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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I'm writing this on the first really nice day we have had for months and it surely seems refreshing to have the windows and doors standing wide open. It puts me into a frame of mind to do extensive housecleaning, and after spending the winter here without anymore done to the house than Mart and I can do, we're really ready for an old-fashioned cleaning from top to bottom. The two of us can keep things slicked up on the surface all right, but in every direction I look I can see much more that is needed.

A few minutes ago I finished putting a meat loaf into the oven so everything would be done when Kristin, Juliana and Dorothy get back from Omaha. They went up today with Donna so they could find dresses of exactly the right shade of mint green. Both Kristin and Juliana were excited and thrilled when Donna asked them to be candlelighters at her wedding on May 31st. Before they left today I heard them telling someone on the phone that they were going to be members of the wedding.

Because of our schedule with the printers we will probably not be able to share with you any of the wedding details or pictures until mid-summer, but at that time we want to use an old picture along with the new ones. This was the picture taken when Kristin and Juliana were ringbearers for the wedding of Gene and Georgann Rope in December, 1947—they were such little girls at that time and all of us were scared to death they'd trip on their long white satin dresses or somehow throw a monkey wrench into the ceremony. However, they did beautifully and all of our fears were in vain. They haven't participated in a wedding since that time, so you can see why they are thrilled to be candlelighters on May 31st.

It looks now as if Mary Beth, Donald, Katharine and Paul will be able to come home for the wedding. Donna has asked Katharine to be ringbearer and if all the complications of getting here can be ironed out, that's the way it will be. I believe her dress is to be white.

Last month when I wrote to you, Jessie was in the hospital. I'm glad to report that she is now at home and has even been able to drive over here with us and spend a couple of days.

Her leg is still in a heavy cast, of course, but she gets around without too much trouble. The kind of gardening she loves to do is out of the question right now, and probably will be for several more weeks, but she's content to sit in the sun and watch her flowers develop.

Martha is making fine progress at Dwight's home in New Jersey, and is faithful about writing to us frequently. She says that everyone in Westfield is just as eager for real spring weather as we have been out here. Her two grandsons, Douglas and Craig, are very thoughtful about running errands and helping her wherever she wants to go.

Frederick is nearing the date when he can get out of the body cast and begin walking without support. It was hard on him to miss all the Easter services at his church since he has always poured the best of his abilities into it, but everyone cooperated to carry through as he would have wished and this did a great deal to ease his mind.

Mart and I have been making tentative plans to drive East immediately following Donna's wedding. Dorothy says she will be able to drive for us and we hope to work out a trip that will take us directly to Frederick's and Betty's home in Springfield, and then a stop on our return at Anderson, Indiana to see Donald and Mary Beth. Frederick and Betty had hoped to come out to Iowa this summer, but Frederick's accident has made a drastic change in their plans. Under ordinary circumstances we probably wouldn't go East in June, yet it now seems that this is the only way we can see them.

We would like to have Mary Leanna and David out here for a while sometime during the summer—we thought that between all of us we could keep them from getting homesick. I don't know if their parents feel they can spare them, but we're hoping something can be worked out.

Mother's Day is almost here and I always think of what I said to the children when they were still at home and asked me what I wanted.

"Just be willing to help me all you can," I used to say. "That means a lot more than anything you could go down town and buy."

I still feel that way too. Material

gifts are nice and we mothers always appreciate them, but nothing can ever take the place of willing, loving help. I've heard my own children say to their own children just what I used to say, so evidently most mothers feel the same way.

Probably by the time you read this, Mart and I will have had a chance to spend a weekend on the farm with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. We have to laugh when we look back to the day we made our decision to stay at home this winter. We expected then to have the mild type of winter that Iowa has had for quite a few years and thought we'd get up to the farm at least once a month. As things turned out we had such terrible weather that we didn't get to make the trip even once, and Dorothy was up against the same weather problem and had almost no trips down here at all.

It was the same way about visiting with you friends over the radio. I thought that by staying at home this winter I'd get to visit with you once or twice a week. Instead of that, I couldn't make it to the microphone from December 24th until almost the end of March.

With all the work being done at Lucile's and Russell's home, the only way to get into the house was from the street, and week after week it was a solid sheet of ice and far too dangerous for even several strong men to try and lift my wheelchair up the steps. I worried about Lucile on that ice all winter and will be relieved next winter when she can go from the house into a garage without running such risks.

Martin has just come home from school and asked me if I had some raking he could do. He and Oliver worked side by side all winter to try and keep our walks clear, and the small snowplow Mart got for Christmas surely came in handy. I believe Martin is saving his money for some kind of materials to make a new "club house" so I must put this letter aside and wheel out on the porch to show him where to rake. Before long our tulips and daffodils and hyacinths will be in bloom, although they'll be much later than usual unless we have an extended spell of warm weather. Our crocus and Glories of the Snow were almost three weeks behind schedule when they bloomed.

Later: Martin is busily raking leaves from around the evergreens and now I must go to the kitchen and line up things for supper. Any minute now the girls will be home from Omaha and I want a nice hot meal ready for them. Both of my granddaughters have been well trained to set a nice table, clean the kitchen thoroughly, etc., so if I fix the food they will take over when they get here.

Spring is a busy time for all of us, but if you can get a few minutes along the way to write to us we'll surely appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,

HEARTS IN TUNE

Mother-Daughter Banquet

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Big hearts, little hearts, singing hearts, pretty hearts—hearts of every description will help carry out the theme of this gay banquet which is bound to have every mother and daughter in "heart-time" harmony before the evening is over.

Invitations

A folder shaped in the form of a heart is to be cut from bright sky blue paper. On the cover use liquid glue to draw some heart-shaped musical notes, and while glue is still wet, sprinkle with silver glitter. The invitation on the inside should be written with white ink. Scatter around it musical notes sketched in white ink.

Decorations

For the important table centerpieces make heart "stand-ups" about 12 inches high, cutting out a block of white stryfoam so that a heart rim about one inch or so across is formed.

Fasten this heart upright by placing it on a stryfoam base or a needle-point flower holder. Around it fasten a ruffle of lacelon ribbon or white net. In the center of this ruffle (at base of heart) make tiny wooden perches and tie bright blue ribbons between them. These perches can be made by inserting short lengths of blue pencils in the stryfoam or holder. Blue ribbon is tied between them for the perch.

Small blue birds are available in many Five and Ten stores, as well as novelty stores or gift shops. Their feet can be anchored firmly to the ribbon perch, and they look very charming sitting at the base of the centerpiece.

Heart-shaped musical notes in various sizes can be cut from white poster board, covered with glue and sprinkled with glitter. These can be fastened at intervals around the outside edge of the heart.

Tables used for the banquet should be covered with a white tablecloth, either linen or good quality paper. Wide strips of sky blue crepe paper, ruffled at the ends, are to be stretched down the center of the table. Some of the glittery heart-shaped notes can be scattered here and there down this strip, and it is suggested that miniature heart "stand-ups" similar to the main centerpiece be made from the stryfoam pieces cut out of the big heart centerpiece. These can be arranged at intervals down the long blue strip.

Candleholders for the tables should be decorated with ruffles of white lacelon or net, sprinkled with glitter, and some of the small glittery heart-shaped notes fastened to the ribbon.

Dainty spring flowers would be especially lovely used in the center of some of the heart "stand-ups."

Attractive nutcups are easy to make



May 13th, 1915, Dorothy snuggled up on her mother's shoulder for her first birthday picture. They are surrounded by white spirea in full bloom.

by using a ruffle or white net or lacelon ribbon to cover each cup. Tie a blue paper heart to each pipe cleaner handle that has been wound with blue ribbon. If you wish, the guest's name can be written on this little heart in white ink.

Silver heart-shaped paper doilies in various sizes are available, and one of these might be placed beneath each nutcup, and also used along with blue streamers on the tables.

If corsages are presented to honored guests, dainty spring garden flowers can be used by inserting them in the center of one of the silver heart doilies.

Program Booklets

All guests at such an affair truly enjoy unusual program booklets, and these can be made by using blue paper cut into the shape of a heart for the covers.

On the front cover draw a sketch of a blue bird (for happiness) on a tree branch—this is a singing bluebird, of course, and the tiny notes pouring forth can be made by little dots of glue covered with silver glitter. If the committee for booklets has time, the back cover can be made in the same way.

The pages on the inside can also utilize hearts. Where a blank is shown in this sample, you are to draw or paste a tiny heart:

A —y Welcome . . . Toastmistress
Into My — . . . Invocation
— rendering Tunes . . . Group Singing
— warming Words . . . Toast to mothers
— felt Reply . . . Mother's Response
—'s Ease . . . Musical number
—s in Tune . . . Speaker of the evening
— Strings . . . Presentation of corsages
Grateful —s . . . Benediction

It is wonderful to get plenty of humor into these programs which are too often inclined to get tearfully sen-

timental. If you can find some funny skit dealing with shopping for a hat, Mother's Blue Monday, unexpected guests or any other humorous situation, it could be listed on the program as "Whole —ed Effort." Other suggested titles for program numbers include: —s That Tick, Sweet —s on Parade, the Pure in —, or The Forgiving —.

One idea for a little skit might be entitled: "The Whole —." A very large red paper heart may be cut up into three or five pieces, (or however many speakers take part) like a giant puzzle. Have a large easel or backdrop to which these various parts of the puzzle may be fastened as the skit progresses; at its conclusion, a "Whole Heart" will have been formed.

The leader of the skit will choose a speaker for each piece of the puzzle. You can choose your own "ingredients" that are desirable in a happy "Whole Heart", such as Love, Forgiveness, Tenderness, Joyfulness, Tolerance, Cheerfulness, Sympathy, Charity, etc. These speakers can choose appropriate poems to fit their subject, and musical numbers might be worked in most appropriately.

But here again it is desirable to get some humor into the skit, and it will add a great deal if a number of speakers are given extra pieces of paper puzzle parts which they attempt to fit into the big heart. These odd ones can be such things as Gossipiness, Selfishness, Boastfulness, Stuck-up-ness, etc. The women with these parts can try in vain to make their piece fit in, until the leader points out that there is just no room in the lovely "Whole Heart" for their part.

Before the last piece of the heart is placed the leader might pretend to be hunting for the part, saying that leaving out any one important part or ingredient means a broken or incomplete heart.

I like the idea of leaving the ingredient LOVE as an extra, and this speaker can add a lacy net frill around the outside of the completed heart, pointing out as she does so that LOVE is the thing that ties all the parts together and thus encloses the whole of a heart that is truly in tune with those near and dear to it.

Hearts In Tune leaves many ideas to be expressed in the main speech, stressing that the hearts of mothers and daughters are first "put in tune" by God, and then pointing out some of the things we must strive to do to keep them "in tune" with each other and with God.

(In back issues of Kitchen-Klatter you will find some so-called recipes for a Happy Heart which could be used in this type of program.)

The Hearts in Tune theme can also be carried out through such comparisons as a violinist, or other musician, tuning up so that he gets in tune with the whole orchestra. It can be pointed out that one instrument "off key" can mar the performance of the whole group; just so, one heart "out of tune" can disrupt the harmony of the whole family circle or any group. "Staying on Pitch" is another title suggestion.

(Continued on page 14)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

A few minutes ago I read Abigail's letter that appears in this issue, and when I came to the part where she defined a box canyon I was wrenched right out of our Kitchen-Klatter office and taken back to a brilliant early spring day in Arizona twenty years ago.

On that day I found out what a box canyon really is, and I'm passing on the experience for the benefit of you friends who actually suffer when you find yourselves on a perilous road. Many of you will be out in the western mountains this summer and if you don't watch sharp you may find yourself in a comparable situation.

Russell and I were taking a drive that day in Arizona, just poking along through gentle rolling hills and gradually climbing up long grades towards the mountains. All of a sudden we came to an intersection with a small white sign tacked on to a stick.

"Box Canyon, 2 miles W." that sign said, and being blissfully unaware of what a box canyon really is, we decided to turn west and explore it. This proved to be the single biggest error of judgment we've ever made when out in a car.

At first the road was nice—narrow, of course, but just an easy grade winding back and forth through spectacular rocks. We expected this to continue and consequently had no preparation whatsoever for rounding a sharp curve and finding ourselves right on a narrow shelf—and when I say "shelf" I mean this, literally.

On one side, close enough to touch from the car window, was sheer rock; and on the other side, as I poked my head out the car window, was no road whatsoever—I simply looked right straight down to the bottom of the canyon hundreds of feet below. Russell was afraid to try and back up around the sharp curve and figured it was better to go ahead; probably only a few yards more and we'd be back on the type of road we had just left.

Well, it was almost two hours later that we found ourselves back on a safe road, and in those two hours we scarcely drew a breath. We crawled along on that shelf in complete silence, almost afraid to speak lest the vibrations somehow get into the wheels and plunge us straight down hundreds of feet. I was afraid to look and just sat with my hands over my eyes most of the time! And I remember telling Russell at one point that we'd better simply abandon the car and walk out!

Why that road was ever built is more than I can answer. There must have been some need for it, but if there were ranches back in the mountains or areas used for cattle grazing we saw no indication at any point that one could leave the road and get somewhere else. All we wanted to do was to get out of that canyon and when we finally pulled around the last blind curve and saw open country ahead, we just stopped dead in our



And here is the "Cover Picture Baby" today! We asked Donald to get a studio portrait with his head turned at approximately the same angle as it was turned when he was ten days old, and this very good new picture was the result.

tracks to take a deep breath.

From that day to this we've avoided any road marked "To Box Canyon," and we've never once ventured from main mountain roads without finding out first where a turn-off might lead. One Box Canyon was enough. So if you're going West this summer and share my fear of perilous canyon roads, I hope this brief account of our hair-raising experience will spare you a similar experience.

The first stage of our remodeling is now completed and it's just like you folks have said: once it's done you forget about all the turmoil and confusion that went into it. In this respect, remodeling is like having a baby. Once the baby is here, those endless, uncomfortable days of waiting all disappear into the limbo of memory.

It seems ironic that we chose the worst winter in decades to launch into a major remodeling project. Maybe last October the weather forecasters knew what was in store for us, but we certainly didn't know when we started out with such high spirits.

For a long spell our entire front yard looked as if a major battle had been fought on it. We had to run in a new water line and this meant that a deep trench was dug right from the street and down through our yard—in fact, half of the street had to be torn up and there was one way traffic through it for weeks.

In most cases machinery is used for such digging, but on our property this all had to be hand labor because right underneath the top soil was a deep fill of brick. It doesn't take much imagination to figure out what would happen when a piece of machinery hit that brick. And just when that laborious job was completed and the earth was piled up like a breastwork on some battlefield, another blizzard arrived and everything came to a dead halt for days upon end.

I shouldn't really use the word "completed" in relation to any of our remodeling because there isn't yet siding on the new addition and shingles

aren't on the roof, but at least we're moved into it and that's the main issue! The details I mentioned last month have all been carried through—carpet is down, drapes are up, book shelves are filled, and we broadcast every morning from the new sound-proof room. I wouldn't want to live forever with the outside of the house looking as it does right now, but that's a small matter stacked against the joy of having the interior work completed.

I don't know how soon we'll take a deep breath and launch into the next section. And I don't know right now what the next section will be: the new kitchen area or my own bedroom. But no matter what we do next, one thing is dead certain—there couldn't begin to be the complications that we had on this first section during one of the worst winters on record.

As soon as this issue has been "put to bed" (a printer's term for getting something on the press) Russell and I want to take the little breather that I mentioned last month. This is once we're determined not to have any set destination or any long distance schedule to maintain. I'd simply like to poke around and explore little towns, look for off-the-beaten track places to eat, take time to go into "junk" shops, and things like this. (Once in a small town in Illinois I asked at the restaurant if there happened to be any kind of a junk shop thereabouts and the waitress said there certainly was, a real good junk shop owned by Moses Bones. That's one name I've never been able to forget.)

It would have been nice if we could have had this little trip in time to report on it right now, but there was certainly no question of leaving with workmen all over the place and decisions to make almost every hour. If it weren't for the bathroom that we cannot get into until one more room is built, I'd be willing now to settle for exactly what has been accomplished. Under any conditions I think we're going to do some drastic revisions of our original plans, so exactly what we'll end with is more than I know myself right now.

One thing I've missed during this winter has been the quiet hours spent with handwork. I always found it very relaxing to sit down with embroidery in my hands, but even a change of glasses couldn't let me see the eye of a needle! I've decided that what vision I have left had better be devoted to other things. Many of you have told me about making the same decision, so it's certainly not an unusual situation. I'm just grateful that Mabel Schoff down in Stewartville, Mo. is still willing to do for me the kind of thing I used to enjoy doing, such as making dresses for our little Katharine.

The mail has just come in and I want to go through it, so until next month and SPRING, I am

Faithfully yours,

Lucile

HOORAY FOR MOTHER'S DAY!

by

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Mother's Day always presents a difficult decision for this family. Should we make a big production out of the day and eat in a restaurant following the morning Sunday School and Church service? Should we pack a picnic basket and go to the woods? Or should we plan a family get-together and eat at home?

Now, I dearly love to be "entertained" in a fine restaurant. The idea of a vacation away from the kitchen is mighty appealing. But Craig is three and Jeffrey is five and it is still something of a task to get them to sit still through the various stages of waiting for the table, waiting for a menu, waiting for the food (we never have to wait for the boys to decide what to order, it is always hamburger and malted milks!) and waiting until mama and daddy get through eating.

Little Bob, at the advanced age of nine, is no problem at all in this eating out and behaves himself admirably on such occasions. It is the restless energy of the little ones which creates the difficulty. After seeing the effect of chocolate milk spreading out over a white tablecloth at a fine eating place we felt it might be wise to postpone further restaurant trips for a few years.

I do think children need the experience of eating away from home, and even a three year old can profit by the discipline of sitting still. But it really is easier on my nerves if this takes place miles from home. I can take spilled chocolate milk more casually if I am surrounded by strangers, so restaurants can best be managed on vacation trips.

Which reminds me of our fish dinner.

Two years ago we spent a most enjoyable vacation camping along the shores of Lake Superior. My one request was a really good fresh fish dinner. After all, the clear waters of this great inland lake abounds in fine fish.

We were driving along one evening when I saw a huge sign, "Fresh Fish Dinners Served Here."

"Stop!" I yelled, but the car was going too fast. We couldn't stop.

"We'll stop at the next sign we see," Robert placated me.

But we did not come to any next place. We drove into the entrance to our camp ground and opened a can of pork and beans for supper. It was so near the end of our vacation that we were never again able to return to the place that advertised a fresh fish dinner so enticingly.

This past year we again returned to the beauty of Minnesota. As we drove out of our home lane near Sidney, I said to my husband, "I have one big desire when we get to Minnesota."

"I know, I know, you want a fish dinner!" Robert laughed.

We arrived in Duluth on a lovely Friday morning. The air held that crisp freshness with which a northern



The Reverend Frederick Driftmier and his nephew, Martin Strom. They went out to the folks' perennial border to pick some iris last May when Frederick came from Massachusetts to give the commencement address at the Shenandoah High School.

lake city greets its visitors.

"Now," I said firmly, "is the time!"

Robert just grinned. As we walked along the streets of Duluth, admiring its excellent stores and enjoying the steep slant of the rocks so close above the city and the wide expanse of blue at our feet, we saw many signs of fresh fish dinners in restaurant windows. Finally, we saw exactly what we wanted: a lovely, quiet looking, nicely appointed restaurant. Once inside we knew we had chosen correctly. The waitress brought a high-chair for Craig. She knew that chopped steak sandwiches on the menu were exactly the same as "hamburgers" which the boys wanted.

My fish dinner was all I had dreamed it would be — thick, moist, flaky white meat, with that fresh flavor achieved only by taking fish directly from the lake, and putting it in the frying pan. How I did enjoy my fish dinner!

"Now can we go home?" Robert asked.

"No! Not until the two weeks is over — we are just getting a good start," I laughed. But now, at least, I was sure of one thing: I had enjoyed a good fish dinner.

Later on during our vacation we bought some of the small smoked Ciscos and several salted white fish to eat around our own campfire. But the meal I enjoyed most was the fine fish dinner eaten in the lovely Duluth restaurant.

We were proud of the boys that day. They behaved very properly. And the fact that we were five hundred miles from home did make it a bit easier on adult nerves.

But we still prefer picnics. If the chocolate milk spills it only goes onto the red and white checkered oil cloth. If food drops, soon a chipmunk or squirrel finds a good meal. No irate waiters glower at wiggly boys. When individual meals are finished to the last hungry bite, boys can clamor down from the table and go running over nearby paths until grown-ups,

so exasperatingly slow, finish their meal.

So many of our Mother's Day dinners are planned as picnics. My mother, my sister and her family, Robert's mother and our family all drive down to the beautiful Waubonsie State Park. Oh, how nice to relax after the morning services! How beautiful the park looks with its fresh green dress! The table groans under the fried chicken, potato and jello salads, fresh buttered rolls, light high chocolate cakes, fresh fruit and quantities of hot coffee and cold milk.

"Hooray for Mother's Day," I say, hugging my youngest, cake crumbs and all.

When we arrived home from our Mother's Day picnic last year I got out the reference books and looked up the origin of the day. It was interesting to me to learn that many, many years ago a day was set aside in England during mid-lent for the purpose of honoring mothers. It was called "Mothering Sunday." Julia Ward Howe suggested in 1872 that June 2nd be set aside as a day dedicated to peace and our mothers.

It took Anna Jarvis really to get the idea in gear. When she was a little girl of 12 her mother was teaching a Sunday School class in West Virginia. It was just following the Civil War and Mrs. Jarvis mentioned the fact that no memorial day was set aside for the mothers who had given their sons in war. She finished the discussion by saying she hoped someone would someday set aside such a day.

When Mrs. Jarvis died at the age of 72, her daughter Anna decided on the day of her mother's death to do her best, with God's help, to establish a Mother's Day.

Anna wrote letters to every influential person in her community, and she asked the minister of the church to prepare a special service honoring all mothers. So the first real Mother's Day service was held on May 12, 1907 in Andrew's Methodist Church in Grafton, Va.

To further the plan Miss Jarvis chose a motto "To honor the best mother that ever lived . . . your mother." Next she selected the carnation as the flower and emblem.

It was surprising how rapidly the celebration of Mother's Day spread. By 1909 forty-five states and four foreign countries had taken up the idea. A newspaper of that day declared that eventually it would become universal. In 1912 the General Conference of the Methodist Church declared Mother's Day as a special church day, and in 1914 President Wilson designated the second Sunday in May as annual National Mother's Day.

So I say, "Hooray for Anna Jarvis whose wonderful mother inspired this devoted daughter to help create a day set aside to honor all the mothers of the world."

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

IF YOU ENJOY HANDWORK, READ

MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Oliver just left the house with a package to mail to Mary Beth, Martin is playing outside and this means a quiet house gives me a good chance to write to you friends. The only sounds I hear are the birds on the tree outside the window, and the washing machine grinding away in the basement.

This morning I went over to my neighbor's for coffee and took the little smocked dress that we are working on jointly for her small granddaughter. I'm doing the handwork and she is doing the machine stitching. I would gladly complete the dress myself but am currently without a sewing machine. Martin "fooled" with my machine, not realizing how easily one can be put out of adjustment, and I'm not mechanic enough to fix it. I borrowed Lucile's little portable machine for a while but Mae borrowed it from me for a few days to make a bedspread. I'm busy smocking the fronts of several dresses while I wait for her to return it; then I can put them all together at the same time.

The little dress that Oliver is mailing today (the picture of it is on this page) is one of the prettiest I have made—in my own estimation. It is a pink check and is smocked in dark rose with little pink rosebuds and green leaves. I hope it will be as becoming to Katharine as my imagination pictures it.

The dress I took to Eltora this morning is a yellow check with brown smocking. Like the other, it will have white collars and cuffs edged in lace. After Eltora does the machine stitching I will add some final touches of embroidery.

Yesterday I bought a piece of light blue that is just the color of the sky today! I started working on it last night, using white embroidery thread, and it too will have little rosebuds and green leaves for a finishing touch. This is a new pattern and I think one of the loveliest I have seen. For those of you who do smocking, it is McCall 2153.

Since I mentioned smocking in my letter last month many of you have written asking me how to do it. The only thing I can tell you is just simply to buy a pattern for a smocked dress and teach yourself! Complete directions come with every pattern with diagrams for easier understanding. I suggest that you sit down and practice on a piece of material until you think you have it mastered and then start in! I grant you it is easier to be shown by someone who knows all the ins-and-outs but that isn't always possible.

If you lived near me I would happily teach you; I am teaching several girls in the neighborhood right now. They were very quick to catch on and are now ready to start on their first dresses. I insisted that they practice



and practice until they mastered the stitches they would most likely run into in a pattern, then gave them the "go ahead." I'm sure they are on their way to a hobby that will always be very rewarding to them.

Last month I mentioned that I was in a very great need of new slip covers for the big chair and davenport in the den. The funniest thing happened! Oliver and I had company one evening recently and when Oliver sat down in the big old chair in the living room he went right down to the floor. The chair was an old, old one and the fact that it fell apart didn't come as a complete surprise, but when company was there—!

We made quite a joke of it, however, for it certainly could happen to anyone—anyone, that is, who has some old furniture. As soon as our company had left I wondered if the slip cover would fit the chair in the den. It was quite new and certainly I wanted to make use of it if at all possible. Oliver helped me take it off and we tried it. It fit with the exception that this chair has a "T" cushion where the old one had a square cushion. Fortunately, the back of the chair is against the wall all the time and it was safe to take some of the material from the back to add to the cushion cover.

I turned this job over to Mother, for she is much more adept at this kind of thing than I. She did it in one afternoon and turned out a dandy piece of work. As a result, I'm saved the expense of buying a cover for the chair. The colors suit the room and it won't be difficult to find a cover for the davenport in a solid color to harmonize. As far as the old broken-down chair is concerned, nothing can be done to resurrect it so it will be tossed out for someone else to salvage if they desire. With a little shifting of furniture in the living room it won't be missed.

We began a new reading project at our house when I was asked to give a talk at our church circle meeting on the work of the various church denominations in Alaska. Since Alaska has been admitted to Statehood we should learn as much as possible about

it, and certainly there is a vast amount of information available on the subject.

The geography of our new state is simply appalling to me! Did you know that, including the bleak Aleutian Islands chain, Alaska would sprawl from New York almost to San Francisco and from Seattle almost to Mexico? Think of the tremendous size of this state! Of course the population is small, only around 300,000 people, I believe, but it is increasing rapidly.

The religious history began late in the 18th century when Russia first sent missionaries. Concern for Alaska as a mission field stirred the Americans shortly after our country purchased the Territory. These missionaries served not only as the spiritual leaders, but also as the social, educational and economic leaders in developing the new land. They saw the desperate needs of the native peoples and organized schools as well as churches, and helped to promote some of the modern industries. Can you imagine what it would be like to trek, mush, float and get about any way you could to bring the word of God to people in lonely wastelands? Think of the courage and the faith of these men!

Today they make great use of airplanes for reaching their people in remote areas, and there are floating churches to carry people from little fishing villages on islands to churches and schools. They carry portable altars in station wagons where it is possible to travel by car. Any way to reach the people.

Some of the problems are unusual too—problems that we don't have to face in our own churches. One perplexing difficulty is that so much of the population is transient. There is a continuing large influx of seasonal workers—to fisheries and lumber mills in southeastern Alaska, to construction projects all over the territory. Each spring temporary communities sprout, and during the brief summer months there is a beehive of activity. Then with the coming of winter there is a mass exodus.

The problem that this transiency of the population presents is obvious. How will they support the churches? You can see how it would be to try to raise money to build a badly needed new church when the people know that they will be there for only a few months. There would be a constant turnover in Sunday School teachers and officers in the church. That would be a real problem too. Nevertheless, pastors report that at least those who do join are most loyal and committed workers in the church. There is the report also that the churches are bursting at the seams and they are working as fast as possible to try to accommodate the people in this fast-growing new state.

Martin has a new world globe which pleases him greatly. The one we had was very old and out-dated long ago. He also has a new microscope which is certainly having a work-out. I don't know how many hairs I have pulled out of my head to go under the lens!

(Continued on page 14)

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS SITUATION?

Within these last six or seven months I've received some letters that touch on issues very close to the hearts and minds of parents and grandparents. I say "grandparents" because I know, from reading all your letters, how vitally interested grandparents are in the welfare of their grandchildren. And probably I should add aunts and uncles too, since many of you pour out your love on nieces and nephews.

There is scarcely a community in our country today that doesn't have pressing school problems staring it in the face. In most cases there is the stark necessity of somehow finding funds to put up buildings, and even as these buildings go up it is plain to be seen that before long they will be inadequate.

This problem alone presents a tremendous upheaval — and it's just the beginning of the whole picture. Even if the building problem is settled for the time being, there remains a great variety of perplexing issues that all thoughtful people are concerned about.

Here is one of these issues. I'll print the letter without identifying the writer or the community in any way, and I'd like to have you turn these things over in your mind. If you care to write and speak up on the problem, I'll be glad to share your ideas with our circle of Kitchen-Klatter friends in forthcoming magazines.

"Dear Lucile:

I feel so upset and worried today that I want to get this off my chest by writing to you about it. Since you have a teen-age daughter, I think you'll understand how I feel.

What has happened to the happy Junior-Senior banquets you and I can remember when we were in high school? I recall how hard our Junior class worked to raise money for a nice banquet to entertain the Seniors, and we all put our hearts into fixing up a decorated church basement and studied the menu with the church women who served it. Junior boys brought Junior girls, and Senior boys brought Senior girls.

We girls had a new dress if our parents could manage it, and if they couldn't, we just wore our "good" dress and didn't feel uncomfortable. Some of the girls didn't have dates, but they went in groups and joined in all the fun. It was the high point of the school year and I truly believe that most everyone had a happy time.

Now my daughter is a senior in the same high school that both her father and I attended, and things have changed so much that she looks forward to the Junior-Senior Prom (it's no longer called a banquet) as a nightmare, and we feel the same way about it. In talking with other parents I find that they share our feelings, so it isn't just our home that is affected.

Last year when she was a junior we found that she was supposed to have a brand new dress for the ban-

quet, and then was to go home after the banquet and change into a formal for the rest of the evening. At first we could hardly believe this, but when we checked around we found that it was an absolute fact — all the girls expected to do this. We felt that we couldn't stand the expense of two complete new outfits, but somehow we managed and she was dressed as nicely as the others.

She didn't have a steady boy friend but she had had a few dates and she fully expected some boy to ask her to go with him. No one did. I urged her to go right ahead with a couple of her girl friends who didn't have dates, and since we'd gone to the expense of new dresses, new shoes, etc., she felt she surely had to go.

The banquet was very elaborate and it should have been in view of the fact she'd worked on a committee for decorations every night for two weeks. Her school work suffered badly as a result, and this was true of her friends who worked on committees.

It was pretty clear why so many of the girls didn't have dates — they were left out in the shuffle of both the junior and senior boys inviting out-of-town girls, as well as freshmen and sophomores. There were young people there from all the surrounding towns.

Our daughter came home, changed to the lovely new formal and went on to the Prom with her girl friends. They had been miserable at the banquet, but they were so unhappy at the Prom that they all left very early and came home in tears. Our girl was so crushed by the whole evening that she wasn't her usual cheerful self for a long time.

Now the Junior-Senior Prom is almost upon us again. She doesn't want to go because she doesn't have a date, and yet she can hardly bear to miss this last big event. It means two more new outfits. We'll manage them, just like the other parents somehow manage them, but it all seems so wrong and so foolish.

What can we parents do about these affairs that have gotten so out of hand? Why can't the junior boys bring junior girls, and the senior boys bring senior girls? Why all of these under-classmen and out-of-town boys and girls? Why all this heavy expense for TWO outfits? Why such elaborate dinners and dances that our children work to make possible at the sacrifice of their school studies?

I think the whole meaning of these junior-senior affairs has been lost. It doesn't make any sense to me. I sounded out some of my friends on this and tried to see if they would be willing as a group to go to the school authorities and state our viewpoint and ask that changes be made. They all seemed to feel that it wouldn't do any good. That was just the way things are.

But I think that ALL Students should have a fair chance to be happy on these occasions and it doesn't seem right that so many of them are far from happy and parents are burdened

so needlessly with expense they can't afford and isn't really necessary.

Now I've gotten this off my chest and wonder if you agree with me about this? I wonder too if you've had letters from other mothers on this subject?" Mrs. B. J., Iowa.

Lucile's comment: You'd be surprised if you could see the letters written by mothers who have the same problem. This situation is far more widely spread than anyone could realize unless he read these letters from all over the country. I might add that at least you were able somehow to manage two new outfits. Your heart would go out to the mothers who simply couldn't get together the new clothes and their girls just plain stayed home.

Personally, I feel that matters have gotten entirely out of hand when such situations exist. There surely ought to be some way to restore commonsense to these affairs so the parents aren't burdened and the young people unhappy.

One of the biggest things that ails us these days is that we are all silent when we should be speaking up. It seems practically impossible to get parents to work as a group and express their protests to the proper school authorities. We may feel very keenly about such issues, but when it comes to doing something about changing them there is only heavy silence. No one wants to stand up and be counted. And you can't change things unless you're willing to stand up and be counted.

You have asked for my personal opinion. This is it. Does anyone see eye to eye with me?

COVER PICTURE

Almost 37 years have passed since Dad snapped this picture of Mother and Donald Paul, the last baby of our Driftmier family. It has always been one of our favorite family snapshots.

In these days of elaborate cameras, flash attachments and complicated special lights of all kinds, it seems quite remarkable that Dad was able to get such a good picture with only a little old Brownie! There were East windows in that second floor room of our house in Clarinda, and a blazing August sun furnished plenty of light.

We seven Driftmier children owe a genuine debt of gratitude to Dad for his conviction that family pictures were of great importance and served as a timeless record to be passed on to future generations. He carefully dated all pictures, and wrote pertinent details on the back. And woe to the child who handled them carelessly! Had it not been for his persistence we would never have such a complete photographic record of our family life, and we think of this when we get into the old albums and find such pictures as the one we share with you this month.

—Lucile

IT WAS A LONG WINTER ON THE FARM

Dear Friends:

As I sit in front of my typewriter at the kitchen table tonight I'm thinking about all the other farm wives and wondering if their kitchen floors look as bad as mine? I am so sick of mud! No matter how hard everyone tries not to track it in, when you live on a farm it is just impossible not to do so. We have had a short spell of warm balmy weather that dried up the roads and barnlot just a little bit, but now Frank has come in and announced that it is raining. This cancels out one of the jobs I had planned to do tomorrow—I won't waste my time scrubbing and waxing the kitchen floor.

The creek was running bank full at supper time tonight and if it rains very much it may be out of its banks by morning. If it is, this will be the first time we have had a flood since they straightened the channel, and that has been several years ago.

Frank's sister, Bernice Stark, has opened a beauty shop in her home at Lucas. For years she had a shop in Shenandoah, but when her mother became ill twelve years ago, she closed it and came home to the farm to take care of her. We are awfully happy for Bernice that she is back in the business again for she always enjoyed it. She still works in the post office at Lucas in the mornings, and takes her shop appointments for the afternoons and evenings. Kristin goes in and stays all night with her once a week and gets her hair set while she's there. Tonight was choir practice in Lucas, so she decided to stay all night. I'm glad she did because if we have water all over the road in the morning, at least we won't have to worry about getting her out to meet the bus.

We have a friend in Lucas, Ethel Sanders, who teaches school at Williamson a few miles northeast of Chariton. She has been very good to let Kristin ride back and forth to school with her when she stays all night with Aunt Bernice.

Last year at this time Frank was busy plowing, but this year with all the fields so terribly wet, no field work has been done in our section. This means that when the ground is dry enough to work, everything is going to pile up all at once. Fortunately we got all but just a few acres of our ground fall plowed, so that is one big job that won't have to be done. According to the long range weather forecast we are supposed to get quite a heavy frost the first part of May, so maybe we will be glad we didn't get the corn in too early.

I told you in my March letter that a portion of Lucas County was going to the polls to vote on the Chariton Community School District, but I believe I failed to tell you in my next letter how it came out. The proposed reorganization plan was voted in, so after the first of July there will be many changes in the County school system that we had known for so many years. Four of the districts in



Mother (Leanna Field Driftmier) and her two sisters, Jessie Field Shambaugh and Martha Field Eaton, are great crossword puzzle fans. When they are together they rarely miss sitting down at the dining room table with a dictionary right at hand, well-sharpened pencils, and a fresh puzzle, the harder the better.

our township will be in the new school district, and this will leave only five board members in our district instead of nine. Only four rural schools will remain open in Lucas County, and two of them will be in our township district. One of these schools will have 23 pupils; I don't know how many will be in the other school.

I don't know what has been done in other states about school reorganization, but I do know that in Iowa there have been few things, if any, that have caused more discussion and more friction among rural people. Consolidation might have had the same effect when it was first started, but that was before my time. I have heard of cases in our own county where farm families have been neighbors and good friends for years, but one family wanted to go to one school and the other family wanted to go to the other school. Both families had good reasons to back up their line of thinking, and now they aren't even speaking to each other. To me this is very sad because farm families especially can do so much to help each other and when situations like this occur it makes it hard on everyone. Our county isn't the only one with such situations. It is that way all over the state.

I wonder sometimes if the State Department of Public Instruction had just come in and drawn the lines and told people where they were to send their children to school, if it might not have been accepted with less friction? Our State Legislature makes our state laws and maybe we don't like some of them, but we accept them even if we do grumble about them for awhile. Very few of these laws have neighbors pitted against neighbors. It makes you wonder if some other way of handling our school program might not work a little better.

We lost another pet last week when we found our parakeet, Ricky, dead on the floor of his cage. We have no idea what happened. Kristin thinks it was old age because he was six years old, but none of us knows the average age span of a parakeet. Ricky could never stand the rattle of paper. Whenever he saw me with a roll of wax

paper and knew I was going to tear off a piece he would start raising an awful rumpus and scold me. I never walk into the kitchen now with a roll of wax paper that I don't expect to hear him make a big fuss. Kristin wants to get another parakeet right away because we all miss him.

When the folks decided not to go away for the winter I had every expectation of getting to see them a number of times, but between the miserable weather and unusual complications on many weekends, it turned out that they might as well have been in California as far as seeing them was concerned. We had a terrible winter and it simply wasn't safe to be out on the highway many weekends. I did get to call them every week and I wouldn't have done this if they had been in California, so these telephone visits had to take the place of all the personal trips I'd hoped to make to Shenandoah.

Kristin and I finally did make it down for one weekend—we were afraid of the weather and gave up driving in favor of the train. As it turned out, that was just about the worst weekend of the whole winter, so it was a good thing we left the car at home.

I must close now and get to bed or I'm afraid I'll go to sleep at the wheel tomorrow while I'm driving to Des Moines. We've had to make quite a few trips to Des Moines this winter regardless of the weather. Both Edna Halls (my sister-in-law) and I have had some surgery done on our respective noses, and tomorrow she is due for more work. I'm glad that my siege, very minor by comparison, is over.

I hope that by the time I write again Spring will really be here and this long, drawn-out winter will be a thing of the past.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy

If something goes wrong, it is more important to talk about who is going to fix it than who is to blame.

SECOND HELPINGS

By

Mona Kessinger

It is always puzzling to us to hear teen-agers complain that they have nowhere to go and nothing to do.

We can say with all honesty that we can recall very few times in our childhood when we were faced with the thought that we had nothing to do. But then, we were at quite an advantage — we were reared in the country. The country child is not accustomed to having all his leisure hours filled with organized activity so he is not bored when it is absent. He learns to develop his own ingenuity when it comes to having fun. The country child has other advantages . . . he has horses, and barn lofts, and creeks and caves.

Then too, we had never heard of child labor laws or the minimum hourly wage, so we did not feel put upon when we helped in the garden and with canning, gathering the eggs, or learning to cook and to sew and to wash and iron.

The trouble with our children today is they don't have enough time allotted them for doing nothing. The minute school lets out, their summer months are as fully regimented as the winter months.

Many children don't have enough time to just sit and think. Some of the best hours of our life were spent sitting in a cupola on top of our barn, staring at the alfalfa field stretching below us . . . smelling the incomparable perfume that wafted from it. And the butterflies that hovered over that alfalfa! Once we made nets and tried catching them with the idea of putting them on a cardboard, but they were such gorgeous colors we couldn't bring ourselves to stick them with a pin. After that we were content to just sit and watch.

We seemed to do an awful lot of climbing. Once, on a dare, we climbed to the top of a tall windmill. There we froze in paralyzed fright, until our mother called the hired men to come get us down.

We climbed on the top of our large two-story house, and strung tin cans on yards and yards of wire, which stretched across the road to the hired man's house. Over this contraption we tapped out secret messages to the hired man's children.

In the fall the men put the bales of hay into the loft, but not in ordinary fashion. The bales were put into patterns of tunnels, through which we crawled to our secret clubhouse buried in the center. The bales were too heavy for a girl to lift, and once when the boys decided a female shouldn't be a member of the club, they drug one over the exit, locking us in, so we jumped out the hayloft window.

The country child gets a lot of pleasure out of seeing and hearing. We did a lot of listening . . . the song of the Meadow Lark on a slow walk home from school . . . the peculiar

whispering of the Cottonwood tree . . . the grey-dawn noise of chickens. We learned to imitate the pigeons in the barn by rapidly repeating, "Look at the coon." We made up sounds for the mocking bird to imitate.

Some of the sounds were night sounds . . . the croaking of frogs after a spring rain . . . the rhythmic pounding of hoofs hitting the self-feeders . . . and we remember once hearing the sound of our mother crying one summer night during a hail storm.

And when we went away to college, we lay awake in homesick misery, wishing we could hear that peculiar rustling noise the cattle make in the barn lots at night.

The country child hears the whish of a stream of milk hitting the empty pail, the secret language that a cornfield speaks when it is growing . . . the cry of the new-born, the injured . . . the murmur of the contented.

One sound we thought was sad . . . it was the sound of the train at night on its way to the city. We resolved to get on that train some day and go to the biggest city in the world, and so we did.

After we'd lived there awhile, we came to realize that most of the residents were working frantically for the things we already had free back home, so we came back. — Reprinted from the Junction City Republic, December 18, 1958.

This column won second prize in the state of Kansas for 1958, and the awards were presented at the Kansas Press Women's annual awards banquet in Topeka.

Mrs. Kessinger replied to the March issue of Kitchen-Klatter by saying: "We are really pioneering, the first offset paper in the state of Kansas.

"I laughed about your guessing our enterprise is a family affair. Our ten year old carries the papers to the drug stores, keeps the money; our seven year old comes down each night and sweeps out and empties waste baskets; our teenage daughter writes a column and helps set type on IBM; and our teenage son is putting himself through college by operating linotype at night in Wichita, a skill we taught him here. He hopes to come back and work with us in two years."

PRAYER FOR EVERYDAY

God, give me eyes that I might see
The work that can be done by me;
God, give me ears that I may hear
The cry of those who need me near.

God, give me lips that I might speak
Comfort and peace to all who seek;
God, give me a mind that I might know
How to help those who need me so.

God, give me hands that I might do
Some large or simple task for You;
God, give me a prayer, that I may pray
Thy help and guidance every day.
And this one thing, all else above;
God, give me a heart, that I may love.

SHOPPING LIST

One of these days I must go shopping.
I am completely out of self-respect.
I want to exchange the self-righteousness

I picked up the other day for some humility

which they say is less expensive and wears better.

I want to look at some tolerance which is being used for wraps this season.

Someone showed me some pretty samples of peace—

we are a little low on that and one can never have too much of it.

And by the way, I must try to match some patience

that my neighbor wears. It is very becoming on

her and I think some might look equally good on me.

I might try on that little garment of long-suffering

that they are displaying. I never thought I wanted

to wear that but I feel myself coming to it. Also,

I mustn't forget to have my sense of humor mended

and look for some inexpensive every day goodness.

It is surprising how quickly one's stock of goods is depleted.

Yes, I must go shopping very soon.

—Unknown

COMMONPLACE

"A commonplace life," we say,

And we sigh,

But why should we sigh as we say?

The commonplace sun

In the commonplace sky

Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars

Are commonplace things,

And the flower that blooms,

And the bird that sings;

But dark the world,

And sad our lot,

If the flowers failed

And the sun shone not.

And God, who studies

Each separate soul,

Out of commonplace lives

Makes His beautiful whole.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Loving Father, put away

All the wrong I've done today:

Make me sorry, true, and good,

Make me love Thee as I should.

Make me feel by day and night

I am ever in Thy sight.

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer:

Take Thy child into Thy care;

Let Thy angels pure and bright

Watch around me through the

night.

—Unknown

MARY BETH'S ENTERTAINING HAS A FAMILIAR RING!

Dear Friends:

I never realized before I started writing to you and reporting on the activities of Katharine and Paul that so much can happen from one month to the next!

Since I last wrote to you Paul has learned to drink from a cup almost exclusively! I don't warm milk for him anymore except on an unusually cool morning and this, in turn, has reduced the length of time I spend pushing on a baby bottle brush trying to clean out cooked-on milk.

Another big change for the better is the fact that he now goes to bed right after lunch at *exactly* the same time that Katharine takes her nap. And this means that for at least an hour I can count on a rest period with utter peace and quiet. I used to feel guilty about resting in the middle of the day, but it surely does make me a much more pleasant Mamma around supper time.

I've just finished ironing, for the second time in two weeks, my long white linen tablecloth and eight napkins. The first week it was our turn to entertain our evening dinner bridge club and the second week was a ladies group that I have to entertain only once in two years. I was a little weary from ironing such a long thing but at least one cleaning of the egg tarnished forks was sufficient for both parties.

Twice a year Guide Lamp treats all of their male office employees to a lavish dinner and the wives, feeling that they too deserve a meal out, have gotten together in smallish groups for a "hen dinner party." There are only four girls in our group now because some of the families were transferred, so since it was my turn to entertain everyone I decided to invite a few new-to-town girls. Don knew the husbands because they had come from Iowa State College. He had made it a point to get acquainted with them, and it seemed to me that perhaps their wives would welcome the chance to meet other Guide Lamp wives.

I've heard it said that you learn something valuable about the art of giving a party and being a hostess every time you invite people to your home, but I never expected to learn so much in one evening! They are nice girls so they all complimented me on the food and said all the nice things good guests say, but my! it was a hectic meal. I was so thoroughly flustered that I didn't know whether I was "pitching or catching," as the saying goes.

To begin with, I've entertained so many times for a mixed group when Donald was here to lend a well-timed helping hand that I didn't realize how much I counted on him. I must have been demoralized when I saw him walk out the door to go to his party because I certainly came unstrung.

In the first place, I invited everyone for 6:30—exactly thirty minutes too



From the snap in Paul's eyes it's plain to be seen that Katharine did well to keep him still long enough for this picture.

early if I had just stopped to consider Paul! Every time I started to pull on a nylon stocking as I was dressing he would come waddling cheerfully into the bedroom with a fork or a spoon that he had stretched to snatch off the nicely laid out table. I had visions of the whole tablecloth being jerked off so I was forced to get out the playpen and toys and stick him in it for safe-keeping. He must have sensed that there was excitement in the air because he refused to eat his normally hearty supper. This didn't upset me because he is in no danger of starving, but as I sat in the kitchen eyeing him to make sure he was definitely not going to eat, he caught me in one of those split seconds of inattention and down came ten ounces of chicken noodle dinner all over my black taffeta skirt! I was so unnerved by this turn of events that I didn't even lose my temper.

Here it was, fifteen minutes until the guests were due and I had to change clothes, wash the linoleum floor and substitute a huge bottle of milk for the meal Paul had refused. I moved around this house so fast that Katharine just sat in a chair and watched me fly by. When the first lady arrived I managed to greet her at the door and when she saw my predicament she graciously offered to greet the rest of the ladies and make the proper introductions. So as my guests arrived I sat closeted in the bedroom with an enthusiastic boy wishing all the time that he wasn't such a lazy guy. Most youngsters his size and age can at least hold their own bottle, but not Paul. He laid back in my arms and luxuriously relished every rich drop. (Incidentally, it is since this party that he has learned to drink from a cup.)

The second mistake I made concerning this dinner party was the selection of food. I certainly know now that a buffet just can't be beaten. Several of the girls were watching their weight so I deliberately made the meal light. For the main course of the meal I made French Lentel soup, quite a hearty dish since it has flecks of ham throughout it and little sausages floating on the top. Around this I built the meal of hot Parkerhouse Rolls, a tossed green salad, a huge

relish and raw vegetable tray, and for dessert, sherbet and coffee.

By the time I had served everyone soup, making a trip to the dining room and back to the stove for each bowl, and by the time I had put the rolls in the oven at staggered intervals so they wouldn't all be hot at once and then served these as they got brown, I felt as though I was neglecting my duties as hostess at the table. Before I knew it people needed more water and then more soup—and so the whole meal went. Fortunately, the food was good, what I got to taste of it. I was exceedingly proud of the rolls. Several of the girls have called since then and asked for the recipe so they must have been tasty. I was given the recipe by one of my neighbors who assured me they were simple to make and sure enough, they were. I've always been a little hesitant about using yeast but these were no trick to make.

The experimental stage of the party that worked out much more to my satisfaction was my decision to allow Katharine to join the ladies at the table for supper. She gets a special delight out of having company and conducts herself quite well, considering her age. It seemed to me that a little subtle training in company manners might be a good idea and there wasn't a guest present who would mind. I set her place in the eighth and last remaining place at the table and gave her two spoons, a crystal goblet for water and duplicated everything the other guests had. It was worth every second of extra attention she required—and this wasn't much because I didn't have many to spare. She was impressed, to say the least.

Before the party we talked about passing foods, eating a little of everything on the plate without comment, and about remembering to say "please" and "thank you" and "may I be excused?" She was a little awed by all of the conversation and as a result she limited her talking to me and to the lady on her left whom she knew slightly. When she was through eating I excused her and she got herself into her pajamas and after a shy "goodnight" slipped away from the crowd and into bed. This, to me, is the joy of having a girl. She loves anything I do, from helping wash the dishes to eating at a table with big ladies. She strives to copy ladylike gestures and above all else she is a constant companion for me. She can sit and look at a magazine with me for what seems like an hour—that is, if we're able to defend ourselves against steamroller Paul!

With the coming of Spring and the tornado season Donald and I have been giving serious thought to preparing the house for an interruption in electrical power. (We're very dependent on electricity now, considerably more than ever before.) We've bought a camp stove and a gasoline lantern and now we're looking for a gasoline engine that can be mounted over the pump and, with a pulley, be used to operate the pump motor. We would have no lights, no way to cook

(Continued on page 14)

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

STEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE

2 lbs. round steak, 1 inch thick
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 cup flour
1/4 cup fat or oil
1 onion sliced
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
1 4-oz. can mushrooms (stems and pieces)

Cut meat in serving size pieces; rub with part of flour and pound in remaining flour with meat mallet. Turn over and over, flouring and pounding until all flour is used. Heat fat in skillet. Add meat and brown on both sides. Add onion rings during browning. Pour tomato sauce, 1/2 can water and mushrooms over meat. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 2 hours, or until tender. Check now and then to be sure there is enough liquid. Serves 6 generous or 8 medium servings. Very good when you have company.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1 cup School Day peanut butter
1 cup shortening
3 eggs, beaten
3 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Cream sugar, peanut butter and shortening. Add eggs and blend well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Add vanilla. Roll balls the size of a walnut. Place on a pan and press down with a fork. Bake in a 375 degree oven. A peanut butter cookie is always a favorite with both young and old, and this is an exceptionally good one.

HARVARD BEETS WITH RAISINS

1 large can of diced beets
3/4 cup beet juice
1/4 cup vinegar
3/4 cup sugar
3 Tbls. cornstarch
1 cup raisins
Juice of 1 orange
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine beet juice and vinegar in saucepan. Mix sugar and cornstarch together and add to liquid. Cook until it thickens. Add raisins and drained beets. Let stand for several hours for flavors to blend. Reheat and serve.

REDUCER'S DRESSING

1/2 cup tomato juice
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. onion juice
2 Tbls. lemon juice
Beat together well and store in refrigerator. Shake before using.

RAGE OF WICHITA COOKIES

1 cup shortening
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 cup cooked, mashed carrots
2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder

Cream together shortening and sugar. (You can use all vegetable shortening, or any combination of butter, margarine and vegetable shortening.) Beat in egg, flavorings and carrots. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and add. Drop by teaspoons on greased cooky sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

Ice with a powdered sugar-melted butter-hot water frosting to which 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring has been added.

These orange-looking cookies are astounding! You cannot taste the carrot in any way—people think it's pieces of orange. These improve upon standing—are much better cool than when first baked. We have called them "Rage of Wichita" cookies because the recipe is making the rounds down there.

ELEGANT CLUB SALAD

This salad runs into money, but it certainly makes for highly successful refreshments! Your family will feel cheated if they get only the tiniest of bites, so do double it or make it up twice if you possibly can.

4 slightly beaten egg yolks
1 cup milk
1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
2 Tbls. lemon juice
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
2 1/2 cups pineapple tidbits, drained
2 cups white cherries, pitted and halved
About 48 marshmallows, cut in fourths
2 cups chopped blanched almonds

Mix the egg yolks with milk in double boiler; cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Soften gelatin in lemon juice and dissolve in hot mixture. Cool slightly. Fold in whipped cream and remaining ingredients. Turn into 11 x 7 inch pan and chill until firm. Cut in squares to serve on lettuce. Will serve eight fairly generously.

DELICIOUS RAISIN PIE

1 cup sour cream
3 eggs
1 cup raisins
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 cup sugar

Plump the raisins in a little water on the stove. Drain. Mix the sour cream, eggs, flavorings, sugar and raisins together and pour into unbaked pie shell, 8 or 9-inch, and bake in a 325 degree oven 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

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

Burnt Sugar

Black Walnut

Cherry

Banana

If you can't 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

ABIGAIL'S ELEGANT SHRIMP AND HAM CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. deveined cooked shrimp
- 1 No. 2 can sliced pineapple, drained (reserve sirup)
- 2 cups water
- 3 chicken bouillon cubes
- 1 cup long-grain rice
- 1/4 cup cooking oil
- 1 1/2 cups cubed cooked ham
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, crushed or minced
- 1 medium green pepper, cut in strips
- 2 Tbls. chopped crystallized ginger
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. curry powder

Reserve 5 or 6 whole shrimp for garnish. Cut remaining shrimp into pieces. Cut 4 pineapple slices into pieces and set both aside. Bring water to a boil in deep saucepan. Add bouillon cubes and when dissolved, add rice gradually so boiling doesn't stop. Cover pan tightly, reduce heat, and simmer 15 to 20 minutes until kernels are soft.

Heat cooking oil in large skillet. Add ham, onion and garlic. Heat thoroughly and turn with spoon.

Blend 2/3 cup pineapple sirup, ginger, soy sauce, curry powder and salt. Add pineapple sirup mixture and green pepper to skillet. Heat thoroughly. Add rice, shrimp and pineapple pieces; toss until mixed. Heat thoroughly. Serve on hot platter. Garnish top by alternating halved pineapple slices and whole shrimp.

Wayne and I consider this shrimp recipe one of the very finest that I have ever discovered on my own. (Most of the time I'm content to rely on the prize recipes my friends and relatives pass on.) It is truly good enough to serve to the most discriminating gourmet. Don't waste it on anyone who lacks an adventurous tongue! I did omit the curry powder for our family—Wayne is allergic to only two things: tobacco and curry. This could easily be made ahead and reheated but I would save the extra pineapple juice to add in the event the rice absorbs too much of the liquid. However, do keep in mind that the final product should not be soupy!

If your local grocer doesn't stock crystallized ginger, pick up a jar the next time you are in a city. It keeps well if covered tightly, and you'll be glad to have it around for holiday cooking and baking.

COMPANY TUNA CASSEROLE

- 1 can tuna
- 1 can chicken rice soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 can chow mein noodles
- 1/2 cup almonds

Mix together and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven. This freezes nicely.

MARY BETH'S BUTTER HORN ROLLS

- 1 envelope yeast
- 1 Tbls. warm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup warm water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 4 cups sifted flour

Start out by melting the shortening so it will have time to cool before it is needed.

Dissolve the yeast in the tablespoon of warm water and add the teaspoon of sugar. Put this aside until ready to use. Sift the flour and have a mound of it ready for use. In a mixer break three eggs and beat; then add the cup of warm water and mix these together. Add to the egg-water mixture 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 cup melted shortening. Now you are ready to add the yeast and mix it long enough to be sure it is well blended.

Add the first three cups of flour, one cup at a time. By now you will need to speed up the motor on the mixer as the dough is becoming stiff. The fourth and final cup of flour should be added in 1/4 cupfuls. (Whether you use the complete remaining cup depends upon the size of the eggs you have used. If they were large eggs you will need the entire last cupful, if not, 3/4 of this final cup will suffice. You will know when enough flour has been added because the dough will wrap itself around the beaters and clean itself away from the edges of the bowl.)

Now remove the beaters from the dough. Pour the batter into a large greased bowl, cover with a plastic bowl cover and allow to stand at room temperature for 2 hours, or until the dough is double in size. Next poke the dough back to near its original size with a spoon or your floured fingers. Put this covered bowl into the refrigerator for at least an hour. This can be held for any length of time. I kept mine overnight like this and then rolled it out the next evening. However, if you are planning on using this the same day be sure to allow an hour in the refrigerator for the dough to stiffen sufficiently to handle.

When ready to work the dough, flour an area of your cabinet lightly and pull a large handful of the dough loose. Roll this lightly in the flour and then roll out a piece similar to rolling pie crust. Cut with a biscuit size cutter and place the pieces on a greased cookie sheet. You can make any size or variety roll you prefer.

Cloverleaf rolls are easy. They require the use of a muffin pan and the individual balls of dough need to be buttered. Parkerhouse rolls need to be creased across the center with the handle of a tableknife, then one half dipped in melted butter and folded shut like a pocketbook. All of these will need a good hour and a half to rise again at room temperature. Bake at 350° for twelve to twenty minutes, depending on how brown you prefer your rolls.

MARGERY'S BEEF "STRETCHER"

- 1 lb. round steak
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup quick-cooking rice
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 can red kidney beans
- 1 can beef consomme
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. salt

Cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Heat butter in skillet, add onion, salt and meat and brown. In a 2-quart casserole put layer of meat, then rice, tomatoes and beans; repeat layers. Combine consomme, chili powder, oregano and salt and pour over all. Bake, uncovered, in 350 degree oven for 1 hour. If casserole is shallow, add a little water as needed to keep mixture moist. Serves 6.

LEANNA'S GINGER BARS

- In large bowl:
- 2/3 cup molasses
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Beat thoroughly.

On stove in saucepan:

- 1 cup raisins
 - 2/3 cup water
- Simmer to plump, then drain raisins, saving liquid and measure out 1/2 cup and add to mixture.

In flour sifter:

- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger

Add to mixture and raisins. Bake on large greased cookie sheet with sides. Spread out evenly. The oven should be set at 375 degrees and the baking time is about 20 minutes.

Icing

2 Tbls. butter in skillet, browned to a golden color. Remove from heat and add 2 Tbls. cream or top milk and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring. Add powdered sugar enough to spread nicely over cookies while still warm but not hot. When cool, cut into bars. Very, very good.

CHEESE SALAD

- 2 Tbls. gelatin softened in
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 cups crushed pineapple, undrained
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups shredded American cheese
- 1/2 pint cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Place pineapple, lemon juice and sugar in a pan and heat to boiling. Remove and add dissolved gelatin. Allow to cool until it begins to thicken and then fold in the cheese and whipped cream. Chill until it is firm and serve on lettuce with just a little dab of mayonnaise.



For sheer brilliance of color and spectacular size, few flowers can surpass dahlias. Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger snapped these beauties in her garden last summer.

RUSSELL'S NOTES ON GARDENING

Now that the spring bulbs are in full bloom (or about to be), many of you gardeners are wondering if they will bloom as beautifully next year.

Yes, they will if you give them a chance to develop the new bulb that is formed at this time. Cut the flowers as soon as they die so they do not go to seed. This enables their strength to return to the formation of the new bulb rather than to go into the seed pod.

If you run into a dry spell, dig in fertilizer and water thoroughly. This will encourage growth and will also help in whatever plantings you have in mind to fill the space when the tulips are gone. *Never* cut the foliage until the leaves begin to turn yellow, for the leaves are absolutely essential to the building of the new bulb. If you find aphids or any other insects on the leaves, use a good all-purpose bug dust to get rid of them. (This will also help control the spread of insects to other plants and shrubs.)

I have been asked frequently if it is wise to dig bulbs after they have bloomed. I have done this only when the bulbs became very crowded; then I replanted the larger bulbs that were sure to bloom again the next year and placed the smaller bulbs in an out-of-the-way spot where they could develop. It takes several years for these bulbets to attain blooming size.

Grape hyacinths, crocus and other small bulbs are much better left undisturbed. They spread out naturally and don't mind crowding as much as the larger bulbs.

Iris and peonies will be blooming soon after the spectacular display of early spring flowers. I used to find them a real problem in my garden because of such limited space and the long period that followed in which there was nothing but foliage. But now

(Continued on next page)

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 these 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.

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I brighten up these spots by using clumps of eight or twelve gladiolus planted around the iris; by planting these glads at intervals of about two weeks they give fine spots of color during summer and early autumn to the otherwise drab iris areas. Their foliage is similar and the over-all effect is quite surprising. Both plants thrive in full sun, so they get along very well together.

Peonies prefer full sun also. The contrast of foliage between cannas with their large smooth leaves and the cut leaves of the peonies is very effective. Canna roots are mainly on the surface so they do not interfere with the deep growing peonies. If you have a long row of peonies and would like variety for the summer months, place a group of two or three canna roots between them and you'll be happily surprised by the results.

Another effective way of brightening peony plants through the summer months is to grow clematis with them, allowing the vines to trail over the peonies. The large flowering types will bloom all summer if they are not allowed to go to seed, and clematis blooming over peony plants surely produces a striking effect. (Clematis has a tendency to get rambunctious, so I cut it down to the ground each spring.)

Cannas are one of the earliest of all tender bulbs or roots to grow and one of the most rewarding. Full sun and water during very dry spells is all they require, and they seem to thrive in almost any kind of soil.

I have used them as a temporary hedge while a permanent hedge was getting its growth, and have also found them invaluable as individual accents in the perennial border or in the foreground of shrubs. A round bed of these new varieties of cannas now available still makes a stunning sight when most other flowers have given up during intense summer heat. This year I am going to try potting a few so that I can move them about when a bare spot develops in the garden. This fall or next spring I'll try and give you a report on how it works out.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

This is a wonderful new interest for him and I'm glad that we were able to get the little microscope. It is an advance birthday present since his birthday falls in July, but we wanted to get it for him when the interest first presented itself. It seems that they have one at school which goes from room to room as needed and he was absolutely fascinated with it.

One thing about a big family, when an older child has lost interest in some particular item, there are always younger nieces and nephews to pass it on to, so as a family, we really get our money's worth out of what we buy our children! Martin is beginning to lose interest in his electric train, for instance, but Clark (Wayne and Abigail's little boy) is almost ready for one, so I imagine it won't be long until it is passed on to him. The same holds true for the microscope. If Martin's in-



It's morning coffee time at the Kitchen-Klatter office and we all dropped our work long enough to do away with a batch of Peanut Butter cookies. If it weren't for these willing "tasters" it would be a real problem to test so many recipes. Seated from left to right are Reatha Seger, Margaret Anderson, Mary Lou Mika, Helen Laughlin, Helen Betz, Mae Driftmier and Russell Verness. In the second row are Irene Hamilton, Frances Lyden, Charlotte Livingston and Lucile Verness. (Those are copies of Kitchen-Klatter behind Mae and Russell—we were in the middle of getting them addressed when this picture was taken.)

terest continues to grow he may want a larger, better one some day and this can be handed down to the younger ones.

We would certainly welcome any new ideas you friends might have to raise money in the church. There have been a number of requests for new ideas. Here in Shenandoah the money-raising projects have run to suppers. There have been pancake suppers, chili suppers and bean soup and cornbread suppers that I've heard about. If you have tried other ventures we'd like to hear about them.

It won't be long until curtains will be coming down and everyone will be in the whirl of spring housecleaning. I've tried to keep the house up this winter so that there will be no big upheaval. Everytime I clean I do the woodwork and curtains in one room, but my back rebels at some jobs so I'll have someone in to help me later.

When you have a few minutes to spare, do try to write. We love your letters.

Sincerely,

Margery

HEARTS IN TUNE—Concluded

This theme of hearts can be carried through the food in many ways aside from heart-shaped cookies.

Hot biscuits are always a great success for such affairs, and this time cut them heart-shaped with a cookie cutter. Gelatine salads can be prepared in heart molds, or the salad can be made in shallow pans and cut out with a cookie cutter. Whole pimientos can be snipped with scissors into tiny hearts to decorate salads, sandwiches, the top of a casserole, etc. If pie is served, decorate the top with heart-shaped cut-outs of pastry. Slices of beets can also be cut into heart-shaped pieces to accompany relishes. There is no end to the decorative pos-

sibilities for any type of meal or refreshments.

Many mother-daughter affairs cover a great range in age. It would be fun to recognize the youngest and the oldest people present by pinning a tiny heart (for small child) or a large heart (for grandmother) on these guests.

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

and no possible water supply if our electricity were knocked-out. Last spring a tornado went right through Oak Park and although the damage was mild, people were hard put to it to eat while the power was gone. It's rather frightening to be so dependent on electricity, especially when you have such small children.

I can also say with no embarrassment that part of our decision to prepare ourselves for such an emergency stems from the sound of the news that comes from Europe. The Civil Defense course I took last fall made quite an impression on me. I have made a list of things I would need to keep the family functioning in the event of a nuclear war and I'll soon have it completed. I've been picking things up since January and it's surprising how much one family needs. We've had the portable radio repaired, which again is useful in case of natural emergencies. I now have a two-weeks supply of food sealed tightly in 50 pound lard cans. I feel sure that most of the farm women who read this have the advantage on me because most farm houses have lovely big pantries that are well stocked with more than a two-weeks' supply. This sounds grisly to talk about and quite depressing, but if the time ever comes when we'll need these things there won't be the opportunity to pick them up in a hurry. Until next month,

Mary Beth

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

One of these days your thoughts won't turn to doughnuts when you put your mind to fixing something extra special for the family, but before steamy hot weather arrives you should take yourself to the kitchen and make these doughnuts.

The recipe isn't new. We used it first about eleven years ago, but over and over again we've had requests for it from people who thought it was wonderful and regretted bitterly they'd somehow let their copy of the recipe get away from them.

Glazed Raised Doughnuts

- 1 1/2 cups scalded milk
- 2 yeast cakes or
- 2 envelopes dry yeast
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup butter
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 1/2 to 5 cups flour
- 1 cup mashed potatoes

Boil and mash potatoes. Put in mixing bowl and add butter, eggs, sugar and milk. When lukewarm add crumbled yeast (if using dry yeast, follow directions on envelope). Mix thoroughly and add flour and salt. Place in bowl and cover; let rise; punch down only once and let rise again.

Roll about 1/2 inch thick and cut with ordinary doughnut cutter, but do not cut out holes. Let raise until double in size, and then pull a hole in the center with your fingers, stretching to the size of a half-dollar. Fry in deep fat and glaze while warm. Place doughnuts on a wire rack when glazed so the excess can drip into pan below. This keeps the doughnuts from getting soggy, and you can use the glaze that drips into the pan over again.

Glaze

- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. thick sweet cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Enough warm water to make a liquid

DIFFERENT SUNDAY FUDGE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup light or heavy cream
- 1/3 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup broken nutmeats

Butter the sides of the saucepan. Put in ingredients with the exception of the butter, flavoring and nuts. Bring to a boil, turn fire down and boil very gently until firm ball stage. Remove from heat, add butter, flavoring and nuts. Cool. Spread in buttered pan and when firm cut into squares. Very creamy and just "different" enough in flavor to be a welcome change from the usual old Sunday cocoa fudge.

BEST SELLERS FOR THE

BAKE-SALE

By

Erma Reynolds

"Will you contribute something to our bake-sale?"

How often have you responded to a request like this? Many, many times, I'm sure.

Here are some ways to glamorize your future bake-stuff contributions so they'll be the highlights of the sale.

Brownies are always a popular item at a food sale. Make yours stand out from the rest by frosting the tops and standing an animal cracker on each square while the frosting is still soft. Or, frost them and place a large nut meat in the center of each square.

Donating an unfrosted cake? Place a paper doily on top of the cake and sift confectioners sugar through the holes of the design. Remove the doily carefully and you will have a unique topping to tempt the buyer.

If you have baked a cake in a ring mold, place a small glass of water in the center of the cake and fill with a miniature bouquet of fresh flowers.

Use boiled frosting on a layer cake—it holds up longer. Decorate by slicing small colored gumdrops and placing them, cut sides up, on the top and sides of the cake.

A fortune cake makes a novelty item. In the batter of the cake incorporate a few tiny charms and a shiny penny. Bake as usual. Be sure to place a sign by the cake describing its features.

Cupcakes take on a gala air when a candy in the form of an animal or flower stands in the frosting of each cake.

For something different in the cooky line, squeeze the dough through a cake decorator tube, making the cookies into unique designs and shapes. This recipe works well for these cookies: 1/2 lb. butter, 1 1/4 cups sugar, 1 whole egg, 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla, pinch salt, 3 cup flour. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg, vanilla, dry ingredients, sifted. Squeeze dough through cake decorator onto ungreased aluminum pans. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 10 minutes, or until brown.

If cake or cookies are not your forte, contribute jam or jelly to the sale. Give the jars customer appeal by placing a small paper doily over the top of each jar; fasten it on with a band of narrow ribbon.

MAY SHOWERS

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.



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I did not rest until I found a way of telling others how simple and easy it was to eat my way to wonderful Health I am enjoying.

I was the Guinea pig for 3 years to learn my food facts the hard way. In what I call my 750 word letter, I tell you all the foods and drinks I quit to have such wonderful health, correct weight and eye sight. I never expect to need glasses. No Catarrh or bad breath. Thank the Lord you have read this and write me your ailments. I will explain 750 word letter of food facts and how little it will cost you. Rush your air mail letter to me today and say you saw my ad in Kitchen-Klatter. No post cards please. I can help you.

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LOOKING FOR A MAN

The words defined below are a different kind of men. The blanks indicate the number of missing letters.

1. ————MAN. A member of a particular trade.
2. ————MAN. One who arrives very early in the morning.
3. ————MAN. One who hunts or fishes.
4. ————MAN. A member of the armed forces.
5. ————MAN. One who carries letters.
6. ————MAN. A minister.
7. ————MAN. One who waits on tables.
8. ————MAN. A college student in his first year.

Answers

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Craftsman | 6. Postman |
| 2. Milkman | 6. Clergyman |
| 3. Sportsman | 7. Footman |
| 4. Serviceman | 8. Freshman |

A well-known author chanced upon a large number of copies of a long, incredibly dull book, which contained no index. Since they were cheap, he bought them up and mailed them anonymously to his friends, with the comment: "I think you will find this book interesting, especially the references to you, which, I hope, you will not consider offensive."

If fifty million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing.

"IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING"

Springtime Breakfast or Luncheon

By

Mabel Nair Brown

For your organization's very first springtime luncheon or breakfast why not use the theme "It Might As Well Be Spring" and, to use a popular expression, procede to have "spring just bustin' out all over the place"?

If you wish to go all out and have written invitations, use daisies cut from seed catalogues (or sketch them in ink) in one corner of a white card. Use green ink to write the invitation which might read something like this: "The daisies do tell that the Merry Makers Club cordially invite you to their annual spring luncheon on April 10th, at one o'clock at —."

What could be a prettier setting for such an affair than a lovely spring garden, complete with flowers and birds? If you have the space, arrange the long tables in a horseshoe or square and have the garden in the center. Otherwise you can adapt the idea to one corner of the dining hall.

For the "Garden," locate some large cardboard cartons (extra heavy ones) in sizes so they may be tiered up to form three or four steps (shelves) on all four sides. On these shelves arrange whatever blooming house plants, vines and spring flowers are available—African violets, forsythia, jonquills, geraniums, potted hyacinths, etc. Perhaps on the very top you might place a gaily painted bird house, or a bird cage with a live canary or parakeet! If friends are willing, perhaps several birds and cages might be borrowed to place in, or near, your indoor garden scene.

Use bouquets of spring flowers, blooming house plants, or bird cage arrangements for the table centerpieces. Pipe cleaners, or the longer pieces of colored chenille wire may be used to form the miniature bird cages; flowers can be placed inside them. Many people have lovely little ceramic birds or carved wooden birds and these would be most effective used with such springtime centerpieces.

If nutcups are used they might have a miniature bird house of construction paper (or crepe paper) which fits down over the cup. Another idea would be to make small paper wheelbarrows of heavy paper (red ones, yellow ones, pale green ones) and use pipe cleaners for the handles, legs, and to fasten on the marshmallow or lifesaver wheel. These would be very pretty little nutcups.

A most attractive edible centerpiece for a breakfast is to assemble whole pineapple slices into the shape of a whole pineapple and place it on a large chop plate. Decorate with whole strawberries or cherries, with lemon leaves around the base and at the top. This pineapple could be the fruit on the breakfast menu. (I have also used this pineapple idea at a luncheon and "frosted" the assembled pineapple with softened cream cheese tinted a delicate lemon yellow, scoring it to resemble the pineapple and serving it



This picture of Katharine Driftmier in her new white dress smocked by Mabel Schoff of Stewartville, Mo., reminds us of the words: "Sugar and spice and everything nice, That's what little girls are made of."

as the salad with a lettuce cup.)

PROGRAM THEME: "Heralds of Spring."

The First Voice of Spring—Invocation.

The Robin's Return—Welcome.

Bluebirds of Happiness—Musical number.

Bunny Hop—might be title of a tap-dance number, if used.

"Say It With Flowers"—Presentation of corsages to distinguished guests.

"Foundation Plantings," or "Seed-time and Harvest"—for title of main talk.

Other suggested titles for parts of the program might be: "The First Bud," "In Full Bloom" or "With A Green Thumb," and more musical numbers could be listed as "Bird Notes" or "Canary Melodies."

Very pretty program booklet favors could be made with colored pictures of flowers cut from seed and nursery catalogues and glued to the pastel construction paper used for the covers.

FOOD TIPS: Is there a homemade roll enthusiast in your group? Perhaps she would agree to make the yeast rolls which are tied into a knot and then shaped to resemble a bird. Another edible "pretty" is the orange basket which is filled with sections of fresh fruits—oranges, grapefruit, bananas, pineapple. Broiled grapefruit is another delightful taste treat. Chicken salad makes a delightful combination served with hot rolls at a luncheon. Cup cake or sugar cookie hats make a very pretty dessert to serve at such an affair—if you are lucky enough to have someone on the committee who loves to decorate them.

A THING YOU CANNOT DO

You cannot pray the Lord's Prayer
And even once say, "I",
You cannot pray the Lord's Prayer
And even once say, "My",
Nor can you pray the Lord's Prayer
And not ask for another,
For when you ask for daily bread
You must include your brother.
For others are included
In each and every plea;
From beginning to the end of it,
It does not once say, "Me".

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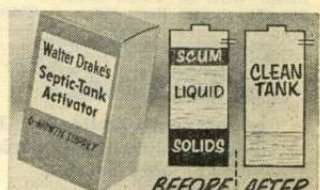
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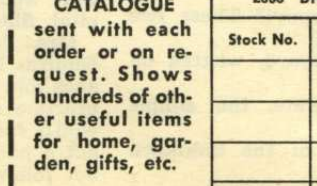


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A PRAYER FOR THE NEW DAY

Lord, Make Me a channel of Thy Peace . . .
 That where there is hatred—
 I may bring love;
 That where there is wrong—
 I may bring the Spirit of forgiveness;
 That where there is discord—
 I may bring Harmony;
 That where there is error—
 I may bring truth;
 That where there is doubt—
 I may bring faith;
 That where there is despair—
 I may bring hope;
 That where there are shadows—
 I may bring light;
 That where there is sadness—
 I may bring joy!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Make me a wise mother, O God. Keep me calm and give me patience to bear the cares and worries of the daily routine of life.

Give me tolerance and understanding to bridge the gulf which exists between my generation and that of my children.

Help me to bear silently the physical and mental pain of these days and of those I love by reminding me that only through suffering can we comprehend the distress of others.

Let me not be too ready to guide my children's stumbling feet, but allow me to be ever near to bind their bruises.

Give me a sense of humor that I may laugh with them but never at them.

Let me refrain from preaching with words. Keep me from forcing their confidences, but give me a sympathetic ear when my children come to me.

Help me teach them that life must not be filled with compromises, but must be replete with victories.

Make me humble. Keep my children close to me, O Lord, though miles may separate us.

AND LET THY LIGHT SHINE ON ME THAT THEY TOO MAY PERCEIVE THY GLORY. Amen.

—by

Jessie Field Shambaugh

SHE MADE HOME HAPPY

"She made home happy!" These few words I read

Within a churchyard, written on a stone;

No name, no date, the simple words alone

Told me the story of the unknown dead.

A marble column lifted high its head Close by, inscribed to one the world has known;

But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'ergrown

Thrilled me far more than his who armies led!

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Many calls for cheer and help have come to my desk lately. Perhaps you can help with some of them.

Rex Hicks, 304 S. 3rd St., Mt. Vernon, Ill., is a 14 year old boy who is most anxious to help his semi-invalid mother, and his two invalid sisters. They have a large plot for a garden and he wants to plant it and raise some of their food, but has no way to get seeds. Could you share some of yours with him?

Kenny Knight, 6325 Fowler Ave., Sacramento 24, California, was 9 in December. On January 4th he was accidentally shot in the lower abdomen with a 12 gauge shotgun, and as a result has had much surgery and is scheduled for more. Since it will be a long time before he is well again, please try to send some mail, books or light playthings.

Shirley Ann Lee, Rt. 2, Box 18, Rural Retreat, Va., has a little known disease called Myositis Ossificans Progressiva. They tell her there are only 150 known cases in the world. She would like very much to hear from someone who has it, or who knows someone struggling with it so they can compare notes. Do you know anyone? I think she would like to hear from anyone else who will write, too.

Regina Leeds, 635 Hasson St. South, Hutchinson, Minn., will be 15 on May 22. She is a polio victim who has spent much time in hospitals and a wheelchair, but is now able to walk with a couple of canes. Mail would mean a lot to her.

Dale Roe, 401 Kishwaukee St., Rockford, Ill., is in his twenties and a victim of cerebral palsy. He enjoys sports and would appreciate mail.

Joyce Whitaker, Rt. 3, Binghamton, N. Y., is 18. In 1954 she was in a terrible car accident, and five members of the family were so badly hurt they have not yet made a complete recovery. She would love to get some mail.

Janet Williams, eleven, has been confined to the Crippled Children's Hospital, Florence, S. Carolina for many months with rheumatic fever. There are months ahead of being in bed, so if you can send anything to her it will help pass the time that drags so heavily.

Pamela Wilson, Hopedale, Ill., has suffered from heart trouble for a long time and had to return to the hospital. She is only nine.

Mrs. Sarah Carroll, 506 Budd St., Elmira, N. Y. is 89. She lives alone, does lots of crocheting and would appreciate samples of crocheted lace in width for pillow cases. She can pick out a pattern from a sample but cannot follow printed directions.

Three people who cannot answer but would appreciate hearing from you are: Mrs. Myrtle Coe, Bethany Nursing Home, Clear Lake, Ia.; Mrs. Ralph Lucas, RR, Afton, Ia.; Victor Russell, Terrace View Rest Home, Spring Valley, Minn.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

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August ads due June 10.

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GIFTS—Aprons, hankies with crocheted edges \$1.50 each. Mrs. Dreibus, 1914 Central Avenue, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

PUPPIES—Beagles, Chihuahuas, Pomeranians (all colors), Spitz, Pekingeses, Foxterriers (Toys, Wires, Smooths). Zante's, Monroe, Iowa.

PRETTY—10" metallic strawberry doily \$1.25. Heart medallion linen hanky \$1.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

RUGWEAVING—materials prepared \$1.25 yd. I'll prepare, weave \$2.00. SALE—throw rugs (large) new corduroy \$2.75. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

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5 BALL PEN REFILLS plus discount catalogue 25¢. CALNOR, 624(B) South Michigan Ave., Chicago 5.

MARCH AD good all summer. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

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CROCHETED—Hairpin pillow slip edgings 42" — \$1.00 pair. Tatted hankie edges 47" — 2 strips — \$1.00. All any color. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

LINEN HANKIES—for Mother's Day. Beautiful crocheted edgings 50¢. Mrs. Paul Kaiser, Preston, Nebraska.

REDUCE—without drugs, exercising formula \$1.00. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

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APRONS—pretty and serviceable \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

FOR SALE—crocheted edge hankies. White or colored 50¢. Mrs. Chloe Sebolt, Coatsville, Missouri.

TOWELS—Swedish embroidered \$1.25 each. Pillow cases textile painted \$3.50 or with drawn work and tatted trim \$4.75. Aprons made of handkerchiefs and ribbon \$1.50. Organdy \$1.50 or unbleached with Mexican Hat pocket. Mrs. Bowling Wheeler, Canmer, Kentucky.

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PERHAPS SOME OF YOU CAN TAKE THIS COLORADO TRIP IN 1959

Dear Friends,

Last month I started writing about our five-day trip to southwestern Colorado. I covered the drive to Durango and our visit to Mesa Verde National Park. The next high-light of the trip was to be a round trip to Silverton, Colorado on a railroad train. Now this wasn't just any ordinary train, but the only regularly-operating old-fashioned narrow gauge train in the United States. Our trip continues:

We arrived very early the third morning to purchase tickets for the train which departs shortly after 9:00 A.M. The "All Sold Out" sign was disconcerting but we had been warned to expect this. A kind-hearted resident had told us to stand in line and get our names on the cancellation list early. He assured us that if we waited around until the train pulled out, we would find ourselves aboard as passengers. He was entirely correct, even though the milling throng in the station made us very dubious about our chances.

If you take this trip, wear washable clothing and a cap or scarf, for it is a genuine old-time train complete with quantities of soot. Also prepare to relax and enjoy the scenery at a leisurely pace since the maximum speed is 15 miles per hour. For much of the way the tracks follow the Animas River; there are times when it appears the train must be suspended in the air above the river. Several stops are made for the benefit of the photographers aboard or for fishermen who use the train to commute to their favorite fishing spot for a few hours. At last the narrow-gauge backs itself into the station at Silverton where the passengers pour out for lunch and a stroll around this once-great mining town.

Perhaps you too will be greeted by gunfire, bodies falling in the street and you will see the formation of a posse to capture the "worst gun-fighters in the West." Don't become alarmed; it's all a part of the performance put on by the local melodrama players.

The towering mountains that rim Silverton are honeycombed with mines that once produced enormous wealth. "The Grand Imperial Hotel," once the finest hostelry in the mountains, was lovingly restored and modernized at great expense a few years ago. A disastrous fire gutted much of the interior only the day before our arrival, but the free museum section of the hotel was still open and we enjoyed viewing the old photographs, newspapers and historic items housed here. We certainly hope "The Grand Imperial" will be restored to full operation again.

(Incidentally, the only trial for cannibalism ever held in the United States, occurred in Silverton. We thought about this after the return trip brought us back to Durango just

in time for supper and an early bedtime.)

Originally we had thought about driving state highway 145 from Dolores up over Lizard Head Pass to Ophir and Telluride, but when local people reported the route "very difficult" because of road repairs, we knew it was no road for us. Instead we drove No. 550 north from Durango to Silverton. Even though this highway covers the same area as the railroad trip, the views are quite different. 550 from Silverton to Ouray is known as the "Million Dollar Highway" because each mile cost almost that much money.

Just beyond Silverton, Red Mountain looms in spectacular color. Each turn brings a million dollar view and photographers will want to stop frequently. Be sure to save enough film for Ouray. From high above you will first see this charming community nestling beneath great towering peaks. Because of the similarity of terrain, this section is called the "Switzerland of the U. S." Those with sharp eyes will spot several waterfalls thousands of feet above the town.

We stopped at Box Canyon Park for our picnic lunch. There is a fee of 50 cents a car here which we were happy to pay to find a really clean park, good restrooms and nice tables and fireplaces. Be sure to walk up to Box Canyon Falls; it is not far and quite unique. A box canyon is one that has no way out at the head, as many hunters have discovered.

Heading north from Ouray the high mountains are left in the distance. After passing through Montrose, our next stop was at the "Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument." Facilities here are still being developed but there is a campground, headquarters building and a rim drive with view-point trails within walking distance of the road. Here the Gunnison River has cut straight down through sheer rock for thousands of feet. We later stopped at the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River near Canon City. Believe me, the Royal Gorge looks like a ditch compared to the Black Canyon!

Late that afternoon we drove on to the city of Gunnison for lodging. If you have fishermen in your family, they will probably want to stay here for several days. This is one of the most famous trout-fishing areas in the entire country. I'm not interested in fishing but there are many interesting places near Gunnison for one-day scenic trips. The Chamber of Commerce has a brochure listing them in case you are interested.

The next morning we took U. S. 50 over Monarch Pass to Salida, then along the Arkansas River to Canon City. We did turn off to the Royal Gorge but found it an anti-climax after the Black Canyon. Because we were anxious to have extra time in Colorado Springs, we turned on Colo. 115. However, there is another road known as the Phantom Canyon Road which friends tell us is quite an experience for those who enjoy venturing off modern highways.

There were still several hours of



Daddy's home from the office and there's time for a story while mama finishes supper. Katharine dearly loves to be read to and Donald is a patient daddy—even when he's tired.

daylight when we arrived in Colorado Springs, so we decided to take U. S. 24 to Colo. 67 and drive up to Cripple Creek and Victor on the far side of Pike's Peak.

There are many ghost mining towns near here dating from the last great gold discoveries in Colorado during the 1890's. Cripple Creek has become something of a resort, but there is still mining around Victor. We drove on to all that remains of Goldfield—there isn't much left. But the fire hydrants stand as mute evidence of the many houses that once filled this boom town.

It was late afternoon when we decided to return to Colorado Springs via the Gold Camp Road. The road is quite narrow but not over-run with blind curves or great drop-offs. We met few cars and found turn-outs whenever we did meet another car. We didn't learn until later that we were driving on an abandoned railroad bed!

It was a lovely quiet drive with one magnificent sight—the rays of the setting sun shining on the unusual red rock formations in Cathedral Park.

We became uneasy only at the very end. Just as we started down the series of switch-backs descending into Colorado Springs, it started to rain hard. Now no one relaxes much when driving a steep, narrow dirt road if it is dark and raining. But we made it down safe and sound. Don't let these last remarks prevent you from ever taking this road. We just don't recommend starting out on it late in the day.

Home looked mighty good about 9:30 that evening. But once again we were filled with gratitude that we had been able to explore this ever-fascinating state of Colorado.

Cordially,
Abigail

A boy becomes a man when he walks around a puddle instead of through it.