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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Stern

MISS JOSIE PFANNERBECKER
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SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I don't know if your school children are required to memorize poetry or not, but I am glad that my early education included this because for many, many years I have enjoyed such beautiful lines as these:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er dale and hill,

When all at once I saw a cloud—
A host of golden daffodils!"

Or

"What is so rare as a day in June!
Then, if ever, come perfect days
When Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

Yes, I am glad that memorizing these and other lovely verses was expected of us when we attended grade school around the turn of the century. Beautiful poetry and fine literature give us something to brighten our world through all the years of our lives, and I'd hate to think of a time when parents lost sight of this fact.

I am also thankful that my father and mother both loved nature and that I had the privilege of growing up on a farm where every nook and corner of the yard was made as beautiful as possible. From the time our bluebells bloomed (they were under the plum trees in the backyard) until the last rose fell from the long rose bordered path to the front gate, we were surrounded by a mass of bloom all summer long.

Probably most of you know that the nurseries in Shenandoah date back to early pioneer days, and one spring as my father was returning from town in his "lumber wagon" he spied some bundles of lilac bushes stacked by the side of the road. Since it was almost the end of the planting season these bundles were surplus stock, and when he inquired about it they were given to him.

You can guess the rest of the story. Yes, he brought them home and planted a hedge along the east side of the yard. In a few years this lilac hedge was six feet high and a mass of heavenly sweet flowers every spring. One of my vivid childhood memories is of curling up with a story book under its low hanging branches on a Sunday afternoon. When all of us Field brothers and sisters were still living we always found when we compared childhood memories that the

lilac hedge stood out foremost in our thoughts.

There are still sections in our Midwest that need good rains, but from your letters I can see that people as a whole are looking forward much more hopefully this spring. These last few years have been very discouraging ones and many families have been forced to make drastic changes. Not since the years of World War II have we made so many corrections in the addresses of our Kitchen-Klatter files, but frequently things that seemed only for the worst when they happened all turned out for the best in the end, so we must remember this at times of drastic change.

Do you take time to thank God for all the beauty He has placed around and above us for us to enjoy? The grass, the flowers, the trees with their fresh green leaves, the clear blue skies and fleecy white clouds of spring that make a canopy over our heads . . . all of these things should assure us He has given us a perfect place to live our lives. If we add to this our friends and family to love and our work to do, what man can ask for more?

Spring housecleaning is over at our house and the corners are pretty well cleaned out. In recent years I've made fairly good headway in disposing of things no longer of use to us but with service ahead for someone else. I've also gone through many boxes of old letters and returned them to the person who wrote them originally. Lucile, for instance, was very surprised to have me unearth all of the letters she wrote when she was living in Mexico City twenty years ago. Juliana will enjoy those someday, and Frederick's two children will enjoy his letters written from far ends of the earth. Most of the letters written by Howard, Wayne and Donald during World War II had also been saved, so you can see that I had many boxes to go through.

We had hoped to have a good visit from brother Sol and his wife, Mary at about this time, but almost at the last minute they decided that Sol's health wouldn't permit him to make the trip. As far as I know now, our only company from the West Coast in June will be a visit from Louise Fischer Alexander and her son Carter. Jean will meet them here after her college work at Oberlin is over and then will drive home with her mother. I believe that Carter plans to spend

several weeks with his Grandfather Fischer.

Mart and I are hoping to pay a visit to Frederick and his family in the not too distant future. We have never visited them in the summer and would like to drive East before the weather gets too warm. On the way we'll stop and visit Donald, Mary Beth and little Katharine in Anderson, Indiana and will have a chance to see their new home. Then on to Springfield for as much time as possible with Frederick before he leaves on an extended European trip. In his letter you'll find full details on this. It will surely be a wonderful experience.

My two sisters, Jessie Shambaugh and Martha Eaton are finally home from their winter trip to Captiva Island off the coast of Florida, and New Jersey. They've been very busy doing a great deal of work in their yard so I haven't seen them as much as I'd like. However, it's a comfort to know that they're only twenty miles away and if something comes up I can always call them and visit.

Jessie brought home a wonderful box of shells for her collection, some very rare ones among them. I saw her entry for the "Shell Fair" that I mentioned last month and thought that it was perfectly beautiful. She used tiny delicately colored shells glued on a soft smooth piece of cotton to make a lovely landscape of palm trees, flowers, birds and butterflies. It has been framed appropriately and is a stunning sight.

Bertha Field has always done so much garden work, you know, but this summer she's not going to be able to enjoy her favorite occupation. Her leg is in a cast to correct some trouble of quite long standing, and of course this keeps her away from her beloved flowers and vegetables. We'll all be happy for her when she is out of the cast and able to get around more easily.

Fred has done a good job of keeping things going in his garden. Helen's basic landscaping has held up well through these years that she has been gone, and it always makes us feel that she is very close when we see the beautiful succession of bloom begin. Ida Fischer, Fred's sister, has been of great help to him in keeping the garden presentable. I hope when you come to Shenandoah you'll drive by there, and Fred would be happy if you got out of the car and walked around the yard.

Emily's biggest interest in life is her Brownie troop. She is a sweet, dependable little girl who is of real help in keeping an eye on Clark. You'll notice that Clark has a new "butch" haircut when you see the picture of him in this issue. When his Uncle Howard admired it he said: "You have a butch haircut too, don't you, Uncle Howard?" Howard has so little hair left that Clark actually thought he'd just come back from the barber too!

I am glad that so many of you friends can charter buses as a group and spend the day in Shenandoah. Many ask me the best time to come

(Continued on page 17)

GARDEN CHATTER

By
Lucile

Well, Spring finally arrived! I put it this way because it looked for a while as if we were never going to move out of the late winter doldrums. Goodness knows we needed moisture so badly that no one felt like opening his mouth to comment about heavy snow and cold weather through the period that we had anticipated real spring, but there for a spell we thought the trees would never leaf out and nothing would ever bloom!

Everyone whom we have talked to says the same thing: spring never arrived so abruptly. In twenty-four hours the world seemed to explode into bloom! That was a frantic day at our house because Russell ran, literally, from corner to corner raking off mulch and giving everything its deserved opportunity. We'd been afraid to uncover things in view of the fact that the weather was so utterly unpredictable, but in only one day the garden was transformed.

Certainly we can never remember when the flowering shrubs and trees were so breathtakingly beautiful. Last year they looked almost skimpy all over town because of the prolonged drought. This year they bent over backwards to make up for past disappointments.

I still think that for sheer beauty you can't surpass Flowering Peach, Hopa Crab and Red Bud trees. If everyone were to plant only one flowering tree just think how beautiful a town would be! This could certainly be a marvelous project for any Garden Club.

Two unusual things happened in connection with our own flowering trees this spring. We have a Flowering Peach that looked like a great cloud of dazzling pink bloom, but imagine our astonishment when we saw lovely big blooms coming out right on the trunk of the tree! I don't know what in the world got into it—never heard of such a thing before.

Juliana's own Hopa Crab that grows in her grandparents' yard was simply spectacular—a towering bouquet of rosy pink flowers and by far the most dense bloom it had ever produced—you couldn't even see the branches! It stayed this way for quite a long spell and then all of a sudden, without shedding a single blossom, it turned snow white. You can't imagine how peculiar we felt. Here we'd looked at it in the evening and marveled at its incredible pink bloom, and the next morning when we went to look at it the entire tree was pure white!

There must be a scientific explanation for these phenomenas, but I wouldn't know what it is.

As I write this our tulips are at the very climax of their bloom. I have no words with which to describe them. Here, too, we noticed some remarkable things. Bulbs that were planted eight years ago produced big handsome tulips after lying down on the job for the past two years. We assumed, of course, that they were gone



Here is our Flowering Peach that bloomed so incredibly this spring.

once and for all and were entirely unprepared to have them start performing again.

The largest King Alfreds in our entire garden came from bulbs that were planted in March of *this year*. Russell had about eighteen or so bulbs left from last fall's nursery activity and they'd been kicking around in the basement all winter. He put them into the ground in March figuring that they'd bloom in 1958, but as I said, they were the biggest daffodils in the entire garden in 1957.

Here is something important to remember about tulips. The longer they are in the ground, the earlier they bloom. Sometimes our tulips planted three or four years ago will be in full bloom a good two or three weeks before the ones that were planted the preceding year. They anchor themselves as time passes and bloom much earlier. Every spring we get worried sounding letters from people who think that the bulbs they planted the preceding fall have all died or been eaten or *something*, and explain that their other tulips are doing fine but the new ones have fallen by the wayside. Well, I've just given you the explanation for what is responsible 99 times out of 100.

I know that through the years I've mentioned this before, but bear with me while I say once again that one of the most beautiful sights in the world is Emerald Blue Creeping Phlox in full bloom with tulips behind it. I'm completely sold on two other things also that are wonderful with tulips: hardy Candytuft and Violas. Candytuft with its mass of pure white bloom cannot be surpassed as an edging plant, and Violas spread so quickly that they soon make a carpet of lovely bloom under the tulips. The Candytuft in our garden was put out eight years ago. We planted Viola seed five years ago. They've been through bad drought conditions, but this year they made up for it to such a degree that it was hard to believe

they'd put on a feeble show last year.

All in all, it's been quite a spring! If the summer months bring comparable mysteries and surprises I'll guarantee that we never forget 1957!

As always, our garden gate will be waiting for you to open it in the months ahead. Just park in the alley, walk a few steps, and there is the gate. So many people must necessarily count their steps that I'm always glad you can practically park in the garden, that there are no steep inclines to consider, etc. I'm one of these people who must count steps, so I KNOW!

Please don't get any fancy notions about what to expect. We have an average size town lot—not great sweeping expanses. The folks have an average size lot too from the viewpoint of small town lots. But whatever we have in the line of plantings we're happy to share with you. Come and wander around whenever you can get to Shenandoah. You're always welcome.

NEW HOMES

We're not seeing as much new building this year in our section as in previous years, but most people who have new homes (and by "new" I mean houses built in the last few years) are just now getting their financial breath to the point where they can think about permanent plantings. They generally have evergreens in mind, so I want to make a brief comment about them.

Be sure that you select the right varieties when you plant evergreens at the entrance or in front of the house. You may think when you pick them out that they're so slow growing they'll never get rambunctious and out of hand. Well, many people have learned to their sorrow that the varieties they selected were never suited for the spot where they were planted. They *do* grow more rapidly than you expect, and they can become a serious problem. There are varieties that will never create this kind of difficulty, so my advice is not to fly blind and simply go out and buy evergreens as casually as you'd buy lawn seed. Take time to find what you need for your home, consult a reliable nursery company and follow the advice you get. Evergreens are tricky to get started and can run into real money, so give yourself every break for years of pleasure *without* problems developing.

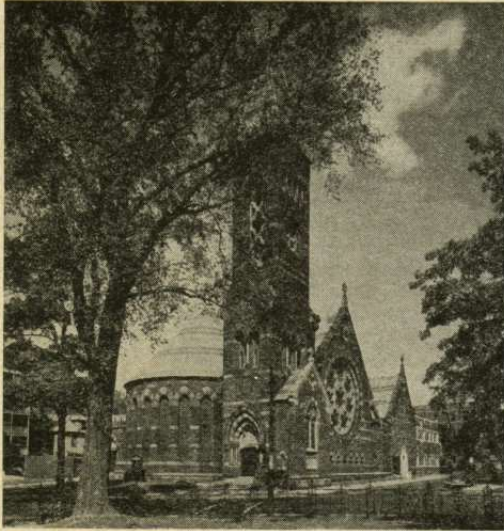
HERITAGE

The farmer sows his well-worked soil
And dreams of bread that it will yield;
He pictures in the broken sod
The waving green upon the field.
His father loved this open land,—
With weary toil, he came to know
That joys of home and family
Belong to those who reap and sow.
And, as the farmer sowed, he prayed,
He battled through both heat and cold,
Content to know that labor's price
Would see the drab earth turn to gold!

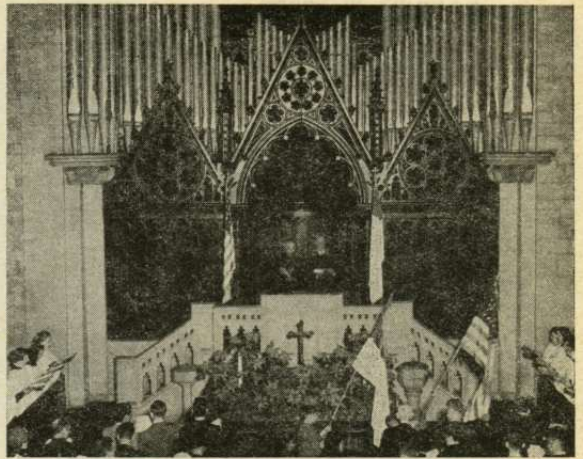
It takes a faith few people know
To guide the life of men, who sow.

—Ethel McMullen

Take an interest in the future . . .
that's where you'll spend the rest of
your life.



At the left you will see the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., where the program every Sunday carries the notation that Dr. Frederick F. Driftmier serves as pastor. This old and famous church is located in the heart of the city and opens its doors not only to hundreds of people on Sunday, but to groups of all ages and interests throughout the week. At the right is the interior. The folks report that it is very beautiful and that the colors used are extremely effective.



FREDERICK'S TRIP SOUNDS WONDERFUL!

Dear Folks,

Here in New England the weather is always a topic of discussion. There is an old saying: "If you don't like the weather, stick around for twenty minutes and it will change!" This year, however, one thing has not changed! We need rain! Oh, how we do need rain, and not just for the crops. We need rain to cut down the threat of forest fires. Because of our miles and miles of beautiful forests, a dry spring is always a great danger. Just any day we expect some big fire to break out, but until now there have only been dozens of smaller fires. A small fire is one that does not burn much more than two or three square miles of forest. We just don't think that there is anything worse than a big forest fire, and everyone keeps hoping that it will rain every day. But it doesn't.

Yesterday morning Betty and I woke up with a start to find our whole house shaking. It was a small earthquake that shook most of New England, but did very little damage. Along the coast it broke windows and dishes and shook down some of the ancient stone walls, but here in the foothills it did little more than give us a few anxious moments. This is the third earthquake that I have experienced in New England, and none of them have been very serious.

We have had one kind of excitement that has been both entertaining and highly annoying. In front of our house and up the street a couple of doors there is a fire alarm box. During the past month there have been at least six false alarms put in on that box. Each alarm has been late at night which has meant that the assembled trucks and police cars with their flashing lights have made quite a spectacle to be seen from our front windows.

When an alarm is sent in on that box it always brings a Firechief's car, a hook and ladder truck, two big pumpers, and two police cars—all of them sounding their sirens and flashing their many revolving red lights. Time after time I have said to Betty:

"Wouldn't it be terrible if one day there was a real fire and someone were to send in an alarm only to have no one come because of all the false alarms that have been sent in?"

And do you know that is exactly what happened two nights ago. Our neighbor's house caught fire, and in response to the alarm there came one lone firetruck. I am quite sure that a false alarm would have brought the usual heavy traffic of equipment. That is life for you! I certainly do hope that one of these days the police catch the boys who have been sending in the false alarms.

I had a beautiful ride into the mountains the other day. We live in the valley right at the foot of the lovely Berkshire Mountains, and one day last week I drove 'way up to the top of the first ridge to buy some of this year's new crop of maple syrup. The best syrup comes from the trees on the mountain ridges, and I wonder why?

Years and years ago when the pioneers first settled this country they built their homes high up on the mountain ridges where they could better defend themselves from Indians. They planted maple trees, and those trees are now the largest and strongest maple trees anywhere around. The best syrup comes from the older trees, and even though the syrup made from the mountain trees is a bit darker than that made down in the valleys, we think that it has a better flavor.

Back in the West I know that you often boast of the quality of corn or wheat grown in one state over that grown in another. Here in New England, one state will boast of the quality of its maple syrup over the quality of that produced in another state. Now the people of New York state are positive that their syrup is better than that of New Hampshire and Vermont, and of course we here in Massachusetts think that no other syrup is as good as our own.

About the latter part of June I shall be flying out to Cleveland to attend a denominational conference. From Cleveland I shall fly to New York City for a two-day session of lectures and interviews. Then I leave New York to fly to London for a week. From London I fly to Paris

for several days and then on to Berlin. After a week in Berlin with some side trips to nearby points of interest I am flying to Moscow and Leningrad for ten days of visits to factories, hospitals, schools, farms, churches, recreation centers, and interviews with political, cultural and religious leaders.

From Russia I shall go on over to Finland where for several days I shall have plenty of opportunity to see lovely Helsinki and to talk with Finnish leaders. My next stop will be the natural one of Sweden where, in addition to sightseeing, I am going to give several days over to studying the famous Swedish cooperatives and other aspects of Swedish life. Amsterdam will be my next big stop, and from there I want to get out into the real rural countryside for visits with the Dutch farmers. I shall fly from Amsterdam back to New York on August 7, and from then until the second week of September I shall be fishing and swimming and hiking in the woods at our cottage down in Rhode Island.

While I am away, Betty and the children will be at the cottage as usual. We have no guest room at our summer place, and with Daddy in Europe, the children have already made elaborate plans for entertaining their little friends. The extra bed will mean many overnight guests.

A few minutes ago I was talking to a young man here in my office about his need to face up to the fact that while he may have some severe handicaps that keep him from living a life like that of 'most everyone else, he also has some tremendous superiorities that he needs to use. While most of us have some skills and opportunities that are the equal of what others have, we all have our very weak points and our very strong points, and we need to learn to play down the former and accentuate the latter.

I am convinced that each of us has some superior ability or quality, and we need to learn how to make the most of these superiorities. Some are more intelligent than others; some are healthier than others; some are wealthier than others; some are more sympathetic than others; some are more able to love than others; and with all these superiorities there go the great responsibilities of life. We

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THE BRIDE'S COOKBOOK

Bridal Shower Entertainment

This whole entertainment is planned around the cookbook or recipe theme. Various guests might be asked to contribute their recipe, or page, to the cookbook at the proper time in the program. And you'll find that groups of widely varying ages, from eighteen to eighty, such as we often have when a shower is given, can participate in this type of entertainment. Appropriate music as a background for the readings always adds to their effectiveness.

Centerpiece: Use a large new cookbook (later presented to the bride) or decorate a scrapbook to represent a cookbook, and as each woman gives her recipe she can then step forward and add it to the book. Thus the bride will have a lovely keepsake to remember this happy day. Surround the cookbook with flowers and also measuring spoons and cups that will later be given to the bride.

Favors might be wooden picnic spoons with small recipe card tied to it with ribbons in the bride's colors. On the recipe card, write the names, wedding date, etc.

Program: Here we will give only a few of the many unusual "recipes" which might be used, but ask among your friends for others, such as: "Recipe for Happiness", "Recipe For A New Day", "Recipe For A Smile", etc. Go to your local library, too, and look among their magazines and poem collections.

Hostess: (*Musical*, "Home, Sweet Home") "Our first recipe today is for a good wife." Reads Proverbs 31:10-31.

Solo: "Powder Your Face With Sunshine"; "Smile, Smile, Smile", or any appropriate song which has a bit of advice (recipe) in it.

Hostess: "There are going to be a good many fine recipes circulating around here tonight, but it will be hard to find one more important than this one I now hand to our bride-to-be to read for us."

How To Cook Husbands

A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking and so are not tender and good. Some women go about it as if their husbands were balloons and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water. Others let them freeze by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives.

It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as the best is always brought to the door. It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to cook him.

A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is the best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin it will do, with care. See that the linen

in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended with the requisite number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on.

Tie him in the kettle by a strong silken cord called comfort; duty is apt to be weak. Husbands are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edge, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive.

Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set your husband as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious. Some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves him, but it must be used with judgment.

Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done.

If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cool a place.

Hostess: "We may think that we all have the perfect recipe for the perfect wedding cake, but an old, old cookbook has the grand sweepstakes winner. It probably would pay us all to get a copy of this."

(If bride's mother or grandmother is present, ask her to read:

Cupid's Recipe For Wedding Cake

Take five lbs. fervent devotion, 1 cup extract of faithfulness, four qts. satisfaction, one lb. each of prudence and good nature, confidence and mutual forbearance, six scruples, 8 ozs. each of gentleness, modesty, patience, industry and economy, one peck of ecstatic enjoyment, 15 lbs. of discretion and the same of wisdom and experience, a generous handful of neatness and pep, a tsp. of seeds of virtue and several drops of essence of purity and sweetness of disposition, one gallon of the milk of human kindness, and lastly a heaping bushel of common sense.

Mix the ingredients thoroughly, adding alternately with cheerfulness. Pour mixture into golden bowl of domestic happiness which has been well-greased with oil of gladness. Bake in oven of double blessedness, heated with fire of true love to a temperature everlasting. Spread while still warm with the frosting of graciousness.

In the center place a star of hope and surround with dimples and a sparkle of bright eyes. Encircle the base of the cake with silver threads of harmony interwoven with rosy blushes and the pinks of perfection. This cake will last a lifetime and, if directions are followed closely, improves with age.

Other unusual "recipes" of the type given here can be read, and the "program" can conclude with a reading of Edgar Guest's "It Takes a Heap O' Livin'."

The guests, in turn, can read the genuine recipes they have brought, and as each one is read it can be placed in the centerpiece cookbook.

Just before the crowd breaks up it would be nice to have someone sing "Bless This House" and then have the pianist play it softly as the hostess reads the following.

Four things in a home must dwell,
If it prosper good and well.
First, manhood strong and good.
Second, noble womanhood.
Third is children strong and bright.
Fourth, an altar's shining light.

COTTAGE FOR TWO BRIDAL SHOWER

Centerpiece

On a luncheon or tea table, or buffet, plan a replica of the traditional rose-covered cottage. Construct the main part of the house from a sturdy cardboard box. Make the windows of cellophane and shutters of green construction paper. With a little imagination, you'll come up with entrance steps and wrought iron (black cardboard) railing, window boxes, etc. Place the little house on a large cardboard lawn—green paper can cover the cardboard and you might wish to sprinkle real grass clippings on the lawn at the last minute.

Landscape the yard with sprigs of evergreen for trees and foundation plantings. You can have real flowers blooming in a tiny garden, around the house and in window boxes by anchoring them in small squares of aluminum foil with some modeling clay, then folding the foil up to make a tiny cup or pot which will hold water to keep flowers fresh during the party. Grass and shrubbery can hide the foil containers from sight. Use small pebbles to form walks and flower beds.

A NOVEL WAY TO PRESENT GIFTS at this cottage shower would be to construct the house so that half of the roof might be opened up to disclose smaller gifts. These could be hankies, toilet articles, etc., if it is a personal shower, with additional slips of paper telling the honoree where other gifts are hidden about the house.

Another idea would be to have tiny toy replicas of larger gifts (egg beaters, pans, etc.) with a note attached telling where the real gift is to be found. Is your bride to have a garden or lawn? Perhaps the gifts might be garden tools, etc., even slips of house plants, "promisory notes" of bulbs or plants to be delivered for fall planting.

Favors might be individual flower pots, made by inserting real or artificial posies in little nut cup pots (anchor them with clay). Or use candies and nuts in the nut cups and insert a single little flower in the center—candies should help hold it in position, or stick it in a small gum-drop and then pour other candies around it. Perhaps you have a house-shaped cookie cutter, or can make a cardboard pattern. These house cookies, artfully decorated, would make such clever little favors—or name cards, if names are written on them with a cake decorator.

A VISIT WITH MARGERY

Dear Friends:

We just returned from a lovely evening ride. We have been so busy working around our own yard that we haven't taken time to drive around Shenandoah to see how springtime had transformed the yards of our friends. As I've run into various ones they have said, "You should see our fruit trees in full bloom!" Or "Have you seen the magnificent tulips around our front porch?" Tonight we had an early supper, loaded into the car and drove up and down almost every street in town admiring spring gardens. Truly there is no lovelier time of the year.

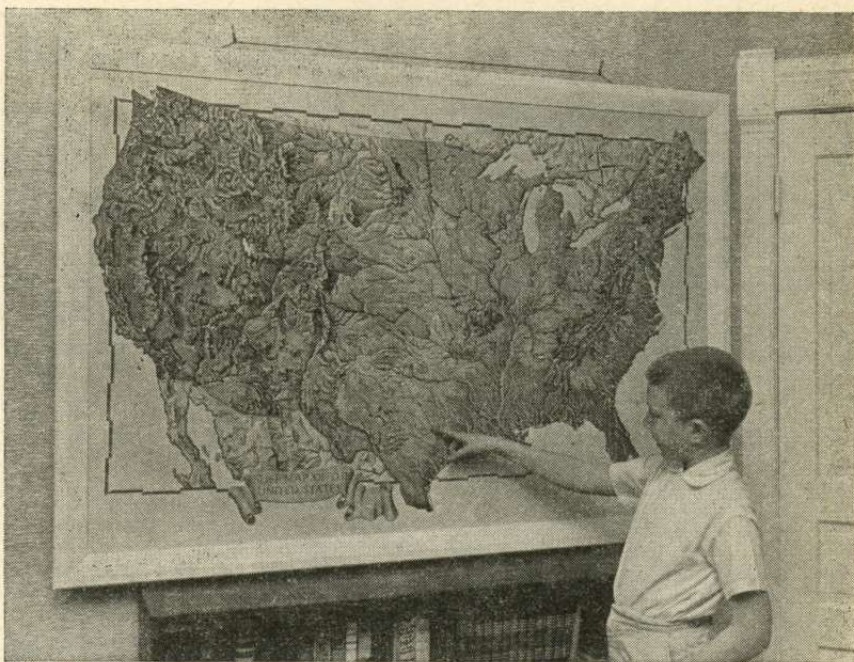
Oliver, Martin and I have been planting a variety of shrubs around the foundation of the house. Over the past two years we had cleared away many large overgrown shrubs and for a while our yard looked mighty bare in spots, but now we are anticipating the lovely first blooms on new plants. I couldn't begin to count how many buckets of water I carried while Oliver spaded holes and Martin helped fill in the dirt!

It looks as if a flower garden is going to take precedent over a club house at the west side of our yard. Martin helped pick out the flower seeds and became so enthusiastic over planting them that he was more than willing to run the garden on into his "private territory" so we have more garden rows than we have had in the past. When it is time to thin the plants and start pulling weeds he might change his tune. It just might be that some little plants will have to move over so that a club house can be built. Time alone will tell!

We've spent so much time outside that the redecorating in the kitchen reached a stand still. We have finished the painting but haven't started the papering yet. I thought that it would be finished by the time I started my letter to you this month, but I hadn't stopped to think that storm windows would be coming off and that there would be 24 windows to wash on the inside while Oliver tackled the outside. That was quite a job!

I had forgotten too that when new grass seed is planted it has to be watered so frequently between showers. That is time consuming too and at times I wondered if the hose would begin to grow to my hand for I was forever watering. There just haven't been enough hours in the day for me—as I imagine there haven't been for you.

Oliver and I did manage to take a couple of small trips, just for a day each, mind you, but it was nice to see some other countryside for a change. We spent a day in Des Moines and a day in Omaha. Both trips were for business purposes but it was nice to ride along. We had planned to spend a few days with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin but Oliver had to make a business trip, so that fell through. However, Martin and I drove up one Sunday with Mother and Dad so we did get in a little visit. Not realizing the sun was so hot that day I spent too much time in it and brought back a lovely sunburn. Mother was exposed



Margery mentioned in one of her letters the huge map that Howard mounted for Martin's room. Here is Martin pointing out the spot where his Daddy happened to be on business at that time.

to it even longer than I but she tans beautifully where I am apt to burn.

You will remember that I mentioned we expected some puppies this spring. The day we were in Des Moines I remarked to Oliver that I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find puppies when we got home and sure enough, nine little black puppies greeted us on our arrival. They are simply darling and now that they have opened their eyes they are beginning to be a lot of fun too.

Of course, the big thing for Martin was to take one to school. I prolonged it as long as I possibly could but this week decided they were old enough so we found a box in the basement, lined it with an old towel and then picked out a pup. At the last minute I decided it might be a good idea to take two so they would keep each other company. That was a wise decision on my part for the puppies curled up and slept most of the time. The teacher said you could almost have called it "zoo week", for a rabbit and lamb as well as puppies and kittens had been brought to school. It is customary to take such exhibits around to all the rooms and Martin and his little friend were as excited over the fact that in doing this they would miss out on arithmetic as they went about showing off the pups!

Now if some of those youngsters can convince their parents that they must have one of the little cute fellows everything will work out nicely, for the big job will be to find homes for all of them. We had no difficulty getting rid of the kittens last spring but there were only five of them. Nine pups is a different story!

We were happy to have a nice visit this past month from Oliver's sister Laura who is a very busy nurse in a large Chicago hospital. We had some family dinners while she was here and thoroughly enjoyed her stay. We were sorry that she couldn't spend a night with us for, although we have a guest

room now, we didn't have furniture for it when she was here. Since then we have taken action on that score so we can accommodate her the next time she comes. Martin had formerly had a double bed (an antique walnut bed) but it crowded his room to such a point that we moved it down to the folks' house and put in a single Hollywood bed. That was quite some time ago. Now that he has a larger bedroom upstairs and a separate room for playing we have moved the walnut bed back and the Hollywood bed has gone to the den.

We had a lot of good fun at our last Church Circle meeting. Everyone had been asked to bring a Spring hat, either an old favorite, or a funny one they had made for the occasion. Some of the hats were simply hilarious, hats that had been dug out of old trunks in attics. We laughed and laughed as we thought how anyone could have possibly thought they looked attractive in them. One lady had gone to a household auction where old clothes, hats and shoes had been sold with the household furniture. She had picked up a huge red hat, a popular style long before my time, and we all agreed that it was so much like the hats that are being worn today that she could wear it to church Sunday! Mother and I made ours using old summer hats and covering them with artificial flowers, all that we could scrape up, as well as Christmas ornaments. We paraded around the room to music so that everyone could get a good look and vote on the three best numbers.

I went to the auction I mentioned and it was one of the most interesting sales I have ever attended. The woman who had passed away had lived in the house all her life and the furniture was almost all antique. It brought people from many surrounding towns so there was a huge crowd. I bought

(Continued on page 17)

HATS OFF TO FATHER!!

By

Mabel Nair Brown

The word HATS keynotes the decorations and program theme for this Father-Son banquet.

First, try to locate as many different kinds of men's hats as you can find, not only hats indicative of men's professions (baker's cap, chef's hat, cowboy hat, farmer's straw hat, train conductor's cap, station attendant, engineer caps, etc.) but perhaps you can find a toreador's hat, a Mexican sombrero, Oriental turban or an Eskimo hood among your traveling friends. Then there are top hats, dress straws, derbies and motoring caps. Hang some of the more picturesque and larger hats on the walls. Use others as centerpieces upon the banquet tables. Of course you will want to add some cute little boy caps and hats.

Nut cups can also be fashioned to resemble men's hats of various kinds, unless yours is a particular group such as 4-H boys and their farmer fathers. In that case you would feature nut cups representing a farmer's cap or straw hat.

Program booklets might be cut in the shape of a hat or have a hat sketched upon the front cover, or cut colored pictures of men's hats from catalogues and magazines and glue to covers.

Invitations should be cut in the shape of a large straw hat from cream color construction paper, and might read something like this: "You are invited to be our guests at The Community Hall Friday evening, June (date) at 6:30 p.m. when we will 'take our hats off to Father' at our annual Father-Son banquet. Signed _____." Here again, small colored pictures of hats might be glued to the invitation.

PROGRAM:

"Hats Off to You"—the welcome and the response by a father and son.

"High-Hatting It Off Together"—a reading:

"When you see a young fellow, an upstanding lad, go by in the street keeping step with his dad; when the smiles in their eyes as they mix with the crowds show that each one is pleased with the other, and proud, it's a heart-gripping sight, it's inspiring and fine to know that in life they are toeing the line—a dad and his lad together.

"A lad and his troubles—to him they are real. Some troubles, perhaps, that he tries to conceal. But he likes to depend on a fellow who cares—a fellow who listens, a fellow who shares—and he feels mighty proud of the chance to confide in the man whom he honors, the dad at his side—a dad and his lad together.

"The fame of a land is not measured in gold, nor judged by its mines and the treasures they hold. It merits distinction and confidence when throughout the dominion are real manly men. A sight that's inspiring, heart-gripping, and fine, is a dad and his lad who are toeing the line—a dad and his lad together."—Sunshine magazine.

MUSICAL number such as "That



None of us could quite believe that little Clark was really Clark when he came home from the barber's with his first "butch" haircut. We think that it makes him look very much like Frederick's David. Turn to the picture on page 5 in the March issue and see if you don't agree.

Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," "Faith of Our Fathers" or "O My Pa-Pa".

"Growing To Fit The Hat", "If The Hat Fits—Wear It" or "Filling Dad's Hat" might be title for main speech of the evening. This could well be given by some famous sportsman, athlete, or sports writer, or it might be a game warden with a talk on game laws, etc.

CLOSING PRAYER (a prayer once given by Gen. Douglas MacArthur:

"Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak—and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid. One who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, but humble and gentle in victory.

Build me a son whose wishes will not replace his actions, a son who will know Thee, and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

Send him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort but in the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail. Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high, a son who will master himself before he seeks to master others.

One who will learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; one who will reach into the future; yet never forget the past.

And after all these things are his—this I pray—enough sense of humor that he may always be serious; yet never take himself too seriously.

Give him humility so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength.

Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, 'I have not lived in vain'. Amen."

FATHER'S DAY QUIZ

(Like Father—Like Son, or Daughter)

1. Speaker of House and his famous actress daughter? (Wm. Bankhead and Tullulah)
2. Famous sovereign and equally famous daughter? (King George and Queen Elizabeth)
3. English statesman and daughter? (Winston and Sarah Churchill)
4. Automobile manufacturer and son? (Henry and Edsel Ford)
5. Heads of a famous clinic? (Drs. Wm. Mayo and Charles Mayo)
6. President of U. S. and son? (John Adams and John Quincy Adams)
7. Secretary of Agriculture and son who followed in father's footsteps? (Henry C. Wallace and Henry Aagaard Wallace)
8. Headed Salvation Army? (William Booth and Evangeline Booth)
9. Indian chief and famous daughter? (Powhattan and Pocohontas)
10. President of U. S. and his musical daughter? (Harry Truman and Margaret)

PINT SIZE COWBOY

A discarded broomstick is his horse. He wears an old straw hat. Three clothespins form a deadly gun; He stalks the neighbors' cat.

The back yard is an open range, And he's a brave cowboy. But when he falls and bumps his nose, He's Mother's little boy!

—Carlita Pedersen

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

Little boys aren't made of puppy-dog tails; That legend is simply untrue: But bits of cake-dough are almost a must, And pieces they've pinched from the edge of pie crust, Especially if they are two!

—Lucille Gripp Maharry

COVER PICTURE

Frederick Fischer and his only granddaughter, Jeanne Alexander.

Those of you who read mother's letter last month will recall that Jeanne came here from Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio to spend her Easter vacation.

This picture made us realize how rarely we ever see grandfathers and granddaughters photographed together. Frankly, we think this state of affairs is a shame! Such portraits are absolutely priceless to have in years to come, and we thought that perhaps if we shared this with you on our June cover it might inspire other families to take action.

We are all proud of Uncle Fred and his wonderful ability to find such zest in life after celebrating 86 birthdays. We doubt that many "Uncles" are so deeply rooted in the lives of their nieces and nephews. As long as any of us can remember we've always had Uncle Fred as part of the very fabric of our daily life.—Lucile.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, Near and Far:

Oh, what a beautiful morning! I have just come in from the garden (it is 7:00 A. M.) and frankly, I climbed up the old back porch steps regretfully for it would have been a pleasure to spend hours sitting underneath the Flowering Peach tree that is one rapturously beautiful cloud of brilliant pink bloom.

Spring came so abruptly this year! It seemed to us that in only twenty-four hours the world literally exploded into bloom! When we got up one morning our garden simply gave the *promise* of spring, but when we went to bed that night the promise had been completely fulfilled. Russell worked in a frenzy to take off mulch and give everything the opportunity it deserved, and from your letters I know that you folks did the same thing. Now if we had just had baby chicks to look after the final complication of spring would have been complete!

I wish you could see my dining room table today. There is a fresh white damask cloth on it (in honor of Russell's mother!) and for a centerpiece we have our Easter lamb. He served first as our Christmas lamb, and then for Easter we removed the necklace of tiny jeweled beads and put a wreath of delicate pastel flowers (artificial) around his neck. Other little flowers are scattered over him; these are anchored by pins pushed through into the wax. He rests, quite at peace, in a low shallow dish—pale orchid on the outside and ivory on the inside—and around him are four little amethyst glasses filled with white, pale blue, red and purple violets. Can you visualize him?

Anyone who has a lamb cake mold can easily make these candles. We use Glo-wax for them. You'll find that wax shrinks as it hardens, so it takes several different additions of hot wax to fill the two sections of the mold and make him nice and plump. Heavy twine is used as a wick, and this is placed between the two sections when they are joined together. We put the section in a pan of hot water just long enough to loosen them, and then press the two together.

More wax beaten to a froth is used to cover him entirely so that it looks as if he has a rough white coat. This covers the seam too. We paint the inside of his ears with pale pink food coloring, and paint on his features with other shades of food coloring. For Christmas he wore the bead necklace that I mentioned and was covered with pearls and sequins. Right now he is covered with flowers, but there are endless things you can do to decorate him. These lambs make wonderful gifts and I believe that you'd have a lot of fun experimenting with one.

Russell's mother is here visting us and my! what a joy to get caught up on alterations and sewing. Juliana has thinned down to 118 lbs., and this meant that she couldn't wear any of last summer's clothes without taking out seams and practically starting



Katharine likes to be in the kitchen, of course, so Mary Beth found that a bowl of goldfish keeps her out of things!

from scratch. My days are so crowded that I never seem to be able to get to the place where I can set up my portable sewing machine and tackle such jobs, so I think you can see how grateful I am for this help. Mother Verness not only has done the alteration for Juliana, but she has made three summer shirts for Russell and promises to "fix up" a couple of dresses for me. During the days I'm here at my desk and she does her machine stitching; then in the evenings I pick up my embroidery (pillow cases at the moment) and she does the handwork on what she has stitched during the day.

This is our first visit with Mother Verness since Russell's father passed away last August. She makes her home with her daughter in Twenty-nine Palms, California and has had much to tell us about life on the desert. After she leaves us she will visit Richard and his family in Minneapolis, plus countless old friends, and then will take a side trip to Duluth.

In the latter part of June we will have a visit from Boletta (Russell's only sister) her husband, John Solstad, and their three children, Kristin, Paul and Kira. We haven't seen them for three years and are prepared to notice great changes in the children. They are driving through from Twenty Nine Palms, will spend a week in Minneapolis, and then take Mother Verness at least part of the way home with them. She think she might strike off on her own when they reach some point in Wyoming and swing up to visit relatives in Washington State. If I have just one-tenth of her energy when I'm her age I'll feel very frisky!

Then in July we'll have a ten day visit from one of our oldest friends, one who dates back to Minneapolis years. He is a professor of genetics now and is returning from a year of research in Trinidad—plans to stop in Shenandoah enroute from New York to his home in California. We haven't seen Spencer for nine years and are certainly looking forward to his visit with all the news he can give us about daily life in the British West Indies. (I feel such a stay-at-home—when people turn up from unlikely points!)

Just about the day you read this Russell and I will be attending 8th grade graduation exercises at our Shenandoah High School. Juliana will be sitting on the platform and I'm afraid that we're going to be painfully aware of the fact that in only four more short years (oh! how fast these years are going!) we'll be sitting in the auditorium on a May evening watching her graduate from high school. Kristin also has her 8th grade graduation program on May 29th, and without even talking to Dorothy and Frank I know exactly how they're going to feel!

Our 8th grade students have been requested to wear light dresses, so Juliana picked out a white glazed cotton with pale blue polka dots. It is very becoming and will fit perfectly when Grandmother Verness gets through with the alterations! I'm ashamed to say that we haven't taken any kodachrome pictures of Juliana for years (the shoemaker's children, you know) but if the sun is shining on May 29th I'd love to have her stand in front of our roses for a color photograph.

Earlier this month Russell and I went to the annual May breakfast at our local Baptist church—the 52nd one they've given. We thought that we had never enjoyed a more pleasant church affair. It was a gorgeous spring morning, the kind that poets write about, and it seemed wonderful to be well and able to greet life-time friends at 6:45 in the morning.

It was quite evident that the committee had gone to much work for this breakfast. There were large baskets of exquisite Flowering Hopa Crab at various points in the dining room, and then on the long tables (covered with white linen cloths) there were centerpieces of Maypoles with streamers attached to tiny dolls in pastel colors. At intervals up and down the tables were large Maybaskets filled with tulips and daffodils.

Certainly we have never had more delicious food for breakfast, and I'm afraid that at 65¢ per plate those hard-working Baptist women didn't make a great fortune! At the table when we sat down were good-sized glasses filled with chilled pineapple juice. Then our plates were brought in and on them was a big thick slice of Canadian bacon, a huge mound of the fluffiest scrambled eggs I've ever eaten, and two large puffy biscuits. Dishes of strawberry preserves were on the table, additional plates of hot biscuits were brought in, and our cups were kept filled with wonderfully good coffee. They surely had the whole thing beautifully organized — served 450 people, I understand.

Those of you who are interested in the private lives of famous people would probably enjoy reading a book titled: *Mrs. Longfellow . . . Selected Letters and Journals of Fannie Appleton Longfellow* by Edward Wagenknecht, the author of a biography of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; I mentioned this a year or so ago. Few women have been as fortunate in worldly measure as Fannie Longfellow, and few have died as tragically.

(Continued on page 16)

LETTER WRITING IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL

By

Elaine Derendinger

How long has it been since you wrote a letter? No, I don't mean one of those that begin thus—"Please renew my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter . . ."—or "I am returning shoes No. 123 as they are four sizes too small . . ." I mean a real, honest-to-goodness, friendly, newsy, personal letter! At eight or eighty, the thrill is ever-present each time you open the mail box and find an envelope addressed to you. But, to get a letter, one must write a letter, so let's fill the pen, sharpen the brain, and begin!

Maybe you have trouble with your thoughts when writing letters; maybe they tend to blank out just after the greeting. In that case, put your imagination to work. It's there! Pretend you are face to face with your friend. What would you talk about? Why, of course, all those homey little happenings she's so interested in. Now all you need do is write them down as you would say them. It's not so hard! I always make it a rule to include at least one incident that will make my friend laugh, such as the report that my small daughter asked if she could join the "Girl-Scalps"!

Do you ever write to your favorite authors? You should! Probably your cheery letter will arrive on a day when they feel especially low (who doesn't, now and then?) and will provide just the bit of inspiration needed to continue with that new novel. Also, they sometimes answer their fan-mail, and a letter from a famous author is an exceptional thrill to find in the mail box.

Or you might write to your congressman and pay him a well-earned compliment. Along with the compliment, you can tell him how you feel about the cost of living, schools, highway system, etc. How is he going to know how "we-the-people" feel about things if we don't tell him?

Have you ever had a pen-pal in a foreign country? I do believe that all misunderstandings between nations would eventually dissolve and disappear if all the people would write friendly, encouraging letters to one another! You'd be surprised how very soon you find that you no longer think of your pen-pal as a "foreigner" but as a "neighbor." It's better than a course in geography for learning about the climate, crops, topography, etc. Also, you learn so many customs, beliefs, etc., that aren't usually found in the books.

I have a pen-pal who lives in the Philippines. Her hand-writing is beautiful, as are the kind thoughts she transfers to paper, and I am delighted no end when she casually talks of banana trees growing in their backyard. I love bananas, and just think of whole trees growing in one's yard! You can get a pen-pal of your own age and interests by writing to: *Letters Abroad*, 695 Park Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. You won't be sorry!

Suppose a day comes when you feel real angry and imposed upon and

want to write all about it to a friend who understands you. (Your neighbor has repeatedly knocked the chip off your shoulder: Junior has broken a half-dozen valued items: The dog has chewed the leaves off a prize geranium.) Go ahead and write. Tell her all about it, only don't seal the letter, but leave it on your desk overnight. Probably things will be so bright the next day that you'll tear it to bits. But if you do feel like mailing it, go ahead. Just be sure to add a P. S. at the beginning and say, "Dear Mary, please forgive me but I must LET OFF SOME STEAM!" I know Mary will understand.

It's very nice, I think, to write letters occasionally to the "Letters to the Editor" page of the newspaper. You can write your views on any number of things. The letters help to "make" the paper, and you may even hear from a distant relative, as I once did.

Here's an idea I ran across in a story: A man found five old greeting cards in his desk, and not having any one particular to send them to, he selected five strangers from the phone book and mailed them. The results were amazing! They all took the card to be from someone they loved who had been neglecting them, and five lives were made brighter. If you like playing games, this is for you. I'm going to try it. I'll never know if it helped anyone, but I can dream!

When a letter seems like a long, drawn-out process, jot down bits of news on a post-card once or twice a month, and send it on its way. I know friends who keep in touch this way and the news is always fresh off the press. If you haven't enough room on one card, write "to be continued" at the end, and continue later. This can be very funny. A friend and I wrote "continued" post-cards all one summer, and the last of the series would invariably arrive first!

Even if you are the type that never writes, please write some letters at Christmas. Write to each of the friends (and this includes relatives) that you haven't had the pleasure of seeing for a year. I think one of the best parts of Christmas is to open a gay card and find a letter tucked inside. It's better than a gift! Keep a notebook and during the year write down little items to include in your letters. Besides the usual births, marriages, and deaths, add interesting notes about your community, church, hobbies, and don't forget the funny things. When it's time to write the Christmas letters, they're practically written.

If you have extra time, write an encouraging note to every single person you know who has to enter the hospital for more than a day. If you've ever been in a hospital, you know that there is always a feeling of loneliness. It isn't home! The bright spot of each day is mailtime. Everyone looks hopefully at the nurse with the handful of envelopes, and if you don't get one, you turn your face to the wall and think prayerfully, maybe tomorrow.

Letter writing is good for the writer! Letter writing is good for the receiver! Letter writing is good for the soul!

HOW TO PLAN YOUR CHILD'S SUMMER

By

Evelyn Witter

It is foolishness to waste a whole summer. Besides, too often summer is synonymous with boredom for many children. The way to make summer a vital time of accomplishments and fun for your child is to schedule his activities.

During the past school months, the work your child did, the games he played, almost all the activities in which he took part, happened at PLANNED times each day. So, because it is the familiar way to him, he feels secure in a settled routine. It is up to you to extend this pattern of living for the summer. Begin by planning with him for fun activities. In the process of setting up summer fun you will be rewarded by knowing your child better; by understanding his mental growth and his real interests.

Start by planning a week's program. In a notebook mark off seven columns, one for each day in the week. With your child's approval schedule such activities as swimming, a trip to the library, a picnic lunch in the park with chosen friends, lessons of some kind (tennis, piano, dancing, etc. . . . summer is a good time to include those extra activities denied in the busy school months) a trip for groceries to the attractive super market, a visit to a museum or spot of historical interest. Perhaps a worthwhile movie could be included. It is possible that your child's interests may dictate an activity you had not even considered.

Part of your summer's joy will be sharing your child's special interests. These interests may lead to many pleasurable reading-aloud hours. Reading aloud is a good way to include rest periods in the summer schedule, and rest periods should be there.

Schedule at-home activities, too. Plan quiet games during the extra-hot days. Puzzles, handicraft, pencils and crayons are the order of the hot day activities.

At night, just before bedtime, let your child cross off that day's activities and run through the list for the coming day. That way he will feel he is part of the planning and will know what to expect on the morrow . . . and children like the security of knowing what's to come.

With such a schedule as this your child's summer will be used purposefully by introducing him to new interests and by pursuing his favorite interests, by keeping him educationally and gainfully busy, by keeping him happy and active (physically and mentally) and by giving him parental understanding and companionship.

Happiness is the art of never holding in your mind the memory of any unpleasant thing that has passed.

* * *

Continual dwelling on the inventory of your short-comings is one of the surest ways of losing all the joy in life.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

We have been searching for quite some time for a refrigerator roll that could be kept for more than two or three days. The Shenandoah friend who sent in this recipe says that you can actually keep these for a week and the rolls will still be as light and fine as they were the first day. Mother gave this recipe all of the tests and found everything this friend said of the roll to be true and completely fool-proof. It is the recipe we have all been looking for and certainly one that we will treasure.

Dissolve 1 cake yeast or 1 package granulated yeast and 1 tsp. salt in 2 cups warm water. (This amount of salt didn't seem quite enough for our tastes so the second time the recipe was made up, an additional tsp. was added. However, the final rolls didn't seem as wonderfully light and tender as the final rolls made from the first batch and we think it possible that the additional salt was responsible. You'll have to make your own decision on this point.) Add flour to make a sponge and let rise in a warm place for 2 hours.

Cream together 1 cup shortening and 1 cup sugar. Add 2 beaten eggs and 1 cup cold water. Add all to sponge and beat well, add enough flour to make the dough stiff enough to knead. Knead well.

Let rise twice, covered, in a large greased bowl. Knead down and put in refrigerator. When wanted, shape into rolls and let rise 3 hours. Bake in a moderately hot oven until lightly brown. These rolls can be made in any shape and make delicious cinnamon rolls also.

MANDARIN DESSERT SALAD

2 cups whipping cream
Juice of 1 lemon

Just stir the lemon juice into the cream. It will thicken slightly.

Add: 3/4 package quartered marshmallows, or the equivalent of the small marshmallow bits

1 No. 2 can chunk pineapple,
drained

3 cans drained mandarin oranges
1 cup coconut

Stir all together and keep in the refrigerator overnight. Stir again to blend immediately before serving in lettuce cups. Little salted wafers are just right to serve with it. This is the salad Mother served at a club meeting recently which caused much comment and many requests for the recipe.

FOR YOUR SUMMER LUNCHEONS

In answer to your requests for luncheon menus, I'm giving you these which were passed on to me by Mrs. Leon Ward with whom I have spent many happy hours in Florida. She and Dr. Ward were from Golden, Colorado where he taught in the Colorado School of Mines.—Leanna.

LUNCHEON 1

Chicken Loaf Mushroom Sauce
Green Peas in Pastry Cup
Bing Cherry Fruit Salad
Hot Baking Powder Biscuits
Ice Box Cake Coffee

LUNCHEON 2

Shrimp Salad Hot Rolls
Black Bottom Pie
Coffee

LUNCHEON 3

Tuna Supreme Mushroom Sauce
Tart Vegetable Salad
Hot Rolls
Individual Lemon Tarts Coffee

CHICKEN LOAF

1 quart chicken, cooked and diced
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 cup cooked rice, measure after cooking
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup chopped pimiento
3 cups chicken broth
4 eggs, well beaten
Blend ingredients well and bake in a 325 degree oven for 1 hour.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup flour
1/2 lb. can mushrooms
1 pint chicken broth
1/4 cup heavy cream
1/8 tsp. paprika
1/2 Tbls. finely chopped parsley
1/2 tsp. lemon juice
Melt the butter in double boiler. Blend in the flour, then add the liquids and mushrooms. Cook in the double boiler until thickened. Serve over the chicken loaf and just before serving add the parsley and lemon juice.

PASTRY CUPS

2 1/4 cups sifted flour
3/4 cup shortening
1 tsp. salt
5 to 6 Tbls. cold water
Roll out and cut in 5-inch circles and fit over inverted custard cups or salad molds. Shape and bake in a hot oven for 10 to 12 minutes. Cool and remove.

SHRIMP SALAD

2 cans shrimp, drained
2 cups cooked and cooled ring macaroni
1 can peas, drained
1/2 cup finely cut celery
3 sweet pickles, diced
2 hard cooked eggs
Moisten well with mayonnaise.

TUNA SUPREME

1 large can chunk style tuna fish
1 can Chinese noodles
2 cups thin white sauce
2 to 4 eggs (depending upon size)
3/4 cup slivered almonds
Mix lightly tuna, noodles and almonds. Make a white sauce, adding the egg yolks and mix all together. Lightly fold in the well-beaten egg whites. Pour in greased pan and bake in a slow oven for about 40 minutes. Cut in squares and serve, topping with mushroom sauce and chopped parsley. This makes 6 to 8 servings.

MARY BETH'S SHRIMP SPECIALTY

The last time we visited Mary Beth and Donald we were served this for lunch, and I thought that it was the best shrimp dish I'd ever eaten. I believe you'll agree with me when you make it.—Leanna.

1 can frozen condensed cream of shrimp soup
3/4 cup boiling water
2/3 cup packaged precooked rice
2 8 oz. pkgs. of frozen cleaned shrimp
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup diced green pepper
1 tsp. curry powder
1/2 tsp. sage
Dash of pepper
1/2 cup sliced pitted ripe olives
1/4 cup toasted slivered blanched almonds

Parsley

Place frozen shrimp soup in skillet, pour boiling water over it, cover and bring to boiling. Stir in rice, shrimp, celery, pepper and seasonings. Cover. Bring to boiling and cook 10 minutes, or until rice and shrimp are done, stirring occasionally. Just before serving add the olives and almonds. Sprinkle with parsley.

WAYS TO SERVE BOILED NEW POTATOES

1 1/2 pounds new potatoes, small ones
1/4 cup butter, melted
Salt and pepper to taste
Wash potatoes and cook with jackets on in boiling salted water to cover until tender, 15 to 20 minutes. Peel. Pour butter over potatoes and season with salt and pepper. Juice of 1/2 lemon may be added to butter.

CHIVES—Roll boiled potatoes in 2 Tbls. minced chives.

MINT—Roll boiled potatoes in 1/3 cup finely chopped mint leaves.

PAPRIKA—Sprinkle boiled potatoes with paprika.

PARSLEY—Roll boiled potatoes in 1/3 cup chopped parsley.

CHEESE SAUCE—Prepare 1 cup white sauce and add 1/3 cup grated cheese. Stir until melted. Add 1 Tbls. diced pimiento and pour over small new potatoes.

When I prepare boiled new potatoes I like to make a meat loaf in a large ring mold, then fill the center with the new potatoes. This is a nice way to serve any of the above mentioned.

GOOSEBERRY MERINGUE PIE

We think that this is a scrumptious pie! People who don't like gooseberries or who say that they're too sour and acid will ask for second helpings, so if you're tired of making the same old pies we urge you to treat your family to this.

- 1 lb. can of gooseberries (2 cups)
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup sugar (scant)
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup flour
- 3 well-beaten egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Drain syrup from gooseberries and add 1/2 cup water. Mix together sugar, salt, flour and add to liquid. Stir in well-beaten egg yolks and melted butter. Cook until thick. Add vanilla flavoring. Gently fold in gooseberries. When cool, turn into baked 9-inch pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating 3 egg whites until stiff; add 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar to egg whites before beating. Gradually add 6 Tbls. sugar. Spread over pie and bake in a 415 degree oven until nicely browned.

SCRUMPTIOUS CHEESE PIE

(This is a perfectly delicious dessert, very easy and quick to make—but it tastes "fancy" and as if you'd spent a lot of time on it. Not cheap, of course, but a perfect thing to serve with coffee for afternoon refreshments, or as dessert for a very light meal.—Lucile.)

- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1 8 oz. pkg. of cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 eggs
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Put cheese in mixing bowl (be sure you've let it stand at room temperature for several hours) and add sugar gradually, creaming it in. (I used my electric mixer all the way through.) Now add flour, unbeaten eggs, beat thoroughly, and then add milk and vanilla. Continue beating until mixture is perfectly smooth. Turn into rich unbaked pie shell and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 40 minutes. Put knife blade into center of pie and when it comes out clean, the pie is done. Chill.

STRAWBERRY GLAZE

- 1 pkg. frozen strawberries
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. cold water

Put frozen berries into pan over low heat. Cook until ice crystals are gone and berries are free in juice. Add sugar, cornstarch that has been dissolved in cold water, and cook only until fruit is transparent and thickened. Add a few drops of red fruit coloring. Cool. When completely cold, spread over the cheese pie and chill for several hours before serving. A very handsome and very delicious dessert.

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CREAM OF PEA CHOWDER

(Most of the time when I make soup I just throw in a little of this and that, but I made up this recipe exactly as it appears here. Not only is it delicious and substantial enough to do a good job of filling hungry people, but it is very inexpensive for a main dish. If you have bacon in the house you'll only need to pick up a package of split peas and some parsley the next time you buy groceries, and then you can try it.—Lucile.)

- 1 cup split peas
- 4 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- 4 or 5 medium pieces of bacon
- 1 medium size onion
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- Salt and pepper

Cover peas with hot water, add parsley and cook until peas are thick and tender—probably around 1 1/2 hours. Cut bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Add onion, chopped fine, and cook in bacon fat until slightly brown. Remove bacon and onion and drain off all but a small amount of fat—leave just enough in skillet to blend in 1 Tbls. flour. Then add milk, stir well, and combine with cooked peas, bacon and onion. Season to taste. Very good!

DELICIOUS BANANA BREAD

This is a very good bread that stays moist, slices very nicely, and tastes extra tempting. I used black walnuts in it, but pecans or English walnuts would probably do just as well. The next time you have about three very ripe bananas (medium size) in the house, I wish you'd try it. Sliced thin and spread with softened cream cheese, it makes delicious club sandwiches.

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup soft shortening
- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbls. sour milk, buttermilk or 3 Tbls. sweet milk plus 1 Tbls. white vinegar
- 1 cup mashed banana
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together sugar and shortening (I used part butter, part vegetable shortening) and then add eggs. Beat well. Then add milk and banana. Sift together dry ingredients and stir in just enough to blend. Lastly stir in nuts.

Turn into a well greased bread loaf pan (9x5x3") and bake at 350 degrees for approximately one hour. Turn on to a wire rack to cool. Improves with time.

A YEAR'S CHANGES

By

Elsie Van Dame Bailey

Less than a year ago we brought six and one-half pound Anna Dee Bailey home from the hospital to a home never before blessed with a baby. Since that day there have been more changes in our home and lives than in the previous thirteen years we awaited her!

Perhaps the most important change of all is the big, overflowing filling of all the lonely spots in our hearts that this small Miss Miracle has accomplished. As her Daddy says, "What in the world did we ever talk about before?"

I wonder too if our home wasn't sadly lacking in laughter during the years before Anna Dee? Now all it takes to set the baby chuckling is to see her mother filing her nails or her father brushing his teeth. And who can resist joining in a baby's chuckles?

How our ways have changed! Surely no two parents ever knew less about tiny babies than we knew! But lots of love and even more pacing of the floor got us through three months of colic when Anna Dee was still so small we felt we had to have two blankets around her to be sure we had a baby in our arms. The formula, the 2:00 A.M. bottle, the bath, the sterilizing . . . well, all of those things were Greek to us. Anna Dee was our teacher, and a very loud one when we were slow in catching on.

There have been changes all over the house, but surely no room has changed more in its use than the utility room. Formerly it was used on washday, which was Monday. Now any day is apt to be washday, and of course for a while every day was washday. The washing machine is now left pulled out "ready to roll," and the rinse tubs are not carefully stored away out of sight but left in position next to the machine. One of these rinse tubs is now the pride and joy of our daughter. It is her bathtub and the spot where she has the splashiest, happiest time of her day. If it suits the baby it also pleases her mother with the creaky knees who is happy not to have to kneel down and bathe baby in the big bathtub. This same utility room has five indoor drying lines that have saved the situation during wet or freezing weather. Other additions in this room were a bathinette (seldom used except with the top down to form a high, waterproof table for dressing and changing the baby), and of course a tall pink plastic bucket with a lid to the right of the bathinette.

Our house never felt as small as it did when we began to fit in a crib, play pen, highchair, jumper, baby swing, and stroller, many of these gifts or "loans" from friends. Yes, we made room for all of them and it began to look like we had a baby at our house. Then at about nine months the baby began to push the furniture around, and I turned around from the sinkful of dinner dishes one noon to find the highchair pushed into the living room, the play pen wedged into one bedroom door, all four kitchen



And this is Anna Dee who is solely responsible for "A Year's Changes".

chairs at wild angles over the kitchen, and, (could I believe my eyes!) even the sewing machine had been moved a few inches!

The white cotton tier curtains could not be called crisp and spotless. Anna Dee plays "Hide the Baby" behind the bottom tiers. Temporarily the magazines and books have been removed from the two bottom shelves of the bookshelves and all breakables removed from baby-high places all over the house. We find a great dearth of high places in our house. Sewing and magazines and the like can safely be kept on a high shelf. But where is there a high place to keep those bedroom slippers handy? Or will we get used to wearing them without inner soles? The kitchen wastebasket sits embarrassedly beside the canisters and looks no odder than the old metal kitchen cabinet. It is sporting a string of leather belts which run through the bottom door handles and completely round its midriff. No one who knows tiny tots is surprised at these things or the big diaper pin that holds the kitchen hand towel to its low rack.

Sewing has become a major operation now that I have help. To cope with ten tiny fingers eager to put anything and everything straight to her mouth I tried these tricks: All the pattern pieces and the pieces of the cut-out dress not being sewed on at the moment were put on a high shelf of the book case. The printed pattern instructions were pinned high to the window curtain, and also a paper sack was pinned there for a tiny wastebasket. Then the sewing machine was pushed in front of the window and with much starting and stopping the sewing got done. A piece of the material for the baby to play with was only momentarily diverting and didn't prevent her pulling on the material under the machine's needle one time. Oh well, I've sewed a button there where the material ripped. Thank goodness it didn't rip on the

elbow, for a button would have looked very odd there!

At ten months Miss Busy Fingers began to run, not walk, and became Miss Pat Pat also as she covered ground as fast as she could from one fascinating thing to the next. Her mother tries her best to keep up, and, frankly, hasn't moved so fast since her basketball days. Soon now we hope our daughter with these ten busy fingers and two happy feet will know that "Don't touch" means also, "No running now," and applies whether Mother and Daddy are in the room or not.

Meanwhile we will change our ways and be thankful for the reason when we watch our healthy, happy baby toddle from room to room strewing toys as she goes.

MORE SMALL TALK

By

Margaret Barnett

"Shes' only a child, but she's got feelings," I heard a young mother say as her three-year-old was pushed rudely aside by a woman in a hurry. I secretly congratulated the mother for speaking up as I boarded the bus. Why do so many people consider it unnecessary to be courteous to children who have committed no offense? These people are the first to complain about the bad manners of today's little folks.

Trying to thread shoelaces that have lost their tips is aggravating. Next time this happens apply a little nail polish to the tips and let it dry. Lacing is then no problem.

Our little Davie will be starting to school before long so we're becoming vitally interested in school problems, particularly the raising of teaching standards. It doesn't make sense that teachers are still underpaid. One really has to love teaching in order to stick to it — there are so many other jobs in which a person of similar educational background can do better financially. All of us remember with affection and sometimes awe, particular "dedicated" teachers in our past who made learning an exciting experience, but these were the exception.

The daddy of our family often engages in roughhouse play with his two boys before bedtime. But there has to be a simmering-down period with a storybook or the funny papers before the little guys are tucked in or they're too keyed-up to rest well.

Our children and their friends have more fun with an old mattress scheduled for discard than anything else in the house. It stays on the floor in the room where they play and the only rule is that shoes have to come off before the tumbling begins. They can work off a lot of energy without hurting themselves and there is considerably less noise than if they were running about the house on a shut-in day.

SPRING NEWS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The past few days we have been enjoying beautiful warm spring weather and I have spent my time in the yard planting flower seeds, raking and burning and getting things trimmed up for summer. Our daffodils are through blooming, and the grape hyacinths and tulips are in full bloom now. It seems to us as if this has been an awfully late spring because the trees and bushes are just now beginning to leaf out. It seems later to us too because we have had so much rain that Frank has been able to get very little field work done. Since our cultivated land is all on the bottom it takes so much longer for the ground to dry out enough to plow. While we are waiting for things to dry out Frank has been building some new fence and repairing old fence. I expect when he can get started on the field work the old tractor will be going day and night for awhile.

All this rain brought the creek up to bank level and I must tell you something that happened. Little Champ, our tiny Shetland pony, had found a place in the fence where he could get under and had been running off to Uncle August Johnson's to visit their horses. The day that the creek was running bank full, Frank and I took the jeep and drove over to have coffee with August and Delia in the afternoon and Little Champ was there in the yard.

When we were ready to go home we started Champ out in front of us. He went along all right until we crossed the bridge and turned the corner to go the last half mile, and then at that point he decided that he was going back. Frank had gotten out of the jeep and it was impossible for Champ to go around us and go back by the road. Just before the creek reaches the bridge it widens out and there is a gradual slope from the road to the water and when it has as much water as it did that day it is a long ways across to the other side.

When Champ saw that he couldn't go around us, he walked down to the edge of the water and turned around and looked at Frank who was calling to him to come back. Then he tossed his head and started in. I just sat there paralyzed! The current was so swift, the water was so deep, and it was so far across to the other side that I didn't see how he could possibly make it safely. Furthermore, it was the first time he had ever been in the water. Frank and I neither one said a word until he had crawled up safely to the other side. There was a space of about two feet of dry ground and then a fence. We turned around and went back to August's where Frank got some corn and went through the field to the fence where Champ was, and showed him the way back to the house. This time when we started home Champ was on one end of a rope and Frank was on the other end and he trotted along beside the jeep instead of in front of it.

Frank and his sister, Edna Halls, both had birthdays this month, and as is our custom we had a family dinner



Another baby who brought vast changes to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eral Dilley of Shenandoah, is Matthew Richard—snapped here at two months with his proud mother. He was born into a home that had been waiting almost 15 years for its first baby!

to celebrate. Sister Ruth came home from Kansas City for the weekend in between the birthdays so we had our dinner while she was here. I was so glad we had nice weather the weekend she was with us because she loves to spend her time outside. She and Frank cleaned out all the branches and trees that had broken off during the heavy snowstorm. I spent my time in the kitchen baking cookies and things for her to take back to Kansas City with her.

Juliana spent her Easter vacation with us, coming on the train on Thursday afternoon and staying until Monday morning. I had promised her and Kristin that we would spend one day in Des Moines while she was here since Edna had been wanting to go and put her trip off until she could go with us. We were there when the stores opened and the girls had a wonderful time shopping around.

They spent Saturday night with Aunt Bernie in Lucas and went to Sunday school and church with her.

Recently, Edna Halls and I spent a very enjoyable afternoon at New Virginia, Iowa, where we were the guests of the New Virginia Garden Club at a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Phil Irwin. The luncheon was a cooperative affair and all of the food was delicious. There were several desserts and Mrs. Leo Spencer had brought a dish of cherry crisp made from the recipe that was in Kitchen-Klatter some time ago. I had never made this but it was so elegant that I'm certainly going to make it some time soon. During their business meeting I heard their plans for the next meeting which was to be a May breakfast where everyone was to wear a hat they had made. I told them it sounded like such fun I wished I could be there to see all the fancy hats.

Following the business meeting I showed the Hawaiian pictures that Mother and Dad had taken on their trip to Hawaii, and also several pictures of flowers and gardens in Shenandoah.

Mother and Dad, Uncle Fred Fischer, Margery and Martin spent the day with us Sunday. If it rains on Saturday night when I know the folks are driving up the following day I always call early Sunday morning to let them know that the last half mile of our dirt road will be muddy, and that is just what happened this time. We had two-tenths of an inch Saturday night (which was not in the forecast) and it was enough to make the roads slick. Frank said I had better call them and tell them that it had rained, since that was our agreement, but if they wanted to come anyway he would put the chains on our car and meet them at Uncle August's. We knew that if the sun should come out right away the roads might even be dry by the time they got here, but at the time I called the sky was heavily overcast and it was even sprinkling once in awhile. They decided to come ahead, and about a half-hour before they arrived the sun came out and every cloud disappeared and it turned out to be a beautiful day. Frank had to meet them, but by the time they wanted to start home Dad was able to drive his car down so they could load up here.

What tastes better than fresh rhubarb in the spring? We just love it and are really enjoying ours right now. I made two rhubarb cream pies for dinner last Sunday when the folks were here. I was so glad when the May Kitchen-Klatter came to see so many rhubarb recipes and I, for one, am going to try every one of them.

Just four more weeks of school! Where has this school year gone?

Tomorrow is my day to work in the office which means I have to get up and get around a little earlier in the morning, so this must be all for now.

Sincerely, Dorothy

STRINGS ATTACHED

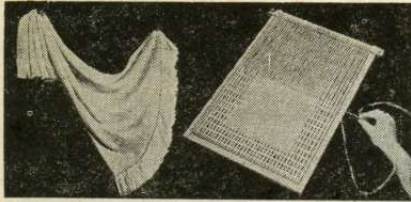
The bride-to-be is entertainment enough for a bridal shower, but we all like to see a touch of novelty. Here's a simple idea that was fun for everyone who came to our house one evening not so long ago:

When Charline, the lucky girl, arrived she was a little confused to find herself commanded to stay in one particular room until further notice.

As the other guests got here, they placed their gift packages in a big picnic basket which was to be my gift to the bride and which was hidden behind the sofa. Ahead of time I had taken a new ball of string and tied the end to the picnic basket. Then the string was extended in a crazy kind of maze all over the house, behind tables, around chairs, through doors, etc.

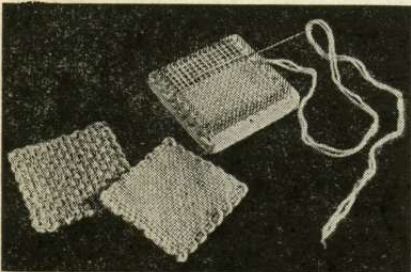
Finally, when everyone was on hand, Charline was summoned and given what was left of the ball of string with instructions to wind it up as she followed the path on which it led her. Eventually, of course, she reached the figurative pot of gold, in this case the picnic basket.

An arrangement like this calls for the gift-giving as the first order of business, as you don't want the bride-to-be isolated too long.—Margaret Barnett.



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WEAPON OF PEACE

The bomb that science has fashioned
Can tear the earth apart
But the only weapon to bring world
peace

Is love in the human heart.

—Ethel McMullen

MEMORIAL

So long as peonies bloom
White and red—
That long shall I remember
My beloved dead
Who sleep, where tall pines
Murmur overhead,
And peonies blossom, white and red.
—Lulu Lamme

ANGELS IN APRONS SAINTS IN STRAW HATS

We number so many, many 4-H Leaders among our friends that it seemed to us this particular tribute to their efforts might be quite a lift to their spirits. It was written by Mrs. Dave Hill of Weld County, Colorado and appeared in a copy of the Grand Island Daily Independent that a Nebraska friend was kind enough to send to me.

"What is a 4-H Leader?

"Somewhere between the sternness of a parent, and the comradeship of a pal is that mysterious creature we call a 4-H leader. These leaders come in all shapes and sizes and may be male or female. But they all have one thing in common—a glorious twinkle in their eyes!

"4-H leaders are found everywhere—at judging contests, junior fairs, square dances and talent shows—and they are always preparing for, sitting through, participating in, or recuperating from a meeting of some kind. They are tireless consumers of muffins, experts at taking knots out of thread, peerless basketball coaches and spend hours on the telephone.

"A 4-H leader is many things—an artist making a float for the Fourth of July, a doctor prescribing for an underfed calf, a counselor at camp, a lawyer filling out reports and a shoulder to cry on when that dress just won't fit!

"Nobody else is so early to rise and so late home at night. Nobody else has so much fun with such a large family of boys and girls. We sometimes forget them, but we can't do without them. They receive no salary, but we can never repay them.

"They are Angels in Aprons, Saints in Straw Hats. Their only reward is the love of the kids and the respect of the community. But when they look around them at the skills they've taught, and the youth they've built, there's an inner voice from somewhere that says, 'Well Done'."

FISH FOR FORTUNES

Party Fun

Fasten the objects named (or pictures of them) to cards on which the verses are written. Then enclose each one in a separate envelope or box so no one can guess what it is. Put them all in a deep box.

Players take turns "fishing" for a fortune. With eyes closed, they reach in and pick out an envelope. Then the player opens it, letting no one else see, and acts out the occupation the fortune tells him he will follow. As soon as the rest of the group either guess it or give up, the player reads the verse aloud. There might be a prize for the one voted the best in acting out his fortune.

1. Glue a coin to the card.

You'll be a banker who handles
much gold
And will make a fortune before
you are old.

2. Pencil

You'll be the author of many a
story



Louise Fischer Alexander and the snowman made after Redlands' freak blizzard.

And will know great fame and
public glory.

3. Colored crayon
You will paint pictures of great
renown
And bring acclaim to your home
town.
4. Balloon
You'll be the first to fly to the
moon
So practice now with this balloon.
5. Onion
You "know your onions" so you'll
be a good cook
And serve fine meals in your
breakfast nook.
6. Skein of purple embroidery floss
You'll be a designer of wonderful
gowns
For ladies fair and queens with
crowns.
7. Toy horn
You will make music so bright
and so gay
That people will listen at work
and at play.
8. Ball
You will play baseball and bat a
fly
So high it will almost touch the
sky.
9. Package of flower seeds
You will grow flowers with colors
bright
And give them to friends to their
great delight.
10. Ring
You'll be a jeweler and make fine
rings
For the joy of lovers, plain folks
and kings.
11. Small record
You'll be an actor who will make
folks laugh
With your records on radio or
phonograph.
12. Chalk
You'll be a teacher, a profession
blest,
And you'll help every pupil to do
his best.
13. Toy rake and hoe
You will make a fine garden grow
And here to help are a rake and
hoe.
14. False face
In Ringling's circus you'll join the
clowns
And make folks laugh away their
frowns.

BRIDAL SHOWER ENTERTAINMENT

BELL QUIZ

1. Starts ringing in the fall. (School)
2. Is a flower. (Bluebell)
3. Is cracked but widely known. (Liberty)
4. Announces a visitor. (Doorbell)
5. Calls to worship. (Churchbell)
6. Was inventor of the telephone. (Alexander Graham Bell)
7. Welcome sound to the hungry. (Dinner bell)
8. A stupid person. (Dumb bell)
9. Announces that one and one are two. (Wedding bell)
10. Invites us to talk. (Telephone bell)

"KITCHENAIRE"

(Answers found in kitchen equipment—of grandma's day, at least!)

1. What a good workman has and to rent. (skillet)
2. A poet and a dog. (poker)
3. A vegetable and a conceited dude. (potato masher)
4. A number of mountains. (range)
5. A member of a baseball nine. (pitcher)
6. What some men do with their money. (sink)
7. The appearance of being ill. (pail)
8. What curious people try to do. (pump)
9. A football ground. (grid iron)
10. An affectionate couple might. (spoon)
11. The branching of a river. (fork)
12. A letter and what you are in. (broom)

KITCHEN CHARADES: Pin the name of the kitchen article upon the back of each guest. They are allotted a certain time to find out what they are. They may ask any other guest one question which that person answers, "Yes or no" and acts out the name of the article. For instance, the question asked might be "Am I used in mixing up a cake?". Answer (for a mixing spoon) "Yes" and acts out stirring up the batter in a bowl.

CORSAGE FOR THE BRIDE:

There are two ways you might handle this. Have a basket of garden flowers, odds and ends of ribbon, lace paper doilies, etc., on a table and allow fifteen minutes time to see who can make up the prettiest corsage which will be presented to the bride. The others might be passed around the group seated in a circle while someone plays the Wedding March. When the music stops, each guest keeps the corsage she is holding and wears it. Or, for laughs, provide small kitchen tools, even a few garden vegetables, dish cloths, mesh dish scrapers, etc., and have guests make up corsages from those.

THE BRIDE'S FIRST BAKING DAY

Pass out slips of paper on which are written things one uses in baking such as soda, vanilla, sugar, coconut, raisins, chocolate, red pepper, cloves, flour, etc. Then the hostess will read the bride's recipe for her first hot rolls, ice-box cookies, upside-down cake—whatever recipes you wish. She will read the amounts and guests will take turns reading the ingredients on their paper. Thus when the recipe for hot rolls is read, some guest may re-

spond by reading from her slip of paper (it will carry a number corresponding with the number of the recipe the hostess reads) such things as the following: 1 cup of coconut, a dash of cloves, 1 tsp. of soda and 2 cups of sugar. Ingredients and amounts can be juggled around in endless combinations.

A BRIDE'S SCRAP BOOK

Buy a loose leaf note book. Pass out the pages to the bride's friends. These pages are to be filled with recipes, poems, household helps or any other helpful material. Be sure each individual includes a snap shot of herself, her family or her home, if possible. The sheets can be gathered, placed in the cover and presented to the bride-to-be.

Wedding Bells

Wedding Bells is another lovely theme. An eggshell wedding bell tree is "a thing of beauty" and a joy to behold, but it does take a bit of work. However, the results are well worth it.

First, select a nicely shaped branch from a lilac or other shrub for the tree. Paint this with silver paint, or you may prefer an "all white" arrangement. In this case, paint the tree white or cover with paste and sprinkle thickly with Epsom salts or mica snow flakes for a lovely glistening effect. For each bell, you will need a half white eggshell. Carefully make a small hole in the end and run a narrow white satin ribbon through to form clapper. Knot the end of the ribbon, leaving a short length for clapper and to this glue a cluster of silver shot cake decorations or sprinkle some silver glitter on the ribbon after a bit of glue has been spread on it. Use other end of ribbon to tie bell to the tree. (One might use blue, pink or whatever color is chosen by bride for the ribbons on the bells.) The tree is easily anchored firmly upright by sticking it on a large needlepoint holder, then placing it in a small flower pot. Cover pot with pretty foil or paper.

For a centerpiece, the base of the eggshell bell tree might be encircled with greens and flowers, or greens and tiny miniature paper umbrellas in dainty pastel colors.

EGGSHELL BELL FAVORS might be same idea as used above with name of bridal couple carefully painted on side of each bell. For a luncheon, a single rosebud with one of these bells would make a lovely place favor.

A-TISKET, A-TASKET, SEE THE BRIDE'S BASKET is another theme. As a centerpiece for this pantry shower use a large woven basket decorated with flowers and ribbon on the handle and filled with various fancy canned and packed foods. **FAVORS** might be the smallest canned and packaged articles you can find which are later given to the bride.

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it.

Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity, and in cold weather becomes frozen; even so does inaction sap the vigors of the mind.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

are indebted to God for every superiority that is ours, debts that can only be paid with love, and we cannot show our love to God without placing our particular superiorities at his service. God have mercy upon that person who is not willing to share his superior gifts and talents with those who have not been richly blessed.

I think that my particular church here in Springfield has a superior appreciation of the meaning of Memorial Day, and it is our intention to share the blessing of that superiority with others in the community. You see, in my church there is an amazingly large number of veterans of the two World Wars, and many of them are men who held high positions of leadership in the armed forces. These veterans have helped me to plan a magnificent patriotic Memorial Day service to be known as The Massing of the Colors. Color Guards from the various military and patriotic organizations of the city will parade their flags into the church where they will be suspended from the balconies throughout the service.

It is hoped that this dramatic service will do much to increase the true appreciation of Memorial Day. Through the years, little by little, the people have been making it a day of picnics more than a day of solemn recognition of the debt we owe to the people who have given their lives for their country.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick

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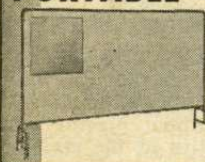
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Worth their weight in gold. Will pay for themselves in one night.

WHEN SPRING COMES

How can I ever face the Spring
without your haunting eagerness
To hear the first lilt of the bluebird's
song;
To search each limb to look for
bursting leaf and bud;
To say "Begone to Winter," staying
overlong?

But when the daffodils and crocus
lift their saucy heads,
And wait your touch to free them
from their winter's bands,
I'll answer them for you, dear heart,
And feel, through them, I almost
touch your hands.

When fragrance of pink apple blossoms
calls the bees from winter sleep
And snowy dog wood blossoms light
each wooded hill,
I'll feel your spirit reaching out, my
dear,
Moved by their beauty, as of old,
living and loving still.

—Gertrude Applegate

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE

Begin the Day With God;
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God;
And read a portion there;
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Go Through the Day With God;
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse In Mind With God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the Day With God;
Thy sins to Him confess,
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood
And plead His righteousness.

Lie Down At Night With God;
Who gives His servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of
death
He will thee guard and keep.
—Unknown

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

I say that she was "fortunate", and yet I must remember that she lost a baby after the kind of agonized struggle I referred to in my letter last month. In any event, I found it an interesting book.

One of Juliana's teachers is coming to breakfast tomorrow morning to enjoy our garden, now in full bloom, so I must check the cupboard shelves and be sure that I have what I need before we go down town. Please write to me when you can. I love good, long letters filled with details about your daily life. I share my daily life with you, so isn't turn about fair play?

Always . . . Lucile



Just home from her weekly Brownie meeting is Emily Driftmier, Wayne and Abigail's eldest daughter. She takes her Brownie activities very seriously and is always on deck for whatever has been planned.

COLLECT

We believe in the Out-of-Doors as our garden; the wild flowers of the field, trees of the wood, the mosses and flowerless plants of the byways to be enjoyed . . .

We believe in the music of the birds and the strength which comes from the hills in the silence of the night.

We believe the beauty of the world is in the eyes and ears of the beholder; the dainty cut fern and the clear, full song of the woodthrush are one, since each is a form of beauty.

We believe that God is ever near man, as we can hear Him in the call of the chickadee, and see His handiwork in the colors of the mountain-side . . .

We believe, to be happy and free, we must respect all life, that those things which are our heritage may be enjoyed by our children . . .

We believe that it is our duty to teach others, that they may learn as they follow the long brown path, to find peace and contentment which others have found.

From the 1957 Oregon
Garden Club Yearbook,
Oregon, Missouri

INSPIRATION

Friendship fits comfortably about the shoulders

Like a warm coat grown old through constant wear;

Friendship is peace that people know in finding

A quiet hour to share.

It is the handrail on the steps of living

By which we guide our stumbling upward way

Onto a higher and clearer level
To watch the close of day.

FOUR-THIRTY CHANT

I do not have the time
to write a poem about a fleecy cloud,
or wild forget-me-nots upon a
mountain top.

My days are filled with ironing shirts
and mending sox,
and cleaning floors and baking pies.
Sometimes I think that I'm an awful
flop—

And then it's five o'clock and They
are here—

Their voices ringing gladly through
the rooms—

"Is supper ready, Mom? . . . I've got
a date—

And did you iron my blue shirt, I'll
be late . . .

I answer as I always do—"Yes, Dear."
—Molly Knoll

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

a lovely antique cup and saucer, the
very large old-fashioned kind. Oliver
claimed it immediately as his own for
at last he has a cup that will hold
enough coffee! It really is very beautiful
and I bought it for my cup and
saucer collection, but it is so much
nicer to have it used every day and
really enjoyed. I also bought a piece
of milk glass and a very sweet Chinese
dish.

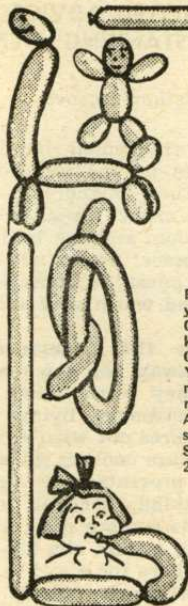
At another sale a few days earlier
I bought a large box of books—sixty-
two books for three dollars. I could
scarcely wait to get home and sort
them over and was very pleased with
what I found. I also bought two large
walnut footstools which I hope to re-
finish and reupholster. They open for
storing so I put one at the foot of
Martin's bed to hold his extra blanket
and the other in his playroom to hold
toys.

Speaking about picnics . . . we
have had such nice outdoor meals at
Wayne's and Abigail's using their out-
door grill that we decided we would
like one for ourselves. I found a good
bargain on one so bought it. It isn't
as fancy as some but it does the job.
The next time we go to Frank and
Dorothy's, Frank is going to cut some
hickory chips for us. How convenient
to have a large timber so you can
supply the family with hickory chips!

The scouts in Shenandoah had their
big show last night. The boys were
very excited over it and have been
working on displays for months. A
thousand boys from four counties took
part. There were items of handiwork
ranging from scrapbooks to bird-
houses, and demonstrations reflecting
Indian lore. There were camping,
cooking and pioneer scenes, demon-
strations on radio, health and safety.
It really was a tremendous under-
taking and certainly the den mothers
and scout masters all over the country
should be commended for the hours of
their time so freely given to our boys.
We are looking forward to a family
picnic which will end this year's scout-
ing activities.

Our Church circles are having a
coffee next week to wind up the meet-
ings for the year. Tomorrow I am go-
ing to spend the afternoon making
little favors, and I'll tell you more of
the details next month.

Until then, Margery



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No. 1050H—3-lb. bag of Bug Dust (without dust gun) \$1.40, postpaid.

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THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

and I believe I'd say in reply that June is the perfect month. The nursery fields surrounding Shenandoah are gorgeous in peony and iris time, so do make an effort to come here if you

love flowers. Feel free to walk around our yard and enjoy what may be in bloom. We have just a home garden—nothing spectacular, but we love it.

Sincerely your friend,
Leanna

Good Summer Reading

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"UNSOLICITED ADVICE ON UNDERSTANDING MEN"

By

Esther Sigsbee

June is the traditional time for weddings. Couples by the hundreds sign up for a lifetime partnership. There's the bride in misty white, the handsome bridegroom and the bridesmaids in lovely dresses. There are flowers in profusion, guests in confusion, gorgeous gifts and warm wishes for happiness.

Then, after the honeymoon, the bride packs away her gown in tissue paper and they settle down to the business of ordinary living. Almost before she figures out what to do with the four pressure cookers given to her as wedding presents, she finds out that the dashing, debonair creature she married is a mere man, after all. And it is with a man she has to live. What else is there for a girl to marry?

I wonder who ever started the rumor that it is the women who are hard to understand? Maybe it was some man too lazy to bother with finding out what made his wife tick and who just threw up his hands and said women were made to be loved, not understood. Or maybe it was some gal who started the idea that women are so complicated to help make her seem mysterious and add a little interest. For my money, men are just as hard to understand as women. Maybe even a little more difficult!

I have put in nearly seventeen years trying to understand men—one man in particular, and believe me, I'm just getting started. But if it would help any of the current crop of June brides, I'd be willing to contribute some unsolicited advice on the subject of understanding men. Not that I expect it'll help much because living with a man is something every girl has to work out for herself. But at least the advice won't cost you anything.

We shall start with the assumption that most men, at least the ones you and I married, are pretty nice. They bark and growl a little once in a while but they are trainable and they respond to good treatment. With a little patience, you can get them to answer your command and if you start early enough and are firm enough with them they can be entirely housebroken. This advice is truly double value, for it is also the same technique to apply in case you ever take to raising poodles.

If you are more interested in having a good husband than a well-trained house pet, you don't try to order him around at all. There are more subtle and lots more effective methods of getting your own way. The person who said you can catch more flies with sugar than you can with vinegar wasn't kidding and it sure applies to living with and loving a man. Above all, never, never nag, for nagging has ruined more marriages, or at least taken the joy out of them, than any other single factor.

Men are terribly proud of being male. Nothing hurts their self-esteem more than a hint that they might be

considered the least bit sissified. That's why it took generations to convince men that housework isn't for women only and then it was really the passing of the old-fashioned hired girl that turned the trick. Men are more hairy than women (except on the scalp), they have deeper voices and they are much stronger. It's a good thing to admire all these peculiarly male attributes. It will not only flatter your man; you may even get a lot of heavy furniture moved just by admiring his strong, strong muscles.

When men get angry they need physical force to let off steam. This is true because by custom they are denied the feminine luxury of a good cry. It's a little anti-social to go around hitting people so they have to work off their mad by hitting inanimate objects, shouting and using objectionable language. Or by complaining to their wives.

On many occasions a husband will come home and raise an awful fuss about a skimpy meal or a sloppy living room when it's really an inefficient employee, a critical boss or a difficult customer that's eating him. Or he might be worrying about bills, the raise in wholesaler's prices or a deadline contract. And, there's always an outside chance that he's angry because the meal really is skimpy or the living room *actually* messy!

The double standard is still very much in operation even if women have long since gained the vote and are found in most places that men are found. What's sauce for the gander is not sauce for the goose! A man may consider profanity excusable as long as it comes out of his mouth, not his wife's. He thinks he's just as attractive as he ever was when he sits around with his shoes off, unwashed and sporting a three days growth of beard. She's supposed to look glamorous—fix her hair and put on some lipstick. And a purely male extravagance never seems to put the family budget out of kilter the way the purchase of some feminine frippery does.

You'll be happier if you just accept this double standard and not try to fight it. It applies to many more fields than faithfulness and morality. Men expect women to be a little more refined, a lot more virtuous, much less impatient and infinitely more understanding than they are. And trying to live up to our part of the double standard gives us gals such a lovely feeling of superiority!

Men are an interesting, sometimes exasperating and always worthwhile subject to try to understand. Apply yourself to it as if your life depended on it—for it does. At least, the happiness of your marriage does and that's an awfully important part of life.

Now, is all this information on understanding men perfectly clear to you June brides? Because if it is, maybe you can turn around and explain it to me.

Discontent is the penalty we must pay for being ungrateful for what we have.

There is no virtue in doing what you like; like what you do.

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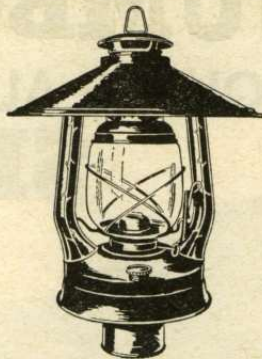
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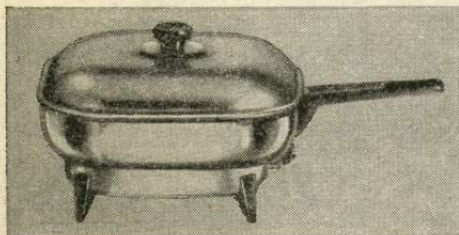
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