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Kitchen-Klatter[®]

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Photo by Stern

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

It is hard to stay in the house long enough to write a letter these days when the weather is so wonderful! I promised myself that I would spend more time in the yard this spring, and so far I have certainly not found it hard to do. We have more flowers in bloom during May and June—and I might add, more weeds too! But with my little long handled hoe that has such a sharp point I can reach almost to the back of the perennial border, so I give the weeds a good run for their money.

In this issue you will see a glimpse of the corner of our bedroom and can get an idea about my new cross-stitch bedspread that I finished a few weeks ago. The bed ruffle is white muslin and it looks well with the new muslin curtains at the windows. These are not floor length as the old ones were, and I find them much easier to keep clean.

I have two blue and white quilts out right now being finished, and these are to go eventually to Dorothy and Margery when we are through with them. I have only one more to make and then each of our seven children will have a hand-made quilt that I put together.

The other day I mailed to Abigail, Wayne's wife, a set of eight white linen table mats with little sprays of flowers embroidered in the corner. I found these designs in the set of transfers Margery is selling, and they appealed to me so much that I bought the material and got busy on them. Abigail uses table mats frequently and I'm sure they will come in handy.

Those of you who have children probably find, as I do, that one of the greatest pleasures we find in these later years lies in doing little unexpected things for them—not just on special occasions, but *any time*. I don't suppose a day ever passes that I don't see something advertised in magazines, newspapers or catalogs that seems to me would be very useful for the homes of at least one of our children.

Just about the time you read this we will be having a short visit with Frederick. He has been asked to give the Commencement address at our Shenandoah high school, and also at the Essex, Iowa high school graduation exercises. He will have to fly both

ways to save time for we can see from his letters what a busy man he is. I had hoped so much it would be possible for Betty, Mary Leanna and David to come out with him, but school will still be in session back there.

We are getting more anxious by the day to see our new little grandson, Paul Martin, Donald and Mary Beth's new baby. He is named for his two grandfathers, but I imagine they will call him Paul—which happens to be Donald's middle name. I know many of you long time friends can recall when we always referred to Donald as "Donnie Paul"—those were the days when he sat on my lap as I did my first broadcasting.

We had hoped to have a picture of little Paul in this issue, but believe me, life has been too rushed these past weeks for Mary Beth to get everyone "fixed" for the photographer. They report that he is a good baby and growing like a weed, yet all mothers know how much extra there is to do the first few weeks of a baby's life.

Wayne has had a very busy spring season. As most of you know, he is now with the Wilmore Nursery Co. in Denver, and spring is always one grand rush in that business. All of those new housing districts in and around Denver require landscaping and the work is necessarily crowded into a very short time.

Incidentally, his home here in Shenandoah is for sale, and if any of you are thinking of locating in our town and are interested in buying a house, you might write to me about it. Wayne and Abigail did a lot of "fixing" on that house, and any flower lover would be happy there because of the terrace and extensive plantings.

We've missed Howard and Mae this past week—they run up frequently to see us in the evenings. Howard had to make a business trip to Mississippi and Mae slipped away from her work at our Kitchen-Klatter office to go with him. This was a new part of the country to them and we are anxious to hear all about their experiences when they return. Donna, their daughter, will be winding up her junior year of college very soon and right now is waiting hopefully for word that her summer plans have worked out. She is a most responsible and ambitious young girl—would never think of lying around all summer if she could find any kind of a job.

My sister, Jessie Shambaugh, had a short visit from her daughter, Ruth Watkins and her family—they were moving from their former home in Greenwich, Conn. to Palo Alto, California. They stopped a couple of days in Des Moines with Bill (Jessie's only son) and his family, and those eight little cousins, Ruth's four and Bill's four, had a grand time together. Then they drove on to Clarinda for a brief stay—naturally were very anxious to get the rest of the trip over and settle down.

I had a short visit with Ruth and she said they had quite a time getting away from Greenwich. They were all packed and ready to go when one of those extremely heavy storms arrived and this held them up until the roads were open. I told Ruth I thought she had quite a car full—their station wagon held Ruth and Bob plus the four little girls, plus a big cat named Pussy Willow that the little girls just couldn't leave behind, and a beautiful big brown Spaniel named Molly—also too much of a pet to give away. They rented a small trailer for their most cherished possessions and had this hitched on to the station wagon.

They made this move from the East coast to the West coast because Bob, Ruth's husband, was offered a fine position in San Francisco with a school of commercial art, which is his professional field. They had to find a house after they arrived, and I told Ruth it reminded me of the time thirty-four years ago when we moved our family to California. We had quite a time finding a house because no one was exactly excited at the prospect of renting to a family with seven children. When we finally did locate a place it was brand new, had never been occupied before, and I was in torment all the time for fear the walls or floors would be damaged in some way. It was a great relief to move from there into a much larger and more comfortable house that had known other big families through the years.

Mart and I speak frequently about the fact that we might still be living in California had it not been for something very unexpected. Then, of course, we would not have had the many happy experiences that have come to us through Kitchen-Klatter; in fact, there just wouldn't be a Kitchen-Klatter! A whole world of friendship that we enjoy could never have been opened to us had we remained in California, so Lucile's critical illness that brought us back to Iowa had a side to it other than sadness.

Summer means trips to see Dorothy and Frank, and we are looking forward to these. We also hope to go to Iowa City before long to see Gretchen and Clay Harshbarger and their new home. And right here I must pass on the request made by Gretchen, Mary and Louise—they have asked me to thank you for the many lovely cards and letters of sympathy you friends sent at the time they lost their father.

Mart just came in with some fresh rhubarb and asked if I'd make a pie, so you can see what I'm going to be doing right now. Until our visit in July I remain your faithful friend, Leanna.

A MAN AND HIS TOOLS

Father-Son Banquet and Program

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Invitations: From an art shop or a book and stationery store, purchase some architect's paper such as blue prints are drawn on and a pencil with white lead. Or use plain white paper and draw a sketch of a ruler and other tools along with the invitation. Some artistic member of your committee might even sketch a picture of the church or other meeting place where the banquet is to be held. You might prefer drawing up floor plans and indicating the banquet room; then in the "key" to reading the drawing give information such as date, time, etc.

General theme: Planning of a Life, or So Growtheth The Man. The idea is to use the tools of a builder in decorations and program theme. These may include T-Square, Level, Hammer, Chisel, Trowel, Yardstick or Steel tape, Chalk or Marking pencil. Probably others will suggest themselves as the program is worked out. Some boy's "tools" such as a ball, fishline, etc., might be included.

Table decorations: Inexpensive tape measures from the Five and Ten might be stretched down the center of the tables. Various tools (regular ones or toy ones) can be used in centerpieces. Toy tool chests might be borrowed for the occasion and used as centerpieces with tools in them and floor plan sketches (clipped from magazines), tape measures and rulers spilling over the sides to the table. Perhaps you can locate some pretty wood shavings, and scraps of wood from some neighborhood builder to add to the decorations. Nails and staples should be in evidence too.

Place card favors well worth the extra effort would be to give to each guest a miniature carpenter's apron. You could use white duck, sailcloth or heavy unbleached muslin. These need only be cut in the apron shape, a band sewed across the bottom and then stitched to make the pockets. These pockets might hold a construction paper ruler, a small pencil and some small nails or a single large one. Use bias tape for the string ties and tie each apron to the water glass. The guest's name can be written across the bib part of the apron.

Nut cups should be covered with crepe paper and stapled to the front can be a T-Square cut from construction paper and marked off with ink or crayon.

Program: First the program booklets. On the cover of each booklet paste pictures or draw sketches of various tools; or paste on small floor plan sketches cut from old magazines and newspapers. Add the words of the theme title you have chosen. On the inside pages the menu goes on one page, something like this: Floor plans—potatoes; crack sealer—gravy; meat—T-square; nails—vegetable; siding—salad; hammer—rolls; dessert—shingles; and level—beverage.

Program: The following suggestions are for different tools and how they



Here are Aunt Martha Eaton (at the back) and Aunt Jessie Shambaugh with two of Aunt Jessie's granddaughters—Jennifer Watkins in front and Heidi Watkins peeking over her grandmother's shoulder. They are grouped around the old millstone from the Shambaugh mill that Aunt Jessie uses to identify her home—it has the name "Shambaugh" and the house number painted on it.

may be applied in various ways to different parts of the program. However, your group may decide to get a guest speaker. In that case, some other parts may be omitted.

Leader: "Every man is the architect of his own character. It behooves us then to have the best possible tools, not only for building a good life for ourselves but for our sons we must be careful how closely we follow the plans of the Master Architect of our lives; and with what tools we provide the sons who follow in our footsteps. Tonight we will think on the theme "As he selecteth his tools, so growtheth the man!"

"**T-Square**"—Meditation—holds T-square in one hand and reads from Bible in other hand—Scripture: The parable of The House Built Upon The Rocks, Matthew 7: 24-28.

"The carpenter uses the T-square to measure with, to see if the house he is building is lined up on the square. There is no guess work if he is constantly checking with his T-square to make sure he is building in the right direction. The Bible is the "T" square by which we can measure up the way we shape our lives. Like the "T" square the Bible can put us on "the straight" if we will only be guided by it. In building our lives we must build upon the firm foundation and not on shifting sands."

Level—"So many things in our lives can help keep us on "the level" if we but heed. We speak of levelheadedness as an admirable trait. It's a trait acquired through learning to adjust to the needs and the crisis of the moment. I think it comes through applying kindness, meekness, tolerance, understanding and love to those with whom we come in contact in our daily lives.

"All these things are like spokes in a well-balanced wheel, and my! how they do "level" off the little frictions

that can come between members of a family, between friends, between neighbors—yes, and nations.

"So sons and fathers who come up against a point of misunderstanding, a point of not seeing "eye to eye," just call to mind the carpenter's level and see if you cannot try a little harder for the leveling ingredients that will smooth the way to mutual understanding, to a better friendship."

Trowel: "When I was small I loved to borrow my father's trowel after a heavy rain and then build all sorts of dikes, bridges and walls of mud, putting and smoothing it into place with the trowel. So I came to speak of it as "Papa's smooth-er-upper."

"In this world of ups and downs, tensions and frictions we can use lots of "smooth-er-uppers! I like to think of humor and laughter and family good times as just that—a little fun and laughter can smooth over some mighty rough spots in our lives! Yes, the trowel—or smoother—is certainly important not only as one of the tools in building a good family relationship, but on through to relationships outside the family circle."

Hammer: "On first thought you might question the hammer. Well, it's not that we intend to hammer our own opinions through, or to beat someone into following our plans BUT couldn't we say we need to keep hammering away to achieve our aims, our high ideals, the betterment of the family relationships? In other words, let us say the hammer represents the stick-to-it-tive-ness that is necessary to follow through on our goals and ambitions—our dreams."

Ball: "We will call this a boy's "tool" and to it I've assigned the expression heard often today, "That's the way the ball bounces!"

"The way the ball bounces! Too, too often parents forget to take note of "the way the ball DOES BOUNCE." But it works both ways—for parents, too, have balls to bounce! We hear much about the tree growing as the twig is inclined. But how many parents are forever trying to bend that twig into their own prescribed pattern or desires without considering the natural talents and interests of that young sprout?"

Let parents remember too, that we did plenty of *bouncing* in our own day. Is rock-and-roll so far fetched from the Charleston age? On the other hand, the younger generation, too, should consider that the "oldsters" in the family, the community and the world at large, have a wisdom gained through experience and a notion of which way they'd like to "bounce their ball" in life and to help the youngsters attain their dreams. Yes, we should all keep an eye out to see how the "ball is bouncing" as we go through each day together."

Fishpole and line: "Perhaps this pole and line calls to mind dreams you have of days to come, or of happy days gone by when you enjoyed the pleasure of goin' fishin'. In our theme today we use this to point out that old adage "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." We should not become so engrossed in making a living,

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WORD FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends,

Contrary to my usual custom, I am writing this letter at the parsonage instead of at the office. Betty and I are going out to dinner in a few minutes, and while we wait for our good and faithful baby sitter to arrive, I am sitting here in the television room with the children and pecking away at this typewriter.

Often when we are going out to dinner, we permit the children to have their meal in front of the television set. They love to pretend that the television room is actually a cabin on a large ocean-going ship, and when I take their meal to them on trays, I am roundly and soundly reprimanded if I fail to act like a steward on a ship. "Excuse me sir, but did you ring for me, sir? May I serve you your dinner in your cabin, sir?" etc. etc. What fun we have!

More than once I have spoken what proved to be famous last words. The most recent occasion was when I said: "Now don't worry! This new dog is a healthy specimen and he won't be any trouble." Well, he is anything but healthy! And he has been a source of much trouble.

We had only had him four or five days when he came down with a severe throat infection. He was in the hospital for a week under a specialist's care. Then a few days later I had to take him back to be wormed. Now I am having to take him to the hospital every three days for an expensive series of injections to cure a chronic cough that he has developed.

Feeding him is also a problem and when I look at the special concoctions cooked up for him I can't help but remember old Trix, the mongrel dog of my childhood, who counted himself lucky if he had *anything* to eat. Under ordinary circumstances I would make this dog eat what I prepared in a hurry or go hungry, but the circumstances are not ordinary. He is just plain too valuable to lose.

Each day I think that I cannot afford to keep the dog any longer, and each day the children come to love him more and more. He really is a good dog—very neat and mannerly about the house, gentle with the children, and very handsome.

I had a letter today from a lady out in Nebraska who asked for my help. She said that her church was a very happy one with a fine relationship between the minister and the people—a church with no divisions and no inner strife. However, she said that there was one family in the church that had become disgruntled about some little thing and was now doing everything in its power to make trouble for the church in general and the minister in particular. What this lady wants to know is; "What should be done with a family that is making a lot of trouble in the church?"

Now I rather imagine that many of you have known of situations of this kind—church situations where one or perhaps two difficult families make trouble in the church. What is to be



In these times so many, many of a pastor's hours are spent counselling with people who have grievous problems. This is where Frederick spends those hours—and it's a pleasant looking study that invites relaxation.

done? In the old days there usually was a quick solution to a problem like this—the Board of Deacons or the Elders sat in judgment and decided the matter one way or the other. If the family or the individual were wrong, they were disciplined, sometimes even put out of the church. If the church or the minister were deemed in the wrong, then they were disciplined. But today, people do not use their Deacons and Elders for this purpose.

It is my sincere conviction as a minister that people who are unhappy in a church should get out of it, whether they are employees of a church or just members. Get out of the church and stay out until such time as the disliked situation is corrected. The church is for the worship of God, and no minister can lead a people in worship if he is not happy in his situation, and no people can honestly worship God in a church if for some reason they are unhappy in it. Therefore, I think that troublesome people should be asked to get out of a church. Hundreds of small churches are little more than empty barns today because of troublesome people who refused to get out of a church, and who made it too unpleasant for any others to remain in the church.

Some night next week David and Mary Lea and I will begin taking down the fishing tackle boxes from their winter hiding places in the attic, and we shall find much work to be done—reels to be cleaned and oiled, lines to be tested and re-wound, fishing lures to be polished. You know, anticipation is half the fun of a good time, and just working with the fishing tackle will make the summer holiday seem so much more to be desired. What fun to think about all the fish we are going to catch, and the pictures we shall take of them! What fun to make plans for boat excursions, and hiking parties, and new fish rods to try. How the children do love to

thing about and talk about what they are going to do, and even though expectations are much higher than the actual experience, it is all part of the game, and part of the fun of growing up.

If you and your family are planning to make a trip somewhere this summer, it is not too early to begin looking at the maps. If you want the children really to get the most out of the experience, then let them begin now to make some travel plans of their own. Supply them with books, magazines, pictures and travel guides to the places that are to be visited. You will all get so much more out of the trip by doing this.

One of these days you are going to find yourself at your nerves' end with quarrelsome, tired, and cross children, and when you do, just sit down with them and say: "Why don't we make some plans for this summer? Who shall we invite to come see us?" Do this, and you will find it a magical way to bring peace and harmony out of a hectic situation.

Every now and then some parent will call and ask me to have a talk with some son or daughter whose ideas about God are anything but acceptable to the parent. It isn't an easy assignment, but it is one that I never refuse. In response to such a request I usually ask the young person concerned to have lunch with me. I tell parents that there is no way to wave a magic wand in situations where children are refusing to accept the religious beliefs of their parents, and that often the proper treatment for cases of this kind is one that is applied to the parents as well as to the youngster.

Invariably the young person expects something of a lecture from me, but that is where he gets fooled. I begin the conversation by sympathizing with him. Religion is too serious a matter to accept without much thought and

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"HAPPY IS THE BRIDE"

By

Virginia Thomas

I guess the theme for this bridal shower might well be, "People all know you're in love!" Or "Hearts in Two-Four Time." Most women love to have a finger in the bridal pie, so consequently it's lots of fun to "pull out all the stops" and plan for frilly, elaborate decorations and favors. I have suggested here some tips for just that kind of shower for YOUR bride.

Fans have always been associated with the romantic side of life and they make a lovely motif for a shower. With them why not use the **KISSING RING**? We see them often at Christmases, but why not use them to honor the bride?

Invitations: Make small fans by using construction paper in one of the bride's chosen colors. I'm sure you have all made paper fans by folding and creasing a rectangular-shaped piece of paper, so experiment a bit with some old newspapers until you get the right size for a pattern. Along the top edge glue a frill by using lacy paper doilies or scraps of inexpensive lace. Write your invitation on the paper spread out flat; then fold and crease into fan. Staple bottom end and attach ribbon bow in bride's colors. To mail, slip a rubber band around the fan tightly enough to slip in envelope. Recipient slips off band and unfurls fan to read invitations.

Decorations: Fans and flowers are perfect go-togethers so on a buffet you might use some pretty metallic or other fancy paper and the lace paper doily trim to make a large fan such as described above. Anchor it on a needlepoint holder at an angle and arrange flowers at the base. Or if a basket with a handle is used, attach ribbon streamers so that the hole will resemble a bridal bouquet. From doorways, or in window arch, hang bride's kissing rings. Make the hoops (circles) from white chenile-covered wire. Tie two together to form the crossed ring and tie top and bottom with loops of satin ribbon, adding some tufts of net. Sprays of artificial lily-of-the-valley make a lovely addition to be tied into the loops of ribbon. If the shower is to be held in a hall or church parlors, you may want to fasten some of the fans on the walls, or arrange them over a fireplace, on top of a piano, etc.

Table centerpiece: Make a larger kissing ring and place on a large tray or plate, (a tall cake stand works beautifully for this.) Tie the ribbon at the top but arrange a small, low container inside the kissing ring and fill it with fresh flowers—roses are lovely if you can find some in the bride's color scheme. If the cake stand is used, place more flowers and greenery around the footed base. The fan and flowers idea also works nicely on a buffet table.

Favors: Make miniature kissing rings tying with ribbons, lily-of-the-valley and a fluff of net. Name cards could be attached to the bow of ribbon. Or make miniature fans. These



Is there anything sweeter than a little girl of three? Candace is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grenier of St. Joseph, Mo.; she has one brother, Kent.

fans will stand upright if they are fastened with pins to a small strayafoam base. When making any of these fans remember that nylon net is very inexpensive and makes such "bridal-looking" ruffles and frills on the fans, etc. For extra glamour, glue on sequins and sparkling glitter.

Nut cups: If fans have been used for favors, then use a tiny nutcup inside a small kissing ring. Or simply ruffle net, glue on glitter and staple to nut cup. Tie with a bow of ribbon in which a spray of lily-of-the-valley has been fastened.

Very inexpensive rings are sold at novelty shops, etc., and some of these might be purchased to be used in decorations. With a tiny bow of ribbon tie one of these to a name card, to handles of a basket nut cup, or even to a card type invitation.

Fan cookies could be made easily by cutting a cardboard pattern. Use cake decorator to make a bow on the handle and a frill around the top.

FOR A DIFFERENT SHOWER

Spice shower: Guests bring kitchen spices, herbs and flavorings. It is wise to go together and let one person do the buying to avoid duplication. Theme for shower "Sugar and Spice 'N Everything Nice."

Cookbook shower: Several guests might go together to purchase some fine cookbooks. Favorite recipes of guests along with recipe file could be worked in with this shower. Or a **book shower** might allow not only cookbooks, but books on home decorating, household helps, and similar subjects.

An **apron shower** offers all sorts of possibilities in the way of gifts as well as in decorations, etc. Be sure the water glasses at refreshment time all wear miniature aprons!

Paper shower would bring the bride an array of gifts—paper plates, doilies, paper towels, wax paper, napkins—to name only a few. Decorations might

be paper flowers, streamers, and comparable things.

Hosiery shower: Did any bride ever have too many nylons? Think of clever ways to wrap them so each is different, or label them for different occasions on which they may be worn.

BRIDAL SHOWER ENTERTAINMENT

A BRIGHT FUTURE: Pass paper and pencils to all guests for this game. Tell them they are to solve a very exasperating situation for the bride. Allow fifteen minutes after you read the following and then collect the papers. (No names should be signed to the papers.)

"This bride has only \$20.00 and a bright red living room suite. Her husband-to-be has a purple chair that he insists upon having in the living room and he hates red. She must get a color scheme to fit in their new living room. How can she do it?"

Have someone read the solutions aloud. When through have the guests vote on them. Give the winner a 100 watt light bulb as a prize—she is to pass it on to the bride to assure her of a "bright" future.

A KITCHEN QUIZ: At the beginning of each word for each of the following definitions you will find the name of an article that is likely to be found in the kitchen. Example: A round flat food—pancake.

1. A slang word for doughnut.
(Sinker)
2. A writing pad. (Tablet)
3. One who directs customers in a store. (Floor walker)
4. Rough. (Rugged)
5. Tall hat. (Stovepipe)
6. Colorless salve. (Vaseline)
7. Discouraged. (Disheartened)
8. Sarcasm. (Irony)
9. An edible tuber of a South American plant. (Potato)
10. To void or annul. (Cancel)
11. The president of an assembly.
(Chairman)
12. A spherical shaped roof. (Cupola)

BRIDAL SHOWER FUN

(BRIDE'S QUIZ:) The bride's RING is in each answer.

1. What ring replies to a question?
(Answering)
2. When can a ring be said to bloom?
(When it's flowering)
3. What ring is annoying? (Bothering)
4. What is a happy ring? (Cheering)
5. What ring is very complimentary?
(Flattering)
6. What is a brave ring? (Daring)
7. What ring is silly? (Simpering)
8. What is a lucky ring? (Prospering)
9. What ring enjoys food? (Catering)
10. What ring moves slowly?
(Fluttering)

DRESSING THE BRIDE: This game is full of action and a laugh a minute. Divide the guests into three equal groups. Group No. 1 will make the bridal gown—making it right on the bride-to-be. Group No. 2 will fashion the veil and headpiece, and Group No. 3 will make the bride's bouquet. Each group will receive a box of odds

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A REPORT FROM OUR DENVER DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends,

What a pleasure it is to sit down and write this letter! This has been a real laundry day; five loads have been washed, dried, folded or ironed and all are put away. There is only a small amount of mending this week so that can wait until evening. The refrigerator has a nice variety of "leftovers" so our evening meal will be a simple matter.

Perhaps I should add this postscript to previous comments regarding Colorado laundry problems. We made it through the winter quite successfully with neither automatic drier nor inside hanging space. There really is such a thing as good-drying weather year-round in Colorado. Occasionally there was a stretch of four or five days of poor weather; probably families with babies couldn't rely solely on Nature, but we managed easily.

One of the greatest adjustments I've had to make to our new life in Colorado is in my cooking habits. No, the higher altitude doesn't make a great deal of difference—a little extra flour in butter cake recipes is about all the adjustment necessary for the altitude. Even the \$100 chocolate cake has turned out well and you know how temperamental that is! The big adjustment has been in learning to prepare meals that can sit for an hour or so and still taste fresh.

Now that Wayne is connected with a retail business, we've learned just how many customers there are that shop at meal time. This may be the most convenient time and, in many cases, the *only* time that a surprising number of people have to accomplish their shopping. But ten years of being accustomed to extremely exact hours have left their mark. It used to be that Wayne would invariably walk in the front door at 12:07 and 6:07 P.M. But all that regularity is a thing of the past now. Even so, I still occasionally slip into old habits and make a mistake and prepare food that doesn't sit and wait very happily.

Lunch is frequently a real scramble. Wayne is the only husband hereabouts who comes home daily for lunch, but at very irregular times, naturally. Since very few women here have this circumstance in their weekly living, all the women's groups meet at 12:30 or 1:00 in the afternoon. This enables the mothers to be home by 3:15 when school children begin to arrive. This early meeting time does have one main advantage. The last half of the afternoon is free for catching up on additional housework before time to prepare dinner.

Most of the clubs serve dessert and coffee or tea at the beginning of the meeting. One group has just decided to limit refreshments to something to drink. If any of you have a favorite punch or similar recipe (either hot or cold), I wish you would send them to Lucile and Margery. Perhaps they can print them in "Kitchen-Klatter" later and help me out. As it is, the "Kitchen-Klatter" recipes that I have used so



Dad snapped this picture of Abigail, Alison and Emily when he stopped in Denver enroute home from California. That big dog belongs to the Driftmiers—didn't just wander in from the neighbors!

far have earned an excellent reputation.

One hostess here recently served a delicious pineapple dessert. When I asked her if she would share the recipe, she said she was rather embarrassed to pass on something so easy to prepare. If you have occasion to serve something elegant in a hurry, try it. To one box of *instant* vanilla pudding mix, add one No. 2½ can crushed pineapple, undrained. Fold in one cup cream whipped. Slice an unfrosted chiffon cake (orange chiffon is particularly good) into three layers. Frost between the layers and over the top and sides with the pineapple-pudding-whipped cream mixture.

Here is a very different sort of suggestion from a friend which we employed to good advantage. It concerns mounting a tether-ball pole. The usual method is to fill a hole in the ground with concrete, then set the base of the pole in the concrete-filled hole. Instead, you can fill an old automobile tire with the cement and the base of the pole. It is then possible for an adult to move the set around the yard and keep the grass from becoming worn away in any one spot.

Emily and Alison are still attending school; the year doesn't end until June 6th. Spring vacation lasted a full week which accounts for the later dismissal date. Report cards are handed out only at the end of the two semesters with parent-teacher conferences occurring midway in each semester. These conferences do have certain merits, but they must be a very exhausting experience for the teachers. During conference days the fifth grade students take turns acting as hosts and guides in the hallways. You have never seen such an eager and serious welcoming committee. Emily can hardly wait until next year when she will be eligible for this assignment and also possibly that of bus patrolman. Currently, however, she is practicing

arduously in an attempt to make a good showing in the "jacks" tournament.

A rather amazing, but frustrating, experience occurred in Emily's class. They prepared a plant-life exhibit a few weeks in advance of the school's annual science fair. Emily and one of the boys in her class each volunteered to bring a house plant for the experiment which was to demonstrate that plants must breathe through their leaves in order to live. Emily chose a fine philodendron at the nursery. The children then covered the leaves of her plant with Vaseline while the other plant was untouched. Both plants were given regular waterings. Days and weeks passed. Emily's plant which was supposed to sicken and die refused to cooperate; it insisted upon thriving. The science fair came and went and the philodendron remained disgustingly healthy in spite of repeated applications of Vaseline. By then, of course, Emily was turning the incident into a commercial for the nursery and was telling everyone that "You just can't kill a Wilmore plant!" Finally the class gave up in disgust and wiped the Vaseline carefully off the leaves. Whereupon, the plant promptly turned yellow and died. Now this is not the care recommended by any authority on house plants so don't try it unless you are prepared to sacrifice your plant.

Alison's main after-school project has been a serious attempt at learning to roller-skate. She reported just now that she was getting along "real good"—she had made it all the way to the corner without falling down once. After all the patches I've sewn on her jeans recently, this is welcome news for me too. She has made good progress in reading this year and is able to figure the books out for herself quite successfully. The phonics drills are again proving their merits for very frequently she can be heard sounding out the unfamiliar words.

Clark is very fortunate to have a great number of boys near his age in the neighborhood. Because of his late November birthday, he won't be able to enter kindergarten next fall. But he probably won't have much difficulty keeping busy. "Superman" is currently the big hero to these boys. Each has commandeered a thread-bare towel to use for a cape. Old campaign buttons from the past presidential election have become "Superman" emblems. The son of the county's Democrat vice-chairman is sporting a huge "Ike" badge while several little Republicans wouldn't part with their "Adlai" pins. Only the headgear varies: cowboy hats, feathered Indian headdresses, football helmets, baseball caps—just most anything handy seems to be acceptable. Usually they play together happily, but there are occasions when the fur really flies.

We have been too involved at work and at home to sightsee for a long time. But one of these days we hope to slip away and locate the old, original road to Central City. There must be many lovely and fascinating areas to explore.

Cordially,
Abigail

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I had intended to write this letter to you from my desk at home, but I'm down at the Kitchen-Klatter office for the best reason in the world: the painters ran me out!

They didn't actually order me off the premises, you understand, but by the time they had their planks stretched out it was practically impossible to weave through into the room where I have my desk. They're not tackling one of these big knock-down jobs (not that I don't wish they were!), but just making a short stand in the living room.

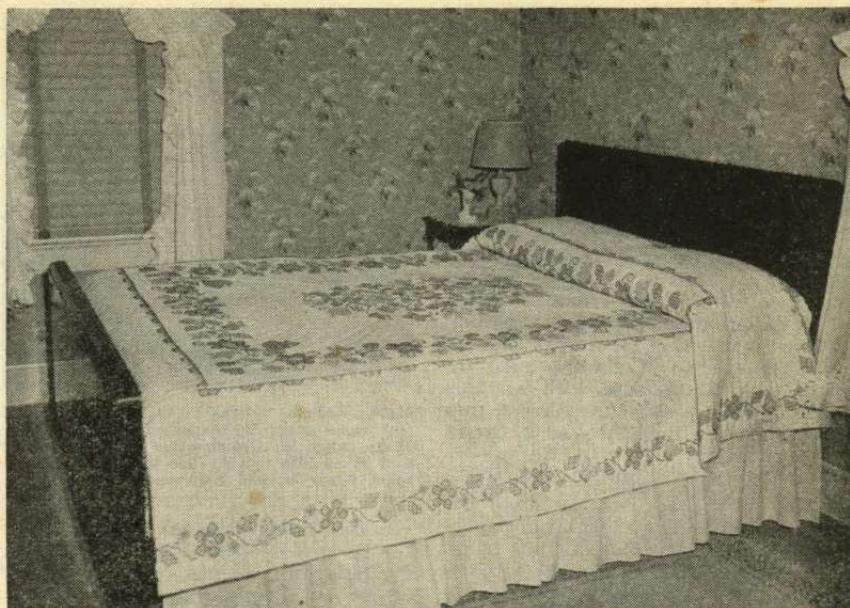
Those of you who've read Kitchen-Klatter over several years may recall that Russell put a new block tile ceiling in the living room. We have an old house, you know, and at that time we had to leave the registers in the ceiling—this was the only heat to the second floor. When he reconstructed the entire second floor he insulated it so completely that now we don't need heat up there at all. Those registers have been closed and with rugs over them even during the most bitter weather—we had ample proof that it was always very warm upstairs without any heat except what was provided by the sun as it poured through a large south window.

So . . . this Spring we decided to remove those registers once and for all and fill in the area with new blocks of tile. I had one of the shocks of my life when I saw those new blocks! They were chalk white, exactly like the entire ceiling had been when it was first put up; but by contrast that ceiling looked almost saffron yellow! It was hard to believe it could have discolored so badly (and so uniformly) in only a comparatively short span of time.

We might have let that ceiling go for a spell under ordinary conditions, but once the new blocks were in there was no question of putting it off. This meant that the painters came and gave it two coats of white paint, and while they were at it they painted the new molding that had just been put in. I wouldn't have dreamed that a fresh white ceiling could make the room look so new and Spring-like! They're putting on the last touches this afternoon, and that's why I'm not writing to you at home.

Recently we did some changing around that has certainly made a great deal of difference. I told you several months ago that we moved the broadcasting equipment down to our house when the folks went to California—said there really wasn't room for it but we moved it anyway.

Well, we finally decided the only way we were going to be able to keep things in order was to make a drastic change: we turned our former dining room into a bedroom and decided to use one end of our living room for a dining room. All of this means that the big desk where we sit and broadcast now has room around it to move chairs easily—and space left over for our TV and the three rattan chairs



This is the beautiful cross-stitched bedspread mother mentions in her letter. Truly it is a lovely thing—something to be handed down from generation to generation.

we like to sit in when we watch programs. Oh yes, the huge chest of drawers that once stood in the dining room is also in there. Yet the room accommodates these pieces of furniture very nicely and it doesn't feel crowded.

In a way I hated to give up that dining room! In fact, we couldn't have made such a change if we didn't have a very long living room. But that end of the room really wasn't used much and with the table pushed into the corner rather than right out in the middle, it doesn't really take away the "living room" feeling. I will say that we seem to have twice as much room with this new arrangement, so until that poor old ship comes into harbor and we can build on to the house, I'll be contented with things as they are.

Since I last wrote to you I've had the unhappy experience of putting up with a broken rib. Goodness! I certainly had no idea that a broken rib could be so *painful*. It creeps up on you too. The first two days after I fell against the bathtub and broke the rib I was mighty uncomfortable but still able to keep going as usual—pretty slow, you understand, but I got everything done. In fact, I put on a big family dinner on a Sunday and carried through with all of my original plans.

But about the third day I began to feel wretched and finally I reached the point where I couldn't move and just about couldn't breathe. My doctor said that he considered fractured ribs the single most unsatisfactory thing in the world to treat! If you taped the area tightly enough to help the rib you left the patient scarcely able to breathe. And that's the situation I found myself in.

The worst is over now but I find myself practically choking to death to avoid sneezing and coughing. I've kept firmly in mind how fortunate I was not to have a bad cold through this period; it seems to me *that* would be just about the end of the road. Well,

I know one thing now I didn't know before: whenever anyone says casually, "Oh, he got out with only a broken rib" I'll know the word **ONLY** shouldn't be emphasized.

At least I used some of that time of comparative inactivity to get a little sewing done. This past year I'd been too busy to get my small feather-weight portable out of its case, but at last the chance came to put it on the table and make two aprons—rather fancy aprons with embroidered eyelet trim. I've always had a liking for a starched white apron trimmed with embroidery or lace—not for routine wear, of course, but to put on in the late afternoon when you're getting an exceptionally nice meal for the family, or when you have company. Now I have two such aprons and I've already enjoyed them very much.

I gave up trying to sew for Juliana quite some time ago. I enjoy fine embroidery and things of this kind, but I'm just no good at big projects and finally had to accept my limitations. It seems to me that it takes two important things to be a first-rate seamstress—the kind so many of you are when you tell me about making suits, formal coats, etc. I think you must have an "eye" for measurements, a sort of eighth sense as to how material will fall, how things will fit. And you must also have enough time to sew fairly consistently.

I don't mean by this that you must sew without interruptions or sew every day. Very few women can ever sew without a hundred interruptions, and there are many times when one can't get to the sewing machine for several weeks running. But if, at the end of several weeks, you can get back to your sewing you haven't lost the "know-how" and little tricks that make such a difference.

When I made all of Juliana's clothes I found that I could really gain a little speed, could remember and utilize all the different ways of stitching

(Continued on page 14)

DOROTHY HAS A BUSY SUMMER AHEAD

Dear Friends:

Nice weather was so terribly slow getting to us this year that only recently have we had beautiful clear blue skies and temperatures in the 70's. As I write this I simply ache to get out into the yard and do a little cleaning up. That is just where Kristin has been all day, but I had so many, many things demanding my attention in the house that I simply had to close my eyes to yard work until another day. Right now with all this work outside, plus housecleaning and pixies to make, I really need 24 hours in every day.

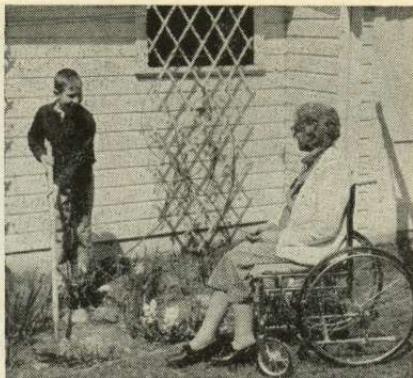
I'll probably be torn up all summer getting my house cleaning done because I want to do quite a bit of papering and painting, plus having some new floor covering laid in the kitchen and bathroom. There are a few places that need to have some plaster patching done before I put on new paper, and I want to get this out of the way before I put down new floor covering. With Frank so busy with the field work right now I don't know when he will be able to help, so that is why I will probably be at it all summer.

I think we will do Kristin's room first since she has already picked out her paper and is so anxious to get her room fixed up clean and fresh. Another reason for doing her room first is that nothing in there needs Frank's attention, so we women can just go ahead with the papering.

We happen to live in one of those houses where the ceilings are over ten feet high and this makes papering a real chore. I never have been able to figure out why they built houses years ago with such high ceilings. They are so much harder to heat, paper and clean, and if they were eight feet high it would simplify everything and you wouldn't ever find anyone who would have to duck. In our little house where we used to live I could touch the ceiling with my fingertips when I stood on tiptoe. (Of course, I am a tall woman.) The walls and the ceilings in that house got a good wiping down every few weeks because it was so simple to do and didn't take any time at all. Not so in this house.

I have found time to make Kristin a new dress which she needed badly. I found a beautiful piece of sheer cotton on sale earlier this Spring—a lovely shade of blue with a little white flower. I'm so pleased that at last I have found a pattern that fits her to a tee. This was the first time since Kristin has grown up that I have made her a dress while she was at school by following the directions explicitly, and have it fit perfectly without one bit of alteration.

In my two recent visits to Shenandoah I have had the opportunity to visit with you by radio. On one of the programs I gave my favorite recipe for uncooked fondant that I love to use for stuffing dates. We prefer stuffed dates to plain candy, so I make them quite often. Apparently I gave the recipe a little too fast for several



Martin isn't as tall as he looks here! He had just come down the back walk on his roller skates when his Grandmother Driftmier called and asked him to take her little hoe and get some weeds beyond her reach.

requests have come through the mail for it, so I thought I would put it in my letter this month so that you can all be sure to get it.

Uncooked Fondant

1/3 cup soft butter
1/3 cup white syrup
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
3-1/2 cups (1 pound) sifted
powdered sugar

Blend butter, syrup, salt and vanilla in a large mixing bowl. Add sifted powdered sugar all at once. Mix all together—first with a spoon and then with hands knead in dry ingredients. Turn onto board and continue kneading until smooth. This makes about 1-1/3 pounds of candy. It keeps indefinitely in the refrigerator, and is enough to stuff several pounds of dates.

We had a nice weekend visit from Juliana recently. We were glad she came when she did because she got to attend the musical production "Annie Get Your Gun" with Kristin and me. We are fortunate in Chariton to have a group of adult singers who love to sing and several years ago formed an organization called the "Aeolian Singers." All through the year they are happy to furnish musical numbers for club meetings and programs; then every Spring they present some well known musical. This year it was "Annie Get Your Gun." In past years they have presented "Oklahoma," "Show Boat" and others. Music is furnished by an orchestra composed of local people and a few from surrounding towns. We appreciate the fact that these people work so hard to make it possible for us to see and hear these Broadway musicals that the majority of us would never get to see otherwise.

What is more beautiful than the first Spring flowers that bloom? Our yard has been splotched with the brilliant colors of crocus, daffodils, grape hyacinths and scillas. Kristin wanted to take a little walk up through the timber this afternoon to look for wild flowers. The tulips should be beautiful this year since we have had so much moisture.

Field work has gotten a little late start this year, but I noticed yesterday when I went to town that practically every field had a tractor in it. We

drove to Omaha a week ago to attend the funeral of an aunt of Frank's, and we noticed as we drove along that there was even less field work done in that locality than there was here.

Our garden has been too wet to plow until this week, but now Frank has it all ready for me and I hope to get it planted in a day or two. Peanut pixies take up most of my time. Speaking of pixies, when Edna and Raymond came the other evening to attend the play Kristin was in, Edna said she was on the serving committee for Woman's Club the other day and they used her Pixie Tree as the table centerpiece. (This was on the cover of last month's magazine.) She said it really caused a lot of comment and she wanted to take several dozen pixies home with her for some of her friends. Edna said that several of the women had made Easter Egg trees and were now going to take off the eggs and put pixies on instead.

I must close for now. I think there is still time for me to get out into the yard and work awhile before time to get supper. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

SPARE TIME INTO CASH

By
Gladys Niece Templeton

Most everyone can tell you how to earn money in your spare time, but somehow it seems that so many of these suggestions never 'fit' your particular needs. Either you are not skilled in doing these varied things or they don't sound attractive. Then too, perhaps your community is one of many that really doesn't offer much scope for making 'pin money'.

While a good cook can frequently find a ready market or customers for fresh breads, fine cakes and pies, or other specialties in the food line, several problems arise. The shopping and delivery problems can grow into too great snags for women who don't drive or who don't have a car standing outside where they can jump into it and run errands at unexpected times. Also, anyone who contemplates such a business must know to the last penny exactly what her expenses are or she isn't going to charge enough to come out with an extra cent. One finds it hard to compete with the package mixes and bakery prices of today. These are not only 'the times that try men's souls', but they are mighty hard on the pocketbook, especially when you are trying to stir up a meal and keep within the budget.

Handwork takes a great amount of time. You cannot expect to receive much pay for each hour you spend on a lovely quilt, spread, tablecloth, or even those dainty aprons. If you value your time at—well, let's say 10¢ per hour, then this is the business for you. But remember to include the cost of your supplies. It's surprising how many women fail to keep track of the embroidery skeins, a small bit of lace, etc., and yet these are the things that will make a big difference when you look at what you've actually made out of your work.

(Continued on page 10)

THOUGHTS NEAR MEMORIAL DAY

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

A number of years ago on a trip we stopped for the night in a little camp ground which was across the highway from a square, rock-walled cemetery. After supper I took my curiosity and wandered between the old wrought-iron gates, past tall sentinel pines, and into a neat, orderly segment of the past.

A monument near the entrance located the place and date of an old forgotten battle of the Civil War. Behind the monument, orderly as a regiment standing at attention, were rows upon rows of small, white square stones. Some had names and dates and places, some had numbers; several rows were simply marked "Unknown." A few hundred of these tiny markers placed close together rested under the big pine tree.

As I looked upon the scene, which was so peaceful and tranquil and filled with a kind of quiet beauty, a real feeling of horror began to come over me. These had been men who loved and were loved, who had families and sweethearts and friends. It was the first time I had seen the remnants of war laid out bare before me. Broken lives, saddened families, incompletely plans and dreams left hanging because man had not found the way to settle his problems without brutality, killing, and the power of arms.

What is the progress of our so-called "civilization" anyway? Have we moved very far from the caveman of a million years ago who pulled his lion skin a bit closer, grabbed up his club, and ran into a cave because he saw an enemy in sight? Now we grab a gas mask and cower in a cave or a basement for fear of enemy planes and atom bombs. We can boast of our high standard of living, our automatic washing machines, our big cars, our schools and colleges, but until there is some change in the way we settle our problems and get along with other people, we haven't progressed one step past the caveman.

God must be getting mighty tired of our stupidity. He gave us the pattern such a long, long time ago. But we seem to be too stubborn even to try truly to follow it. We seem to have a rationalizing tendency to pass the buck along to the other fellow or insist that it is no business of ours, and that we can't, as one little individual, do much about it anyway.

Jesus said it so simply: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Usually we think of peacemakers as men who sit over a conference table and divide countries and make treaties. Or the peacemakers, perhaps, are the reconciling marriage counselors or the preachers who help settle people's problems. And if we think about being peacemakers at all, it is in the way of helping the neighbor next door get along better with the fellow down the block.

But have you ever noticed when Jesus was talking he made it a very

WE'D LOVE TO VISIT WITH YOU

Tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning over the following stations:

KWBG Boone, Ia. 1590 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A. M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.

Leanna, Lucile and Margery

personal, individual statement, which went right straight to the heart of an individual? He was saying, surely, let us find peace ourselves first; then we will have peace to give to others. It is when we bring about true peace in ourselves, a serenity in our souls, if you will, that we truly are children of God.

As long as there is fear or resentment or pride or intolerance or selfishness or any other trouble in our hearts, we separate ourselves from God. Then peace is not possible for us as an individual. How can we expect peace anywhere else if we are not willing to work at it, to pay the price for it, and to find it for ourselves?

The secret, surely, of finding such peace is growing Godward. We have such a long way to go it is easy to lose patience and feel it is impossible. But go we must if we are ever to work out of the present morass of hate and confusion and distrust. We can change things in our own lives, in others', and in the world by prayer and constant spiritual vigilance. We can become children of God, but we have to start acting as if He is God the Father and not a rabbit's foot or a panacea for all our troubles or a Sunday-only visitor.

Every time we pray we are changed a little. It may be only slight; and it may be hard to tell in ourselves, but the change is there. It is right at this point that we can truly find peace and serenity for our souls. Surely in this crazy, mixed-up world it is only when we are truly close to God that we can find peace. Then the kind of peace we can give to others becomes automatic. We can share it because now we possess it . . . or, better yet, it possesses us.

The row on row of crosses—in the lands across the Pacific, or in the little old cemetery I found on the trip—need never have happened if we had taken Jesus' words seriously. As has been said before, it isn't that Jesus' way has been tried and found wanting; it is simply that it has been found difficult to pursue. We are reaching the place now where Time is running out. We have no alternative, for through the pages of history march the destruction, the pain, the suffering, the confusion brought on by our unwillingness to try His way. We've learned the way *not* to go. Isn't it about time we learned to walk the path of righteousness and then to pass it on to others as the most glorious gift we can share?

What better dedication of ourselves, what better goal toward which to strive can be made at this Memorial time?

SATISFACTION AND BAKED POTATOES

By

Mary Alice Hart

"Baked potatoes aren't like they used to be," my husband said unexpectedly one evening. "They used to have charred skins and that's when they were good!" To learn, after twenty-five years, why one's husband lacked enthusiasm over baked potatoes: the skins weren't burned!

I thought back to baked-potato-day at our house when I was young. It was on wash day when the lids of the range were red to heat wash water and to boil clothes white in the copper boiler. Not to waste the good heat, while clothes were turning, into the oven would go—not one, but three or four pies. And potatoes would be laid on the bottom shelf to utilize every bit of space. There they were roasted, not baked. They would come out piping hot with crisp charcoaled skins and white fluffy insides, ready for the yellow butter one of us youngsters was set to churning.

Wash day was hard. It took all day, and wet clothes and steam made the whole house misty-moist. Now they tell us we shouldn't look back to the "good old days." Yet looking back can tell us whether or not we have paid too high a price for "conveniences;" and can let us judge if, in these modern times, we haven't sometimes made the mistake of thinking that happiness and satisfaction lie in beautiful possessions and labor-saving gadgets.

Our old black range, beautiful with iron grapes and stoked with apple-wood from the orchard, its cavernous oven filled with good things home-raised, created a feeling of satisfaction not the same as that derived from the contemplation of a modern kitchen.

That kind of satisfaction lies in work accomplished against odds. It is found in the final tucking-in at night of children, after a strenuous day; or in the gathering of family about a white tablecloth. It is remembered in the sweet smell of wood smoke, and potatoes roasted in a range oven until the skins are charcoal and the inside a snowy fluff!

A SECRET

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have
survived,
But what torments of grief you
endured
From evils that *never arrived!*

SPARE TIME INTO CASH (Concluded)

However, there is something to consider that perhaps you haven't thought about and here is where I am going to put my stress.

Do you have a hospital in your town or within easy driving distance? Do you have a few hours each day that you can spend away from home? Do you like folks? (This is very important.) Do you have a cheerful personality? If you can answer "yes" to these questions, then I'd like to suggest that you simply step into your hospital and have a talk with the administrator or superintendent. Most any hospital is just waiting for someone like you to come along, and my guess is that you'll be able to work out something right away.

Not long ago I spent many months in a hospital which is most efficiently operated, and thus my suggestions are founded on very real experience. I might add too that I have talked with many former patients of big and small hospitals, and they echo the observations that I've made. Evidently these very real needs are practically universal.

We have enjoyed our Gray Lady activities through the years (I spent many hours on this before my accident), but OH! the need for persons to sit beside the beds of patients who cannot have a special nurse or family near at all hours to take care of what might seem to be little and inconsequential things such as moving a blind, closing a window, closing the door!

Body casts can be trying, to say the least, but what I would have given to have had someone nearby merely to lift the sheet off my toes once an hour! You simply cannot ring for a busy floor nurse to lift a sheet or to smooth the wrinkle out of your pillow case. You'd think a long time before ringing to get a cool drink—supposing you were even able to locate the bell cord and pull on it. Nurses are rushed to death and do not have time to lift your head and to hold the glass to your lips after you have passed the critical stage. Who is going to do it?

Nurses try their best and know how to do everything, but no hospital can afford a staff (even if it could find them) to anticipate your every need. A sensible woman (or a man for men patients) could be worth her weight in gold acting in the capacity of part-time companion to convalescing patients. In fact, I believe the *convalescing* patient requires much more attention than the seriously ill. I'm ashamed to admit it, but we all have a tendency to be more demanding as we regain strength and health. When we're seriously ill we're not concerned with all the things that can become so annoying and irritating.

Can you imagine waiting while the food grows cold for someone to find time to feed you? Well, this happens constantly everywhere. Can you imagine a weak patient who is unable to have company but must lie in a closed room ALONE for weeks on end, her needs met only by busy floor nurses? I had all the attention and care I could wish, but there were patients



Mary Leanna is just beginning to handle her camera, you know, and here she cut off the top of her Daddy's head (something even experienced people can do now and then!) but it's a splendid picture of Prince Fritz. My what a dog!

who had to lie pitifully alone because there was no companion to be had.

In some cases the patient or his family is willing to pay as much as one dollar an hour for this unprofessional attention—and mighty happy to have you too if only for three hours or so every day.

But I must suggest a few qualifications which you should impose upon yourself.

Keep yourself as dainty and attractive as possible. Don't overdress and don't wear black or navy blue.

Make up your mind to be kindly and cheerful regardless of any situation—such a frame of mind is mighty catching.

NEVER mention other patients, especially the 'mangled patient who was just brought into the room across the hall'. People lying in bed have plenty of time to think and they are easily upset when fellow patients are having a bad time or losing ground.

Don't gossip. Forget to ask questions. Keep your voice soft and gentle, remembering you are not there to carry on a conversation unless the patient is eager to visit; some patients much prefer being quiet even though your company is a comfort. Be prepared to read aloud IF the patient so requests. Always have at hand some note paper in the event you are asked to write a message. And keep a little notebook in your pocket to jot down things you may be asked to telephone to some relative or friend.

Learn to anticipate the dozens of little things which are going to add to the comfort of your patient. It's a temptation to go on and on as I remember the many things kind friends did for me, but you are bound to think of them yourself in no time at all.

However, this I must say: you can make your patient's state of mind just about what you want it to be, for it is a recognized medical fact that one's

state of mind is far more important than the state of his bones. Carry confidence, quiet courage and cheer into the room and you will be a blessing beyond measure to the sick person who is lying in bed.

So, if you are in good health and have the spare time, do consider this service for the sake of suffering humanity. Every hospital has need for someone just like you.

FATHERS ARE SEVERAL PEOPLE!

Most fathers are genuinely embarrassed when as much fuss is made over them as we make over his wife on Mother's Day.

But father knows, and his family knows, that the reason he works so hard all his life is for the welfare of the girl he married and those little ones they brought into the world together.

Father is just one person, but he appears in different ways to each member of his household.

To Bill, age 13, Father is a person who:

Finds time to take me fishing.
Always listens when I have a problem.
Tells me walking is good for me when

I want him to drive me somewhere.
Has to dig up the money to pay the bills.

Expects me to put on the screens when he's supposed to do it.

Really is the best friend I have.

* * * *

To Mary Ann, age 10, Father is a person who:

Fixes my bike, my roller skates and trims my bangs.

Acts proud when I do well in a program but is *awful* hard to get there in the first place.

Tells me to ask Mother before saying "yes".

Hates to scold us but means business when he does.

Expects me to hang up my clothes; leaves his own jacket in a chair.

Really is the kind of man I mean to find when I get married.

* * * *

To Jean, age 8, Father is a person who:

Falls asleep when he's supposed to be baby-sitting.

Answers my questions—and I sure have a lot of them.

Teases me by whiskering me when he needs a shave.

Hands me a nickel sometimes when I've spent my allowance.

Expects me to act like a lady; encourages me to be a tomboy.

Really is easy to get around when I flirt with him.

* * * *

I am Mother, and to me the Father at our house is a person who:

Fixes faucets, sharpens knives, listens to my gripes and rubs my aching shoulders.

Acts gruff when his emotions are touched.

Tells me he's already heard it down town when I tell him a joke.

Hopes I can get everything straightened out that's beyond him.

Expects me to be smarter than I am.

Really is nicer to live with than any man I know.

—Esther Grace Sigsbee

Wives of Master Farmers of Iowa Share Their Recipes With You

RYE BREAD

Soak 2 pkgs. yeast in 1/2 cup warm water. Add enough white flour to make a batter.

Mix:
1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup lard
2 cups hot water

Let cool, then mix with sponge. Add 2 cups rye flour and enough white flour to stiffen. Let rise, shape into three loaves. Let rise again and then bake in a 375 degree oven for 45 minutes.

—Mrs. Frank Christensen,
Ogden, Iowa

DATE NO-BAKE COOKIES

1 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten

Add egg to dates and sugar and stir with fork. Put over low heat and stir for 15 minutes.

Add:
2 cups Rice Krispies
1/2 cup pecans, chopped
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/4 tsp. salt

Mix and roll into small balls and roll in cocoanut. This is a nice cooky for summer time for you don't have to heat the oven.

—Mrs. George K. Welty,
Shenandoah, Iowa

RECEPTION SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
2 glasses pimento cheese spread
2/3 cup walnuts, cut fine
1 cup whipping cream
1/2 tsp. salt
1 large can crushed pineapple and juice

Drain pineapple and add enough water to make 2 cups liquid. Bring to boil and add to gelatin. Let stand until cold and syrupy. Add pineapple and work in cheese which is at room temperature. Add other ingredients, folding in whipped cream last. Serves 12. This is a soft salad, just holds its shape enough to cut and serve.

—Mrs. George K. Welty,
Shenandoah, Iowa

MARVELLOUS MASHED POTATOES

The day before mash potatoes and season as usual. Use 1/3 more milk than usual to make potatoes very soft. Put in casserole and cover tightly. Refrigerate overnight. The next day add a generous pat of butter and garnish with grated cheese. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes, using foil cover while heating. These could also be prepared individually.

—Mrs. S. A. Barber,
Kanawha, Iowa

POPPYSEED CRESCENTS

1 cup lukewarm water
3 pkgs. dry or 2 cakes compressed yeast
1 Tbs. sugar
1 cup scalded milk
3/4 cup sugar
2 tsp. salt
2 eggs, beaten
3/4 cup shortening (half butter)
7 cups flour

Combine water, yeast and sugar and let it cool slightly. Combine milk, sugar, salt and let cool until lukewarm. Add lukewarm milk mixture to yeast mixture. To this add beaten eggs and half of the flour. Beat hard with spoon until well mixed. Add remaining amount of flour and mix with spoon until you can form a big ball. Let raise. Break off enough dough to roll out a 9 or 10 inch circle. Let it rest for a minute or two. Cut triangle wedges and beginning with wide end, roll up tucking point under roll. Place in pan and shape into a crescent. Beat 1 egg and add 2 Tbs. milk and mix well. Brush each roll with this mixture and sprinkle with poppyseed. Let raise and bake in 400 degree oven about 15 minutes or until brown.

—Mrs. L. G. Stevens,
Northwood, Iowa

ANGEL DELIGHT

1 medium sized angel food cake
5 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1 Tbs. unflavored gelatin
2 Tbs. water
1 cup whipping cream
Strawberries or other crushed fruit in season

Combine egg yolks, sugar and milk in top of double boiler and cook until thickened. Add water to gelatin and let stand 5 minutes until gelatin is softened, then add to the hot custard and beat. When mixture is lukewarm, fold in whipped cream and flavorings. Tear angel food cake into bite-sized pieces and arrange in shallow baking pan, 9 x 13 inches. Pour custard mixture over cake pieces and chill until serving time. Cut into serving sizes and top with sweetened strawberries or other fruit.

—Mrs. Orville Kalsen,
Huxley, Iowa

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

2 1/2 cups flour
3 heaping tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt

Sift these ingredients and add thick cream to make a soft dough. Shape and bake in a hot oven.

—Mrs. Bernard Schager,
Dows, Iowa

LACE CAKE

4 eggs, beaten
2 cups sugar
2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup hot milk
4 Tbs. butter

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Beat the eggs, adding sugar. Melt the butter in the milk; add vanilla and dry ingredients, sifted. Bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Have ready, 6 Tbs. melted butter, 4 Tbs. sweet cream, 10 Tbs. brown sugar and 1 cup cocoanut or nutmeats. Spread on hot cake and return to oven for 5 minutes.

—Mrs. Bernard Schager,
Dows, Iowa

DATE SWIRLS

Cook for 5 minutes:
1/2 lb. finely cut dates
1/3 cup water
1/4 cup sugar
Remove from heat and add:
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
Cool.
Cream:
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar

Add:
1 egg
1/2 tsp. soda sifted with
2 cups flour
1/4 tsp. salt

Roll to 1/4 inch thickness and spread with date mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper and chill overnight, then slice and bake in a moderate oven until lightly brown.

—Mrs. S. A. Barber,
Kanawha, Iowa

LEMON TEA

3 Tbs. black tea
2 cups water
Steep for 5 minutes:
Boil for 3 minutes:
2 quarts water
1 1/2 cups sugar
Strain tea and add to syrup; then add:

Juice of 3 lemons
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Serve hot or cold. May be kept some time in refrigerator.

—Mrs. S. A. Barber,
Kanawha, Iowa

CHICKEN 'N' RICE

1 boiled chicken, cut up
1 cup uncooked rice
1 can cream of mushroom soup
Pimento, if desired
5 cups chicken broth

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and bake in a large shallow pan for 1 1/2 hours at 350 degrees.

—Mrs. Lewis Greaser,
Benton, Iowa

OVERNIGHT PRESERVES

4 cups strawberries
 3 cups sugar
 1 Tbls. vinegar or lemon juice
 Boil together for one minute in a covered kettle, remove cover and boil for 20 minutes. Pour into shallow pan. Leave overnight. Place in sterilized jars and seal.

RUSSIAN SALAD DRESSING

1 can plain tomato soup

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup vinegar

1/2 cup salad oil

1 tsp. dry mustard

1 tsp. salt

1 tsp. paprika

1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce

1 small onion, chopped

1 clove of garlic

Combine in quart jar, shake well and store in refrigerator. This is especially good with tossed salads.

GOLDEN CARROTS

About 18 young carrots, medium size

1/4 cup butter

1 tsp. sugar

1 tsp. chopped parsley

1 1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 cup coffee cream

Slice carrots into match-like strips. Place butter in pan; when melted add carrots and seasonings, cover, and cook until tender. Stir frequently. Drain off surplus butter and add cream just before serving.

SCALLOPED ONIONS

2 cups cooked onions, drained

1 cup cooked celery, drained

2 pimentos, chopped

4 ounce can mushrooms

2 cups medium white sauce

Combine all ingredients. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Even those who don't like onions will like them prepared this way.

BEEF BISCUIT ROLL

2 cups ground cooked beef

3 Tbls. lard

2 Tbls. chopped onion

1/2 cup diced green pepper

1/2 cup finely chopped celery

Salt and pepper

Melt lard in a skillet. Stir meat around until it is a delicate brown. Add rest of seasoning and mix well. Remove from heat. Make biscuit dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and roll to 1/4 inch thickness, making a rectangle. Spread with 2 Tbls. butter and then with meat mixture to within 1/4 inch of edge. Roll up like jelly roll. If dough seems too soft to cut, slip into refrigerator for 15 minutes. Cut roll in 1 1/2 inch slices. Place cut side up on a greased baking sheet. Bake at 450 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes or until done. Serve at once with hot mushroom sauce made by thinning condensed cream of mushroom soup.

LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL BARGAIN!!!!

Stunning Copperized Aluminum Shelf

Perfect for Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings or Spices. Extra large size—11" wide x 2 1/2" deep. Easy to install with keyhole slots and screws for walls, doors, cupboards and closets. Won't chip, crack or peel. Highly polished finish that is rust proof. Dress up your kitchen with several of these very attractive and convenient shelves.

ONLY 50¢, postpaid, with three portions of our labels from Kitchen-Klatter vanilla (8 oz. or 3 oz.), maple, lemon and almond — these 3 in 3 oz. only.

Send to Kitchen-Klatter, Dept. 102, Shenandoah, Ia.

If your grocer doesn't have our flavorings you can order directly from us, \$1.25 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles, pp. Please send us your grocer's name.



DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY PIE

1 heaping quart strawberries, stemmed

1 1/4 cups sugar

3 Tbls. corn starch

Pinch of salt

Reserve half of choicest berries for placing in bottom of baked pastry shell. Mash the other half of berries, add sugar and corn starch, cook until thick and clear in double boiler. Cool. Pour over berries in shell. Serve with whipped cream spread over top.

STRAWBERRY PIE DE LUXE

1 three ounce pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese
 Cream or top milk
 1 9-inch baked pastry shell
 4 cups strawberries
 3 Tbls. cornstarch
 2/3 cup sugar
 1 cup whipping cream

Soften cheese with a little cream or top milk, then spread on bottom of pastry shell. Place 3 cups berries on top of cheese. Mash remaining 2 cups berries and heat in a small saucepan; thicken with cornstarch blended with sugar. Cook until clear, about 5 minutes. Pour over berries in pastry shell. Chill well, and before serving decorate with whipped cream.

COCOANUT SNAPS

1 cup melted butter

2 cups brown sugar

4 cups quick cooking oats

1 cup cocoanut

2 cups flour

1/3 tsp. salt

1 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. soda

1/3 cup boiling water

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

2 eggs

Grind in food chopper or chop fine the oats and cocoanut. Dissolve soda in the boiling water. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Beat eggs well. Mix all together, then roll in small balls with hands. Place on cooky sheet and press flat with large fork. Bake in 375 degree oven.

PIE CRUST

3 cups flour

1 cup lard

1 tsp. vinegar

1 egg

5 Tbls. water

Mix flour, lard, vinegar and egg and then work in the water. This is a very good, dependable recipe that is a favorite of ours.

—Mrs. Frank Christensen,
 Ogden, Iowa

MARGERY GIVES YOU A FAMOUS CHURCH RECIPE

Dear Friends:

These nice warm days it is hard to go inside! I've just come in from having coffee on the front porch at my neighbor's house, and we just sat and talked about what all we had to do and decided that we had the two worst cases of spring fever in town! Now that I am back in the house I'll write my letter to you good friends and then settle down to routine housework.

We've done considerable planting around the yard this spring. Mother divided some clumps of hemerocallis, iris, stock and other plants and shared them with us. It's nice that these particular plants multiply so rapidly for they can be divided and transplanted to give us lovely blooms for many years. The west side of our house received the bulk of these new plantings for that has always been the neglected area around the foundation. The soil there is not very fertile and we have been trying to enrich it for several years. I believe this year's plantings will at last give us more show of bloom.

We didn't plant any vegetables last year and my! how we missed the little radishes and onions and leaf lettuce, so this spring we put in several rows of each among the rows of flowers. Now that Oliver's work keeps him in Shenandoah and Martin is old enough to be a *real* help, the garden will receive better attention than I had given it. I'm always enthusiastic at planting time and during June, but as summer rolls on I fall by the wayside. Oliver is a much better gardener than I and will stick right to it all through the hot months.

We imagine that this will be the last year for the old sandbox and then we will start our hedge along the driveway. We considered it this year, but boys aren't always so careful to watch their step when they are playing around a sandbox or chasing balls or building a clubhouse nearby so we decided that we would give them one more year of complete freedom in our back yard and then we will think about starting new shrubs.

When we were planting the rows of vegetables and flowers Martin begged us to leave room next to the garage for a club house. They have built one there every year since we moved into this house, and each clubhouse has been an improvement over the one before. I have tried to get pictures of all of them for his photograph album, and when we looked through them the other night we laughed at the monstrosities the neighbors had had to look at. Oliver and I wondered too what kind of an affair they would build this summer.

One other big job to be done very soon is to paint the front and back porches and steps. If they just required coats of paint it wouldn't be such a big job but they must be sanded down first. We would have gotten an earlier start on this but we had to wait for some carpenter work to be completed on both porches. Then when we paint the lawn furniture and



A little boy, a tricycle and a dog—this is a classic combination. Clark Driftmier dearly loves the big shaggy dog that reminds Wayne, his father, so much of old Trix, the faithful mongrel of our childhood home.

the picnic table we will be ready for summer!

We haven't done any work on the inside of the house this spring. We do have some improvements to make upstairs but I believe now we will put it off for a while. However, one of my friends who moved this spring has been having a lot of papering done so I've gotten in on the fun of looking at wallpaper books. Her carpet is wine-colored so she wants a soft rose paper for her double living room and a Victorian scenic paper for the dining room.

The past few days I've been working on the program I'm to give on Iowa. The research on historical memorials and State parks has proven of value to the whole family. We have visited some of these places and we certainly are going to try to visit others. I think it is very important to know your own state well.

In recent weeks Oliver and I have felt privileged to attend some dinners at churches other than our own. One that I wanted to tell you about this month was at the Shenandoah Methodist Church. It was called a "Burgoo Supper." Burgoo is the name of a vegetable stew; however, chili was also served and the guests were given their choice and refills were allowed. Crackers, pickles and coffee were served with both the burgoo and chili and we had our choice of pie for dessert.

This supper was put on as a money-raising project by an adult Sunday School Class. The tables were decorated in a Spring theme, of course, and looked most attractive with the potted plants and birdhouses that were used. The recipe for Burgoo is printed in the new Church cookbook and along with the recipe is this note of explanation:

"A Shenandoah Methodist cookbook

would not be complete unless it contained Mrs. Van Gundy's Burgoo recipe. Her Burgoo Suppers were famous!"

Burgoo

(To serve 350)

- 65 lbs. beef (cut from fore-quarter)
- 50 lbs. cabbage
- 1 pk. carrots
- 1 pk. turnips
- 1 pk. onions
- 24 qts. tomatoes or 1 bu. fresh tomatoes
- 2 doz. green peppers (sweet)
- 2 bu. potatoes, diced
- 1 bottle Kitchen-Bouquet
- 1 pkg. celery seed
- 25¢ rice

"Cook beef early in the morning until very tender. Remove from fire (I cook the meat in 2 wash boilers, with a lot of water—about 2/3 full). When meat is tender, lift out, cool, cut in small pieces (about 2/3 inch). Strain little bones out of liquid and divide into 4 wash boilers. (Leave the onions out of one boiler as some people think they cannot eat onions). About 2 P.M. divide the cabbage into the boilers and add the carrots and turnips (all vegetables diced). Boil about 30 minutes. Add more water until boilers are half-full. Add onions to 3 boilers, then green peppers. About 4:00 P.M., add potatoes, meat, rice and seasoning. Stir gently, do not mash. Watch closely after boiling as it scorches easily. Season to taste. Serve from 5:30 P.M. until all is gone, with pickles, crackers, pie and coffee. If this is not good you are no good cook!"

—Mrs. A. Van Gundy

Mrs. Van Gundy passed away several years ago but her memory will certainly live on and on. She was a great person!

I see my space is up so I must close and get at that "routine housework" I was talking about. If I really put my mind to it I can get back outdoors to enjoy a little more sunshine, and I'll bring in a few flowers to replace this sad looking arrangement that is now on the dining room table. You know, that is a funny thing! I've just added a *great big* desk to my office where I do almost all of my typing, but when I got ready to type this letter I carried the machine out to the dining room table. I suppose that is because almost every letter I have written to you has been typed at the dining room table! That is *real* habit for you!

Until next month,

Margery

THINGS TO COME

I shall not mind the whiteness of my hair,
Or that my slow steps may falter
on the stair,
Or that young friends hurry as they pass,
Or what strange image greets me
in the glass,
If I can feel as roots feel in the sod
That I am growing old to bloom
Before the face of God.



Birthdays, Anniversaries, Parties . . . That's When You'll Want Our 3-Tier Polished Aluminum Cake Pans.

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

All pans are 1½" deep — one tier is 9", and the other two are 7¼" and 5½".

Send today to Kitchen-Klatter, Dept. 2, Shenandoah, Ia. for your set of the three tier pans and 1 doz. white candleholders.

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

(Additional candleholders 25¢ per dozen.)

A TRIP TO TOWN!

My husband asked at the breakfast table: "Why don't you take the eggs to town?" (We run the local produce station and "town" meant one twenty-five miles away.)

It must have been the Spring air that made me answer, "Yes, and I'll do some shopping at the Super-Market too." In 45 minutes ages six, five, four and six months were ready—and the house looked it.

Here comes Daddy back for us. The station wagon is loaded pretty heavily so we putter along. At last, destination. Now for a 10 minute wait until another truck unloads. But here we are coming out with the check. Better change baby before we get downtown.

What, no diaper bag!!!! Oh no! Daddy must have forgotten to take it off the table. At least we have a bottle along and that's far more important.

We proceed to the bank. I promise candy bars if "you kids will stay in the station wagon and be good." Miracle! A parking place—three steps away from the bank. Upon returning, I find everyone peaceful and so on to the big market and candy bars.

Now why is all of this such a treat? Well, I haven't been in a grocery store since six months was born. Just look at the tremendous stock! First come

the candy bars, of course. Finally after I paid for three large sacks of groceries the boy cheerfully toted them to the station wagon and deposited them in the front seat. Kids go in back, happily munching. Baby sleeps beside Mommy all the way home, wet diaper and all. A stop at Daddy's in our hamlet to dump off the egg cases and money—what's left, that is.

Up the muddy hill we go, but Mommy's mind is in a whirl. Because of the mud I decide to carry six, five and four years over this mud to the sidewalk. "Go into the kitchen and take off your boots ON THE PAPER," I yell. Then back for six months.

Oh yes, the angels took their boots off on the paper all right but I forgot to tell them to shut the door. No use to worry about that as I pile the muddy paper and cobs hastily into the heater. In no time the warm rays are reaching out. Baby has finished his bottle so off comes the snowsuit.

Where is that nice boy from the Super Market? Those huge sacks of groceries are still out there. It is ten minutes until noon and the school bus will be here at one o'clock for six year old. Madly I dash out in the mud and struggle back with groceries. Hurriedly I stir up cocoa, make sandwiches and get it on the table.

Whew! At last six year old is on the bus, five and four year olds are down

for naps and six months is sleeping unperturbed by all the wild hub-bub. Was all of this worth it? I should say so! After being stuck right here for months it seemed like a trip around the world just to get twenty-five miles away and actually into stores.

I go out to get the mail and find my favorite weekly in the box. I pull the easy chair up to the heater, take off my shoes and munch grapes (a rare luxury since I hadn't gotten into a grocery store for so long). Somehow, somehow I must get out for another exciting trip like this before the next baby arrives in six months! —H. C.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

plackets, joining waists to skirts, fitting collars, etc. But when the time came that I couldn't get to my sewing machine for months on end, I forgot all these things and had to start from scratch. If occasion demanded it I could probably turn out a dress for her that would look all right, but believe me, after such a long time away from the sewing machine it would certainly take me many a moon. Until I regain some of the old confidence I'd better stick to aprons!

The other night when I was counting my blessings (this was when I couldn't sleep because my rib was giving me fits!) I put near the top of the list the fact that we live only one short block from school. I don't know how some of you folks ever manage to make so many trips back and forth to town for extra-curricular activities. Juliana tells me that some of her friends have parents who drive a twenty-mile round trip practically every night of the week, and then Saturday and Sunday too for special school events. It seems to me that this must be a real problem, and I think those of us who are spared it should give thought to the parents who don't get off so easily.

We're fixing up our terrace these days and getting ready for summer. All eight ice cream chairs need new seats and new paint; the two round tables that match need new tops. The other chairs all need paint. In fact, the ONLY thing that doesn't need a hand touched to it is our big Monroe table. Juliana has promised to pitch in and help, so by sandwiching this work in whenever we can snatch a few minutes, eventually it should all be done.

Russell and I are hoping to get away for a little trip as soon as school is out. Juliana and Kristin are going with us. But at this time it's too early to have definite plans so I'll leave these details until later. However, I can assure you that one stop will be to see Paul Martin Driftmier in Anderson, Indiana. We can hardly wait to see him.

Russell has just come in and says that the painters have taken all their equipment and departed, so now I must go home and think about supper.

I hope you can find time to write to us soon. It is your letters that make it possible to visit with you every morning on the radio and to prepare Kitchen-Klatter magazine every month.

Faithfully always,
Lucile

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Dear Folks:

This isn't an absolute iron-clad promise, but we're going to TRY and have one extra special recipe in Kitchen-Klatter every month.

The first one up is the wonderful Cinnamon Roll recipe that was sent to us by a friend who gave me such a sales talk along with it that I went right to the kitchen and gave it a fling. She said she had worked and worked with this recipe through the years and finally had it just exactly the way she wanted it. After we tasted them we could well understand why she is constantly besieged with requests to make them—seems that at every bake sale they sell out before she can even get them there!

It isn't lack of willingness or spirit that may prevent us from featuring some recipe every month—it's just a matter of plain old TIME. Most of us who've been cooking for years can throw together ordinary meals in short order, but when we're trying something new and measuring every ingredient very carefully and paying strict attention to every step along the way, it is very time consuming.

After all, we're just like you folks . . . have all the usual routine of daily housework, church activities, family get-togethers and hours that must be spent at our desks so you can tune in our Kitchen-Klatter program and pick up this magazine every month. Sometimes it's quite a scramble to find the extra time for testing recipes.

But we've always been proud of some of our wonderful old standbys that have become standbys for so many other families, and we'll do our best to share new recipes with you. We'd appreciate it if you'd take time to write down one of your great favorites. Tell us all about it—make us want to get to the kitchen and see for ourselves just how it is. Between all of us we ought to be able to come up with some recipes that are really something to treasure.

Incidentally, probably some of these things will be on the expensive side. You know how it is . . . we make do and skitter along with run-of-the-mill food most of the time, but sooner or later we all have occasion to fix something special. Then we close our eyes to the extra ingredients and fix up the dish with enthusiasm and serve it with pride.

So . . . here is the first Recipe of the Month.

Extra Special Cinnamon Rolls

2 pkgs. yeast
1/2 cup warm water
1 Tbs. sugar
Pinch of ginger
Dissolve and let stand a bit.
Add: 2 cups warm water
1/2 cup sugar
2 tsp. salt
3 eggs, beaten
3 cups flour
Beat and let stand until light and full of bubbles.
Add: 2 cups raisins
1/2 cup shortening
5 cups flour, more or less, to make soft dough
Let rise until double in bulk, then

roll out to about 22 inches across. Fold the ends of roll under to make the roll more uniform in size. You will probably need to stretch it out and shape it. Before rolling up the dough spread with butter and sprinkle on dark brown sugar, about 1/2 of a one pound box, and 4 tsp. cinnamon. Cut cinnamon rolls and put in pan. Let rise until light. Then just before you put them in the oven, put this topping over the rolls:

Topping

1 cup cream, whipped
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/3 cup brown sugar, or just enough to sweeten

Chopped nuts could be added if desired

Bake in 375 to 400 degree oven about 20 minutes or just until done. When they come from the oven, frost with powdered sugar icing.

Note: The only raisins I had on hand the day I made these were the big ones—not the usual smaller type of raisin. I believe I'd go out of my way to get those larger ones again because they tasted so good. But regardless of the type of raisin you use, please take time to steam them first—it makes a big difference. I always put raisins in a colander and place it over boiling water. This plumps up the raisins and makes them very moist and tasty.

COVER PICTURE

After supper at the Strom house! Just about seven nights out of seven you'd find exactly these activities going on if you dropped in to see Oliver, Margery and Martin. The dishes are done, Oliver has settled down with the local paper, and Martin is stretched out on the floor with an interesting book. (Doesn't this position look familiar to those of you with boys?) Margery almost always has handwork to pick up in the evenings. Here she is putting the finishing stitches on some pillow cases that she stamped with a very attractive rose design (in cross-stitch) that is included in her set of transfers. (See page 19 for information on this.) People who like excitement won't glance twice at this picture, of course, but to those who set store by simple pleasures and solid family life, it will call up memories.

NOTICE

Inquiries have been received about the contest bulletins mentioned in the article on winning contests. The writer of the article has these two addresses—doesn't know their fees. If you are interested, you could write.

General Contest Service,
1609 East 5th Street,
Duluth 5, Minnesota.

Prize Ideas,
13 East Chelten Avenue,
Philadelphia 44, Penn.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Haylett

Oh, what is so rare as a day in June! And what could be more frustrating than having to spend that day in the house, perhaps in bed or in a wheelchair! Will you do some little thing to cheer some of these folk who have to do just that?

Mrs. Betty Hartzler, Box 521, Bellefontaine, Ohio has been in one or another hospital since May, two years ago, and has been paralyzed since she had spinal surgery at that time. Now she has lost her voice, and what could be worse for a woman! Her four year old son is also handicapped.

Miss Nina Hawes, Welsh Rest Home, 133 Madison St., Alexander City, Ala. has been in bed for six months. She has no family nearer than cousins, and is unable to do much but read. She loves to get mail.

Pamela K. Wilson, Hopedale, Ill. is 8 years old. She has always had a bad heart and has never been able to get out and play like other children. All she can do is get about in the house. She reads and will enjoy mail of any kind; perhaps children's books, coloring materials, or anything else suitable for quiet amusement.

Mrs. Emma Schoenheide, Rt. 1, Box 136, Clintonville, Wisc. will be 88 this fall. She has not been well for a long time and this winter has not been able to be out of her room. She will not be able to write, but it would do her a lot of good to get cheering mail. Tell her you do not expect her to answer.

Mrs. Orville Johnson, 7715 N. 30 St., Omaha 12, Nebr. is 80 and not well. She has a heart ailment and some other complications. She does not see well, but will enjoy mail. Please send cards or letters, and do write very plainly so she will be able to read your letter herself.

Mrs. Peter Cook, Parkview Home, Earlham, Iowa is 92 and has been shut in for a long time. Someone will read her mail to her, and she loves to get it, but is not able to answer.

Mildred Woodbury, 2936 John Daly Road, Inkster, Mich. was so happy over the mail you sent her around Christmas time. She is in a small convalescent home out in the country where she seldom has visitors, and she gets so lonely. She will never be able to walk. Do write to her again, please. She likes books, jigsaws, and specially letters.

Mrs. Edith O'Dell, Grayson Nursing Home, 1725 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa had the misfortune to be walking behind a parked car when it suddenly decided to back up. It knocked her down and her hip was broken. Please send her a word of cheer.

Mrs. Nellie Mae Coggins, Killdeer, Iowa would like to get acquainted with handicapped people near her age—63—who live near enough to come to see her. She is housebound. I think she would enjoy mail very much.

Mrs. Elizabeth Castle, 14714 Lake Shore Blvd., Cleveland 10, Ohio has been a semi-invalid for years and is alone since her son is in the service. She will enjoy hearing from you, and may be able to answer.



One day last summer Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kasey of McPherson, Kansas stopped to call on Mother and Dad. Their two youngsters, Karen and Dennis, sat down on the front steps for this snapshot. Just about that time old Wooly, Martin's dog who is no more, came running up to get in on all the fun.

A MAN AND HIS TOOLS (Concluded)

in our ambitions, that we lose the art of relaxation. We must always be "fishing" for opportunities to have a bit of time to share in fun and pleasure with our loved ones and friends, some time to be alone with our own private thoughts and dreams. There are so many demands upon our time these days, both for adults and children that it really takes careful planning to bring about time to be shared together. So let us, too, continue to be fishermen on the lookout for more ways to be together, to share together."

Leader: "O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay, and Thou the potter; and we are all the works of Thy hand. Isaiah 64:8. We are the builders of our life and our relationship together as fathers and sons. Help us that we may choose the right tools to build a house that is "on the square" and upon a firm foundation. Amen."

NOTES: Music and poetry on the Father's Day theme, poems on boys (particularly some humorous ones) can be interspersed throughout.

For added effectiveness a large architect's blue print might be used as a back drop behind a table and before it place an open Bible. The tools might be placed upon the table as each speaker concludes his short speech.

NOTES FROM THE PARSONAGE (Concluded)

much questioning, and it is to be expected that every thinking person will be critical of all religious beliefs, accepting nothing without good and sound reasons for doing so.

I then suggest that while it may not be possible to prove that Jesus Christ was right, it certainly is impossible to prove that He was wrong. An atheist has just as hard a time trying to prove that there is no God, as a Christian has trying to prove that there is. Go ahead and move cautiously; take your time and think things through, but while you are doing it, why don't you bet your life on the side of those whose belief and whose faith has made this world as decent a place as

it is? You may not know what you want to believe, but surely you have seen enough of this life to know the people with whom you want to travel.

I like to tell young people about a friend of mine in Egypt who is a real, honest-to-goodness atheist. Whatever religion he once had, he lost while going to Oxford University. He is a man who insists that there is no God of love and that Jesus Christ was just a fictitious character. But whenever this man wants to hire someone to care for his children, he insists that the person be a Christian. He says: "Whoever works with my children must be Christian, because I want my children to have the best of care and moral training."

A story like that makes us all stop and think.

Sincerely,
Frederick

*"Pansies are for thoughts, but
lilacs are for memories."*

Long since,
Yes, many years ago
Men and women toiled with might
From morning dawn to fading light,
To hew log house and barn and shed
On the new untried shore;
Then planted each a lilac bush
Beside the kitchen door.

Time sped;
Year in, year out, they slaved
To plow the fields, to sow the seed,
To drive away the monster need;
They had no pictures, music, books,
No beauty as of yore;
They'd naught but fragrant lilacs
there
In Spring beside the door.

And now
Those pioneers are gone;
No home remains save cellar wall,
Logs ready for the final fall.
Those grounds, perchance, are grown
to weed,

Those lives are hero lore,
But lilacs bloom and bloom again
Where once was kitchen door.

—Hazel Hankenson
Reprinted from Better Homes & Gardens magazine
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TAKE TIME FOR TEN THINGS

1. Take time to *work*—it is the price of success.
2. Take time to *think*—it is the source of power.
3. Take time to *play*—it is the secret of youth.
4. Take time to *read*—it is the foundation of knowledge.
5. Take time to *worship*—it is the highway of reverence and washes the dust of earth from our eyes.
6. Take time to *help and enjoy friends*—it is the source of happiness.
7. Take time to *love*—it is the sacrament of life.
8. Take time to *dream*—it hitches the soul to the stars.
9. Take time to *laugh*—it is the singing that helps with life's load.
10. Take time to *plan*—it is the secret of being able to have time to take time for the first nine things.

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BRIDAL SHOWER FUN—Concluded

and ends of materials to use to make their contribution to the bride's outfit. White crepe paper, lengths of cheese cloth, ribbons, old pearl necklaces, etc., go into the box for making the gown. An old discarded lace curtain, paper plate, paper doilies, ribbons and flowers might also be included for veil and headpiece. For the bouquet you might include crepe paper in several colors, discarded artificial corsages, ribbons, lace, paper doilies, etc.; or, if fresh garden flowers are in season, you might include garden flowers with the ribbons and other pretties for the bouquet.

After the gown is pinned on the bride, the veil group can take over and adjust their creation, and lastly she can be presented with her corsage. When our daughter was dressed in this manner at her shower it was a hilarious occasion and we took several pictures which she valued greatly. One thing, we were all surprised at how realistic a bridal gown and veil and bouquet could be turned out with such a conglomeration of odds and ends! Take pictures while the outfit is being assembled, as well as of the bride in her finished creation.

ODE TO THE BRIDE: The hostess can pass out pencil and paper and ask each guest to write a four line poem for the bride, or each paper can have two rhyming words such as moon, spoon, — ring, sing — preacher, meet'cher (slang, but funny!) — gown, down — and the poem is to contain these two words in the rhyme. Try to get words connected with the wedding.

MIX IT UP: If the group is made up of old friends and not too many of them, you might try a stunt I once used. Invite the guests to the kitchen or provide a table in another room with necessary ingredients (plus extras, for fun!) and such things as mixing bowls, etc., and then tell bride she must whip up a batch of biscuits—no recipe provided! Guests heckled and gave all kinds of suggestions. The biscuits were baked, wrapped up prettily and presented to the groom when he called for our honoree. This was a big hit at our party because we were all old friends who knew each other well and were equally well acquainted with the bride-to-be and her fiance.

GOURET GUESS

By
Erma Reynolds

The following quiz on foods would be fine entertainment for a June kitchen shower.

Hot dogs are considered a typical American food by many foreigners. Are you familiar with the favorite dishes of other countries round-the-world?

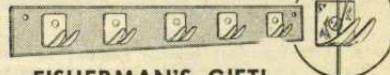
Listed below, in the left column, are twenty foods, each one a characteristic dish of some nationality, while in the right column, in scrambled form, are the countries waiting to be matched up. 15 or more correct answers is excellent; 10 to 15, good; 5 to 10, fair. Less than five—oh, for a trip around the world!

ARTHRITIS or RHEUMATISM

Suffered for years, now at 72 no sore stiff joints, aches or pains. Never want any. Cured myself without Doctors, Drugs or Medicines. I eat right today to be here tomorrow. I do not condemn or tell you not to buy certain foods. I learned what foods and drinks caused all my misery and makes millions of others miserable. Let me tell you how easy it is to eat my way to perfect Health. Foods which do not cause illness, are all fine tasting, reasonable and easy to get. With my 750 word easy to understand letter, you learn all the foods and drinks I quit and what I now eat and drink to have such wonderful health, correct weight and good eye sight. Never expect to need glasses. Free from Catarrh and bad breath. Tell me your ailments I will explain 750 word letter and how little it will cost you. Not quite free, but almost. Rush air mail letter to me and say read ad in Kitchen-Klatter.

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2. Goulash	B. Hawaii
3. Eggs Foo Yung	C. Italy
4. Curry	D. Mexico
5. Smorgasbord	E. China
6. Bouillabaisse	F. Germany
7. Gefilte Fisch	G. Scotland
8. Potato	H. Greece
9. Arroz con Pollo	I. Russia
10. Spaghetti	J. Holland
11. Poi	K. France
12. Steak and kidney pie	L. Canada
13. Empanadas	M. Ireland
14. Sukiyaki	N. England
15. Tourtiere	O. Scandinavia
16. Pilaf	P. Spain
17. Scones	Q. India
18. Herrings	R. Palestine
19. Tamales	S. Hungary
20. Sauerkraut	T. South America

Answers

1-I, 2-S, 3-E, 4-Q, 5-O, 6-K, 7-R, 8-M, 9-P, 10-C, 11-B, 12-N, 13-T, 14-A, 15-L, 16-H, 17-G, 18-J, 19-D, 20-G.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

The pure, the bright, the beautiful
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The streams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

—Charles Dickens

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Our good family friends will be sorry to hear that Aunt Martha Eaton fell in the yard and broke her hip — is now a patient at the Community Hospital in Clarinda, Ia.



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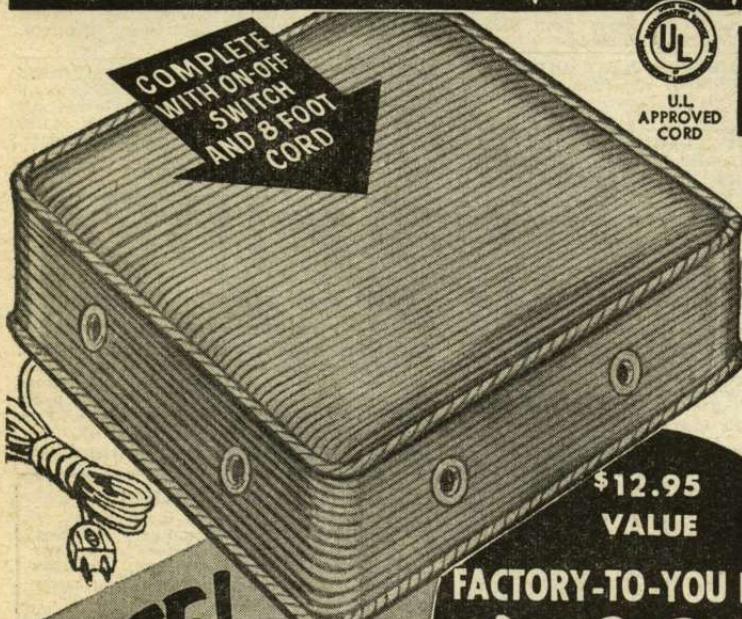
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