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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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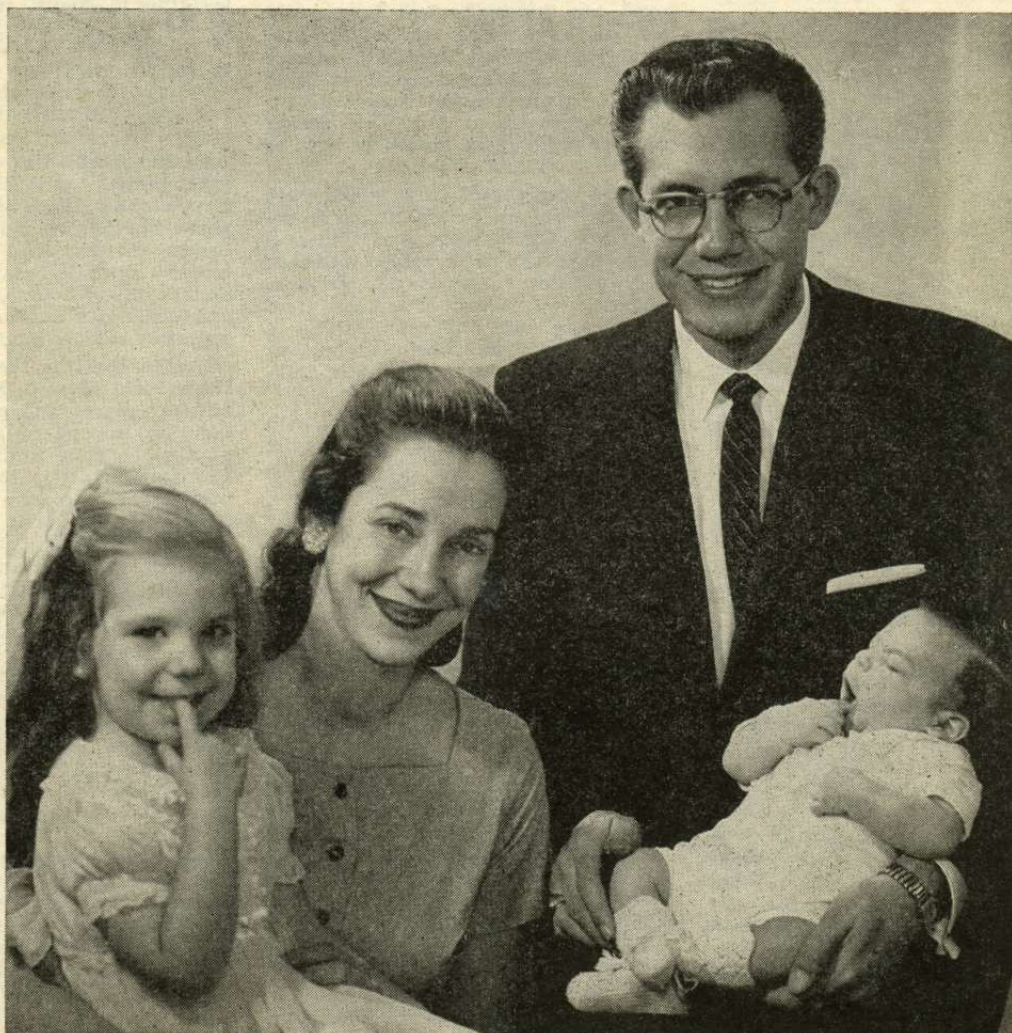


Photo by Dyer, Anderson, Ind.

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER  
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SIGOURNEY IOWA





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

I noticed in Lucile's letter last month she said that painters had run her out of the house at exactly the time she'd planned to write to you. Well, the same thing has happened to me today. I'm writing this at Margery's house because the painters are working on most of our downstairs woodwork.

We'd planned all Spring to get this painting done, but when we found Frederick would be here the last few days in May we decided to go ahead and get the job over with once and for all. He'll be pleased to see things looking fresh—hope he likes the new draperies that the rest of the family say are a great improvement. It was quite a job to get them up on new traverse rods, replace the wooden valances, etc., and I don't know just what we would have done if Howard hadn't been so willing to come after work and get it all fixed for us.

We are happy that Martha is making such a good recovery from her broken hip. She came through the surgery in fine condition and was able very shortly after she returned to her room to visit with her two sons, Bob and Dwight. Bob lives in Des Moines and has made the trip back and forth frequently to see his mother. Dwight lives in Westfield, N. J. and this meant he had to fly out and couldn't stay long, but even a short visit was a real comfort to Martha.

As things now stand she expects to be up in a wheelchair before long. Ida Fischer, Fred's sister, had purchased one for him and this came in real handy in the emergency.

Incidentally, the countless friends who enjoyed Helen's and Fred's garden in years gone by will be glad to know that Ida has kept it up in good shape. She has a complete map of all the plantings and things really don't look altogether different from the days when Helen spent so many hours in it and visited there with you friends. Ida plans to go to Europe in mid-June to be gone for several weeks—said she was almost retracing the steps she took back in 1910 when she went to Oberammergau. This time the World's Fair at Brussels will be the high point. Gretchen came through not long ago from her home in Iowa City and took some of the very choice plants her mother had treasured.

We're expecting Dorothy and Kristin here while Frederick is in town. And I guess I should have said before that Frederick is coming out to give the Commencement address for our Shenandoah High School, and also the Essex High School. Unfortunately, our school auditorium is on the third floor and as a result I've had to miss many, many things that I would have enjoyed, but Superintendent Logan told us when he gave us some of the precious tickets (I say "precious" because there will be a huge crowd to cram into a comparatively small auditorium) for Commencement that he'd assign three of his biggest, strongest boys to carry me up to the third floor.

It has been twenty-three years since Frederick sat on that platform to receive his own diploma, and I marvel at the things he has crowded into that span of time. I suppose the greatest happiness we parents ever know is to live to see our children making a contribution to the world, giving out to other people the best of their abilities and character.

We had a happy Sunday with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin at the farm not too long ago and were certainly pleased to see the lovely new tile that was laid on the kitchen, pantry and bathroom floors. They plan to do some other redecorating too, and probably Dorothy will mention this next month. She had her hands so full with Pixies that she asked to be excused from writing for this July number, and we certainly all understand her request.

If you came into our living room today you would see a big picture on our TV set, the same picture on the cover of this issue, but one done in a dull finish and put into a folder. It was a Mother's Day gift from Lucile and Russell, and replaces a family group that stood there before—a picture taken when little Katharine was only a baby. Donald said in a recent letter that they *thought* Paul was a handsome boy but had to allow for the fact they might be prejudiced. After studying these new pictures we've shared with you this month we think that Paul is a handsome baby and that Mary Beth and Donald *aren't* prejudiced.

It's really hard to look ahead and make definite plans because Mart is just beginning to get over a badly infected throat, (an unusual kind—

there've been several cases of it in Shenandoah), but if he feels up to it we hope to go to Anderson in late June for Paul's christening. We take two days for this trip and that helps, but when Mart has to do all the driving it means that he has to be feeling pretty good before we start.

Oh yes, before I forget it . . . in our June issue you probably noticed the picture of Martha, Jessie and two of Jessie's little granddaughters, Jennifer and Heidi Watkins. (Heidi is peeking over her grandmother's shoulder.) Those of you who read the Ladies Home Journal will see in their department "Letters to the Editors" a series of charming color pictures of little Heidi. She is just exactly as sweet as she looks.

When Lucile and I worked on this issue we said that there were two times in the year when we felt like getting out what we call "lazy" issues. This means that we go easy on all the plans for programs, etc., and just sort of lean back in a chair and relax. We figure that on hot days it's a temptation just to leaf through pages without the nagging feeling that it certainly is time to be up and at preparing this or that. So we've tucked in things here and there that belong to periods when we can take a deep breath at the end of a busy hot day and just read without figuring how it can fit into some urgent need.

Bertha Field has had to exercise great patience with her leg. The latest x-rays show some improvement all right, but not enough to give up the braces. At the end of another six months she'll have another check up and hopes, of course, that the braces can come off at that time, but no promises can be made.

Bertha told me the other day that Hope Field Pawek (Henry's daughter and my niece) will go with her husband to Europe on June 27th. They plan to be gone until September 8th. Perhaps their trip to New York will permit them to stop by here. Sometimes it seems as if almost everyone except yourself is Europe bound! This is a trip that Mart and I never expect to make. There would be far too many complications for me since I must travel in a wheelchair. So we'll just be content hearing reports from people who have been there, and looking at the pictures they snapped.

Howard, Mae and Donna hope to get away for a two-weeks' vacation the last two weeks in August. Lucile, Russell, Juliana and Kristin are also hoping to have a vacation the last week in July and the first week in August. Their route hasn't yet been made out but they are very hopeful they can see Donald's family in Indiana and Frederick's family in the East. They'd also like to see Mary Fischer Chapin's family in Glen Gardner, N. J.

Mart has just come in and said that if I'm careful I can get supper around the freshly painted woodwork in the kitchen, so I must leave Margery's dining room table now and get home. I read all of your letters and enjoy them, so I'll hope to hear from you before long.

Affectionately your friend . . . Leanna



## A ROSEBUD SHOWER FOR THE NEW BABY

By

*Mildred Cathcart*

It is becoming customary in many localities to have a "Pink and Blue" shower AFTER the baby arrives. At least this prevents frills and bows for the baby boys, and boy's apparel for dainty little girls! But a rosebud shower is adaptable either before or after the new baby arrives, so perhaps you can utilize these ideas to fit your particular needs.

Written invitations (rather than a phone call) are really nice for this kind of entertainment and you can easily make your own by drawing a rose on delicately tinted paper. Cut this out and use it as a pattern for an identical-shaped flower made of white paper. Write the little verse on the white paper and then staple the two roses together.

Here is a suggestion for the invitation verse.

"In the Jones' garden  
Will bloom a tiny flower;  
But with all the sunshine  
There must be a shower"

The place and date can be written directly underneath.

A pretty little flower tree makes an ideal centerpiece, or to serve as the highlight of your decorations in the living room. Select a good-shaped branch and fasten to it real or artificial blossoms. At your Variety store you can find tiny inexpensive rubber dolls and these should be folded in pink and blue blankets made from scraps of outing flannel. Attach them to the flower tree with pink and blue ribbons.

### Entertainment

A *Flower Alphabetical Contest* is a good way to begin the afternoon or evening. Distribute pencil and paper and tell the guests to write down the alphabet and opposite each letter the name of a flower. (Example—A: Aster) Set the alarm clock for 15 minutes and then see who has compiled the most complete list. A rosebud mint makes a good prize for the winner.

#### *Reset the Flowers*

1. I-mor-glad (Marigold)
2. Ala hid (Dahlia)
3. I sir (Iris)
4. Rates (Aster)
5. U tie pan (Petunia)
6. Even bar (Verbena)
7. Lot vie (Violet)
8. A log laid (Gladiola)
9. I call (Lilac)
10. No grad naps (Snap dragons)

#### *Wish Upon the Rose*

Advance preparation for this calls for cutting out as many roses as you have guests. White paper can be used and then tinted with water colors on one side, or delicately colored paper can be used.

Ask each guest to write a wish for the new baby on one side of the rose, and to sign her name and the date. These can be placed in a large envelope for the mother and is something her child will look at with interest and great pleasure in years to come.

## Flower Contest

This contest will keep your guests occupied for quite some time! Make copies of it for each person and hand them out. Set the alarm clock for 20 or 30 minutes and then turn them loose. A suitable prize for the winner would be a charming little vase, and just for fun the one who has the lowest score could be presented with a large box wrapped with green tissue paper such as florists use. Inside will be a fine collection of weeds! (Warn your guests that some of the flowers are made up of two words.)

1. What flower needs a wife?  
Bachelor Buttons
2. What flower belongs in the zoo?  
Tiger Lily
3. What flower is a fortune hunter?  
Marigold
4. What flower goes to the table  
three times a day? Buttercup
5. What flower is a dangerous beast  
in fairyland? Snapdragon
6. What flower needs surgery?  
Bleeding Heart
7. What flower is a reigning monarch? Red Emperor
8. What flower makes a good time  
piece? Four o'clock
9. What flower is a famous mountain?  
Shasta daisy
10. What flower is always silent?  
Mums
11. What flower is needed the most by  
your baby? Baby's Breath
12. What flower can light your way at  
night? Chinese lantern
13. What flower has a remarkable  
memory? Forget-me-not
14. What flower needs a shepherd?  
Phlox
15. What flower is a famous cathedral?  
Canterbury Bells
16. What flower is a well known milk?  
Carnation
17. What flower is carefully correct?  
Primrose
18. What flower belongs to both a holiday  
and an animal? Hollyhocks
19. What flower is a color and calls  
people to worship? Bluebells
20. What flower does the farmer  
handle? Strawflowers
21. What flower is found in both the  
barnyard and the bedroom?  
Cockscomb
22. What flower is part of the anatomy?  
Tulips
23. What flower is found in a sweet  
shop? Candytuft
24. What flower has wings and resides  
in heaven? Bird of Paradise
25. What flower sings and is also used  
by a rider? Larkspur

At the conclusion of this contest you will probably be ready to present the gifts. These can be placed around the little flower tree mentioned earlier or, if one of the hostesses has a knack for such things she can cover a basket with crepe paper petals to resemble a huge flower.

*Refreshments* carrying out the rosebud theme certainly present no problem. Cup cakes or squares of white cake covered with white frosting can have tiny pink roses on top. Whipping cream or softened cream cheese can be tinted a very delicate pink and used to make rosebuds on salads. (If salads are served, don't forget "rose

radishes" for additional color and appeal.) Ice cream molded in the form of a rose can be purchased many places, but you can make a satisfactory substitute by using the conventional layer of ice cream and making a whipped cream rose on top with your cake decorator. These can be kept in the freezer until you're ready to serve.

To make flower nut cups, cut petals of pink crepe paper and glue them in layers around an ordinary nut cup. Then cut green leaves and paste them on the bottom of the cups so the flower cups will rest upon the green leaf base.

A Rosebud Shower is easy to plan, very pretty, and a change from the routine of "just the usual" Pink and Blue Shower.

## JULIANA SPEAKS UP ON PARTIES

Dear Friends:

Well, summer is here—there is no doubt about it. All through June I kept feeling most of the time that school would be starting up the very next day, but now I can relax in the thought that summer vacation is really here and no more school for over two months.

So far I have divided my time between eating, sleeping, working in the garden, working in the house, and swimming. This is my routine at home and it doesn't change much when I visit Kristin, as I did for a couple of weeks earlier this month. We have chores on the farm, of course, that we don't have when I'm home, but everything else is pretty much the same. I hope to get up to the farm again for another visit in August.

This month I thought you other teenagers might be interested in reading about my ideas on the kind of parties my crowd enjoys. Maybe you do things differently in your town, but I'll tell you what we like in Shenandoah.

First of all, I want to stress the point that the teenagers I know like nothing better than an informal party. The formal "heels and hose" affairs always sound wonderful when they're being planned, but for a real success and real fun the kids like to turn up in slacks and cotton shirts. This goes for mixed parties is well as all-girl parties.

I guess some places they send out written invitations, but we just get on the phone. This way you know right at the beginning who's coming and who isn't—doesn't leave you wondering how many to expect.

Fancy refreshments don't "go over" with us, and I've finally gotten my mother around to seeing that she ought to save her fine cooking for grown-ups. The kids just want to settle down to cokes, popcorn, potato chips, cookies and ice cream. A big variety of ice cream runs into money, so we plan on having only vanilla and then a collection of things to put on top for homemade sundaes.

The best place for a party of this  
(Continued on page 19)



## A GLIMPSE OF DAILY LIFE AT THE INDIANA DRIFTMIEER HOME

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

The person who made the observation that if a second child could only come *first* there would be no problems for new mothers, certainly knew what she was talking about!

Everything concerning this second baby of ours has been so much easier that it is a real pleasure to have Paul in the house. We got off to a good start right at the beginning for it took him only two hours to check into this world, in contrast to the fifteen hours Katharine spent. Then too, my fine doctor gave me an anesthetic that permitted me to be fully conscious when Paul was born and they put him in my arms right away. Unless you have experienced the thrill of seeing and hearing your newborn baby the minute it is born you cannot imagine what a wonderful moment it is. Instantly those last three months of discomfort suddenly seemed totally unimportant!

All of the doctors joked about Paul's size and immediately made wagers concerning his weight before he was put on the scales. They also offered to cut his hair right on the spot! And I must say that he could have stood a trip to the barbershop right then and there.

For twelve peaceful hours after Paul was born I actually got to lie quietly and rest, but by noon the nurses were at me to get up and when Donald came during the evening visiting hours we both walked to the nursery. It was a pretty long walk, I'll admit, and I felt as though I'd done a day's work afterwards. But the next day I made the trip by myself and from that moment on I've continued to feel grand.

Paul has settled into a regular four-hour schedule which seems to satisfy him and most assuredly satisfies his mother. There is a great deal to be said about this business of taking care of babies on what they call a self-demand schedule, but I find that Paul is a much more contented baby if I keep his feedings and bath time on a regular schedule.

With your first baby you can juggle around the entire household to fit in with all the new and unfamiliar (and "scary") situations that inexperienced young parents find staring them in the face, but with a second baby you have much more to consider. So we've found that by keeping Paul on a fairly steady schedule the housework is getting done and Katharine can have her fair share of attention.

Naturally I wanted to feed him and started out with high hopes, but he never seemed satisfied for more than two hours and this certainly left me very little time to rest or tend to Katharine. My family doctor suggested that I try supplementing him with a bottle after feedings to keep him satisfied and this system worked beautifully EXCEPT it was taking close to an hour and a half to feed him and everything else was suffering!

Finally, I just gave up and prepared



We all laughed when we saw this picture of Katharine and Paul because it looks so wonderfully typical of both ages. Paul is obviously a MAD baby! Katharine seems rather pleased that he's raising such a fuss! But look at the opposite page to see how easily the trouble was solved.

enough formula to run him for a day. At this point I discovered to my amazement that Paul was actually drinking forty-two ounces of milk in a short stretch of only 24 hours! I had to face the fact then that under all the circumstances the only solution was simply to make up formula and put him on it altogether—so that's what we did and things have been going fine ever since.

When the cover picture was taken Paul weighed a mighty 13 lbs. at five and a half weeks. He has on a dear white boucle knit suit, size 6 months, that we intended to use for his christening in June, but these days Donald and I look at him and have serious doubts about squeezing him into it on the 29th! He is really what they call a bouncing boy!

But he wakes up promptly for every feeding during the day and, bless his little heart, he started sleeping through the night when he was just five weeks old! (We didn't fare nearly that happily with Katharine, I might add.) Once a day he eats his cereal with such gusto that I wonder if he won't be up and eating with the rest of us before we know it.

I have a fine schedule worked out for taking care of my responsibilities. Paul is awake and fed by the time Donald is ready to eat breakfast and leave for work at 7:30. With applied effort I can get one or two extra jobs done before Paul wakes at 10:00 o'clock for his bath and bottle. Noon descends upon me before I can realize it, and after Donald has gone back to work and I have Katharine settled for her long afternoon nap I snatch time for a nice rest. (This period can't last very long because soon Paul will be awake much more, but it certainly is a help to be able to get flat for even a short time.)

Donald has gotten back on a regular traveling schedule too, and this is the second time since the baby was born that he has been out of town. He took his two-weeks vacation when I came

home from the hospital and certainly proved to be better help than anyone I could have hired. I now have a lot to do when he is out of town, but somehow I seem to accomplish much more housework! A big secret to the solution to loneliness lies in keeping busy. (All women whose husbands are "on the road" discover this, I'm sure.)

Keeping this in mind I make a list of big jobs to do the first day he leaves and one by one I work through them; and before I know it, Friday has rolled around and Donald is soon due home and I find myself much less depressed with a wonderful sense of accomplishment to boot.

Katharine spent her vacation with my parents while we were having our baby. She's very happy at their house and it was a treat for her to stay a week. Mother doesn't put up with any naughtiness because she knows how hard Donald and I try to keep Katharine a pleasant child to have around. As a result, I was very much at ease knowing she was getting splendid care and lots of love.

Donald had to make a business trip while I was in the hospital, but when he got home he ate supper with her at Mother's. He took several little presents to her and blossoms from one of my bouquets as a gift from Paul. She was quite impressed to be receiving presents from her new brother! To ease my lonesomeness I talked to her every day on the telephone, and this helped both of us. By the time we were ready to bring Paul home Katharine was very anxious to welcome her new brother.

Exactly 24 hours before I was to be released from the hospital Donald came down with flu and as a result I had to go directly to Mother's house instead of to my own home. Despite our precautions I came down with flu and we ended up fighting mild cases in both Paul and Katharine.

Katharine has made a fine adjustment to having another child competing for attention. She went through a three-week period of stuttering and easily hurt feelings over matters that previously had never mattered. I was distressed to see her so unhappy but that has finally eased. She loves Paul immensely, and volunteers information about him to anyone who will listen. The only signs of jealousy I can detect now is when her Schneider Grandparents come to spend an evening. Her means of attracting attention are so obvious that it is funny, but we're all convinced that with gentle control and even greater disregard to this behavior it will pass, too.

We're beginning to find time to do things other than tend baby exclusively. Last month General Motors Corporation celebrated its Golden Anniversary with a Panorama of Progress. I've never known anything but General Motors in my lifetime. Dad has devoted nearly 40 years to the Corporation at Delco Remy Division. My brother-in-law Bill has almost 20 years service there, I spent 2 enjoyable years at Delco and Donald has worked for Guide Lamp Division almost 10 years. Therefore, when this celebration came we were all anxious to attend.

(Continued on page 18)



## FOR COUNTRY-TOWN FRIENDSHIPS . . . .

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

Some time ago I was interested in a problem about which a Kitchen-Klatter reader sought advice from Leanna. Country-town social relations among children was the gist of the problem, and since I have been involved in such relations for the past several years, I believe I might have a few ideas to offer on the subject.

Certainly this problem is going to be on the increase—for a while, at least. More rural schools are closing each year as reorganized districts seek to offer better education for the taxpayer's dollar. As a result, rural children are often funneled into town schools where the social set-up is not conducive to the child's happiness. I suspect that in years to come the rural-urban differences will be less acute, and that pupils of reorganized schools will be on a common footing—socially as well as educationally. But for right now, the rural child is, unfortunately, not always accepted.

The only immediate way to cope with such a problem is to begin at home base. The rural child can be made to feel not only that his home is a special place, but that it has a special appeal for his friends. For country children, this is a natural. What town youngster doesn't believe that ponds, creeks, fish, timber, wild animals, cows, pigs and haymows aren't among the most intriguing things in the world? Invitation to timber picnics, wild flower hunts, nutting expeditions, and coasting parties have never yet failed to produce for us a yard full of shouting, wild-with-freedom town youngsters. The rural mother mustn't mind if it happens that she is usually the one to initiate such invitations; the experience of being a hostess is a fine one for the child, and it often gives budding friendships the chance to mature. I am sure that many of the urban mothers will return such invitations.

The rural mother has another responsibility in establishing normal social give-and-take between her youngsters and those in town. She will need to make herself and her home known to the urban mothers. This may mean that she will have to serve on a PTA committee, join an adult education class or a social club. Obviously town parents can't be expected to take their children to a home about which they know nothing at all. You must present yourself for inspection, to put it frankly, if you expect your child to win friends to his home. Also, the rural mother who has good friends in town can often work out exchanges . . . Johnny comes to the farm this Saturday and Denny goes to town next Saturday. This experience may well open the door to other pleasant invitations, as well as to give Denny the contact he needs with his urban contemporaries.

We love the children who come to our farm; we love to share the beauty and tranquility of our life here. We



A nice bottle is the only thing that was needed to turn bedlam into peace. Haven't you seen little three-year olds with the same proud look that is on Katharine's face?

find that people the world over are much the same; they return in kind, for the most part. We have known town friends to change party schedules to make it possible for our country girl to attend; she has had supper in homes before evening choral groups, or following Brownie meetings, and on many other occasions when these good mothers knew that such an invitation would save me a trip to town or would save Barbara an endless hour of waiting. In return, we try never, never to forget a social favor. Our door is open to any child who wishes to come here to play, to hike or nut or fish, so long as he abides by the rules of our home and farm. Such an "open door policy" has filled our treasuries richly with young friends.

### Note From Leanna:

*I agree heartily with every word Myrtle Felkner has written, and the only reason I feel qualified to add a word is because of the many, many letters on this subject that have come to my desk.*

*If you are a town mother, don't depend upon your son or daughter to take the initiative in repaying hospitality that is extended to them by a farm family. Frankly, I get just a little impatient with these mothers in town who shrug off their social responsibilities by keeping their minds closed on the subject.*

*If anyone who lives outside your town has shown any kind of hospitality to your child, make a solemn promise to yourself right now that this week will not close before you do something to repay it. A farm is exciting and interesting to town children, but don't forget that it is common, everyday fare to the country children. They find town just as exciting and interesting as their school mates find the country.*

*Don't permit your children to do as they please and idly forget the country children who hunger so to be "one of the crowd." Young people are thoughtless. Adults need not be. Make it your own personal responsibility to see that*

action is taken, that the country student is included in the little after-school activities that seem so inconsequential to grown-ups, but that mean everything to young people.

*I wish all of you could see the letters that I have read. One mother said: "Leanna, how thoughtless and inconsiderate can people be? Our house has been open to all of our daughter's friends, and the meals I've served and extra beds I've made would stretch from here to New York and back. We live ten miles from town, and never ONCE has our daughter been invited to stay overnight following an evening activity in town. My husband and I have driven thousands of miles going after her, when just one little word "Can't you come and stay with me all night?" would have made her so happy, would have made us equally happy, and would have prevented another twenty mile round trip.*

*"I don't want to sound complaining and put upon. I expect to go right on entertaining all of these girls, driving back and forth for evening activities, etc., but there is only one year left and I am praying that in her senior year our daughter will have a few things to look back upon with happiness."*

*You can't forget a letter like that. I think about it often. I truly hope and pray that this senior year, the last year, will bring the long overdue consideration and kindness.*

*If I have stirred even one mother to think seriously about this problem and to take definite steps towards changing an unhappy situation, I will feel that these lines were well worth the space they have taken.*

### UNDONE THINGS

'Tis not the thing you do, dear,  
'Tis the thing you leave undone  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

The tender words forgotten,  
The letter you didn't write,  
The flower you didn't send  
Are haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of another's way,  
The bit of heartfelt counsel  
You were too hurried to say.

The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle winning tone  
Which you gave no time, no thought  
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind,  
These chances to be angels  
Which we poor mortals find.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the things you leave undone,  
That give a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

—Anonymous

Ideals are like the stars—we never reach them, but like the mariners of the sea, we chart our course by them.



## JUST VISITING

Dear Lucile:

I read with great interest your mother's reply to the woman whose husband helped everyone with their repairs and let his own house fall down around his family.

This reminded me of some hilarious incidents and I wondered if it wouldn't be fun to hear about the experiences many other women must have had in trying to get their husbands to do odd jobs or major remodeling.

Our family anecdotes include a story about the time Mother had waited several years for Dad to "get around" to enclosing an open porch that was at our kitchen door.

After Dad had parried every suggestion with all the old excuses of No time, No money, Not big enough, Can't be done, Don't need it anyway, Mother was quiet for a day or so while she thought over the matter.

Then she decided to take drastic steps and hit Dad where it hurt. That was in the region of PIE. He had an absolute craving for pie and could never get enough of it no matter how many times a day it appeared.

The day after Mother's big decision there was no pie for breakfast. There was no pie for dinner. There was no pie for supper. That was too much. Dad viewed his custard pudding with a cold eye and then said: "Why didn't we have apple pie for supper? You haven't used all of those Duchess apples, have you?"

(This remark was pure sarcasm since we had at least twenty bushels of apples on our ever prolific Duchess apple tree.)

Mother's reply was cool and studied. She simply said quietly: "I can't bear to sit on that open porch in the flies and peel another apple. And it is much too hot to do it in the kitchen."

Dad looked at her uneasily. He knew in one flashing moment that he was through stalling. All that he said was, "You mean it, don't you?"

Mother answered as sweetly as if she were commenting on the weather. "Yes, I do. No porch. No pies."

The very next morning as soon as the chores were done, Dad hitched the team to the wagon and drove out of the lane. Before nightfall the new lumber was stacked alongside the old porch and there was much discussion of windows, doors, floor, etc.

It was all very exciting, but the best part of all was when Dad turned to Mother and said, "Now how about this? Do I get a pie when I start this porch or do I have to wait until the whole thing is finished?"

To save my life I can't remember Mother's answer to that, but I certainly remember most vividly the big shout of laughter that went up from the neighbors who had gathered to help with the porch.

From that day to this in our family we serve warning that the end of our patience with any situation has been reached by saying, "I can't sit in the flies and peel one more apple."—M. S., Iowa.

Dear Leanna:

Several months ago you outlined some helpful ideas to a woman who was sick and tired of having her neighbors borrow her good dishes, dishes that could never be replaced if they were broken.

I've thought about this many, many times, and since I have a couple of unexpected free hours today (something that happens rarely) I'd like to write a letter to you and tell you what happened at our house long ago when I was a little girl about ten years old.

My mother was one of the most patient and sweetest natured women who ever lived. She always got along with the difficult neighbor who had everyone else in fits most of the time. She would go anywhere she was needed (never waited to be asked) and never, never refused any call for any kind of help. In a community where gossip was the chief recreation, she made it clearly understood that in our home there would be no such talk. People didn't resent this quality in her, as one might expect, but seemed to respect her for the courage to live her beliefs.

I've gone into all this to show you how amazing her course of action was when finally she had reached the end of her endurance.

There was never much money in our house and in every direction we looked people had all kinds of things we never dreamed of getting. But Mother had one real passion in her life and it was setting a lovely table. She made over and made over and made over until finally nothing more could possibly be done with a dress twenty years old. She wore the same winter coat for more years than I can count. She never indulged herself in one single little thing that our neighbors took for granted.

But she *did* buy one set of beautiful china and one fine damask cloth with matching napkins that she finished with the most intricate and beautiful combination of drawn-work and hemstitching you've ever seen. These were the treasures of her life—the china and the linen.

Since we children knew this, it was always a tense moment at our house when one particular neighbor arrived to borrow all of it. She liked to put on a big show when she entertained and mother's beautiful things came in mighty handy—saved her from buying china and linen herself and let that money go for a handsome new buggy whenever the fancy struck. (We didn't have a buggy of any kind.)

As time went on, Mother became more and more silent when the neighbor arrived. (I've thought since that only a singularly thick-headed person could have failed to register the atmosphere—or ignore it, if she *did* register it.) One day Mother said flatly: "No, Elsie, I don't want you to borrow my china and table linen again. It's time you bought your own."

Elsie was so surprised she couldn't think of anything to say—just stood there uncertainly for a minute or so and then turned around and walked

out. I remember how scared we kids felt when we heard Mother say "No"—and then saw the neighbor leave without a word.

Now you'd think this would be the end of it—that the issue was clear and nothing again would ever arise on the whole matter. Surely in most comparable situations it *would* have been the end, but in Mother's case there was one more final and unbelievable chapter.

Several months passed. Elsie didn't speak to Mother at church or at Ladies Aid. Elsie's daughters stuck out their tongues at us when we met on the street. It looked for sure that at last Mother had made an enemy, the first of her life, and that never again would things be the same between the two families.

But at the end of those several months Elsie planned an elaborate dinner for important out-of-town friends who needed to be impressed, and in this crisis she decided to overlook Mother's "rudeness" and come once again for the china and linen. In fact, she said graciously as she came into the house: "Let's let bygones be bygones, Edith—I know you weren't feeling well that day or you wouldn't have spoken to me as you did."

Mother studied her for a long minute. (To us children it was ten eternities!) Then she said in a perfectly controlled voice: "I *don't* believe you understood me, Elsie, but since you didn't, you may borrow the china and linen."

Everything that happened immediately after this I have forgotten, but I do remember as clearly as though it had happened only ten minutes ago how Mother called the five of us in about supper time and told us to get washed up and into our best clothes. (Dad was working on a carpenter job out in the country and didn't get home until after dark, although she wouldn't have bothered him if he *HAD* been home.)

"We're going out for supper," she said, when we asked how come all this washing and dressing. The younger children didn't question any of it, but I was the oldest and the look on my Mother's face scared me! I didn't ask where we were going (in my bones I think I knew!)

At 6:30 sharp, Mother and we five children walked over to Elsie's house several blocks away. On the front porch sat all the company fanning themselves feverishly because it was a terribly hot July night. Before Elsie could rally her wits to comprehend the meaning of our sudden appearance, Mother said cheerfully: "I hope we haven't kept you waiting—it had gotten a little later than I intended when we got started."

I was in such confusion at this point that I don't recall one more word. All I know is that we actually did sit down and eat at the table, that Mother put up a wonderful show of social grace and kept the out-of-town company well entertained, that the food was good—and the table looked beautiful!

P. S. Elsie never again borrowed the china and linen!—J. L., Kansas.



## A REPORT FROM SPRINGFIELD

Dear Friends,

One day not long ago a Kitchen-Klatter reader said in a letter to me: "You clergymen are lucky! How nice it must be to have two full months of summer vacation!"

Well, in a sense we *are* lucky, but something more needs to be said here. From September until July I work at my calling seven days and seven nights a week! I do not know what it is to have a day off, and I rarely have a night off. During this particular month I have not had one single free night to spend with my family. There are many days in every month when I see my family at breakfast and then not again until the next morning.

When I do leave for my summer home, I am subject to call. I always return for funerals and weddings because my home is close enough to make this possible. It is during the summer months that I do so much of my studying and planning for the next church year. It is also true that while I am supposedly on vacation, there do arise occasions when it is necessary for me to preach a sermon or make a speech.

How many of you people ever think of the fact that a clergyman needs to go to church and sit in the pews during at least part of the year? I practically never get to hear any sermons on the radio or anywhere else except during the summer months. When one has to speak or preach on an average of once every other day year in and year out, it is essential that some inspiration be received. I feel desperately sorry for the minister who does not have enough of a vacation to become really rested or inspired.

There is one thing that I want to do this summer that I have had no time to do during the winter months. I want to practice the manly art of cooking! When we are at our summer cottage we often eat out-of-doors, and it is the out-of-doors cooking that I particularly like. Have you ever wondered why it is that food always tastes better when it is cooked outside? Of course, our appetites are generally better on a picnic and then there is the novelty of it, but there is something more to it than that. Actually, we human beings with our semi-sophisticated way of civilized life are not very much different from our pre-historic, primitive ancestors. When given the slightest opportunity we get back to nature, and most of us would love to get much closer to nature than our accepted mores and folkways permit. Civilization is a rather thin veneer with most of us, and living out-of-doors is one way that we express our instinctive longings to be the strong, rugged, human animals we were created to be.

We are thinking some of making a brief trip to Nova Scotia this summer. If the plans materialize, you will learn all about it in my next letter.

I don't know what the economic picture is out in your part of the country, but here in the industrial East we hear much grumbling. As a matter of



Russell's mother spent two weeks with us this spring, and she and Juliana had many wonderful visits together over their coffee cups.

fact, many people are crying out to the state government and the national government for some kind of a payment plan to provide income for economic pump-priming. People seem to think that for some reason or other the government is to blame for conditions being what they are.

Quite frankly, I don't agree with this point of view. I am rather concerned about the thinking of people that leads them immediately to place all the blame on the government for most everything that happens, whether that government is Republican or Democratic.

There may be a little bit of truth in it, but imagine for a moment that I make a visit to your home and observe that you are a fine, law-abiding citizen, hard-working, temperate, and with a character above reproach, and that I say to you: "I thank God for the men in our government—local, state, and national—who have produced persons like yourself." And if you happen to have children I comment: "From the fine quality of your family it is obvious that your town has a good city government, and that the men in Washington are doing their job well."

If I were to come to your home and make statements like that, you would be stunned at my audacity and lack of common sense. You know that what you are and what your children are is not the result of the regulative governmental aspect of life, but rather it is the result of the spiritual, cultural, aspect of life. You are not a law-abiding citizen because of your police department or the F. B. I., but because of your home background, your education, and the influence of your religion, and your friends. The good character of your children is not so much to the credit of our government as it is to the credit of yourself and the influences of the church, the school, and the neighborhood.

The people can complain all they want about their government at home or in Washington, can give the government the blame for everything bad from high taxes to juvenile delinquency; but the true fact remains that

you cannot legislate righteousness. The Romans had a genius for law, and many of their legal monuments stand today, but it was in his letter to the Romans that the Apostle Paul made so abundantly clear that there is no salvation in law.

If law could save us, said Paul, then certainly the Jews had all the elements of salvation in the Old Testament, the Old Covenant. It took something more than law. The Romans had law, but they did not have Christ, and Rome fell. We all have the tendency to shoulder off responsibility on to the government, forgetting that where human character is concerned there is so much that the law cannot do.

In a lifetime we may seek to gain our happiness and peace of mind from many sources, and in our failure it will be convenient and even the style to blame the governmental, regulative aspect of life. We forget that we are the government, and that our government can never be any better or any worse than we, the people, are. We may drink of life deeply from many springs and discover that springs may dry up in heat or freeze in cold. But there is one spring of strength and inspiration that never ceases and never goes dry year after year and century after century, and that is the spring of deep spiritual convictions that rest on the saving power of the Christ spirit.

In our times of trouble we must learn to turn less often to the government and more often to our own faith—our faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in our own selves. The stuff of character with its strength to meet and overcome adversity comes from roots that reach deeper into the nature of things than Washington, D. C.

Every now and then it is a good thing to acquire a new habit. Do you have the note-writing habit? I am just beginning to get it. It has taken me many years to learn it, but at last I have learned that there are few things that please people more than the receipt of unexpected "thank you"

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## GONE FISHING?

By

Hilda Gieseke

The first day with a hint of spring in the air brings out the fishing urge so powerfully in me that I can barely fight it down!

What I want to do most is gather up the poles and go down to the pond and try my luck, but still I resist. And why do I resist? Well, the catch in this blissful idea is that my three sons, the dog, the cat, and sometimes the neighbor children all go with me. This is not my idea of the way to go fishing, but I have no choice.

It should be a simple matter to pick up the poles and leave, but outfitting this crew is like setting up an expedition to darkest Africa. Lunch we must take, no matter what time of day we go fishing, and if you eat, then you'll need a drink, so we take something to drink. We might need a knife to part company between a fish and a well-swallowed hook, so everyone scurries around hunting Boy Scout knives. Every boy in this family has at least one knife, so we go off well equipped in this department. We need a bait can, a stringer for the fish we hope to catch, digging fork to dig worms, fishing poles, and other items too numerous to be mentioned.

Our first stop is to dig bait and I'm elected to do the digging. This is my own idea because I think I can dig best and fastest. Our four-year old is fascinated by worms, but his two older brothers are a little squeamish, so one holds the can, one acts as "spotter" and John picks up all the worms. At this point we get along much better when there are many worms and we don't have to spend too long on the bait phase of our expedition. When we think we have enough bait we shoulder our gear and march on to the pond.

Once we have arrived at the pond, the process of rigging the poles is commenced with entirely too much help from the boys. If I have made the great mistake of taking along Daddy's rod and reel (with the idea in mind that I will really be able to "do some fishing this time"), I have to guard it with my life to keep the boys from trying it out. I firmly believe that small boys should stick to cane pole fishing with a bobber to let them know if they have a bite, but my off-spring disagree with me. When I have a pole rigged I bait it immediately and put it into the water because a fishhook in this crowd simply cannot be ignored. By the time I have a second pole ready for fishing the four-year old boy, the dog and the cat have eaten the lunch, the drinking water is spilled, the boy who was using the first pole has lost his bait, and the remaining boy is trying out his knife on anything available.

The fact that we sometimes actually catch fish is almost unbelievable to seasoned fishermen, for we violate most of the rules. We never fish in silence; in fact, most boys don't seem to know the meaning of that word anyway. We shout at each other, we



Margery and Martin walk down the big flight of steps at one side of Arbor Lodge in Nebraska City. This is a beautiful place, and countless people have had happy picnics through the years in its wonderful landscaped grounds.

throw things into the water, we tangle lines, the dog gets all excited and barks madly—but we do have fun. The cat especially enjoys the whole thing, for we always give him at least one fish (if we catch any, that is) and let him enjoy it on the spot.

If the fish are biting well most people are happy, but the truth of the matter is that when the fishing is poor we get along much better. Then, in an effort to catch fish, the hooks stay in the pond and aren't getting into other people, branches, clothes, and dogs (we've never caught the cat YET).

If the fishing is good, fish fly through the air as they are yanked out of the water, lines are tangled as everyone tries to fish where the last fish was caught, somebody cries because "I didn't catch any fish yet," and general pandemonium rides high and wide. I usually return from a successful jaunt thoroughly exhausted, while a trip without a catch can be more relaxing.

After the fishing, there's the fish cleaning and I'm trying to teach the boys to help all the way through right to the point of putting away the poles. We clean fish on a nice wide board that we leave in the pasture and all join in. At this point we have to watch the cat carefully as he is very anxious for us to get on with the fish cleaning and throw him the leavings. I really believe if he could speak he would tell us the fish were better uncleaned and just to leave them and forget the whole thing.

Why do I keep on going fishing under these circumstances? Well, as an optimist I truly believe that eventually when I "go fishing" I'll get to do just that. Some day, I'm certain, my boys will bait their own hooks, remove the fish they catch, and not catch each other anymore. I have no idea when this great day will arrive. When it arrives it will certainly be more dull, but I believe most positively that it will be more fun for me.

## THRESHING DAY

By

Elaine Derendinger

Today, during harvest time, gaily painted combines rush back and forth across the fields of ripe grain. In one operation the grain is cut and threshed. Much time is saved—there are no crews of men working from dawn to dusk. No big threshing dinners to prepare! Also, there are no long, memorable threshing days for children to enjoy and then remember!

It was easy to wake up early on threshing days because it was my favorite day, next to Christmas and Easter. When I awakened, the air had not yet been heated by the blazing, summer sun, and I could smell the petunia blossoms, damp with dew, through my bedroom window.

As soon as I ate a dish of oatmeal, I would sit in the back yard on a bench under the mulberry tree and string green beans. I liked to think I was an important helper, even though my older sister was there and, most of the time, several neighborhood women. They not only helped cook, but they also spiced the dishes with a bit of neighborhood gossip! I liked to sit by the kitchen window and hear the friendly clatter and chatter all around me—and maybe sneak a nibble of this and that.

By eight o'clock Mother (who had been up since five) would have the pies made—chocolate, coconut and cherry (the best of all) and set in the window to cool. She always tried to get most of the cooking done early and beat the heat, but since she had to cook for twenty-some men on a wood-stove, the heat always caught up.

I could hear the wagons coming when they were still more than a mile away, their iron wheels crunching the gravel. There was one man who did such a good job of cussin' his mules I knew who it was before he ever came in sight! I knew when the colored men were coming too, because they sang in their rich, deep voices. Usually all the helpers had arrived by 8:30—except one. He could never manage to get there until everyone else was in the field. Needless to say, Daddy considered him "slow."

Part of the men remained in the field to pitch the golden bundles of wheat on to the wagons. The drivers arranged it in heaping loads and drove it to the machine. Another group worked around the machine helping to pitch it in, sacking the stream of grain that poured out, and loading the sacks on a wagon to be taken to the bin. The next day I would play in the bin of wheat. It was cool to sink your bare toes in, and nice to chew too. Almost like real chewing gum!

From the house we could hear the soft whirring sound of the machine, and see a stream of straw pour from the spout. After a month or so it settled into a firm pile, and nothing was more fun than sliding down in gay abandon and landing in a laughing heap at the bottom. The threshing

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## MARGERY REPORTS ON IOWA'S POINTS OF INTEREST

Dear Friends:

July and August are considered the big vacation months and I suppose that many of you are planning trips of some sort, big or little.

Often it is difficult for one reason or another to arrange an absence from home for very many days at a time. Perhaps you can only take a day or two, or possibly several short trips during the summer. But there is lots to see in your own home state, so why not start right now studying the various points of interest—state parks, memorials, lakes, etc.?

At the time I wrote my letter to you last month I was preparing a club program on Vacationing in Iowa. Since then a number of friends have written asking me to mention some of these points of interest. Now, you Iowans, there is so much to see in Iowa that I couldn't possibly cover everything, so don't feel offended if I fail to mention your favorite!

I haven't counted, but I have read that Iowa has 88 state-owned parks. As in most other states, these are scattered in every section and consequently make recreational areas available to all. Most of the parks are equipped with shelter houses and picnic facilities; some have overnight cabins. Iowa's park system provides for three types of camping—cabins, tent and trailer, and organized group camping. I don't know how many of you have your own camping equipment so I think you'll be interested in the state parks with cabins for rent. Their daily rates are \$3.75 per cabin, with weekly rates of \$20.00 per cabin. These cabins accommodate four comfortably and the renter provides his own bedding, pillows and linens. Electricity is included, but the refrigerator charge is 25¢ for a 24 hour period. You pay a small fee for swimming and boating.

Backbone State Park is near Strawberry Point. Besides being a park of great beauty you might be interested to know that it offers trout fishing. There are interesting trails and a lovely lake with an excellent bathing beach. Rugged limestone bluffs rise 90 to 140 feet above the curves of the Maquoketa River from the Backbone which gives the area its name.

Dolliver Memorial is near Fort Dodge. This park was named for Jonathon P. Dolliver, one of the most influential leaders Iowa ever sent to Congress. Deep ravines and wooded hills, limestone walls and Indian Mounds are found here. A group camp is available for church groups, etc.

Lacey-Keosauqua is near the town of Keosauqua. The park is named for John F. Lacey who was born in obscurity and came to Iowa as a young lawyer. He served in Congress for 16 years and was the author of the Lacey Bird Protection Act. We should all be grateful to him for he fathered the law which set aside Yellowstone National Park and many other national parks. There are Indian Mounds nearby and the site of a pre-historic In-

dian Village. Lacey-Keosauqua is considered one of the largest and most valuable of Iowa's state parks.

We have visited Lake of Three Fires near Bedford, Iowa frequently for it is not far from Shenandoah. Many of our friends go there for weekends and rent the fine cabins in the park.

Down in the southeast section of Iowa, near Drakesville, is Lake Wapello State Park. This is an artificial lake and the park is quite large. Boating, fishing and bathing are the big attractions, aside from the nice cabins.

Near Cedar Rapids is the Palsades-Kepler State Park with great limestone cliffs (or palsades) rising from the banks of the Cedar River. Lovely trails and scenic sections, wild flowers and red cedars all help make this a perfectly beautiful park; and certainly it is a restful atmosphere for a vacation. People who have been there say that it reminds them of the Hudson River Palsades, only on a smaller scale, but those of us who love Iowa find it equally beautiful.

I know there is group camping at Lake Ahquabi, south of Indianola, for young people from Shenandoah go there in the summer to attend church camp. This lovely lake is especially noted for its fine fishing and excellent bathing beach.

Sometime I hope we can drive to Eldora to see Pine Lake. White birch is native in that locale, and its creamy whiteness with the cool greens is said to be a charming sight. There are several Indian mounds located in the park and many Indian relics have been found there.

The last park I want to mention is Springbrook, near Guthrie Center. I don't know much about this park except that they have cabins and an artificial lake that was created by damming a small stream named Springbrook. Perhaps those of you who live near Guthrie Center can write me more details about it.

Fortunately, when we take a trip, Oliver wants to stop at every historical marker and will jog 20 or 30 miles out of the way if he thinks there will be something to see over there! I know in some families the husbands just have in mind to get behind the wheel and get to their destination as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, our historical points aren't always located on the main highways and we must do some jogging to see them.

We have driven to Spirit Lake many times and of course never fail to visit the site of the Spirit Lake Massacre. In a recent issue of the Palimpsest, a publication of the Iowa State Historical Society, is the best account of the massacre I have ever read. I expect most of you know the story.

The Grotto of the Redemption at West Bend is very unique. It was built by the Rev. P. M. Dobberstein, a Roman Catholic priest. He constructed this grotto in his spare time and brought materials from all over the nation to put into these buildings. It is estimated that the cost of labor and materials alone is over \$186,000, and the art values of the gifts are estimated to be over a million dollars. Many visitors see this interesting sight

and although we have never been there we hope to have this privilege someday.

Driving past lovely Clear Lake and halfway between Clear Lake and McGregor is the little town of Nashua where you will find the Little Brown Church of the Vale. We have visited here a number of times.

In Decorah is located the Norwegian Museum and Luther College; and at Spillville, in the same vicinity, you will probably want to see the memorial to Antonin Dvorak, the famous Bohemian composer. Also located here is the Bily Brothers museum of carved wood and clocks.

South of Decorah is what is known as the "smallest cathedral in the world." There is seating capacity for eight people in the chapel that measures 12 by 16 feet and has a complete miniature altar. Every year on June 13th the feast of St. Anthony mass is celebrated.

McGregor, I think, is one of the loveliest scenic areas in Iowa—we have visited it twice. (I believe that it is Iowa's only National Park). McGregor contains Effigy Mounds, one of the most recently established national monuments. The trails wind up the gorgeous bluffs to the top where Indian Mounds of all shapes and sizes can be seen along the trails. In the same vicinity is the well-known Ice Cave at Postville.

Briefly, I want to mention a few of the interesting things along the eastern side of Iowa. South of Dubuque is St. Donatus, a picturesque French village that was settled in 1850. Some of the old stone houses still remain. You will also want to see the Maquoketa Caves which are known to have been a dwelling place of prehistoric man because of the stone implements that were found by the white settlers who discovered the area.

South of Clinton is the birthplace of Buffalo Bill and on down south of Davenport is Wild Cat Den. An old grist mill is a feature of this park.

You wouldn't want to miss seeing the site of the first permanent white settlement in Iowa at Ft. Madison, or the dam at Keokuk. Also, south of Keokuk is the first Iowa schoolhouse which was built in 1830.

Driving north to Iowa City you can see the old capitol building, and northwest of there you'll find the Amana Colonies and the Reservation of the Tama Indians.

It is hard to cram into such a little space all the wonderful facts about our historical sites and lovely parks. Certainly each one is worthy of much more time and space. I hope that sometime this summer you can take a trip through your own state and stop to see the places that have been marked on the map. I should think that those of you who have photography as a hobby would be interested in building a picture file for your children and grandchildren.

The Stroms hope to visit the Denver Driftmiers sometime this summer, as well as to take some short trips in Iowa, but we haven't decided yet when we will be able to leave.

Sincerely, Margery



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

How would you like to join me this morning in a session with strawberries? There's an enormous crock of big, brilliant berries standing in the kitchen and I aim to get at them as soon as I've finished this visit with you.

What I'd *really* like to do with those berries is turn them into sun preserves, but with all the weather forecasts promising cloudy skies and showers it seems foolish to round up the flat pans and panes of glass that would be required if I depended upon the sun to put a fine finish on that fruit.

I never think about strawberry sun preserves without thinking simultaneously about Dad and something that happened many years ago on a beautiful June day. Mother and we girls had always despaired because we could never get him to throw *anything* away. His statement "You never can tell—it may come in handy" rang in our ears whenever we proposed making a clean sweep.

On this particular day I took a notion to start some strawberry preserves—lined up shallow flat pans without trouble but suddenly realized some panes of glass would be required. Automatically I located Dad and told him what was needed. He pondered upon this for a moment and then said:

"You'll have to wait until I get out the ladder and climb up into the rafters of the garage. There're some panes of glass up in the northeast corner that will fill the bill."

This made a great impression on me! Who could have dreamed when those panes of glass were stowed away years earlier above the northeast rafters of the garage that someday they'd come in so handy? I think my own propensity for hanging on to everything dates from that moment, and I guess it's plain to be seen why I think about Dad when I think about strawberry sun preserves!

Since I last wrote to you I've had a chance to see what must be one of the most beautiful sections in the world—the Ozarks. I've heard about the Ozarks all my life, of course, but somehow nothing had prepared me for such breathtaking scenery. In a day and age when we're always braced to find things over-rated, it's a wonderful surprise to come upon something much more beautiful than one had expected.

Many, many of you friends were on my mind as we drove through Missouri, and then through Kansas and a section of southeast Nebraska on our return trip, but I knew that if we broke down and made even one personal call we'd never, never accomplish what we'd set out to accomplish.

And what did we intend to accomplish? Well, we wanted to visit grocery stores of all kinds and check up on our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings, so you can see for yourself that we would have gotten into very few stores if we had started making the personal calls that we would have loved to make.

Missouri looked wonderful to us—we didn't dream there was so much building going on and so much bustling



Anyone who has driven through the Shepherd of the Hills Country will recognize this monument immediately. It stands at a very high point in the mountains and portrays characters of the famous book.

activity in even the smallest towns. Everyone seemed so friendly too—perfect strangers smiled at us and said "Hello"—actually seemed pleased to see these unknown people on their streets. This friendliness is not true of some other areas we've visited, and it left us with the happy impression that Missouri would be a fine place to live!

The first night out we stopped in Savannah, and that's such a short distance from Shenandoah I really should go ahead and explain that it was after 4:00 o'clock before we were able to get out of town. In fact, there was a spell when it looked as though we'd NEVER make it beyond the city limits, so at 4:15 we just dropped everything in midair, threw a suitcase into the car and started out.

Our route the next morning took us on Highway 36 (and my! that's a busy highway!) over to Hamilton, a very nice town. We had a delicious early lunch there and then turned south to go through Lexington and Warrensburg. I'd heard about the State College at Warrensburg for years, but I didn't realize it was so large; and we noted a big new building going up on the campus which tells us that the student body is increasing. Incidentally, just about the most beautiful white iron work we've ever seen is on a house that seems to be on the campus. It was our guess that the president of the college lives there. (Someone please set me straight on this if we jumped to the wrong conclusion.)

Near Osceola we ran into high water and it was plain to be seen that section had had a tremendous amount of rainfall. The water was lapping so close to the edges of the road that we wondered if anyone could get through an hour or so later. And it was at Humansville (isn't that a wonderful name for a town?) on down the road that we learned some one had caught a 121 lb. spoonbill catfish in that river near Osceola a day earlier. I can't even imagine a catfish that big.

Nightfall found us at Springfield, a city that seemed to be seething with activity, big building projects, etc. We took time the next morning to drive around and we decided that it was one of the most attractive cities we'd ever set foot in—a mighty friendly city too.

At this point we decided to go on to the Ozarks, since we were so close, and that's one of the happiest decisions we've ever made. The drive from Springfield to Branson was one of the most interesting we've yet encountered, and I'm telling you, there's a lot of variety in the highway! First we had a stretch that could be compared only to a roller coaster—never have I seen so many dips and swoops. Then we progressed to a section that seemed to consist of at least 10,000 curves. A number of times we actually stopped to get over the feeling of seasickness! People who live there are accustomed to it, of course, but when you do most of your driving on Iowa's straight roads it's quite a sensation to find yourself moving in a constant circle.

I suppose the Ozarks are magnificent at any season of the year, but it is hard to believe they could ever be more beautiful than they were the day we saw them with all the shimmering white Dogwood in full bloom. I might say too that we were reminded constantly of the Great Smoky mountains—there was the same shimmering "smoky" blue haze over all the far distant ranges.

During the afternoon we drove through Eureka Springs, Arkansas and this town is too unbelievable to begin to explain. I'd like to get some facts and figures on it and tell you about it in detail at a later date. We could have spent a week there just looking!

That night found us in Joplin, our heads so crammed full of all we'd seen and experienced during the day that we had a hard time getting to sleep.

(Continued on page 16)



## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### MILDRED'S BEST FILLED COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt

#### Filling

- 1 cup chopped dates, firmly packed
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup nuts

Cream together sugars and shorten-  
ing. (1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup of  
vegetable shortening can be used.)  
Then add the eggs, vanilla and sifted  
dry ingredients. This dough will be  
soft and must be thoroughly chilled  
before handling.

Divide chilled dough into four parts.  
Roll each part to about 1/2 inch thick-  
ness, spread with the filling and roll  
up as if you were making a jelly  
roll. When ready to bake, slice fairly  
thin and place on a greased cooky  
sheet in a 375 oven for 10 or 12  
minutes or until very lightly browned.

Filling is made by combining all  
ingredients aside from nuts. Cook,  
stirring constantly, until liquid is ab-  
sorbed by fruit. Cool. Then add nuts.

### HAM ROLL

If you are wanting a different meat  
dish for a club luncheon, or maybe a  
new way to use that left-over ham, do  
try this recipe for Viola's Ham Roll.

- 2 cups ground cooked ham
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup tomato juice

Mix together to a spreading con-  
sistency. Prepare a biscuit dough as  
follows:

- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup milk
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Mix and roll out on a floured board.  
Spread ham mixture on dough and  
roll it up as a jelly roll. Slice in 3/4  
inch thick slices and place on a pan.  
Bake in a 400 degree oven until bis-  
cuits are done. Serve with a cheese  
sauce or a plain white sauce with  
pimiento added for a touch of color.

Climate has much to do with cheer-  
fulness, but nourishing food, a good  
digestion, and good health much more.

### STRAWBERRY ANGEL CAKE

Recently in our town we have had  
some terrific sales on frozen straw-  
berries. This is one of the delicious  
desserts I made with one of the pack-  
ages of berries.—Margery.

- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup ice water
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup marshmallows, diced
- 1 box frozen strawberries
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 ten-inch angel food cake

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water.  
Add ice water and chill until syrupy.  
Whip gelatin until fluffy. Stir in  
marshmallows, partially thawed straw-  
berries and lemon juice. Fold in the  
whipped cream. Let set, then add be-  
tween layers of angel food cake or  
scoop out the cake and fill the cavity.  
You may serve this topped with ad-  
ditional whipped cream and garnish  
with strawberries. If you are fortunate  
enough to have some fresh berries  
they may be used in place of the  
frozen ones.

### DINNER-IN-A-DISH RABBIT

- 1 pkg. frozen carrots and peas (or  
canned or leftover cooked  
carrots and peas)
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 lb. American type cheese
- 1 Tbls. minced green pepper
- 1 cup fresh tomato wedges

In the bottom of a double boiler  
place the peas, carrots and celery.  
Cook just until tender, at the same  
time combining in the top of the  
double boiler the butter, flour and  
spices. Stir until smooth and then add  
the milk. When thick, stir in the  
cheese. When cheese has melted, lift  
the vegetables from the bottom kettle  
with a slotted spoon and stir gently  
into the cheese. Add the green pepper  
and tomato wedges at the last minute,  
placing a lid on the kettle until ready  
to spoon out on toast, split English  
muffins or waffles.

Bacon cooked crisp and served to  
one side is good but even better is a  
slice of baked ham or a slice of chick-  
en placed on the toast before spooning  
on the cheese-vegetable mixture. A  
simple apple salad and nut filled  
brownies would make this into a fine  
meal.

If your family does not like mix-  
tures, serve the vegetables separate  
from the cheese sauce . . . they may  
decide to combine them regardless!

### PRUNE DESSERT

Beat 2 egg yolks until light and  
creamy. Beat in 1 cup powdered  
sugar, 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla,  
2 Tbls. lemon juice and a dash of  
salt. Fold in 1 cup sieved cooked  
prunes, 2 stiffly beaten egg whites  
and 1 cup whipping cream, whipped.  
Freeze until firm.

### CHEF'S SALAD

- 3 cups slivered cabbage
- 1/2 cup slivered carrots
- 1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup meat: sliced chicken, ham,  
tongue, or a combination of  
leftover meat

(Cold luncheon meat may be used  
also, cut into little long slices.) Com-  
bine the salad ingredients with the  
following dressing:

#### DRESSING

- 2 1/2 Tbls. chili sauce
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 8 stuffed olives finely chopped
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1/2 tsp. minced onion
- Dash of cayenne

Combine the dressing and stir into  
the salad. Top with slices of the cold  
meat. This is one of our favorite  
luncheon dishes. With hot muffins  
and the Chocolate Nut Crunch dessert  
(April 1957 Kitchen-Klatter) I have  
used this very successfully for a com-  
pany meal. Incidentally, the dressing  
is excellent just by itself on shredded  
lettuce or cabbage.

### FRESH ORANGE LAYER CAKE

Sift together:

- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Add:

- 1/2 cup shortening
- Grated rind of 1 orange

Measure:

- 1/4 cup unstrained orange juice
- 3/4 cup water or milk

Add 2/3 of this liquid to dry in-  
gredients and beat vigorously for 2  
minutes. Add remaining liquid and 2  
medium-sized eggs and beat for 2  
more minutes. Pour batter into  
greased and floured pans and bake for  
25 to 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.  
Makes 2 layers.

### UP AND DOWN BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 2/3 cup milk

Sift flour, salt, baking powder,  
cream of tartar and sugar. Cut in  
shortening until mixture resembles  
coarse crumbs. Add milk all at once  
and stir until dough follows fork  
around in bowl. Turn onto floured  
board and knead 1/2 minute. Roll  
dough 1/4 inch thick. Brush with  
melted butter, sprinkle with 1/4 cup  
sugar and the cinnamon. Cut in 2  
inch strips. Stack strips 5 high. Cut  
off 2 inch pieces and place cut side  
down in greased muffin pans. Bake  
at 425 degrees for 12 minutes. This  
makes 12 biscuits and are nice for a  
Sunday morning treat.



**APPLE CRISP**

- 1 can of prepared apples
- 2 cups of quick cooking oats
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine

Combine the oatmeal, brown sugar and butter or margarine. This will make a crumbly mixture that should be patted into a buttered pan about 7x11. Over this spread the contents of a can of apples—a commercial preparation for apple pies that is found in almost every store. (If you have access to summer apples, a thick layer of these could be used plus enough sugar to sweeten and cinnamon.)

Bake at 400 degrees for 25 minutes. Reduce temperature to 300 degrees and bake an additional 20 minutes. Serve warm with plain cream, or cold with whipped cream.

**BEEF BIRDS**

- 6 cube steaks
- 1/2 cup firmly packed bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup chopped onions
- 1/4 cup bulk sausage
- 1 egg
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients aside from meat. Spread a layer over each cube steak, roll up, fasten with toothpicks and brown slowly on one side. Then turn, remove toothpicks and brown the other side. Add a small amount of water, cover and let simmer for 30 minutes over the lowest possible fire.

**SOUR CREAM SPICE CAKE**

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream sour cream and brown sugar together. Stir in the egg that has been beaten until the white and yolk are blended. Mix well. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Then add nuts and raisins. Bake in a moderate oven.

**PINEAPPLE CAKE**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 egg yolks
- 2/3 cup pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 3/4 cups cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 egg whites, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Cream sugar and shortening; dissolve soda in pineapple. (DO NOT DRAIN); add beaten egg yolks and stir in pineapple; add dry ingredients and then add stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in an 8x8x2-inch pan which has been greased and floured, in a 350 degree oven for 40 to 50 minutes.

**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. 103, 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.

**HONEY DRESSING**

We have printed this recipe a number of times but there are constantly so many requests for it that we want to repeat it. For summer fruit salads it simply can't be surpassed.

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 5 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and onion. Pour oil into mixture VERY slowly, beating constantly.

(Lucile's note: I made this up for years and always had fine results. Then, for some mysterious reason, the sugar didn't dissolve well and it tasted "grainy." At this point I tried boiling together the sugar, honey, vinegar and lemon juice—as soon as it came to a boil I took it off the fire and added the other ingredients—aside from the salad oil. When it was cool I added the oil. I've never had trouble with it since I used this method.)

**LEANNA'S ANGEL FOOD CAKE**

In this day of prepared mixes that will really turn out beautiful angel food cakes, not too many people seem to want to start from scratch. But those who have plenty of eggs will still want to make their own angel foods, so here is the great classic recipe that makes a huge, extra delicious cake.

- 1 cup cake flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 3/4 cups egg whites
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Sift cake flour and 3/4 cup of sugar together four times. Beat egg whites until frothy; then add cream of tartar and salt and beat until stiff but not dry. Add remaining 3/4 cup of sugar, a small amount at a time, folding in carefully. Now add flavorings. Sift flour-sugar mixture over the top, a little at a time, and fold in very lightly. Turn into a large ungreased tube cake pan and bake in a 325 degree oven for approximately one hour. (When cake doesn't retain a dent when you touch it, it is done.) Invert pan to cool.



## A FOURTH OF JULY LONG GONE

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

The Fourth of July slides by our house with hardly a murmur. We may hear a far-distant fire cracker; constant streams of cars will undoubtedly go on the highway past the door, and daddy will be home so we will know that something is happening a little out of the ordinary. But other than this it's mostly just another day.

Last year Bobby heard on the radio that the Fourth of July had arrived. Immediately he wanted to know what we do to celebrate the occasion.

Sometimes we go on picnics, we told him (but last year the day was damp and cloudy and not conducive to a picnic mood). We eat watermelons, we told him. So at this point we cut a big green and red melon and celebrated the Fourth with that.

As we ate, Bob and I began reminiscing, remembering exciting celebrations of our teen-age days. A milestone toward maturity was reached when we were allowed a real date for the great day. I told in glowing detail of the all-day picnics which the college and young adult group of our church held in Chicago along the shores of Lake Michigan. A country Sunday School get together couldn't have surpassed us in exuberance during relays, races and ball games. Food tasted wonderful cooked over the fireplace on the beach. While we sang songs together under the starlit sky and watched the waves of the lake moving in summer calm we knew it had been a good day for a big group of young people.

Our conversation moved back to our own childhood when our family celebrations usually *did* take the form of a picnic. I remember the era of the sparklers, pinwheels and rockets, of course, but only the tiniest of firecrackers, and not many of those, were allowed at our house. Part of this was due to economy and safety, and part was due to the fact that my sister had a very sensitive ear caused by an infection when she was tiny and consequently could not stand a loud noise. For the same reason we stayed away from big, slam-bang outdoor community celebrations.

But a pinwheel or two fastened breathlessly to a tree in anticipation of the dark, a little trough built to launch the small rockets, a Roman candle or two, the aforementioned sparklers, and some small objects which we ground on the sidewalk with our heels (their name escapes me at the moment)—these made up our precious supply. Excitement indeed neared fever pitch as dusk came. "Daddy, is it time?" must have been repeated in an irritating stream. Finally Daddy would assent that, yes, it was surely time!

Sometimes the pinwheels would sput and sputter and shoot colors, but forget to turn. It was best not to be a perfectionist with a cheap collection of fireworks. If everything went just right and the gay sparks turned the little wheel rapidly, it was a joy to



Russell, Lucile and Juliana Verness live in this house with the snow-white shutters. The downstairs window at the right is in the room where we sit when we have our daily Kitchen-Klatter visit with you.

behold, everyone squealed wildly at each turn.

The Roman candles were fun to hold. They made a soft "splat" noise as the bright colored balls went up into the air. Never did they go as high as we might wish. Never did the tube hold as many as we would have liked. The 10-ball Roman candles were just too expensive, so we had to be content with three or five.

In some ways the rockets were always a disappointment. No matter how Dad fixed the little trough, the rockets would start bravely skyward, falter, skitter along the ground, and then explode—unspectacularly—an inch or two in the air. But we always had some. We never failed to hope that just one would soar up, up, up into the sky to discharge its blues and golds and reds in star showers over the housetops.

Part of the celebration was never-fail, however. The sparklers always gave their all without much fanfare or glamour, but consistently shining their tiny sparks in profusion while we made circles and streaks and curves.

We had fun on the Fourth of July in ways our children will not know. But we trust our children will not have the burns, the mangled fingers, the pierced eyes and even the snuffed-out lives which too often occurred when fireworks were accessible to everyone. Perhaps all families just do not have one member who cannot stand loud noise and thus force the family to limit large, dangerous purchases for the Fourth.

And while I look back on the fun we had with a bit of nostalgia, I know now Mother and Dad must have sighed with relief when the day was over and no sparks went astray to burn small dresses or bodies. We are fortunate, really, to have eliminated one area of danger for our children. Now we can watch a big fireworks display put on by a city or a park and know that the rockets will shoot high into the air, the bangs will come as planned, and watermelon can make a safe holiday for a little boy.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of giving out of one's self and appreciating what is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

## COVER PICTURE

It was an exciting day when this picture arrived because we had eagerly awaited the first glimpse of Paul Martin. He is our newest Driftmier baby and lives at Number 3 Willow Road, Anderson, Indiana with his parents, Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, and his big sister Katharine. When you read his mother's letter in this issue you'll get a glimpse of daily life at Number Three, Willow Road.

## 'LASSES SWEET

Ma somehow always finds the time

To sew my buttons on,  
I've had her whirl me 'round and 'round

To see how many's gone.  
Once I was lazy—laid a-bed  
And started late to school,  
Ma said: "Step out there, Loggerhead,  
You'll be dumb as any mule."

But Ma is always 'lasses sweet  
When some town guy rants,  
"Hi, Hill Billy, where's them patches  
Goin' with your pants?"  
Then she tucks me in her arms  
And whispers, "Treat him kind,  
That boy's had no fetchin' up—  
No sweetin' of the mind!"

—Annie Parish Slankard

## ANIMALS IN THE ARK

When Noah went in the Ark during the flood he took all kinds of animals. But what did the animals take? See if you know.

1. The Rooster took his ....
2. The Elephant took his .....
3. The Duck took his ....
4. The Cow took her ...
5. The Snake took his .....
6. The Frog took his .....
7. The Polecat took his .....
8. The Zebra took his .....
9. The Firefly took his .....
10. The Kangaroo took her .....

## Answers

1. Comb; 2. Trunk; 3. Bill; 4. Cud;
5. Rattler; 6. Greenback; 7. (S)cent;
8. Stripes; 9. Light; 10. Pouch.

## VEGETABLE QUIZ

The definition of each of the words below describe the first part of a vegetable. Can you guess the kind?

1. Whirl rapidly
2. Rotate
3. A vehicle
4. To permit
5. An animal
6. An insect
7. Kitchen utensil
8. A poultry product
9. Vim
10. Boy's nickname

## Answers

1. Spinach; 2. Turnips; 3. Carrot and Cabbage; 4. Lettuce; 5. Horseradish;
6. Beet; 7. Potato; 8. Eggplant; 9. Pepper; 10. Tomato.

—Betty Cooper





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

**Send today to Kitchen-Klatter, Dept. 3, 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.)

### RECIPE OF THE MONTH

This month we'd like to feature a dessert that strikes us as having a lot to be said for it.

You can make it at least a day in advance if you're planning to serve it for club refreshments or a company dinner. It's rather "different" in taste—not the kind of thing you're accustomed to running into. Certainly it looks very appealing, and if you're simply making it for the family and have a portion left over, it can "hold" for quite a spell. All in all, we feel that this is worth a little special mention, so if you're of a mind to try something new for a dessert, give the recipe a fling.

#### Boysenberry Dessert

- 16 square graham crackers, rolled fine
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup melted butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. marshmallows
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk
- 1 cup heavy whipping cream
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boysenberries with juice
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Dash of salt

The marshmallows must be placed in the top part of a double boiler along with a half-cup of milk, melted and then cooled, so I'd suggest that

you do this first. Locally we seem to have only two sizes of marshmallows. The big ones come in 1 lb. packages; the small, bite-size ones come in a half-pound (or 8 oz. package) so I used the latter for my dessert.

While the marshmallows are melting, crush the graham crackers into very fine crumbs and combine with the melted butter or margarine. Take out  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of this mixture and pat the rest into a pan 7x11 inches.

As soon as the marshmallows are melted and then cooled, fold into the mixture 1 cup of heavy cream, whipped. (Margery said when she ate this dessert at a club meeting the marshmallow mixture was snowy white. The dessert I made was pale yellow because of the thick, country cream I used.)

Now blend together the sugar and cornstarch, add the boysenberries with their juice and a dash of salt. Cook on top of the stove over a low fire until mixture thickens and is transparent. Add the lemon juice and set aside to cool.

(I might add here that the boysenberries I purchased came in a can that said 1 lb. I had about one-half cup of juice left over and simply put this aside to use later in a fruit drink or gelatine dessert.)

On top of the crumb layer pour half

of the marshmallow-cream mixture. Put into refrigerator to "set." Then on top of it gently spoon over the berry mixture. For the final layer spread over the balance of the marshmallow-cream mixture.

When ready to serve, cut into squares and take up with a small pancake turner or spatula. A tiny swirl of whipped cream topped with a thin slice of maraschino cherry will add color and a festive "look."

Raspberries could be used as successfully as boysenberries, in all probability, but I'd stick to a brilliant red fruit for the fine color contrast—don't believe I'd use peaches, white cherries, etc., for this dessert. It would make a most successful club refreshment, or something very much out of the ordinary to take to a covered dish luncheon or a picnic where the food is to be served as soon as people have gathered. No doubt it will become very widely "run into" before long, but right now it falls into the bracket of something new and different.

### LITTLE TOWN

I like to live in a little town  
Where the trees meet across the street,  
Where you wave your hand and say  
"Hello!"  
To everyone you meet.

I like to stand for a moment  
Outside the grocery store  
And listen to the friendly talk of  
The folks that live next door.

For life is interwoven  
With the friends we learn to know,  
And we hear their joys and sorrows  
As we daily come and go.

So I like to live in a little town,  
I care no more to roam.  
For every house in a little town  
Is more than a house—it's home.

### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

notes, or "happy birthday" notes, or "hope you get well soon" notes. I send a personally written "happy birthday" note to each of my 1,500 church members, and sometimes to their children.

A personal note is not as nice as a personal call, but while I am driving through city traffic to call on one family, I could write notes to ten families. I make some calls every day, but more and more I am writing notes. You would be amazed at the great number of notes I receive in return. I have yet to meet the person who does not like to be remembered.

I find that the best time to write the notes is the very first thing in the morning before I become involved in all the hustle and bustle of a day's work. My Betty is a great note writer, and she finds that the best time of the day for a housewife to write notes is late in the evening. Early or late, it is time well spent.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



## WHEN YOU LOOK AT DENVER YARDS, REMEMBER ABIGAIL'S COMMENTS

Dear Friends,

A fine twelve hours of soaking rain has just stopped. Now the colors of the grass and trees and flowers are vividly brilliant under the late afternoon sun. The air feels and looks unbelievably clean and clear. The only sight that mars this beautiful vista is the height of our grass—it must be six inches tall and it was mowed only four days ago.

Those of you who have visited Denver during the hot summer months have doubtless admired the beautiful blue grass lawns as you remembered the luxuriant growths of crab-grass back in the Midwest. Perhaps you have attributed these magnificent lawns solely to the cool, non-humid climate of the high plains. The climate deserves part of the credit, of course, but the tremendous devotion of almost every householder to the appearance of his yard is even more responsible.

The vainest woman could not lavish more attention and expense on her appearance than thousands of people do on their homes here. Naturally, there are blighted, unsightly areas in Denver, but the amazing interest of so many, many others has given the city a particularly neat beauty over-all. Modest homes have lawns comparable to those of mansions; not on such a grand scale perhaps, but no professional gardener can look down his nose at the amateur's handwork.

It costs about \$300 initially to have a good lawn put in for a new home. Very frequently the new owner hires this done. Final grading and poor soil require the addition of purchased topsoil and fertilizer, then deep rototilling; it is such a big job that not many undertake this phase themselves. However, once the opening stage is completed, most people take over without professional help. There is also the expense of constant watering. I had never dreamed that a garden sprinkler could be so intricate, elaborate and costly! The water itself isn't cheap to purchase either. Many homes have their own wells if irrigation water is not available.

Fertilizer is added several times each year, even to well-established lawns. And how the grass grows! Mowing three times a week is quite customary. The clippings are so heavy that a grass catcher is required or else hand-raking the lawn after each mowing. Then the clippings must be hauled away. Following the machine mowing comes hand clipping every flower bed, sidewalk and driveway border, under every fence, around every tree, shrub or telephone pole and even around the incinerator.

The soil in many areas is heavy clay and drainage is poor. Thus fungus in the grass can become a serious problem if fungicide is not applied regularly. Weeds thrive too so you must either spray these or dig them by hand. The heavy clay can be broken



Grandmother Verness and Grandmother Driftmier spent many pleasant hours together while they cross-stitched on their tablecloths and discussed their grandchildren.

up somewhat by the addition of gypsum. This doesn't add any of the lacking humus to the soil so it is quite customary to put a "top dressing" of peat over the lawn once or twice a year.

"Spare time" is spent cultivating non-grass areas, dusting for insects, planting new additions, and trimming and shaping the old. Now, when you drive through Denver and see block after block of homes with such neat, well-kept appearances that they look fresh from the beauty parlor, you will know this has been achieved only at great expense in time, labor and money belonging to the family within.

If the adult male member of the family works a forty or so hour week, he can do a good deal of this work. Unfortunately for me, the retail nursery business-man does not enjoy anything similar to such hours. That makes me our full-time and only yard man for quite obviously we must have a yard that speaks well of a nurseryman. This was not one of my greatest interests back in Iowa and my gardening muscles used to be pretty feeble before we moved. But not any more! I really feel I could qualify as a fair ditch-digger. Russell, who took such devoted interest in our Iowa yard, would be most unbelieving if he could count the hours I spend each day on yard work.

It is really such a rewarding experience to become intimately acquainted with the pleasures of gardening. But I had never realized that gardening was such a sociable past-time. Because everyone spends so much time working out-doors, there are constant greetings, sidewalk superintendings, comparisons of new plants and chemical products. Then someone usually volunteers to put on a pot of coffee or fix a pitcher of ice tea—but no one else quits work. We just congregate in the hostesses' yard and dig her weeds as we visit together. Chiggers are not a problem so it's quite comfortable sitting on the ground.

Perhaps some of you are wondering how the women get their housework done. Well, to be perfectly frank about it, most of us are not as thorough as we should be. Of course, with everyone outdoors most of the time, things inside don't get as mused and cluttered. However, I really out-smarted myself on spring house-cleaning. Not realizing just how much time it takes to keep a yard neat as a pin, I thought

I'd wait until late May or early June to perform a bang-up job of house-cleaning. Then everything inside would be sparkling when summer vacationers started arriving. You can guess what has happened. I can only hope that our guests will be too busy to peer into far corners or deep drawers. During the month of May we were privileged to have tickets for two touring Broadway productions, "Visit to a Small Planet" with Cyril Ritchard in the lead and "Auntie Mame" starring Constance Bennett. Mr. Ritchard is returning to Colorado for the month of July to star in "La Perichole" at the Central City Opera House. Many of you have seen this presented on television last winter and would enjoy a "live" performance.

The alternating presentation during July will be two short operas: "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." In August the Central City Opera House will present a play and I'll try to include further details about it in my next letter. Even if your tastes have never run to opera or the theatre, you will find a visit to Central City a fascinating experience. It has a lengthy history of interest in culture, learning and the arts.

After the initial gold discovery by John Gregory in 1859 the area became populated with fortune-seekers who removed the easily obtained ores near the surface. As time went on, extracting the ore became a highly complex process which necessitated the importation of skilled miners from Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, Germany and the Tyrol. Their tradition of culture changed Central City from the typical raw mining town into a remarkable cultural center. It was probably the only mining town in the West where flutes, violins and other musical instruments were regular drug store items. Interest in music was so intense that the miners and their families raised the money among themselves to erect the fine Opera House to present their own productions as well as the famous performers of the day.

When mining reached a low ebb after the turn of the century, Central City became practically a "ghost town." But unlike so many others of the same fate, it was not destroyed by the elements—a tribute to the highly-skilled stone masons and craftsmen who erected so many of its buildings. In the 1930's restoration was begun and today it is once again a thriving town devoted to the arts.

There are so many sights in Central City that you can easily spend a full day and evening in this one town. There are several museums and exhibits as well as the trip to the rim of the famous Glory Hole Mine—the bottom is 900 feet below. Try to have enough time to drive on to Anne Evans Point; you will be rewarded by magnificent views of famous mountains in every direction.

Elections in May and June gave us a unique experience—for the first time since either Wayne or I reached 21 years of age we did not vote. We have not been residents of Colorado for a year. It is a disquieting experience to

(Continued on next page)



**ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded**

be disenfranchised, even because of a requirement that is customary. A great many suburbanites are terribly indifferent to local and state issues. But our own little neighborhood is a hotbed of amateur political party workers. They have warned us to be prepared for the full brunt of their political entreaties this fall when we will once again become eligible voters.

Smoky, the huge dog pictured with us in last month's Kitchen-Klatter, is no longer a part of the family. Our yard is not fenced and he was doing an excellent job of creating replacement business for the nursery by damaging our neighbors' evergreens and flowers. A new home has been found for him where he won't become a pest.

We hope that before long Margery and Martin will be arriving for a visit. Martin and Alison will both be celebrating their birthdays. It's my guess that they will have a difficult time trying to decide just where and how such important events should be observed; the possibilities are all so inviting!

Cordially,  
Abigail

**LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded**

The next morning we ate breakfast in Galena and then started up through Kansas. Lawrence was a town we'd never seen, so we deliberately left the road early in order to have time to prowl around. Anyone who lives in Lawrence can only consider himself very fortunate. It is a beautiful Midwestern town, and that great University on the bluff reminded us of all the pictures we've seen of huge buildings on the Rhine. Probably people who see it frequently take it for granted, but strangers swinging down into the valley from the south on highway 59 certainly get a terrific impression.

Our last day on the road called for going to Topeka when we started out, but it looked for awhile as if we'd never make it. I fell down on my job of reading the roadmap, and poor Russell found himself ending repeatedly on the big cloverleaf headed for the Kansas turnpike, which we didn't want to take. Just when it seemed that we'd end on that turnpike, no matter what, a nice doctor pulled up beside us (we were sitting then on a quiet street trying to figure out how in the world to get into the right lane on that cloverleaf) and asked if he could help.

Russell said with great feeling: "You certainly can. We're just about ready to give up and head back to Iowa and *stay there*."

The doctor allowed as how that cloverleaf could be confusing all right, and then proved to be a true Samaritan by offering to drive ahead and show us the exact turn. Believe me, we were right at his heels!

I could write at considerable length about Topeka (that's another town I'd like to live in), but already I have taken a great deal of space, so I'd like to wind up this account by saying that I think our Midwest is truly beautiful . . . and that after the long years of drought there seems to be an atmosphere of cheer and expectation. One never depends upon crops until they are actually harvested, but certainly the countryside *looked* as if this would be the year when people could get back on their feet and take a deep breath.

Faithfully always,  
Lucile

It is the peculiarity of knowledge that those who really thirst for it always get it.

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Leanna, Lucile and Margery

### THRESHING DAY—Concluded

machine looked like a giant, prehistoric monster to me that was being stuffed with food by dozens of mid-gen men.

My brother and sister took turns as "water boy," carrying two jugs of cold well water from house to field via horseback. This was no easy job because men get awfully thirsty working in a hot field. They received the *then* handsome sum of one dollar each for their services.

During the morning I filled a tub with buckets of water and left it to warm in the sun. I put two washpans on the small bench beneath the old elms; also soap, comb and towels. No one bothered with washcloths. The threshers just sloshed water and soap over their faces with hands used to doing things. I also hung a mirror on the clothesline so they could see to part their hair.

The women put all the extra leaves in the dining-room table, making it into a huge, round, cozy affair. First it was covered with layers of newspaper (in case of spills) and then with two snowy, white tablecloths. Mother let me place the silver, plates, and glasses. And cups for those who drank coffee. I never understood how they could drink hot coffee on such a hot day, especially when there was wonderful iced tea made in big stone jars with ten-pound pieces of ice floating in it! I set out small things like butter, bread, pickles, and jelly. Just before they called the men in, the women placed the fried chicken, ham, mashed potatoes, gravy, peas, corn, green beans, pork and beans (the old standby), carrot salad and fruit salad, slaw, potato salad—not to mention the pies, which were set on a small extra table. They'd been crowded off the big table by all the other food.

When the women weren't passing dishes—for of course the men ate first, as they had work to do—they shoofed flies away from the table with a long branch cut from the ferny tamerax tree. The men ate fast at first, then slowed down to enjoy it. Some of them complimented Mother on the food, but most were too shy—they showed their appreciation by filling their plates again! After the last man filed out to the back yard for a few minutes' rest we women sort of sighed with relief. For now we could relax until next year and take our time enjoying the rest of the good dinner. It always seemed to me, being almost starved by the delicious odors, that it took those men hours and hours to eat!

As soon as the dishes had been leisurely washed, dried, and stowed away, the neighbor women who had helped departed for home to tend to thirsty chickens and such. I waited impatiently for Mother to rest a bit so we could go out to watch the threshing crew. For this excursion Mother put on a bonnet and I put on a straw hat; then we started out walking through the stubble. I didn't like to get too close to the machine as it sounded so ferocious, so we kept our distance and watched. Also, the chaff was in the air all around the machine and it settled on bare necks and arms and soon started to itch.

I remember the year a neighbor child came to share threshing day! Soon after dinner we decided to take a lunch and go to the woods. We packed a generous one, plus a jug of tea, and set out. Halfway across the pasture a shower came up and we turned to run home, only to meet a saucy sow who chased us. We were scared stiff and started throwing the only thing we had to scare her off. She stopped chasing us when she realized that we had thrown our lunch! And I imagine she was the only sow ever to get in on a threshing dinner, including a jug of tea to wash it down!

The men usually quit at six or, if the job was almost done, they would work until sunset. It always seemed so quiet and just a little sad after the last wagon rattled down the road. Naturally, we ate left-overs for supper, and later sat on the front porch where the moon shone down all friendly and nice. The katydids chirped, and the frogs croaked in the pond. My brother caught fireflies and sister petted the dog. Daddy figured on how much the wheat would bring, and Mother mentioned a few things we needed to buy. And I sat dreaming, with the swing gently swaying, feeling more secure than ever before or since.

### THE WASTED HOURS

I shall have wasted these golden hours:

The fragrance of locusts' deep-fringed flowers;

Blowing grass on a far high hill  
Where cloud-wisps hover, white and still;

The song of a blackbird down the lane;

Starshine, moonlight, and sun-into-rain,

If I let fear and nagging doubt  
Fill my heart-cup and trickle out.

—Lucille Gripp Maharry

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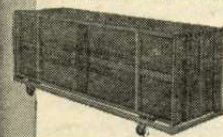
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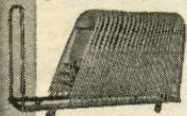
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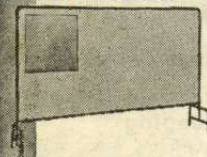
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B. G. Burt, Box 369, Santa Rosa, California.

### MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

The Anderson area practically owes its livelihood to General Motors, so you can well imagine how important this Golden Anniversary Celebration was to everyone. There was a six-acre "showground" housing exhibits and other features. One of the most popular display areas was one set aside for several late model military missile weapons representing all branches of the armed forces, and a special Navy display of a Vanguard satellite model. Another popular center of interest included the continuous presentation of a color motion picture based on activities in our local General Motors plants, and on the activities of hundreds of General Motors employees.

I took Katharine (Donald baby-sat with Paul) and with my sister Marjorie, her husband Bill, and their two young sons, we let the children enjoy their first real train ride on a special New York Central eight-car passenger train that shuttled visitors, 800 per trip, to and from the Panorama site on the east side of the city to the parking lots at Guide Lamp on the southwest side of the city. This proved to be a very popular attraction to thousands of other little children, and Katharine thoroughly enjoyed it.

All of us found the hobby displays very interesting. These were hobbies displayed by General Motors employees and ranged from stamp collections to home-made helicopters. (Katharine thought the dog and livestock displays were best.) There were also exhibits by General Motors car divisions of new 1958 model autos, antique automobiles and special equipment displays of other General Motors divisions including both the Delco-Remy and Guide Lamp units. The entire show was housed in seven large circus-type tents and in the famous General Motors Parade of Progress tent (it has no supporting poles). Entertainment was provided by five high school bands and a number of other local music groups. There was also a performance by the Murat Shrine Highlanders bagpipe band which was fascinating. After we came home Donald went to the Panorama too, so we both enjoyed the day. In spite of rain and cold miserable weather there were some 70,000 people who turned out to see the displays.

Just like a clock Paul realizes it has been four hours since he last ate, so I must go tend to his hungry stomach. I hope to visit with you again before long.

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth

### GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

"You have not lived a perfect day, even though you may have earned your salt, unless you have done something for someone who will never be able to repay you."

I read this in a book and it is true. Here is your opportunity to make for yourself a perfect day. Do something for one of these shutins.

Florence Baker, 18344 Ghent St., c/o Herb Collins, Azusa, Calif. has one leg off and the other was broken four years ago and will not heal. She is a widow and lives with her granddaughter. Your letters would mean a great deal to her.

Mrs. J. R. Bradley, 860 Griffin Ave., Canon City, Colo. spent a long time this winter in the hospital and is still sick, although she is home where her husband can care for her. They are an elderly couple.

Mrs. Grace Burt, 10 Main St., Montague City, Mass. has severe arthritis throughout her entire system. She has special shoes and can get about the house a very little with the aid of a walker. Mrs. Burt is unable to write but likes mail.

Mrs. Bertha Davis, 2877 Saratoga, Omaha, Nebr. has been paralyzed from the chest down for eleven years. She is in a wheelchair 3 or 4 hours a day, and spends the rest of the time in bed. She can use her hands and makes small articles to sell. Perhaps you could buy something that she makes after you hear from her.

Mrs. Guy Dingus, Rt. 4, Oneonta, Ala. has arthritis and is just getting over a bad sick spell. Her husband is blind. Both of them will enjoy mail.

Huldah Durr, 901 Rogers St., Bucyrus, Ohio is a long time shutin. She gets so discouraged because she is not able to help her mother who is very ill. The two of them are alone—they have no family. Please send a word of encouragement.

Mrs. Henry Dykstra, 203 Fifth Ave., Sibley, Iowa has been writing to shutins for many years. Now she is shutin and needs the cheer she knows so well how to give to others. She has one of these recently recognized diseases that doctors do not know how to treat. Please do write to her.

Gary Leece, 1812 24 St., Central City, Nebr. is eleven. He received a serious leg injury when a scaffold toppled over on him in gym class and made surgery necessary. He will enjoy cards or small gifts.

Mrs. Mary Rosener, 1131 E. California St., Apt. F, Glendale 6, Calif. has been shutin for many years. She has had surgery and now has a heart ailment. Mrs. Rosener is alone a good deal and needs cheery letters.

Ulrica Thulin, Immanuel Invalid Home, 34th and Fowler, Omaha, Nebr. has been shutin for years because of a heart condition. Please send cards.

Teddy Jack Wirtz, Rt. 2, Perry, Iowa is eleven and has acute leukemia. His hobby is miniature horses and leathercraft. Cards and small gifts would be much appreciated.



## "Little Ads"

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## JULIANA'S LETTER—Concluded

kind is the recreation room or an outdoor patio with a smooth floor, but if you're like I am and not blessed with either of these places you'll just settle for the living room and warn kids not to rough house.

Planned entertainment never seems necessary for our parties, but I can see how things might happen that would make the affair drag. A camera with flash equipment is a good prop to have on hand (those pictures really look humorous a week or so later) and some kind of games should be held as an emergency. I think music is an absolute necessity. A radio turned up good and loud is fine, but a phonograph is even better because you can collect the favorite records of your friends and play them.

I suppose all of this informality will sound strange if your crowd goes in for fancy parties, but we have an awfully good time when we get together. And we really do remember to

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