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# Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Don Hixson

Chariton, Iowa

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER  
RT 1 BOX 146 MAR 59  
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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My dear Friends:

Well, here we are safe at home again! And from what our family has told us, the Midwest had quite a severe winter. We kept getting letters telling us there was no reason why we had to return from sunny California until spring was really here in Iowa and our better judgment told us they were right.

With fruit trees in bloom, the roadsides bright with California poppies and yellow mustard blooms covering many hillsides when we left, it was hard to visualize the bleakness of our late spring in Iowa. Although many orange groves in the fast growing communities of California have been replaced by rows of attractive homes, there are enough left to fill the air with the sweet scent of their blooms and to furnish the roadside stands with their tempting boxes of choice fruit. California is noted for its large and flavorful naval oranges. The old tree, from which twigs were cut to graft to other varieties of orange trees, still stands in Riverside. It is enclosed by a fence to keep trespassers from destroying it.

During the winter there were not many days we could not sit in the sun or take short trips to visit friends and relatives. I have a cousin in San Bernardino, Harrah Speyerer, whose hobby is raising squabs, and each year we go to their home for a delicious feast. Each little bird was stuffed and broiled and we surely enjoyed them. My cousin, Pauline Speyerer is a few years younger than I and has given music lessons continually since she was eighteen years old. I can safely say that hundreds of children owe their love of music and their ability to play the piano to Pauline's enthusiasm and thorough teaching methods.

Speaking of food, I wonder how many of you enjoy Chinese cooking? You will find many restaurants in the West that specialize in oriental dishes and we enjoy food of this kind once in a while, although my husband says a good thick Iowa steak tastes better to him. I wished for a place to prepare meals when I visited the huge supermarkets and saw the bins and tables of wonderful fruit and fresh vegetables. The prices were about the same as we pay here in Iowa but the quality is much better.

Before we left Redlands I finished

two little skirts for Wayne's Emily and Alison. Each had a band of cross-stitch done in black and white. Emily's skirt was red and Alison's blue. I also finished the blue and white bedspread in the Williamsburg pattern and now it is ready for quilting. I used all aqua blue thread for the cross-stitch design. This is what I was working on in the picture you saw in the March Kitchen-Klatter.

This time we came home the northern route through California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and Nebraska. The reason for this change from our usual homeward trail was that we wanted to visit my brother Sol in Northern California, and also stop in Denver to see Wayne and his family. We knew that since we did not need to hurry home we could stay over anywhere along the road if weather should make driving unsafe.

I think I have told you that for many years my brother has been interested in Boy Scouts and their activities and spends some time each summer at Camp Wallace Alexander in the Feather River Canyon. Some of you have been through this section of California's mountains on the train and know how breathtakingly beautiful it is!

This year Sol and his wife Mary rented their home in the valley and became resident supervisors of the camp for the coming year. During the summer when the scouts arrive in groups of sixty every three weeks my brother, who knows all the mountain trails, takes groups on horseback and nature study trips. A new house was built at the camp entrance, complete with modern kitchen and a huge fireplace.

It was almost 600 miles from Redlands to the camp. The last part of the trip over a mountain road high above the river was very beautiful but pretty nerve-wracking for my husband who did the driving. One mistake and you could fall hundreds of feet. Well! It was a real experience, all right. Mart said nothing could ever persuade him to drive through that canyon again.

After several days with Sol and Mary we drove on through Reno, Nevada to Salt Lake City where we spent a day waiting for snow to melt. As we left the city on a Sunday morning we tuned in our car radio to hear

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the beautiful concert from the Mormon Tabernacle—a program we often enjoy when we are home and one that I know many of you enjoy too. From Salt Lake we drove to Rawlings, Wyoming and again were delayed by snow and ice on the highways. We waited until the highways were clear before we drove on into Denver.

We had a grand visit with Abigail, Wayne and the children. The little girls loved the new skirts I had made and Abigail liked the apron I had made for her. I spent my time visiting, making Easter outfits for the little girls' dolls, and reading to Clark. Abigail invited some neighbors in for coffee so I could meet them and this was a real pleasure.

Our original plans had called for spending more time in Denver, but when rain and snow were forecast we decided we'd better pack up in a hurry and head East. We kept ahead of the storm fairly well until we reached McCook, Nebraska, but there we had to settle down again until the roads were safe. But finally the sun shone and the highway was clear, so one more day's drive put us into our own home town.

We arrived to find the house warm, our houseplants doing nicely, and a fresh supply of food in the refrigerator. As soon as I had called Lucile, Howard and Margery I got some supper. Believe me, it was wonderful to sit down to our own kitchen table once again!

For the next couple of days we were busy getting unpacked and seeing all of the family and old friends. Jessie and Martha came over from Clarinda to spend the night with us and we all went to the hospital together to see Fred and visit with him. We feel he is making good headway since he is now able to be up in a walker several times a day, and to spend much time on the sun porch visiting with friends. He asked me to be sure to thank all of you friends who have been kind enough to inquire about him and express your interest.

I am looking forward to spending more time in my garden this year. It is surprising how many weeds and baby elm trees my little light weight pointed hoe can dig up! Once in a while the wheels of my chair get stuck in a rut, but someone always happens along to get me out of my predicament.

Since Russell is busy in the Kitchen-Klatter office I miss looking out of my window early in the morning and seeing him working in my garden. He scarcely has time to do any work in their own yard now. But the other day he ran up to see how things were coming along in the perennial border and Juliana snapped a picture of us. If it's any good (I haven't seen the finished print yet) we'll share it with you in this issue.

Surely our new Driftmier baby will be here before we go to press! Every time the phone rings these days I'm positive it will be Donald with the good news that I must make room on

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## MOTHER'S HARMONY CHART

By

Mabel Nair Brown

With so many women giving attention to color harmony in their homes and wardrobes, and with countless young girls studying color harmony charts in their Home Economic classes and 4-H projects, what could be more appropriate than a color wheel as the theme for a Mother-Daughter observance?

The ideas presented here are intended for a banquet, but they can easily be adapted for whatever type of program your group decides upon.

## Invitations

Since this is the season when many lovely spring flowers are in bloom, first consider the colors of the ones easily available where you live. In Iowa we might use violets, tulips, pansies and lilacs, and since shades of purple or lavender are often associated with mother, these are the colors we will use in our banquet theme pattern. Shades of assorted pastels, or delicate shadings in one color such as pink or yellow would be equally attractive.

The invitation might be in a round circle—the familiar color wheel. With a white background, the different pie or wedge-shaped sections in shades of lavender can be glued to the circle and the invitation written on them in white ink.

Or, small 1" x 2" strips of pastel colored construction paper might be used, perhaps two in shades of lavender and one each in yellow, rose and a delicate green. Use a paper punch to make a hole in the corner of each; then tie the strips of paper together loosely with a piece of lavender ribbon or yarn.

The invitation could read: "You're invited to join us for some Mother-Daughter Harmonizing at St. Paul's Fellowship Hall on May 6th, 6:30 P.M." (Signed—). Write part of these words on each slip of paper.

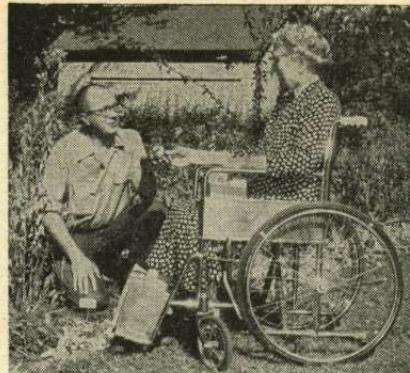
## Decorations

Large wall decorations can be made easily by painting huge color charts and color wheels on white wrapping paper. These could also be used as stage backdrops. Or crepe paper in wide streamers can be grouped in harmonizing shades and fastened to the walls in fan shape or circles.

## Centerpieces

Color wheels fashioned of heavy mat paper can be used with such words as "Love" . . . "Tenderness" . . . "Spunk" . . . "Git-up-and-go," etc., written upon the different segments of the wheels. Circles of strafoam might be used, fastened with toothpicks to a square "foam" base. Pin different colors of ribbon or material to make the colors in the wheel and tack these on both sides so that it is pretty from any angle. Place dainty spring flowers about the base.

Glistening wheels can be made by sprinkling different shades of sparkling (painsaking care is needed!) on a strafoam circle. Glue one wedge-shaped section at a time and then sprinkle on one color of glitter. Or a



In Mother's letter she said she'd share with you the picture Juliana took if it turned out at all. Well, here it is and we think it's pretty good.

little gold glitter sprinkled to wheels made of colored paper (first dotted hit and miss with glue), will be very lovely.

## Nut Cups

These might either be covered with rows of fluted crepe paper in three shades of lavender (or any color you choose), or they could be covered in one shade and decorated by stapling to the front of the cup a quarter-section of the color chart. Guests' names will be written on these quarter-sections that could be made of lavender construction paper with other colors glued to it.

I'd like to suggest here that you might get additional materials on this color wheel theme at your County Extension office or the Home Economics department of your school.)

## Program Booklets

These can be in circular shape with lavender construction paper covers. Decorate the front with a color chart; leave out one wedge-shaped piece. In that space print the word "YOU" and below the color wheel print these words:

"In the Home Harmony Chart YOU MAKE THE DIFFERENCE!"

On the inside pages your program may be written up something like this: Invocation — "Guidance in Harmony"; Welcome — "Introduction to Color"; Response — "Influence of Color"; Musical Number — "Mixing and Matching for Better Harmony"; Program skit or feature — "Accent on Harmony"; Musical number — "The Beauty of Color"; Benediction.

## Place Favors

I can think of nothing sweeter than a potted pansy plant at each place. At this season of the year these blooming plants are available at nurseries, greenhouses, florists, and at many grocery stores too. These can be purchased and then potted in tiny paper cups which, in turn, are given a frill of crepe paper or covered with florists' foil in pretty pastels with ribbon bows.

Another idea would be little May-baskets filled with violets. Or, if your group has access to home gardens, how about a package of flower seeds as favors? These might have a dainty bow of ribbon to carry out the color scheme and the name card attached to the ribbon.

## Program

On an easel in center of platform have a huge circle of heavy cardboard or fiber board to which the different colors of your Home Harmony Chart can be attached with pins (as indicated in the program). These will be large, pie-shaped pieces of colored paper cut in such a way that when all of them are attached, the color wheel is completely covered. Perhaps you will want to make some sections larger than others since "ingredients" such as Love are necessary in larger quantities to produce the perfect harmony desired.

The large white circle used as the background has written across it in big letters: FAMILY CIRCLE. Potted plants, bouquets or baskets of flowers can be placed on the floor around the base of the easel. In addition to this, a bouquet might be placed on small pedestals at either side to frame the circle wheel.

The program will begin with pianist playing softly "Home, Sweet Home." Near the conclusion the leader begins speaking. Then the pianist plays "Faith Of Our Fathers" as the Scripture is read.

*Leader:* "Around the dining table, at the hearthstone, and within this family circle, the living substance of a nation is born, nourished and spread about the earth."

*Scripture:* "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and thy mother, Eunice; and I am persuaded that it is in thee also." (II Timothy 1:4).

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." (Deuteronomy 6:7).

*Leader Continues:* "We take pride in honoring our mothers today because so many of them fulfill their great responsibilities like the mother and grandmother of Timothy. We are grateful to our mothers for their tender care of our physical needs, but far more important is their guidance in the forming of our ideals and in the way of Christian living, in creating the harmony that blesses a good home."

"Most of us, I'm sure, have studied often and heard much about the color harmony chart to achieve a better harmony in our home furnishings or in our wardrobe. Today let us adapt the harmony wheel to point up some of the attributes worth having if we are to establish a good Christian home."

"I have asked several friends to help me construct a Home Harmony Chart. As Edgar Guest's poem expresses it: 'It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it Home.' I also like the thought expressed on an old sampler worked by grandmother. It reads: 'If contentment is the theme, life's melody is sweet.' Upon our HOME CIRCLE base we will see what ingredients we need to add, to combine, to blend, to achieve

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## FREDERICK'S VISIT WITH YOU

Dear Friends,

Something new has been added to the Driftmier household; we have a new dog!

Prince Fritz Grata is a purebred Weimaraner who, at eight months of age, already weighs 65 pounds. We took possession of Fritz about the same time that President Eisenhower was given a Weimaraner. Perhaps in the next issue of Kitchen-Klatter I can show you a picture of him. He really is a lovely dog—a beautiful short-hair coat, sleek and shiny, a good hunter, a fast runner, and very gentle with the children. Perhaps I should qualify that last statement by saying that he is *somewhat* gentle with the children. Actually, when he plays out-of-doors with them he is apt to be a bit rough. He does not mean to be rough, but he is so big and such a frisky pup that on occasion he knocks some little child to the ground inadvertently.

Did you ever have one of those days when just everything seems to go wrong? Well, about the second day after we bought the new dog we had one such day.

It began with Mary Leanna sick with the chickenpox. I heard the dog barking to get out of the house at six-thirty in the morning, and when I got up I discovered that the furnace had been off most of the night and the house was very cold. I couldn't get the furnace started, and so I had to call the furnace repair people and get an emergency electric heater running. After a hour or two at the office I left for Boston. I wanted to visit a friend at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and I became lost in the heart of downtown Boston. About the time I found out where I was, I got stuck in a traffic jam that held me up for several minutes. When I finally did reach the hospital there was absolutely no place to park the car, and so I gave up and drove on to the near-by town of Arlington where I was to give a speech.

Soon after leaving Arlington on the trip home, I had a flat tire. I had to call an emergency truck for help in changing the tire. Once again I started home only to discover that I was out of gasoline; I had just enough to make it to the first oil station where I learned to my sorrow that I was out of money. It took much persuasion to get the gasoline people to charge to a total stranger, and then I had the further embarrassment of having to charge my turnpike toll at the exit gate. I felt so stupid and so silly!

That evening I learned that David had come down with a virus infection and that he was feeling rather low. By one o'clock in the morning we had the doctor in. He told us there was nothing we could do about the sickness and that it would have to run its course. The doctor left at two that morning, and at three o'clock we were awakened with a terrible crash. At first I thought that the furnace had exploded. Actually, it was the big



Our latest picture of Frederick—and one that we like very much.

rotary iron getting knocked to the floor by the dog.

I went back to bed to catch a wink of sleep but just an hour later I was awakened with the horrible thought that a skunk had somehow gotten into the house. Just how this could be I did not know, but the smell was strong enough to wake us all up. It turned out that Mr. Skunk was not in the house, but only under the front porch where he had managed to manipulate his odor into the basement through the cracks in a basement window.

All in all it was quite a day!

Since I last wrote to you I have had several letters from persons who have told me of their loneliness. One woman told me about losing both her husband and her son in the same year. She said: "I have stood the sorrow; I have endured the hardship; I have conquered the fear; but I simply cannot stand the loneliness."

Some of you probably know exactly what this woman means, for there are many lonely people in this world—people living *apart* in a world where people are meant to live *together*. Being lonely doesn't necessarily mean living alone. Some of the loneliest people I ever knew lived in a prison camp where it was so crowded that it was impossible to move an arm without having to ask someone's permission. There is no measure of loneliness greater than the loneliness of a person in a crowd.

Since we all experience loneliness on occasion, we had better learn to live with it. As Christians we must believe that God is in every experience, using some aspect of each as a means of making more firm the spiritual kingdom that he builds for us. Just as the pangs of hunger are meant to speak to us of our utter dependence upon the world of nature for our sustenance, so the pangs of loneliness are meant to speak to us of an eternal love that demands of us our very lives. I think that loneliness is meant to have as much a place in our physical and emotional structure

as has the hunger for food. God means for each of us to know the pangs of loneliness, but God does not mean for us to become embittered, downcast, and faithless because of it.

Just last night Betty and I were discussing a letter that had been written to us by a very, very lonely person, and I mentioned the fact that as much as we may hate loneliness, we have to admit that it is one of the most valuable trusts committed to our care. When a person has much happiness in life—blessed with happy home life, talent, wealth, and fame—we all believe that this is a trust from God, and that God will hold that person responsible for the proper use of his blessings. Why, then, are we so often slow to comprehend that loneliness too, is a trust to be used to God's honor and glory? Loneliness is to be used and not cast off as something of no account.

The more I have thought about this, the more convinced I have become that this is the very stuff of daily living. Just watch your child and see what he does with his loneliness. As you observe his resentment against you, his self-pity, his escape into mischief, or as you note his acceptance of the situation, his good sportsmanship, his plans for other less lonely days, or his greater appreciation of those for whom he longs, you are watching one of the major processes of maturation at its most important center. It is the learning of the values of loneliness and implementing these lessons with spiritual techniques that can make all the difference in the world between being lonely, and suffering the bitterness and despair of a loneliness rejected.

If you happen to be one of those persons who has permitted loneliness to drive you away from faith in God, let me ask you what kind of a world this would be if God had not made loneliness a part of it? It is in his loneliness that one has often acquired his loftiest character. In loneliness have many poets found their greatest inspiration and most noble verse, and countless are the great works of art in painting, sculpture, and music that have been forged in the fires of loneliness. The loneliness that tears at the heart of one who mourns the loss of a loved one, is the same loneliness that brought them together in the first place; and kept them together through the years, and planted and reaped all of the tender, kindly, thoughtful acts that made the sun to shine upon their affection one for the other.

The months of May and June will be busy ones for me. My little pocket date book reveals that I am giving commencement addresses from one end of New England to the other.

This year the address that I shall use is called: "Can You Pass The Test?" In it I make the point that the most important tests we have to take in life are the tests that we never know we are taking. After one leaves school he begins a whole life of tests as he is judged by the people with whom he lives and works.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

## FROM MY DESK

By

Leanna

**Question:** "I believe in helping other people, Leanna, but sometimes I wonder just how far a person can do this and still use common sense? My husband is a wonderful carpenter, plumber, and just an all-around fine handyman. This isn't his line of work but he enjoys it and is always running here and there to help friends with their house problems. And that's just the rub. Our own house is about to fall to pieces over our head. We bought it badly run down with the idea that my husband could put it into tip-top shape. Instead of that, he's fixed up everything else for everyone else and our house looks much worse now than when we moved into it three years ago. We've had bitter words about this and he says he'll turn down the next request from friends, but he never does. He seems incapable of saying no. What in the world can I do about it?"—Mo.

**Answer:** It doesn't do much good to think he's going to change if three years have passed with nothing done on his own property. Since this is your home and probably represents your biggest financial savings, I believe I'd tell him this: either get started on the repairs at once or you'll hire someone to come in and get started. Tell him you mean exactly what you say. It seems to me this might turn the trick.

**Question:** "Our daughter, twenty-one, works in an office here in town and lives at home. She has been dating a young man for over a year now but we cannot get her to invite him into the house to meet us. He always sits in the car and waits for her. This worries me and her father because there must be something wrong with him if she is so unwilling for us to meet him. I don't know what to do about it and wonder if you have any suggestions? She always gets excited and angry if I say anything about it."—Nebr.

**Answer:** I agree, there must be something wrong if your daughter gets upset when you ask her to bring her friend in and meet you. However, without knowing more about it I can't put my finger on where the trouble may be. I think it possible there is nothing wrong with the young man but that your daughter is embarrassed about her home or her parents. Why don't you ask her very quietly and honestly if she feels unhappy about your home, your appearance, your conversation, etc? Tell her you won't be hurt or angry if this is the case—that you would welcome her honest opinion so you could change and thus make her happy to bring her friend into your home. I wouldn't hesitate to do this and I wouldn't delay. If you are at fault, you still have time to change before she marries and becomes a stranger to you.

**Question:** "For the past three summers my sister has sent her boy, now twelve, out to our farm because it's such a good place for him, she says.



Most of the time Mother writes letters at her desk, but the day she sat down to answer the questions on this page, she moved into the library where it was bright and sunny. The big plant at her left is her Monstera.

We were never asked if it were convenient—she just sent him. He may not be any worse than other boys that age, but he worries my husband half to death, teases our little girls unmercifully and just generally causes a lot of trouble. I don't want hard family feelings and probably will have my sister and our parents down on my head since she is their favorite, but I dread this coming summer and have wracked my brains to think how to let her know we just can't have him again. What do you think about this?"—Iowa.

**Answer:** Stop wracking your brains for a polite way out. There isn't such a thing. You've been taken advantage of and the only way to protect yourself is to put your foot down and explain exactly why he can't be sent out for the summer. Why don't you suggest that your children spend half the summer in town and then they can send their boy for the other half of the summer? This would settle the matter in a hurry.

**Question:** "I'm so dreadfully worried about our nine year old son, Leanna, because he is having a hard time with his school work and brings home very poor grades. In fact, I'm afraid he will be held back this year. This is bad enough, but my husband and his parents nag at our boy constantly—hardly a day goes by but what they rake him over the coals and have him in tears. I don't see how he can learn anything when he's so upset. I've begged them to leave him alone but they pay no attention to me. Can you help me to see some course of action that will help our boy?"—Illinois.

**Answer:** You're absolutely right when you wonder how your little boy can learn anything under these unhappy conditions. Why don't you see that he is out of the house and make arrangements with the teacher to come and talk to you and your husband, plus his parents? Explain to her in advance what is going on and ask her cooperation in trying to show them they are making him so nervous he cannot learn his lessons. They may

not pay any attention to you, but I think it likely they will listen to her.

**Question:** "What do you do when your daughter wants a big church wedding in June and you just can't see how to manage it financially? We've been through four years of very hard times and I can't see where the money is to come from for the kind of a wedding she wants? She is nineteen and has worked only this last year—has saved most of her money for her own home. We can manage a simple, quiet home wedding but she seems to have her heart set on a big church wedding like some of her friends will be having? Please express your opinion on this."—Minn.

**Answer:** Since you've asked for my opinion I'll tell you point blank that if you try somehow to carry through on your daughter's plans you'll end in a nightmare. She's fortunate to have parents who can provide a simple, quiet home wedding—many girls haven't *anything* behind them when they marry. Explain every detail of your financial picture and ask her for understanding and cooperation. Surely if you are completely honest she will settle happily for what you can provide. If not, you can rest assured that *someday* she will understand.

## FLASH!

At the last possible moment we had the long awaited telephone call from Donald with news of Paul Martin Driftmier, 9 lbs. 6 oz., born this late March morning at 3:00 A.M. Mary Beth is fine, the baby is fine, and Donald sounded as happy as a man can sound! We'll try to get pictures as soon as possible. We're so happy for our youngest Driftmiers—and extremely pleased Paul arrived in time to catch the last few hours of leeway before this issue must go on the press.

Beauty fades, fortune fails,  
The leaves of friendship fall,  
But with unchanged devotion  
Mother's love outlives them all.

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, One and All:

This is a beautiful spring day—bright and warm and compensation in itself for the seemingly endless winter that hung on spitefully for so long.

I think one reason this past winter seemed to go on forever was because we had an extremely heavy storm in early November. Russell will never forget that particular storm because he was stranded all night in Red Oak—no one could drive the 24 miles to meet his train because of the ice and driving snow. It took until noon the next day to get through those few miles.

The mud this spring was really something to behold! I know it's much worse on the farm, of course, but we get a pretty good taste of ankle-deep mire because there is an unpaved alley right beside our house and for the first time in the twelve years we've lived here, the bottom fell right out of it. If I had a dollar for every trail of mud I've cleaned out of the house this spring I think I'd give the Rockefellers a run for their money!

But this morning when we got up to the rapturous song of countless birds and looked out to see our garden almost visibly moving up to meet the sun, Russell and Julianna and I took a long breath and said: "Well, we've pulled through another winter!" And I hope we can remember this particular morning when the thermometer dashes up to 100 and more in the months ahead!

Recently I received a letter that surprised me—and touched me. It came from a woman in Baltimore, Maryland and caught me unawares, so to speak. She told me she had lived in Baltimore for many years and knew nothing about our part of the Midwest, but back in October of 1952 she had been called to Cleveland, Ohio to close the home of a beloved aunt who had cared for her after the death of her mother.

In going through stacks of magazines in the attic she came across two copies of our Kitchen-Klatter magazine and put them aside to read. One of those issues contained a verse about the Step Mother, she said, and an article written by someone who paid tribute to her own Step Mother. She intended to save the magazines but somehow in all the confusion they got away from her—all she could remember were the words "Kitchen-Klatter" and Shenandoah, Iowa. So she wrote (not too hopefully, she said) to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa and asked if there were any possibility of tracing down that particular poem and article.

I knew instantly what she had in mind—the June issue of 1938 in which I wrote a tribute to Mother. I couldn't send her a copy, much as I would have enjoyed doing so, because only our own personal files are left, but as I looked through that particular issue it occurred to me I would love to reprint both the verse and the article in this May issue twenty years later. We have thousands of readers who weren't with us back in 1938 and among them

are women who would appreciate having the verse to copy and send to their "other mother."

So here is all of the material that the woman in Baltimore remembered so vividly, and I am grateful to her for writing because it never would have occurred to me to turn back to our files of 1938 and share it with those of you who have gotten acquainted with us in the years since then.

## The Step Mother

Within a fortnight of my birth,  
My fair young mother passed from  
earth,

And memory left to me no trace,  
Of her dear form or face;  
In time another took her place  
The one who led me down the years,  
Who kissed away my fret and tears,  
Upon whose warm responsive breast,  
Whenever care oppressed,  
I always found relief and rest.  
It is my hope I'll see them stand  
At heaven's gate clasped hand in  
hand,

The mother sweet I never knew,  
The one, tried, noble, true,  
Who filled her place—my mother too.

## Memories

When I read the poem printed above it reminded me that when I was a small child I cried myself to sleep occasionally when the struggle of deciding which mother I would have when I got to heaven became too vivid and too momentous for my seven year old mind to cope with! I can't leave mother, I thought mournfully (the word 'Step-mother' I have never used and shall never be able to use) but what will my other mother think if I don't go to live with her? Fortunately the discovery that in heaven we wouldn't live in houses or eat at tables decided the matter for me.

Aunt Martha has delved into some backwater of memory and come up with the flattering statement that at my mother's and father's wedding in 1913 I sang a song called "Daisies" which I had composed myself—both the words and the music, I believe. It would be nice to fall in with this opinion since it automatically implies that my powers as a three year old were phenomenal. But the sad truth of the matter is that I did nothing of the kind.

I do remember that the children (Fischers, Fields and Driftmiers) had a table on the screened-in porch at Aunt Helen's where we ate our wedding luncheon. I also remember that this happy gathering broke up in mad confusion when someone threw water and Howard fell off of his chair, but these less idyllic memories are as far as I can go with utter honesty. There are pictures showing all of the children standing in a row holding a daisy chain, and another picture of father sitting while mother stood beside him which always made me ask, "But why didn't you sit down, mother, and let dad stand?"

Many memories come back to me of our first year together as a family. Who could ever forget, for instance, the

wonderful first Easter when Howard and I awakened early in the morning to find two white bunnies in bed with us? Mother searched the town over for them until she found two exactly alike and still in their babyhood.

I remember, too, the beautiful dresses which she made for me, a white one particularly, with pink ribbons through the shoulders and clusters of flowers embroidered on the front. This dress was my pride and I recall still that when I climbed up on the ice truck with Mary Fischer to get some chunks of ice one day the entire front was covered with mud, and I felt so badly that Aunt Helen took me in and washed and ironed the dress while I sat on a kitchen stool and talked to her.

When Dorothy was born I was four, and it never occurred to me that she wasn't my baby too. The small wicker chest which still stands in our room today had all of her pretty clothes in it and I wanted to take everyone in and show them her fancy jackets and dresses when they called to see the new baby.

Frederick was a complete surprise to me and I remember his birth so vividly because dad tried to dress us that morning and he didn't know how to fasten my hose-supporters! My delight at catching him up on such a trifling matter made such an impression on me that to this day Frederick's arrival is colored with the matter of my hose supporters!

But if Frederick's birth surprised me that was the last time I was caught unprepared, for Wayne, Margery and Donald all seemed to me my own particular responsibility long before they were born. I can remember sitting on the porch helping mother hem diapers on summer afternoons, and discussing with her what the new baby should be named. I was strong for 'Gwendolyn' and 'Clarabell' in those days, and I would never believe until the baby was there (and a boy, alas!) that it was humanly possible that we could have another boy! When Donald was born Aunt Jessie came to tell me about it and she said, "Now, Lucile, you mustn't let your mother see how badly you feel that it isn't a girl." I wept all of the way home and only stopped sniffing when I walked up on the front porch. But when I went upstairs and found the baby wrapped up in a pink blanket and lying on mother's arm I felt so badly to think that I had ever hoped for a girl that I broke down again more violently than ever.

I never heard the word 'half-brother' or 'half-sister' until I was twelve or fourteen. To this day I have never used it in conjunction with my own family, not for sentimental reasons but because I have never once been able to think of any of my brothers and sisters as being 'half' or 'quarter' or any other fraction. We grew up together as one family, and we are loyal to each other as few people are in this world. It was Dorothy who harbored a smouldering dislike for someone year in and year out, until finally I said to her, "Why on earth do you dislike J—? She's never harmed you, has

(Continued on page 18)

## A REPORT ON QUILTING ACTIVITIES

To all of you friends who took time to answer our request for information about quilting projects by church groups, many, many thanks. We are passing on to you some of these letters, and it would be nice to think that new groups may be organized as a result. And since none of us want to see these fine types of handwork die out, why can't younger women learn all the "tricks of the trade" while there are still people to teach them?

"Our Sewing Circle was organized some 35 years ago as the social and working branch of one of our church organizations. We pay 25¢ annual dues with 10¢ for lunch each meeting. This isn't enough, to be sure, but it does boost the treasury as food is donated by the hostess—one food item and a beverage.

Since our main activity is quilt making, we find the workroom we have rigged up in our church basement most convenient. (Pieces of worn sheets are seamed into covers to protect quilts under construction.) We own an electric coffee maker, cups, plates, forks and spoons. Two unused round dining tables have been loaned. These, plus an old-fashioned abandoned kitchen cabinet and some donated dish pans complete our equipment. We were also loaned quilting frames and clamps. Patterns accumulate with time.

In my opinion (only one man's, of course), twice a week is too often to meet. When a rush of work compelled us to meet every week, members became a bit bored and less cooperative. Every two weeks seems to do nicely. We are various ages and variously active in our homes and outside our homes. Some groups might have time for a weekly meeting.

Years ago, when less work came to us, we planned a social afternoon occasionally. We had the usual lunch, paid 25¢ admission and had games with prizes. You might say that it was sort of a dessert in our workaday society. We now have a pot luck dinner once or twice during the winter, and left-overs make the afternoon 10¢ lunch on those days. We have the usual officers that are now elected for a two-year term.

Since our treasury is ours and not included in our regular church funds, it has often been a life-saver for those small, unexpected needs and replacements which plague every pastor's life.

Customers furnish all materials for the quilt. We buy thread by the box and charge for what we use—1½¢ for each yard of thread used, with a minimum of \$3.50 for a full-sized quilt. Crib quilts are at the 1½¢ rate. If the quilt must have a design for quilting, the owner marks it or pays us \$1.00 for the marking. These rates have been very satisfactory as the customer pays only for the actual quilting, with those wanting more work on their quilt paying accordingly. Simple designs take less thread, so cost less.



When Mary Fischer Chapin came to visit her father, Russell snapped this on the hospital steps.

Once it becomes known that you are ready to do quilting at a reasonable price, the work will come. As a baby food advertisement stated (when I was in the stage of making formula) you will be "advertised" by your loving friends.

In conclusion I might add that we honor our pastor each year in September on his anniversary with a party and guest night, and have a Christmas party each year for members. Lunch committees for those affairs are enlarged. Our group also has charge of the needlework booth at our annual fund-raising picnic. Donations for the booth come from the entire parish group."—M. B. A., Ia.

"The women in our church have quilted for over twenty years. In the summer we quilt in our church basement and in the winter we quilt in a member's basement where it is warm. We never run out of quilts. We get them from all over and never advertise—one tells another. We charge 1½¢ per yard for thread, \$1.00 for binding and \$2.00 for marking. We put the quilts on frames with thumb tacks and clamp the corners. We wax the thread—put two spools on a string and dip them in hot paraffine for a few minutes. By doing this the thread doesn't scuff and is easier to put through the needle. We have designs for marking—use quilting cotton or a blanket for lining. Most quilts we do come to \$6.00 or \$8.00. The majority of our quilters are over seventy and we quilt two or three afternoons a week."—Ia.

"Our quilting society meets every Friday morning and each woman brings a dish of food for the noonday meal. The woman with whom we meet has a large house and she generally makes coffee. We always have from six to twelve turn out and they always have plenty of quilts to work on.

Our customers furnish the top, lining, cotton and thread and we charge

2¢ a yard for the thread that is used. If we do the marking it is \$1.00 extra; binding is \$1.00 more and if the quilt is extra large with a scalloped edge we charge \$1.50 to bind it. We always have quilts on hand—some times as many as seven.

Another group in town quilts two afternoons a week in their church basement where they have a nice warm room. They too charge 2¢ a yard for thread and quilt for women in other states sometimes. We always have lots of fun besides quilting—pay \$1.00 a year dues. We help financially wherever our church needs it the most."—Kans.

"In our small town the Lutheran and Methodist Aid Societies have done quilting for many years—but I realize it is becoming a past art for no young women come to the quilting. Our ages are from fifty up through the eighties. We charge \$1.00 for marking, \$1.00 for binding and 1¢ a yard for thread if the customer furnishes it. We work the 2nd and 3rd Wednesdays of every month and a 5th Wednesday if there is one.

We work in the church basement—two women serve a light lunch for which we each pay 15¢; the committee to serve is appointed a year in advance. We usually have from twenty to twenty-five out for quilting and have two quilts in all the time so there is room for all. We have had quilts or material to be quilted from all over the U. S. Last year there were three from New York state and three from California. We try to do as is requested and always come back words of praise. We always have eight or ten quilts on the waiting list and it takes us about two or three months to finish a quilt, but folks are willing to wait for them."—Nebr.

"In the summer we quilt in our church basement—usually put in two at a time. We have a light lunch. We charge \$7.00 for most quilts—but \$8.00 for a large one. If we do the marking we charge \$1.00 and another \$1.00 for binding. We used to quilt by the yard of thread but have found that most people would rather know in advance what it will cost.

In the winter we quilt wherever we can and take turns bringing lunch so the woman who furnishes her house doesn't have to get it on. We have four churches, all help each other with quilting and almost always have a good crowd—Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Catholic. I never saw a place where the churches all helped each other so well—just one big family."—Ia.

**IMPORTANT:** There are other letters in this quilting file—couldn't make room for all of them. If anyone wants quilting done I'll simply go down the list and forward on the requests for information—will take the names as they come in the file—won't play favorites.—Lucile.

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him until it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

## NEWS FROM OUR COLORADO DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends,

This is such a lovely spring-like day that it's difficult to realize a snow storm is lurking just beyond the mountains waiting to descend upon us.

March, April and May are the moisture months in Colorado and these storms are very frequent and can be quite severe. I know now why it is said that spring comes in winter and winter in spring in Colorado. Summer sometimes has a mighty tough time coming around the corner.

Summer is such a delightful time in Colorado that almost everyone is eager for its arrival. I say "almost" because several times I have heard complaints from women who say they are sick and tired of working all summer to give other people a delightful vacation while exhausting their own energy and food budgets. We have never spent a summer in Colorado so I feel free to write about this without hurting anyone's feelings!

One woman told me that last summer they had 44 overnight guests, all of whom seemed to have untrained children who were allergic to inexpensive food. Another mentioned that her family had had exactly 5 nights last summer without guests in their house. Still another spoke with genuine bitterness about the family, whom they had known only slightly in their former home town, that arrived for two separate summers, without any advance notice or invitation, to spend a two-weeks' vacation. The visiting family never once purchased groceries, failed to invite the host family out for a meal, and then neglected to write a thank you note! Not at all surprisingly, when they arrived last summer, the hostess met them at the door with the announcement that the family had plans and would not be able to see them at all during their vacation.

Now I don't want to get the notion established that no one in Colorado, or any other vacation area, wants to have guests. The people here, as anywhere, count it a real joy to entertain their favorite relatives and old friends. The objections arise because casual acquaintances arrive, when no invitation has been issued, expecting to receive free room and board. These few inconsiderate people make no attempt to repay their hosts either at the time or in the future. Nor do they make any effort to ease the work-load or additional expenses incurred by their visit. Perhaps they are not really inconsiderate; probably they have never stopped to realize how quickly work and especially expense can mount when their hosts have several other people to entertain.

Right now we would all really enjoy a good excuse to chauffeur a sightseeing expedition. Our house has been a hospital for more than three weeks and the wide open spaces seem mighty inviting when you have been confined to close quarters. Alison and Clark have had red measles; both have been quite ill, but we are so grateful that no serious complications have arisen.

Wayne had some minor surgery that did develop complications. These were not serious but certainly had a great deal of nuisance value.

Wayne's two days in the hospital provided our first real experience with a large city hospital. St. Anthony's Hospital is an ancient structure overlooking Sloan's Lake—the only general hospital in our area. Even though it may not be a slick, modern building, the service and care are superb. Neither Wayne nor his roommate, a retired Methodist minister, was seriously incapacitated, yet at least every 15 minutes a staff member stopped in to see if they needed or wanted any attention.

There are several specialized hospitals nearby. Most of these were built originally to care for tubercular patients. Progress in the treatment of tuberculosis has made much of this space unused. Several have been converted to old people's homes, rehabilitation centers for the handicapped, and other such increasingly needed facilities.

Mother has probably mentioned in her letter that she and Dad made a brief stopover here on their return trip to Iowa. The unpredictable weather sent them on their way far too soon. However, they were here long enough for Mother to meet ten of the neighborhood women at an informal afternoon coffee and cookie "get-together." Most of these women have several very young children so I deliberately set the time for the late afternoon when the older girls would be available for baby sitting. This gave the mothers a chance to spend, easily, a social hour without the constant interruptions, demands for attention and confusion that result when 20 or 30 pre-school children are confined in one house because of poor weather.

Now, a few words to those of you who are planning trips to the West. Some background in the history of an area is always most welcome when you are touring. A very readable book that covers the opening of the West from 1840 to 1900 is Irving Stone's "Men to Match My Mountains." I think you will find it a very fascinating and exciting book.

If you plan a stop over in Denver, then the first place to go after getting settled should be the Denver Hospitality Center, adjacent to the Civic Center. There you will find all kinds of pamphlets pertaining to things to see and do in Denver, a listing of current special events, suggested trips from Denver into other parts of Colorado, and much other information vital to tourists. The Public Library, State Historical Museum, Children's Art Museum, U. S. Mint, and State Capitol Building are all close to the Civic Center so you may want to include some or all of these while you are in the area.

The City of Denver has many fine parks within the city itself and, of course, the famous city-owned mountain parks. The Museum of Natural History, the City Zoo with a tropical bird exhibit and wild duck preserve are located in City Park. The Zoo is

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not particularly outstanding, but the children will enjoy it and City Park is lovely. You will notice the absence of any "Please Keep Off the Grass" signs. Picnic lunches eaten in the various parks would be a very pleasant way to economize on vacation costs.

If your family includes baseball enthusiasts, they will enjoy watching a Denver Bear game. This "Triple A" team won the Little World Series championship last year.

Stapleton Field, the municipal airport, is almost always a busy, active place. There are special raised ramps for spectators, so you won't encounter any difficulty in obtaining a sweeping view of the incoming and outgoing planes. The U. S. Air Force Academy is currently located at Lowry Field. However, in August it will move to the tremendous permanent quarters on Highways 85-87 near Colorado Springs.

Your children may beg you to stop at one of the two amusement parks—both located in West Denver. Lakeside Amusement Park is next to the Lakeside Shopping Center I mentioned in my last letter. We can hear the stock cars racing almost every night during the summer and there is also swimming here. Elitch Gardens features its legitimate theatre and beautiful flower gardens as well as the usual rides and games. These are two popular spots for children's birthday parties. I expect Alison to mention that fact when her birthday occurs next July.

A new attraction called "Magic Mountain" is under construction on Highways 6 and 40 west of Denver. This is to be a sort of combined "Knott's Berry Farm"—"Disneyland" enterprise. It will be in partial operation by summer.

Just beyond "Magic Mountain" the road turns off to Red Rock Theatre. You will enjoy seeing this spectacular natural amphitheatre at any time even if you don't attend one of the summer evening concerts. Return to Highway 40 for the short trip to Lookout Mountain where Buffalo Bill Cody and his wife are buried. A museum here houses many of the Cody mementoes. Identifying Lookout Mountain from any point in Denver is a simple matter—the television transmitting towers near the top make it unmistakeable. Highway 68 winds down the front face of Lookout Mountain and joins U. S. Highway 6 near the small, early Colorado city of Golden. You may choose to return to Denver via this route.

Clark is starting to scratch his measles spots so I had better stop now and give him a baking soda bath to ease the itching sensations.

Sincerely yours, Abigail

## WHAT CAN BE MADE?

If God can make of an ugly seed,  
With a bit of earth and air  
And dew and rain, sunshine and shade,  
A flower so wonderous fair!  
What can He make of a soul like you  
With the Bible and faith and  
prayer  
And the Holy Spirit, if you do His will  
And trust His love and care?

## ON TWO EIGHT HOUR SHIFTS

By

Maxine L. Sickels

How does a wife and mother manage her household and work outside the home? How does she stretch twenty-four hours to hold all of the tasks that must be done?

My answers will not solve your problems because a working mother strips living to its essentials and no two people consider the same things essential. Three meals a day, a decently kept home, suitable clothes, time to be a loving wife and mother; these are some of the things a working mother must still furnish for her family.

Perhaps you would like to know what experience I bring to this problem. I taught in a rural school for eight years. When I began, one son was a freshman in high school and three others went with me every morning. We had no electricity, we also had mud roads. By the time the rat race was finished, the boys were all through high school, electricity had lightened our work load, and a gravel road made all of the going and coming easier.

What did I learn? Like all good teachers, much more than the children who came to me!

Thought number one: When mother goes to work, she needs the complete cooperation of the whole family. Father's help with the work is important. He is the one who does all of the things that mother just can't do. But his most important contribution is that loving encouraging pat on the back which says, "You can do it, dear." If Father doesn't approve of mother's job, Mother will be happier at home counting their pennies and trying to figure out some way to stretch them a little farther.

She is also going to need every little shaver pulling his share. Perhaps that was the most valuable thing this family got when I worked — the sense of everybody being needed. Each child was important. The duties which he did had to be done and he could see that they did. That is important to all of us, and especially important to a child.

Thought number two: The paycheck which you will bring home will not be all profit. Because of less time for laundry and care of clothing, the clothing bill will be higher. Grocery bills will go up too, because of less time to shop and prepare food.

You are still going to work?

How are you going to manage?

Don't be afraid to delegate a little responsibility to the children. They can do many things that you have been doing. When they have done it, dishes, floors, beds, whatever it was, find something good to say about it and do not touch it. Do not give the cabinet top one more swipe. Do not give the dust mop one more swish. Do not give the bedspread one teeny weeny tug.

The confidence of a child is as fragile as a butterfly's wing and the



Every morning before Juliana goes to school she feeds her tropical fish. These aquariums stand on tables built by Howard for Aunt Helen five years ago—she used them for plants. But they were passed on to us and are now painted to match our living room walls.

adult who bruises it is an unthinking brute. Accept their help wholeheartedly, as they give it, and believe me, it will improve.

Save some of your precious time for your husband. Do this deliberately and let it show. There will be evenings when he will say, "Let's go to the show." (Or something else that will use those precious hours you have for homework!) You will know that you have to iron one dress and two shirts before tomorrow. You will be too tired. Now is the time to take a deep breath and remind yourself why you married the man anyway. Say, "Yes."

Then there will come a Saturday when he says, "I have to go thirty miles to see a man about a pig. Do you want to go along?"

Stack the dishes.

Hide the laundry.

Put the broom back behind the door.

And go along.

If you can't do this, you had better not take that other job.

You will find yourself working approximately two eight hour shifts; one at your job and another at home. Try to take a rest when you get home. Rest as many minutes as you can spare. Relax in a comfortable chair and put your feet up, the higher the better. Have a cup of tea, coffee, milk — something good, plus a cookie. Read the mail. Visit with the children.

When you look at the clock and know that you have to get up and get on with the next shift, groan, get up, groan, wash your face, comb your hair, change your clothes. There is both a psychological and physical lift to a change of shoes and clothing.

Now you are ready (?) to tackle the end of the day, the evening meal, the inevitable washing, ironing and cleaning. Civilized man does not seem to be able to live without those three duties.

Besides these evening duties, you must not forget your employer. The man who pays your salary seems to feel that he has some rights. Usually he wants you to do about eight hours of work. He expects you to be neat, clean, poised, energetic, enthusiastic, attentive, punctual, and a few other things which he will tell you personally. These are expected of you even when Junior is ill, the plumbing has balked again, or there are absolutely no clean clothes for tomorrow.

No matter what your feelings are, the man who pays your salary is entitled to a day's work.

Have I made this sound difficult? It is.

Have I made it plain that it concerns the entire family? It does.

Have I made you see the new world of business that is going to wake you up and challenge you and fill your life with new thoughts?

It is there!

## COVER PICTURE

These past few weeks have been exceptionally busy ones for Dorothy, but somehow she found time to get down to Edna's house and bring back the driftwood centerpiece she described in her March letter. We think the photographer in Chariton did very well with his difficult job of showing you the acrobatic stunts performed by those clever little peanut pixies for their audience of brilliant Swedish birds. Our own pixies are clambering all over the big Monstera vine in the living room—everyone who comes in is quite astonished to see them clinging to vines and leaves! Incidentally, these make a very cheerful gift for sick people, grown-ups as well as children. Kristin sent some to our dear friend in New York who has been critically ill for weeks, and they added a lot of spice to dreary hours.—Lucile.

## MARGERY CATCHES UP WITH NEWS FROM THEIR HOUSE

Dear Friends:

Perhaps I shouldn't feel so smug as I sit here at the typewriter and start my letter to you, but this is one day when I feel as if I have accomplished a lot!

As I have mentioned before, I keep a notebook handy and when I think of some extra household job that needs doing I jot it down in my notebook. As I finish one of them I cross it out. My day started earlier than usual and I went from one job to another, determined that today I would get as many checked off as possible. I took down the kitchen curtains and washed them, washed the windows, cleaned the cupboards, defrosted the refrigerator, waxed the appliances, scrubbed the floor, ironed the curtains and rehung them. That took care of my morning.

Then after lunch I emptied the china cupboard, dusted the inside, wiped the dishes and replaced them. I polished all the leaves on my green plants, washed the covers on the sofa pillows, sorted over old magazines and washed the shades on the light fixtures. Next I cleaned the medicine cabinet, tossing out old prescriptions from this winter's bout with the flu. I used wax remover on the bathroom floor, scrubbed and re-waxed it. Then upstairs to the playroom I went. It is Martin's job to clean this room on Saturday, but I knew that if I sent him up to clean it in the state it had reached he would be discouraged before he got started, so I made some headway on it for him. My family didn't fare very well for food this noon but I am making up for it tonight.

I don't believe I've told you about the visit from our cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin, Uncle Fred's daughter who lives in Glen Gardner, New Jersey. Her visit was a brief one but we were happy she could come even if it could only be for a few days. She was delighted to find her father gaining so well following his fall, and very happy when the x-rays taken while she was here showed the break in his leg had mended.

Her sister, Gretchen Harshbarger, drove down from Iowa City for a visit while she was here, so Oliver and I entertained them for dinner one evening. Martin went to a Sunday School dinner that night and Mary said, "My, how strange it seems to sit down to eat with no children at the table!" Mary has two sons, you know, and although Gretchen also has two sons they are grown men now and have been away from home for several years. We took Mary as our guest to the Emmanuel Lutheran Smorgasbord the second evening of her visit and my! how she enjoyed that.

These days it has been wonderful for the children to be out of doors. Sometimes it must have seemed to them as if winter would never end. Then it was wet and muddy, and although we mothers knew the children should be out getting fresh air it



Through the years we must have gone to Red Oak a thousand times to take someone TO the train or to MEET a train. Here are Dorothy and Louise Fischer Alexander getting ready to board the noon Zephyr.

seemed to us as if the mud would never end! I wonder how many times I yelled to Martin as he came through the back door to leave his shoes on the porch?

Mother had promised Martin a big new kite for his part in helping to clear their walks of snow this winter while they were gone, so after he bought the kite he and the neighbor boys had some fine times flying kites in the big pasture behind the house across the street. In that area there are no wires or trees to get tangled into—just the big openness that boys love when they fly kites.

I have been working on a club program which I am to give soon. The topic assigned to me concerns vacationing in Iowa, so the last time we were in Des Moines we took a tour of our capitol building and I got some wonderful literature in the Governor's office. All that remains to be done now is to assemble my material.

The men of our Congregational Church recently put on a Mexican dinner. One of our members has had experience cooking Mexican food so the men really knew what they were doing—and they did it! I had better go back a bit though in telling about it.

I was on the dining room committee along with five others so we decorated the tables for the men. We collected all the Mexican items we could find for centerpieces, and these included Mexican jugs, bowls, planters, baskets, etc. Each table was different but I'll only describe a few.

On one table we had a big glass jug with cactus plants on either side, candleholders and little sombreros made of crepe paper. Another centerpiece was a Mexican basket filled with gay flowers and two little dolls dressed in Mexican costumes, while still another centerpiece was made of Mexican wood-carved book-ends with a basket of gourds between them. A

pair of cute donkey and cart planters centered another table. About half of these tables were covered with bright colored tablecloths so really, the room looked very gay. We set the tables and then the men took over.

They were all dressed in costume complete with mustaches and long side-burns. My, such a collection of sombreros, bright sashes, neckerchiefs, and what have you! But in addition to being handsome they were very capable as they went about serving the tables. In fact, the wives were amazed at their efficiency! The fare included tortillas (made in Omaha by Mexicans) tacos, enchiladas and guacamole. Mexican music was played on a phonograph during the dinner. It was so much fun that we hope we have a repeat performance next year, but the men insist they will rest on their laurels!

We're letting our parakeet out of his cage these days but he is confined to one room. We haven't as yet taught him to say any words but we're working on it. If we could just teach him to say his name we would be happy, but so far we've had no luck, although we believe he knows his name. Oliver insists we have gotten so many toys for him to play with that he is too occupied to give us his attention! The little thing is constantly as busy as a beaver—never still a minute.

We've had some wonderful letters from parakeet owners since I mentioned our new bird. Their birds seem to have such terrific vocabularies that I feel almost embarrassed—but we haven't given up yet!

I've had some fine letters in answer to my opinion on Spring and Fall housecleaning. It was interesting to note how many agreed with what I wrote on the subject, and why others disagreed. If you haven't as yet written your opinion I would be happy to hear from you soon.

We've moved our television set into the den now and like it there much better than in the living room. One reason is that frequently we have guests in the evening and if Martin wants to "make himself scarce" he can go to the den and watch television while we are visiting. Another reason is that the den is on the south side of the house where it is much cooler in the summer time so we know we'll appreciate that when hot weather comes. And as Martin pointed out, we can even sit on the back porch and look in at it!

Martin had the pleasure of being the "son for an evening" of our neighbor, Howard Alexander, when the Methodist Church held its Father and Son Banquet. The minute he came in from school he started polishing his shoes and getting bathed and dressed for the dinner; then he sat on pins and needles until time to go next door. The theme for this banquet was "Footsteps" and boys' and men's shoes of all sizes and shapes were used in the decorations. Part of the entertainment was a trained dog act and Martin thoroughly enjoyed it. Mrs. Alexander was helping in the kitchen, so Mr. Alexander and Martin had to wait for

(Continued on page 15)

**"Recipes Tested**

in the

**Kitchen - Klatter  
Kitchen"**

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

**CHALLENGE WHITE CAKE**

1 cup sugar  
 3/4 cup butter or margarine  
 2 3/4 cups sifted cake flour  
 4 tsp. baking powder  
 3/4 tsp. salt  
 1 cup milk  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 4 egg whites  
 1/2 cup sugar

Cream the butter and sugar until like whipped cream. Sift cake flour, then measure the 2 3/4 cups and sift again with baking powder and salt. Add sifted ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with milk to which the flavorings have been added. Be sure egg whites are at room temperature, then beat until soft peaks are formed. Gradually add the 1/2 cup sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into batter, then pour into 3 layer cake pans which have been greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes.

**NEW PERFECT CHOCOLATE ICING**

5 cups sifted powdered sugar  
 1/4 cup butter  
 1 bar German Sweet Chocolate  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 9 Tbls. canned evaporated milk

Sift powdered sugar, then measure the 5 cups. In a saucepan melt the butter and chocolate together. Add to powdered sugar with the vanilla and evaporated milk. Beat until smooth.

**ARLEIGH'S CAKE**

(Sent from Minneapolis)

Combine:  
 1 cup chopped dates  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1 tsp. baking soda  
 Set aside to cool.

Cream:  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 cup shortening  
 Add:

2 well beaten eggs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Sift together:

1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour, sifted and measured

1/2 tsp. salt

1 Tbls. cocoa.

Combine the dry ingredients with creamed mixture alternately with the date mixture. Pour into a greased 9 x 13 inch pan. On top sprinkle 1/2 cup chopped nuts and 1/2 cup chocolate chips. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 40 minutes.

**CAROLYN'S VEGETABLE SALAD**

1 package lemon gelatine  
 1 cup hot water  
 1/2 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 cup heavy cream  
 3 Tbls. green pepper  
 1 tsp. minced onion  
 3 Tbls. cucumber  
 1 cup finely chopped celery  
 1 cup chopped tomato

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. When beginning to thicken fold in the mayonnaise and heavy cream that have been beaten together. Then add remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds or one loaf or mold until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce. No dressing is necessary.

Chopped tomatoes, well drained, are preferable. But if they are too expensive, canned tomatoes can be used if they are thoroughly drained. However, there will be more liquid with canned tomatoes, so decrease water in which gelatine is dissolved by 1/4 cup.

**SUPER SPONGE CAKE**

1 2/3 cups cake flour  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 Pinch of salt  
 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar  
 4 eggs  
 1 1/2 cups sugar  
 2 tsp. cold water  
 1/2 cup hot water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift dry ingredients 4 or 5 times. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add very gradually 1 cup of sugar, then cold water and flavorings. To this mixture add alternately the hot water and dry ingredients. Beat egg whites until stiff and gradually fold in the remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Very gently fold egg whites into first mixture. Pour into large ungreased tube pan and bake for about 55 minutes in a 325 degree oven.

**EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD BANANA BREAD**

1 3/4 cups flour  
 2 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. baking soda  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/3 cup shortening  
 2/3 cup sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1 cup mashed bananas  
 1/2 cup nuts

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add eggs and then the mashed banana. Combine nuts with dry ingredients and add. Do not beat — only mix until well blended. Turn into a greased bread pan and bake at 350 degrees for approximately 45 minutes.

This bread slices beautifully and is very moist and delicious. Any kind of nuts can be used — we had black walnuts on hand when we made it. Thin slices spread with cream cheese would make fine sandwiches.

**PERFECT DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE**

2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour  
 2 tsp. baking soda  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 2 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
 3 eggs  
 3 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate

1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk  
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 1 cup boiling water

Start oven at 375 degrees. Grease bottoms and sides of 3 8-inch cake pans and dust with flour. Sift cake flour, measure it carefully and sift again with soda and salt.

Cream butter until soft and airy. Then add sugar gradually and cream until fluffy and light. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. Put chocolate in measuring cup, melt over hot, not boiling, water. Add to batter, using a scraper to get every bit from the sides of the cup. Mix thoroughly. Sift about 1/4 of the flour into the batter, stir in well. Add about 1/3 of the sour milk or buttermilk and stir slightly. Repeat, ending with the flour. Mix in the vanilla and the boiling water. Pour batter into cake pans. The batter will be very thin. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. Remove from oven and turn cakes upside down on a cake rack to cool. Ice when cool.

**RHUBARB TOPSY-TURVY**

3 cups diced rhubarb  
 12 marshmallows  
 3/4 cup brown sugar  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1 cup white sugar  
 2 eggs beaten  
 1 1/4 cups flour  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 3 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Place rhubarb in buttered baking dish 9 x 13 x 2 inches. Cut marshmallows in fourths and place over rhubarb. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Pour batter over rhubarb and marshmallows. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 1 hour. Serves 12 to 15 nicely. Serve with cream.

**MACAROON PECAN PIE**

3 eggs  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 cup graham cracker crumbs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 1/2 cup pecan meats

Separate eggs and beat yolks. Add 1/2 cup sugar and vanilla flavoring and beat well. Add crumbs and nuts, stirring in gently. Fold in egg whites, which have been beaten with the remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Spread into buttered 10-inch pie plate, and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream. We have found that pecans are the best nuts to use. Others seem too rich.

### SPECIAL SAUCE DRESSES UP FRESH ASPARAGUS

When fresh, green asparagus first makes its appearance most of us are satisfied to serve the delicately cooked spears with plain melted butter or butter to which a whisk of lemon has been added.

However, as the season progresses, we're usually ready for a special dressing to vary the taste and appearance. If this be the case in your home, here is a sauce to try.

Polonaise is a glamour name given to a rather simple sauce. In this adaptation fine bread crumbs and hard-cooked eggs are stirred into melted butter. The topping makes an exceptionally fine garnish and flavor enhancer for asparagus spears neatly arranged in bundles on a platter.

#### POLONAISE SAUCE

Melt 1/2 cup butter and stir in 1/4 cup soft bread crumbs. Cook over low heat until crumbs are nicely browned. Remove from heat and stir in 2 finely chopped hard-cooked eggs, 1 Tbls. finely chopped parsley, 1 tsp. salt, dash of pepper and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Arrange cooked asparagus on platter and spoon sauce topping over the spears.

#### SCALLOPED ASPARAGUS

1 can asparagus, or cooked fresh asparagus

2 hard-cooked eggs

1 can cream of mushroom soup

Put into greased casserole and cover with cracker crumbs and grated cheese. Bake until bubbly in a moderate oven. This is very nice for a spring luncheon using nice, fresh asparagus, but a good recipe to keep on file for winter days too.

#### BEANS SUPREME

1 can green beans

2 eggs

1 1/2 cups liquid (milk and bean liquid)

4 slices bread, cubed

1 cup grated cheese

Salt and pepper

Combine well-beaten eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Alternate layers of beans, bread and cheese in a buttered casserole. Add milk mixture and bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

#### SODA CRACKER PIE

Beat 3 egg whites stiff

Add:

1 cup sugar gradually

16 soda crackers which have been rolled fine

1/4 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Spread in a large buttered pie plate and bake for 30 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Cool. Spread with a layer of unsweetened strawberries, peaches or bananas. Cover with a generous layer of sweetened whipped cream. Chill for several hours or overnight before serving. This is a favorite dessert in our family. — Margery

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#### PINK RHUBARB MERINGUE CRISP

1 cup sifted flour  
1/4 cup brown sugar  
1 cup rolled oats  
1/2 cup melted butter  
3 cups fresh rhubarb, cut in 1-inch pieces  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. salt  
3/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1/8 tsp. nutmeg  
Red food coloring  
2 egg yolks  
2 egg whites  
1 Tbls. sugar

For crust, combine flour, brown sugar, rolled oats and melted butter. Pack mixture firmly into ungreased 7 x 11 inch pan.

For filling, combine rhubarb, sugar, salt, spices and egg yolks. Spread over crust and bake at 40 degrees about 30 minutes.

For meringue topping, add 1 or 2 drops red food coloring to egg whites. Beat until frothy, then very gradually add sugar while beating. Beat until meringue stands in peaks. Spread on top of baked rhubarb and return to a 325 degree oven for about 15 minutes, or just long enough to brown top of meringue delicately.

#### RHUBARB OATMEAL CRUMBLE

3 cups diced rhubarb  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1/4 cup water  
1/3 cup sugar  
1 Tbls. butter

Arrange rhubarb in a shallow, greased baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Dot with butter. Add water. Spread topping evenly over rhubarb and bake. Serve warm.

##### Topping

2/3 cup sifted flour  
2/3 cup oatmeal  
1/3 cup sugar  
1/8 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. soda

1/4 cup melted shortening  
Sift flour, salt and soda together. Mix oatmeal and sugar with flour mixture. Blend in shortening until crumbly. Bake 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

#### CREAMED CHICKEN STEAK

Flour 6 cube steaks and brown in a small amount of fat. Salt and pepper to taste and place in casserole. Pour 1 can of cream of chicken soup thinned with just a little milk over the meat and bake for about 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Cover casserole while baking.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayslett

This should be a happy time of year, with spring and all the lovely things it brings. Will you help make it happy for some of these shutins?

Harriet D. Wilson, Rt. 2, Sherburne, N. Y. hasn't been away from home in months. She has used crutches for 48 years.

Walter Schenk, 821 H St., Fairbury, Nebr. has Parkinson's disease. He is very handicapped—cannot even talk. Mrs. Schenk has to work, so he is alone except when a neighbor comes in to look after him. He would enjoy mail.

Mrs. Lydia Rieve, 922 First Ave. South, St. James, Minn. has been in a wheelchair for years and is alone all day. She has arthritis and her sight is very poor. Please write to her and make your writing in ink and very plain. She uses a magnifying glass to read.

Mrs. Margaret Smith, 319 Sixth St. North, St. James, Minn. also has arthritis. She can get about the house some, but cannot get away from home.

Mrs. Loretta Cotton, 3081 Zaruba St., Apt. 142, Pittsburgh 10, Pa. is very ill with heart trouble and other complications. Please send cards.

Mrs. Ella Deardorff, 30 S. 7 St., Kansas City 1, Kans. is shutin and nearly blind. She gets so lonely, living alone, and discouraged. Cards would help. Perhaps some Kansas City folks might call on her.

Miss Merle Walter, Franklin, Nebr., a shutin for years, was badly burned several months ago when she fell asleep on an electric pad. The burns developed infection and she is still suffering from them. She will enjoy mail but will not be able to answer.

Miss Carrie Burks, 505 W. 11 St., Bloomington, Ind. has been an invalid for many years with arthritis. Now she is combatting a heart condition. Please send cards or letters.

Mrs. Grace Barlow, 1550 E. Florida St., Springfield, Mo. had a very serious operation last fall and is still very ill. Letters would mean a great deal.

Mrs. H. Leonard, 8925 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis 20, Minn. is alone and sick. She cared for her invalid husband for 22 years before his death—this was just five months before they would have had their 50th anniversary. She is very lonely and needs cheery letters.

Mrs. Sue Holmes, Rt. 2, Falmouth, Ky. has not walked for 21 years. She has arthritis, sits in a rocking chair, and would enjoy mail.

Miss Lula Wescott, 20 Gibson Ave., Hudson Falls, N. Y. has been shutin many years with MS. She gets very lonely and wants pals.

Mrs. Hester Dodge, Eventide Home, Mountain Lake, Minn. has arthritis and some other troubles. She can't walk much and isn't always able to write, but is a happy person. She loves to get letters.



We think this little boy is as cute as they come! He is Lloyd Stringer, son of Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne Stringer of Dodge Center, Minn., and the grandson of Mrs. Eva Grieron, Lohrville, Ia. His older brothers have 4-H calves, so he had to have one too.

## MY MOTHER'S DAY

(For Group Singing to the  
Tune: "America")

Our Mothers, 'tis of thee,  
The kindest, truest, best,  
Of thee we sing.  
Mothers who nourished us,  
Mothers who cherished us,  
On every side of us,  
Your praises ring.

Dearest Mother thee,  
Who taught us tenderly,  
Thy name we revere.  
We love thy gentle ways,  
Thy sincere, earnest praise,  
All is peace and joy,  
When thou art near.

Who kept us day by day,  
Along life's slippery way,  
Our Mothers dear.  
Our love for thee, we sing,  
For thee our tributes bring,  
For thee our songs shall ring  
From far and near.

Wherever we may go,  
Dear Mothers, fond and true,  
Of thee we'll sing.  
Long may your lives be bright  
With love's most holy light,  
Protect our mothers dear,  
Great God, our King.

## A THING PURE

A mother's love!  
If there be one thing pure,  
Where all beside is sullied,  
That can endure,  
When all else passes away;  
If there be aught  
Surpassing human deed or word or  
thought —  
It is a mother's love.

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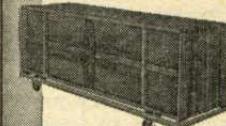
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Juliana decorated this cake for her Uncle Howard Driftmier's birthday. The candleholders are the new type that go into the side of the cake rather than on top where wax can drip and where decorations can be spoiled.

All pans are  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " deep — one tier is 9", and the other two are  $7\frac{1}{4}$ " and  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ".

**Send today to Kitchen-Klatter, Dept. I, Shenandoah, Ia.** for your set of the three tier pans and 1 doz. white candleholders.

**The price? \$2.00 for the set of pans and 1 doz. candleholders**

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### MAY MUSINGS

By

*Evelyn Corrie Birkby*

The first of May should be a fun day. It is the beginning of a really exciting spring month, and what better way to start than to carry pretty baskets full of sweet gifts to friends?

May Day surely is fun for the youngsters but I do doubt the enjoyment of one mother I know who helped pack and carry 70 store-bought baskets! She stated that there just was no place to stop on the list of her childrens' friends. We found it far easier to limit Bobby by the simple process of saying "so many and no more, now you decide which friends shall receive the baskets." Whether this is wise as far as remembering little friends is concerned, I'm not sure. But from necessity we felt some limit had to be made. Country children do have more difficulty getting around and we felt some sensible limit would keep driving in the area of possibility.

I can remember childhood May Days so well. My sister Ruth and I always made our own baskets from wall paper and pretty papers saved from Christmas. We combed the woods (and this was the most fun of all) for tiny violets and wild plum blossoms. We

popped corn and made homemade candy. The baskets that were delivered were labors of love.

It takes planning ahead a week or two to collect some of the needed wall paper, construction paper, glue, pipe cleaners and the like, but making the baskets at home takes May Day out of the realm of the commercial and into the area of the creative. Taking a walk in the woods to look for wild flowers which will be unharmed by picking can become a wonderous adventure for the whole family.

Often we give our children the nice things we may have lacked when we were young, but overlook giving them some of the valuable experiences which also were ours. Simple joys of doing things for themselves and sharing with others their "creations" belong to our children also.

No where have I seen expounded the technique by which one can easily bring three lively children, one father and one mother to the state of being clean, dressed and ready to go out the door at the same moment for Sunday School!

I can remember so well when Dulcie Jean was four and in the age of "making your own decisions." She wanted a choice of everything. If I picked out the green dress for her to wear on

Sunday she would say, "No, I want to wear the yellow one," even though the green dress had always been her favorite. If the dress she chose was appropriate it was fine she could wear it. If not, a battle royal would ensue with all the struggles of getting one little girl into one small dress without any cooperation whatsoever. This might go on with each article of clothing — until I nearly lost my religion before Sunday even got under way!

Fortunately, Jeffrey has not been so opinionated about what he wears. Perhaps it is the difference in attitude between boys and girls. He is, however, just as happy to be dressed in pretty "Sunday clothes" at the age of four as she was. But I still wish someone would tell me the best solution, including opinions as to the choice of color, for getting everyone out the door clean and fresh. I have tried getting ready first. By the time the children are ready I feel anything but orderly! When I get them ready first and then go to prepare myself it is a losing proposition to hope all three will still be spick and span by the time I am ready. When daddy can help, the situation is greatly simplified, but still it is not a problem perfectly solved.

When the yard is muddy the tricky situation of getting into the car looms large. Blessings on the home designers who plan a garage in such a way the family can trapse, clean and shining, into the automobile without once stepping on bare ground! One of my goals is such a garage, or a sidewalk which would permit almost as efficient coming and going.

\* \* \* \* \*

I heard some one say last week: "The housewife's problem is having too much month left over at the end of the money." This is exactly my mental attitude as I struggle with the household books. I'm not naturally inclined to keep meticulous records, but under the insistence and constant prodding of my husband we are keeping track of every penny. It is really interesting to see just how much money was spent for meat and fruit and bread for the month. With all the canning we did last summer it seems incredible that our grocery bill stays so high. I wish I could compare grocery spending with someone who has three active boys and must buy every bit of their food. It would help me see just how much my food budget is really helped by all that home-canned food.

\* \* \* \* \*

Things I like about May:

Sitting in the porch swing for a while in the warm evening air . . . just sit!

Eating a picnic lunch on the green grass out under the big tree in the yard.

Housecleaning my mind as well as the house.

Watching the children as each new part of their growing minds makes itself evident.

Going out into the garden and bringing in the makings of a bright spring salad.

## MAKE YOUR FLOWERS FOR CHEAP DECORATIONS

By

Mildred Cathcart

During the Spring months when there are so many school banquets, Mother-Daughter affairs, and other types of parties, there is a need for many flowers. Real or even artificial flowers are often too expensive to use profusely.

However, you will find cleansing tissue carnations are quick to do, inexpensive, and can be made in a number of pastel colors to carry out a color scheme.

First, cut the cleansing tissue into three strips of equal length. By using pinking shears you will give the carnation a ragged realistic looking edge, and things can be speeded up by cutting several thicknesses at one time.

I used one tissue (it was the two-thickness type) for one flower. You may use more for a fluffier flower. Take a strip, and with your fingers, gather it evenly and give it a slight twist to hold it. Do this for each of the three strips. Then take all the twisted pieces and tie them together with a fine thread.

Here I tried another idea which I found successful. I bought the tiniest wire hairpins I could find and straightened them out. Instead of thread, I held my flowers together with the end of the hairpin. The rest of the wire pin made a stem which I wrapped with florist tape. Green paper could be used, too. Just before using the flowers, I added some inexpensive greenery. If you have asparagus fernery on hand, that is ideal.

As you make your flowers, spread out the tissues and work with each twisted part to fluff it out and make it look realistic.

If this makes a flower too large for your particular purpose, merely cut the tissues into smaller pieces.

These carnations make ideal favors or little gift corsages if you tie a pretty bow on each stem and include a corsage pin.

For a long banquet table, you may place some fernery down the center and at intervals use these artificial flowers to carry through a color scheme.

## GREETINGS LITTLE BULBS!

The little brown bulbs went to sleep in the ground,  
In their little nighties they slept very sound,  
And Winter he raged and he roared overhead,  
But never a bulb turned over in bed.  
  
But when Spring came tiptoeing over the lea,  
Her finger on lip, just as still as could be,  
The little brown bulbs at the very first tread  
All split up their nighties and jumped out of bed!

—Unknown



Jean Marie and Kerry Lee Cathcart are dressing twin dolls with clothes they made themselves. We have never met these little girls but feel that we know them because of all the pictures.

## MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

a little while for her, but Martin thought this was most fortunate for he was offered another piece of pie! He is growing very fast these days and seems hungry every minute. Mr. Alexander said after the way he ate his huge dinner he couldn't possibly see where he could put another piece of pie, but he did!

I have a big roast in the oven for tonight. As I said, we are going to fare better tonight than we did this noon when I was running from one little job to another. Mother and Dad are going to eat with us and then we'll all go to the hospital for a visit with Uncle Fred. I see by the clock that it is time to start peeling potatoes so I must close and run to the kitchen.

Sincerely,  
Margery

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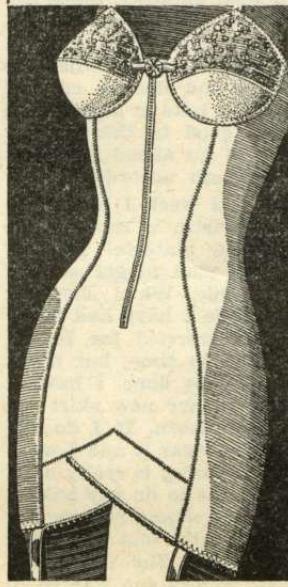
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## THE TEST DOROTHY DESCRIBES SOUNDS VALUABLE

Dear Friends:

It is time once again to take an evening off from making peanut pixies and visit with you folks.

I'm afraid I'm going to find it quite a struggle to type this letter on my old beat-up typewriter after typing all day on a brand new electric machine in the office. As I told you in my last letter, I have been working at my old job in the County Superintendent's office for the past month, and while I have been there they have purchased this beautiful new electric typewriter. At first I didn't like it at all and thought I would never get used to it. I was so used to pounding on the keys and the touch on the electric one is so sensitive that I was forever hitting keys I didn't intend to hit. But now that I have had a little practice, I find it real work to type on the old machines.

In a weather way I couldn't have had a worse month to work in town. We have had everything from severe cold of 35 degrees below zero with snow and sleet, to 45 degrees above zero with rain and fog. Of course with my half-mile of mud to contend with it has made my trips to work and home again anything but pleasant. I look back now to the three years I worked full time and realize what a struggle it must have been both for me and for my family.

I have found the work very interesting in the office this month. Mr. Haase, our County Superintendent, has been doing something for the eighth graders this year that has never been done before in our rural schools to my knowledge. He has given them all a Vocational Interest Inventory test.

Most of the boys and girls of this age do not have clear ideas about their vocational abilities and interests. When asked what they plan to be when they finish their schooling, they will say they do not know or that they cannot arrive at a decision even though they have thought about the matter a great deal. If they express interest in a given occupation, the basis of this interest is usually vague, or many boys and girls who express definite choice of vocation are basing their choice on the suggestions of other people such as teachers, parents, friends, or relatives.

So the object of the test is to help them find their vocational interest, because interest is an excellent starting point in choosing a life work. Of course we realize that their interests and attitudes often change with added experience and education, but at least it gives them something more concrete to think about.

As a follow-up to this test, Mr. Haase plans to have a personal talk with each eighth grader as he makes his last round of visits to the rural schools for the year. He will discuss with them the courses that they can take in high school that will do them the most good in the line of work they plan to take up. For example—



Here is Kristin in her "other room" at Aunt Edna's house—she described it in her letter last month. Juliana snapped the picture when both girls spent a weekend there.

if the test shows that a boy rates high in the field of engineering, then when he goes to high school he should take all the mathematics courses offered, providing he plans to enter college and take a course in engineering. Without a clear vocational purpose, students are likely to choose courses at random, either because they think they will be easy, or because one of their friends is going to take it, whereas it may not benefit them at all.

Kristin was extremely interested in this test when she heard me talking about it. She said she took a test similar to it in the eighth grade last year and was pretty disgusted when she never did hear anything more about it after she took it. She asked Mr. Haase if she could take another test one evening after school when she decided to wait and ride home with me. She went into the library where it was quiet and filled it out. Mr. Haase checked it and told her that she ranked very high in interests similar to a grade school teacher, and also ranked high in interests similar to wife, homemaker, household economist, child care specialist, and similar domestic interest fields.

Since school started Kristin has been teaching a Sunday School class of five-year-olds and has dearly loved every minute of it, so she had just about decided she wanted to be a teacher of younger children. Since she took the test she has been more settled in her own mind about it and has definitely decided that is what she will do. Some of the elective courses she had planned to take in high school will do her no good in this line of work, so she will go ahead now and plan her curriculum accordingly.

One evening last week I took time off and made Kristin a new Spring skirt. I have the material for her Easter dress and plan to get at that as soon as possible. When she sees how little free time I have had lately she gets a little worried for fear I won't get it done in time, but it's a promise so it will be done. I haven't put in the hem in her new skirt yet for a very good reason. If I do she will be tempted to wear it and I want her to wait until Spring is really here.

I haven't had time to do any baking and Kristin was getting hungry for cookies, so she really had a baking spree last week-end. She had three different cooky recipes she wanted to

try out, but after she had made two batches and the cooky jar was overflowing I told her to wait and try out the other one this next week-end.

I have a ginger cooky recipe that I got from Irene Richardson at Allerton, Iowa, that I think is tops. Ordinarily I don't care much for ginger cookies but one afternoon before Frank's sister Edna moved to the farm she and I spent an afternoon with Irene and she served us these cookies with coffee and I thought they were delicious so I had Edna get the recipe for me. I have been going to give you this recipe for a long time, but it seems I always run out of space, so here it is.

### Irene's Ginger Cookies

Into a bowl put:

1 cup sugar  
3/4 cup shortening  
1 egg  
1/2 cup molasses

Beat well and then add:

2 cups flour  
2 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 tsp. ginger  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Mix this well and add enough more flour until you can roll the dough into small balls the size of a walnut. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until light brown. (Don't overbake them or they will be too hard.)

Kristin has been attending a Freshman party tonight and it is time for me to go into town after her. So until next month . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

### AN OLDER MOTHER SPEAKS

They come to me with questions in their eyes,  
These mothers of small daughters and small sons,  
They tell me of their longing to be wise  
In rearing their own precious little ones.  
And I, who have lived longer, far than they,  
Who understand their seeking hearts so well,  
Look backward through the long years that I may  
Find something wise and beautiful to tell.

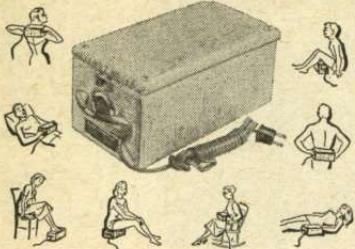
And always there is God. I speak of Him.  
Without His help no mother's heart could bear  
The anxious hours, the swift bright days abrim  
With grave responsibility and care.  
And if I had no other word to give  
After the winding roadways I have trod,  
This would be my message: While you live,  
O dear young mothers, give your children God.

Many may make the household, but it is the mother who makes the home.

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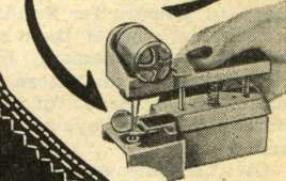
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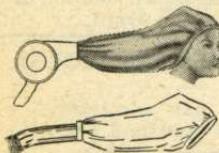
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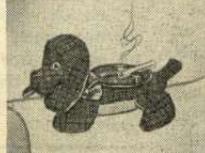
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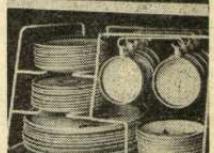
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## MOTHER'S HARMONY CHART

## (Concluded)

a happy and harmonious family life."

*First Speaker:* (Her segment of the circle is the deepest shade of the color you have chosen—in our case, purple—with white letters spelling L-O-V-E written on it.) She pins her paper in place as she speaks:

"The basic color on our chart will be LOVE. It may be an old, old adage, but it's still true that Love makes the world go 'round. I like to think of Jesus' words: 'Love one another' as the Eleventh Commandment. Surely it is acknowledged by all of us that it takes a heap of loving as well as living in a house to make it home. For love can heal the little hurts of daily frictions, the sting of hasty words and smooth the way to understanding.

"But let's remember, as 'the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined' and so must the child feel not only the love of his parents, but he must learn to return it, to give it along the way as he grows; to share troubles as well as happiness with those whom he loves and by whom he is beloved."

*Second Speaker:* (Pins up a shade of lavender with words FAMILY WORSHIP lettered upon it in white or gold.)

"In the fine Christian home of a generation or two ago, Saturday chores always included special chores in preparation for Sunday. Shoes were polished, extra baking done, lamp chimneys shined, Sunday School lessons studied, and baths were taken as the family prepared for the Sabbath day.

"Family life has changed considerably, we will all agree, but the Christian home should still take time each week to prepare for Sunday and the worship services of their church. Not only is this necessary, but we are realizing more and more clearly the stabilizing influence of daily family worship in these days of rush, turmoil and fears."

(At this point suitable music should be used, or if music is not possible, read the words of an appropriate poem.)

"Yes, happy the home when God is there and how beautifully LOVE and FAMILY WORSHIP HARMONIZE TOGETHER. One seems to bring out all the beauty of the other!"

*Third Speaker:* (Pins up a softer shade of lavender with the word FUN written on it.)

"Still we have another color harmonizing on our wheel, and so FAMILY FUN comes into the family life to add a cheerful 'blend,' a softening touch to the home picture. How happy is the home where the members have learned to play together, to share laughs and jokes at meal time, to see the humor in all the situations that can arise in daily life about the home!"

"I think the development of this ability to see the humor in everyday situations offers a real challenge to a mother. It is a blessed asset to the family and it is carried on to encounters outside the home!"

(At this point ask previously appointed guests to relate how such a

sense of humor has turned into a funny incident what might otherwise have been a serious or very trying situation.)

*Fourth Speaker:* (Pins up a soft rose color with words GET-UP-AND-GO written on it.)

"As we study a color wheel we learn that while shades of a color harmonize beautifully together, their beauty is enhanced by an ACCENT color. So we need plenty of ambition, or what this generation calls Get-Up-And-Go in the family circle to keep daily living livened up.

"This means a keen interest in new happenings in the community, in the nation and in the world in the way of human relationships, art, and science."

(A clever poem regarding the lively grandmothers of today might be read at this point. Or a verse about 'the mother who stays young along with me' or of parents who share sports with their children.)

*Fifth Speaker:* (Pins up a shade of green—avocado or a soft chartreuse—with the word SPUNK on it.)

"Perhaps some of you are seeing this word and picturing a sulky child, a sullen adult, or a temperamental teenager bent on gaining his own way, but that is not at all what we want on our harmony wheel.

"Here we use what we will call a DASH of contrast to brighten up the whole! In this case, we add the SPUNK of personality, of individuality as a desirable trait to find in family relationships. Thus while striving to work together congenially and lovingly, the good Christian family strives to point up the individual personalities among its members, to bring out various talents and to appreciate them.

"Gone are the days when parents decided Johnny must be a doctor because his father was a doctor, or that Mary must go as a missionary because her mother has been unable to accomplish what had been her own girlhood dream. We now recognize the need for each child—yes, and for each parent as well, to express himself in different ways if all of the family are to be completely happy in their chosen work.

"So . . . more power to SPUNK in our family circle! Let's bring about harmony through DASH and variety."

(Special music, gay and peppy in nature, at this point.)

*Leader:* "May all of us through the development of the desirable qualities on our Home Harmony wheel, achieve a happier family circle, a stronger nation, a better, brighter world fellowship."

## MY MOTHER

If I were asked to give a thought  
which in one word would speak  
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy  
complete,  
A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind  
that knows its own,  
Contented midst a throng of folk,  
Yet peaceful when alone,  
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to  
brighten many another,  
Without a moment of delay, I'd say  
"You mean my mother!"



Mary Leanna received a camera for Christmas, and got this good picture of her father and brother David on her second roll of film. It was taken with flashlight in their second floor study. We hope to have many more pictures from her.

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

she?" and poor Dorothy responded tearfully, "I don't like her because she said to me once, 'Lucile is your half-sister, isn't she?'" This incident sums up in a few words what I might take pages trying to explain.

We are all such different personalities. Each of us seem to have found widely separate roads. Yet regardless of where we go or what way of life we take, each of us know that we can never really go from each other. Our deep love for our parents has created a bond between us which can never be destroyed. This, then, is why I have never been able to think of mother as my 'step-mother' or my brothers and sisters as half-brothers and half-sisters.

When we are children we take things for granted. It never occurred to me in my childhood that there was anything remarkable in mother's attitude towards my brother and myself. Now, years later, I realize that she made a tremendous success of giving her children a very happy home. To do this for your own children is remarkable enough, but to do it for two children not your own is a truly wonderful thing. Someone once remarked to mother that surely she would have an extra star in her crown for all that she had done to make her step-children happy. This may all very well be, but until that time she has countless stars made of the appreciation and love that the two children not her own feel for her. To us she has been mother in the richest sense of the word.

## WHAT RULES THE WORLD

They say that man is mighty,  
He governs land and sea,  
He yields a mighty scepter  
O'er lesser powers than he.

But mightier power and stronger  
Man from his throne has hurled  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother can bestow.

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.

—Lincoln

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### LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

my Grandmother bracelet for another little gold heart.

#### Later

I had put down this letter intending to add a little more a day later, and I didn't dream it would be word such as I am now writing.

Our dear brother-in-law, Fred Fischer, slipped away very suddenly and unexpectedly early in the morning of March 21st. This came without warning to us for we all felt he was getting along exceptionally well and could probably be at home again when the spring flowers bloomed. He had expressed no doubts about his ability to do this and when Gretchen was here only one day before he took a turn for the worse, she too felt he was coming along very well.



Our favorite picture of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fischer—Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred. Russell snapped this early on a May morning the summer before Aunt Helen left us.

Louise and her husband, Roger Alexander, flew home at once; Gretchen came immediately. Mary was completely snow-bound because of the terrible storm in the Eastern part of the country and couldn't get out at all. But she had been here only a short time earlier and her father could enjoy her visit, so that trip was much more important than any later trip.

Simple and beautiful services were held at the Congregational Church in Shenandoah on Sunday afternoon, March 23rd. It lacked only about a month of being five years since we sat in the same room at the side of the church for Helen's services. These five years were lonely ones for Fred, but he carried on with courage and determination.

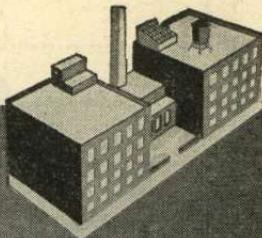
I cannot begin to tell you what a wrench it is to us that Fred has gone. As long as any of our children can remember there was always Uncle Fred, and of course our own friendship with him goes back to a half century and more. It is hard for Mart and me to realize he will never again

come in to spend long relaxed hours with us. Summer evenings won't be the same without Fred sitting on the front porch visiting and making thoughtful observations. He never lost his zest for life. He looked back with interest at the vast changes there had been in his 88 years of living, but he looked forward with all the curiosity and eagerness of an inquiring mind that never once grew dimmed and dulled.

Fred was so much a part of all our lives that it is as though a sturdy and valuable tree had finally been brought down and would no longer be looked upon after the countless years of having framed our daily life. It was a great privilege to know him. He was an honorable and courageous man of tremendous dignity and vigor. When the time came for him to give up this life, he could go as fearlessly and calmly as he had always lived. These few words from a full heart are all that he would wish us to say as we bid him farewell.

Affectionately your friend,  
Leanna

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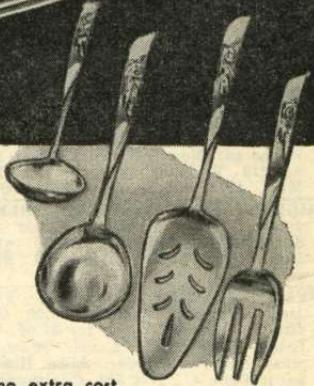
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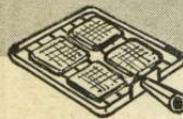
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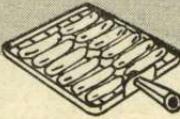
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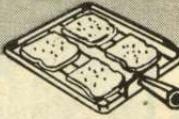
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