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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 20

MAY, 1956

NUMBER 5



Photo by Burdick.

MISS JUSTIE PFAFFENBECKER
RT 1 BOX 143
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

MAGAZINE

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Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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My Dear Friends:

At last I believe it is safe to take down the storm windows and put on the screens. As long as the air was so full of dust it seemed the sensible thing to leave them up. Some of our friends who have air-conditioners leave the storm windows on permanently to keep the hot air out, but there are times when we like to have the windows open.

My daughters are quite disgusted with me for after looking at drapery samples for two weeks I sent my old drapes to the dry cleaners and am putting them back up again. I guess as we grow older it is hard to make changes. At any rate, I couldn't find just the right pattern to suit me so until then I will continue to use the old ones.

Speaking of growing older, I feel I have passed a real mile stone since I wrote you last. Hal March of television would say I have reached the third plateau. The second was when I passed my fiftieth birthday and the third was my seventieth which is now one of my happiest memories.

Because Kristin had Easter vacation she and Dorothy came for several days and while they were here we had a combined Easter and birthday dinner. Everyone helped with the food as there is now quite a large group of us. Dorothy baked the birthday cake and I roasted the turkey. I suppose you usually think of a ham for Easter, but we had had this turkey in the freezer since Christmas and I was anxious to get it eaten. I don't like to keep them too long.

The children gave me a new set of dishes for the kitchen, a beautiful dogwood pattern, and made me promise to get rid of all the old "odds and ends" we had been using. I believe there were parts of four sets of dishes. Well, I have followed their instructions to a certain degree but those I couldn't part with I had put on a high shelf. I know they are there if I want to get them down. The rest will be nice for the church rummage sale which is coming up this month. Margery said that now she was inspired to get out her "odds and ends" too so we will add them to my collection and take them to the church.

Last night my two sisters, Jessie and Martha, had Mart, Bertha Field, Fred Fischer and me to dinner. They had delicious tender broiled steaks and brown gravy that had a can of mushroom soup as part of the liquid, mash-

ed potatoes, creamed diced turnips, hot rolls with strawberry jam, cake and red raspberry sherbet. I think you will agree that it was a wonderful meal. Jessie is expecting her daughter Ruth, her husband and their four little girls for a visit in June. We will be anxious to see the new baby, Nancy. Ruth and Bob haven't been in Clarinda since the oldest girl was small, so we are all anticipating their visit.

Well, now for our summer visitors. We had hoped that all of our children and grandchildren could be home at the same time this summer for we have not had a family reunion since 1948. I say *had hoped* because Don just wrote that he has to take his vacation in May. As far as we know we can still count on seeing the rest of our flock. Frederick and his family will come to Iowa in June, and will leave the children with us while they attend a national church meeting in Omaha. I don't expect we will see too much of Frederick and Betty but it will give the little cousins a wonderful chance to know each other better. I do hope these plans materialize. The youngsters are already beginning to make plans as to how they will spend their time.

I think this brings you up to date on the family news.

I haven't mentioned our safe and happy return trip from Florida. On Sunday before we left on Monday my cousins, Marion and Dean Cox of St. Petersburg and Port Richey, and their wives came for a farewell visit and had dinner with us. After they left we packed our luggage into the car, all but the things we would need on the trip. In that way we could get off to a really good start the next morning.

We had a wonderful time in Florida. No one could do more for their guests than Mr. and Mrs. Staugler, but at last it was time to say goodbye to the El Rancho and our friends there.

We had good weather for traveling except for one rainy morning. The first night was spent in Thomasville, Georgia. The second night we were in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the third in Fulton, Kentucky, the fourth in Booneville, Missouri and home early Friday afternoon. The entire trip home covered 1451 miles. I might add that we had seat belts put in the front seat of our car before we left and we think they add a lot to our traveling comfort.

We were home in time to experience

the tag end of winter and the coming of spring. We didn't have a heavy snow on our return as we have had in the past, just a bit of a one, enough to give us that taste of winter we had left behind us for several weeks!

The girls enjoyed seeing the cross-stitched table cloths I had made while I was gone. One was for Mary Beth, which I sent to her for her birthday, one is to be a wedding gift this summer and the other is for myself. You know my husband likes to read, so the hours he spent reading in Florida, I spent sewing and that meant almost every evening. Sometimes he read aloud to me and how we enjoyed those hours.

My, how the grandchildren had grown, especially little Clark. All the way home Mart and I wondered if he would recognize us and he did, for as soon as he saw us he wanted to push my wheel chair, his favorite pastime when he is over at our house. However, it took him a little while to remember which cupboard held the cookie jar!

I always bring little presents for the grandchildren. Kristin had a joke on me, though, or maybe the joke was on her. I had bought a dark blue cotton dress for her, on sale at a great bargain, and I was just sure that it would fit. You guessed it! The dress was eight inches too short! How these youngsters grow, and in such a short time too. I'll pass the dress on to Mary Leanna for at this rate of growth it will soon fit her.

After such an experience (and I'm afraid that it wasn't the first time I've bought things that proved to be far too small for the grandchildren) I agree once again with the articles I've read urging that a standard series of measurements be used in the manufacturing of all children's clothing. The other day I read that there is a psychological reason for marking baby clothing size one or size two when it is intended for a baby only six months old. The writer said that it is because the parents and relatives are so eager to have the baby develop that they get great satisfaction out of thinking that already he wears clothing made for a year old youngster!

When my own children were growing up we didn't have to worry about anything but winter underwear, stockings and shoes. Practically everything else was made at home, and my! how we kept those treadle machines going. It would be my guess that many of you who are my age didn't get your first electric machine until your family was all but grown.

This letter wouldn't be complete without thanking all of you for your letters and cards and the big inspiration they bring to us. We appreciate your taking time to write to us.

Affectionately yours, Leanna

MOTHER LOVE

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters become enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endureth through all.—Washington Irving.

WHAT PRICE GARDENS?

By

Gertrude Applegate

A friend of mine once advanced the theory that at sixty it was certainly time to stop and take stock of herself. She felt that she should spend less time doing the things that she had never really wanted to do, and a great deal more time doing the things that she had never managed to accomplish. She followed right through on this idea and began dropping out of things that bored her. Among her new activities she began taking swimming lessons with beginners, and she made a very creditable showing! Furthermore, she gave herself a lot of happiness and satisfaction. She also started knitting and doing other types of handwork that there had never seemed to be time for in the past.

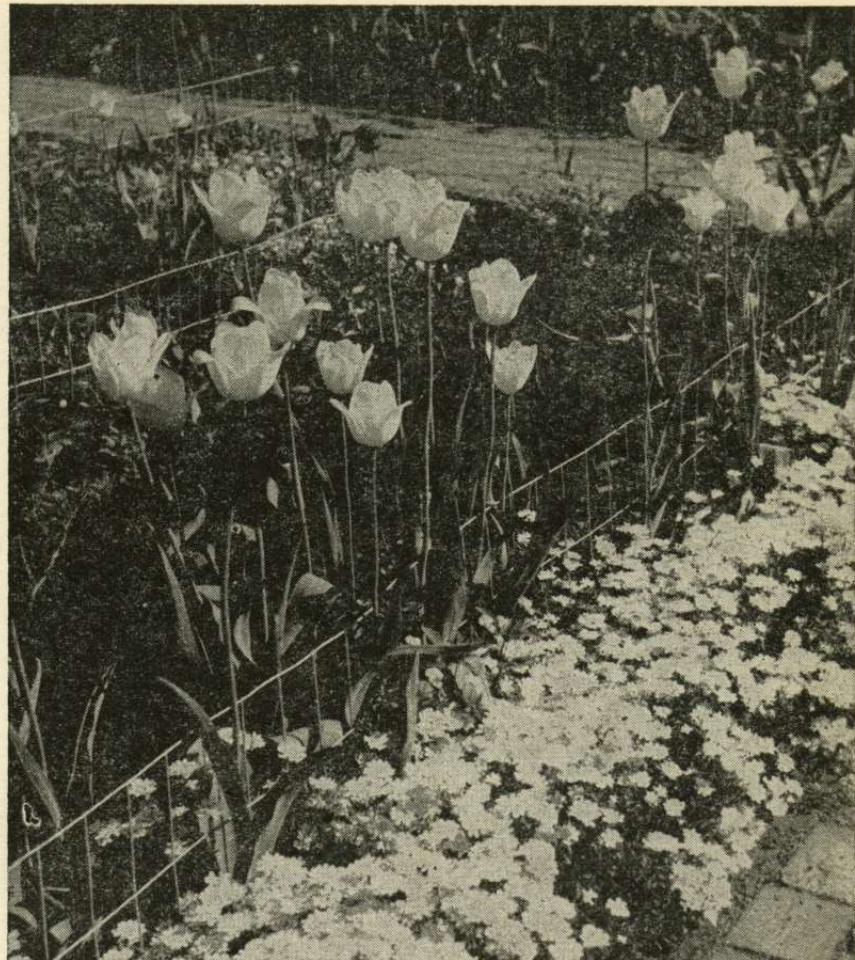
Last year, not from choice, but force of circumstances, it was necessary to build a whole new life for myself a long way from my family and old friends. I sold my home, most of my possessions and came half-way across the continent to make my home in Kansas with a sister and her husband.

We did a lot of stock-taking and discussed many joint projects that might be pleasant and profitable. For a starting point, a garden of our very own headed the list. So come spring, we two old girls (61 and 65) began with one measly little row of onions in a garden just waiting for us. We shook hands on the proposition that we'd quit whenever it ceased to be fun. But how little we knew about gardens and gardeners!

When we were rearing our families neither of us had much time or energy for outdoor work or gardens. In later years my sister had not tried it because it was too big a task for her alone; and her husband was not interested for he felt that caring for a large lawn and a good many trees was as much as he wanted to do.

I hadn't done any gardening because my husband was an excellent gardener, loved it and always had an abundance of fresh vegetables available. I trailed along after him, handed him plants, tools and water, but the only initiative I took was to cook and can what he brought in. I did become an excellent weed-puller and often helped with the harvesting. But what amazes me is this: that in following his lead for thirty-nine years, so little of his garden "know-how" rubbed off on me! How often, my first summer in the garden, I wished that I might have asked him about varieties (why, when, where) and how to tell which bug dust to use and when.

Our row of onions soon had company — one row each of beets, carrots, lettuce, beans and peas. Thinking how much fun it would be to have some before our neighbors, we put them in quite early. Along came a heavy freeze and down went our beans! Other things were set back for days. We replanted the beans and lettuce, added fifteen tomato plants and every now and then inserted a row of annual flowers just to make



There just isn't anything like hardy Candytuft for edging purposes. It grows from 9 to 12 inches high and spreads out into low mats of pure white flowers that last for weeks. The permanently beautiful dark foliage is evergreen. This picture was taken in Russell's and Lucile's garden.

the garden a thing of beauty as well as practical.

We increased our hoeing and watering in proportion to the heat and dry weather. Just when our vegetables were about ready to bear, it not only became hotter and drier but water rationing went on. We used the one hour per day allotted to us for watering, trying to give the advantage to those things which needed it most, since it wasn't nearly enough to do the job thoroughly. No matter how weary we were, or what we wanted to do on a hot summer evening, we watered from seven to eight. At the end of that time our feet and clothes were so wet and muddy that we could only sit on the porch or go to the neighborhood drive-in theatre!

We saw clearly we had made many of the beginner's mistakes — some rows were planted too thickly, some too thin; we put some things in the sun that needed partial shade and "visa versa". Our rows, even with the use of a measuring tape, were so crooked that any self-respecting man would be ashamed to admit he had made them. We planted some seeds too early, some too late. We did learn a lot. To make sure we don't make the same mistake twice we've kept a notebook, also jotting down helpful advice from experienced gardeners, and knowledge gained about dusts and sprays.

Now suddenly water rationing has

ceased, the rains have come, children are starting back to school and another summer is almost over. What have we gotten beside aching joints and a stiff back? Well, we did finally get enough results from our labor that it has furnished us with most of our fresh vegetables for summer, we've had continuous flowers from early spring so that there was always a good variety for bouquets for the house and plenty available for gifts to neighbors and friends.

We've a healthy sense of accomplishment and pride that adds quite a bit to our self-respect; a nice coat of tan that was purely incidental to the job; some sturdy muscles that can take the next hard job much more easily; and a big quota of fresh air which should take us through a long, cold winter with fewer aches and colds. Best of all was a feeling of contentment, of being at home with nature, and gratitude for the magic with which small worries left us as we worked outdoors.

We are making plans for an added project which we call "Operation Patio". It is to be constructed under a beautiful tree which stands back of the garden. The man of the house (I think he was secretly rather proud of us), has agreed to help us hunt native rocks for the floor. No rock which fits specifications will be safe from

(Continued on page 7)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

As I write this on an April morning there is such a fierce wind blowing that it makes me look out apprehensively to the big trees on our street with their over-hanging branches that are probably not as solid as they seem! I always worry about the big crowds of school children who walk up Clarinda Avenue, and I guess this anxiety dates from the terrific straight wind we had in Iowa several years ago when a couple of youngsters were killed by falling branches.

Have you ever had the experience of seeing a big tree go down in a high wind? We have. One summer afternoon a bad storm blew up (this must be five or six years ago) and Russell, Juliana and I stood on our back porch to watch it. Suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, a big elm tree across the alley began to weave wildly and then, with a tremendous grinding and tearing roar, went down. The amazing thing about this was the fact that it could fall in only one direction, to the southwest, without doing terrible damage. A car stood in the driveway directly underneath it on the north, and only a few feet to the east and south stood houses. Straight west stood our house and the tree was big enough that it would have struck our porch had it fallen in this direction. There was only one path it could take without doing terrible damage — and it fell in that path.

Right now I want to thank all of you who were kind enough to send me recipes for the rose jam. The one that sounds as if it might produce the kind of jam we received for a gift, came from a Kitchen-Klatter reader in Denver, and I'm going to give it a try in June when our roses will be producing the main ingredient. As I said before, a glass or two of this would be the maximum amount I'd ever attempt to turn out, but I would like to experiment with it.

During this past month I received a letter asking my cooperation in something far different from the things I usually mention when I write to you. It seems to me that all of us parents who have been spared the heartbreaking experience of losing a beloved child have a moral obligation to do what we can to help others, so perhaps the best way I can help is simply to copy the letter that came to me from Bernice Bode (Mrs. H. A. Bode), 1425 Knight Avenue, Glencoe, Minn.

"I'm not sure that you or many of your readers have ever heard of Cystic Fibrosis or Fibrocystic Disease of the Pancreas. We had never heard of it either until about three months ago when we found that our baby had this disease. Cystic Fibrosis is a chronic disease of infants and children affecting chiefly the lungs and pancreas and causing obstruction of the air passages in the lung, chronic lung infection and inability to digest food properly. It is estimated that one out of every 600 live births will be a victim of this disease. It was unknown until sixteen years ago. Before that it was called lung disorders, pneumonia, digestive



These adorable children are Ricky and Gretchen Kieser, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kieser, Omaha, Nebr. For over thirty years the Driftmiers and the Kiesers have been close family friends, and all of us have spent many happy hours browsing in the book store that Henry Kieser, the children's grandfather, founded more than 50 years ago. Now George is running the store and keeping his eye open for good books to take home to these bright-eyed youngsters.

disorders, etc., and many children died from it without anyone knowing what it was. The November, 1955 issue of the Ladies' Home Journal described the disease in more detail; even today many doctors do not recognize it.

"This is a dreadful sickness and as yet there is no cure. But great strides have been made in the past sixteen years and now there is help for many cases—at least for a number of years. But by research and further study we hope and pray that a cure may be found also for this.

"A few states have organized chapters and associations to learn more about it, to collect funds to support research and to help the parents of these children with the many medical bills that pile up from the expensive drugs, hospitalization, etc., connected with it.

"Our dear baby died from this disease early this year at the age of three months and twenty-three days. We had never heard of it before, nor did we know anyone who had ever had anything like it. Our plea to you is this: could you publish an appeal to any parents who have or had children affected with this Cystic Fibrosis (it goes by many other names also) to get in contact with me? We would like to get a group together, if possible, to create more interest in it and to help the National Foundation in research, etc.

"I am thinking especially of parents in Minnesota, but would sincerely welcome any contacts in other states also. Perhaps your readers will know of someone else who has or had this disease, but who may not get your magazine. More information may be obtained from the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation, 2300 Westmoreland St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"This is the only way we have of contacting such parents. Doctors are not allowed to give out names of patients, so we cannot find out that way. But if the state of Connecticut alone has over 200 cases, we feel that there must also be a number in this section — that is, if it has been properly diagnosed.

"Above all, we must all pray to God that a cure be found. It is a dreadful thing to see one's little child waste and fade away and realize that there is no help for it. We thank God for

the strength and courage He gave us during the many trying weeks when our baby was so ill. Words cannot describe what a heartbreaking ordeal it is."

Those of us who have not been called upon to experience such heartbreak must do what we can—thus I am glad to publish Mrs. Bode's plea for help.

LATER

It's afternoon now — the dinner dishes are done, Juliana is back in school, and the wind is blowing harder than ever!

Elsewhere in this issue you will notice a tribute titled "My Mother" by Lola Taylor Hemphill, and we wanted to share it with you because it seemed to us a lovely testament to all pioneer mothers. This particular mother was an individual, of course, but she could serve as a symbol of the women who came out to our plains many years ago. I hope that you will share this with any of your friends who have similar memories—and who may not be subscribers to Kitchen-Klatter.

It certainly doesn't pay to do any drastic housecleaning too early in the season! Yesterday Juliana put on old jeans and did a complete knock-down, drag-out job on the front porch. She scrubbed down the walls, cleaned the screens, window sills and door, and didn't miss a single inch anyplace. I just now stepped out to look around and was appalled at the piles of dust on the floor, the layers of silt that seem positively beaten in to the screens and crannies. Even the walls are dark and dirty. No one would ever believe that only twenty-four hours ago it was fresh enough to greet Spring! We just came an inch of washing all the windows outside yesterday, and am I ever glad that we put it off!

This month I don't feel as confident about the weather and our gardens as I felt when I wrote to you last month. We have some nice crocus in bloom, but at the moment I simply cannot hazard a guess as to when the tulips, daffodils and hyacinths will be at the peak of their beauty. We need rain desperately in Southwestern Iowa, and how I hope that by the time you read this the entire picture will have changed completely! Syracuse, New York had 131 inches of snow this winter, and while we wouldn't have wanted all that, still — we could have used some of it.

At this time of the year all of my sympathies are with school teachers! How hard it must be to stir up indifferent students who have but one goal: to be out and away and free! We had a spell of excessively hot weather recently, and Juliana reported that everyone in her class was almost paralyzed with boredom — but that when the bell rang they exploded into action and nearly broke down the doors getting out of the building! When I hear her groaning over homework that's been done willingly all year, I feel sorry for her teachers — and all other teachers.

It's time to brown the pot roast that we're going to have tonight, so I must head towards the kitchen. A happy, happy May to all of you.—Lucile.

MY MOTHER

By

Lola Taylor Hemphill

As Lydia Frances Wilson, she was born in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania—pretty of face, trim of figure, and possessed of a ready wit and sunny disposition, all of which stayed with her for her 91 years of active living.

When she was 18 she married William Taylor, a widowed Methodist minister with a four year old son, so she became mother, home-maker and preacher's wife when she was hardly more than a child herself. During the next 24 years she bore nine children, eight of whom grew to maturity along with their step-brother. I was next to the youngest.

Following an illness when my father was advised to go West, he took up a claim not far from McCook, Nebraska, and immediately started out as a circuit rider, often preaching three times on a Sunday. After several weeks Mother joined him. She made the trip by chair car with six children who ranged in age from fourteen to two months.

This was the first time she had been West of her native state, and the flat prairies under a hot July sun gave her a distinct shock. She thought with longing of the rolling green hills she had left and felt that she would die of homesickness in this alien land. But she buckled down to the hard work ahead in true pioneer spirit, and lived in a sod house until a better one of frame construction could be managed.

Those were difficult years. There were long cold winters, burning summers, drouth, illnesses with medical aid not easily available, and a thousand and one other hardships which only those with innate rugged constitutions could survive. In surviving, however, a fortitude was built that is almost unknown today. Many were the "missionary barrels" sent by Eastern friends to help tide over the dire need for clothing among the various parishes. Certainly only an abiding faith kept them going through those rough years.

These pioneer women had to create their own beauty, and when we were older and the "claim" days were far behind, we heard about the things that happened that seemed tragic at the time—but sounded funny years later in the telling. Mother hungered for flowers, and once she tended with great care a tub of petunias which she watered with wash water—every drop of it was precious. Just when they were in full bloom, the only spot of color around, one of the cows ate them all off! Mother said she could have wept.

She did not take as active a part in all church work as she wished, for her brood of children seemed to fill every waking hour. Then too, my father could stand noise by any other children but his own; so to save him unnecessary embarrassment, Mother always remained home from services if there was a child too small to behave as a "preacher's kid" ought to behave. I might add that often those same preacher's kids were saved some of



This good snapshot of Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) was taken in Orlando, Florida about six weeks ago. It appeared first in the Orlando paper, along with an interview regarding the folks' activities in Iowa.

the sternness of fatherly discipline by Mother's subtle maneuvers! She didn't always go along with the idea that they should serve as examples for the rest of the children in town!

All of us who have had saintly mothers feel certain they were given numerous virtues and few, if any, vices. We knew that our mother must have been born with a halo because her good works were so many. She was never too busy to help those in need, sickness or sorrow. The neighborhood troubles were her concern and there were no lines drawn as to color, race or creed. She was interested in everything around her—people, newspapers and the radio were all a vital part of her daily living.

The simplicity of her faith in a Great Plan was inspiring. She was ever thankful for "this beautiful day, my good bed, my good neighbors" . . . all the little things we take so for granted now. God was nearer to her "than hands and feet" — and she was ever ready to give Him credit for everything.

We grew up in a happy but simple home where we learned very early the sin of any kind of wastefulness, the joy of work accomplished, and the strength of self-denial. It has taken years for us to understand and appreciate the unselfishness and sacrifice our mothers knew; we learn those virtues only by being parents ourselves. But we were more blessed than we can contemplate in having had our mother as an example. Her guiding light surrounds us with each passing day and is a sacred mantle indeed.

COVER PICTURE

Little boys are lovable at any age, but "going-on" two-and-a-half years of living is a particularly interesting period. Strenuous too! Clark Driftmier is up and at it every waking moment, and it was quite a feat to get him to sit still on the horse long enough to click the camera. If you have a little boy this age you'll know exactly what we mean!

TO MY MOTHER

Through all her years she walked so close to God,
That when He beckoned to her from afar,
She went to meet Him with a joyous heart
Through friendly gates in welcome, left ajar.

She'd known the weariness of shadowy vales,
But always found still waters for her days;
She leaned upon the rod and staff that gave
Such comfort and support in all her ways.

She had such perfect trust, — such childlike faith,—
So lovingly she walked the paths He trod;
'Twas such a little step she had to take
To slip her fingers in the hand of God.

—Lola Taylor Hemphill

OUR MOTHERS

O magical word, may it never die from the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts that even would break to keep it.
Was there ever a name that lived like thine! Will there ever be another?
The angels have reared in heaven a shrine to the holy name of Mother.

—Unknown

TO MOTHER—IN HEAVEN

Now there shall be a new song and a new star,
A new voice in the wind to whisper me;
And I shall stand within this harbor bar
And watch a new light tossing down the sea.
My childish terror of the Lord shall cease;
And my dread fear of blind and horrid fate;
And from my sin I shall have sure release
Because in heaven She is my advocate.

—Bennett Weaver

MOTHER'S LOVE

Her love is like an island
In life's ocean, vast and wide,
A peaceful, quiet shelter
From the wind and rain, and tide.

"Tis bound on the north by Hope,
By Patience on the west,
By tender Counsel on the south,
And on the east by Rest.

Above it like a beacon light
Shine faith, and truth, and prayer;
And through the changing scenes of life,
I find a haven there.

—Unknown

GARDEN WORK STARTS FOR DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Kristin and I have just spent a lovely Easter vacation in Shenandoah with Mother and Dad and the rest of the family. We hadn't seen the folks since their return from Florida, so we decided to wait until Kristin had her Easter vacation from school since that would give us a longer week-end and we could also help Mother celebrate her birthday at the same time. I won't go into detail about our family Easter-birthday dinner because I'm sure Mother will want to tell you about it in her letter.

Kristin and I will be going home on the noon train today. I'm anxious to get home and see how much the tulips have grown in the past few days, also to get started on the garden. Some of the neighbors already have their early potatoes planted so I'm a little behind schedule on that. Frank plowed the garden for me the first of last week and we had a good rain last Tuesday night, so the ground should work up well now. With the weather as warm as it has been the last couple of days it really makes you want to get outside and get started on the yard work.

We have had several 4-H activities this past month. The County Council held their annual skating parties for all members in the east half of the county one night, and the members from the west half of the county the second night. These skating parties are a lot of fun for the boys and girls. We are fortunate in having a very nice skating rink in Chariton. It is well supervised and there are several nights of the week when the rink can be reserved for special parties. Sometimes four or five 4-H clubs will go together and reserve the rink, when only the members and their guests attend the party. This way the floor is never too crowded and a lot of the parents go and skate too. By attending these skating parties Kristin has met a lot of young people who don't go to her school.

As I mentioned before, our 4-H project in Lucas County this year is sewing which, of course, takes in care of the clothes as well as better grooming. One night this month our girls' club went with two other clubs to one of our local dress shops where the two women who own the shop gave the girls a talk on the proper fit and care of undergarments. They had secured several pamphlets and literature which they passed out to the girls, and all in all it was a very good program. At the close of the evening the women served cokes and cookies and the girls, as well as the leaders, appreciated the time these women had spent with us.

The leaders of the same three clubs have already made arrangements for a similar program in April. We have a very nice store in Chariton which specializes in fabrics and Miss Crozier, the owner, has agreed to open her store one evening and give the girls an illustrated talk on the different kinds of fabrics and the care that they



Dorothy pours herself a cup of coffee on the evening of Julian's birthday party. She and Frank gave the Verness family the coffee server for Christmas — we wish you could see the soft turquoise and brown decorations on it.

should be given. During the school year the girls do not have time to get many of their articles made which they will exhibit at the achievement shows, so we thought if we had their program on fabrics before school is out it will give the girls time to plan what they will make this summer and also the types of materials they want to use. I wanted to mention these two programs in my letter because I thought that if any of the readers are 4-H leaders, this might give you some ideas that you could work out with your own club.

I haven't been able to attend all of the training schools this year which has made me very unhappy since sewing is something I love, and there is so much I don't know about it that I could have learned at the training schools. It just so happens that all of our training schools this year have been held on Thursday and that is the one day of the week that I work in the office. The other leader in our club has been able to attend all of them so at least the information is getting to the girls, but I felt very badly that I couldn't be there. I was able to make other arrangements at the office last week so that I could attend the meeting on "construction". I felt this was the most important meeting to attend because I knew that if the girls didn't make their garments according to Hoyle they wouldn't stand much chance at the achievement show with the judges.

I recently spent a very enjoyable evening at Millerton, Iowa, where I had been invited by Mrs. Etta Riley and Mrs. Ellis Bull to show the Hawaiian pictures at their March Anniversary party. This is an annual affair which was started thirty years ago by several couples who celebrate their wedding anniversaries in March. As a result of this first anniversary party a club was formed and this year they celebrated their 30th anni-

versary. Since Millerton is a small place it is now more or less a community affair. The club remembers all wedding anniversaries of its members in some way, and all Golden weddings are celebrated. In March they have their big annual dinner party. They had a delicious covered-dish dinner in the church basement and then went upstairs for the program. There was a large crowd and I was pleased to meet so many Kitchen-Klatter friends.

There is much activity around our farm these days. Last week a lot of heavy county equipment pulled into one of our fields to start cutting a new channel for the creek. In the past few years the old creek had been cutting so fast that it had gotten within a few feet of the road, so Frank told the Supervisors and the engineer that if they wanted to cut a new channel across one of our fields they could do so. They thought they could do all the work with the caterpillars, but when they had gotten down only four feet they hit water and it was so muddy they are having to finish with a dragline. I told Frank I didn't know why in the world they had to find water that close to the surface a half-block from the house, when our well at the house, which is quite deep, pumps dry in a matter of minutes.

We have had one birthday dinner this month, Bernie's and Luther Larson's. Actually, Bernie's birthday is in January and we kept putting off the dinner in the hope that Ruth could come home because her birthday is also in January and we generally celebrate them together. Since she didn't get home before another birthday rolled around, we went ahead and had the dinner. We are hopeful that she can come next week-end and we will then have a dinner for Edna and Frank, whose birthdays are in April, and for Ruth.

Bernie's sister-in-law, Martha Stark, is a nurse in the Air Corps and she has just returned home after spending a year in the Azores. The other evening Bernie asked us to come in as she was having several friends of Martha's in so that all of us could see the Kodachrome slides that Martha had taken in the Azores. The pictures were extremely interesting and we had a delightful evening.

It's time to get the suitcase packed and have Kristin start on the rounds of all the family houses to gather up her things. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

A MESSAGE

If there is any way, dear Lord
In which my heart may send her
word
Of my continued love,
And of my joy in her relief
From pain—a joy not even grief
And loneliness may rise above,
Reveal it to me . . . for I long
To keep intact the tie so strong
Between us, from my birth,
That when we meet (as meet we must)
There shall be naught but perfect
trust,
Such as we always knew on earth!
—Anna Nelson Reed

"IT'S MOTHER'S DAY"

By Esther Grace Sigsbee

Every day should be Mother's Day. Setting aside only the second Sunday in May to send her gifts and pay her tributes is not enough. We should honor Mother 365 days out of the year.

Now I agree wholeheartedly with this sentiment in theory, but being a mother myself, I sometimes think it isn't being applied very well around our house. The way most days go, there's scant indication that it's really Mother's Day and it often seems to me that there is very little honoring of Mother.

It is Mother's Day — mother's day to wash, when one of the kids falls into a mud puddle and gets the last of the clean clothes dirty. It's Mother's Day when it comes to putting away the toys that, according to the youngsters, somehow managed to park right in the middle of the living room without the aid of human hands.

It's Mother's Day to feed the pets when Junior forgets to care for them in spite of his fervent promises that they would be absolutely no trouble for Mom. It's Mother's Day when mamma is feeling a little under the weather and she'd blamed well better not spend it in bed. Anything short of rigor mortis finds her up and around taking care of things that nobody else but Mother can do.

It's Mother's money — or so the household funds are always labeled, but very little of it is spent for something exclusively for her. It's her job to do the buying and to dole out the allowances and to listen to the oh-so logical reasons why there should be bonuses. If Mamma has to tighten up the purse strings it often leaves her feeling that she must be the stingiest mother in the whole world for turning down the requests.

But it is also Mother's Day when one of the youngsters trusts her with a secret — when we laugh together over something that would have no meaning to anyone outside the family — when an offering of spring dandelions is brought to Mamma with all the flourish of an orchid corsage.

It's Mother's Day when she watches one of her children perform in the school play or when they show improvement in a report card. It's Mother's Day when a little one points her out to a pal and says, proudly, "That's my Mom!"

It is Mother's Day as far as I'm concerned when one of the kids comes down early in the morning, all warm and rosy from sleep and slips into bed beside me for a moment while I'm waking up. And it's Mother's Day also when they whisper to me as I'm tucking them in for the night, "I love you, Mamma, and I had such a nice day."

Every day is Mother's Day for while the youngsters are growing up we have to celebrate it in snatches and not wait for the second Sunday in May for gift wrapped packages and special tributes. They'll come to us some day, I trust, but I doubt if I'll like them half so much as the dear and slightly grimey, child-made book marks and pin tray my little ones



All of us are very eager for Katharine to arrive with her parents, Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, the second week in May. This is her lastest picture.

present me with right now.

The time to appreciate Mother most often does not come until we have children of our own. Then we can understand the things, big and little that our own Mother did for us and that, in the manner of most young people, we took for granted.

I know now why my mom was sometimes the only one of the family to appear in last year's outfit when the rest of us all had new clothes. She sewed practically everything for us excepting our shoes and stockings and when she finished there was neither time nor money to get something for herself. We took for granted the wallpapering, canning, gardening, upholstering and the penny juggling that she did to stretch the depression depleted budget. And I can understand now, why she was what seemed to me then, unreasonably cross at the end of a hard day.

Most of the tributes to Mother speak of her as a saintly creature with gentle hands, soft voice, angelic disposition and stainless soul. This is, of course, the highly idealized version. No mortal woman could live up to all of this and it is of mortal woman that mothers are composed.

It gives me an inferiority complex just reading these tributes for I know they are talking about somebody else, not me. Yet the fact remains that our house is blessed with three wonderful children, and there is such a thing as child instinct as well as mother instinct. This is the quality that makes one's offspring overlook the bad traits in their mother and remember her as being all good. I'm counting on this heavily in my own youngster's attitude toward me in future years.

There are several ways of becoming a mother besides the most prevalent one of giving birth to offspring. Some of our finest mothers have never carried a child, "under their heart". But they have all carried a child, "in their heart", for that is the only requisite for being a mother. There is no such

thing as an adopted mother, for even though the youngster came by legal papers, if she loves and cares for him she is a real mother.

Then there are those good souls who, never having had children of their own, nevertheless mother a great many other people's children. They are teachers, nurses and young people's leaders who have helped many more children than they could have if they had mothered only one family.

And there are the women who have acted as mothers to families when death took the children's natural mother. The beloved Aunts, I call them. It's a difficult task to step in and rear someone else's children and they deserve a handful of special stars in their crowns. They are mothers in the finest sense of the word.

A Christian mother is just about the finest thing a home can have. And it doesn't hurt for those of us who are right in the middle of the child rearing process to pause a little and reflect upon the great good fortune that came to us when first we gained the title of Mother. God grant that we may be worthy of it.

What Price Gardens—Concluded

our eagle eyes! He's also dreaming over plans for a suitable rose trellis over the entrance path to the garden. His skill as a craftsman will be most welcome there.

As insurance that we will have less heavy work next year, we have spent the fall dividing, and planting bulbs and perennials. Our motto for next year is a larger and better garden with less work. We are completely sold on gardens and are already studying our catalogs for next year.

(Lucile's note: Mrs. Applegate wrote this in the autumn and at first glance it would seem to belong in some fall issue, but one thing is certain: you're not going to have any harvesting to do or accomplishments to look back upon if you don't plant your garden in the spring! That's why we're printing it right now. And we hope that other people who are able for the first time to do a little gardening, will take encouragement from this.

FOR MY LOVE

God, since he comes to you in spring
Please give my love a little plot of
land.

He found contentment in the upturned
sod;

He loved the feel of soft warm earth
within his hands.

And could there be a little boy
To trail along behind him, too,
To hand him tools, to plant some seeds,
And laugh a bit, as small boys do?

Please use his gift with growing
things,
Some early fruit, if but a few,
For Heaven will seem much more
like home,
If he can share with neighbors, too.

—Gertrude Applegate

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

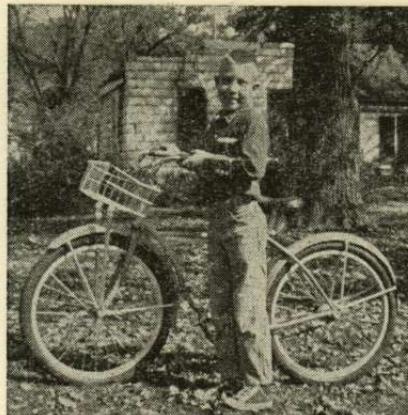
Oliver is taking off the storm windows this morning and putting up the screens. Earlier this week he painted and repaired the screens in the basement while he waited for a nice sunny day to wash the windows and make the change. As fast as he finishes a window on the outside, I wash it on the inside. That way we can check each other and be sure that we get every spot. Now when warm sunny days are here to stay we can have the windows open — just what we've been dreaming of all winter long.

(Oliver just rapped on the window to show me where some more bulbs are poking their heads up through the earth. He says it is hard to know where to put his feet down because we have planted bulbs all around the areas under the windows.)

It will soon be time to paint the porches. I expect that sometime during this coming month we will have accomplished that job. Both porches need a bit of repair first so the painting will depend upon when the carpenter can come to do that work. Our front porch is all open and on the north side of the house so it takes quite a beating during the winter months. We actually have to scoop the snow off of it with the snow shovel and of course that isn't the easiest thing in the world on painted porches. Our back porch is screened in and we enjoy sitting out there on summer evenings even if it is small. We often wish it were larger and hope sometime we can build on to it. It is on the south-west side of the house with south-east exposure also, so we can usually catch any cool breeze in the summer which happens to come our way.

As far as Martin is concerned, probably the most exciting thing to happen around here this past month was having two trees cut down. The sad part was that he was ill with the flu at the time and had to watch from inside. He was afraid that everything would be hauled away before he could get up again, but luck was with him for the last day the men were working he was able to play outside. What good fun the youngsters had climbing over the fallen tree trunks! We even considered having the fallen trees lay where they were for a couple of weeks just so the children could climb on them, but finally decided to let them be sawed into pieces and hauled away. If they had been in any other part of the yard, I'm sure we would have left them for a while. We hope that our lawn will do better with the additional sunshine, and I believe that it also improves general appearances. Oliver says that two less trees to shed leaves will be mighty welcome next fall!

Getting back to Martin's flu, I thought for certain that he was coming down with the chicken pox, which is raging through the grades this spring. How he missed it, I don't know. One thing I bought that entertained him was a sack of alphabet macaroni. He had so much fun making words and gluing them on a sheet



Boys and bikes go together. Martin makes many trips to the grocery store for his mother and grandmother, and returns with the basket full of packages.

of cardboard. It was very time consuming and good fun. We also played dominoes, checkers and his many little card games such as the arithmetic games.

Do you have a hot lunch program in your school? We don't have one in Shenandoah, but there is one in Essex, six miles away. Since Oliver, Martin and I lived in Essex for a while and since I still belong to a club there, we have a great deal of interest in anything pertaining to the community. I had the opportunity to eat lunch there several weeks ago. The Essex Clubs take turns serving special treats for hot lunch on special occasions, and on Saint Patrick's Day our club served decorated cup cakes. I helped pass them out as the youngsters came along the line and later ate lunch with the others who regularly help with the serving. It was quite an experience. When I watched the children come back for second and even third helpings, I thought what a marvelous thing the hot lunch program is, how heartily children do eat at noon when they have an appetizing hot meal, and what an experience it is for so many children to be eating together. I heard a mother mention later, when I was recalling that day, that her children ate much better at noon when they ate with a group of children the same age than they did at home.

Speaking of children, so many have their tonsils removed when they are young. I got through my childhood with fine tonsils but in recent years have had considerable trouble with them so in a few days I am having a tonsillectomy. While I'm playing lazy around the house when I get home, I'm going to smock some little dresses. Some time ago I promised little smocked dresses for some new baby girls, and now they are old enough for them so I must get busy. I have the patterns and materials so will be all ready to go.

One piece of material is a very pale lavender and I am going to do the smocking in purple and white. Another dress will be pale yellow, smocked in brown and white with a touch of green. (This dress is for Donald's daughter, Katharine. Won't the yellow look sweet with her reddish brown hair?) I'm also going to smock a

white dress in red. I have just inherited Mother's sewing machine so will probably be doing more sewing with the machine so handy, although Mother says she'll miss my running in to stitch a few seams now and then. I told her that whatever sewing she had now, I could do it at my house for her.

I have the material for the slip cover for Martin's bedroom chair. It is gold sailcloth. Not a very practical color for a little boy's room perhaps, but the touch of gold was the color the room needed. There is gold in the print drapes. At least the material washes like a dream and a tiny bit of pressing with the steam iron is all it will take to have the cover back on the chair.

We had a wonderful time dyeing Easter eggs this year. Martin and I helped "the bunny" all one evening. Oliver gave us his good advice and suggestions. Then, when Kristin and Dorothy came for Easter vacation (and Mother's birthday) I turned the kitchen over to Kristin and Julian. We really had an assembly line of eggs coming from our little Easter Egg Factory! The girls had planned an egg hunt for the younger cousins, and what fun they had! It took us back to my childhood, as it does every year. We used to go out on Saturday to look for grass to make our nests. I always had a favorite spot for hiding my nest, and that was in a little space between the radio and the wall in the living room. I wonder as I write this if Mother and Dad remember. I'm just guessing that they do!

Our church circle is still busy making layettes. These that we are making now are going to an Indian Reservation. It seems that there are so many hospitals and clinics which can use baby layettes. Our missionaries tell us that many times the promise of a lovely layette for the new baby is the only way they can get some of the mothers to the hospital for the delivery. I've had a number of letters from groups wondering where to send things of this type. I believe that most churches have projects of this nature, so if you will contact your minister he can direct you.

We are still pouring over wallpaper books looking for just the right paper for the living room and dining room. Oliver says I've changed my mind a thousand times but I know it hasn't been quite that many. I think I have decided on what I want, but then I see a picture in a magazine that I like and start on a search for something similar. As soon as the weather warms up I know I must decide for we won't want to delay the papering longer than that.

I thought I would have "baby kitten" news by this time, but this must go to the printers so it will have to wait until next month.

Until then, Margery

Money may be the husk of many things, but not the kernel. It brings you food, but not appetite; medicine, but not health; acquaintances, but not friends; days of joy, but not peace or happiness.

A MONUMENT TO MOTHERS (A Mother's Day Devotional)

By

Muriel R. Razor

SETTING: In the center of a table place a long low floral arrangement of asparagus ferns and carnations. If fresh flowers are not available, make paper carnations and use a philodendron vine or any finely cut foliage. (Directions for making carnations at conclusion of article.)

Behind the flowers build up a base of anything that is on hand (such as hymn books, etc.), but be sure that it is as high as the flower arrangement and longer. Cover this with white cloth or paper. On this base the monument is to be built.

On each side of the flowers place three white candles graduated in size from large (in center) to small.

For the foundation of the monument tie three oblong-shaped objects together. (These could be boxes of cake mix, 2 lb. cheese boxes, or whatever you can find, but they will be covered with white crepe paper or cloth fastened underneath with scotch tape, and will be referred to as "bricks".) Cut an oblong of white paper the length and width of your three bricks and on this print with black ink the words: FAITH IN GOD.

Wrap five bricks separately in white and cut oblongs of white paper (the same size as the side of your brick) and on each print one of these words: LOVE, COURAGE, HOPE, GRACE and STRENGTH.

As the scriptures and prose are read the monument is built by placing one brick on top of the other. You will need a reader for the prose, and six helpers to read scriptures, place bricks and later to light the candles.

READER: "A mother's life is a monument Builted stone upon stone, So that when she is gone from us We need not walk alone."

First Helper reads: 1 Cor. 16:13 and Heb. 11, 1-3. Then she places foundation. (Faith in God) upon base and steps back.

READER: "Faith in God the foundation is, So strong and firm and true, She's implanted it within us, So it is ever born anew."

Second Helper reads: I John 4:7 and 8, then places brick of LOVE in center and on Faith.

READER: "Love too she has taught us, Of God in heaven and earth, Peoples of all kinds and creeds, And all things that are of worth."

Third Helper reads: Psalms 27:14 and 31:24 and places the brick of COURAGE.

READER: "Courage to meet all of life's many trials, To conquer every foe and pain; O grant that whatever may befall, Courage, like hers, with us will remain."

Fourth Helper reads: Eph. 2:5-8, and II Cor. 12:9; places the brick of GRACE.

READER: "Grace to meet each day with Smiles that warm and cheer, That drive away all ugly thoughts, And conquer all our fears."

Fifth Helper reads: Psalms 27:1, 46:1, and 84:5, and places the brick of STRENGTH.

READER: "Strength to stand for what is right, To know, to dare, to do That which is God's own will, And to labor for Him, too."

Sixth Helper reads: Psalms 42:5, and places the brick of HOPE.

READER: "O Hope that springs eternal, That leads us through life's uncertain race, That bids us never falter 'Til we've reached the throne of grace."

At this point all helpers step forward to light the candles and, if you wish, a gold cross may be placed on top of the monument.

READER: "A monument to all mothers Not carved of marble or stone, But the molded lives of her children, And the building of a Home. O, may some fragments of her strength, By God's great mystery fall on me, That through this monument of hers I may find immortality."

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PAPER CARNATIONS

White or pink flowers may be made by using one Kleenex folded into 4. Cut a 4-inch circle with pinking shears. Cut a 6-inch length of stove pipe wire (or any other) and bend one end down $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to make a loop or head. (This is to keep the flower from slipping off.) Punch a hole in the center of your Kleenex circles and push the wire through. Separate circles and gather up tightly around your wire loop. Tie with string or wrap with wire. Cover tied portion of flower with narrow strips of green crepe paper or florists' tape if it is available. Use crepe paper for red carnations.

DEDICATED TO OUR MOTHERS

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds both great and small Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,

Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;

The book of life the shining record tells,

Thy love shall chant its own beautitudes

After its own life working. A child's kiss

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself in every sense

Of service which to men thou renderest.

—Robert Browning.

A FEW COMMENTS ABOUT ROSES

Every year at this season a multitude of people decide to plant roses for the first time, and every year they write and ask us to reassure them that they're going to get along fine. I know how they feel! You don't pick up fine quality stock for 10¢ a plant, and of course you want to be sure that you're doing the right thing.

Well, first and foremost — *buy good roses*. This means well known varieties, A-1 stock from a reputable nur-

sery. They don't handle roses as a sideline, a "come on" for other items such as groceries, dry goods, and what-not. They are staking their entire business reputation on handling stock that will satisfy the customer, and to this end they take every precaution known to be sure that you get superb quality plants reasonably priced and handled from beginning to end only by highly trained experts. This fact alone guarantees that you're off to a flying start.

Full planting directions will come with your roses and you should follow them faithfully. (Save your slap and dash methods for annuals!) Remember that roses **MUST** have sun for at least half of the day. Remember too that they can't do their best if they're planted too close to some big tree whose roots are sapping far too much of the soil's strength. Give them a break when you decide on their location.

As soon as your roses are delivered, try and get them into the ground. But if some emergency comes up and you're delayed, keep them moist. Set them out from 18 to 24 inches apart, and remember that they **MUST** be pruned back to about five or six inches. I know it's hard to whack so ruthlessly from handsome looking plants, but roses bloom from the new shoots and you've got to give them a chance to develop to their maximum.

It is important to mound 4 or 5 inches of loose soil over the bush to protect the precious bud which is close to the ground. The soil is taken away as the plant develops.

If we have a halfway normal growing season you'll enjoy your first wonderful blooms in June. (Last year, however, we had gorgeous blossoms in May!) Be sure you water thoroughly when you plant, and then ease up (unless it is extremely dry) until the first roses bloom. From this point on, keep the earth reasonably moist. We water about once a week — and never from above with a hose or sprayer. Russell places our perforated plastic hose around the bushes and lets the water run very slowly — a version of irrigation.

Hybrid Teas are gorgeous, but the Floribundas have been developed to the point where they rival anything in the whole world of roses. If you've never grown any Floribundas I do hope that you can try at least two or three of them this year.—Lucile.

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand in rapt awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed. This insight into the mystery of life, coupled though it be with fear, has also given rise to religion. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms — this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness. — Albert Einstein.

"Recipes Tested

in the

**Kitchen - Klatter
Kitchen"**

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY**MAY MORNING BREAKFAST**

Lime Sherbet Float
 Baked Eggs in Bacon Rings
 Tiny Baking Powder Biscuits
 Orange Marmalade
 Meringue Shell with Strawberries
 and Whipped Cream
 Coffee

MAY DAY LUNCHEON

Chilled Fruit Cocktail
 Chicken Cutlet with
 Mushroom Sauce Asparagus Salad
 Meringue Pear
 Hot Rolls Jam Butter
 Sponge Cake Coffee

RECIPE NOTES FOR MENUS

Lime Sherbet Float—Serve a spoonful of lime sherbet in a glass of fruit juice. I like to use orange juice for this.

If you are afraid to tackle meringue shells you could serve nice, plump red berries with powdered sugar and whipped cream.

Meringued Pear—Arrange perfect pear halves on a cooky sheet. Fill each half with meringue and brown lightly. Serve on the luncheon plate.

Asparagus Salad—Cook tender asparagus stalks until tender in salted water. Drain and cool. Around three or four stalks (depending on size) put a ring of pimento or green pepper. Place on lettuce. Use a rather thin salad dressing.

Chicken Cutlets

2 cups cooked diced chicken

4 Tbls. chopped mushrooms

1 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. pepper

1 tsp. parsley

1/2 tsp. onion juice

2 Tbls. butter

1 Tbls. flour

1 cup cream or milk

4 eggs

Mix chicken, mushrooms, salt, pepper, parsley and onion. Make white sauce of fat, flour and milk or cream. Add chicken and cook for three minutes. Add two eggs, well beaten. Take from fire immediately and pour on a greased shallow pan. Chill for an hour in refrigerator. While cold, shape into cutlets, sprinkle both sides with fine crumbs. Beat the other two eggs. Dip cutlets in the egg and then in finely rolled dry bread or cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve with mushroom sauce which I make from a can of mushroom soup slightly thinned and thickened with a little flour.

DELICIOUS SUNSHINE CAKE

1 1/2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup water
 6 egg whites
 1/4 tsp. salt
 6 egg yolks
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 cup sifted cake flour
 3/4 tsp. cream of tartar

Boil sugar and water until syrup forms a thread from a spoon. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff and pour hot syrup in fine stream over them, beating constantly. When cool add egg yolks which have been combined with lemon flavoring and beaten until light and thick. Sift flour with cream of tartar four times and gradually fold into other ingredients. Pour into ungreased tube pan and bake at 325 degrees for 60 minutes or until done.

Remove from oven and invert pan for one hour. Remove cake and cut horizontally into three even layers. Pile orange filling evenly between layers.

ORANGE FILLING

1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1/2 cup boiling water
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 cup whipping cream

Soften gelatin in cold water; then dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Add orange juice and lemon juice; mix well. Chill a short time. When mixture is partially set, beat with rotary beater until frothy. Whip cream and fold into beaten gelatin mixture. Spread between layers of cake.

Just before serving frost the entire cake with sweetened, flavored whipped cream.

This is a very light and delicious cake that we enjoyed tremendously. It would make fine refreshments, with ice cream and coffee, when you entertain in May.

A REFRESHING SALAD

1 can Royal Anne cherries (white)
 1 can crushed pineapple (No. 2 1/2 size)

1 cup chopped nuts

1 1/2 cups ginger ale

Juice of 1 orange

Juice of 1 lemon

1 package orange gelatine

1 package lemon gelatine

Drain juice from pineapple, heat juice and dissolve gelatine in it. Let cool, add ginger ale, orange and lemon juice. When mixture jells slightly, add fruit and mold. Serve with Marshmallow Dressing.

Marshmallow Dressing

15 marshmallows

2 eggs

2 Tbls. vinegar

1 Tbls. butter

1 cup whipped cream

Salt

Cook eggs, vinegar, butter, salt and marshmallows until thick, add whipped cream.

LUCILE'S FAVORITE REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

2 cups milk
 1/4 cup shortening
 5 Tbls. sugar
 1 cake yeast
 5 to 6 cups of flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 egg
 1 Tbls. salt

Scald milk. Add shortening and sugar. When mixture is lukewarm, add yeast and dissolve. (If dry yeast is used, dissolve it in one-fourth cup of warm water and reduce milk to one and three-fourths cups.) Add soda and baking powder sifted with three cups flour. Beat until bubbles come. Allow to rise one-half hour. Beat egg and salt until light and add to the sponge. Add remaining flour to make a soft dough. (The less flour you use, the lighter the rolls and doughnuts.) Knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl, grease the top, and place in refrigerator.

BAKED EGGS WITH PIMENTO POTATOES

4 cups cooked potatoes
 2 pimientos
 1 green pepper
 2 Tbls. onion
 4 Tbls. butter
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 cup milk
 6 eggs
 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

In greased baking dish or casserole place diced cooked potatoes, finely chopped pimientos, green pepper and grated onion. Make a white sauce with butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk, cooking in double boiler until thick and smooth. Turn over potato mixture; with tablespoon, make six indentations and into each break an egg. Dust with paprika and 1/4 teaspoon salt; cover with bread crumbs and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 minutes.

BANANA NUT BREAD

1/4 cup shortening
 1/2 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 3/4 cup mashed bananas
 2 cups all-purpose flour
 1 1/2 tsps. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup buttermilk
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and then the bananas. Combine all dry ingredients and add alternately with buttermilk. Stir to blend but avoid over-mixing. Bake in greased loaf pan for 1 hour, or until done, at 350 degrees.

(The friend in Tonganoxie, Kans., who sent this recipe said that the buttermilk kept it very moist and delicious.)

QUICK GRAPE JUICE JELLY

3 1/4 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups water
1 6-oz. can frozen concentrated grape juice
1/2 bottle Certo

Combine sugar and water into large saucepan and mix well. Bring to a full rolling and boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in grape juice, add Certo and mix well. If necessary, skim off foam. Pour quickly into 5 medium size glasses and cover at once with hot paraffin.

EGGS WITH ASPARAGUS
(6 servings)

2 cups asparagus
6 eggs, hard-boiled and sliced
1 cup bread crumbs
1/2 cup grated cheese
2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1 1/2 cups milk
Salt, pepper, paprika

Boil the asparagus. When tender cut in inch pieces. Boil the eggs until hard. Melt the butter and add flour, and when well blended gradually add the milk. Butter a baking dish. Place a layer of asparagus, then a layer of sauce, eggs and grated cheese. Repeat until all ingredients are used. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs, moistened with melted butter. Bake in hot oven for 20 minutes.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise
1/4 tsp. salt
1 hard-boiled egg
1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
1 Tbls. chopped olives
1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
1 cup chili sauce
1 Tbls. chopped pickle

Mix pimientos, olives, pickle, salt, pepper and chopped egg white together; add grated egg yolk. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Add chili sauce.

SALMON RING
(8 servings)

1 1/2 cups flaked salmon (fresh or canned)
1 cup bread crumbs
3/4 cup cream
4 eggs
Salt, pepper
2 cups cream sauce
Mix salmon and bread crumbs. Add cream, unbeaten yolks of eggs. Fold in the beaten egg whites. Put into well-buttered, paper-lined ring mold. Place in pan of hot water and bake 1/2 hour. Serve with cream sauce poured into center and over entire ring. This is a good emergency dish.

RHUBARB MARMALADE

4 lbs. rhubarb
1 pt. water
2 lemons
2 small oranges
1/2 lb. walnuts
6 lbs. brown sugar

Chop rhubarb and boil in water for 30 minutes. Put oranges, lemons, and nuts through meat grinder and add to the cooked rhubarb. Add the sugar and cook for an hour, stirring enough to keep the marmalade from burning.

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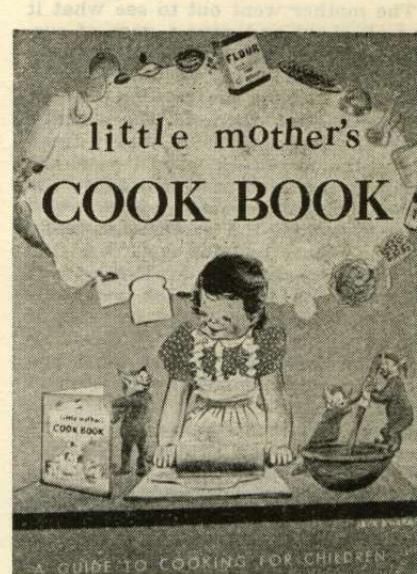
TOMATO ASPIC SURPRISE

2 cups tomato juice
1 envelope gelatin
1 cup chopped cooked ham
3 chopped hard-cooked eggs
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
2 Tbls. chopped onion
1 Tbls. sweet pickle relish
Prepare tomato juice with gelatin. When it starts to set, fold in other ingredients. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens.

SPANISH HAM AND RICE

2 cups cubed cooked smoked ham
1 cup rice
2 Tbls. grated onion
1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper, if desired
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 can condensed tomato soup

Cook rice and drain. Combine ham, cooked rice, grated onion, chopped green pepper, salt, pepper and tomato soup. Place in a greased 1 1/4-quart casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 30 minutes. Will make four to six servings.



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NEWS FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

I hope that the Easter weather was nicer at your house than it was here at ours. Snow, snow, snow, and then more snow! In the last two weeks of March we had four severe snow storms and even now, many days later, the snow is still high on the ground!

I have seen some miserable spring weather during my years in New England, but the weather this year has been the worst of all. This week there have been more flood warnings on the radio, and if we do get some floods, that will be just about the last straw. In the eight months that we have lived here in the Connecticut River valley we have seen two floods and that is quite enough.

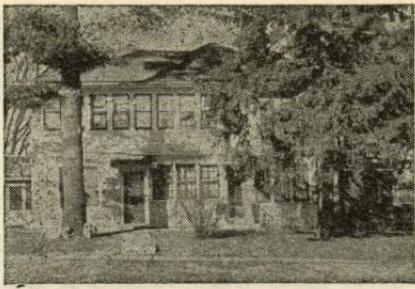
Some neighbors living a short distance from us had a great deal of excitement the other day. One of the children went out onto the back porch where the dog had just dragged a piece of something or other to play with, when all of a sudden the child turned around and went right back into the house. "Mother, mother," she called. "Come and see what Spot has on the back porch. I think that he is chewing on the foot of some wild animal!"

The mother went out to see what it was all about and gave a gasp of surprise. Incredible though it seemed, the dog was chewing on the foot of a leopard. At first the mother couldn't believe it, but then as she became more convinced that it was a real, honest-to-goodness leopard's paw, she became very frightened and called the police. The police confirmed her worst fears and then the excitement really began. Where had the dog found the paw of a leopard? Had a live leopard been running loose in the neighborhood and been killed by a pack of dogs?

A telephone call to the local zoo brought an explanation. It seemed that a leopard in the zoo had died, and the body had been skinned. The parts of the leopard not kept were carried out to a large city dump, and it was there that some dog had found the leopard's paw and carried it to that part of the city where our neighbor's dog had picked it up.

Our dog has never brought home the paw of a leopard — or for that matter even the paw of a rabbit — but a few nights ago it brought home all of the odor of a skunk. It happened about eleven-thirty one night just as some friends of ours were leaving. I had put the dog out only a few minutes before, and as I opened the door for the friends to leave, in ran the dog reeking with the odor of skunk. He was saturated with it. In just a matter of seconds the whole downstairs of the house was smelling of skunk. I ran to call the local dog hospital to see what should be done about a dog that had had the misfortune of catching a skunk, while my friend caught the dog and put him out-of-doors.

You who live in the country are going to laugh at this, for you would simply have told the dog to go sleep in the barn, but I couldn't do that.



From 1919 to 1924 the Driftmier family lived in this house on the corner of 18th and Garfield Streets in Clarinda, Ia. (You are looking at the side entrance here.) Now it has been turned into a duplex, and a house has been built on what we knew as a huge side yard.

Here in the city I have to keep my dog in the house at night, and I couldn't let him in smelling like that! The attendant at the dog hospital told me to wash the dog in tomato juice. I told him that I had no tomato juice but that I had lots of tomato soup.

In a few minutes my friend and I had the dog up on the third floor where we have a small bathroom that I use just for bathing the dog and were pouring cans of tomato soup all over the rascal. I have done many strange things in my life, but that was the first time I had ever bathed a dog in soup. Of course after the soup bath we had to bathe him carefully with soap. It seemed an idiotic thing to do, but it worked. When we were finished with that dog there was not a single trace of skunk on him.

Our little David gave us a good chuckle the other day. His Sunday School teacher asked him if he were anxious to join the Cub Scouts. (He won't be old enough to join the Cubs for two more years.) He looked at her in surprise and said: "Oh no! I am not going to be a Cub Scout; I am skipping over that and going straight into the Navy!"

He is just at the age where he says some of the strangest things, and of course everyone in my parish is quick to talk about him. Whenever he comes into the church he is surrounded by the attention of friendly people and we have to guard his speech rather carefully. I overheard him saying to one good lady: "My father cannot preach today. I am going to preach and I am going to tell you all about Mrs. Davie Crockett. Most people don't know about her."

I am sorry that most of you Kitchen-Klatter friends live so far away that you cannot hear my radio broadcasts each Sunday morning. I do have a few Kitchen-Klatter friends listening to me, but since the station is not a very powerful one people living more than 100 miles from Springfield cannot hear me. I go down to the station each Sunday morning at nine o'clock and have a twenty-five minute program, and then I go right to the church and make preparations for the morning service there.

Imagine my surprise when a lady just recently arrived from Germany came into my office the other day and introduced herself with the comment: "After listening to your broadcasts in Germany, I am anxious to meet you!" I thought for a moment that I had

misunderstood her. I just couldn't believe that she could have been listening to me in Germany when our local station is not heard much beyond the metropolitan area, but she insisted that she had heard and she even told me some of the things I had said on the radio. I still do not understand it, and this week I made some inquiries to see if the United States Army is making recording of my broadcasts and then using them on the Armed Forces Radio Network overseas. When I tried to convince the lady from Germany that she could not have been hearing me, she became quite upset and told me that if I were to write to some of her friends in Germany they would all verify the fact. If it is actually true, it makes me very happy, for I like to think that my sermons are being heard by our friends over there.

Sometimes I just visit with my radio friends, and at other times I preach sermons or answer radio mail. Last Sunday I spent some time answering the question of a lady who wanted to know if she were justified in placing her mother in a nursing home. Even if I had known the family involved and had known all of the circumstances, the question would not have been an easy one to answer, for each case is a little different from every other. So many of our nursing homes today are filled with aged people, and more and more it is becoming quite an accepted thing to do.

There was a time when there were no nursing homes for aged people, and who took care of them then? Do you remember the days when almost every home was shared with an aged parent or parents? That is still the case in Europe, but here in America we are getting away from it. What a joy it was for me to have dinner the other evening in a large home where seated at the dinner table along with the family and their guests were a grandfather and two elderly aunts who make their home there. There was something very comforting and reassuring about that.

Certainly there are circumstances that warrant the placing of an aged relative in a nursing home! It may be that medical attention is needed in a way that cannot be provided for in a family home. It may be that the family home is too crowded for even one more. Sometimes, but very rarely, it may be that the aged person wants to be in a nursing home. And sometimes it may actually be a case where there is so much unhappiness in the home that it would not be fair to the aged person to inflict him or her with it.

As a clergyman I have often had an opportunity to discuss matters of this kind with people in and out of my parish, and I know that each year because of the increasing life span of the aged, there are more and more families facing decisions of this nature. As necessary as it is to place some aged people in nursing homes, I know that there is more peace of mind, and more ease of conscience in homes where the aged have not been put away. The important thing is to

(Continued on page 14)

THE BIBLE, THE CHURCH, THE HOME AND COUNTRY

Program for Family Life Week

By

Mabel Nair Brown

SETTING: Upon the altar, or upon a high table in center back stage, place a large family Bible opened to Proverbs 31. Lay a wide satin ribbon bookmark in the Bible. Upon the pages of the right-hand side of the Bible place a husband's and wife's wedding ring — signifying the home based upon Christian teachings. Place tall white tapers on either side of the Bible and, if available, arrange clusters of red and white carnations around the base of the candle holders.

A small table at the left side of the stage will be used for the "blocks" in the skit later in the program. If possible, cover the table with a dark green cloth.

PROGRAM:

As a prelude and while the leader reads the opening verse, have the pianist play "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God", "God Bless America" and "Bless This House".

LEADER:

"The beauty of a house is harmony. The security of a house is loyalty. The joy of a house is love. The plenty of a house is children. The ruler of a house is service. The comfort of a house is in contented spirits. The maker of a house, a real human house, is God himself, the same who made the stars and built the world."

Scripture (Soft music as scripture is read — "Home", a medley of Mother songs, or Home Sweet Home would be appropriate.) Read Proverbs 31: 10-31, also Proverbs 6:20-23 and Proverbs 4:1-5.

Skit — "HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION".

Have three large cardboard cartons covered with paper to serve as the "building blocks" — they should be graduated in size, so they can be placed one upon the other to build the "sure foundation". The first one (and the largest) has the word BIBLE printed across the face of the block in large letters. The second has the word CHURCH and the third has the word HOME.

First Speaker carries in the block BIBLE and places it in the center of the table and speaks: "I bring the sure foundation of our beloved nation, It is the precious book, the Bible as you see. We must forsake it never, it is our strength forever, Its truth our nation's light shall ever be."

Solo or Duet. "My Mother's Bible".

Poem: "My Old Bible" by Donald Ross, or some other poem in a similar vein.

Second Speaker: (The Church). "God's Church a light is given, to guide us all toward heaven. Through it we walk the paths our Savior trod. We must never forsake it. No power can ever shake it. It rests upon the mighty word of God." (Places church block on top of Bible block.)

Hymn: "The Church's One Foundation" by audience or a quartette.

Or, you might have someone give the history of "The Little Brown Church In The Vale" and then have the song sung.

Another idea on the "church" theme would be to have someone give a brief paper on "The church and its place in our early American history", or "Some Of The Great Churches of America."

There is also a famous old reading, "The Model Church" which would work in wonderfully well here. (This may be found in Blackwood Brothers Scrapbook of poems).

THE HOME: (places the last block on top of the pyramid) — "The home, that place the dearest, where all ties are the nearest, That holds all we treasure as the sweetest and the best. Where we share the joy and laughter, to be cherished ever after, May it ever hold contentment, peace and rest."

Solo: "Bless This House", or "Home".

Reading: "What Is A Boy?", and "What Is A Girl?", or "It Takes A Heap O' Livin' In A House To Make It Home" by Edgar Guest. Any good poems dealing with home, a mother and father, or family life, could be introduced here. Perhaps you can find some good poem or reading dealing with grandparents too, to show how they also have a place in family life.

Leader: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up into his arms and blessed them". (Mark 10:14-16). "David, the Psalmist said, "Children are the heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward: As arrows in the hands of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them." Someone else said of children, "They are the lights of home, the life of the house, the gift of Providence, a mother's jewels, a father's consolation, and the crown of old men."

Music to be interspersed through this "home" section of the skit might include numbers from this list: "Daddy's Little Girl", "That Little Boy Of Mine", "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine", "O, My Papa" or any of the popular "Mother" songs.

There might be talks on the theme "The Family That Works and Plays and Prays Together, Stays Together."

There are many poems on the theme "When Children Pray" that would make a lovely closing for this part, with soft piano music as the background.

COUNTRY: Enter a speaker who places a flag in a standard to right of table, or use a small flag and place in stand on top of the HOME block and then says, "I place here our nation's flag, the banner of the free; the emblem of love, respect and pride and courage—And may it ever be."

Song: "God Bless America".

Poem: "Your Flag And My Flag", or other similar patriotic numbers.

Closing Song: "May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You".

Benediction.

Love is the best thing in the world and the thing that lives the longest.

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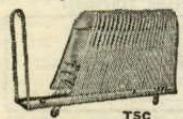
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Frederick's Letter Concluded.

make certain that there is never any sign of selfishness in the motives involved. I am certain that far, far too often nursing homes provide an easy way out for people who do not want to be burdened with the care of someone who actually needs them. It is sad but true, and I hope that there will soon be a return to the customs of the last century when each person knew that the responsibility for the care of the aged was a family responsibility that no one would dream of shirking.

In spite of the weather we had a blessed Easter, and I hope that for you and yours it was an equally blessed season.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick

THE DAILY HALF DOZEN

1. Wake up; 2. Get up; 3. Think up;
4. Speed up; 5. Lift up; 6. Cheer up.

A smile is the light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies it is at home waiting.



BEVERLY, THE JUNE BRIDAL DOLL

Anyone who is planning to serve as a hostess or co-hostess for a June bridal shower should look ahead right now while there is plenty of time to make this perfectly charming bridal doll. Two of these used on the table on either side of a flower arrangement would make a genuine "conversation piece" and arouse much interest. We suggest that you use only the Rapid-Flo filters mentioned in the instructions because they are stronger than ordinary filters and the doll needs this stiffness.

INSTRUCTIONS

BODICE: Cut one disk in half. Take half disk and with curved edge at front top, wrap around doll's torso, join together in back by stitching edges together to form strapless bodice. (If covering of arms and shoulders is desired, cut 1" strip from remaining half of disk to form stole. Place around back of neck and shoulders and bring to front, tucking under doll's arms, after doll is completed.)

SKIRT: Place two disks together and fold in half. Measure along curved edge about 1 1/4 inches from each corner and place dot. Make 4 more dots about 1 1/8 inches apart along same edge between the first two dots.

With yarn-threaded needle (using a scant 7 inches of yarn for each bow) stitch through four thicknesses of folded disks and tie bow at dot 1, repeat at dots 3 and 5. Make 24 of these pairs with bows tied at points 1-3.

Place two of these pairs together, being sure that bows are in line. Using center four thicknesses, tie bows at dots 2-4-6. Continue adding one pair at a time until all 24 are fastened together and end disks are joined, forming a circular skirt.

With double yarn (or heavy white thread) gather top of skirt by stitching thru all thicknesses, thus forming waistline. Place doll in center space and draw thread tight around doll's waist and fasten securely.

To make Tiara, use small pearls and beading wire, running wire thru beads and bending wire to shape and to fit head when finished. Fasten veiling to this to form veil. Tulle or Net may be used instead of veiling. String pearls to make a tiny necklace and fasten around doll's neck. This gives a traditional appearance to bride. Fasten a miniature bouquet of small flowers to doll's left hand with a bit of ribbon.

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MATERIALS REQUIRED:

18-1074—One 7 1/2 inch doll, each 59¢
18-1104—One Pkg. Rapid-Flo disks, package 89¢ (Pkg. of 100)—Beverly requires 50 disks.
16-2119—One Pkg. 3mm pearls (Need about 1/2 pkg.) Pkg. 20¢
16-497—One spool bead wire (Need approx. 24 in.) Spl. 15¢
4-3480—One skein Dexter's worsted (Pastel Pink or White make a beautiful bride) Sk. 10¢

Veiling, Tulle or Net for Bride's Veil. Flowers for Bridal Bouquet.

Use large-eyed darning needle and heavy white thread for sewing and tacking.

All materials required can be ordered from the Lee-Ward Mills, Elgin, Ill. Through their courtesy the photograph and instructions have been furnished.

TO A NURSE

The world grows better year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and grins and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills

To remedy mankind's numberless ills.
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional
smile;

Blessing the newborn babe's first
breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in
death.

Taking the blame for the doctor's mis-
takes,

Oh dear! what a lot of patience it
takes;

Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop.

But called back on special duty at 7:15,
With woe in her heart, but it must not
be seen;

Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's
right.

When we lay down our caps and cross
the bar,

Oh Lord, will you give us just one
little star

To wear in our crowns, with our uni-
forms, new,

In that city above, where the Head
Nurse is you?

—Unknown

There are three types of people: the few who make things happen, the many who watch things happen, and the big majority who have no idea what has happened.

Wouldn't it be nice if we could find other things as easily as we find fault?

MOTHERS ARE MADE, NOT BORN

By

Evelyn Birkby

May is made special because of the day set aside to honor mothers. And surely, just watching a child grow, is one of the most fascinating occupations in the world. When will he walk? When will he talk? What kind of individual is developing under that roll of baby fat? And what is most important, how can I, as a mother, channel all these wonderful patterns into the right direction?

We long to be as "good" a mother as someone whom we know. Sometimes we look at the mothers who have important positions and feel less worthy than they. We may wish we could give our children the advantages that some other mother seems able to give her child. But the very fact that we want to do well shows that we are making gains, for someone has said that the mother who thinks herself perfect is the poorest of the lot.

We can each give love, for that is not limited by any worldly boundaries. If we give our children love they will always have something in which to believe. It provides the inner stability which nothing in life can shake.

We can give our children understanding. We can try to understand why they act the way they do at certain ages. We can dig down under seeming naughtiness and find out why, and then start from there to help and guide. We can have patience with their immaturity.

We can give of our time in little ways each day. Often the most valuable gift we can give to a child is a listening ear, just taking time to see what he is talking about. Time to do things together just for fun and just as a family is within the possibility of us all.

We can give security. Financial security means nothing to a little child, but it is the security of unchanging affection and of his parents continual confidence in him which is needed by each little one.

Really, it is just living and loving together as a family and thanking God each day for the privilege of being a mother which is of most worth in daily life. No one on the face of this earth can give a child more regardless of what his worldly goods may be.

How good God was to give us a part in creation! Many women never bear a child of their own and yet are wonderful "mothers", building creative lives for themselves in the service of others. It is through "doing for others" that we change and grow, and any woman who loves and helps a child, even though it not be her own, is truly a mother.

I am thankful to my children for helping me grow in countless different ways. Take the truth, for example. Every statement I make they take for the complete, unalterable truth. So I must try to be sure that my beliefs, my ideas and my statements are true. I must be scrupulous in my dealings with others. I need to take care in little things where

it would be so simple just to "let go", but examples of truthful actions speak loud.

My children have kept me from becoming selfish and self-centered. Their simple needs, their demands for care and attention have helped me to develop the outgoing affection which is so necessary for happy living.

Because their ever present appetites increasingly pressure me into baking pies and cookies and cakes, into peeling apples, spreading peanut butter sandwiches, stirring chocolate milk and routinely keeping the family well fed, they are helping me to become a better cook.

They give so completely, so unstintingly and sometimes so boisterously of their own inexhaustible supply of love that they tap the wellsprings of my own heart to its depths.

My children see the golden glow of the sunlight, the bright feathers of a bird, a star reflected in a tiny pool, the rich greenness of a fresh leaf and the wonder of new life in a small blue egg. Because they see these things with the fresh eyes of the still very young they bring to me a new realization of the wonders of God's great world.

The very ceaseless nature of their activity pushes and prods me into being more active and alert. Their constant search for answers with that one word "Why?" has led me into paths of knowledge previously unknown or forgotten.

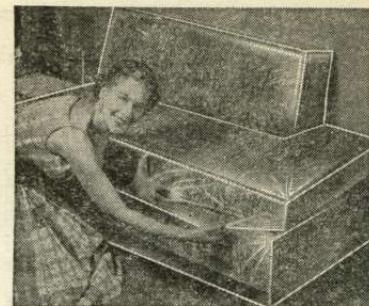
Their quick tears and deep rushing sorrows give me a continual outlet for the growth of sympathetic concern.

My tiniest, newest child has taught me how to face each day with an eager smile. He has shown me anew the pleasure of serving where no return is expected. He has taught me patience — patience in the time I spent in awaiting his arrival; patience in awakening in the middle of the night to make him comfortable at the expense of my own comfort; patience in submerging my own desires to his needs. He has given, in return, the complete offering of his love.

My second child, at the age of two, has brought wide visions of far horizons with his restless feet. He would be up and about and doing! His insatiable curiosity, his sparkling eyes which miss nothing, his happy laugh and his readiness to be always a "help", fill my days with a surprisingly satisfying companionship. He has led me far into the enchanted field of make-believe. He has taken me by the hand and walked me back to the place where every sound, every smell, every sight is to be wondered at and explored. We find something new each day about which to stand in awe and say, "Thank you, God."

My third child has brought me affection, sweet comradeship and comfort far in excess of his six years. He keeps me aware of my shortcomings and strengthens my abilities, for it is by my example he is learning. Already I can see my attitudes mirrored in him, and quick!

(Continued on next page)



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Mrs. J. Pasch, 6125 Kenwood, Chicago, was hiding a fortune right in her own living room. It was her expensive furniture—kept out of sight under old-fashioned slip covers. Then a Free Catalog showed her how to give her furniture full-time protection from dust and dirt and still let its beauty be seen always. Now her sofa and chairs are dressed up in super-clear plastic fitted covers.

Made of new satin-smooth "Window Clear" plastic fabric, every bit of the upholstery color and pattern shows through these super-transparent covers. The durable extra-heavy plastic is non-porous so dust, dirt and liquids can't get through. They give perfect protection and save hours of work. "It's wonderful to see my beautiful furniture all the time and not worry that it will get dirty," says Mrs. Pasch. "The covers fit perfectly and they're so inexpensive. Every woman who cares about her furniture should see your catalog."

To protect your furniture, write today for FREE CATALOG. Shows over 150 easy-to-order styles including latest Bumper styles. You also get FREE Sample of super-clear plastic. HOUSE OF SCHILLER, 180 N. Wacker, Dept. KK-6, Chicago 6, Illinois.



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DANDREX with amazing K-5 for dandruff and itchy scalp. If you are one of the millions suffering from unsightly dandruff and itchy scalp, you owe it to yourself to get DANDREX in the plastic squeeze bottle. ORDER NOW!

Send \$1.00 to DANDEE PRODUCTS

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Earn extra money at home weaving rugs, carpets, etc. from old rags or new yarns, for people in your community! No experience necessary. Thousands doing it with easy running \$69.50 Union Looms. Send for our free booklet.

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KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920

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KFAB—OMAHA, NEBR. — 1110

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If you want relief from all those aches and pains — if you want to feel better than you have in years, then get a bottle of Leal. For sinus trouble, headaches, burns, bunions, sore itching feet. Relieves aches and pains of muscle soreness. If your druggist doesn't have it — send \$1.00 for 3 oz. bottle or \$1.89 for large economy size, postpaid.

Dept. 10

Leaf Oil Labs, Sutton, Nebraska

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NEW Soft-Plastic Liner
Gives Months of Comfort

Amazing cushion-soft STIX tightens loose plates; quickly relieve sore gums. You can eat anything! Talk and laugh without embarrassment. Easy to apply and clean. Molds to gums and sticks to plates, yet never hardens; easily removed. No messy powders, pastes or wax pads. Harmless to plates and mouth. Harmless to plates and mouth.

Thousands of Delighted Users get relief from loose plates and sore gums. Mail only \$1 today for 2 STIX Liners postpaid.

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12 Exposure Rolls, 39¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

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Honest Value LINCOLN STUDIOS Box 13 Dept. 52
Lincoln, Nebr.



Our most recent picture of Kristin shows clearly enough that at twelve years of age one has long, long thoughts! Soon she will finish the 7th grade in Chariton — then off to a wonderful summer!

**WHAT COOKING MEANS TO
A WOMAN**

Cooking means the patience of Job and the persistence of the Pilgrim Fathers. It means the endurance, the long suffering and the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. It means the steaming and the stirring, the baking and the boiling thrice daily, spring, summer, autumn and winter, year after year, decade after decade. It means perspiration, desperation and resignation. It means a crown and a harp and a clear title to an estate in Heaven."

Mothers Are Made—Concluded

I need to take inventory to be sure I am guiding aright. His kindness towards animals has renewed my appreciation for them. His love of learning, his excitement at the great new world opened to him in school, has shown me how easy it is for such knowledge to become routine and joggled my own search in the realm of the mind. His big hug and kiss and goodnight prayers are the bright jewels in the setting of everyday living.

My oldest "angel child" has pushed me, by the hard lesson of sorrow, right up to the footstool of God. Here confidence and strength and courage are growing in my soul. She has taught me that only in God is security, that with Him we can rejoice in happiness and grow through loss. It is by her example that we have found the true value of living: that love, given freely and unselfishly, is the way to joy and the only lasting solution to problems which come our way.

I am grateful, as Mother's Day draws near, for the help my children are giving in shaping my life. My greatest wish is that someday I may be worthy of their trust.

MOTHER'S DAY

On Mother's Day, said Dad one night, We'll grant all mother's wishes: We'll do the housework, cook the meals,

And even wash the dishes.

We'll never let her turn her hand From dawn till evening fires, But sit and read, rest, sleep or write, Just as her soul desires.

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

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

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

—Lola Taylor Hemphill

REMEMBER!

She loves her family — is content To forego hats to pay the rent, To do without the pretty frills And study all the wifely skills.

She measures every cost and plan Which may involve her struggling man; But all the while this charming wife Remembers well she CHOSE this life! —Gladys N. Templeton

DRIFTMIER Tuberous BEGONIAS!

7 for \$1.00 20 for \$2.00

Guaranteed to Bloom This Year!

Our Guaranteed famous Driftmier quality makes these offers of shade-loving Tuberous Begonias truly outstanding. Enjoy gorgeous Camellia-shaped blooms that are unequalled for sheer exquisite beauty. From July until frost you will have enormous blooms running to 4 inches or more in size in a wide range of colors from pure white to yellow, salmon, and deep rich crimson. Wonderfully successful as indoor plants, too. Blooming size bulbs — 1 1/4" to 1 1/2" size. Full directions for outdoor and indoor planting included. Garden-fresh stock shipped at YOUR proper planting time. ORDER TODAY!

THE DRIFTMIER CO., Dept. KK 19, HENANDOAH, IOWA

I enclose \$ _____ for the Tuberous Begonia offer checked below.
 7 Tuberous Begonias — \$1.00
 20 Tuberous Begonias — \$2.00
 Please send me your beautiful new 1956 Nursery Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

HAPPY MESS!

by

Evelyn Witter

Does the fact that your children are experts in messing up the house keep you in a continual dither?

I too was dither-full this morning as I went upstairs to straighten six year old Jimmy's room. First off his archer's bow clunked me in the head. When I galloped downstairs to answer the phone I went into a tail-spin on the stairs because of a soft ball he'd put there evidently figuring to take it up later.

In the living room I fought a losing battle with four year old Louise's crayons. Some crayons had rolled under the chairs and some had rolled into more inaccessible recesses behind and under the heavy pieces of furniture. The carpet was dotted with maddening bits and scraps left over from her cut-outs of the night before.

"The first thing I'm going to do when they come home from Grandma's is give them a long and forceful lecture on picking up after themselves." I spoke to myself outloud. Speaking outloud to one's self is a sure sign of anger, and angry I was. I tried to figure out all sorts of punishments that would be effective.

Then, as I picked up a toy wagon, a gift from my nephew, my thought

turned to him. His illness had confined him to his bed for more than a year. I remembered walking into his room. It had been so painfully neat that I had had to stifle a sob in my throat or I would have cried outloud. Every book, every game, every toy was exactly in the cubby hole that was designed for it when the shelves were built. The dear little patient lay quietly on his pillows looking forward to the day when he could get up and play.

With the toy wagon in my hand and the picture of my nephew in my mind, I looked around my house again. An arrow was poised on the sofa with the point at a disastrous angle for anyone who would sit without looking first, and dolls and doll clothes littered the dining room table.

"I must be sure to talk to the children about putting their things away." I told myself again. But the anger was gone. I realized that children must be taught neatness but I was wondering if it couldn't be taught with patience and understanding rather than hot-headed dictation.

The patience and understanding would come, I knew, if I kept the thought before me that the messes the children made were happy messes; and if I kept the thought before me of how sad it would be if MY house were painfully neat because the children were not able to mess it up!

YOU'LL FIND IT AT HOME

Complete these rhymes with things found in most homes; for example:

The song is right—where'er I roam
I find I'd rather be at home.

1. Far better than a treasure trove
Is the food Mom cooks on our old

2. When friends drop in, it's nice to
see

A pleasing program on --

3. When I can't do my lessons alone,
I call up my chum on the -----

4. There's nothing nicer anywhere
Than curling up in an easy -----

5. When a person seems to be a grouch
He needs a nap on a handy -----

6. That time is running by—tick tock—
Is the warning from our cheerful

7. When tired from running to and fro
I rest with good music from the

8. At night time, after prayers are
said,

It's nice to tumble into ---

Answers

1. Stove; 2. TV; 3. Telephone; 4. Chair; 5. Couch; 6. Clock; 7. Radio; 8. Bed.

—Grace Stoner Clark.

A friend is one who walks in when the rest of the world walks out.

FREE BONUS

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VITAMIN-MINERAL
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NATURAL LEMON BIOFLAVONOID COMPLEX
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\$5.95 size, 174 tablets, bottle SUPER SPARK vitamin-minerals. For each \$5.95 size bottle I (number of bottles) purchase, while this offer lasts, I am to receive FREE a \$2.95 bottle of the same tablets. I understand the closing date for this very liberal offer will be announced on the Driftmier Kitchen-Klatter radio visit during the month of May, 1956.

My Name _____

Street Address _____

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On HER DAY... Give Mother a Vio Holda PLANT STAND

All-Steel Vio Holda

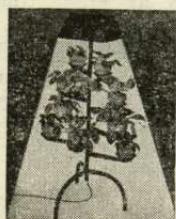
PLANT STAND

Sturdy, heavy gauge all-steel welded. 40" high. Will not tilt or tip. Holds 11 plants, 10 on revolving arms extending outward 6" to 12" from center shaft. Arms movable to any position to enhance beauty of display and allow even sun and air exposure. Light weight. Easily dismantled for cleaning. Antique black, white or green enamel. ORDER BY MAIL TODAY Only \$14.95 each, plus \$1.00 for packing and postage. Specify color desired. Send check or money order. Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Circular on request.

NO TIP
NO TILT

NEW FLUORESCENT PLANT LAMP

Fits all Vio Holda plant stands. Floods flowers with cool beneficial fluorescent light. Promotes growth. Makes show place of dark corners and sunless rooms. Installed or removed in two minutes without tools. Light shade is 13" sq. at bottom. 9" sq. at top, and 6" deep. Accommodates 22 watt. 84" Circline fluorescent light tube, only \$14.50. Light tube \$2.95 extra. Please add 75¢ for postage unless ordering a plant stand, too. Specify color.



Shade, without tube.

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Dept. K-5

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End mice, roaches, waterbugs, ants, spiders, crickets, boxelder bugs and other pests. Safe-sure-simple. Dust HIDE in runways. Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away, \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free booklet included.

HIDE, 55-A 9th Street, Leon, Iowa

HOT WATER QUICK!

New Portable Pocket-Size Water Heater

Place in water; plug in socket; turn on switch!

Hot Water! Thousands use for bathing, washing clothes, creams separators, pots, shaving, . . . How quickly it comes very quick! Heating speed of large quantities is quick.

Read directions before using; follow. Regular price \$1.95. However if you'll tell your friends about BOIL-QWIK, we'll advertise it for us, we'll let you now have one for only 99 cents tax.

SEND NO MONEY Just name and address.

Federal Tax, C.O.D. postal charges. Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 10 days for refund.

BOIL-QWIK, 4554 Broadway, Dept. V-223 CHICAGO 40, ILL.



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GOOD MONEY IN WEAVING. Weave rugs at home for neighbors on \$69.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Looms, 150 Post St., Boonville, N. Y.

"MOTHER'S LOVE SONGS". A book of poems by Martha Field Eaton. An ideal gift for that new mother. Price \$1.00. Send order to Martha Field Eaton, Clarinda, Iowa.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

NYLON HOSIERY BARGAINS: Factory rejects (Thirds) 6 Pairs for \$1.00. Our Better Grade (Seconds) 3 pair \$1.00. Our Select Grade (Irregulars) 3 pair \$2.00. Postpaid when cash with order. Allen Hosiery Company, Box 349, Dept. C, Chattanooga, Tenn.

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD. Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

LUCKY MIDGET BIBLE. 50¢! Free Catalog! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, Bronx 59, N. Y.

New! "SOLAR" Battery converts solar energy into electricity. No other source than light required to operate it. Take it with you on trips, picnics, etc. Replaces household current in bright sunlight. Never needs repairing or upkeep. Lifetime guarantee with each unit. Complete with instructions and accessories ready to use. Net weight 15 lbs. Order yours now! Try unit 30 days, if not satisfied, return unit to us for full refund. 115 volts. D.C. 3000 MA. \$275.95 postpaid. Dealers wanted. Moore and Harris Electronics, Friars Point, Miss.

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EMBROIDERED TEA TOWELS, set of 7—\$3.25 & \$3.75. Aprons, 1 print, 1 party, both for \$1.50. Mrs. Joe A. Cengler, Route 1, LeMars, Iowa.

SMOCKED APRONS of checked tissue gingham for women. New, unusual \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. James Cone, Dell Rapids, South Dakota.

PRETTY, unusual, assorted appliqued, x stitch etc., LINEN tea towels, 3—\$2.65, 6—\$5.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATIONS and individuals make half selling PRAYER POEM books, ideal gifts. Write for particulars, House of Poetry, Early, Iowa.

CROCHET TABLE CLOTH Medallion, 60-72, ecru, \$25.00. Edith Davison, Allerton, Ia.

COMPLETE FILE KITCHEN-KLATTER Magazines—1937-1955, 12 current numbers, \$1.00. Individual issues 10¢. Stamped addressed envelope for inquiries. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Waverly, Iowa.

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

"TEXTILE PAINTERS". Tenth Annual Know How Book 1001 Fabric Decorating Ideas. Send 25¢. Ready Cut Stencils, Box 717K, Des Moines, Iowa.

CROCHETED DRESSES 1-3 years \$4.95. Fancy Aprons \$1.00-\$1.25. Fancy Hankies 50¢-\$1.00. Hemstitching. Homemaking. **GUARANTEED.** BEULAH'S, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

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GREETING CARDS, all kinds 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

FRESH SHELL-FREE BLACK WALNUT meats. \$2.00 qt. Two for \$3.50. Lovely gifts. Postpaid. Dorothy Eggerss, Avoca, Iowa.

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HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS made by sending yours—either print or 3 feed sacks, your measurements, side zipper, 4 buttons and \$1.50 or send your measurements, state color preferred and \$3.50 for a dress. An apron free with orders for 3. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

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"FOR MOTHER'S DAY" beautiful appliqued organdy aprons 22 x 34 inches wide, pastel or dark colors, \$1.50 each prepaid. **"APRONS."** Blue Hill, Nebraska.

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HEALTH BOOK by retired nurse. Arthritis "flare up" bloat, over-weight, food allergy, 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

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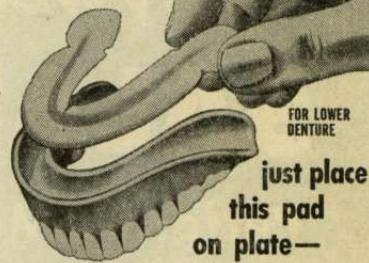
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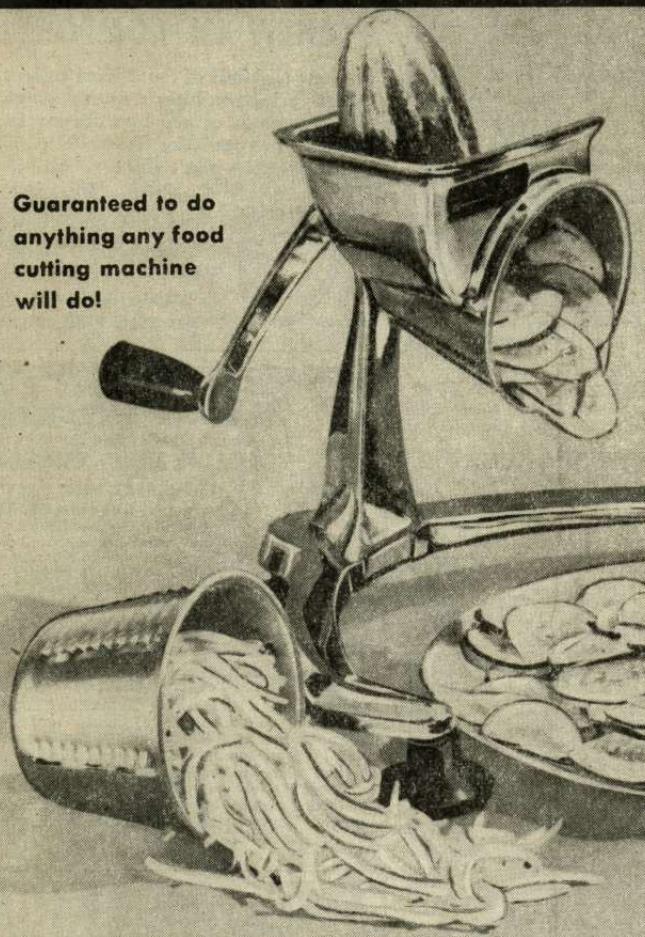
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