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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 23

APRIL, 1959

NUMBER 4



THE PRAIRIE IS MY GARDEN

Harvey Dunn

The original painting hangs in Pugsley Union, State College, Brookings, South Dakota. It summons up to those who love our Midwest and cherish its powerful pioneer history all of the visions that stirred in our minds when we listened to the stories told by men and women who are now gone.

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
RT 1 BOX 146
SIOUX FALLS, IOWA
MAR 60



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.

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

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa
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Dear Friends:

This month my own letter is the last thing in to the printers and I am late with it. If I had written it any earlier I would have had to make changes in it or additions so I could tell you about Frederick.

In this issue you will find his usual inspirational letter as well as the short piece about men in the kitchen that he enjoys writing so much. These things were written and sent out to us before his accident.

Those of you who have followed Frederick's activities through the years will remember that he has a great interest in young people and enjoys doing things with them. On a Wednesday morning he took a large group of young people from his church up to Northfield for winter sports—they were having a week's vacation in the Springfield schools and the young people were free to go.

Betty explained in her telephone call that he had made two trips down on the big toboggan run and was ready to settle for those two trips when someone who had lost out wanted to make the run and he agreed to go down a third time. The toboggan struck a bump of some kind and Frederick was thrown into the air. He came back down on the toboggan but struck it in such a way that he was seriously injured. The toboggan did not veer out of its iced runway and continued to the bottom.

They summoned medical help immediately and moved him very carefully by ambulance to the Greenfield hospital where x-rays could be made. These showed a fractured vertebrae and the decision was made to move him again by ambulance to Springfield.

There are a number of fine specialists in Frederick's congregation and they are equipped to give him the very best of care. At the time I write this they are hopeful that he can be put into the type of cast that will permit him to be at home in a couple of weeks or so. He will need to be in this cast for quite some time, of course, and thus won't be able to carry on his usual activities during that period.

For anyone who works as hard as Frederick it will be quite a chore to let others take over and carry the load. But he and Betty are blessed in having devoted church members who

will bend every effort to carry on, and somehow all these things will be worked out.

I don't need to tell you what a shock this news was to all of us. Frederick is such a vigorous person that he'll find it hard to be inactive, but we're hoping that by the time he can move around even in a limited way the exceptionally long and hard winter they've had in Massachusetts will be over and he can really enjoy all the beauty of spring.

This news almost crowded out of my mind the things I had thought about telling you, so now I'll go back and pick up what had been foremost in my mind before we heard about Frederick's accident.

We haven't had a wedding in our family for a number of years and since weddings are joyous occasions we've all been happy since Christmas to know that on May 31st we will gather at the Methodist church here in Shenandoah for the marriage of Donna, Howard's and Mae's daughter.

Donna will become the wife of Tom Nenneman, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nenneman of Sidney, Iowa. He graduated from the high school in Sidney and will be a member of the graduating class at Northwest Missouri State College in Maryville, Missouri this May.

Donna graduated from our Shenandoah high school and will be a member of the graduating class at the Peru State Teachers College, Peru, Nebraska this May.

We can see that it will be an exceptionally busy time for everyone concerned since there are only a few days between graduation and the wedding date of May 31. Mae is the manager of our Kitchen-Klatter office and her wonderful efficiency will stand her in good stead when it comes to fitting together all the things that go into a church wedding.

I'll fill you in on all details in later letters. We know right now that Wayne and Abigail won't be able to come back at that particular date because of Wayne's work, but Mary Beth is still trying to figure out how she can manage to get the Anderson, Indiana Driftmiers out here in the time that Donald could get away. As far as we can now see, Frederick's family will have to change their plans for the trip they had hoped to make

to Iowa and then on to points west. Well, as time moves on we'll see how things work out and I can tell you about it.

We were all so happy for Martha that the weather permitted her to fly to Westfield, New Jersey. Her son Dwight came out on business, rented a car in Omaha, and then drove to Clarinda to get his mother. We've had such terrible weather for so long that we were afraid another ice storm might develop just at the critical time when Martha wanted to get to Omaha, but fortunately the roads were fine and all planes took off on schedule.

She writes that she is able to get up and down the stairs at Dwight's home with the help of willing hands, and that everyone in those parts looks forward as eagerly to spring as we anticipate it out here.

Jessie cancelled her plans to go to Florida after Martha left and threw all of her energies into helping raise funds in Page County for building a lodge in a wooded area on the Des Moines River near Madrid. This will be a wonderful place for the 4-H boys and girls of today and future years and is a project that all responsible citizens are happy to support. Probably many of you Iowa Kitchen-Klatter friends received the attractive leaflet gotten out on this camping center, and helped in your own community drive.

About the middle of March, Jessie is planning to go to California and stay with Ruth's four little girls so that Ruth and her husband can go to New York. This is a business trip for Bob, but Ruth hasn't been away from the children at any time and with Grandmother Shambaugh willing to take over it will give her a little vacation.

Like many of you friends, we found the winter so long and shut-in that we decided to stir up entertainment for ourselves by having covered dish dinners. Everyone brought something and we kept the work to a minimum—even ate on paper plates more than once to save washing a big pile of dishes.

After we finished our meal the men folks gathered in the library to visit or read, and we women played Canasta. Many times Edith Hansen joined us and we had a lot of talk along with our cards.

Edith is living here in Shenandoah for the time being but doesn't yet know where she will make her permanent home. Her mother has been with her a good share of the time and her son, Don, was here until just before the worst of the winter hit us. He missed being stranded on all the ice and has had a wonderful time in Phoenix. Edith says he may go on to California for a visit before he returns to Iowa. But right now Edith is here and as a result we've had some happy times together with much to reminisce about—our friendship goes back to before World War II and these years have held some very heavy burdens for her.

Those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter last summer may recall that we used some material about

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MILADY'S FASHION HIGHLIGHTS

By
Mabel Nair Brown

This is a fashion show sure to get plenty of hilarious laughter—if not some press reviews!

It may take your audience a few moments to catch on that the whole show is a "pun-y" affair, and after that it will be up to the narrator to get her lines in between laughs! Choose as this commentator someone who will rave enthusiastically about the wonderful spring "creations" as the models parade gracefully about the stage. Select a pianist who will also enter in to the hilarity of the show, playing music as suggested or something equally appropriate.

If possible, locate some lovely screens to make a beautiful backdrop to the stage, along with baskets of spring flowers—the more elaborately beautiful the stage setting, the sillier the "fashions" will appear.

Commentator's Introduction: (Music—"O, You Beautiful Doll" or "Pretty Baby"). "Aren't we the lucky girls to live in this wonderful age of television, radio and fashion magazines which bring the fashions of the world to our very doorstep almost 'before the pattern is cold,' so to speak? No matter how often we see these new styles, feminine interests are such that we are always eager to see more—more—more."

"So, knowing this, the committee decided to present to you some of the fashion highlights for spring. We desire to bring you pleasure and we also hope that in this show each of us may find hints on ways to improve our own individual style and appearance. I am sure that somewhere along the parade of fashion you will see just the style best suited to your personality and charm. I have asked some of our own talented and lovely members to act as models for the show today, so let's have a big hand for each of these charming 'lovelies' as she models her favorite spring costume."

(The narrator will give the show a personal touch by calling each model by name, and in a chatty manner calling attention to how the fashion she is modeling becomes her particular figure, her eyes, enhances her waistline, adds allure to her hair style, accents the hip line, etc., etc. This description, as you will soon see, can be hilariously funny.)

Following are suggestions for some fashions to be modeled. No doubt your committee will think of others particularly funny for your own group:

The Box-y Silhouette: Very large cardboard carton with a hole cut in it through which the model sticks her head. Smaller box becomes the hat. (Music: "A Paper Doll To Call My Own") Narrator mentions that this fashion is available in backroom or basement of most local stores, calls attention to the "squared off" look, straight hemline, a concealing costume very adaptable for maternity wear! "This little creation comes in such lovely browns and beiges—al-



Donna Lair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier, is to be married on May 31st. See mother's letter on the opposite page for details.

ways such smart colors for dress-up occasions. It is so simple, too, that the amateur seamstress can whip up such a fashion in a matter of moments!"

The Bubble Skirt Gown: Packages of bubble gum fastened all around the bottom of the model's skirt. Model chews gum enthusiastically and blows "gum bubbles," skips about airily and waves her arms gracefully, etc. (Music: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"). "The Bubble Skirt is featured in the new pattern books as one of the unusual creations for spring for the gay young thing who wants to achieve that DIFFERENT look. Notice the light airy look, the air of bubbling gaiety, the illusion of youthfulness—isn't it enchanting?"

The Sunback Dress: Large yellow sun of paper pinned to back of model's dress, or pictures of suns, cut from magazines and pinned all over back of model's dress. (Music: "I've Got The Sun In The Morning"). "This sunback dress so 'eye-catching,' equally suitable for milady on vacation, or for leisure hours around the home—guaranteed to attract the male eye if worn on shopping trips! The cheery color of this "sunny" creation is sure to brighten just about any occasion."

The Empire Dress: Silver or gold paper crowns fastened at high waistline. Model wears crown and parades in queenly fashion exaggerating tilt of head, rigid posture, etc. (Music: "She Was Only A Bird In A Gilded Cage"). "The Empire waistline is definitely the style to be worn by — who moves with such queenly grace and beauty, who shows off such a gown with elegance. See how it accents her regal bearing, not to mention how it points up the midriff and flatters the flat tummy!"

Shirtwaist Frock: Model wears a man's shirt with bobby sox and loafers, and strolls around in casual fashion. (Music: "The Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me"). "The casual shirtwaist frock is a perennial favorite. Its easy-action fit makes it adapt-

able to about any figure and it certainly ought to meet with masculine approval. It can be seen in the everyday version or, on dress up occasions, becomes the pretty *sissy* shirtwaist. (Model produces from behind stage a man's shirt on which has been sewn many ribbon bows and lace ruffles.)

The Sailor Dress: Pictures of sailors pinned all over the dress and one on head for hat (or rig up a tri-cornered sailboat for a hat). Washable paint can be used to make a tattoo on one arm. (Music: "Anchors Away!"). "Costumed so smartly in this trim little sailor ensemble, milady can sail tranquilly and serenely through any desert luncheon or afternoon tea, assured she is welcome in any port. Note how the hat accents her up-swept hair style. And we call special attention to the attractiveness of this ensemble for the athletic type of woman!" (Model might point to muscle to call attention to tattoo.)

The Trapeze: Use clothesline rope to make a trapeze which swings down the back from the shoulder, with a board or "seat" in swing of the trapeze—perhaps an additional one hanging down the front along with several long strands of "flapper beads." (Music: "The Man On The Flying Trapeze"). "There are those who say the Trapeze Dress is out this season, but I think there are still many gals who will swing into a round of social activities in this little number because they enjoy the freedom, that feeling of floating on a cloud—and wouldn't you think it just the style for the social climber?"

The Pencil Slim Sheath: Pencils tied to a sash, hanging thickly at various lengths. (Music: "One, Two, Three, Four"). "Every girl who can boast that hipline equals bustline is proud to announce that fact by wearing the Pencil Slim Sheath. But a word of warning to the "pretty plump" figure—the pencil slim skirt is not for you, sister! Any woman wearing such a costume would be sure that it would have a *marked* effect on all who saw her in it, and it's a perfect dress for the spinsters who wish to get the first available man to sign on the dotted line!"

Now that you've seen how the general idea is worked out, you can use countless additions of your own to make your show as long as desired. Don't forget that hairdos, hats and individual style features such as balloon sleeves can all be incorporated in the program. Hair styles alone are almost endless in their possibility for fun and puns. A model featuring the poodle cut could carry a real poodle, a model demonstrating the shingle cut could wear a hat with shingles tacked to it, etc. If you turn your committee loose you'll be surprised at what they can drum up.

The show can be brought to a grand finale by having all models march on to the stage, go through a carefully rehearsed drill, and then bow exaggeratedly to the audience. There will be music for this finale, of course, but chances are no one will hear it!

This type of program has been given in a number of places and has never failed to be a huge success.

FREDERICK'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends,

I have a few minutes between appointments here in my office, and so I shall use them to write this letter to you.

If you enjoy hearing from me as much as I enjoy writing to you, we are both happy. When I think of the many thousands of friends I have all over this country and in several foreign countries who read my letters each month and a number of whom write to me in turn, I am most pleased. As I sit here at my typewriter now, I have the feeling that I am writing to close personal friends, and because I feel that way, my letter writing is always a pleasure.

A few minutes ago a young man from a city several miles up the river from here came in to see me about his desire to obtain employment in Springfield. Since he belongs to a Congregational church in his home city, he thought that it would be well for him to contact me.

Like so many other young people of today, this young man is looking for a short cut to success. He doesn't want to start at the bottom and then earn his way to the top; he wants to start out just below the top. He thought that I could help him get a job; but if I helped him at all, it was with some very pointed remarks about short cuts in general.

I advised him to go right back to school and do some serious studying before even thinking of taking a job. Although there may be some exceptions to the rule, we are pretty safe in saying that there never are any short cuts to the best things in life, and I don't hesitate to say this to students in school, or to adults on the job.

The shores of life are strewn with the wreckage of careers that came to disaster through attempting some kind of a short cut. Life always will be our greatest teacher, and often it is years before we discover how rich in knowledge we have become.

There is no quick way to learn the self-control that makes the difference between being able to apply what one has learned from the authority of another, or failing miserably. Where truth is pursued, there is no short cut. There is no easy way around the demand for a self-denial no less austere than the saints. There is no quick way to intellectual honesty that willingly sacrifices the comfort of error for the hard realities of fact.

Hard though it may be for us to understand why God in His wisdom must always put a land of promise at the end of a long, devious road through the wilderness, the fact is that in our most sane and sensible moments we know that learning is a slow process, and that the strength of the mind always is a product of exercise, of struggle, and of effort.

Last night I attended a big banquet being given in honor of one of the



The Sunday before Aunt Martha Eaton flew to New Jersey she came over from Clarinda with her walker to spend the day with the folks. She and mother had quite a time staying out of each other's way!

leading citizens in our city, a man who has given his life to the betterment of community welfare. As I sat at the head table looking over the banquet hall, it occurred to me that we live in a world and in a country where all people are not born equal. We may be created equal, but certainly we are not born equal, and when it is apparent even to the most casual observer that people are not equal, how incredible it is that this insidious falsehood has been believed by millions of persons for a great many years.

Seated there in the banquet hall were people of every race and of every religion, the great and near-great, and the more I looked at them, the more sure I became in my own mind that there are and there always will be enormous natural inequalities among men and women.

Certainly not all of us are born with the voice potential of a Marion Anderson or an Enrico Caruso. Not all of us are born with the intellectual potential of an Einstein or a Dr. George Carver. Not all of us are born with the physical potential of a Sugar Ray Robinson or a Joe E. Lewis. Nor are we all born with the innate fortitude of an Abraham Lincoln or a Woodrow Wilson. To say that all people are equal is like saying that there is no difference between red and green. They may be of the same substance, created from the same life stuff, but there is a difference.

Isn't it strange that there are so many people in the world who seem to think that because someone is blessed with good fortune everyone else is entitled to the same? There are too many young people today who seem to think that no matter what their abilities, and no matter what their talents or lack of them, the world owes them a living and just as good a living as the best people the world has produced.

We need to remind ourselves more

often of that place in the Bible where Jesus is quoted as having said: "For each tree is known by its own fruit. For figs are not gathered from thorns, nor are grapes picked from a bramble bush . . . The measure you give will be the measure you get back."

To those with superior brain power and superior ability will go the superior rewards. People of superior cultural backgrounds and superior family breeding are going to have superior advantages. This is not theory. This is not fancy. This is a fact. No matter how much I may like to think that there is no one better than I, no one superior to me, the fact remains that there are multitudes of people better than I; and a world of people superior to me; and I hope for their sake, for my sake, and for God's sake that they are superiorly rewarded.

Of course, with superiority goes responsibility, and I have often thought and quite frequently said that bad government always is caused by good people who don't get out to vote. Juvenile delinquency is caused by church people failing to meet their community responsibilities. Wars are caused by the rich and powerful nations that do not meet the responsibilities of their superiority 365 days of the year.

Just the other day I came across some statistics that you might like to see. I happened to obtain these facts when someone asked me to give a description of sin. I wanted to give just as horrible a description as possible, and so I looked for some statistics about war. Here is one estimate of what World War II cost, and if these cost figures are not a good description of sin, I don't know what is.

Cost of World War II

Over 21 million young men killed in battle.

15-20 million women, children, and old people killed in air raids.

29½ million wounded, mutilated, or incapacitated for work.

21,245,000 million people lost their homes through air raids.

45 million people were evacuated, deported, or interned.

150 million people were left without shelter, prey to famine and disease.

You will note that all of these figures are in the millions. But any one human being who was counted among those millions stands as a symbol of Man's inhumanity to Man. It is not necessary to look beyond this for a good description of sin.

Now the Spring of the year is here and I hope to get out-of-doors more. The few minutes that I have each day with my children and their dog in the park is not enough to keep me healthy.

Oh, I do wish that I had time to do some gardening. There is Field blood in my veins that always calls me to the out-of-doors. I wish my Grandfather Field could know that in this state of Massachusetts that he left in the 19th century, there is a grandson of the 20th century who inherited

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

I greet you from clouds of plaster dust and small mountains of sawdust.

Yes, actually, believe it or not, all the lumber I described last month as being endlessly on the ground and covered with snow, is now up, each piece in its intended place and the joyful prospect ahead of getting settled in the new wing before too many weeks pass.

It's no wonder that members of our family have gotten downright fatalistic about putting words into print for Kitchen-Klatter! It seems that the moment we finally commit ourselves on plans or prospects and the words are set into type then everything changes immediately.

After I wrote my letter last month and read the final proof, I was awakened the following morning by great commotion. Everyone involved with the building project turned up at once and from that day to this, daily life has been carried on in the plaster dust and sawdust that I mentioned at the outset.

I want to say here and now that I'm just real grateful to all you folks who took time to write and tell me about your own tribulations while remodeling was going on. Whenever I felt pretty hard pressed with trying to get things quieted down long enough to broadcast Kitchen-Klatter, I thought about the woman who said that just when they removed all the siding, an off-season blizzard arrived and blew snow and sleet all through the house!

And the woman who had to cook for workmen on a farm—they tore into the kitchen and there she was trying to feed a big crowd of hungry men, plus her own family, on a two-burner plate. (She said she had one awful moment when she thought she was going to start screaming!) And another woman told me about trying to remodel with three little children underfoot and another expected—and then the workmen didn't turn up on schedule and there was the house all ripped apart and lo and behold if she didn't have to tear to the hospital earlier than she had expected and—yes, you've guessed it—twin girls!

Now really, those letters served to set me straight. I could see clearly enough that I had nothing to beef about when I compared my problems with the problems a lot of you have had. Thanks a lot for helping me to get back into proper focus. I can't write individual letters, much as I'd love to do so, and this is the only way I have of telling you how much those letters meant to me.

Well, when this first addition is completed I'll tell you what we'll have: a new bath, a new half-bath, a sound-proof room to be used for broadcasting Kitchen-Klatter, and a new room at the front that will contain space for the mechanical equipment needed to get out Kitchen-Klatter, plus space for Russell to have a sort of den where



Martin kept their Christmas tree lashed up in the yard all winter long and kept food tied on it for the birds.

he can work without interruptions.

To gain space for all of this we completely tore apart the big old room on the west that had been used as a catch-all for *everything*—and in which we had crowded all the equipment for bringing Kitchen-Klatter to you. No one would believe what that room contained so there's no use trying to describe it.

But that space gave us the area we needed to make a small hallway, one wall of it covered entirely with built-in shelves. It is through this hallway we will walk to get into the sound-proof room. It has no windows—is sealed within the house and is guaranteed to shut out the noise of banging doors, ringing telephones and a crowd of kids yelling "Is Juliana here?"

We'll have a drop leaf table in there for our papers—this means the letters you write to us, copies we've made of recipes, slips of papers containing poetry we want to share with you, etc. Above this table will be our big clock—sort of looks like the kind they use in a railroad station. As I've said more than once on our Kitchen-Klatter visit, the air we breathe so casually is terribly expensive where radio is concerned, and every second must be watched. That's why we have the big clock.

There will be a secretary in there too—shelves in it for cookbooks and volumes of verse, and four drawers to stuff with letters I can't bring myself to throw away. Two chairs will stand beside the table, and a third chair will stand beside the secretary so that mother or Dorothy, Juliana or Kristin or Evelyn Birkby—the people who visit with you now and then, will have a place to sit.

The walls and doors of this room are covered with sound-proofed tile—white and nothing to get excited about from the decorating viewpoint. In both this room and the other new

room that Russell will use we're going to lay some nylon carpet in a shade of gold—these are not big areas and we figured we'd live with it for a while and see if we like it well enough to do anymore of the house in this type of carpet at a later date.

Most of the walls in this new addition will be lined with shelves from the ceiling to the floor. For the first time *ever* we will have a place to keep books, magazines we want to save, and safe storage for bowls and vases that have just been kicked around from here to there through the years.

The half-bath (tiniest one I've ever seen—just room enough for a corner lavatory and stool) will have beige fixtures, a tiled floor in almost the same color, and walls treated in about the same shade.

The full bath is funny for this reason: no earthly way to get into it until my own new bedroom is built on. (It is to be on the garden side of the house.) This bathroom can be entered only through the bedroom, so if we ever expect to be able to use it we'll have to build on that bedroom.

The fixtures for the bathroom are white. I had to make a decision right on the spur of the moment because the plumber came rushing in and informed me that unless the tub was ordered *immediately* and moved in, there would be no way to get it in later. In that crisis I just settled on white! I figured white would always be "good" and I might get tired of colored fixtures. The walls and floors will be blue. It really gives me a funny feeling to think of that bathroom standing there and no way even to see into it until the next part of the remodeling is done. (I know the fixtures are in there because I saw them delivered and moved in!)

All in all, it's been quite a siege. We chose one of the worst winters on record to embark on this project, but how could anyone know on a lovely autumn day that we'd have terrible ice for weeks on end? It seemed to me that every time a major problem presented itself, the weather kicked up in grand style.

For instance, all the contents of the room we tore out had to be moved upstairs and the only way we could even get that stuff into the upstairs was to move out twin beds. They were only to go to Margery's house—just a stone's throw and you'd think it would be simple enough to get this little job done. But twice when I had the truck lined up and everything set for getting those beds moved, the weather kicked up with sleet storms and all plans had to be cancelled.

Nothing came easy this winter! I know from reading your letters that you folks felt it was an awfully long, hard winter. I can never recall a time when there was solid ice underfoot so unendingly. It made every trip out of the house for me a major and perilous expedition. I don't know how much we spent on sand and these de-icing products, but in spite of all this it was too dangerous to try and get mother into our house for many, many weeks. That's why you good friends didn't

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WINGS OF SPRING

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

If you are familiar with the Southwest corner of Iowa you are well aware of the beauty and variety with which nature has endowed it.

On its western border, marked by the Missouri river, the land spreads east in flat fertile fields. Suddenly it rises abruptly and dramatically into the sweeping, rugged lines of the bluffs. These bluffs rise and fall for several miles east until they sweep down onto a low "bottom" which holds the West Nishnabotna river. Such a "bottom" means that in this corner of our great farm state we have low rolling hills interspersed with lovely green valleys, creeks lined with cottonwood trees, quiet lovely farmhouses, grazing cattle, and a country church scattered here and there.

Some very farsighted, intelligent individuals have set aside many acres of this Fremont County land for the pleasure of people and the safety of animals. Near the town of Riverton, where the East and the West Nishnabotna rivers flow close to each other, is a large game preserve containing underbrush, waterways and feeding grounds. Here there is safety for wild birds and animals.

A bit farther west is the wild beauty of Waubesa State Park. It attracts countless people throughout the year because it has picnic areas, outlooks from the top of the bluffs, and trails winding into unexpected wonderlands of nature. One can feel the spirit of the pioneer trek to the west when he stands at a high point on the bluffs and looks to the far horizon.

Just four miles west of the spot where our small white house sits near the top of a bluff is a spot called the Knox Settling Basin. (The little village of Knox could well rate an article all by itself, for it was one of the early pioneer settlements in this section of Iowa.) But *this* particular story is about the Settling Basin and its miracle.

One day about mid-March last year we were seated at dinner when husband Bob informed me that at 4:00 o'clock we were all to be ready to climb into the car and drive west to Knox. I asked, woman-like, "Why?" The unsatisfactory answer was that I would simply have to wait and see.

At exactly 4:00 o'clock we piled in the car and started west. When we drove out of the bluff and onto the flat land Bob grew excited. "See them? Look! Over there! Where I'm pointing—that big cloud!"

Now I am one of these individuals the enemy would dearly love to have on an airplane watching committee. I cannot see *anything* in the sky until I am hit practically over the head. After everyone in the car, junior size, had spotted the "cloud" and we came so near it was absolutely impossible to miss it, I finally saw why Bob and the three boys were so excited.

Geese! Thousands upon thousands upon thousands of geese.



Bob and Jeffrey Birkby should be going to sleep, but if you have small boys you know how much they play before they settle down.

We drove on the road just west of the Knox Settling Basin and couldn't believe our own eyes. There on the ground, looking for all the world like a huge drift of snow, were literally acres of white snow geese. This particular migration was later reported as the largest for many years, and certainly it was the greatest flock of fowl I have ever seen.

We watched, fascinated, as small groups flew up, around and over to another nearby spot, always close to another large group. Suddenly, as though someone had given a signal, the entire flock lifted up off the ground. Not one bird remained. The huge mass swirled and turned and whirled, looking much like a swarm of giant bats lifting high into the air. The sound of thousands of geese honking was tremendous.

We thought for a moment the time had come for them to continue their northward migration. A few even got into formation and flew a scouting line out to the north and west and to the south! Then, as suddenly as they lifted into the air, they began to come down.

Whether it was a signal to other geese, we are not wise enough to know, but it was after this "upheaval" that more geese started moving in. (We had thought there was an overwhelming number to start with!) First from the north came flight after flight in their long curved "V" shape. Then from the east, flock after flock moved in, wide curved front extending to tremendous lengths. Serenely, quietly, high in the sky, seemingly without effort, they came over the Basin area. With bent, rigid wings, they began to float softly down and down, drifting a little, falling a few thousand feet, a quick flap of the wings and then another drift down. Some came with startling rapidity—zig-zagging, falling suddenly like a stone on up-ended wings and as quickly righting their wings to glide gracefully, tail down, feet extended, to the ground.

We knew we were watching one of the great sights of nature, but surely by now we had seen most of the geese that were coming. Bob started the car, and just at that moment Little Bob shouted, "Look . . . Over there!"

From the southwest of the area came a dark cloud lifting from the Missouri River edges, the swamps, the small lakes. Like a locust or grasshopper plague came the black mass of

geese; rising up from the ground, winging into the Settling Basin; joining the banks of white. Along the edges of the flights of geese were couples of fast-flapping, pin-tailed ducks looking awkwardly nervous in contrast to the smooth, even sweep of the geese. A red-headed duck or two now added a new touch of color. In among the snow geese came lesser numbers of the blue geese; compatible, companionable, feeding, flying, resting together.

For as long as we could stay we watched that cloud lift itself from the land to the southwest and come in low, even formation over the location chosen to rest and to feed. By now literally acres of the cornfield were covered with the glistening bodies of the waterfowl, talking busily to each other as if they were spreading the latest gossip around as rapidly as possible. In one place the edge of the flock reached nearly to the road. They had no fear of the cars and the people who stood watching them.

Hunger, expressed vociferously by two little boys, finally made us drive regretfully away. The huge dark mass of birds was still coming.

We drove east along the narrow road which runs south of the Basin. As we came to the ridge which marked the edge of the area set aside for wild life refuge Bob said, "Look quick! Once we pass this dirt barrier we will see no more." And he was right. The moment we were past that band of land not one single snow goose, blue goose, red-head duck or pin-tailed duck was in sight.

It seemed a miracle to think that for centuries the flyway of such fowl has been along the Missouri River. By June these same geese, many of whom wintered in South America, will be hatching eggs in the tundra of the vast reaches of Canada, even into the Arctic circle.

What miracle of creation placed in these little bodies the instinct to know where the flyways are laid out in the sky? And what a tragedy when man's greed drains too many of the ponds and swamps which are needed for the preservation of life along the tiring trip. We are grateful that some farsighted persons have set aside places such as the Riverton reservation and the Knox Settling Basin so these huge fowl can make their migration each year in safety. Perhaps that is a miracle too, that men can be unselfish enough to place emphasis on conservation when and where it is needed.

And for me, the greatest miracle of all was the fact that my very own husband knew the exact time and the exact place to be at the precise moment when one of the largest migrations of water fowl in the last decade came by within four miles of our little white house!

I would drain the worth from every adverse day,
Lest when I wake in Heaven, strange and new,
The Lord should eye my shallow soul and say:
"You shirked the task I meant for you to do."

WORD FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

I have been trying since eight o'clock this morning to get free of my routine jobs, haul the typewriter out of the closet and start this letter to you!

However, it has been frustrating because by the time I get Paul into dry diapers and settled in the playpen, Katharine's dressing supervised and her hair combed and the breakfast dishes cleared away, it is time to change Paul again and put him to bed for his morning nap.

In addition to this, I have to get supper prepared early as Donald comes home from work around 4 o'clock on his way to Indianapolis for his Masters Degree classes. I've been cooking ox tails in the pressure cooker so I'll have a broth all ready to drop vegetables into and can finish up quickly this afternoon. We all enjoy ox tail soup very much so I find myself fixing it often. It's very economical to prepare and last week I discovered that this is another finger meat that Paul enjoys chewing on, so I have double reason to prepare it frequently.

I certainly do enjoy working in my kitchen. The extra two inches that we added to the height of the counter tops is proving to be more than worth the little extra we paid for it. My sink, too, is higher than normal and this is nice because I don't get the tired muscles across my shoulders that I used to have when I leaned over to reach the bottom of the sink as I did dishes. This high counter is an idea that I would recommend to any tall people who are considering building a house.

We continued this high cabinet in the bathroom, too. It made the wash bowl much too high for Katharine to reach, so to counteract this we asked the cabinet man to build in a sliding or disappearing step in the lower front section of the cabinet. We wanted it sturdy enough to bear a good bit of weight and yet light enough that she could pull it out and push it back without help whenever she needed it. This pushes back flush with the cabinet and when it is not in use it is not noticeable or in the way. We can't take the credit for this ingenious addition to a bathroom unit as we found a picture describing it in a house builders magazine; but I surely do recommend it. It has proved to be very functional.

While I'm thinking about the bathroom, let me mention one more item we included in our plans that will appeal to any readers with small children. Because we have a counter-top-sink arrangement in the bathroom with a large mirror over it there is no medicine cabinet over the sink. As a result, I had the choice of putting the medicines and things that would normally go in a medicine cabinet either in the hall linen closet, which certainly wasn't convenient, or I could put them in the drawers and shelves in the lower part of this counter top



Dear little Paul Driftmier is the baby of our family and those of us who haven't yet seen him are getting very anxious to make his acquaintance. This was taken at 9 months. He was one year old on March 25th.

cabinet. Nothing could appeal to me less than having medicines down where my children or visiting neighbor children could get to them so easily.

Once again we talked with the cabinet maker and together we planned to have closed off shelves running from the top to the bottom of the cabinet at one end with a door that has a built-in lock. The lower shelf in this section is quite deep to allow room for tall bottles of furniture polish, big bottles of laundry bleach and other large size containers of household items that are poisonous. Then on the top shelf I have room for all our medicines, both internal and external. It is comforting to know that no matter how much Paul climbs, if he develops into a climber, he will never reach the top of the bathroom door where we hide the key and from there gain access to all the poisonous items in our house.

I believe I told you in last month's letter that Donald and I had concluded that the only reason Paul wasn't walking was because of his weight. Well, no sooner had that letter been written and mailed than he began to walk! Printers deadlines can't be ignored, so I had to wait until this month to tell you that two days after his tenth month birthday he rose to his feet and started out.

I had noticed that his shoes were getting pretty crowded around the toes so I bought a new pair with hard soles. It wasn't my intention to get these hard soles, but there was no choice because his feet had grown beyond the size in which infant's soft-soled shoes are manufactured.

Those new shoes seem to have been exactly what he was waiting for. The very same day that I bought them and put them on his feet, he pulled himself up to a chair, squared his weight around and moved off in his first big step. He didn't go far, of course, but

these shoes were all he needed to make the big venture.

My hope that I would be able to teach in the four and five year old's room at Sunday School wasn't long being fulfilled. They invited me to come and observe their room while I was taking the Kindergarten course in the Leadership Training School. I did this willingly, but rather than just sit and observe I helped the women as best I could. The following week I got a call and they asked me if I could possibly come for at least four more weeks while one of the women was away. Now I have the feeling that I'll have a full time job if I want it—and I surely do want it. There isn't anything I do all week that gives me as much satisfaction as helping with these cute youngsters. Our church has a splendid Nursery and Kindergarten Department that is beautifully equipped. There are five women and a man in our room to handle nearly sixty children. I have been assigned the task of overseeing, not teaching, the painting. There are two double-sided easels for the children to use and so far there hasn't been a Sunday when I haven't had four budding artists painting, with half a dozen eager little people waiting for them to finish. Each child wears a big out-sized man's shirt and has four primary colors to paint with and four big, fat paint brushes to use. We use only water soluble paints that are guaranteed to wash out and of course after each fellow has painted I have to help him wash up, so you can see that in 60 minutes I'm pretty busy. If you're in need of a gift suggestion for a four to six year old this easel with brushes, paint and paper would be a sure thing.

We had a birthday celebration for my Mother and I invited the family to our house for ice cream and cake. I found an interesting recipe that was called a "Dobosch Torte"! This is a many-tiered Hungarian cake that looks rich and is rich. It called for a pound cake cut into 7 layers and then put together and covered over with a chocolate cream frosting. It was a little difficult to make and by virtue of the fact that it must be carefully sliced it takes a little longer than most recipes, but if you're trying to make an extra delicious and impressive cake for some special occasion this would be perfect. My whole family was properly impressed and I was equally proud. I'm sending the recipe along for this issue.

Before I say goodbye let me thank all of you who have written us such nice letters. Donald grew up with Kitchen-Klatter and has tried to tell me all about it, but because I haven't lived in Shenandoah and haven't had a chance to see how everything works, I just didn't realize that people would actually write such nice letters in reply to our monthly letters. We're awfully pleased to hear from you, are happy to know you enjoyed seeing our house plans, and just want to thank you ever so much for making the effort to write to us.

Off to Paul's rescue this second,

Mary Bell

DOROTHY HAS HER FIRST ROUND- UP WITH RENDERING LARD

Dear Friends:

Kristin is busy cleaning her room tonight and I will say it needed it. It seems like a strange time to be doing a big cleaning job, but she, and no one else, is responsible for her room and she doesn't like to do it on Saturday. She gets up early on Saturdays and spends the whole day outside with her Dad. The only time I see them is when they get hungry. After being shut up in school all week, I think it is good for her to be outside and she enjoys working with her Dad, which is also good.

Our schools were closed a couple of days this winter, once because of deep snow and blizzard, and the other time because of a freezing rain that put a solid sheet of ice on everything. Both days Frank and I thought Kristin would want to stay in the house and sew or read, two things she dearly loves to do, but no, she put on twice as many clothes and spent the entire day outdoors. I can't take the cold weather myself, but she seems to thrive on it.

I have now lived on the farm for thirteen years, and this past month I had a new experience that I thoroughly enjoyed. In the years that we have lived here we have always taken our hogs to town to be butchered, cut up and packaged at the locker plant. In the days before locker plants Frank had helped his father with the butchering many times, so the other day he decided to butcher a hog. One of the reasons we haven't done it before is because we don't have a deep freezer and all the meat had to go into the locker anyway. We have two refrigerators now and we thought we would try using one for nothing but the meat, and by turning the temperature control as cold as we could, every bit of the meat froze quickly and stays frozen, and what a joy to have the meat at home where we need it!

When I first moved to the farm Dad bought me a great big meat grinder for making sausage and I had never used it, but now it has ground up several pounds of sausage and did it ever taste good. Since we have found out that we can keep our meat at home we will probably do all of our own butchering from now on. I didn't have too good luck with the lard because I had never made any before and didn't know exactly how to go about it and Frank couldn't remember how his Mother used to do it. I think I must have gotten it a little too hot because it was darker than I thought it should be. Maybe I'll learn by trial and error.

Kristin has been taking Driver's Training at School this last semester. Driving wasn't completely new to her because she has driven the tractor a little in the hay field, and has been driving the jeep when her Dad was with her, but never out on the road. She had never driven the car.

The first few weeks they had class-

room work learning the safety laws, lectures on insurance, etc., and had to pass the written test and eye test before they could drive the car. There are three girls in the class this term so the instructor takes them out together.

The first day he took them out in the car the streets were solid ice, and Kristin said the other two girls didn't want to be first so she said she would. She drove around town and out into the country a little ways and when she came home and told us about it Frank and I both said we were glad it was the instructor with her and not us because we didn't think our nerves could take it. I, personally, am scared to death to drive on ice.

I had such a nice letter from a friend at Oskaloosa, Kansas thanking me for the Peanut Pixies and telling me some of the ways she had used them. She must be a very generous and thoughtful person and someone I would like to have as a neighbor because whenever she sends a neighbor a plate of sugar cookies she puts a Pixie on the plate and she says that now every child in the neighborhood wants a plate of cookies.

This same friend does something for her grandchildren at Easter time that they have never tired of and I can see why. She makes a popcorn rabbit and eggs for each child. Sometimes she makes little bird nests of popcorn, tinting the syrup a light green and shaping over a small glass. She fills them with jelly beans, mounts a tiny cotton chicken on the side and then places them on a small dolly. She sometimes hides a stick of gum or a tiny toy under the nest. Any child would be thrilled with something like this.

Speaking of making syrup, I had a friend from Winside, Nebr. write and ask me the correct temperature to cook the syrup for divinity because she never has good luck. The recipe I use says to cook it to the hard ball stage, or 265 degrees. I have never had good luck using a candy thermometer. I have two of them and they are both supposedly good reliable brands, but when I used one of them my candy never got hard enough and when I used the other one it got too hard. One day I stuck both of them in at the same time just to see what happened and one of them reached the desired degree long before the other one did, so from then on I just used the old cold water test.

It's time to bank the fires and get to bed. I have a lot to do tomorrow and morning will come too soon.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit
REST, if you must—but just don't quit!

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

The postman's daily call is anticipated by everyone, but think what it means to people who are cut off from the contacts of normal daily life! Here are some people who have very good reasons for looking forward to the postman. Will there be something from you when he arrives?

Mrs. Lucy Hammond, 33 Pitman Ave., Greenwood, Mass. has been shut-in a long time. She is entirely alone and lives in one room which is not adequately heated for really cold weather, so she spends most of the time in bed. She has no relatives and few visitors and gets most awfully lonely. Mrs. Hammond is 70.

Mrs. Anna Perkins, 1708 Lyon St., Des Moines 16, Iowa is another long-time shut-in. She is alone a good deal, is not able to get about and cannot write.

Florence Evans, St. Joseph's Hospital, Bloomington, Ill. has been in the hospital since August, 1952 as the result of an auto accident. She was entirely paralyzed for years, but lately has improved enough to type with one hand. I doubt if she will be able to answer many letters, but please write to her anyway.

Mrs. Lizzie Johnston, P. O. Box 65, Fort Scott, Kansas is 92. She suffers so severely with arthritis that she cannot write, but cards would mean a great deal.

Mrs. Mary McMasters, Rt. 1, Box 182, Cascade, Va. is 79. She has lived with her daughter since her husband's death last summer. Recently she fell downstairs and fractured her hip. Mail is welcomed and she can probably answer if a stamp is sent.

Miss Rachel Gorden, Cummings Convalescent Home, Rt. 5, Augusta, Maine enjoys getting pretty cards and uses them to make scrapbooks. She has been in the hospital many years.

Mrs. Ola Thompson, Klemme, Iowa had polio some 20 years ago and has been shut-in since then.

Mildred Woodbury, 30642 Grandon Ave., Livonia, Mich. longs for mail. She has been shut-in for many years, is alone in the world and gets very lonely.

Mrs. Fannie Pettibon, Box 13, Deerfield, Mo. is the victim of a heart condition. Cheery cards would mean a lot.

Mrs. Flora B. Springer, 537 Talbot Ave., Dorchester 24, Mass. needs some friends. She is alone and has been shut-in for years.

Mrs. Clara Summers, Erie County Infirmary, Alden, N. Y. has been in a bed or a wheelchair for many years.

Mrs. Ruby Snead, 2140 Tremont, Denver 5, Colo. had a bad fall in November and broke her wrist. She has the crippling type of arthritis and is now much worse. After she has enjoyed cheery cards she cuts the pretty parts of them into pieces, puts on a mucilage back and sells them as seals.

Mrs. Eula Smith, Rt. 3, Box 67, Gloster Road, Lawrenceville, Ga., wants quilt pieces.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

As I sit here at my desk I can hear the hustle and bustle of my good church women preparing a supper for about 100 members of the Men's Club. The aroma coming from the kitchen is delightful, and I am confident that the men will once again have a meal as good or better as anything they might have had at home. Our church is famous for its food and famous for its cooks, both men and women.

At one point the food program in this church is quite different from that of many churches. We do not serve food to any persons outside of our own membership except to guests of members or to church conferences. Any profit made on meals served is quite incidental to the program of church activities.

Next fall we are planning to have classes in cooking for the men of the church providing I can find the time to work the program into my schedule. Each year the shortage of household help becomes more acute, and when emergencies arise that incapacitate the mother and cook of the family, the man of the house has no alternative but to pitch in and do the best he can. Sad but true is the fact that his best is most often not good enough; indeed, it usually is woefully inadequate.

I suppose that every woman has a favorite stew recipe, and I know that some men do too. Here is one that I love to prepare for our family, and it is the perfect recipe for a Saturday afternoon. Since it takes three hours to cook, I put it on the stove at three o'clock in the afternoon just before I take the children to the park for their weekly outing, so in our family we call it "The Forest Park Stew":

Forest Park Stew

- 1 1/2 lbs. of stew meat (I use tenderloin tips)
- 1 standard can of tomatoes
- 1/4 cup of flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 quite small onions
- 1/2 cup of cubed carrots
- 2/3 cup of cubed turnips
- 2 cups of cubed potatoes

Cut the meat into 1 1/2 inch cubes. (I buy mine already cut.) Roll meat in the flour, salt, pepper, paprika mixture. Brown meat in beef fat for a very few minutes, and then remove meat from the fat and place it in a stew pan or deep well cooker. (Give the fat to your dog.) Add the tomatoes to the meat and let cook slowly for two hours. (If the tomatoes do not have enough juice, add a little warm water.) During the third hour of cooking add the onions, carrots, and turnips. During the last 30 minutes add the potatoes and Worcestershire sauce. This will make at least six

good servings and can be served over hot biscuits if you desire.

I rather think that people in the Midwest do not eat as much fish as we do here in the East, and there is a good reason for it. We, of course, have much more opportunity to get fresh fish. There are ways to fix frozen fish, however, that you simply must try. I have a recipe that everyone in our block uses. We first obtained it from Charlotte Lewis, our next-door neighbor, but I suppose that each family around us has its own variation.

Charlotte's Marguery

(Fish Casserole)

- 1 lb. of haddock or trout, or any white fish
- 1 lb. of shrimp
- 1/2 pint of oysters
- 2 eggs
- 1 small can of mushrooms
- 1 cup of cream
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 onion
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. chopped bay leaf
- 4 Tbls. grated cheese

Bring the white fish to boil. Shell and boil one pound of shrimp. Boil two eggs until hard. When cold cut fish, shrimp, and eggs into pieces and mix together with the oysters. Now make a white sauce with one tablespoon of butter, one minced onion, one tablespoon of flour and one cup of cream. Salt and pepper to taste and add one teaspoon of chopped parsley and one teaspoon of chopped bay leaf. To this cream sauce add the canned mushrooms and the fish, shrimp, oysters, and egg.

Put all of it in a casserole dish, top with the grated cheese, and bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 400 degrees.

If you like this dish, drop me a line and let me hear about it.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

This wonderful salad recipe is hooked up with some comments in Mother's letter—I know what I'm talking about because I've just finished reading her letter and now am copying all the ingredients for what we call a really super salad.

All of the reasonable names for this salad didn't appeal to me because they slipped right out of your mind and left you with some vague recollection of a vegetable salad for calorie counters or "that green bean salad" . . . just another recipe, to get down to brass tacks.

But "Edith Says It's Wonderful Salad" *does* have a superb flavor, it *does* have the great virtue of being non-fattening, and it is new. We want you to give it a run in first on your family and unless they're the kind who stick strictly to meat-potatoes-and-gravy (you have our sympathy, if that's your situation) they'll enjoy it tremendously. Then take it to the next affair where you're asked to bring a

vegetable salad. (Save yourself time on the phone by taking copies right along.) You'll be mighty proud to say that you brought it.

(I simply have to get a word in here! I'm not about to contradict life insurance tables and argue with doctors, but my! sometimes I think what a tremendous joy it would be if we could just EAT without all this talk about calories and taking off this or that amount of weight. No one would want to be accused of "living to eat" but it does seem to me that people used to get a lot more pleasure out of daily food. I guess they didn't live as long, but my goodness! they *could* sit down to the table with relish! It seems to me terribly ironic that in our country with the biggest and richest supply of food available in the history of the world, we, who live in the midst of plenty, feel a moral obligation to look at every mouthful of food with wary eyes. I'm overweight. I'll probably live at least ten years longer if I count every calorie. But I'm lonesome for the days when all of us could eat without feeling guilty. Anyone share my feelings?)

Anyway, this is a delicious salad!

We figured that if we gave it an outlandish name you'd never forget it. So . . . here is "Edith Says It's Wonderful Salad."

- 2 pkgs. frozen green beans, French style cut
- 1 can pimentoes, finely cut
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats (English walnuts, preferably)
- 1/4 cup sweet cucumber pickles, chopped
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 1/2 cup cabbage, finely shredded

Cook green beans in salted water, drain and chill. You can use canned green beans, of course, but the final results won't be nearly as good. Combine all of above ingredients. Then make the following dressing:

- 2 slices diced bacon
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water

Fry bacon until crisp and drain off all fat. In small pan combine sugar, flour and salt. Then add vinegar and water. Boil together and cool. Add crisp bacon. Then combine dressing with the ingredients first listed. My! This has a wonderful flavor.

—Lucile

THE CANDLE OF LIFE

A candle's but a simple thing,
It starts with just a bit of string.
Yet dipped and dipped with patient hand,
It gathers wax upon the strand
Until, complete and snowy white,
It gives at last a lovely light.

Life seems so like that bit of string;
Each deed we do a simple thing,
Yet day by day if on life's strand
We work with patient heart and hand
It gathers joy, makes dark days bright,
And gives at last a lovely light.

AN APRIL FOOLISH PARTY!

By

Mildred D. Cathcart

An April "Foolish" party is all for fun. It takes but a minimum of planning and preparation. In fact, things aren't supposed to turn out right!

Begin by writing foolish invitations. These may be written and then cut up into jig saw pieces, they may be written so they are read with a mirror, or the writing may be started in the center of the page and then written "round and round." Write the invitations on brown sacks or wrapping paper.

Play a trick on the guests and have the house dark when they arrive. Early arrivals must keep quiet to fool the others as they come up to the darkened door and wonder if they have the dates mixed up.

Decorations may be as foolish as you wish. For instance, you might have the door decorated with Christmas bells, or black cats and pumpkins, Easter bunnies, shamrocks—just anything you have on hand will be "appropriate" this time.

As each guest arrives, he is given a dunce cap. These may be made from crepe paper, from sacks, or even from newspapers rolled up cone-shaped. Pin a slip of paper bearing the name of an animal upon each person's back. No one is to tell another what is on the slip. The players may ask questions of each other but only "yes" and "no" are legitimate answers. As soon as the person can correctly guess the animal on his paper, he may remove the tag and the dunce cap.

A *Foolish Spelling Bee* isn't quite as simple as it might sound. Only short easy words are pronounced, but each word must be spelled backwards.

Guess Who is fun. Find pictures of famous well-known persons. These might be easy to identify, but before the party you will paste the heads on wrong bodies. The more mixed up the merrier—and the more difficult to identify. For example, you might paste Mrs. Roosevelt's head on Whisler's mother, or Eisenhower's head on the body of Lincoln.

Foolish Answers is an old party favorite but a good one to play again. Divide the group and have half the guests write silly questions while half write silly answers. One person will read his question and his partner will read the answer.

Foolish Furnishings: Before the party, hostess will have done 15 or 25 topsy-turvy things to the room: a picture crooked, books upside down, etc. Give guests pencil and paper and allow them 10 minutes to make a list of the odd things that are topsy-turvy. Then surprise—give prizes to one who has the shortest list!

Joke Fish Pond: This is simply the old fish pond idea with all the packages being joke packages and fun packages. Each guest must fish blindfolded and then show what he or she caught. Toy mouse, rubber dog bone, snake, jack-in-the-box and such items may be in the joke packages.



Mother has whiled away long winter hours by working on this beautiful appliqued dogwood quilt for Mary Beth's and Donald's home.

Prizes

Since you are striving to be foolish, why not give the prizes to the losers rather than the winners? Think of foolish prizes. Perhaps the football captain will get a baby rattle or a tiny plastic doll. Choose items that will be amusing to those you are entertaining.

Refreshments

When all of the guests have arrived, announce that since this is an April Foolish Party, you will serve refreshments at the beginning of the party rather than at the end of the evening. Bring out trays for each with a glass of water, some crackers, and perhaps nut cups containing raisins, prunes, dates, etc.

Just before the party is over, bring out the real "eats." (It would be fun to let people start putting on coats before the "eats" appear.) You can make the most delicious refreshments seem foolish if you use odds and ends of dishes, all types of silverware, napkins from all kinds of holidays or anniversaries—just anything else foolish!

THINK OVER THIS IDEA

By

Margery

Have you ever thought of making May baskets to raise money for your church? This proved to be a very successful project for one of the circles of the Presbyterian Church in Shendoah.

Most of the members were young mothers and women who held day-time jobs, so they met in the evenings. They didn't work on the baskets at the regular meetings, but scheduled certain evenings in every week from early in the year until late in April and anyone who was free came for work—and, I might add, a good cup of coffee, too!

The materials were purchased, but if you started soon enough with your

project you could have the members save old ribbons, lace doilies, paper cups, construction paper, boxes and what have you. Little cottage cheese cartons and the like are nice for May baskets too. Stir your own imaginations and you will come up with materials that I haven't mentioned.

The dining room table was almost a must for a good, big working surface, and small tables were set up for one or two working together. Before long these members found that you accomplish more if you work on the assembly line. Several worked on the baskets in a certain stage and then passed them on to another group to add the next touches.

Orders were taken in advance as much as possible. An ad was run in the local paper during the month of April and a picture of the group at work helped to create interest. With advance orders it was possible to estimate approximately how many baskets to make, how many workers were needed, and how much time would be involved.

The baskets were all kept together at one home where storage was not a problem. This kind friend also took orders by phone towards the last for she could easily box or sack the baskets and mark them for the purchaser.

Two different prices were charged. Some May baskets were 60 cents a dozen and some were 90 cents a dozen, depending upon the size, materials and how elaborate they were. Financially, it was very successful even though most of the materials were purchased, and the fellowship that the members received couldn't be measured.

Isn't this something to think about for a money-raising project for your own group? If it's too late to make a start for this May Day, perhaps you can start laying the groundwork in 1959 and be all set for full production when 1960 rolls around.

IT'S A GOOD THING . . .

- To be blind when others are looking for trouble.
- To be dumb when others are engaged in scandal.
- To be deaf when others are spreading gossip.
- To be busy when others are waiting for luck to break.
- To be tolerant when others are contentious.
- To be charitable when others are caught in mistakes.

THE RED SEA PLACE

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life

Where, in spite of all you can do
There is no way out, there is no way back,
There is no other way but through?

Then wait on the Lord with trust serene,

Till the night of fear is gone;
He will send the wind, He will keep the floods,

When He says to your soul, "Go On."
—Annie Johnson Flint

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

MARGERY'S FAVORITE SALMON

- 1 lb. can salmon, flaked
- 1 can Cream of Mushroom soup
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten

Drain liquid from salmon into measuring cup and add enough water to make 1/2 cup liquid. Combine this liquid with 1/2 cup soup, undiluted, and then add remaining ingredients.

Spoon into 6 greased custard cups and bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Pour over them a sauce made by adding 3 Tbls. cream to the remaining soup in can, heat and then spoon over salmon.

JULIANA'S DELICIOUS FRUIT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/3 cup chopped walnuts
- 2/3 cup finely cut dates
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cream butter with sugars until fluffy and beat in egg. Add pineapple juice and crushed pineapple mixed with soda. (It will look curdled.) Add nuts and dates and then dry ingredients sifted together. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheets and bake at 375 degrees about 12 minutes.

These are extra delicious cookies—Juliana's "gang" can do away with the whole batch in about 20 minutes.

HOUSECLEANING SPECIAL

(A tasty, inexpensive casserole)

- 2 cups cooked rice
- 3 cups shredded carrots
- 2 cups grated American cheese
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Combine rice, carrots, 1 1/2 cups cheese, milk, eggs, onion and seasonings. Pour into greased 1 1/2 qt. baking dish and sprinkle with balance of cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

A Few Words About KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

This is just a little note to you thousands and thousands of good friends who have written such wonderful letters to us about our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. We're surely happy to hear that you truly believe they're the finest on the market today. We feel that we have good, sound reason to be very proud of them.

We hope you'll buy ALL of them if you take pride in your cooking and if you want a chance at splendid premiums. We're always searching for really good premiums to give you a genuine bargain. We never make a penny on premiums — just break even.

If you send us your grocer's name we'll start turning all the wheels that will get our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings into his store for your convenience. We hope you'll soon find all of these when you go shopping.

Lemon
Maple
Almond
Orange

Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Cherry
Banana

Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.25 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

GREEN GAGE PLUM SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup syrup from plums
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 No. 2 1/2 can green gage plums
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/4 tsp. dry ginger
- 2 3-ounce pkgs. cream cheese

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add syrup, salt and vinegar and cool. Cut fruit from pits and place in molds. Scatter nuts over plums and cover with half the gelatin. Chill until firm. Chill remaining half of gelatin until partially set. Beat with rotary beater, then add ginger and softened cream cheese. Pour over first part. Chill. Serve on lettuce with fruit dressing.

A perfectly delicious and different salad.

RICH BROWNIE PIE

Prepare unbaked pie shell and refrigerate while preparing filling.

In top of double boiler melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 1/4 cup butter. Remove from fire and add 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed. Beat until blended. Add 3/4 cup granulated sugar and 3 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 cup white corn syrup and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Put over hot water and cook for 5 minutes, stirring. Remove and stir in 1 cup nut meats. Pour into chilled shell and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. When nearly done the pie starts to crack on top. At this point sprinkle a few nutmeats over the top and finish baking, about 5 more minutes. Serve with whipped cream. Scrumptious!

FAMILY GATHERING MEAT LOAF

- 2 lbs. good quality ground beef
- 1 lb. very lean pork, ground
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 3 eggs
- 1 can mushrooms
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. onion juice

Whip up eggs and add all remaining ingredients aside from meat. If whole canned mushrooms are used, break them up somewhat. In any event, add both the mushrooms and the liquid. Then add meat and mix very thoroughly. Shape into a loaf and bake at 350 degrees for about an hour and a half. Serves ten nicely.

This is an extra good meat loaf—holds its shape, cuts well and yet isn't dry. Be sure you get very lean pork—too much fat wouldn't give you nearly as satisfactory results.

Bottled onion juice is a good thing to have on hand. A lot of people like the flavor of onion but just can't tolerate pieces of it in a meat loaf. This 1 tsp. of onion juice gives a fine flavor and doesn't upset anyone.

SWEET-SOUR CARROTS

Boil carrots in small amount of water, adding salt as usual. (The carrots can be cut in slices or strips.) When done, do not drain. To the liquid and the carrots, add a bit more salt, some pepper, 3 Tbls. brown sugar, 2 tsp. granulated sugar, a bit of garlic salt and about 3 or 4 Tbls. vinegar. Mix well. Add a lump of butter and heat all together. Thicken with 1 Tbls. cornstarch mixed with cold water. Simmer slowly until thickened. Cover and let stand until serving time; then reheat and serve.

MARY BETH'S DOBOSCH TORTE

(Pound Cake)

- 2 cups butter, no substitutes
- 3 cups sugar
- 10 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- 3 1/2 cups cake flour, sifted before measuring
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the butter thoroughly. When you think you have creamed it enough, cream some more. Slowly "dribble in" the sugar, beating and creaming well. Cream for quite a while after the sugar is added. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Beat the batter well after each ingredient is added. Add the vanilla and mace. Resift the cream of tartar and salt with the sifted cake flour. "Dribble in" the sifted ingredients slowly, at the lowest speed on your mixer, mixing only until thoroughly blended. This is a very stiff batter—an electric mixer is a great help. If you're beating by hand, beat at least 15 or 20 minutes all together.

Pour the batter into 3 or 4 greased round layer pans that have been lined with heavy waxed paper. Allow the paper to extend beyond the top of the pan to aid in removal of the finished cake. Bake the cake in a slow oven (300 degrees) for not less than 90 minutes. From this point on you should use a tooth pick to test its doneness because I find oven temperatures vary considerably. The recipe I followed called for 90 minutes, but my oven required 135 minutes (2 1/4 hours). Slice the baked cake into six or seven thin layers with a serrated bread knife.

Frosting

- 1 pkg. (12-oz.) chocolate pieces
- 1/2 cup boiling water or coffee
- 4 Tbls. confectioners' sugar
- 8 egg yolks
- 1/2 lb. (2 sticks) butter, thinly sliced
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Put the chocolate pieces into an electric blender, mix hard and at high speed for 15 seconds. Scrape the chocolate away from the sides of the container with a knife, after having turned off the motor. Add water or coffee and blend again at high speed for 15 seconds. Add remaining ingredients, cover and blend for 45 seconds.

Put pound cake layers together with a layer of the chocolate cream in between and frost top and sides smoothly. Store in the refrigerator or a cool place and allow it to "rest" for 12 or more hours. This cake will keep moist and delicious for more than a week if you will remember to replace it in a cool storage place after you have cut what you want.

(If an electric blender is not available, melt chocolate pieces and combine with other ingredients in the same order as with blender. Mix until well blended after each addition.)

Highbrow: A person who doesn't think of the Lone Ranger when he hears the William Tell overture.

BLUEHILLS BREAD

In large mixing bowl:

- 2 cups small size shredded wheat biscuits
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening

Heat to boiling:

- 1 cup milk
 - 1 1/4 cups water
- Pour over first ingredients in the bowl. Dissolve 1 pkg. dry yeast in 1/4 cup lukewarm water. When mixture feels lukewarm stir in yeast mixture.

In large bowl combine:

- 2 cups sifted whole wheat flour
- 2 1/2 cups sifted white flour

Begin adding 1 cup at a time, beating well after each addition. You will need to use your hands for mixing at the last. Turn out to rest on floured board for 10 minutes. Knead with floured hands until elastic. Turn into greased bowl. Cover with hot damp cloth and let stand until double. Punch down and turn over and let double in bulk and punch down again. Knead a couple of minutes, then divide into 2 parts and put into 2 greased bread pans. When double in bulk, bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Remove from pans and cool.

My friend in the Pennsylvania Dutch country sent this recipe and said: "I know it sounds odd, but it's delicious." I tried it at once and now can say that I heartily agree with her.

ELTORA'S CHICKEN AND DRESSING IN LAYERS

- One 5 lb. chicken, cooked and removed from bones. Save skin.
- 6 to 8 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 stalks celery
- 1 medium sized onion, grated
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Mix the dressing and put a layer in large baking pan. Add a layer of chicken, then dressing and chicken, with dressing for top layer. Cover with ground skin. Pour chicken broth over all until you can begin to see it around the edge of pan. Bake at 350 degrees for an hour or more until the dressing is done but still moist. Cut in squares and serve. Serves 10 to 12.

One of the most popular recipes ever given for a dish that is exceptionally good to take to a covered dish meal. Try it the next time you can lay your hands on a nice big stewing chicken.

CORN CREOLE

- 1 cup whole kernel corn
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 4 slices bacon, fried and crumbled
- Salt and pepper

Cook on top of stove to heat through. A different vegetable to serve for company or nice to take to a covered dish supper.

BAKED LIMA BEANS

- 2 boxes frozen lima beans
- 2 slices bacon, chopped, fried and drained
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup catsup
- Salt to taste
- Coffee cream to cover (or very rich milk)

Put first 5 ingredients into a baking dish, cover with cream and bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

(Dry limas may be used, cooking first until soft, then combined with other ingredients and baked.)

An off-the-beaten-track vegetable recipe that makes a hit with everyone who eats it.

ONE OF ABIGAIL'S FAVORITES

Sometimes my husband accuses me of being the greatest fan a cranberry ever had! It's no secret that I enjoy eating cranberries every month in the year. This is one of my favorite salads to serve when only canned cranberries are available, and it's a handy one to have for guests because it is prepared in advance and adds a pretty spot of color to the meal.

Cranberry Cheese Salad

- 1 1/2 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 6 Tbls. cold water
- 1 lb. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

Soften gelatin in cold water, then dissolve over hot water. Add to whole cranberry sauce. Stir in lemon juice and salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Stir cream cheese with fork; add crushed pineapple, stirring until well blended. Combine cheese and cranberry mixtures; fold in whipped cream. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves.

TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY CAKE

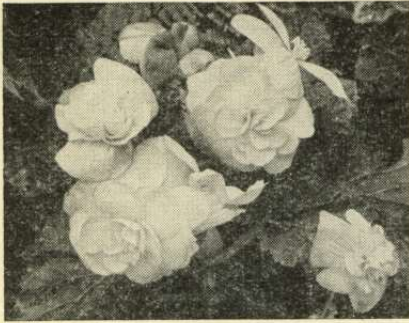
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sweet cream
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the sugars and eggs together, then add the cream and maple flavoring. Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt. Add. This makes a thick batter, but do not thin it. Grease and flour two 8-inch cake pans and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Put together with your favorite caramel icing, or use this one.

Caramel Icing

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. cream

Enough milk to stir sugar thin enough to cook. When hair drops from spoon, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring. Stir until cool enough to spread. It sets rapidly.



RUSSELL'S COMMENTS ABOUT BEGONIAS

Potted tuberous begonias are one of the very best ways to brighten up a new shaded patio or an old-fashioned shady porch. This is a flower that's been loved by gardeners for years, but in recent times it has become much more widely known and enjoyed by people who don't pretend to be walking encyclopedias of flower know-how.

In back of our house we have a "shelter" that I built myself a number of years ago, and at first I grew begonias out there in pockets that were left free of concrete so they could be filled with earth and used for plants. I learned that these pockets were all right for some things, but that begonias did much better if they were grown in pots.

These pots should be watered from below, and anyone who contemplates growing gorgeous begonias over a period of years should have a tinsmith make an inexpensive tray for the pots to stand in. This can be cut to fit any area you wish to fill with plants. A few ferns in the background give an authentic tropical effect and add a great deal to the big tropical-looking flowers of the begonias.

It is very important to have the right soil mixture for tuberous begonias. I've done quite a bit of experimenting in this line and have found that the following combination has given the best results: one-third peat moss, one-third sand and one-third commercial organic fertilizer (or use compost if you have a compost pile).

You can start the plants in the house for earlier bloom, either in the pots that you expect to use outdoors later or in decorative pots not intended for garden use. In this latter event you can easily repot the plants and take them out when the weather has moderated.

Good drainage is very essential. Be sure to have about an inch of gravel or its equivalent in the bottom before you add the potting mixture.

The most spectacular begonias I've ever seen have been in the San Francisco Bay area and in Nova Scotia. The climate in both places is cool and moist. We can't create a cool, moist climate in the Midwest, but it is surprising what magnificent flowers can be developed by keeping the plants well watered in the most shady and wind-free places we can provide.

(Continued on page 17)

If You Love Flowers, Take Time to Read This

We figure that most of you friends want fine quality plantings that aren't tricky to grow — and you want these things at the lowest possible prices.

That's what Kitchen-Klatter is offering this spring. We're listing beloved favorites that will give you worlds of beauty even if you don't have a green thumb. And we're able to give you rock bottom prices because we're offering only collections and putting those collections together ourselves.

Full planting instructions go out with each order. Shipment will be made when the right planting season rolls around. Only the finest name varieties are used for these collections, and since each order has our own attention, you'll get a complete color range.

Postage paid on all orders

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS

(Imported from Belgium)

Enormous, brilliant flowers that last from July until frost outdoors. Also beautiful indoors during winter months. Gorgeous rainbow of colors for your shady problem spots.

8 for \$1.00

18 for \$2.00

ROYAL CANNAS

You'll have dazzling giant-size flowers and extremely ornamental foliage from our extra-fine bulbs. Stunning new varieties.

6 for \$1.00

14 for \$2.00

FLOWER SHOW GLADS

These are the famous varieties that takes the blue ribbons. Immense stalks of gorgeous bloom — very tall and full-flowered.

25 for \$1.50

50 for \$2.75

MAMMOTH DAHLIAS

Glittering flowers fully 8 inches across. Heavy stems. Exceptionally lovely colors. These are sensationally beautiful.

6 for \$2.00

STUNNING CALADIUMS

These big, variegated heart-shaped leaves in red, green, pink and white furnish continuous foliage all through the summer months. Fine in sun, partial shade or full shade. Splendid for planters and around big trees. Also flourish indoors.

5 for \$1.00

12 for \$2.00

LOVELY OLD-FASHIONED BLEEDING HEART

Our imported roots will produce big bushes filled with many sprays of sparkling red and white heart-shaped flowers. Live for years and years. Our price is absolutely bedrock.

3 for \$2.00

Order Today From

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa

THIS COLORADO TRIP SOUNDS WONDERFUL

Dear Friends,

During the recent long and difficult winter did you also find your thoughts turning frequently ahead toward summer activities? Here in Denver we escaped the terrible blizzards and devastating floods, but we did experience a great deal of snow, fog and cold temperatures. "One of the worst winters on record and quite unusual" was the way local boosters expressed it. Even I reached the point of anticipating yard work. (There were days last summer when I never again expected to be eager to start up the lawn mower.)

Naturally we have spent many winter evenings talking about the places we want to visit when the snow pack has melted. Most "ghost towns" are inaccessible at any time other than summer, for roads are not opened to towns where nobody lives any more. My new hiking boots are ready and raring to go.

Wayne will miss many spring and early summer expeditions for that is his busiest time. Fortunately for me, my congenial neighbor shares my interest in Colorado. Her husband's position requires a great deal of travel at this time so we two "at homes" are planning several short expeditions. Clark is more than able to keep up with us so he'll be our third member.

Surely by now all of you are aware that 1959 is the "Rush to the Rockies" year; the centennial of gold discovery in Colorado. Many of you have been here on vacations before and perhaps all the publicity about this celebration has tempted you to return this year. If you have seen Denver, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado Springs and most of the rest of the Front Range, you might prefer to spend your time in other areas of the state. I would like to tell you about a 5-day trip our family took last August because your family might enjoy it too. We really recommend more than 5 days for this trip, but that was all the time we could spare, and you may be in the same position.

Our destination was the southwest corner of the state, particularly the bustling little city of Durango and Mesa Verde National Park. The only regularly scheduled narrow gauge passenger train in the country makes a daily round trip between Durango and Silverton during the summer. You may remember seeing this bright yellow old-time train in the movie "Around the World in 80 Days." Mesa Verde National Park includes some of the finest examples of excavated cliff dwelling in the country. Emily had just finished studying in 4th grade about the various Indian groups that have inhabited Colorado and we were all anxious to visit this educational park.

There are several good routes to Durango. We chose to leave Morrison, just west of Denver, on highway 285

which gradually winds its way up the forested Front Range. Before you realize it you are on the summit of Kenosha Pass. You gasp in amazement at the unexpected vista spread out before your eyes. Extending for miles in every direction is a great high-altitude plain or plateau—completely rimmed by rugged majestic mountains. This is called South Park. It isn't difficult to imagine the great herds of buffalo, deer, elk, etc., that once ranged this sweeping grass rangeland. No wonder the Ute Indians fought so fiercely to retain its possession, or that cattlemen viewed it as a paradise.

We stopped in Fairplay, a historically colorful mining town which has a variety of interesting spots. The three most photographed features are the charming and quaint little Sheldon Jackson Memorial Chapel; "Hangman's Courthouse; and the monument to "Prunes the Burro." The latter was an amazing burro who spent his 63 years packing supplies to almost every mine in the Fairplay-Alma district. His last owner, an old prospector, helped build the monument and requested that his ashes be buried beside his faithful partner. Since Fairplay claims to be the "Burro Capital of the World" you will see many of the little burros around town.

Many of the abandoned buildings from the numerous near-by ghost towns are being transported to Fairplay to form "South Park City." This gives promise of becoming one of the few genuinely authentic reproductions of a ghost town. In and around Fairplay can be found examples of all forms of gold mining from ancient Spanish arastras, to placer, pit and dredge mining.

Reluctantly and with our oft-repeated farewell, "We'll be back and stay longer next time" we drove on, for it's a long way from Denver to Durango. We continued on 285 beyond Saguache to Colorado 112 where we turned west to Del Norte. As we drove along the great San Luis Valley, we could see nestling beneath the Sangre de Cristo Range the Great Sand Dunes National Monument. There wasn't time this day to drive over there. We ate our picnic lunch in a public grounds in Del Norte—and a dirtier, more unkept area I have never seen. This whole section of the state was owned and settled by the Spanish and you will see the Spanish influence in the construction of buildings and the physical appearance of many of the people.

In Del Norte we transferred to highway 160 which crosses the Continental Divide on Wolf Creek Pass, one of the truly spectacular and breath-taking mountain highways. It's difficult for me to imagine thousands of cars and trucks using this pass every winter. From Pagosa Springs to Durango the road passes easily through gently rolling pinon pine country.

It was about 5:00 on a Saturday afternoon when we drove into Durango—to find the streets jammed on the single busiest day of the entire year. We discovered with horror that we had unwittingly arrived during the "Spanish Trails Fiesta" without either

reservations or a tent. Unsuccessfully we tried motels, hotels; everything was filled. We telephoned ahead to the little town of Mancos and were lucky enough to get the last available motel space.

Mancos is dominated by the large sawmills of the Diamond Match Company. It is here that big logs are transformed into little match sticks which are then shipped to Ohio for heads. This particular day was our wedding anniversary and the family was all set to enjoy a festive dinner in a place that featured "home cooking." Well, we ate what we could and departed grateful that we don't have to eat food that tastes like that at home!

The next morning we were up early to drive on to Mesa Verde. An excellent black-top road winds up Enchanted Mesa, then continues on about 20 miles among scrub oak and pinons, over the mesa tops, arriving at last at Park Headquarters. The latter includes museum, lodge, grocery, gas stations, post office and good-sized campgrounds. We know several families who have camped here and found the facilities adequate and complete. There are church services, baby sitters, talks by Rangers, horseback riding, hiking and several drives with view points.

It is strongly recommended that the museum be visited first so that everyone will be acquainted with the history and have a good understanding of just what it is they will be seeing. From the balcony of the museum you catch your first glimpse of Spruce Tree House, one of the major ruins.

All trips into the cliff dwellings must be made in the company of a Park Ranger. However, this rule does not apply to the excavated mesa-top ruins which pre-date the cliff dwellings. Near one of the mesa-top ruins you can see a corn field hundreds of years old.

We took the hike to and through two of the three major cliff-dwellings, Spruce Tree House and Cliff Palace. We omitted the Balcony House tour because it necessitates climbing a few long ladders and this seemed a little risky with young children. In all probability, they would get along much better than their parents!

It would be much better to spend 2 or 3 days in Mesa Verde and not find it necessary to crowd so much into one day. However, Clark was wild with anticipation of the train trip and we couldn't disappoint him any longer.

Next month I hope to tell you about the narrow-gauge trip, driving the "million dollar highway" to Ouray, the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, and the thrilling climax to our trip—driving into Colorado Springs on a converted railroad bed, the Gold Camp Road.

With best wishes, especially to those who will "Rush to the Rockies" in 1959,

Cordially,
Abigail

Cultivate your friendships as you cultivate your field,
You'll be surprised and gratified how great will be the yield.



Our cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin, was good enough to send this picture when we told her our plans for the April issue. Her husband, James Chapin, at the left, is one of the most noted artists in our country today. Seated next to Mary is Grant Wood, an Iowa artist whose work is known far beyond the Midwest. This picture was taken in Hollywood when both men were working on the sets for "Long Voyage Home."

COVER PICTURE

This is the first time in the history of our Kitchen-Klatter magazine that we have used the reproduction of a painting for our cover. There are two reasons why we wished to do this.

Somehow *The Prairie Is My Garden* calls up all the courageous pioneer women who struggled to build homes in the face of enormous hardships, who hungered so eagerly for beauty that a few prairie flowers gave them comfort and nourished their spirits.

The other reason is that our Midwest has now reached the point in its history where it can pause and reflect upon the work of gifted men and women who have poured into some form of art their whole experience of living in a period of tremendous growth and change.

It is a comment on the human spirit that when all the sound and fury of conquests and wars has died away, the true record of Man's life upon this earth from the beginning of Time is found in the work of the artist. He is the custodian of the history of the human heart.

A new country cannot pause long enough to take note of the artists in its midst. But when the hard physical obstacles have been conquered, when the battle for actual physical survival grows less demanding, then there comes a time for reflecting upon the meaning of human life as it is recorded by the artist.

We have now reached this point in our Midwest. Attention can now be paid to the men and women whose singular gifts have enabled them to express in some form of art the experiences common to all men and women.

Harvey Dunn, the artist who painted the cover picture, grew up on the

South Dakota prairie that he has recreated so powerfully in a series of beautiful paintings. He left that prairie, of course, as most of our Midwestern artists seem to have done, but even though most of his life was spent far away, he preferred painting early South Dakota life to any other subjects and said: "My search for other horizons led me around to my first."

The Prairie Is My Garden was purchased by Edgar Soreng, a Chicago manufacturer, and presented to the collection in Pugsley Union, State College, Brookings, South Dakota. There are plans afoot to build a beautiful Memorial Art Center on the State College campus, and it is to be hoped that Midwesterners beyond the boundaries of South Dakota will write to the College and ask for the brochure that has been prepared. (Be sure to enclose postage for this can be a heavy expense to struggling committees.)

Another wonderfully worthwhile project is being carried on at DeSmet, South Dakota. I have Aubrey Sherwood, publisher of the DeSmet News, to thank for making the cover picture available to us, and also for sending us information about the Laura Ingalls Wilder Memorial that we mentioned in our Kitchen-Klatter magazine not too long ago.

Someday Mrs. Wilder's "Little House" books will be considered classics. They constitute a priceless heritage for our Midwestern children. We should all be grateful to the members of the Wilder Memorial Committee who are working so hard to honor the memory of a true artist, and we can express our gratitude in a practical way by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mr. Sherwood asking for information.

Another community making a devoted effort to create a living memorial to a great artist is Red Cloud, Nebraska. From that town sprang one

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Burt G. Cronwell, P. O. Box 2174
Sacramento, California

of our truly inspired American writers—Willa Cather. A committee has been formed, headed by Mildred R. Bennett and Carrie M. Sherwood, both of Red Cloud, and if you write to either of them (be sure to include return postage) you will probably receive a copy of the Newsletter that gives full and most interesting details on the splendid work being done.

I have admired Willa Cather since I was a girl of sixteen. It has long been my wish to go to Red Cloud and I hope that sometime during this coming summer I can fulfill a dream of many years standing.

—Lucile

HOW TO BE MISERABLE

Think about yourself. Talk about yourself. Use "I" as much as possible. Mirror yourself continually in the opinion of others. Listen greedily to what people say about you. Expect to be appreciated. Be on the lookout for a good time for yourself. Shirk your duties if you can. Do as little as possible for others. Love yourself supremely. Be selfish. This recipe is guaranteed to be infallible one hundred percent.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

I love flowers and I love vegetable gardening, but here in this big city there is little room for either one. Betty always manages to get some flower gardening done, but with the neighborhood children and dogs it is often a discouraging project. And no matter how hard I try, I can never find the necessary time to grow any flowers or vegetables.

Surely some of you will be coming East this spring, and when you do, be sure to drop in at the South Congregational church for a visit.

Sincerely,

Frederick



This happy baby is Billy Felkner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Felkner of Centerville, Iowa.

FROM A MOTHER'S NOTEBOOK

By
Myrtle E. Felkner

There is a note on the family blackboard tonight.

"Dear Mother," it says, "We all love you very very very very very much. Barbara, Joan and Billy."

This, at the end of a hectic day! After being confined for six weeks with measles, colds and tonsillitis, we find ourselves less than patient with each other at times. How nice that peace can be restored, the frustrations of the day healed in the knowledge that we all love each other very very very much!

* * *

Barbara adores games. She can play checkers, Going to Jerusalem or Monopoly for hours at a time if she can find a pal who will stick with her! She and a cousin, Corale Beer of Montana, played Monopoly for three hours one evening, a feat at which I marvel. Fortunately for Barb, her Daddy loves games, too, and he gives no quarter when battling with her over the checker board.

In an effort to keep up with Big Sister, Joan insists on tackling these rather grown-up games although she has plenty of others scaled to her age. Now I wonder what the "experts" would recommend . . . should we insist that she play at her own level, give her a "handicap" on more advanced games, or risk frustration and allow her to play on equal footing with the rest of us? At the time we are following the last course and it seems to be working out all right. She likes it best when I play, too . . . anyone can beat me!

* * *

There is little doubt that television can become a monster in the house. We try to guide our family viewing without being tyrannical about it. Really it is shocking the number of shows dealing with violence, blood and thunder, murder and attack that pass off as *children's* shows. I wonder what

kind of children these producers think we are raising! I believe we should all make our complaints known where it will do the most good . . . with the networks and with the sponsors of the objectionable shows. Great strides were made toward "cleaning up" the comic books when parents decided to do something about it. Now let's march on those television shows!

Fortunately, parents still hold one advantage; we can always turn off the set. Ah, silence! One of our neighbors felt that television was something of an intruder in the home, so when the set blew a tube, he didn't replace it for several weeks. "We got acquainted all over again and found out that we're pretty interesting folks," commented one member of the family!

* * *

Is it because we are older, wiser, or simply more relaxed that the new baby seems so much easier to care for than the other children? William Edward is the youngest grandchild on both sides of the family. Our Joan had been in that position for five and a half years. Certainly a new baby brings a change to the home. Ours have always brought immeasurable happiness.

MY GARDEN

Oh, come into my garden, dear,
Just at the dawn of day,
The fragrance of young green plants
Will take your breath away.

The dew-gemmed grass and
vegetables
A-sparkling at your feet,
And the scented bursting rosebuds
Makes morning walks complete.

Some people think of a garden
As a lot of loosened soil!
And endless battling of mean weeds—
Or, a place to dig and toil!

But we who love a garden
Just live for it, it seems,
We know it as an Eden
Of blissful golden dreams.

So, come into my garden!
Trample the fertile sod,
At every step are signs of life —
And life belongs to God!

—Nora Keeth
(Iberia, Missouri)

Editorial Note

Garden club members are always searching for a new verse to use in their year books, so we thought this original verse would probably fill a real need.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

No man is an island, entire of itself;
Every man is a piece of the continent,
a part of the main . . .
Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind.
And therefore never send to know
For whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.

—John Donne

COMMENTS ON BEGONIAS

(Concluded)

Aunt Helen Fischer grew beautiful begonias on the north side of her house with her ferns and hostas. This was a very sheltered area and seemed to be a perfect place for them.

After the first light frost it is easy to bring the plants, pot and all, into the basement for winter storage. They must be repotted before spring as they will have used all of the nourishment from the soil they were in during the winter months.

Tender bulbs can be wonderfully effective used around the base of trees or shrubs, but it is advisable to pot them—otherwise, they will be robbed of the food and water you provide. Large plants will devour every bit of it. I make it a practice to lift the pots up once in a while to be sure that the tree or shrub roots haven't crept in the drainage hole in the bottom of the pot. You'd be surprised at the number of times I've cut out invading roots.

Caladiums can be used very much in the same way as the tuberous begonias but with this exception: they will tolerate sunshine. If they are in full sun their leaves will burn on hot windy days, although new leaves appear quickly after the burned ones are removed.

A combination of caladiums and tuberous begonias will make a striking display around a north entrance to a home or under your favorite shade tree. The rich green leaves of the begonias with their brilliant flowers, and the variegated pinks and reds of the caladiums will save the most drab portions of your yard or porch.

If the carpenters have made enough progress on our house this spring I plan to use a combination of tuberous begonias and caladiums in window boxes that will be on all of the north windows. We've wanted these window boxes for a number of years and we're surely hopeful that this spring the job can get done. I may add a few pots of Vinca or Ivy to soften the overall effect and perhaps a few house plants may be added for variety, but the final results on all this will have to be reported next year.

Incidentally, I've photographed our tuberous begonias and caladiums many times through the years but always had color film in my camera. We couldn't seem to get a satisfactory copy in black-and-white, so we wrote to cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and asked her if she had a shot on hand that was not taken with color film. The picture on page 13 was her answer to our request.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

hear her on the radio for so long.

We haven't been able to entertain for a long time, of course, so on Juliana's 16th birthday we took her out to dinner along with her dear friend, Suzie Henshaw, and Suzie's mother, Eleanor. Then Dorothy and Kristin came down on the weekend and we had a family dinner at the folk's, so her 16th birthday (for some reason a real milestone) didn't pass unnoticed.

As soon as we get all settled in the new quarters I want to get away for a little breather. I want to collect my wits, I guess, before we land into anything else on the house. I'll be frank to say that more than once I've hungered for the idea of finishing my days with the old kitchen, etc. But I know that if I just have a short spell without the whine of saws in my ears and the indescribable sound produced by electric drills cutting through steel, I'll be set to live in more remodeling commotion.

I've read very carefully every single word you friends have written about wall ovens, what to watch for in planning kitchens, and all the rest. With so much sound advice I don't see how I can go too far astray.

As time moves along I'll keep you posted on what's happening to our old house. As it is, I've brought you up to date on what's been done so far.

For some strange reason I have no books to report on in this issue. I've managed to read the morning headlines since I last wrote to you and that's about it.

If we have any luck at all, weather-wise, the first spring bulbs will be opening about the time you read this. They can't appear too soon to suit me!

Warmest regards always . . .

Lucile

THE PREACHER'S WIFE

You may think it quite an easy task
And just a pleasant life;
But really it takes a lot of grace
To be a preacher's wife.
She's supposed to be a paragon
Without a fault in view,
A Saint when in the parsonage
As well as in the pew.

Her home must be a small hotel
For folks that chance to roam,
And yet have peace and harmony—
The perfect preacher's home!
Whenever groups are called to meet,
Her presence must be there,
And yet the members all agree
She should live a life of prayer.

Though hearing people's burdens,
Their grief both night and day,
She's supposed to spread but sunshine
To those along the way.
She must lend a sympathetic ear
To every tale of woe,
And then forget about it,
Lest it to others go.

Her children must be models rare
Of quietness and poise,
But still stay on the level
With other girls and boys.
You may think it quite an easy task,
And just a pleasant life,
But really it takes a lot of grace
To be a preacher's wife!

—Author Unknown

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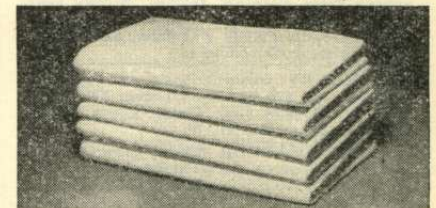
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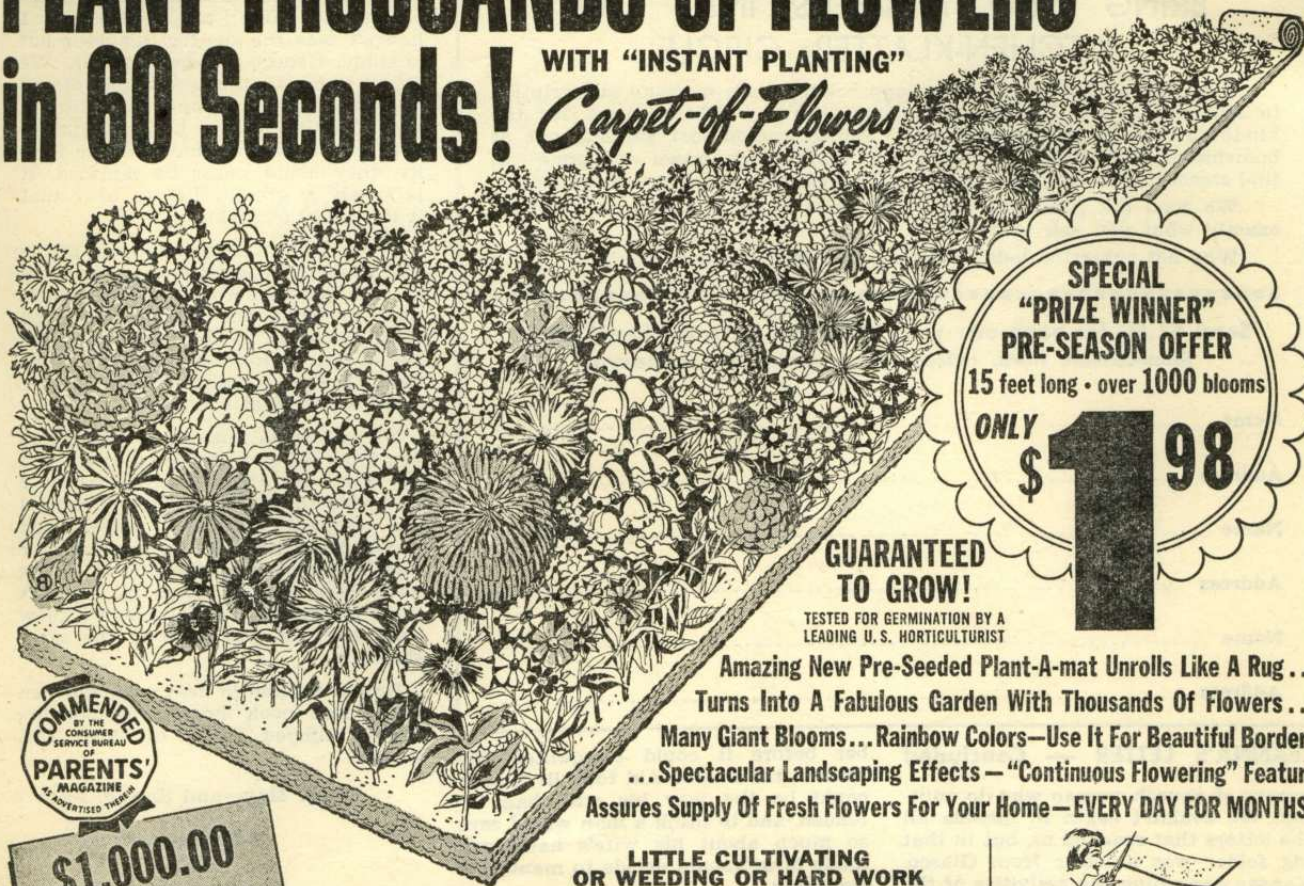
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LEANNA'S LETTER — Concluded

groups of church women who do quilting. We couldn't begin to include all the letters that reached us, but in that big folder was a letter from Glasco, Kansas describing the activities of the quilters of the Lutheran Ladies Aid.

We were surely interested to hear what happened to this small band of faithful quilters when the Saturday Evening Post got interested in them.

A photographer came out to Glasco and took a series of pictures, one of which was used in the Saturday Evening Post in the issue of January 10th. This was one of their series "The Face of America." And somehow it struck the hearts of many people and made them remember back to good solid days, for the Saturday Evening Post had more letters about this one picture than any picture they had ever used in the series.

In no time at all the faithful quilters in Glasco were simply overwhelmed with mail from all forty-nine states, plus Canada and Cuba. There were 463 requests for quilts or quilting and the whole thing reached such a pitch that a lovely form letter was gotten out by St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church to explain the history of the group and to get everything straight!

Mrs. Carl Tobald, a long time member of the Ladies Aid Quilters, wrote to us last summer and then brought us up to date on all that had happened after their picture appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. She said that all those letters from all over the country reminded them of Kitchen-Klatter. And one line from her letter was touching because she said that she had taken the responsibility herself for doing one quilt, and the reason for this was that a man wrote and explained that his wife had cross-stitched a beautiful quilt and died last Novem-

ber before it could be quilted. He wanted the Ladies Aid to quilt it so it could be the way his wife had intended, and to think a man would care so much about his wife's handwork made Mrs. Tobald decide to manage it somehow.

This is the kind of story that makes you feel the world is filled with truly good people and that somehow there ought to be more ways for everyone to see the real Face of America. I'd like to think that our simple, unpretentious Kitchen-Klatter magazine serves as a glimpse of the real Face of America.

My niece, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, has been invited to speak at a Garden Symposium being held at Williamsburg, Virginia in March. So many of you have been in audiences when Gretchen spoke that this news will probably make you share my wish that it would be possible to hear her speak in Williamsburg.

This reminds me to tell you that the wonderful book *The Flower Family Album*, written by my sister Helen Field Fischer and beautifully illustrated by Gretchen (Helen's daughter) is still available. It was pub-

lished by the University of Minnesota Press originally and they still make copies available to bookstores. I haven't seen the ads for this issue but possibly George Kieser lists it. We didn't know that new editions of the book had appeared and were fearful that if anything ever happened to the very few copies we have in our family, they could never be replaced. It is surely a great relief to hear that it is readily available.

I've written a long letter and Lucile will have quite a time working it all in. She tells me that when it comes time to make the last decisions on what to get in to the space available she is torn in a dozen different directions. I used to paste it all together and I know what she means.

We're just as anxious for spring as you folks say you are. Mart and I said the other day that it was a bad year to decide to stay in Iowa—we missed the comparatively mild winters and stayed here through the worst winter weather since the mid-thirties. There were days on end when we couldn't think of leaving the house, and I know that many of you were in the same situation.

Now it is time to heat some chicken broth and cook homemade noodles. We've enjoyed a lot of those this winter.

Until May—and Spring, I am

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

P.S. This issue was just ready to go on the press when we received word that will change all of Jessie's plans that I told you about in the first part of my letter.

She slipped and broke her knee and is now in the Clarinda hospital. A cast has been put on but we have no idea how long it will be before she can get up on crutches. We know how much she had looked forward to leaving around the middle of March to visit Ruth, Bob and her little grandchildren in California, so her accident makes for a real disappointment.

I hope that when I write to you next month I'll be able to tell you she is home from the hospital and coming along fine.

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Leanna, Lucile and Margery