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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 20

APRIL, 1956

NUMBER 4



Emily and Alison Driftmier send Easter greetings to you.

MISS JOSIE PFANNESBECKER
RT 1 BOX 143 MAY 57
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

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Maitland, Florida

Dear Friends:

This will be my last letter mailed to you from Florida. By the time you read this I will probably be visiting with you over the radio, for we are now planning our trip home and it gives me a happy feeling to think that soon we'll be back with our grandchildren running in and out, raiding the cookie jar and playing house in the unused rooms upstairs. I think that "upstairs" is one of the reasons we don't build us a little modern house. What a grand playhouse it makes for the children, and then too it provides room for our many overnight guests.

Well, I'd better get this letter back to Florida and bring you up to date on what we are doing here.

When I wrote to you last month we were expecting my sister Jessie and her friend to arrive at any time. They made the trip down from Maryland safely and enjoyed every minute of it. They did get a little tired the last day for, not knowing what a long state Florida is, they found the road almost endless from Jacksonville to Maitland. They took a room here at the El Rancho and visited with us for a week. Then they left for a tour of the state. The next time we heard from them they were on Captiva Island off the west coast, a spot that is reached by ferry boat from Ft. Meyers.

This island is six miles long and from one-fourth to one mile wide. Its beaches afford the best shell hunting grounds in America — over 300 kinds of shells are found there. The fishing is also excellent, and Jessie writes that they have been feasting on oysters. They gather them by the bucketful! They expect to stay on this island until the middle of March.

Last week Mart and I drove to St. Petersburg where we visited my cousin, Marion Cox and his wife, and also Mr. and Mrs. Gene Benjamin of Shelburne Falls, Mass. We also had a visit with the Reverend and Mrs. Philip Ralph. Every bit of our drive was lovely for the signs of spring in Florida are very evident now. We saw bright new green foliage on the oak and swamp maple, quantities of wild verbenas and dogwood, and some trees loaded with white blooms that looked very much like wild plum blossoms.

Our road took us through thousands of acres of orange groves. They are

in blossom now and the air was full of their fragrance. Some of the oranges had not been picked yet and it looked odd to see them on trees that were white with blossoms.

I know now where the robins spend a night on their way from their winter homes, for in St. Petersburg we saw thousands of them resting in a park. Some were on the ground feeding, some were bathing in a little lake, and others were in the trees. It was quite a sight!

Another trip we enjoyed very much was a day spent at Daytona Beach. We planned to be there at low tide so we could drive for miles on the hard packed sand with the water only a few feet away. It was fun to see the gulls lined up like people at a sandwich counter. Every time a little wave receded they would quickly gobble the tiny periwinkles before they had a chance to hide themselves in the sand.

We ate at Johnston's Coffee Shop, famous for its apple pie. With the pie I was given a card saying that I had eaten slice No. 2388273 and was now a "Knight of the Round Apple". The pie was good. It had a lattice top and with it they served a little pitcher of very rich sweet apple syrup to pour over it.

While I am discussing food I must tell you about the wonderful catfish supper we had at the home of our friends, the Leon Wards. We had heard that Florida catfish are not as flavorful as our Iowa variety, which is my husband's favorite fish.

Well, since the Wards have an apartment and can get meals, we had a real feast. The fish was huge but we ate every bit of it and it was wonderful. With it we had baked potatoes, Harvard beets, tossed salad, hot rolls and marmalade. Such a meal! The Wards are leaving in March too, but before they go we will have another catfish fry.

We have enjoyed Florida. We are very quiet folks and have spent many days here in the El Rancho patio garden just being lazy. Had we wanted a more active schedule we could easily have had it for there are boat tours, tours by air and by bus, beautiful scenic drives (which we do enjoy), garden clubs, clubs for those interested in ceramics, painting, weaving, shells, birds, photography, stamps, and athletic sports such as golf and tennis.

The other day we received a letter

from Bertha Field that was filled with family news from coast to coast and almost every spot in between. I thought again how wonderful it was of her to get this out so faithfully — she has it mimeographed and mails it to all of the relatives, plus faithful old-time family friends. I know that a lot of correspondence and work goes into it, but it surely is an invaluable means of keeping people in touch with each other. Henry started this several years before he passed away, so all of us appreciate the task that Bertha picked up when he had to put it down.

We had thought at first that we might plan our return trip through Anderson, Ind. to visit Mary Beth, Donald and little Katharine, but in March the weather is so extremely uncertain that we think we'd better stick pretty much to the South and then go straight up from there. I don't know yet what plans they've made about moving. In their lease was the provision that they would move when their baby was one year old, so time is getting along and they're probably looking for something right now.

Tropical vegetation is beautiful and I enjoy it very, very much, but my! it will be good to see our Iowa crocus, tulips, daffodils and hyacinths. We're anticipating our spring garden because many bulbs were planted last autumn, and with these new things, plus all of the former plantings, we should have quite a sight to feast our eyes on. I hope that many of you will be able to visit Shenandoah when the flowering trees and tulips are in bloom. Spring is a busy, busy time, I know, but perhaps if we have some beautiful Sundays you can persuade your husband to make the drive.

I am just now finishing Mary Beth's tablecloth and if I do say so myself, it came out very well. As soon as I get home I'm going to look through my needlework catalog and pick out something to have for handwork this summer. I always like to have at least one piece started.

We have enjoyed many visits from radio friends who spent some time in Florida this winter. I wish I had space to tell you about them and to list their names, but if I started this it would take almost a full page, I'm afraid. But you can be sure that we've had genuine pleasure from our callers who were good enough to take the time to look us up.

Now that spring is here we see car after car full of happy people headed north up the highway. They look as if they'll be glad to get back home. Well, we will too!

Sincerely yours,
Leanna

I FOUND ALL THIS

A room of quiet, a temple of peace;
The home of faith, where doubtings cease.

A house of comfort, where hope is given,

A source of strength to make earth heaven;

A shrine of worship, a place to pray—
I found all this in my church today.

Anonymous from
Sunshine magazine

MAKE WAY FOR SPRING!

By
Lucile

This is a blustery March day and I have spent some of it in going through a huge box of pictures. I've often thought that we were the shoemaker's children when it came to personal snapshots, but this certainly isn't true when it comes to our garden—Russell has kept a wonderfully complete record for the past eight years.

As a matter of fact, this record really begins nine years ago, and the pictures taken at that time show a scene so stark and unrelieved in its ugliness that I simply haven't the courage to show them to anyone! Perhaps you old friends will bear with me while I explain to our new friends that it took us almost two years to clear out undergrowth (this means worn-out shrubs, ancient grape vines, etc.), tear down a derelict shed, clear out accumulated debris, and all the rest that goes inevitably with an old property. All of this had to be done before we could even begin to think about a garden.

But eight years ago we got started, and I thought perhaps you would enjoy this series of before-and-after pictures. If you were here a number of years ago, all of the "before" pictures will look very familiar. If you've been here in recent years the "after" pictures will look equally familiar. Certainly they illustrate most vividly what amazing changes can take place in only a few planting seasons.

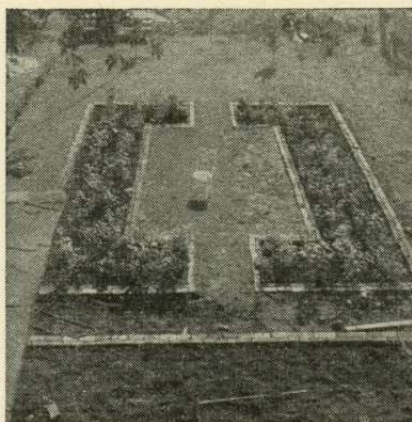
There is scarcely a day's mail without a letter from someone who has done one of two things: moved into a brand new property where there isn't a single planting of any kind or description; or moved into an old property where they're confronted with the type of things that I described above. In either case they feel uncertain and discouraged. It's hard for them to visualize just how they're going to change things while they're still alive to see it!

Certainly Russell and I can sympathize with this viewpoint! We were totally inexperienced gardeners and we honestly thought that we'd be in our declining years before we could actually see in front of our eyes what we envisioned in our minds. Little did we know!

So if, today, you feel sort of downhearted about achieving the garden of your dreams, take a good long look at these pictures and see what can happen in eight years.

Number 1 is a picture of our rose garden and entire backyard. This was taken in June, 1948, and the brick walks so many of you have strolled over weren't even started. In fact, the ONLY thing in our entire backyard were the Hybrid Tea roses in those two beds. If you walked past the roses you walked straight into the alley at the back — not one thing to cut it off. This was also true on the left side.

You may notice a few leaves in the upper corner (I've no way of knowing as I write this how sharp the printed picture will appear) and those belong to a huge old tree that was positively



Number 1 — Before



Number 3 — Before

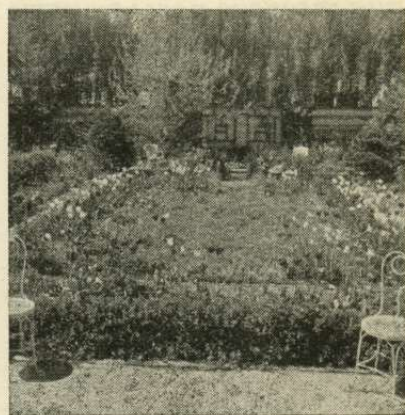
dangerous — we had it taken out the following summer. Also, if the tiny trees show up elsewhere in the picture I can assure you that they were seedling elms and had no place in our future plans.

Number 2 is the same area in the spring of 1955 when our tulips were in bloom. The only difference, photographically speaking, between these two pictures is that Number 1 was taken from an upstairs window, while Number 2 was taken at ground level. I believe you'll agree that many changes have taken place between the two dates mentioned.

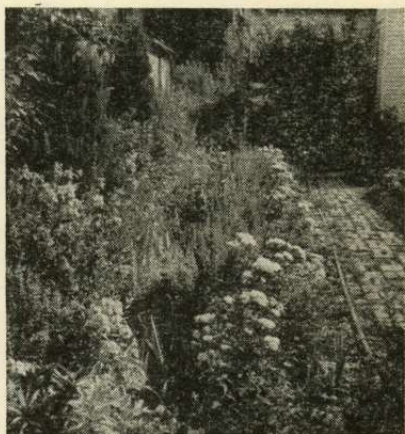
Number 3 is a totally uncompromising shot of the walk and what is now our perennial border at the west side of the backyard. This was taken in the summer of 1949. Note the completely naked area near the house and the bare foundation. (I should explain that the odd looking box on legs was the container Russell used for mixing cement as he laid the flagstone terrace.)

Number 4 was taken from EXACTLY the same spot in the summer of 1955. Now the stark line of the house is completely hidden by our Cardinal Peach tree, and a screen of shrubs has been developed to conceal all of the fence in that area. It would take far too much space to enumerate the various perennials, roses (floribundas) and shrubs that are now in the west border.

All in all, we wish that you would come and see for yourselves what can



Number 2 — After



Number 4 — After

be done in eight years. Furthermore, tuck this issue into your purse so you can take it out and look at the "before" pictures once you're standing right in the scene of action! We've no earthly way of knowing when our spring gardens will be at the climax of their bloom, but unless the weather behaves much more fractiously than usual it's a fairly safe bet to come any time after mid-April.

GARDEN CLUB PROGRAMS

Many times in recent years we've been asked for suggestions and help in planning Garden Club programs. Some of these requests come from clubs that are just getting organized, and other requests come from "old-timers", comparatively speaking, who are looking for new ideas.

It occurred to me the other day that perhaps a very good way to help each other with this problem would be for those of you who have printed or mimeographed year books to send them to me. (Lucile Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Ia.) If I had a collection of these I could use portions of them on this page from time to time, and I could also send them out to people (who would return them promptly, I'm sure), and thus give them really helpful information.

Won't you scout around soon and see what you can turn up in this line? I'm sure that it would prove most helpful to many, many people.

NEWS FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

Betty and I had a most delightful time one day last week when we were guests at a small tea given in honor of the Ambassador from Ceylon. I must confess that I knew very little about that wonderfully exotic land until the afternoon of the tea, but what I learned from the Ambassador was enough to make me want to go there at once. It was to be expected that the Ambassador would have a good command of the English language, but I was thrilled with the perfection of his speech. Even though he could speak several other languages, he spoke English better than most Americans.

Don't you sometimes feel ashamed of our ineptness with languages? So few of us can speak any language other than our own. A few weeks ago I was entertaining a young man from Syria who is studying medicine here in Springfield. I asked him to speak briefly to some of our young people about the Arab-Jewish problem, and he gave an excellent speech in English even though he could speak two other languages better than English! His first language was Arabic, his second was French, and this third English. Recently a friend of mine from Switzerland visited us here in Springfield, and if he had been asked to do so, he could have given a fine speech in any one of four different languages.

I remember that when I was working with the YMCA during the last war out in Cairo, Egypt, I advertised in a local paper for a secretary, and I specified that the person applying for the position had to be able to speak five languages and had to be able to take shorthand dictation in at least two of the languages. You would have been amazed at the number of well-qualified applicants we had for the position.

The chief interest in the Driftmier home for the past three weeks has been our new dog. I really shouldn't say "new dog", for actually we have had him for four summers down at the cottage in the woods. He belonged to some friends of ours in the country but always spent his summers with us. Our friends had to move out to Ohio, and so they asked us to take the dog and keep him. On perhaps the worst day of the winter I drove down to Rhode Island and got him. What a trip that was! The back roads through the woods were filled with snowdrifts, and it took me several hours to make what would have ordinarily been a very short trip.

The dog had never been out of the woods in his life, but in just a few days he became quite well-adjusted to city living. Fortunately for the dog and for us, we live near a large city park where he has a wonderful time chasing rabbits and squirrels. Last week, however, he met his Waterloo. He started a fight with a dog three times his size and ended up in a hospital near the point of death. We brought him home yesterday well on his way to recovery, but it will be at



This comfortable looking house is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Driftmier in Clarinda, Iowa. Our own Driftmier family lived next door in 1917 — 1918.

least another week before he can run in the park.

For the past several months I have been kept busy interviewing young men for the position of assistant minister in my church. It so happens that there is a great shortage of clergymen today, and most of the young men just coming out of theological school have many wonderful opportunities for service. Right now a young clergyman can just about have his choice of churches in any state of the Union, and, as a matter of fact, there are official representatives of all the major denominations visiting our Eastern schools every week simply begging for men to come and work with them. No longer is it necessary for a clergyman just out of school to live on a meager salary, for the churches today are paying well to obtain good men.

A year ago I remember reading somewhere that the government predicted that the churches would spend the enormous sum of \$675 millions of dollars during the year 1955 for new church buildings, and at the time I simply refused to believe it. I didn't see how the churches could possibly spend that much money for building, but do you know what they actually did spend? Last year the churches spent \$760 millions of dollars for new buildings, and it is now predicted that during the year 1956 \$900 millions of dollars will be spent in the same way. Isn't that amazing and isn't it wonderful? And more wonderful still is the thought that there is no indication of any let up in the building. During the next ten years it is predicted that nearly \$7 billion dollars will be spent for new churches and enlarged church facilities.

If you have had the experience of flying over some of our large suburban areas, you know how many thousands and thousands of new homes are being built. A short time ago I looked out of the window of a plane at more new houses than I had ever seen at one time in my life. Just as far as the eye could see — and from 5,000 feet that is pretty far — there were new houses in all directions. We wonder where the people come from and what they all do for a living? In all of these large suburban areas new churches are being built, and the new churches need ministers, and that is why I have been having so much difficulty finding just the right man for work here at our church.

I wonder if you have any idea of

how much our church population has grown in recent years? Overall, church populations have outdistanced the increase in total population. In pre-war 1940, only 49% of all Americans were members of churches. But at the end of 1954, more than 60% were enrolled. In that same year total population increased 1.7% but church membership rose 2.8%, to a record 97.5 million persons. Attendance increases have matched the gain in memberships.

In my calling of the ministry, there are many opportunities to observe the strengths and frailties of human nature. Sometimes I see things that make me think there is nothing in all this world as wonderful as the charity and unselfishness of Christian people, and then at other times I see things that make me wonder at the small stature of man. I participated in a large interdenominational church meeting in a town some distance from my own, and at the meeting the person in charge made this announcement: "We are not going to take up an offering tonight, but as you leave the church and enter the parish house for the refreshments and social hour, won't you please leave a gift in a special plate that is on the table by the door. We have had many expenses, and are depending upon your generosity to meet them."

Well, do you know how much money those 200 people put in the little plate by the door? I don't know the exact amount, but I am certain it was not more than \$3.00. Things like that can be very depressing to a minister.

We are just finishing our annual financial drive here at South Church, and while it wasn't as successful as I would have liked, it had many fine features. I have been simply overwhelmed by the generosity of some of our people, particularly those in the very low income bracket. It is just as true now as it was in Jesus' day, that the people with the least give the most in terms of sacrifice. "The widow's mite" is still the chief source of income for a church — even the large city churches.

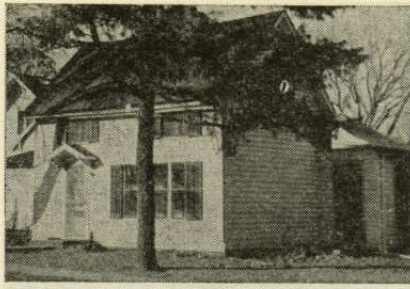
We often say that in this part of the country we never have a spring. We go from winter right into summer with just a few weeks of cold, cold rain in between. Yesterday I walked up to the corner and looked down from the cliff to the river below. Here and there on the wide stream there were ice floes coming down from the mountains further up the valley. When we see ice like that, we know that it won't be long now before the rains turn into sunshine of summer. While you in the West had so little rain, we out here were having enough to supply the whole nation. As a matter of fact, we still have bridges out and roads in frightful condition as a result of last year's floods. Every time I drive home from the office I am reminded of the floods when I have to make a detour around a large bridge here in the city that has not yet been put back into operation.

Betty joins me in wishing for all of you a Happy Easter.

Sincerely, Frederick

A SPRING SERVICE

By
Mildred Cathcart



This small, green-shuttered house, also in Clarinda, has fond associations for all of us because it is the Driftmier family home. Dad and his brothers and sisters all grew up here—it has been in the family for almost sixty years.

Spring is a time of gladness, of hope. Many clubs and church organizations wish to have something a little extra special for a Spring meeting, and this idea may be adapted to any group.

A vase filled with ferns or similar greenery should stand in the center of the table; tall white tapers burning on either side will help to dramatize the setting. In front of the vase large golden letters arranged in a semi-circle should spell out "S-P-R-I-N-G". (These may be cut from heavy cardboard, covered with gold foil or gilded, and anchored in a styrofoam base.) As each person tells what his letter stands for, he places a tulip or daffodil in the vase.

SPEAKER:

"The coming of the Spring time is truly a time of gladness. It seems once again as if the Lord is smiling upon our land and saying 'it is good!' Can we not hear his voice—'Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me; he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.'"

"S" "In Springtime surely the letter "S" shall be for singing." (Holds open Bible and reads Songs of Solomon 2:11 and 12) 'For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'

"P" "The letter "P" must stand for PROMISE. We sow and plant in faith because He shall give the increase." (Reads Ezekiel 34:26; 27) 'And I will make them and the places around about my hill a blessing and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessings and the tree of the field shall yield her fruit and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land.' (And in Deuteronomy 15 and 6 we read): 'For the Lord thy God blesseth thee as He promised thee.' (Places second flower)

"R" "R shall be for the spring time RAIN—the showers of blessings. From Deuteronomy 28 verse 1, 2, and 12 we have these promises of showers of blessings. 'If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth and all these blessings shall come on thee. The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season.'"

(Places flower for letter "R")
"I shall stand for INCREASE. We plant our seed in the springtime in partnership with God knowing that we must sow but He must give the increase. In

Leviticus 26 we read 'If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments, and do them, Then I will give you rain in due season and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. But if you will not hearken unto me and will not do all these commandments Your strength shall be spent in vain; for your land shall not yield her increase; neither shall the trees of the land yield their fruits.'

(Places flower above golden "I")
"N" "N shall stand for "NIGHT". We shall work in the day but night must come so that we may rest from our labors and sleep the rest of the just. In St. John 9 and 4 we read, 'I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work.'"

(Places flower above N)
"G" The last letter in Spring shall surely stand for GLADNESS. Winter has passed and again our earth is green. The birds have returned and there is life and song and gladness. With the Psalmist we sing. 'Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased. Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart.'

(Places flower for letter G.)

SPEAKER:

"So once again, with springtime returning to our land, we are glad. Let us make a joyful noise unto the Lord for He is good. He hath done marvellous things; Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all the earth, rejoice and sing praise."

It will be most effective if soft music is played throughout this short service.

IDEAS FOR APRIL PARTIES AN APRIL FOOL PARTY

The French say "April Fish" instead of "April Fool," the inference being that they are easily caught.

Let the guests find the front door locked and have to go around to the back door. Provide each guest with a dunce cap which must be worn during the evening.

You will be able to think of all kinds of April fool tricks. The more

of these you have, the more hilarious the party.

When it is time to serve refreshments, pass a plate upon which are slips of paper with numbers from one to nine. Each guest chooses three. The numbers stand for the following items: 1. glass of water, 2. empty glass, 3. toothpick, 4. sandwich, 5. cake, 6. candy, 7. coffee, 8. potato, 9. pickle. After a little fun over what each one drew, fill out the plates so that each has a sandwich, pickle, cake, ice cream, and coffee.

A FISHING CONTEST

1. A prolonged cry? Wail. (Whale).
2. A choir singer? Bass.
3. The mariner's dread? Rock.
4. It's awful slippery? Eel.
5. It's a good idea sometimes to come down off it? Perch.
6. An animal that has practically disappeared? Buffalo.
7. A persistent serenader? Cat.
8. A weapon of warfare? Sword.
9. What we are liable to do in deep mud? Flounder.
10. Mother's pride? Son (sun).
11. Sometimes they shoot? Star.
12. A censorious, complaining fish? Carp.
13. A household pet? Dog.
14. A swindler? Shark.

ANTS

1. What ant sees things? Observant.
2. What ant is angry? Indignant.
3. What ant hires his home? Tenant.
4. What ant is joyful? Jubilant.
5. What ant is trustworthy? Confidant.
6. What ant is an officer? Commandant.
7. What ant is the youngest? Infant.
8. What ant lives in a house? Occupant.

KNOW YOUR HATS

Give each guest a paper, cut in the shape of a sombrero hat, and a pencil. The following contest is written on the hat. Answers to be written opposite questions.

1. A canal. Panama.
2. What Columbus was. Sailor.
3. A tree. Fur.
4. A horse race. Derby.
5. A chicken. Leghorn.
6. Not seen, heard, or smelled. Felt.
7. Herdsmen. Cowboy.
8. Very small and close fitting. Turban.
9. Kind of tobacco. Plug.
10. Latest kind of hat. Nightcap.
11. Worn in Mexico. Sombrero.
12. An animal. Beaver.

SIGNS OF SPRING

Baseball bats and roller skates,
Marbles in a ring;
Jumping ropes and bubble gum,
Children in a swing;
Cuddly pups and kitten cats,
Robins on the wing—
Baby chicks and garden seeds
Are surest signs of Spring!
—Carlita Pedersen

Dear Friends:

Have you been looking for signs of green grass too? Every time I step outdoors to empty garbage or burn trash, I look carefully to see if I can find any signs of green showing through in the garden and yard.

As spring approaches I also start on a diet. Do you know what moves me to take action? The stores are full of spring dresses, such beautiful gay cottons, and after I've tried on a few in my usual size and find them too snug, I know I've put on the usual weight through the winter months. I set my goal last week and started counting calories! The first few pounds seem to drop right off with hardly any effort. Then I hit a plateau and stay there for a few days, then another trend downward. Most of us give up on that first plateau and say, "I just can't lose." If we stick to our diets and keep counting the calories we soon start losing again. The last time I went on a diet, I lost poundage too fast and therefore gained it back. This time I'm taking it more slowly and hope that I can keep it down. The hard part will come when I'm outdoors working around the yard for I know I'll have a tremendous appetite. Then I'll *really* have to use my will power.

Several of my friends are dieting, so we keep track of each other. When we feel like we might snitch, we call one another on the telephone for a little encouragement. You would be surprised how much this helps.

I've gone to a number of parties lately. I'll confess I did eat more than my allotment as far as calories are concerned too, but decided that I would eat my refreshments and enjoy them along with everyone else and make up for it the next day.

One of the parties was the Fiftieth Anniversary of an organization. I would like to tell you a few of the details, for it might be of help to some of you in case a similar situation arises.

The tables were placed in U shape. On the head table was a beautifully decorated cake in three tiers. On the top of the cake was the name of the organization. Around the sides were the dates of organization and the present date. There were pretty yellow roses and green leaves in icing. Candle holders which had been painted gold held white tapers. A gold ribbon was tied around the lower part of the candles and ran down the tables between the candles. Branches from shrubs had been sprayed with gold paint and made into beautiful low arrangements. The program consisted of skits and monologues dealing with past important events.

I went to a lovely spring tea recently. The table was laid with a lovely pastel colored cloth, covered with net. Little colored ribbon bows were sewn to the net. A large low crystal bowl was used as a centerpiece. In the center of it was a tall slim crystal vase. In the vase were some pink carnations and blue iris with ferns. Carnations were floating in the flat bowl. I never saw a more beautiful table. Ribbon sandwiches and fancy cookies and



Margery Strom, Martin and Oliver sit in their living room for a "tag-end of winter" picture in March, 1956.

mints were served with the tea and coffee.

This past month like so many of you parents of Cub Scouts, we attended a Blue and Gold dinner. Every family brought a fried chicken and enough potatoes baked in aluminum foil for each member of their family. Then each family was assigned another dish. We were asked to bring enough buttered rolls for our den and jelly. The dinner went off very smoothly and how nice the boys looked in uniform. (When Martin came home at noon he started laying out his uniform.) He was awarded an arrow point and the minute we came home we had to get it on his shirt. He is very proud of Cub Scouts and applies himself in the scout work. But I'm straying a little — The boys had been working at several meetings prior to the dinner making place cards and nut cups. Each den decorated their own table. One den used model cars and model airplanes they had made for elective points. Another den had a centerpiece of a balloon blown up with a face painted on it, a Cub Scout cap and kerchief around the neck. It was a very clever idea, I thought. I believe Cub Scouts plays a *very* important part in a young boy's life.

Aunt Martha spent the past week-end with us. We decided we wanted to sew so went right down town and picked out two pieces of material for summer skirts for me. The most unusual print is black and tan cotton with splashes of orange. It is a very attractive piece of material. I bought an inexpensive orange blouse to wear with it. The skirt is made very full. Instead of being gathered onto the waist band, we made overlapping pleats in groups of six, four groups in front and four groups in back. We finished this skirt during her visit. The next time she comes over we will make the other one which is black cotton with pink clover scattered over it. I picked this material especially to wear with a pink cotton sleeveless blouse I bought last summer.

Now that Martin is in older books we have been sorting over his many little story books. Our church has a missionary in Korea so these books will go to her. They are light in weight and will be easy to send. Also, if any of you have books to discard you might inquire at your local hospital to see if there is a need for them there. There is a system working here in Shenandoah in which club groups par-

ticipate. The librarian sorts out a few books every week or two and each month a different club is responsible for taking them to the hospital for patients and waiting rooms. The old books are then picked up and returned to the library.

When Aunt Martha was visiting with me we were mentioning my need for another lamp in the living room. She said she had "just the right one" packed away in the basement that she would lend me for the time being. It was without a shade but I found one that is just right. She says she will enjoy seeing it when she visits me.

We have word now that Mother and Dad have set their date for leaving Florida. We are all so eager for them to get home. I know that you have been anxious to hear Mother too — those of you who are within range of our voices. By the time this reaches you they will be home and settled down to their regular routine. It will be such a joy to us to see them suntanned and so well from soaking up the Florida sunshine. Mother writes that they have "never felt better".

Oliver, Martin and I are looking forward to visiting Frank, Dorothy and Kristin. Martin is hoping for a spring vacation from school so we can spend more than one day on the farm. Kristin hopes that when we come the wild flowers will be starting to bloom for she and Martin enjoy walking through the timber looking for them.

This spring we will replant most of our flowering shrubs. We grubbed out so many of them last fall that our foundation looks rather bare, but come another year or two we will have it all filled in again with plantings more of our choice. I think if I were going to specialize in any particular plantings it would be flowering shrubs. They are not only beautiful during the blooming season and green all summer, but in late winter cuttings can be brought in for forcing bloom. In that way we have a bit of spring in the house when the outdoors looks drab and gray.

In front of the shrubs, we are enlarging our border for annuals. When the tulips, daffodils and hyacinths are through blooming we will continue the display of color in that way. That ground has not been worked in years and years, so it will require special attention this summer.

This is ironing day for me and I've vowed that I will finish every last piece in the bag before this day is over.

Sincerely, Margery

GOOD NEWS

All of you who have gotten acquainted with Mildred Cathcart through the years will be happy to hear about an honor that has come to her.

Recently she received word that her book *Remember Thy Creator* won first prize in the Pre-School group for an annual award given by the National League of Pen Women. This award will be presented at the National convention held in April in Washington, D. C., and we are certainly hoping that Mildred will be able to attend and accept her honor in person.

OF APRIL AND EASTER AND BUNNIES AND SUCH

By
Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Where, oh! where, has the winter gone? Usually a few months linger long with ice and snow and cold, but this year the length of winter seems to be only a week or two. It has passed swiftly on twinkling baby feet, for it is surely the newest member of the family who is responsible for this happy state of affairs.

Craig has filled each day to overflowing with lively baby activities. Whatever he leaves untouched is promptly taken over by his two big brothers. Watching him develop is, of course, the favorite occupation of the entire family. Craig has grown from his husky 8 lbs. 1 oz. on December 20th to a chubby 13 lbs. 4 ozs. at eight weeks. Naturally his smiles and gurgles have the effect of gaining all needed attentions promptly, and sometimes from all four other members of the family at the same time.

We are convinced that this smallest of our boys has read the books. He is quietly eating, sleeping and developing according to Hoyle, Geselle and Spock. He placed himself on a perfect four-hour schedule. At the age of four weeks he began sleeping from 9 P.M. to 6 A.M., and he takes all food offered with great enthusiasm. He looks at his fists, the light, a bright red pillow and his brothers' laughing faces with equal interest. We take no credit for these easy adaptations. Craig just seemed to arrive with a happy and cooperative spirit! We simply stand back in amazement and appreciate the wonder of such a fine addition to our bustling household.

Plans for Easter are foremost in our minds at the present moment. The Easter egg tree may be a bit more elaborate than we've had before — at least, as elaborate as a six-year old can devise since the egg tree at our house is always created by the children. Our inspiration came from the excellent book, "The Egg Tree" written by Katherine Milhous. It is the story of a Pennsylvania Dutch family that made a beautifully decorated tree each Easter. On the back of the dust jacket are the words: "Perhaps you would like to make an Easter egg tree . . ." That is all the encouragement my youngsters needed. Of course they wanted to make such a tree!

Our first egg tree began when a peach branch was cut and brought into the house where we planted it in an oblong green planter which had been filled with sand. We twisted pink and green crepe paper circles on to the limbs to make them look less bare. (I'll confess that it took some imagination to turn them into leaves and flowers, but the effect was bright and pretty!)

The children enjoyed blowing out the eggs, dipping them in the bright colored dye and stenciling on pictures. Water color paints provided the medium for some highly original decorated eggs. Bobby kept drawing airplanes, cowboys and boats on his. They were



Clark Driftmier is old enough this year to keep a sharp eye out, along with Emily and Alison, for the Easter bunny!

his eggs to prepare as he pleased so no one suggested anything different. When the artistic work was completed we ran a long darning needle threaded with bright colored yarn through the hole. The ends of the yarn were tied off generously so a big bow could be used in fastening the egg to the tree. Pretty ribbons would be lovely, but we had the yarn so that is what we used.

On to the tree went plastic and cotton bunnies, several fluffy yellow chicks and a bright little bird. With cellophane grass around the base the little tree was a huge success.

The first year we made such an Easter egg tree Dulcie Jean was five and one-half years old and Bobby just past three. We saved Dulcie's pretty red pocketbook and Bobby's grown-up looking tie to hang on the tree Easter Sunday morning. At the base we tucked a new box of colors and a spring coloring book.

When I was placing these gifts I had a twinge of conscience. Was I trying to make another Christmas for the children? But when I saw the happy surprise on their faces and the joy they had with these simple gifts I knew that it is of such moments that memories are made. We've held tight rein on the choice of a surprise, but each spring we now have a family tradition of placing a small gift for each of the children under the egg tree.

On that first Easter with a tree Dulcie Jean looked at the gifts and asked with a twinkle in her eye, "Did the Easter bunny bring them?"

"What do you think?" I queried.

"I think it's just like the candy eggs we find in the little nests in the yard. We pretend that the bunny brings them because it's fun that way."

Of course, this is only a small part of the exciting season of spring. The real meaning of Easter can become a part of the child if we start at his level of understanding. We don't need

to concern ourselves with deep theological discussions. Stories about Palm Sunday, for instance, are readily understood: a parade, a holiday, a laughing group of people who were glad to see their friend Jesus. The small book "Hossana to the King" by Muriel Chalmers tells the story for youngsters in an excellent way.

The details of Holy week are difficult for very young children to comprehend. In fact, if we try to explain in too great detail we may lead a little child into a feeling of horror at the injustice of the world. As adults we know that Easter is a happy time of victory for we can see beyond the Cross of Resurrection morning. Most realistic presentations on television are geared to adult viewing and hold little value for small children. It is certainly most difficult for children to learn that Jesus is a kind and loving friend, and then watch Him killed by inhuman men.

Did you know that the very word Easter comes from an old Saxon word which means Spring? So Easter is in reality all around us . . . in growing flowers, in leaf buds, in pussy willows, in watching a tulip grow from a seemingly dead brown bulb, in seeing a tiny chicken come from an egg — these are miracles a child can see. The more of this feeling of the wonder of renewed life that a child can have, the closer he comes to the real meaning of Easter. The fun of bunnies and eggs and flowers goes then into the proper perspective.

Ways should be found in which children can share the spirit of Easter. Making colored eggs to share with someone who is old or ill gives purpose to making them beyond one's own enjoyment. Youngsters can help create the centerpiece and the Easter dinner. Older children can be the bunny and prepare the nests and eggs for the hunt.

While our first responsibility to our children is to give them an opportunity to know the wonder of life, the second is to give them a chance to share the enjoyment of the season and the third is to draw from this Easter time the consistency of nature in the midst of change.

Seasons don't mean too much when a child is very small, but he does know that night follows day and day comes after night. The moon has a predictable time schedule. Baby chickens always come from eggs. Plants always come from seeds and bulbs. It is this very dependability of nature that gives security to the child in the universe just as parental love, always constant, gives him security at home.

When we teach a child to see constancy in the world in which he lives we are sowing the seeds of understanding of the love of God and the great gift of His Son. Then soon, when they are old enough, they come to realize the great promise of everlasting life given by Jesus in His death and resurrection.

What better foundation for faith can we give a child than to teach him to love the springtime, to share its glories and to recognize the dependability of God's creation!

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This afternoon I've been going through a huge box of old pictures, and my! what jewels I have unearthed! If you've ever dug through a comparable collection of old snapshots and portraits you'll know exactly what I mean.

One of these snapshots strikes me as being the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life and I wouldn't take anything for it. It dates back to 1942 and if it were sharp enough for a cut I'd just print it right here on this page, but it isn't — and the negative is gone so we can't see if anything better could be turned out from it. But perhaps you can visualize it when I describe what happened.

On July 4th, 1942, Dorothy, Frank, Russell and I and a mutual friend drove up into the mountains outside of Saugus, Calif. for a picnic. We found a beautiful trout stream with a rickety footbridge leading to the tiniest little island imaginable—probably not more than fifteen feet wide and long. There was just enough room for the five of us to crowd on and spread out our lunch, and since we were surrounded by rushing water on all sides we thought that we'd never had a more unusual place to picnic.

Russell's camera has an automatic device on it — he can set this for 30 seconds and then it will click all by itself. We suddenly decided that we wanted a picture of our island picnic, so Russell went across the footbridge, set up his tripod with the camera on it, and then told all of us to pose nicely and give him a big smile. We obeyed his instructions, and then he set the automatic timer and made a wild, running leap across the footbridge intending to get back and pose with us before the camera clicked.

What really happened was that he lost his balance and fell into the water behind us, so when the timer clicked he was struggling out of the water and had grabbed ahold of me to pull himself up. I was so startled by the suddenness of all this that I have my mouth wide open in a wild scream. BUT, Dorothy, Frank and Eleanor are all posed calmly with handsome smiles totally oblivious to the plight that Russell and I are in! They simply didn't have time to register what was happening before the camera clicked. Believe me, you couldn't get a shot like that again in a million years! Every time I look at it I laugh until I cry.

This picture sorting is part of spring housecleaning, and surely I have a lot of company in thinking that the whole house looks just plain awful by the end of March. Both our gold dining room drapes and the heavy red woolen drapes in the living room are overdue for a trip to the cleaners, but I think we'll put up with the winter's grime just a little longer because I certainly don't want to have the furnace grinding away indefinitely after they are freshly cleaned. The same reasoning applies to the carpet in both rooms. We can no longer defer a professional cleaning job for these carpets, but at the same time I don't want a lot of



Our girls are growing up! Juliana's 13th birthday party.

spring mud tracked in on them. I told Russell this morning that I was simply going to close my eyes to both the drapes and carpets until May 1st — and that I could only hope all callers would be tolerant and charitable.

Juliana was thirteen years old on February 25th, and to observe the fact that she had moved into her teens we had a buffet dinner for fifteen girls. As all of these poised young girls arrived I looked back through the years and could scarcely believe that they were the same ones who had come here timidly, a package clutched firmly in one hand while the other hand grabbed for mama's skirts, in the days before kindergarten!

If you are planning a party for a girl of this age it might help you to know how we managed. Juliana's invitations (written entirely by herself) said 5:30 to 9:00, and right on the dot of 5:30 everyone arrived. After a little time for visiting we had the picture taken that you can see on this page, and then we opened activities with a balloon relay.

Juliana and Kristin had blown up the big balloons in advance, and each girl was given one after the crowd had been divided into two teams. At the far end of the living room we placed two chairs, and when the race began a girl from each team ran across the room with the balloon in her teeth, put it down on the chair, and then sat on it and burst it. At no time was anyone permitted to touch the balloon with her hands, and I can assure you that it's quite a feat to balance a balloon on a chair with only your teeth! This made for wild hilarity and so much screaming that I'm sure the neighbors a block away must have heard it.

After this the girls went upstairs because we had to clear out the living room so we could set up four card-tables. Juliana had made all of the place-cards and attached them to little animal favors; she had also prepared a diagram of the seating arrangement that her Aunt Dorothy used as the tables were set up. (I was moving around so fast in the kitchen about that time that it was a great comfort to have Dorothy at hand!)

While the girls were upstairs they played two pencil-and-paper games. The first was the old, but perennially interesting game of seeing who could make the most words from the letters: "Happy Birthday, Juliana." They had 15 minutes for this. Then Juliana distributed a magazine to each girl with a list of things to look for in a 15

minute time period. (This list included such items as a house, mother and baby, a dog, can of cleanser, a cake, etc.)

By the time they had finished all of this the food was arranged on the table in the dining room and the girls came downstairs. I'd saved our Christmas turkey for this occasion and it was carved and ready to go on a large platter. I also served mashed potatoes, gravy, frozen peas buttered, hot rolls, grape jelly, fruit salad and relishes. On each table we had a glass of fruit punch, rolls, jelly, butter, relishes and an individual portion of salad. But the girls served themselves for the other things.

We had a pink taper on each table and played soft music on the phonograph while they ate. (They thought that all of this was very glamorous and romantic!) Fully an hour later they were ready for dessert and we brought on the big birthday cake, ice cream and salted nuts. I made the three-layer anniversary cake and Juliana decorated it beautifully — she has more of a knack for this than I have and really turned out a professional looking job.

It will amuse you to know that I ran out of potatoes and peas! I peeled a peck of potatoes and it never occurred to me in my wildest dreams but what this would be ample. I based my calculations on the fact that two years ago when we had a birthday dinner I had enough left-over to serve a complete meal to ten children. I never have gotten over the fact that on that occasion two of the girls didn't even *pick up their silverware!* Well, many changes take place in two years, I've found, and this time I actually ran out of potatoes and peas. Also, I had served *forty-eight* hot rolls and there were only three left! So if you're planning food for a crowd of this age, I can only hope that you figure more accurately than I figured.

After we were all through with dinner we played monopoly and canasta, and the girls seemed to enjoy it very, very much. We were happy that Kristin could be here — as Dorothy mentioned in her letter, only once in all of these years have the girls missed celebrating Juliana's birthday together.

I am still cross-stitching away on the Farmer's Arms sampler. My goodness but that has a lot of work on it! The original instructions called for about twenty different shades of thread, but this is going in a room where only two colors are used: blue and red, so that's what I'm sticking to throughout. I surely hope that I can get it done before many more months pass.

I'm headed for the postoffice this very minute — and I hope I'll find a good long letter from you.

As always . . . Lucile

SPEAKING OF CHILDREN

I shout till I can scarcely speak
To get them up all through the week;
But Saturday when I am deep
Within the loving arms of sleep,
They rise without a single yawn
At dawn!

—Carlita Pedersen

"3-D" PANORAMA A JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

By Mabel Nair Brown

The Junior-Senior banquet is certainly the one big event of the school year when no amount of work, frills or furbelows seems appalling to the students who must do it! They start laying their plans far in advance, and if you've ever had a boy or girl who was on a committee for such an affair you know that you see mighty little of them the last few days before the banquet. New ideas are hard to come by, so perhaps this "3-D Panorama" will just fill the bill for committees who are wracking their joint brains.

The invitations might be written on white correspondence cards using an ink in one of the senior class colors. To each card can be attached a miniature pair of "3-D" glasses. Cut the frames for these from white construction paper and use colored cellophane for the lens. Tie to the card with ribbon in the class colors.

Decorations offer limitless possibilities. Play up the "3-D" premiere idea by having large flood lights (or spot lights, if flood lights are unavailable) playing on the entrance door to the banquet hall. If a loud-speaker system is available it would be fun to have it hidden, along with the person who is to do the speaking, and have an announcement of each guest made as the people arrive. Try to get a student (or teacher) with a sense of humor so that a constant flow of comment, typical of such affairs, can be made.

From fancy foil or metallic papers make a huge arch above the doorway that reads: "NOW SHOWING—THE GREAT PANORAMA!"

If a separate room is available where guests can go to remove their wraps, so much the better; but if not, screen off a portion of the banquet room to serve as a lobby. This can be decorated with large signs painted and lettered to resemble the advance notices that are always hung in a theater lobby. These should be scenes painted to represent the occupations which various seniors will be pursuing in ten or fifteen years. For instance, one might read: "Hear Mary Black in her grand premiere at the Metropolitan! Get your reserved seats today!" The illustration might show a sketch or water color of a woman seated at a grand piano. You can see how the students with artistic leanings could really "go to town" on these posters, and there is always such a variety of future plans in any senior group that they wouldn't lack for ideas.

Here in the lobby the seniors can be met by the juniors who are dressed as hat check girls. Official looking check slips for wraps and hats should be issued. At the proper time junior boys, dressed to resemble ushers (brass buttons and gold braid could be quickly sewn on suit jackets) can escort the seniors to their places in the banquet room.

The walls of the banquet room itself should be decorated with more of the large posters such as were suggested

for the lobby. Perhaps you can relieve the "bare, formal look" of the usual hall by placing large screens across the corners. More posters can be fastened to them. Probably your local florist will be gracious enough to loan his potted palms, and these would add a great deal. Baskets of spring flowers would also add atmosphere—and flowers are always in evidence at a Hollywood premiere!

Centerpieces might be replicas of the large movie cameras, the kind we've all seen swing toward us with their big eyes (lens) when we go to the movies. The boys in manual training will be able to come up with good ideas on this, and they'll probably be able to fashion the tripods on which they should stand. A cardboard replica of the famous M-G-M lion could stand at the base of the tripod.

The nut cups can have a pair of 3-D spectacles attached to them. Use ink in the class colors to write the name of the guests on a square of white cardboard; this can be placed directly in front of the nut cup. Additional color on the tables can be gained if cellophane in the class colors is stapled on to cover the nut cups.

The program can resemble the large camera in shape; lens can be sketched on with contrasting crayon. In the camera lens draw a tiny picture indicating the future occupation of the particular person for whom the program is intended. If it's at all possible, see if you can get a baby picture of each guest without any of the seniors discovering that this project is underway. (Warn all mothers to secrecy!) This can be pasted on the inside with a sketch underneath dated ten years hence—thus showing at one quick glance what changes there have been since the past, and will be in the future.

Each committee will have to work out its own program to fit the size of the group involved, but turn to some of the well known terms of movie making to title the various speeches and solos. For instance, the senior who responds for his class can have his speech titled: "The Year's Greatest Hit". Group singing can be designated as "On Stage, Everybody". "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" could well serve as the theme music of the affair. A good recording of this could be played in the back-ground, interspersed with other popular "dream" songs that all students know.

Foods on the menu can be given movie terms such as: Flood Lights, Extras, Stand-ins, Stars, Scripts, Start-it-Rolling, Test Runs, Promoters, etc.

Most young people are very familiar with the movies. Once they are turned loose with this basic idea they can solve any problem involved!

MORE SMALL TALK

By Margaret Barnett

Are you wondering what on earth to give to your friend who just had a baby? Be different and skip the frills. The new mother usually gets an oversupply of beautiful little dresses and darling little suits. Babies grow like weeds in their first six

months, and anyway they spend most of their time decked out in shirts and didies. Practical clothing in larger sizes is welcome. Or you could fix up an attractive gift box of all sorts of baby foods for later use. Crib sheets, mattress pads, waterproof panties, sleeping bags, terrycloth pajama-bootee sets—all these things are most useful and a mother won't mind getting duplicates. You know the best idea of all? Ask your friend what she'd like.

* * *

Jealousy of a new baby is almost inevitable from a first child, but it helps a lot to include him in plans for his potential brother or sister. You probably have a lot of outgrown baby garments that you'll want to use again. Get them out well ahead of time. Our Davie loved seeing his baby clothes and playing with them and then helping me wash and put them away in plastic wrapping material for future use. It's hard for a child to visualize how tiny and helpless the new baby will be, but comparison to the clothing he wears now is helpful.

* * *

The baby is crying and you can't figure out the language. Maybe he's lonely and wants a smile and some chit-chat. Maybe he's bored. Try giving him different textures of brightly-colored cloth to feel, or measuring spoons to play with. Elaborate toys are aimed at adults—baby would be just as contented with a peanut butter jar lid!

At one point in our Frankie's young life I was startled with the realization that he was just plain hungry! Babies are not gluttons, but they need even more food than a toddler because they're growing so fast. Before you know it, they're twice as big as they were a few weeks ago and need more to eat. As a rule, you can let them have as much as they seem to want of easily digestible foods of suitable texture.

* * *

Birthday parties for small children ought to be very simple. You have to have a cake with candles and "Happy birthday to you" is mandatory and each young guest should have a favor to carry home. Add ice cream and paper hats and an early departure time and that's about enough. Sometimes we get so involved in trying to impress the other parents that we forget the party is supposed to be fun for the children.

* * *

I'd like to recommend a lovely book for your children or any children you want to please. It's beautifully written, charmingly illustrated and a long-range sort of book that you'll enjoy reading to the little ones and they'll enjoy reading to themselves when they learn how. It's Tenggren's *Cowboys and Indians*, a Giant Golden Book published by Simon and Schuster. You won't just read it once or twice. I predict that it will become dog-eared over the years.

You can always tell a well-informed man because his views are always the same as yours.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

GRAND PRIZE WINNER LEMON CUSTARD PIE

Baked rich pastry shell for 9-inch pie tin or 8-inch deep berry pie plate.
3 egg whites
5 Tbls. sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites until stiff, adding sugar and vanilla gradually to make meringue. Spread bottom and sides of cooled, baked shell with whipped meringue. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for 15 minutes or until slightly browned. Cool thoroughly. Prepare lemon custard.

LEMON CUSTARD

2 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
1 1/4 cups warm water
Grated rind and juice of one lemon
3/4 cup sugar
1 Tbls. butter
3 egg yolks

Combine cornstarch, warm water, grated lemon rind and juice, sugar and butter in top of double boiler. Cook until thick. Beat egg yolks and add very slowly to hot mixture, being careful not to curdle mixture. Cook a few minutes longer. Remove from heat and cool thoroughly.

Just before serving, pour cooled lemon custard on top of meringue in pastry shell. Top with whipped cream.

This recipe by Mrs. Dorothy Rider of Loveland, Colo. won first prize last year in the Denver Post Cooking Contest. Mrs. Rider is a Kitchen-Klatter friend who lived formerly in Abilene, Kansas.

SALMON PINWHEELS

1 1-lb. can salmon
1/4 cup soft bread crumbs
1 Tbls. chopped onion
3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
1/4 cup chopped olives
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 Tbls. chili sauce
2 eggs

Recipe Baking Powder Biscuits

Combine salmon, crumbs, onion, butter, olives, Worcestershire sauce and chili sauce. Beat eggs; add. Roll biscuit dough into rectangle 1/4 inch thick on lightly floured board. Spread with salmon mixture and roll up. Slice and bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees for about 30 minutes. I like to pour a rich, buttery cream sauce with lots of pimiento in it over the pinwheels to serve. Slightly diluted Cream of Mushroom soup heated and served over the pinwheels is good also.

TAVERN HAMBURGERS

2 lbs. hamburger
3/4 cup catsup
1 onion
1/2 cup water
2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 or 2 tsp. of chili powder
Salt to taste

Grind onion, add seasonings and water and cook for 10 minutes. Then add meat and cook for 20 additional minutes. Put between toasted buns. Very tasty.

CHOCOLATE-CHIP TORTE

2 beaten egg yolks
2 1/2 Tbls. sugar
2/3 cup milk
Dash of salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1 Tbls. unflavored gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
2 beaten egg whites
2 1/2 Tbls. sugar
1/2 cup coarsely chipped semi-sweet chocolate
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Beat egg yolks and sugar; add milk and salt. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring. Add vanilla and gelatine, softened in water. Chill until partially set. Fold in egg whites beaten with remaining sugar. Fold in chocolate. Pour into graham cracker crust and chill until firm. Spread with cream and sprinkle with more chocolate chips. When you serve this I guarantee that everyone will ask for the recipe.

SURPRISE TOMATO ASPIC

2 cans tomato juice
2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
Salt and pepper to season
3 chopped hard-cooked eggs
1 cup chopped cooked ham
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup sliced ripe olives
2 Tbls. chopped onion
1 Tbls. sweet pickle relish
Dissolve the gelatin in a little cold water. Heat the juice and dissolve gelatin in it. Cool slightly and fold in the remaining ingredients. Pour into individual ring molds and chill. Serve on greens with mayonnaise.

CREAMED CABBAGE AND DRIED BEEF

4 ozs. dried beef
3 cups cooked chopped cabbage
1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
1 cup soft bread crumbs
Butter or margarine
Shred beef; cover with hot water; drain. Combine beef, cabbage and sauce; pour into greased baking dish. Top with crumbs; dot with butter or margarine. Bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes.

PORK CHOPS, EN CASSEROLE

Roll pork chops in flour and add salt and pepper. Brown in hot fat. Place in casserole and sprinkle with sage and minced onion. Cover with milk and bake in 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes.

PARTY PIE FOR CLUB Meringue

6 egg whites (room temperature)
3/4 tsp. cream of tartar
Pinch of salt
3/4 tsp. Kitchen Klatter vanilla
1 1/2 cups white sugar

Beat egg whites, salt, cream of tartar and vanilla together in electric mixer until it forms stiff peaks. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture is thick and heavy. Spread in greased glass baking dish, 10 x 14 inches and bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes in a very slow oven, about 225 degrees. Let cool in pan and spread with cooled topping. Refrigerate or keep in a cool place, covered, overnight.

Filling

6 egg yolks
3/4 cup sugar
Pinch of salt
1/2 cup crushed pineapple, not drained
4 Tbls. lemon juice

Mix all together and cook over hot water until thickened. This is the filling that is to be spread over the meringue. Top with a layer of whipped cream just before serving. If you do not have the large glass baking dish to use, you may use two smaller glass baking dishes, such as the ones that are 8 x 8 inches or large glass pie dishes. In that case, the meringues will require a shorter baking time, about 1 hour. This recipe will serve about 15 to 18 persons.

SWEDISH FANCIES

1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
1 Tbls. heavy cream
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

13/4 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup blanched ground almonds
1/2 package chocolate chips, ground

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the cream and vanilla. Sift and add the flour mixture with ground nuts and ground chocolate. Form into long rolls and wrap in waxed paper to chill. Slice thin and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet for 8 to 10 minutes in a 375 degree oven. This will make approximately 6 dozen cookies.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE

3 eggs
4 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
1 cup grated raw apple
2 cups milk, scalded
Cinnamon or nutmeg

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, salt, lemon rind and apple. Add milk and force mixture through sieve. Pour into unbaked 9-inch pastry shell. Sprinkle top with cinnamon or nutmeg or a little of both. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to low, 300 degrees, and bake 30 minutes longer or until a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

(Perfect for those first spring vegetables)

Beat 3 egg yolks until very light. Add 1/2 tsp. salt. Melt 1/4 lb. butter or margarine and heat 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice. Alternately, a little at a time, add the butter or margarine and lemon juice to the egg yolks, beating constantly and very fast. Then, still beating, dribble in 2 Tbls. boiling water. Before using, let the hollandaise heat to lukewarm by standing on top of a warm oven or in a pan of warm water. (Lucile: I've never yet had a failure with this. It's marvellous with green beans or asparagus.)

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

1 cup sour cream
1 Tbls. minced onion
2 Tbls. vinegar
1/4 tsp. salt
Pepper
1/4 tsp. sugar

Mix together carefully and fold in 1/2 cup of salad dressing.

CAKE CASUALTIES

By
Erma Reynolds

Is your kitchen a scene of cake casualties? Here's a listing of some of the more common calamities that can befall a cake and the possible causes of the trouble:

FALLEN CAKE:

Insufficient baking
Oven too cool
Too much sugar
Too much shortening or leavening (if it's a butter cake)

COARSE CAKE:

Too much flour; or the use of bread flour rather than pastry flour. Be sure to sift flour before measuring.

Overbeaten whites (if it's a sponge or angel cake)

Insufficient creaming

UNDERSIZE CAKE:

Underbeaten or overbeaten egg whites

Over-mixed ingredients

Oven too hot

Cake removed from pan before cooling.

STICKY CRUST:

Too much sugar

Insufficient baking

TOUGH CRUST:

Oven too hot

Overbeaten batter. Beating should be done before the dry and liquid ingredients are combined. After they are in, stir gently to blend but don't beat unless the directions so specify.

Underbeaten whites (if a sponge or angel cake)

CRACKED TOP:

Too much flour

Oven too hot

COMPACT TEXTURE:

Overbeaten batter

Too little sugar

Too much shortening or liquid

CAKE BREAKS APART:

Insufficient mixing

SOGGY BOTTOM:

Underbeaten yolks

Insufficient mixing

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HUNGARIAN SWEET-SOUR CARROTS

2 bunches carrots
1 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. butter
1/2 cup vinegar
3/4 cup sugar
1 Tbls. chopped parsley
Wash and scrape carrots and cut into strips. Place in saucepan, cover with water, add salt and cook until just tender. Drain and add butter, vinegar and sugar. Cook slowly until transparent. Serve hot. Garnish with chopped parsley.

ANGEL CUP CAKES

1/2 cup milk
2 Tbls. butter
1 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
4 egg whites
Heat milk and butter. Add sugar, salt and flour sifted with baking powder (sift twice). Whip egg whites light and fold in last. Bake in gem pans or paper cups. These are nice with just powdered sugar sifted over the top.

SPICY PECAN REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

2 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 cup chopped pecans
Sift flour, soda, cream of tartar, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla and beat well. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture. Add nuts and mix well. Shape into rolls and wrap in waxed paper. Chill until firm, usually in 3 hours. Slice about 1/4 inch thick. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for about 8 to 10 minutes.

When a man dies, the people say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels, as they bend over his grave, inquire, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"—From the Arabian.



DOROTHY'S NEW COOKY RECIPE SOUNDS GOOD

Dear Friends:

The other day in my mail I had a letter from a Kitchen-Klatter reader who wanted to know why I had never mentioned who our Lucas County, Superintendent of Schools is now that Mrs. Gladys Kiburz is no longer here. I was surprised because I didn't realize that I hadn't told you about it at the time.

Leonard Haase has been our county superintendent for a year and a half. He came here from Donnellson, Iowa where he was the superintendent of schools for several years, and I'm sure that many of our readers have become acquainted with him at some time or other during his many years of school work in Iowa. The girl who wrote to me had gone to school to both Mr. and Mrs. Haase at Donnellson and she had heard that Mr. Haase was now in Chariton and she wondered if I was working for him in the office. As I said in a recent letter, I still go in one day a week and it has been a pleasure to work with Mr. Haase. Mrs. Haase is teaching in the Chariton High School and their ten-year-old daughter, Mary Ann, is in the 6th grade room at the Alma Clay building where Kristin goes to school.

The weather here the past three days has been perfectly beautiful, with the thermometer climbing up into the 60's. It makes you feel that you should really be out getting the yard cleaned up and start thinking about the garden. Kristin and I were talking just yesterday about the terrible snowstorm we had in March of 1950. It was the second Monday in March, to be exact, because it was school election day. Our rural schools were closed for a week because we were all snowbound. Yes, I'm afraid we could still have lots of winter before time to make garden.

Kristin and I went to Shenandoah last week-end for Juliana's 13th birthday. In thirteen years Kristin has missed just one birthday celebration with Juliana, and that was Juliana's second birthday when she was in San Francisco and Kristin was in Hollywood. Kristin's gift to Juliana was a red and white checked gingham skirt I had made. It is a circle skirt with a big white broadcloth heart for a pocket. Across the front of the skirt near the hemline I wrote in very large letters with baby white rick-rack the words "I love you". Both the writing and the pocket would have shown up much better on a plain red material, but it shows up enough and she loved it and that is what counts.

Kristin has a new skirt also. I finished it last night and she wore it to school today. The material is a turquoise and brown printed cotton and I don't know what the design is, whether it is Persian, Egyptian, Indian or what — all I know is that I think it is beautiful. It is double



One of these days Kristin is going to be as tall as her mother, Dorothy Johnson. They made a trip down for Juliana's 13th birthday party.

pleated all around which makes it real full. The waistband is wide and has belt loops of the material so that she can wear her wide turquoise blue leather belt with it. She wore her white blouse with it this morning and looked real "Springy". She also has a pink blouse which will be lovely with it.

I made an icebox cookie the other day that everyone just loves so I thought you might like to have the recipe. I must tell you a little joke about it first. When the first pan full came out of the oven the other morning our neighbor, George MacDonald was here so I put the cookies in a sack and told him to take them home to his wife for dinner. The next morning he came down and said his wife sent him to get the recipe for the cookies I had sent home with him yesterday. He grinned and said that when he left here he had to drive several miles on another errand before he went home and all the way there he kept dipping into the sack of cookies. When he got home there was just one cookie left in the sack and the small sample that she had had was good enough that she wanted some more.

BROWN SUGAR COOKIES

Cream together—1 c. shortening (I used fresh lard)
2 cups brown sugar

Add—2 eggs well beaten
Sift together and add:
3 1/2 cups flour
2 t. cream of tartar
1 t. soda
1 t. salt

Add—1 t. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1 t. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
1 c. chopped dates
1 c. nuts

This batter is very stiff. Form into rolls and put into the icebox. Slice off to bake.

When I made these I needed them right away, so I just rolled the dough into balls and pressed down with a fork.

Frank got two more beavers in his traps last week before the season closed. He has pulled his traps up

now and put them away until next year. He has been busy this week cutting green hickory wood for one of the lockers in town. They use it for smoking hams and bacon.

Frank will be in before long for dinner and I haven't even thought about what we will have. It will have to be something easy and quick because I must be at the schoolhouse early this afternoon for my parent-teacher conference. Kristin has been waiting all week for this day because the six weeks was over last Friday, but when there are to be parent-teacher conferences the report cards are held and given to the parent instead of the child. We will stay in town until train time because Kristin is going to Allerton tonight on the train to spend the week-end with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond. Frank and I are going to drive down for her Sunday in time for dinner.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today, I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle my whole life problem at once. I can do something for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt that I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

Just for today I will be happy, enjoying the blessings that are mine.

Just for today I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires.

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

Just for today I will exercise my soul by doing somebody a good turn.

Just for today I will have a program. I may not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I will save myself from two pests: hurry and indecision.

Just for today I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, talk low, act courteously, criticize not one bit.

Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful and to believe that as I give to the world, so the world will give to me.

Just for today I will have a quiet half-hour all by myself and relax. During this half-hour I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

—Selected

FIRST MEADOW LARK

First Meadow Lark with whistle gay,
That paused to greet me this fine day,
Your cheery whistle is a flute,
To rival any minstrel's lute.
But will you whistle when it's dark
First Meadow Lark?

You whistle gaily all day long,
And bid my every care be gone,
But with the night your song is hushed,
And even if my heart is crushed,
'Tis I, must whistle in the dark,
First Meadow Lark!

—Lula Lamme

A PRETZEL for EASTER

By Hallie M. Barrow

Turkey for Thanksgiving, a goose for Christmas and a pretzel for Easter!

About the twelfth century, no other food was as closely connected to a holiday as were pretzels to Lent and Easter. In chronicles at Tyrol, Switzerland, a reference is made to the practice in effect in 1132; everyone taking communion was to receive pretzels, eight for each male communicant and five for each woman. In Bohemia, the day before the first Lenten Sunday, strings of pretzels were fastened to the fruit trees to make them bear heavily. There were even Palm pretzels for Palm Sunday.

Research shows us that the queer shape of the pretzel is due to a religious custom. Back in the early centuries, the old monks made and distributed pretzels to the children and very poor on fete days. The pretzel shape is supposed to represent the arms crossed in supplication, a religious symbol. Now the churches no longer hand out pretzels on fete days, so if you wish to follow this old tradition you will have to serve them at home.

Will you make them in your own kitchen? Well, of all the recipes given over radio, television and in magazines, did you ever see a recipe for making pretzels? Really, the recipe itself is simple, but it takes two months of constant practice before an amateur can become an average pretzel bender! Putting the hole in the doughnut is child's play compared to putting that double twist in the pretzel.

This double twist is not the only feature of the lowly pretzel that makes it possible to trace it back through the centuries . . . the method of its manufacture is just the same. Crackers and breadstuffs have undergone many changes in forms and formulas, but pretzels are made in our pretzel bakeries today almost exactly as they were in the heyday of the Roman Empire. Pretzels are still first boiled in a potash solution prior to baking, although of course the modern baker obtains his potash by a much simpler method than pouring water through hard wood ashes and then waiting for it to leach through as the monks did.

This interesting pretzel history might always have remained a secret in dusty archives were it not for the fact that during the first World War their sale nearly ceased. That very important figure, "Public Opinion", almost gave the pretzel industry its death blow. Many people thought that pretzels were served only in German beer gardens and almost overnight they imagined they could plainly see on each pretzel that forbidden trademark: "Made in Germany." You could not be a 100 percent American and munch a pretzel!

The blow fell hardest on the state of Pennsylvania because nearly every single pretzel served in this country came from the Pretzel State, Pennsylvania. Nearly every town supported a pretzel bakery and the pretzel bakery supported nearly everyone in the town. Here, pretzel baking was considered an art. Here was followed the

Old World custom of a trade being handed down from father to son. All members of large families, from one generation to the next, were engaged in some step of the pretzel industry.

Historical records were found to prove that the pretzel was not an invention of German brewers, and an educational and advertising campaign was waged so successfully that a national appetite was changed. Correct information about the interesting religious and romantic history of pretzels, plus its American manufacture, was put before the public in every way possible. Eventually at a national food distributors' convention in Chicago, pretzels, along with mayonnaise, were listed as among the most popular foodstuffs.

Today, pretzels have become so popular that they are made commercially in the form of sticks, Slim Jims, fish, animals, alphabet letters, etc. But the real article, the pretzel with the double twist, is still pretty largely made and bent by hand; a good pretzel bender is able to do thirty per minute — it makes you dizzy to watch him.

And now that we have had proved for us that the pretzel is not a saloon habitué but just good plain food, let's visit a pretzel bakery. (There are now some outside Pennsylvania.) If you think you use care in making angel food cake, meringues and souffles, just note the extreme care the pretzel baker uses. Of course, the manager came from York, Pennsylvania, and he certainly knows his pretzels!

We start on the loading docks where train loads of a very specially selected flour are unloaded. After many tests as to its fitness, these sacks of flour must season six weeks, and from now on no expense is spared to keep every inch of air pure. Even in this storeroom for flour, both temperature and humidity are under control; the sacks are piled twenty in a unit and each unit rests on a board base with a free circulation of pure, sweet air between, over and under each unit.

The next storeroom is kept at a much lower temperature, for here the lard and butter are delivered daily. The use of various substitutes for shortening is universal today, but not for the pretzel baker. He calls for the best lard on the market and his butter must score at least ninety.

Next is a room with a huge boiler affair which softens the water that is used for making the pretzel dough. If you submit the idea that possibly pretzels could be made with ordinary water, this Pennsylvanian shrugs off your ignorance. He explains that in this particular city there is just a trace of too much magnesium in the water. It does not affect its drinking qualities but would never do for his pretzels. Oh, never!

The day's baking program is made out each morning by the master baker and the exact amount of raw materials elevated to the mixing room on the top floor. The temperature of the flour is taken and the soft water run hot or cold accordingly, as the sponge dough must not vary a degree when mixing is completed. Yeast is added to the sponge and, in huge vats, the sponge

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is rolled into the proof-room to raise or "proof". The baker takes no chances, as does the home bread-maker, on luck, unseasonable weather or wrong temperature. He controls all conditions. The air is always the same in the proof-room and our attention is called to thermostats and hygrometers and particularly to an apparatus which "washes" the air for this room!

The sponge is next taken to huge mixers and more water, flour and shortening are added. Then the dough is placed in large troughs, covered with cloths and allowed to age again. It moves next into the twisting room where it is run through a rolling machine that cuts the dough in small hunks, rolls these hunks into a strip just long enough for a pretzel and delivers the strips on a moving belt down between two rows of expert pretzel benders. They snatch a strip, quickly give it the double twist and place the bent pretzels evenly on trays.

The trays "proof" again and then (Continued on page 17)

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FOR CHURCH WORKERS

Last year one of the churches in Little Rock, Ia., held a very successful "Birthday Cake" affair. When we read the details that were written by a member who was kind enough to take time for a letter, it seemed to us that we should share it with our readers who are looking for a new way to raise money.

"On one long table we had the twelve handsome cakes arranged with one girl responsible for each cake. She put a slice on a plate as the women filed past, and at the end of the table they left their money in a dish — one penny for each year of their age. At the next table they picked up their tray and coffee.

"We made a little over \$25.00 and had a very pleasant evening in spite of the fact that it was a bitterly cold night and many of the older women were not able to attend. Next year we may have our "Birthday Cake" party in the afternoon and serve both tea and coffee.

"These were the cakes that we served.

"January: Snow-man. This was a 3-tier cake frosted all over with white icing; gum-drops were used for the eyes, nose and mouth; licorice sticks served as the arms, and small black candies made buttons.

"February: A heart-shaped cake frosted in white with red heart candies outlining the edge.

"March: St. Patrick's Day — a big layer cake frosted in delicate green with a shamrock in the center.

"April: On top of the cake there was a green coconut nest filled with jelly beans.

"May: Maypole. In the center was a tall peppermint stick with ribbons going out to animal cookies that marched around the edge.

"June: Flag Day. Small flags were used all around the cake which was decorated with red, white and blue stripes.

"July: Fire-cracker cake. This was a jelly roll frosted in white with red sugar sprinkled over the top. A short stick of red candy was inserted at one end to represent the fire-cracker fuse.

"August: Circus cake. White frosting was used and gay balloons were put on with a cake decorator.

"September: Back to school. With a cake decorator letters of the alphabet and numbers were written all over the cake.

"October: Hallowe'en. This cake was covered with orange frosting and a big black witch (made of paper) perched on a small stick.

"November: Thanksgiving. A rust-colored frosting was used, piles of corn candy were heaped around it, and these words: "We Give Thanks" were written on the top in a contrasting color.

"December: A bell-shaped cake covered with green frosting and decorated with wreaths made of small candies."

A QUILT PARTY AND EXHIBIT

"Last May we had a most successful and happy program for our annual Guest Day luncheon when members of

our club asked women from other clubs to attend a Quilt Party and Exhibit. It occurred to me that perhaps other groups would like to sponsor such an affair and possibly use it as a means of raising money. It takes a little while to line up all the quilts and program material, so I'd suggest that a date not be set that is too close to the original decision to go ahead.

"Our tables were covered with white linen cloths, and a committee took over the responsibility of making large individual paper place mats which were decorated with a quilt block done in colored paper. We used a butterfly quilt block and these certainly looked very attractive on the table. Brilliant paper butterflies were stapled to each nut cup — we didn't use place cards but if you knew for certain exactly who the guests were to be you could place the name on a slip directly underneath the butterfly.

"For a centerpiece on each table we used a big bowl of spring flowers with a few butterflies poised here and there on the blossoms. Candles may not be correct for a luncheon but they add so much to a table that we went ahead and used gold tapers on either side of the centerpiece.

"Our menu consisted of chicken salad (mostly chicken too!) in a lettuce cup, creamed peas in a patty shell, scalloped potatoes, piping hot rolls, strawberry preserves, a large relish plate that was passed at each table, and for dessert we served angel food cake with a whipped cream-fruit topping, and coffee.

"Following the luncheon we had our program. Two women stepped to the front with the quilt spread out so that everyone could see it, and then the number appropriate for that particular quilt was given. I don't have a copy of the program but I remember that we had a soprano solo "My Wild Irish Rose" while the Rose of Sharon quilt was exhibited, a reading titled "To An Ancient Coverlet" for the oldest quilt we could locate in town, another solo "I Love You Truly" while a beautiful Wedding Ring quilt was shown, a violin solo "Star of the East" for a star quilt, and a little six-year-old sang "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" while a tulip quilt was exhibited. We concluded the program by the entire group singing "Aunt Jemima's Quilting Party" while a patchwork quilt was shown.

"There were other readings and solos that have slipped my mind now, but in each case your program would depend, of course, upon the quilts you are able to line up.

"So much interest was shown in these quilts that we concluded any group could make a little money by charging a small admission. Then too, the patterns for the quilts can be furnished by the women who own them and these could be sold for a nominal sum."—Mrs. J. K., Ia.

HANDKERCHIEF BAZAAR

"Twice a year our church groups have a large food sale that is widely attended, and we've thought from time to time that if we had something else to sell we might be able to realize some extra money.

(Continued on next page)

Handkerchief Bazaar—Con't.

"Last year we tried a Handkerchief Bazaar and it was a real success. The following verse was printed on a postal card and mailed to just about everyone we could think of in town and out of town. The response was amazing, and we had a huge collection of nice handkerchiefs. These were tacked up on sheets hung from the walls of the room where we had our food sale, and a slip of paper with the price on it was pinned to the corner of each handkerchief. It took three women to manage the buyers, and since our only expense was the postal cards and a small printing bill, we realized a nice sum of money. Here is the little verse we used.

HANDKERCHIEF BAZAAR

Name of Church
Town and State

To all our friends, though far and near,

We crave your kind attention;
So please to lend us now your ear
While we a subject mention.

The _____ church will hold
On a day not distant far,
If we have been correctly told,
A "Handkerchief Bazaar."

So this, then, is our plea in brief:
To help our enterprise,
You each shall send a handkerchief
Of any kind or size.

To be without a handkerchief
You know is quite distressing,
From every state let one be sent—
'Twill surely be a blessing.

If a handkerchief you can make,
That handkerchief we will surely take,
But if you can't, please buy us one
We'll thank you till your race is run.
Please send by (date)

Sent by _____

THE NOTHING PARTY

By Myrtle E. Felkner

To all the busy mothers who have told me that I am "so nice" to allow my daughter to bring her classmates, singly and in boisterous groups, to our farm home, it will come as a surprise to learn that the Nothing Parties were born of a real need.

Since the rural school of our district is closed, our youngsters attend school in town, seven miles away. Barbara had never had a close playmate . . . the nearest child of her age is two miles away . . . so we were pleased when Kindergarten loomed ahead. At last, playmates for Barbara!

We soon learned that we had already erred in the matter of playmates. For although Barbara had poise, an advanced vocabulary, and a good sense of responsibility, she simply didn't know how to play! For six weeks she sat and watched the others; it wasn't until spring that she began to form friendships and to state play preferences.

We were astonished to realize that she didn't know how to skip, play jacks, jump rope, or roller skate . . . play activities that her classmates had mastered together before school days.

Rural children are seldom blessed with the companionship of others their own age. Unless the family is very large, or the neighbors very near, they are apt to have more experience in solitary play. Of course this may lead to a poised and self-sufficient personality if the child receives wise guidance; it never used to matter so much when all the others in the school were rural youngsters, too.

But this is no longer true; more and more rural children are sent to city schools, and the problems of adjustment may be both severe and frustrating.

For this reason, I feel that our Nothing Parties may be of interest to other rural parents.

It all began the day that Barbara was invited home for lunch and the afternoon with a classmate. She went happily off, armed with my consent, and I felt that she had reached a milestone. For the first time, she was to be a guest "on her own." She was to enter a strange home, meet a strange set of parents, react in her own way to each situation encountered there.

She came home, thrilled and smiling, dark eyes snapping with happiness. Within a few days she asked permission to invite a guest home with her, something she would have been much too shy to do under urging.

What a wonderful little hostess she was! Soon a parade of friends were coming out to see "Barbara's farm." She gained enormous confidence in herself as she shared her life with her town friends. Her teacher expressed satisfaction in Barbara's "social progress," giving the credit largely to the fact that we had finally succeeded in furnishing her with playmates of her own age.

Soon it became commonplace to have a group of children underfoot. In the spring we took a carload to the timber for early flowers; we brought them home from swimming lessons and Bible school in the summertime; we invited the neighbors to leave their youngsters here when they went to town. Other groups went nutting in the fall, sledding in the winter, hunted Easter eggs again in the spring.

One day a small boy said to Barbara, "What kind of party is this? It isn't your birthday or anything." Barbara shrugged. "Just a Nothing Party!" she said.

Joan, our three-year-old, loves it all. I suppose she has slid down more hills and been dragged over more ditches than any child in the county! I feel confident that there will be no "social adjustment" for her to make in kindergarten.

The "Nothing Parties" are certainly not elaborate. The children are simply invited out to play. Sometimes we have cookies and cake, but just as often they raid the cracker box or carry ice cream cones out to the lawn.

As for Mother, I don't feel at all noble or nice! My husband and I feel that since this home belongs to the whole family, we each should have the privilege of inviting friends to visit here. Now that we know the value of playmates, believe me, the Nothing Parties are here to stay!



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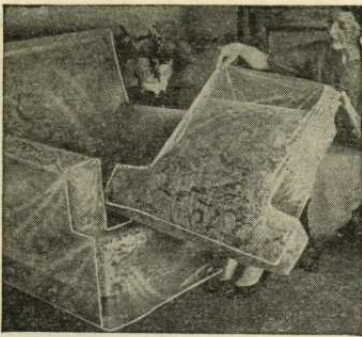
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After years of "looking", Mrs. B. Billow, 538 Roscoe, Chicago, found the solution to a problem. A free catalog ended her search for good-looking, practical, full-time protection from dust and dirt for her furniture. She had no trouble ordering. Today her furniture is dressed up in fitted plastic covers. The extra-heavy, durable plastic covers have no pores to admit dust and dirt. They give perfect protection and save hours of work. The transparent satin-finish Firestone Velon plastic lets every detail of the upholstery's texture and color show through. Amazed by their perfect fit and custom-tailored appearance, Mrs. Billow says, "They're so good looking—I don't even have to take them off for company! And they're so inexpensive. Housewives with the same problem should write for the free catalog, as I did."

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OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

By

Mildred B. Grenier

And now, at last, after rough and boisterous Winter, here is gay and smiling Spring... like the sweet familiar voice after the phone's discordant ring... The baby's face at the window when that last corner you turn... the letter in the box from a hand for which you yearn... Spring is the orange way down in the toe of that long-ago Christmas sock... after the long dark night, the faint cheerful crow of the cock... Endless heat-stifled hours, then the first welcome patter of rain... the waiting lamp in the window at the end of a rutted lane... After the merciless sun-baked trail, Spring is clear gurgling water cool... Spring is Mother waiting at the gate when a child comes home from school.

Although Easter will almost be here when you receive this magazine, here are some Easter "quickies" that you will still have time to prepare.

If you plan to have an ice cream dessert for your Easter dinner, serve it this way. Lightly pile lime sherbet in the serving dish; use your measuring spoon to make balls of different colored ice cream—(strawberry, lemon, chocolate, vanilla) and pile in the sherbet "nest". Or you may take all the balls of vanilla ice cream and roll in coconut that has been tinted Easter egg colors with food coloring.

You can make a pretty peach tulip salad by splitting a cling peach half down the center, leaving about an inch uncut for the tulip base. Place on a round of cottage cheese. Separate the petals slightly and place a cherry between them, near the top. Make green pepper stems and leaves.

"Quick as a bunny" you can make Ice Cream Bunnies for the children! Place two scoops of ice cream on a doughnut "nest" frosted green. Use two blanched almonds for the bunny's ears, chocolate chips for eyes, red cinnamon candies for nose and mouth and shredded coconut for whiskers. A bit of marshmallow makes a fluffy bunny tail.

Marshmallow bunny place cards are also quick and easy to make for your Easter party. Slit one marshmallow down the front almost halfway through and pinch out for the bunny's arms. Stick on to another marshmallow with a powdered sugar-milk frosting—hold in place with toothpicks until it is dry. Cut a marshmallow in half, slit down the center and pull back to form the bunny's ears. Make features of cake coloring and stick to the marshmallow body. An eighth of a marshmallow makes the bunny's tail. Write the guest's name on a small cardboard and stick between bunny's outstretched arms.

Grandma Comfort says the best way to be happy is to be so busy helpin' you'll have no time for yelpin'.

Save your empty cottage cheese cartons. Stir up decorative frostings



Butterflies belong to summer, so Juliana had to find a new hobby for the winter months. She settled on tropical fish and has had a great deal of constructive pleasure in her aquarium. Here she is with Kristin, and I should explain that the collection of objects in front are the little animal favors that were to be used for her party.

in them the next time you are decorating cakes or cookies. Throw them away when you have finished and you'll have no hard-to-wash dishes to clean up.

"Zero Salad Dressing" is good news for you weight-watchers. Cabbage and lettuce are low calorie foods, as you know, but the same cannot be said of most salad dressings that accompany them. Here is a dressing that contains practically no calories, yet gives grated lettuce and cabbage delicious zest. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste in a jar with a tight fitting top. Shake well before serving. Chopped parsley or green pepper, horseradish or mustard may be added, if desired.

For the best pot roast and brown gravy that you ever ate, substitute clear consommé soup for the water with the roast. About $\frac{1}{2}$ can is sufficient for a four to five pound roast.

IT'S TRUE!!

Take your house number, double it, add 5, multiply by 50, add your age. Add the number of days in the year, subtract 615. The last two figures will be your age. The others will be your house number.

RIDDLES

1. What goes up and down and never touches the sky or ground?
2. When is a dog not a dog?
3. When is it a good thing to lose your temper?
4. What is neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb?
5. What gives more milk than a cow?
6. What can pass between you and the sun without making a shadow?
7. Who sleeps with his shoes on?
8. How can you carry water in a sieve?
9. What would happen to a potato if you left it in water all day?
10. What belongs to you but is used more by your friends than by yourself?

Answers

1. The pump handle. 2. When he runs down a street and turns into an alley. 3. When it is a bad one. 4. A glove. 5. Two cows. 6. The wind. 7. A horse. 8. Freeze it. 9. It would get wet. 10. Your name.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

You keep telling me you get a real blessing from doing things for shutins. You can't put perfume on someone else without spilling some on yourself, — so, here are some more folks who need you. Do something for them and see how good it makes you feel.

Martin Bond, 5161 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif., is a former Missourian. He will be 99 years old on April 1st. Let's send him a shower of cards. Many of you will remember him when he used to do old-time fiddling on radio programs.

Mrs. Etta Apple, Rt. 1, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is just out of the hospital. She has a heart ailment. Mrs. Apple lives alone, is totally deaf and very lonely. She would enjoy getting mail, especially friendly letters.

Mrs. Ed. Hendrickson, 601 Benton St., Winterset, Iowa, had polio when a child. She has worn braces to help her walk ever since. Now is bedfast most of the time, since she had a stroke two years ago. She needs friends to cheer her.

Mrs. Bonita Card, Hancock, N. Y., asks for mail. She has arthritis and is never well otherwise. Age 60. Collects shakers.

Mrs. Conley Hise, Akron, Iowa, is still suffering from the effects of a car accident three years ago. She is not able to do much and gets pretty lonely since they moved to a farm quite a distance from town. Do write to her.

Miss Missouri Perry, 2833 — 14 Ave., Sacramento 20, Calif., is 71 and alone. Her eyesight is failing. Needs cheery letters.

Mrs. Hattie Harmon, Malin, Oregon, is 83. Would enjoy cards.

Mrs. Cora Hewitt, Rt. 1, Schwenksville, Pa., is alone. She has no relatives at all, is lonely and blue and can walk very little. Do write to her.

Mrs. Nellie Morgan, Correctionville, Iowa, has been in the hospital several weeks. She has a heart ailment and needs cheery letters.

Mrs. Lydia Murdaugh, Bentonville Home, Freeport, Ill., is 82. She is in a nursing home and is lonely. Send cards.

Ethel O'Connor, 3440 West St., Beaumont, Texas, is very deaf. I'm sure she would like to hear from you, and especially from other folks who are deaf.

Mrs. Edith Sturgis, 675 Amapolas, Redlands, Calif., fell last June and broke a hip. She was in a wheel chair or on crutches for several months but is now back in the hospital, unable even to sit up. Send cards.

Mrs. Chloe Widener, Edgar Springs, Mo., is in the hospital for treatment. She has been shutin some time and would enjoy mail.

Mrs. Elizabeth Westman, 55 Carver St., Apt 3, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is 68 and just recovering from 2 serious operations. As soon as she is able she must have more surgery. Do write to her.



All of us are so happy that Frank and Jennie Field have a lovely new home in the Southeast section of Shenandoah. The house is painted gray and it certainly looks comfortable — particularly when all of the summer flowers are in bloom.

NEW BEGINNING

It hardly seems possible that it can be, But we've a new little twig on our family tree.

The years have sped on without falter or fuss,

And made some proud grandparents out of us.

We thought we'd need canes, — or crutches or shawls,

But mercy! — that hasn't yet happened at all,

For that wee little bundle of brown-eyed lad,

A real counterpart of the one we had— Has taken Old Time and his sickle in tow.

Ordered him to retreat double-time and so

Rolled back the years and taken us then

To the Land of Beginning, all over again.

—Lola Taylor Hemphill

A Pretzel For Easter—Con't.

travel to a room where a long line of enormous black kettles are steaming away. The kettles contain a one percent potash solution and are kept at a bubbling boil while the pretzels are thrown in; they remain in the water until they float to the top. To our amazement, each pretzel whirls to the top by itself and not one untwists! This process, in use for centuries, gives the pretzels their nutty flavor and makes possible that shiny, varnishy brown color. Girls lift out the pretzels, lay them on pans which move into the huge ovens and just before they are popped in, they are sprinkled generously with salt.

The ovens, too, require special handling and one of the secrets of pretzel baking is the way the fire is made to heat the ovens. Coke is the fuel used and as a rule the fire is not allowed to go out as it takes five days to heat up a cold oven!

Don't even venture the idea that the reason salt is added is to create thirst and swell soft drink sales! The salt was originally added to banish demons, evil spirits, plagues and witches. So you might try serving a few at your Easter dinner and explain that double twist. Even today, it appeals to us to know that it represents the arms crossed in prayer.

Next to knowing when to sieze an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

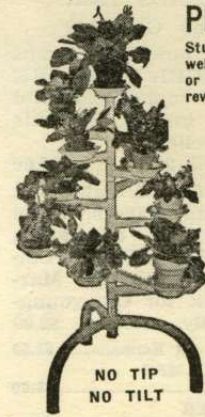
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LORETTE CRISS CROSS STOLE

*Simple to make, Lovely to wear.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Pattern — Multiple of 6
Cast on 108 sts.

Row 1: Knit.

Row 2: * Insert needle in stitch as to knit, wrap yarn 3 times around needle and complete as a knit st. Repeat from * across.

Row 3: * Insert point of right hand needle in first st. (Purlwise) slip this st. to right hand needle dropping the wrap arounds, repeat this 5 more times. (6 long loops on right hand needle.) To make a crisscross — insert points of left hand needle under the first 3 long loops and pull these over the 2nd group of 3 long loops; keeping the first 3 loops and 2nd group on left hand needle—knit, each of 6 sts. in their order. * Repeat from * to * across row.

Row 4: Knit.

Row 5: Same as row 2.

Row 6: Knit each of first 3 sts. dropping the wrap arounds then repeat from * to * of row 3 across row ending. Knit each of last 3 sts. dropping the wrap arounds.

Row 7: Knit.

Row 8: Repeat Row 2.

Row 9: Same as Row 3.

Row 10: Knit.

Row 11: Same as Row 2.

Row 12: Knit each st, dropping the wrap arounds. The above 12 rows form pattern. Make 18 complete patterns and first 10 rows again — bind off.

Fringe: Wind yarn loosely around on 8" cardboard cut at one edge only. Using two strands yarn make the four ends meet. With Crochet Hook loop thru every other st. across ends.



Directions for Criss Cross Stole and photograph furnished by Courtesy of Lee-Ward Mills, Elgin, Ill.

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If you are poor—work.

If you are rich—continue to work.

If you are happy—keep right on working.

Idleness gives room for doubt and fears.

If disappointments come—work.

If sorrow overwhelms you and loved ones seem not true—work.

When faith falters and reason fails—just work.

When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead—work.

Work as if your life were in peril. It really is.

Whatever happens or matters—work.

Work faithfully—work with faith.

Work is the greatest material remedy available.

Work will cure both mental and physical afflictions.

—Unknown

(Lucile's note: After I read this on our morning radio visit there were many, many comments about it; so I am glad to make it available to everyone who reads Kitchen-Klatter. An Iowa City woman wrote and told me that this hangs on the waiting room walls of a famous psychiatric clinic in New York. Evidently the doctors feel that it's extremely sound and important.

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QUILT PIECES—Colorfast cotton prints to make 2 full-size quilts. 3 pounds for \$2.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Hester's Remnants, Tusculum 1, Ala.

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WHITE LINEN HANKIES with tatted edge & corner. Tatted Cross book marks. Ass't. colors \$1.00 each. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

HANKIES. Assorted Crocheted Edgings, 50¢ and up. Mrs. Ben Zimmerman, Westphalia, Iowa.

Pepper, Maplesugar, Shelled Cashews, Brazil's \$1.25; Pecans, Walnuts, Almonds \$1.50 Pound. Postpaid. Peerless, 538B Central-park, Chicago 24.

QUILTING WANTED, pillow cases crocheted inset \$4.50, crocheted tablecloth, zinnia centerpiece ruffled edge \$5.00. Chella Parr, Humeston, Iowa.

WASHCLOTH SLIPPERS. Crocheted around top, ribbon bow \$1.00 pr. Rick-rack earrings, rhinestone centers, 35¢ pr. 3 pr. \$1.00. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

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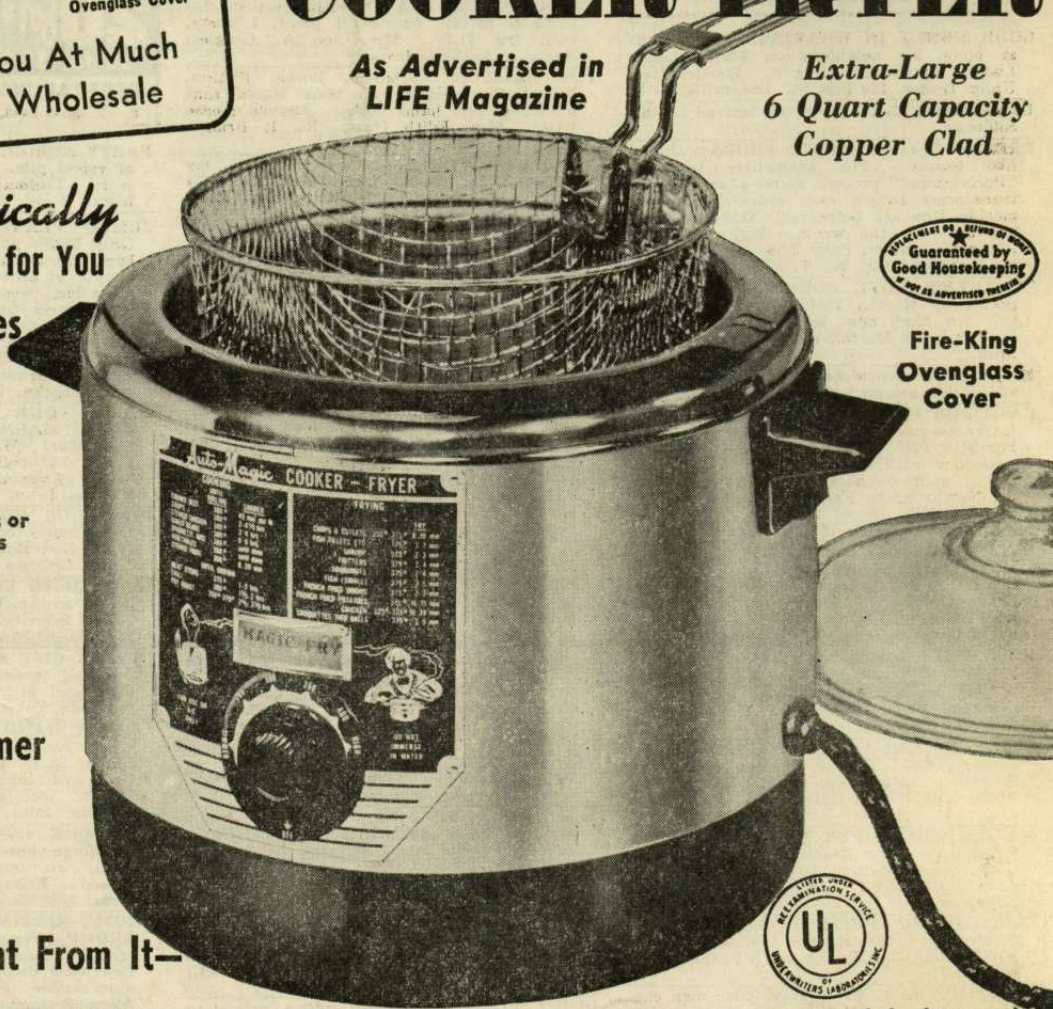
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