our family worship and prayers, when I have tried, like the Mothers of old, to lead them to Him, who loves and blesses little children.

If, when they are grown and they in turn teach their children to see beauty around them, to know the value of good character, and to find the genuine joy that comes in serving Him, then I shall still find a magical meaning in each Mother's Day.

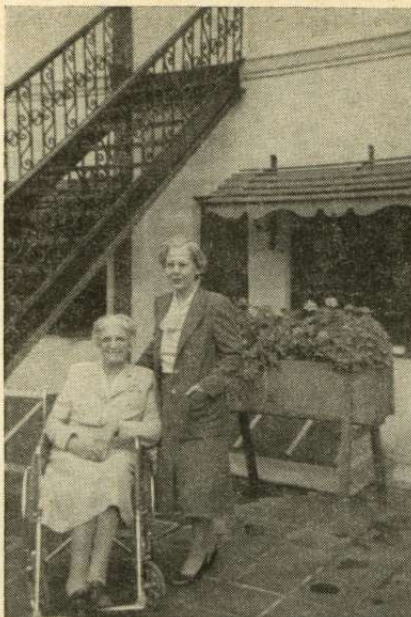
## YOUNG MOTHER AND PROBLEM

Her how-to-raise-a-child book said a pet  
Would keep a small son active, kind,  
and glad,  
But one thing that the authors didn't know  
Was either how to multiply or add.

Or else they would have told her that  
his kitten  
Would grow eventually to be a cat  
And multiply the family by additions  
And that her son, not quite content  
with that,

Would tippy-toe in past the kitchen door,  
Clutching another vagrant, adding one  
stray more!

—Anobel Armour



Just before the folks left Redlands, Faith Field Stone (Uncle Henry's oldest daughter) came up to tell them goodbye. Here are Mother and Faith together.

## MOTHER'S DAY

On Mother's Day, said Dad one night,  
We'll grant all mother's wishes:  
We'll do the housework, cook the meals,  
And even wash the dishes.  
We'll never let her turn her hand  
From dawn till evening fires,  
But sit and read, rest, sleep or write,  
Just as her soul desires.

But mother had far different plans,  
And as her family slept,  
Forth from her bed on Mother's Day  
She slowly, slyly crept.  
Then swift and light her fingers  
worked

At biscuits, cakes and things:  
Surprises for her dear ones  
Which made her glad heart sing.

She'd sensed the plans her family made,  
And loved their thoughtfulness —  
But ah! she knew, unless she helped,  
Her house would be a mess!  
So in her tactful, artful way,  
She helped them all the while, —  
They felt the day successful quite, —  
And mother — knowing — smiled.  
— By Lola Taylor Hemphill

## FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

hours of my time to pastoral counseling with a few of the many hundreds of people in my parish, and with a few of the many thousands of people who listen to my Sunday morning broadcasts. Many of the people whom I see in this way are not even church members, and some are from other churches. But no matter who they are or what their problem, they are always people who have lost their faith — faith in God, in themselves, and in their associates. I say to people who are happy and well: "Every night of your life thank God for your faith. More than anything else, it is your Bread of Life."

Sincerely, Frederick

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To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.

## THIS LETTER CAME TO MY DESK

Dear Lucile:

Through the years I have enjoyed your letters, but when you wrote about mentally retarded children I was particularly interested and found it hard to believe that you hadn't had first-hand knowledge of what this means to parents. You see, my only child, a little boy now seven and a half, is unfortunately one of those children, and I feel certain that other fathers and mothers are experiencing right now the problems that we struggled through.

Our son was born ten weeks prematurely and had a hard time of it just staying alive the first month of his life. However, when he was ten weeks old we brought him home from the hospital with every reason to believe that, although he was still frail, he would soon outgrow this and be a normal baby.

He walked at around 14 months of age, but otherwise seemed to be progressing slowly for his age—or so his daddy and I thought. Everyone told us that he was doing all right and that we were just expecting too much of him after such a difficult start at birth. When he was two and a half years old he began to have severe tantrums and we took him to a pediatrician who asked if he were an only child, and when told that he was, promptly turned to me and said: "There is nothing wrong with this child except that you are pampering him and holding him back." (I still find it very hard now, some years afterward, to suppress my indignation over this.)

Worse still, my husband was inclined to believe the doctor and sided against me. We had several hectic

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KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920  
on your dial 9:00 A.M.  
KFAB—OMAHA, NEBR. — 1110  
on your dial 1:00 P.M.

weeks following this when I, too, became confused, but still I *knew* that something was wrong.

The pediatrician had told us that we must discipline our little boy more and he got to the point where he would scarcely eat at all and slept very little, while his tantrums increased rapidly due to the nervousness caused from trying to enforce on him things he could not comprehend. (He was intelligent in appearance and gave the impression that he was simply stubborn.)

Before long, as things went from bad to worse, we decided to take him to a different child specialist and I was given quite a different reception. From the very first he gave us a quite frank opinion, one that was equally hard to comprehend. He said that we had a mentally retarded child and one who was emotionally upset. He gave us a sedative for him which did help calm him and permitted him to sleep more. Also, and very important, the doctor brought about a better understanding between my husband and myself as now my husband understood that I was not the cause of the child's behavior because of the way I handled him.

Of course, we went to many other experts then, hoping desperately to hear a more encouraging verdict as to our child's condition. Finally we had to face the stark fact that we could not cope with the situation adequately by keeping him at home. He was very active physically and since he could not play with normal children he became increasingly dissatisfied at home and was extremely hard to handle. He was highly nervous and although he couldn't understand a lot of things, he seemed to feel that he was different—and some people were so thoughtless as to ask a lot of questions in front of him as though he didn't comprehend at all. Just how much he did understand I could never tell, but I do know that he understood too much of that kind of talk.

Finally, after great heartache and worry we decided the only way to face this whole situation was to have institutional care for him. We were fortunate to have him admitted shortly before Christmas when he was five and a half years old. The school where he lives is 80 miles from where we live and we visit him about once a month. He is not a ward of the State as we pay for his board and care and

(Continued on next page)

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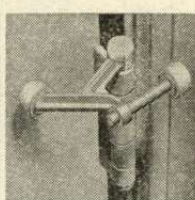
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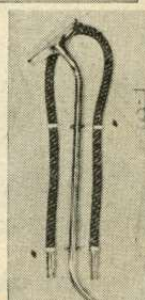
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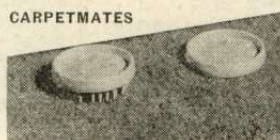
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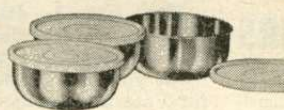


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provide his clothing, so if we ever think we could help him by taking him elsewhere or bringing him home, we have the authority to do so. I doubt, however, that we ever will unless he improves to a great degree. He is contented and happy at the school and the attendants are very good to him. He enjoys companionship with the other little boys who are there and doesn't feel out of place as he would if he were living at home and cut off from the neighborhood children.

They have a school where he is for the children who are capable of learning, so I don't see how we could give him any more advantages at home, and I know that he couldn't be happy away from his playmates. He's beginning to talk a little now and that seems wonderful to us. We would like to believe, as so many "understanding" people tell us that everything will be all right someday and he will outgrow it and be normal, but we have met so many disappointments that we know it is not sensible for us to do wishful thinking. We must face reality and try to abide by it. Only a divine miracle would change things, and there are so many parents with the same problem that we have. We just have to be satisfied with whatever improvement can be made and accept it as such.

We have seen instances where families tried by all sorts of means to keep the truth from being known and it only makes it hard on everyone. My husband and I have lived in this community for many years, and from the very first we did not keep our little boy's trouble a secret. Since many of the neighbors have known us for years, and also our families, I believe that by being open about it (and I don't mean by constantly talking about it) but by taking the same attitude that we would have taken had our only child had some other illness, we have helped in our own small way to break down the prejudice involving mental illness.

As long as the families of mentally afflicted people act as though they were ashamed, how can we expect others to treat the subject? Each family, of course, must arrive at its own decision and probably each situation is different, but we do feel that a child who is mentally retarded and cannot participate in the world about him is much happier with the companionship of other children who have the same problem, and the care of people who understand what can, and cannot, be expected of him.

I will be more than happy to write to anyone who is facing the terrible reality of hearing such a verdict as we had to hear about our child. I

don't know that I can say anything to help, but there is a sense of frightful loneliness that comes at such a time, and I know from painful experience that we hunger for the reassurance of contact with those who know what it means.—Missouri.

## THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

The hounds of Spring have passed this way!

They raced across the sunny spaces,  
And where their swift feet lightly trod  
Bright blossoms lift their smiling faces.

Now trembling with sweet ecstasy  
Anemones and violets blue,  
And buttercups and daffodills,  
Show gladness unrepressed and true.

The meadow lark, the wren and robin,  
Have followed where the hounds have run,  
Each lifting up his praise in song  
For mate, and nest, and yellow sun.

The perfume of a hundred flowers  
Is pressed into a perfect day,  
The hills and valleys are ablaze  
For hounds of Spring have passed this way!

—Emma Thomas Scoville



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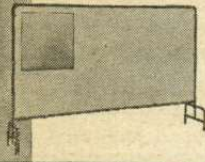
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To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition.—Samuel Johnson.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By  
Gertrude Haylett

Every year about this time I begin to get letters from shutin folks who are feeling lonely because their folks are outdoors going places or doing chores and they are left in the house alone. Can't blame them a bit. Being tied in the house, perhaps bedfast or in a wheelchair, is not funny. Maybe we can help them a little.

Mildred Woodbury is having a bad time. Some months ago she fell and broke her leg in three places. She was in the hospital for quite a while, but surgery was not very successful. She suffers constantly. She is in a Nursing Home and asks for reading material for the inmates. They especially like the little paper-covered books as they are light and easy to handle. Ask your postoffice about the special postage rate on books. It is very low.

Mrs. Loa L. Palmer, 623 Orange Grove Ave., Glendale 5, Calif. was 86 last October. She would love to hear from you. She knits for our Afghans-for-Veterans project and could use yarn, but write to her anyway even if you can't send yarn.

Florence Cunningham, Rt. 3, Steele, Mo. has been bedfast for more than 30 years, lying on her stomach all that time. For some years she has, with the help of her brother-in-law, cared for his five motherless children. She needs quilt pieces and letters.

Mr. Floyd Day, 3536 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. is blind. He likes to get mail and can answer, as he has a typewriter.

Mervin Nibbe, Vernon Center, Minn. is 16. He had rheumatic fever some years ago and has not been strong since then. The last two months he has been bedfast again, is very lonely and wants mail.

Mrs. Ruby Gunselman, 1908 Nob Hill, Yakima, Wash. fell and broke her hip. She isn't able to write, but does need cheer. I do not know her age, but she is getting along in years.

Mr. John Gilbert, Rt. 2, Carrolleton, Mo. is 85. He had a stroke and has been paralyzed for four years. He gets very lonely, so let's send a shower of letters.

Miss Beatrice Ritch, County Home, Yaphank, Long Island, N. Y. has arthritis. She has been flat on her back for thirty years, is entirely helpless, and can't move any part of her body except to lift her hands a very little.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Parsons, Shelbyville, Mo. are both shutin. He has heart trouble, is totally disabled, and has been in the hospital eighteen times. He is 62. Mrs. Parsons has high blood pressure and is not able to do much, although she takes care of him. Mail would mean a lot to them.

I want to thank those of you who sent yarn for our afghan project. I took some of the afghans out to the hospital the other day and they were very happy to get them. We will make as many as we can get yarn for, so if you have any, do send it to me or ask me for the address of someone nearer you who will knit it. My address is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif. Thank you.



Write for a free booklet which pictures many of the lovely things made at

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**Laura K. Copenhaver**  
**Rosemont, Marion, Virginia**

## MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

have been disconnected.) If we ever want to rent the upstairs again it will be a simple matter to connect them. There is a bathroom upstairs also. One bedroom downstairs now holds the desks, bookcases, files of Kitchen-Klatters, and all the materials necessary in my work. The other bedroom we are converting into a combination den and guest room. There is a bath off of it which makes a nice arrangement.

You can realize how my days lately have been spent! I rearranged closets, redyed curtains, moved furniture and what have you! It has been a big job and is not nearly completed as yet, but I am doing a little bit at a time as I can and although Oliver had to leave on a short trip, he will soon be home to help with the final touches. One thing that has been a great joy to me is having, at last, enough closet space and linen storage, not forgetting the fact that at last, also, we can accommodate over-night guests. We have yet to find something for them to sleep on, it's true, but that problem will be settled very soon and I'll tell you about it next month.

Until then—Margery

## TO MOTHER—Concluded

would have sounded far more exciting than the phrase of the deaconess. But the accomplishments of a lifetime must be satisfying, as mother looks back to the day when that picture was taken. Her philosophy has surely been to "keep a clean and happy home, and to live a beautiful Christian life." I am proud to honor her as my mother.



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**CROCHETERS** and other hand work—Send 50 cents for large list of buyers. Ethel Croy, Bedford, Iowa.

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**CROCHET** edge around 5" plate, "Wall Plaque". Choice of color, flower, fruit, animal, Decal. 60¢ each, plus 25¢ postage. Lynette Goff, Dunbar, Nebr.

**SALE** — Pretty Hanky Aprons, \$1.10. Mrs. C. Hipnar, Hancock, Iowa.

**NICE PRINT APRONS**—Bib or Waist. 70¢ and 90¢. Shirley Alexander, Queen City, Mo.

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

**CHARACTER,** personality, talents revealed by your handwriting. Personal analysis, \$1.00. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

**INDIAN HEAD** and certain Lincoln pennies wanted. Send for free list of wanted items. Walter Chase, 112 West 8th, Hutchinson, Kansas.

**54X72 CROCHETED NYLON TABLECLOTH.** Mrs. Arvid Segerstrom, Ida Grove, Iowa.

**TOULOUSE GOOSE EGGS,** \$2.50 per setting. Mrs. Delmar Pestel, Wisner, Nebr.

**PERSONALIZED STATIONERY.** Fine quality finish. Name and address in blue. 50 sheets, 25 envelopes, \$1.00. Novelty catalog free. MARALCO, Dept. A, Box 1172, Muskogee, Okla.

**REGISTERED PUPPIES** at all times. Spitz; Beagles; Foxterriers (Toy; Smooth; Wires); Pomeranians, red, orange, chocolate, cream, white, black; Chihuahuas. Closed Sundays. Zante's, Monroe, Iowa.

**"DAINTY TATTED CROSS BOOK MARKS",** \$1.00 ass't Colors. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

**PEPPER, CINNAMON, MAPLESUGAR** \$1.15; Shelled Hickorynuts \$3.15; Pecans, Almonds, Walnuts \$1.50; Brazils, Cashews, Filberts \$1.40 pound. Postpaid. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

**HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS MADE** by sending 3 feed sacks or material, your measurements, buttons, zipper and \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

**BEAUTIFUL RAG RUGS,** firmly woven. Variety of colors and sizes. Mrs. Dan Sasse, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

**ALL OCCASION CARDS,** 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

**IF YOU HAVE PATTERNS** in Tatting please send to Mrs. Korneman, Cameron, Mo.

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN** pillow slip edgings, 42" \$1.00 pair. Hairpin hankie edges 45", 75¢ or 3 for \$2.20. All any color. Mrs. Edna Sutherland, Craig, Mo.

**BOY'S SUIT OR GIRL'S DRESS CLOTHES-PIN BAG,** Humpty Dumpty "Jama" Bag, or Aprons \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**CROCHETED Rose Hat Mats,** 50¢. Shirley Alexander, Queen City, Mo.

**BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED** Hen or nest pin-cushions, \$1.00. Frances Bensmiller, Sigourney, Iowa.

**SHELL EARRINGS** \$1.00. Carved wood name pins, any name 75¢. Erna Love, 1616 Chey. Blvd., Colorado Springs, Colo.

**MEXICAN FEATHER BIRD PICTURES,** made from gorgeously colored natural bird feathers. Hand carved frames, 4"x6" \$1.00. 5"x8" \$2.00. 6"x12" \$3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

**HANDBAGS,** White, Crocheted box frame. Silver or gold trimmed, \$4.00. Pouch style \$3.00. Mrs. Ray Rau, RR 1, Harlan, Iowa.

**BEGONIAS,** ten different rooted labeled slips, \$2 postpaid. Mixed rooted houseplant slips same price. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Mich.

**500 PERSONAL PRINTED NAME AND ADDRESS LABELS,** \$1.00 postpaid. Print plainly. Mail to: Penninger, 5504 Kenwood, Chicago 37, Ill.

**WANTED:** Odd pieces of old FLOW BLUE (dark blue and white) Chinaware; also anything in PEWTER. Elsie's Tiny Shop, 1507 So. 58th St., Omaha, Nebr.

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## PRO AND CON

You can raise a crop of babies on almost any land;  
In fact, you need a little grit, and just a little sand,  
And lots of love and laughter, to make them grow up strong;  
Yet folks with lots of babies, somehow seem to get along!

I don't say they are useful, quite, as cars and pigs and such,  
But they're a grand crop in themselves, and worth ten times as much!  
So don't forget the babies when you're planning for your farm—  
A few about you underfoot won't do a bit of harm.

And when your hair is growing gray and years are growing long,  
Your heart, instead of drying up, will hold a merry song.  
For babies have a way with them of growing strong and tall,  
And make such dandy leaning posts as Life's Spring turns to Fall.

—Unknown

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

be without electricity. It was a blow to us that our lovely Russian Olive tree out by the pool was completely shattered, but so many people lost far more in the line of plantings that it doesn't seem very becoming to dwell on the loss of one tree even if it was a favorite tree. We needed the moisture so badly that inconvenience or loss seemed a minor matter.

It's time to start supper, so I must say goodbye for this month.

—Lucile



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- ☐ I enclose \$1.99—plus 25c for postage and handling—ship prepaid.

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