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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

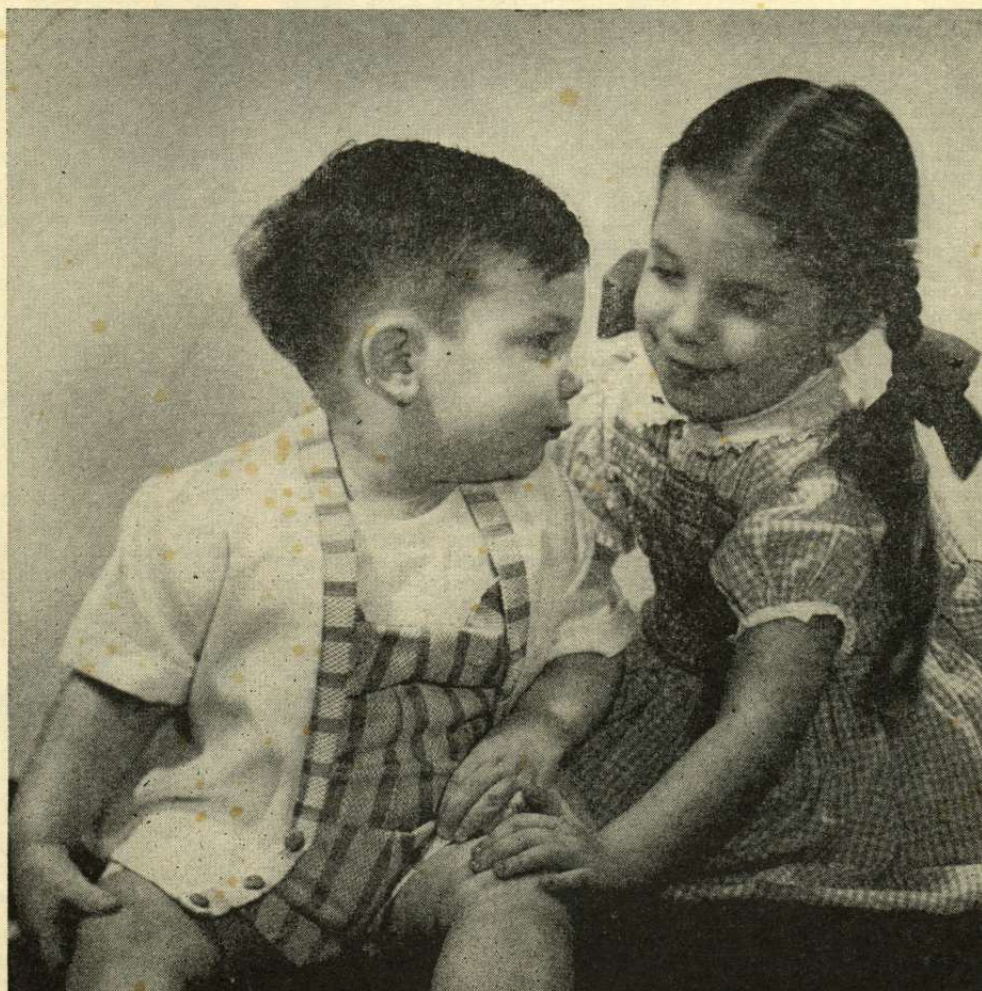
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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VOL. 23

JULY, 1959

NUMBER 7



Paul and Katharine Driftmier

Photo by Dyer

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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Dear Friends:

In years gone by I've written some of my letters to you when we were on our road to California or Florida, but I always worried that something might happen and they wouldn't get back home in time to meet the printer's deadline. So after thinking it over I decided not to have this worry on my mind and simply write before we start our trip. Next month I can tell you about our experiences from the time we left Shenandoah until we returned.

Mart and I have looked forward to this particular trip for many months. We were housebound through a hard Iowa winter and almost as closely housebound through week after week of dark rainy weather. I was grateful more than once that we had this trip to anticipate.

Dorothy is driving for us, an arrangement that worked out fine all the way around. Mart and I can no longer travel great distances alone, and Dorothy welcomed a chance to have a trip, so the three of us are well pleased. We'll visit Frederick and his family first in Springfield, Mass., then go down to Washington, D. C., and swing home by way of Anderson, Indiana to visit Donald and his family. We plan to make other stops, of course, and I'll tell you about them next month.

The high point of our family activities since I last wrote to you was the wedding of Donna Lair, Howard's and Mae's daughter, on Sunday afternoon, May 31st, when she became the bride of Thomas Nenneman, son of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Nenneman of Sidney, Iowa.

The Methodist church was beautifully decorated with white pew bows, baskets and an altar arrangement containing white carnations and gladiolas, and tall white candles. An organ prelude was played by Kathryn Bay, who also accompanied Melvin Taylor for his three numbers "Because," "I Love You Truly" and "The Lord's Prayer."

Howard gave his daughter in marriage and certainly Donna was a beautiful bride in her white floor length dress and lovely Chantilly lace veil. Her corsage was of red roses and she wore a string of exquisite pearls, a gift from her husband.

The Reverend J. R. Crandall, pastor of the Methodist church, read the

double ring service. Ruth Linscheid of Peru, Nebraska and Pauline Kish of Shenandoah served as bridesmaids, Mrs. Lois Schutte of Cedar Falls, Ia., was maid of honor, and Juliana and Kristin were candlelighters. They all wore dresses in a delicate shade of mint green.

Tom's brother, Jack Nenneman of Watson, Mo., was his best man.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held in the parlors of the Methodist church with relatives and friends of the bride and groom as assistants. Then Donna and Tom slipped away for a week's honeymoon, the most time they could manage for Donna had to be back to serve as a member of the wedding party for a close college friend.

About mid-August they will drive to Lakeside, California where they will both teach in the public schools. Lakeside is a recently developed town not far from San Diego and it will probably be something of a problem to find housing. We don't know, of course, what plans they will make for the Christmas holidays, but we all think it would be wonderful if Howard and Mae could go out and visit them.

All in all, these last three weeks have surely been busy ones for the Howard Driftmier family! There was a new house to move into, Donna's graduation ceremonies to attend at Peru State Teachers College, Peru, Nebr., and finally the big church wedding with all of the details to look after that go with such an affair. Our Kitchen-Klatter offices where Mae is manager are always very busy, but I think they looked peaceful to her on the Monday morning following Sunday's wedding.

You will notice on this page the announcement that beginning on Wednesday morning, July 1st, our Kitchen-Klatter program will be heard over KCFI, Cedar Falls-Waterloo, Iowa at 9:00 A.M. We are looking forward to being in touch with many of you old friends who cannot hear Kitchen-Klatter on the other stations, and we hope that we make new friends too. By the time we return from our trip the steps at Lucile's and Russell's house will be in and I can go down there occasionally to share the daily radio visit with Lucile or Margery.

I've appreciated the letters from you friends who express regret that you

GOOD NEWS!

It certainly gives us much pleasure to tell you that at 9:00 A.M. on Wednesday, July 1st, you can tune your radio to station KCFI in Cedar Falls, Iowa (1250 on your dial) and hear our Kitchen-Klatter program.

We are really looking forward to being in touch once again with old friends who haven't been able to hear Kitchen-Klatter in recent years, and we hope to get acquainted with many new friends too.

If you have relatives and friends in the area where KCFI is heard, please pass on this word and tell them to keep an ear out for us on Wednesday morning, July 1st. With your support we can come into your homes every weekday and share all of our experiences as our Iowa seasons come and go.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

can't hear me more frequently, but I'll just have to ask you to remember that I'm in my seventies now and not up to doing all of the things I used to do. We all get to that place, you know, and I'm just grateful that I have two girls to carry on—I should really say three girls because Dorothy enjoys visiting on the air when she comes home to see us. If all my girls lived far away as so many of your girls do, there could no longer be a Kitchen-Klatter program and I'd feel badly about this. I think that all of us like to see the things we started carried on by our children.

Jessie is spending some time with her son and his family in Des Moines, and Martha is still in New Jersey with her son and his family. We hope to be able to see her while we are gone. Bertha Field has done a big job of remodeling and redecorating and is all ready for summer visits from her children.

It is raining as I write this and I cannot help but wish it could fall on some section that stands badly in need of moisture. We're in a section where farmers have had a terrible time trying to get into the fields because of far above normal rainfall. Well, the weather is something we can't do a thing about so we can only hope that there will be enough dry weather ahead to give us crops.

I must close now and do some last minute jobs. May this be a happy summer for you and yours.

Affectionately,

Leanna

P. S. We couldn't get the wedding pictures back from the engravers in time for this issue, so we'll share them with you in the August issue.

Also, our warmest thanks to you thoughtful friends who've sent in your renewals before we had to mail you cards. It costs so much to send those cards—all of your help means a lot to us.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

These days I find our Kitchen-Klatter office a tranquil refuge and a rock of peace! It's always a very busy place and most of the time it's a very noisy place (particularly when we're running the machines that address each issue of Kitchen-Klatter magazine), so if I find it genuinely restful to be down here you can figure out at once that it's mighty noisy at home.

We've reached the point in our remodeling where I feel as if we're living right in the middle of a boiler factory. The only place in the house where we can carry on a conversation without shouting is in the soundproof broadcast room and in Russell's room that lies beyond it. In any other section we have to scream at each other above the band saws, blow torches and hammering. Under any circumstances it would be trying, but something about the unending rain, drizzle, lowering skies and penetrating chill make it seem doubly trying.

There's one thing to be said for the situation we're in: no point in doing any real cleaning or trying to keep things picked up. My bed is in the living room and there's only a narrow path between furniture to get through to the kitchen. That kitchen! After they tore off the back porch I had no place to put all the stuff that usually was stowed away out there, so that's all in my poor old kitchen too. I don't have room enough to do any *real* cooking and as a result we've had pretty slim pickings most of the time.

At this time I despair of trying to convey to you how the whole thing is going to be when we're all through. (Hope snow doesn't fly again before we *are* through!) I wanted to make a very rough sketch to send to an old friend in Chicago and found that I couldn't even get it down on paper so it made sense. Russell and I have concluded that our only hope of trying to make it clear is to have a floor plan of the type Donald drew of his house (this was in the January issue, 1959) and simply show you the completed house without trying to indicate on it the before and after lines.

At the time I write this in early June I can say that from the outside it looks horrible and I'm sure everyone who drives by concludes that it's the craziest thing they've ever seen. Part of this impression comes from the fact that the wing on the west has a sealer coat of white, the main portion of the house is blue, and the wing now under construction is covered with black paper. Part of the roof is white, part is green and part is black. This Joseph's coat color scheme doesn't help matters any.

When we are all through the entire house will be blue with white shutters and a white roof. (Someplace else in this issue I'll tuck in the formula we used to get the original blue; it will be mixed again when the entire house is painted.) The two new wings that project out in front (and look so awful right now) will be "tied together,"



This is the way our house looked when the July issue went to the printers. I know it's hard to figure out what's what, so I'll do a little explaining. The picture at the left is the front of the house. The new unroofed section at the left is my combination kitchen, utility room and study. As you can see, the roof extends out to cover a new walk that will lead up to the front door. Windows in the middle section are in the living room. The white section at the right is the new section that contains Russell's room (see page 16). The other picture is the rear of the house and what you see will eventually be mostly glass looking out over the rose garden. (That big tank is to be sunk for a pool in the center of the rose garden, and those of you who remember the shelter can see that part of it is gone—all of it will go when we are through.)

so to speak, with a highly ornate white fence that we purchased when we were in Mobile, Alabama. A white wrought iron gate will open to the covered walk that leads up to new brick steps and the front door. The area behind the fence (this is directly outside our living room windows) will be paved with stepping stones and enough room left for plantings.

If you can sort of keep this in mind when you see the house it will make a little more sense to you.

My new kitchen is now under construction—it is the east wing at the front. I think it will deserve a detailed description and pictures at a later date for every inch of it has been painstakingly designed to fit my own particular needs. Right now I can tell you that it will have one feature I've never heard tell of before: a dishwasher elevated so I can load it without stooping over at all.

I'd always said I didn't want a dishwasher, but when I began thinking of all the cooking I do under normal circumstances it seemed sensible to incorporate one for the years ahead. You folks sold me on the wall oven, of course, but again I did something off the beaten track. I wanted a separate broiler and I wanted it elevated (after standing on my head all these years I decided once and for all to do away with all stooping) so I am having two ovens built in side by side. One is very heavily insulated and is intended for heavy duty baking and roasting. The other is not as heavily insulated (and therefore not as expensive) and will be used primarily for broiling.

I am switching from gas to electricity and the top counter burners are between the ovens and a single basin stainless steel sink. For my physical considerations it was necessary to save as many steps as possible, so a big island will be built in that I expect to use as a mixing center. I can turn from any point in the kitchen area to that island without taking a step.

All of the cabinets in the kitchen section will be walnut, finished so it is dark. All painted areas will be a lovely Wedgewood blue and the counter surfaces will be white formica.

Now this kitchen will be much more than just a kitchen: it will also be a utility room and a study. There is



a window on the east wall above the sink and then an unbroken wall that contains the ovens I mentioned and then, moving on towards the front (or street side) of the room, an automatic washing machine and dryer side by side. Louvered doors painted blue will conceal them. Built in next to them will be a tiled drip-dry cupboard with a drain in the floor, a fan to circulate air, a rod to hang things on, and the whole thing concealed by a louvered door.

This drip-dry problem was the one big thing that haunted me every time I thought of moving up the laundry equipment from the basement. I knew it was highly dangerous for me to go up and down those very steep stairs and that for the years ahead it was imperative to have the washing machine and dryer right on the first floor, but I couldn't figure out to save my life where things were going to drip dry if I gave up my old built-in laundry tubs with the water pipe above where I'd put hangers with dripping clothes.

About the time I really felt stumped on this whole problem Russell bought some new shirts. I always read laundry instructions carefully and it gave me a jolt when I saw that under no conditions could those shirts be put into a dryer of any kind. They had to be hung up soaking wet and allowed to drip dry, literally. Men don't pay any attention to small things like laundry instructions and Russell was amazed when he saw how upset I was about these shirts. Just about the same time Juliana bought some new clothes with the same drip dry instructions, so it was plain to be seen that more and more clothing in the future would be made of such fabrics and provision had to be made for taking care of them.

This drip dry cabinet was Russell's answer to the whole problem, so if you are building a new house or doing a major remodeling job on a kitchen, you might want to incorporate such a cabinet in your place.

Also under construction at this time is my own room and there I made the only major mistake to date. I should make it clear right now that the only area I gave instructions about was my own room—aside from this, Russell did all the planning and there were (Continued on page 16)

A REPORT FROM OUR READERS ON SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

In the May issue of our magazine we printed a letter written by an unhappy mother—she said she felt that school activities, particularly the Junior-Senior Prom, had gotten entirely out of hand.

I suggested that you readers speak up and say how you felt about the situation, and believe me, you really did! There was an avalanche of letters in reply to my suggestion and we learned some extremely interesting things by reading them.

Let me say first that exactly three mothers spoke up in favor of the type of social activity described in the original letter. They could see no reason for doing things differently and believed firmly that their young people were entitled to all that could be managed. I'm a great believer in hearing ALL sides of any situation, so I respect their honesty even though I don't see eye to eye with them.

The overwhelming impression we got from reading these letters was the fact that so many, many parents were troubled and unhappy . . . but felt it was hopeless to attempt any changes. Now a number of parents *did* work out something and I'll mention what they did a little later, but the over-all impression was exactly what I have just stated: parents didn't like things the way they were but had no genuine hope that they could do anything about it.

Most of the people who wrote explained why nothing could be done. And most of their explanations were the same: their young people didn't want them to do anything or say anything; a small group really ran the town and the school and brushed aside comments from anyone outside that group; and lastly, no one really cared enough to join together and try to change anything.

When you put these things together you can see why so many parents are quietly unhappy. They feel licked before they start, and this is as discouraging a sensation as anyone can experience.

I referred to the parents who *did* work something out. For a variety of reasons their children were not going on to the Prom from the banquet, so they had their own party at one of the homes with the parents furnishing refreshments and lining up entertainment. In these cases the parents certainly knew where their young people were and what they were doing. They were spared lying awake all night in dreadful anxiety.

But these home parties were compensations and substitutes, so to speak, and in the end it boils down to the fact that there were class activities going on that all of the young people didn't participate in.

This brings me to the one point echoed over and over and over again: *all* social activities for high school students should be set up in such a way



When our Kitchen-Klatter offices close at 5:00 o'clock every day, Shirley Jean Seger is happy to see her mother come home. Retha Seger is one of our faithful helpers who keeps your orders straight. Her daughter will be in the 4th grade when school opens in September.

that *all* of the young people can enjoy them. This means that elaborate trips, expensive "Sneak Days" and ultra-fancy banquets and proms must be geared back down to the point where every member of the class can join in happily—and no student can join in happily when his parents are worried to death about the money involved.

Some young people are mindful of their parents' feelings and take their disappointments quietly—will say they didn't want to go on the trip anyway or will drum up some reasonable sounding excuse for not attending a big class affair. Other young people will storm around at home and make life miserable for the family because they can't be a part of what's going on.

But no matter how they take their disappointments, the fact remains that these disappointments leave deep scars and in the hearts of men and women who have seen many years pass since their high school days, there is still the fresh hurt of those unhappy memories.

Very few people in this world are deliberately cruel. Very few people go out of their way to inflict deep wounds to other people. But the kind of scars that are carried all through life can be made as easily by lack of understanding as by conscious cruelty. The end result is the same.

So as parents let us open our minds and think of *all* young people. Let us care enough to stand up and be counted when plans are brewing for activities that automatically eliminate some of the students. Let us have the courage to show our young people and our school authorities that we truly mean what we say when we state our belief that all class activities should be set up in such a way that every single boy and girl can take part and be happy.

When the end of May rolls around in 1960 I want to hear from you friends who wrote such vivid and moving letters. A year will have passed and another senior class will have graduated. Was it a happy time for *all* of the young people? Were you willing to stand up and be counted? Did someone make even one tiny beginning someplace?

All of us will be waiting to know.

—Lucile

RUSSELL'S NOTES ON GARDENING

If your garden looks presentable during the mid-summer months, consider yourself a genuinely successful gardener.

Now the spring and early summer flowers with their masses of bloom are gone, and if you have not planned carefully for something to take their place you will have ugly bare spots in your garden. Foliage can be as attractive as blooming plants if it is used properly, and it is very restful during the hot summer days. I have not had a chance to do much experimenting with foliage because of the limited size of our garden, but about our favorite place in the summer is at the back of the garden where we have a small paved area and a little pool.

In early spring this is a spot made brilliant with daffodils, tulips and grape hyacinths. After they are gone, foliage creates all the interest throughout the rest of the summer.

As a background there is a fence covered with shiny-leaved euonymus, Boston ivy and clematis. There are some blooms and berries, but the main interest is in the contrast of the leaves. As an accent plant we have a variegated dogwood shrub with green and white leaves, plus several yews and a magnolia.

Around the pool are hostas with white-edged or mottled leaves, a variegated form of vinca minor (myrtle), several ornamental grasses with white and green leaves, and two jars of pink-leaved caladiums. A small bed of tall growing iris and astilbe with lace-like leaves add contrast that is set off with white alysium. Although there is very little bloom in this area after June, it is always fresh and cool looking and inviting.

A shady area can be kept interesting all year with the plants mentioned above. If you can keep the common wood ferns under control, they add another note of contrast. For the sake of variety try using forget-me-nots or ajuga as an edging plant. They will do very well in dense shade where alysium will not amount to much.

In the sunny parts of the garden summer-flowering bulbs will save the day since they can be planted later than perennials. A number of annuals can also be started fairly late with a reasonable expectation of bloom. I have filled bare spots with balsam that was planted in July—they bloomed from August until frost. Marigolds, zinnias and castor beans will make a good showing even if they are planted after bare spots develop.

(Continued on page 14)

BE SURE YOUR HUSBAND READS

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

Several weeks ago in one of my sermons I quoted a well known American doctor who said that the trouble with most mothers who find it necessary to visit their doctor is that they are tired, fatigued, and just completely worn out.

In my own work as the minister of a large city church I know this to be true. So many of the mothers who come to me with their problems and their worries are women who are physically exhausted. It is little wonder! Most mothers work a 16 hour day, seven days a week, and most of them never get a real vacation.

When the family does go off to some cottage at the lake or in the mountains, mother still has to cook and wash plus clean fish, row boats, and act as a life guard at the beach. A mother who works so hard eleven months of the year taking care of her family in a house with all of the modern conveniences, certainly cannot find much rest caring for the family in a crowded little cottage with no conveniences at all! But that is the way it is for many vacation-hungry women.

I have often thought that the only way for a family to have a vacation where mother can get a rest too, is a stay at some nice summer hotel, or some good family camp where dining facilities are provided in a central dining room. Like most people, we never have been able to afford this, but I am sure it is the only solution.

One day last week I advised a worn out mother to suggest that her family take a ten day vacation instead of a one month vacation, but that the ten days be spent at a nice summer inn on the beach where the mother would not have to cook and wash clothes. Better to have ten days of real rest, than one month of a so-called "vacation" where everyone rests but mother.

When I was young I dearly loved summer camps and conferences of all kinds, but now that I have to spend most of my waking hours with large numbers of people, my idea of a good vacation is a place just as far away from people as I can get. However, I would think that the average person living out of the public eye would greatly enjoy the kind of entertainment, recreation, and other group activity provided by various types of camps and conference centers.

One of the finest of its kind is Association Camp just out of Estes Park, Colorado. I haven't been there for several years, but I remember how many, many families found it to be the perfect place for a vacation where "mother wouldn't have to cook."

Some of the churches here in the East are sponsoring special family camps with a Christian-centered, church-centered type of recreation and education program. Families that have attended these camps are most enthusiastic about them. Our family doctor and his family of four children

always spend at least two weeks of every summer in just such a camp.

As if all of my recent hospital experience were not enough, our dog, Fritz, has had his share. One evening Betty left me home with the children while she went to a meeting at the church, and while she was gone two large German Shepherd dogs attacked Fritz. Although he is not a scrapper, he was able to fight them off, but not until he had been severely bitten.

Since I am in a plaster cast from my chin to my hips, I am unable to drive a car, but I drove one that night. I took the two children and the wounded dog and the old car, and off we went for the dog hospital. I had to have the children release the brake and turn on the ignition for me, but from there on I took over. We made it with some little difficulty to the hospital on what the children later told their mother was: "A real wild ride, Mother! Daddy was groaning louder than Fritz!"

The dog was sent right to the operating room where they had to take no less than 42 stitches in one wound and eight stitches in another. We had to leave him at the hospital for a week. You who have read my Kitchen-Klatter letters through the years are going to think that my dogs literally live in the hospital most of the time. It is not quite that bad, but I must confess that our dogs do have one bit of bad luck after another. Keeping dogs in the city is never easy.

Speaking of dogs, did you see that magazine article the other day that said a puppy is equal to one and one-half children in the amount of wear and tear on the nerves of the mother of the family, and a cat with kittens is just as much work as two children? I am sorry that my Betty saw that article, for she has quoted it to me time and time again.

While she likes Fritz, she does wish that he belonged to someone over on the other side of the block! He has such big feet, and it seems that they are always muddy. When he drinks water out of his pan, he makes a puddle around the pan six inches wide and then tracks it all over the clean kitchen floor. When we eat breakfast or lunch in the kitchen, his favorite little trick is to stand up on his hind legs (this makes him tower five feet into the air) and dance around and around the table begging for a hand-out!

By the time you read this letter all of us Springfield Driftmiers will be "wetting a line" as the saying goes here in the East. That is, we shall be fishing. We are quite a fishing family; even the dog loves to fish! When the spinning reels were introduced to American fishermen some few years ago, fishing became easy for all ages. Any child can become an expert fisherman with a spinning reel. If some of you ladies would like to take up fishing but have never done so because you were awkward with a rod and reel, now is the time to get going. Have the man of your house buy you an inexpensive spinning reel and find out what fun it can be.

Some of our friends have just returned from a fishing trip to Nova Scotia, and they brought us the most delicious fresh salmon. When it comes to cooking fish, and especially fresh salmon, there is no one better than my Betty. This particular salmon she broiled, but sometimes she boils it and serves it with a delightful lemon cream sauce. Here in this part of Massachusetts we are fishing for trout in all of the little streams, and fishing for shad in the big rivers. There is some good shad fishing just a short distance from our house, and even though I am in a cast, I am going to get down there and try my hand at it. Here in this house we are very fond of the shad roe broiled with bacon.

Right at this time of the year we who live near the forest lands of New England are terribly distressed about our forest fires. You know I tell you about fires every summer, and this summer is going to be no exception. Why we have so many more fires just when the woods are turning green instead of in the fall when they are turning brown I shall never understand, but that is the case.

Yesterday we had a small forest fire in the park just two blocks from the house, but the big fire of the week was about nine miles out of town in the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains. As I was taking the dog for his exercise, I saw enormous clouds of smoke in the hills on the other side of the river, and when I got home I told Betty that I was certain there was a bad fire burning its way toward Springfield. It wasn't until we saw the morning paper that we learned how bad it was. Fortunately, a rain came just in time to save a couple of small villages in that vicinity, but too late to save some of the most beautiful forest land around here.

In spite of the fires, there are still many, many miles of lovely forests here in Massachusetts, and we hope that this summer you come East and see them.

Sincerely,

Frederick

YOU LEAD THE WAY

I've grumbled, Lord, at being tired, Rebelled, because the road was rough; I've worried over budgeting—Afraid there wouldn't be enough. I've tried to tell You what to do; And when I took time out to pray, I didn't listen to Your voice Because I had so much to say.

But Lord, in checking up today On records that I've kept so long, I was appalled at what I found—So many things I've done were wrong. Lord, I have failed. I know it now, My boasted wisdom lies in dust; I come contrite and humble, Lord, You lead the way—and help me trust.
—Gertrude Byron Leeper

GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Recently a lovely little booklet came to me from a floral company. One page was cut out and carefully fastened over the kitchen sink. It pictures a beautiful, cool, flower-surrounded patio. A small table holds a wondrous array of crisp salads, icy drinks and refreshing, dainty sandwiches. A sentence in large letters underneath states "IN THE SUMMER WHEN THE LIVING IS EASY."

As I snap, wash, par-boil, fill and pressure myriad quarts of green beans; as I wash, core, remove spots, cook, ream, sugar and freeze apple sauce; as I wash, pit, sugar, pectin, boil, fill and paraffin glasses of bright colored jelly; as I boil, chill, skin, slice, pickle and fill pints with rich maroon beets; once in awhile I look at the page carefully cut out of the floral book and firmly fastened over the kitchen sink.

* * * *

No matter how efficient the new freezers and lockers have become, the joy of standing and admiring the row upon row of canned fruits, vegetables and jellies cannot be surpassed. One just does not stand in a cold locker or keep the door of the freezer open for the purpose of admiring processed food! Progress has some drawbacks.

* * * *

The miracle of pressure cookers is not to be taken lightly. How many tedious chores have been taken in hand and made easy in its efficient depths. Even one generation ago the canning of green beans was a three hour boiling procedure . . . often done on a coal range during the hottest days of summer.

No matter how hard we may work now in the process of food preparation, the improved varieties of garden produce, the convenient stoves and big, rapid pressure canners make it far simpler than ever before. (I can imagine the housewife of 1998 pitying us our outmoded methods. She will undoubtedly pass the food under a ray of some kind, have it cooked, preserved and ready to stay tasty for years!)

* * * *

Just now I came into the house with a handful of sunshine . . . not the heat producing kind, but a cheering, pleasant addition to the dining room, a handful of bright gold. The new giant marigolds are the first my sensitive nose has ever enjoyed. They seem to have no odor and their wide-spread, clear gold and orange flowers hold long in a vase on the buffet.

Our garden flowers, of necessity, must be the hardy kind. The varied colored zinnias, the luxurious foliaged four o'clocks, the dainty nasturtiums and the regal, tall giant marigolds make the tomatoes, cucumbers, beans and corn just a bit perkier for having them as close neighbors.



Evelyn Birkby and her three boys, Bobby, Jeffrey and Craig. Of course the boys don't know it now, but someday they'll realize they were mighty fortunate to have a mother who somehow made time for quick picnics and tramps of exploration.

These are happy days for children in the country. The rich treasures of creek and wood, the secret "hideouts," the odds and ends of broken machinery which can be used for all types of imaginary play, old pieces of wood and sticks for building fences or rocket ships or garages are available to searching little eyes. Add a dog, an expanse of green grass, a hill or two, some sand and gravel and a sturdy climbing tree and a boy is a contented creature through the sunny summer days. Just what does a city youngster do when the summer sun shines hot and the breezes blow enticingly?

* * * *

While we live only two miles from the town of Sidney, Iowa I have the nagging feeling that I am on the road much too much these busy summer days. By the time I have chauffeured Bob Jr., age nine, in to two baseball practices, two swimming lessons, one music lesson, a cub scout meeting or two and several visits to play with friends each week I'm about ready to let the child grow up ignorant . . . at least where baseball, swimming and music are concerned. But the next time a lesson comes around and I see how eager he is to be with the gang and do a good job at these summer activities I relent, feeling just a bit guilty about my complaining. Mothers who have several children of the age to be up and out and doing through the summer insist I am just barely started!

* * * *

Those of you who have read Kitchen-Klatter for a number of years know that we live here in the country from choice. For seven years we lived and worked on a farm and learned to love the wide open spaces and freedom it affords. When my husband began working in Sidney as manager of the Fremont County ASC (Agricultural, Stabilization and Conservation) office, we decided even in a small town of 1,200 the houses seemed mighty close together. How fortunate we were to find the little white house with the green trim just two miles out of town. We rent the house, a large garden spot and two apple and two peach trees. But we feel that we own the entire countryside from horizon to horizon. The boys have a creek, a thick row of cottonwoods, hills and valleys, an old shed and chicken house and a tall climbing tree . . . all thrown in free.

It takes lots of room to raise three sturdy boys and one big white dog.

* * * *

Another big bonus of living where we do is the wonderful array of birds who live in the big trees in our yard and along the creek. The martin house is filled to the last apartment with martins. The three bungalows are occupied by wren families. The big tree holds an interracial community composed of phoebes, orioles, blue jays, red-headed woodpeckers, and tiny downy woodpeckers. Over in the exclusive residential area, all by itself in the bushes under the bedroom window, the cardinals have a substantial nest in which they have laid, cared for and hatched two bright eggs. It is so much fun to look out and see two bright little eyes under the bright red top notch of the drab little mother cardinal and watch hovering nearby the cautious-eyed, bright red daddy.

* * * *

Early morning finds the bird community visiting happily and busily, a process which slows when the July heat becomes oppressive. The first call of the alarm clock bird comes early when the first bit of light sifts through the darkness. How does he know it is his job to wake the others? Is it a bit of complaining these feathered friends do as they chatter awake? Birds, however, seem more cheerful than people when they must get up early.

* * * *

The air of early morning has a clear fresh feeling come mid-summer. Calmness sits upon the countryside. The placid green of the corn is lush and thick. The leaves on the trees are at their peak in rich foliage. The grass carpet of the lawn appears smooth as a velvet spread.

It takes a moment of quiet meditation to ready oneself for the busy pace of a hot summer day. The heaviest work of the year often comes at exactly the moment when the thermometer soars to fantastic heights. The earlier this time of preparation, the better. The clean air, the morning freshness, the presentation of the day to God, shifts energy into high gear as activities begin. In a houseful of children it is the only . . . the last . . . the most treasured quiet of a long busy day. It is a recharging, if you will, with the needed strength and serenity to cope with the hours which follow.

A beloved poem begins:

"Each morning, lean your elbows on the window sill of heaven and talk to God . . ."

Or as E. Stanley Jones has said so well:

"Begin the day with God;
Kneel down to Him in prayer:
Lift up thy heart to His abode
And seek His love to share."

Charity, the greatest Christian virtue, is love toward God and one's neighbor, not the giving of handouts to the poor. In common usage it has come to have the latter meaning because such giving is supposed to be inspired by a loving spirit.

MARGERY DESCRIBES TWO MONEY MAKING IDEAS

Dear Friends:

When Oliver came home for lunch this noon he announced the news that we had been patiently waiting for: he has been selected to attend a summer short course in Counseling at the University of Iowa at Iowa City. Counseling is a very important part of the work of the Iowa State Employment Service and Oliver is pleased at the opportunity to do further study in this field. To our family it means that he will be gone for several weeks and that it will be necessary to plan our vacation for very late in the summer.

At the present time we still plan to drive to Northern Minnesota and on into Canada. Our route has been changed many times after talking to friends who have made similar trips, and since I mentioned the trip in my letter last month some of you have suggested places of interest that you thought we might like to see. We will plan our trip according to all the information we collect before departure time.

Right after lunch I mopped my new kitchen linoleum. What a joy it is to have this new floor covering! It is the simplest thing in the world to keep clean, and a sharp contrast to the old linoleum that I spent untold hours trying to make look clean; all the worn spots made it hopeless to begin with. It was truly a back-breaking job, so I don't believe anything we've done to the house has pleased me more than the new floor.

We have matching linoleum for the cabinets but are waiting to lay it until we decide what to do about the sink. We have one of the most inadequate sinks in town. (Oliver is positive it is the smallest he has ever seen.) We plan to have a new one installed but haven't decided definitely if we want a separate cabinet sink or one that is built into the top of the cabinet. This is, of course, a matter of preference and I simply don't know as yet which I prefer.

The past weeks seem to have been a period of indecision for us, for we are also debating what to do about the back porch. We had intended to have it enlarged this summer but we ran into another stumbling block. If we do something about the back porch should we do something about a ground floor utility room at the same time? I think we can partly lay the blame on Lucile and Russell—their remodeling seems to be catching! I have an idea, after tossing this problem around for a month, that the news Oliver brought home at noon concerning his absence this summer settles the matter. It just isn't the summer for us to tackle any major job. I'll simply squeeze the wicker furniture in again and we'll manage another summer on our tiny back porch.

This porch is a matter of importance to us for it has a south-east to south-west exposure and such a relief in the evening hours when you can't get a breath of air in the house. You



Margery says: "Since Oliver began serving as treasurer of our Congregational church, he spends a lot of time at the dining room table with his papers and books. The white figurine is a piece of Aunt Sue Conrad's work that I use constantly with flower arrangements."

could hardly call it a back porch, although it is at the back of the house. Our house is on the point of a large triangular block and we have streets running both in front of the house and in back of the house. That is another big reason for wanting to make it more attractive.

In the summer months I try to work out a routine so that every afternoon, weather permitting, I can spend some time at the swimming pool. If your town or city has a swimming pool you are indeed very fortunate and should make the most of this good fortune. Swimming is one of the most healthful and beneficial of all sports. Certainly every person should know how to swim, or at least know how to save himself in water. We have a marvelous Water Safety program with Red Cross swimming classes for all ages. Martin has been swimming like a fish for several years and hopes to work more on diving this summer.

In one of my recent letters I asked you to write and tell me some of the ways your groups have raised money. I was delighted with your response and will try to bring some of these ideas to you from time to time.

Here is an idea that is not new, but perhaps it is one you have never used or at least haven't worked on for several years. It came from a friend in Iowa.

"Here is something we tried this year which proved quite successful. Last fall each member was given a new \$1.00 bill clipped to the following verse:

A dollar doesn't grow on trees
Of that we're quite aware.
We hope you'll make *this* dollar
grow
To five with some to spare.

If you will mix it up with work,
Add talent you possess,
Augment it with some time well
spent
Then the proceeds re-invest,

By April it should gain some size,
If you will tend it well.
It's then we'll have our "Dollar's
Day"

Our "Kitchen Fund" to swell.

"Each person was given six months in which to make the dollar grow. One lady who is a fine candy maker bought sugar and peanuts and made peanut-brittle, re-investing her profits until she built it up to \$5.00.

"Another baked and sold bread

goods. One who is especially talented at cake-decorating, sold her beautiful cakes. Some sold handwork, stuffed toys, etc.

"We used various forms of publicity during the months to keep folks aware of the project. On our final deadline the committee made a cardboard box kitchen with a slot in the top. Each lady came forward, deposited her money and told how she had made her dollar grow. From the \$90 given out we took in \$445 and it didn't seem like it was much work at all."

Another friend writes from Kansas about ice cream socials.

"Every summer our church has ice cream socials. We always hold them on Saturday evening, starting at 5 o'clock since the stores stay open here on Saturday nights. We have found that it pays to advertise well, so we put announcements in the local paper as well as posters made by the young people for the store windows.

"Our church is only a block from the business district and we have a very nice lawn. It is most important to light the lawn with bulbs that do not attract bugs. It is also a good idea to have your ladies check the ice cream recipes so that you end up with a wide variety of flavors. Lately we have the freezing all done in our church kitchen and have a committee make it. This has been since we added a new large home freezer to our kitchen. It is very simple then to make the ice cream when it is most convenient to get everyone together and then store it in the freezer until time to serve.

"The cakes are all donated and such gorgeous cakes you never saw. It is almost a shame to cut them! We put our all into these ice cream socials and have established quite a reputation I guess, for we have larger crowds every year, even people from nearby towns. We used to sell tickets for these affairs but we don't anymore now that we have the freezer. If we don't have as many as we expect and have cake and ice cream left over, we just save it in the freezer and use it at the next church dinner. Incidentally, our aid raised the money at the socials to buy the freezer."

Now I'm hungry for home-made ice cream! We just might tackle that when Oliver comes home from work at 5 o'clock. One thing that we were tired of borrowing was an ice cream freezer so we decided to get one this summer. We got a large one and what ice cream is left we put in the folks' home freezer.

Something else we hope to get this summer is a little car icebox. They are so nice to take on picnics as well as when you are traveling. The folks have had one for several years and have found it very handy for both long and short trips. We like to buy the makings for lunch and find lovely picnic spots for the noon meal so a little icebox comes in mighty handy.

It is almost time for Oliver to come and we'll pick up the ice for the ice cream.

Until next month,

Margery

REED ORGANS MOTORIZED

By

Hallie M. Barrow

Many rural churches now have an electric organ for a financial outlay of less than \$10.00, and this happy state of affairs is due to one minister with a knack for "fixing" things.

An old reed organ had been stored in a northwestern Missouri church for many years, and when a general clean-up began it was about to be hauled off for junk. But all those old church organs have a host of memories connected with them, and on this particular day the members of the clean-up committee leaned on their brooms and reminisced about how gay it had once sounded for weddings . . . and how comforting for funerals. They thought they would still like to hear it at church affairs if anyone could ever be found who had enough energy to keep up the everlasting foot pumping.

There was a silence at this point and then someone pointed to an old discarded vacuum cleaner standing in front of the organ and said that it would have to be taken out before the organ could be moved.

"Say! Just wait a minute," said the rural minister who was handy with tools. "I'd like to have you leave the old organ and vacuum and let me experiment."

On Sunday morning the congregation was quite surprised to see the old organ on the rostrum, and even more surprised when the minister's wife started playing it without pumping the pedals! After the service they found that he had taken the motor out of the old vacuum cleaner and now all the organist had to do was to snap a switch.

This started a fad, and now dozens of these old organs are being used in many country churches and the members love the old familiar music they produce. Everyone agrees they are especially nice for weddings.

Our section of Missouri has been thoroughly combed for old reed organs. Not only are they wanted for country churches, but many families are interested in acquiring them for their homes. They like the music they produce and they also make a most attractive piece of furniture if the motor is not put in. Some of these old organs were of fine cabinet wood and were adorned with carving and enhanced with mother-of-pearl inlays. Unless a Victorian type interior is being created, most of the gingerbread is removed to comply with modern decor.

The organ illustrated was made over and motorized by Joe Dake of Osborn, Missouri, a rural church organist who entered William Jewell College a year ago to major in religious music. He has made over several organs for churches and really came across a gold mine when he found an elderly woman near Osborn who had three stored in her home!



This old reed organ was made over and motorized by Joe Dake of Osborn, Missouri, and it could be that more than one person will be stirred to action on finding an old organ to fix up after reading Mrs. Barrow's article.

The vacuum cleaner motor used is the type with the fan housing attached directly to the motor housing. In any library, complete instructions can be found in several how-to-do-it magazines. Joe used the instructions found in an issue of *Popular Mechanics* (1950) that are very complete and carefully illustrated.

* * * *

(Lucile's note: When I read this brief article on old reed organs I felt that I simply HAD to tell you folks about the grand-daddy of them all that I saw last October when I spent a few days in southern California.

We were invited to stop in for a cup of coffee at a home that looked like all the other ranch type homes in the neighborhood—went in through a patio door and sat down to visit in a typical kitchen nook. Just before we left the woman of the house asked me if I'd like to see her old reed organ in the living room and I said that I certainly would. What I expected to see was an organ very much like the one illustrated on this page, and consequently I almost reeled backwards when my eyes landed on an enormous organ that filled one wall of the living room and reached to the ceiling.

It had several banks of keys and several banks of pedals—looked more like a big pipe organ console than anything else but was a genuine reed organ that had to be pumped. I couldn't begin to describe the maze of walnut fretwork and glittering inlays of highly polished pearl.

"Where in the world did you ever find this?" I gasped. "I've seen a lot of organs in my day but I've never seen anything remotely comparable to this!"

Then she told me that on a vacation trip into a remote mountain section of northern California they came upon the organ in an abandoned house in a totally desolate old gold mining camp. Eventually they found an old miner who owned the falling-down house and he was tickled to death to sell the organ for practically nothing.

Very little work had to be done to put it in top-notch condition, but the trucking bill from that remote mountain to southern California was STAG-

GERING. However, it would be my guess that any expense involved could only be considered a sound investment because that organ was obviously an item for which a wealthy collector would be willing to pay practically anything.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

If you have ever been sick and had to stay in the house on a bright, beautiful day in midsummer when everyone else was on a picnic, you have a little idea of how a shutin feels these lovely days. Will you do something for one—or more—of these people who are shutin?

Mrs. Elizabeth Brookes, County Hospital, Hollister, Calif. has been bed-fast for years. She is not able to help herself much and cannot write. Mail means a lot to her.

Mrs. Mae Briggs, 449a North Fifth St., East St. Louis, Ill. injured her back in a car wreck. She suffers a great deal although she can get about the house some. She is alone.

Mrs. William Eckenrode, Rt. 2, Shippensburg, Pa. has had anystropic lateral sclerosis for a long time and is confined to her bed or a chair. She is unable even to speak and would much enjoy mail.

Bessie Dingsley is now at the Bantz Nursing Home, Box 12, Brandon, Iowa. She has been shutin for 43 years. Her eyes are very bad but she can see to crochet holders with coarse thread and asks for such thread.

Mrs. Lena Everly, Hopedale, Ill. has arthritis and has been in bed for 21 years. Think what that would mean! She is alone a lot as the daughter with whom she lives works away from home. Mail would mean so much.

Mrs. Minnie L. Hess, Rt. 1, Riegelsville, Pa. cares for her husband who is 92 years old and is an invalid. They would like mail.

Mrs. E. M. Griffin, 1012 - 2 Ave., Plattsmouth, Nebr. wants yarn to make afghan blocks. When the afghans are completed they are given to Veterans' Hospitals. If you have extra yarn of any kind, do send it to her or to Mrs. Jennie Aikman, 501 Second Ave., Audubon, Iowa or to Mrs. Mellie Reed, Box 231, Quenemo, Kans. Any one of them will use the yarn to make afghans for veterans.

Mrs. Chas. Walcott, Malcom, Iowa is past 90 years old. Not long ago she fractured her hip and has been bed-fast since then. Time hangs heavy for her, so please write to her.

Mrs. Mary Wehmeyer, Box 92, Columbus City, Iowa has her leg in a cast but can move about in a limited way with crutches. She is interested in getting jig saw puzzles for patients in hospitals—says they can be for children or adults. If you have extras or ones you are tired of, please send them to her.

Mrs. Mildred Whitlock, The Alcazar Hotel, Surrey and Derbyshire Roads, Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio, is 95 and would enjoy getting cards.

ABIGAIL'S REPORT FROM COLORADO

Dear Friends:

The grass needs mowing and the flower beds need cultivating, but a fine shower has made outdoor working conditions too damp and as a result I have an opportune moment to write to you.

Did you ever have an experience that left you simply appalled at your own stupidity and ignorant behavior? Well, I had just such an experience this past spring. The children had been begging for a picnic in the mountains, and since Wayne's work schedule didn't permit him time to join us, the children invited along a friend. We packed a simple lunch of sandwiches, fruit and cookies and drove a few miles up Coal Creek Canyon. (This is Colorado highway 72 west from Arvada.)

It is a favorite drive of ours because the beautiful canyon walls are covered with quantities of moss rock and pines, and on this particular day the little stream was unusually lively with the melted winter snows filling its banks. There are only a few picnic tables along the way so we had packed a blanket to spread out on a grassy spot beside the busy stream. The children had great fun exploring along its banks and sailing sticks over the miniature waterfalls.

Later we discovered an abandoned road or trail up the mountainside, but the children tired before we ever learned its purpose or destination. One section of the old trail was particularly thrilling to young children for it was necessary to grasp a steel cable while walking along the side of an enormous boulder. Of course the ground was only six feet below, but to them it was a sheer cliff of great height. All about us were great numbers of spring flowers in full bloom and we enjoyed them as we rested on some big rocks in a fine level open area. There was a good supply of dead and dried wood in the immediate vicinity and we decided this would make a perfect spot for a wiener roast at a future date.

It is often difficult to find dry wood near the regular picnic areas so usually it is necessary to transport your own fire materials.

After a perfectly delightful outing we arrived home in late afternoon. Just as we pulled up in the driveway Clark yelled that he had two spiders on his shirt. I glanced around and told him to stop making a fuss about such baby spiders. We promptly unloaded the car, put everything away in the various storage places throughout the house where they belonged, and just then Emily and Alison discovered they had spiders too and dashed to their room for a change of clothing. Next I discovered that I had spiders, and when they wouldn't brush off, I thought for the first time about wood ticks. I had never seen a tick so I put one in a bottle and took it over to a neighbor who does a great deal of fishing and should be an authority on such matters. She looked long and

carefully and said "No, they are too small to be ticks; they must be spiders." I heaved a great sigh of relief, told the children to quit worrying, and hung their clothing on the lines outdoors so the spiders could leave.

There was a small doubt left in my mind, so when I drove over to the nursery to get Wayne after work, I took along the bottle with the spider. Everyone over there said there was no question about it at all—I had a wood tick and not any "spider." We hurried home and started inspecting and bathing. We found only three imbedded ticks among the hordes we had brought home—one was in Clark and two in our unfortunate guest. Luckily these were removed with heads intact. However, I had done every possible thing wrong. By putting things away and allowing the children to change clothing, and then hanging the clothing outdoors, I had dispersed ticks to every room in the house and the yard too. And, of course, the car was full of them.

Ticks are tiny monsters and quite difficult to see or feel at first. But immediately we all became extremely sensitive. With all the uproar everyone began to see and feel ticks where there were none, and it was a terribly long night for all of us. The children kept awakening with nightmares of ticks in their beds, and all of us suffered from "crawling" skin for the next few days.

Now the bad tick season is over. It lasts from about the middle of May to the middle of June. And now I have learned what to do after an expedition when ticks are about. It is to undress and inspect every bit of clothing in the bathtub where any ticks can be seen easily. After a thorough inspection has been made, and only then, do you put things away.

Just a week after our tick experience we were involved in another mountain-centered uproar. But this time it was strictly pleasure and human beings caused all the commotions. The parents of one of our neighbors own a mountain cabin near Indian Hills, so our neighbor asked us, plus three other families from our neighborhood, to join them for an overnight stay at the cabin. There were 21 of us—8 adults and 13 children between the ages of 2 and 10 years. Believe me, a group like that means a lot of commotion!

Fortunately, the cabin was not small and primitive. There were four bedrooms, three baths, three patios, several porches and an automatic dishwasher, washing machine and garbage disposal. With the addition of a few sleeping bags and portable cribs, there was actually sleeping space for all of us under one roof. We fed the children in one shift, adults in another. The mountain air certainly inspired all of us to consume an amazing quantity of food. Everyone departed good friends and neighbors, but then we stayed less than 24 hours. I don't think it would be wise to put that many different family groups so close together for a long period of time!

Those of you who are responsible for planning next year's PTA program

might like to try a highly successful one our local group had. The sixth grade, our oldest class, put on a pet show. No exhibitors were permitted from other grades.

Each student brought his pet boxed or caged or on a leash and remained with him throughout the show. Each prepared a large sign giving the pet's name, measurements, characteristics and accomplishments. Many pets were dressed in costume and all were very well groomed. The dogs were kept four feet apart and there wasn't a fight during the show.

Students who did not exhibit sold programs at 3 cents each, popcorn at 2 cents a sack and homemade candy at 2 cents a piece. I mention the prices because so frequently these items are sold at much higher prices, making it an expensive evening for a family with several children. The admission ticket even held a pleasant surprise for adults. They were charged only a nickel while the younger generation paid a dime! All income was donated for the purchase of books for the school library. Since this was the last program of the school year, the sixth grade children were donating all the work and effort entirely for the benefit of the lower classes.

We have several experimental items growing in our yard this year. The growers of broad-leaved evergreens are particularly interested in trying out different varieties here in Denver. We have most of our planting space available on the south and west side of our house. Because these are the most difficult locations in which to grow this type of plant, most of ours are destined not to survive. They look perfectly wonderful this summer but the dry winter wind and sun will take a heavy toll.

My favorite flower addition to our yard has been the primroses. They grow very successfully here and make a bright spot of border along the north of our garage.

The children planted their own small gardens this spring. Emily has only flowers neatly edged with her rock collection. Alison has a few flowers and many carrots surrounding her first parakeet's grave. Clark's garden has lettuce sown as a ground cover with one lone feeble stalk of corn rising bravely in the center. He couldn't locate enough rocks to edge his garden so he collected some tin cans and scraps of lumber for a border. At least it is unique.

The sun has just put in an appearance. This means I'd better dash out and start the lawn mower before the next shower descends. The grass will be knee-high if I delay any longer.

Sincerely yours,
Abigail

We hurry along our different ways
Through the rush of the crowded,
busy days,
But oh! what joy it always brings
To pause for awhile in the middle of
things,
To tarry awhile on friendship's street
Where hearts and thoughts and wishes
meet.

IF YOU ARE "BLOWING AWAY" THIS YEAR FOR LACK OF MOIS- TURE, DON'T READ DOROTHY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

We have had two days in a row this week without any rain, so Frank has actually been able to take the tractor and the disc to the field this morning. In the thirteen years we have lived on the farm this is the first time we have had so much trouble getting a crop into the ground. We have been flooded out many times after the corn was in and up, but this year we can't even get it in. I wish the sections such as Northern Iowa, South Dakota and Minnesota that are so terribly dry this year could have at least half of the rain we have had.

It isn't just the farmers with bottom land this year who are suffering. Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, who farms on hill ground was here Sunday and he says he doesn't have as much done as we do. He has water standing right on top of the hills! It looks as if the first cutting of hay will be ready before we even get the corn planted.

After spending eight years of full time and part time work in the Lucas County Superintendent's office in Chariton, my work there was finished the first of June. With school reorganization in this county closing all but four of our rural schools there is no longer any need for extra help. It looks now as if I will be a full time housewife. I will miss being in close contact with the many school problems because it has been one of my major interests for the past ten years.

While I am speaking of schools I want to mention how sorry we are to lose our Chariton school superintendent, Mr. Frank Lunan, who retired at the close of this year. Mr. Lunan has been in school work for 42 years, and 36 of those years have been in the Chariton schools. He has been a teacher, high school principal, Dean of the Chariton Junior College, and the superintendent for many years. Surely he has compiled an enviable record in our town.

I think sometimes we are too quick to judge our school administrators and criticize them. We don't stop to realize that in a large school system the superintendent is really running a big business from the standpoint of personnel and money. In running this big business, difficult school boards, difficult parents, financial problems, teacher shortages, expansion of physical facilities, and keeping the curriculum and instruction abreast of a fast changing world, are only a few of the matters that occupy his time.

In a school system such as ours where several hundred of the children are transported to school by bus, this transportation problem would be a very major responsibility if it fell on my shoulders. Mr. Lunan has told me that many nights in the winter when it was storming he has lain



Dorothy (at the right) came down to Shenandoah the day before she left with the folks on their trip, so we snatched the chance to get a new picture when she and Margery had a cup of coffee in Margery's kitchen.

awake all night because he had to decide by six in the morning whether it would be safe or not to send the buses out for the children. It is a state law in Iowa that if the buses can't run, school must be closed. Schools have to operate so many days of the year, and if they are closed too many days during the year, then they are just that much later getting out in the spring and this makes the parents and children unhappy.

In connection with these school buses, another job which falls on the shoulders of the superintendent is the bus routes. In a county such as ours where a majority of the roads are still not hard-surfaced, it makes for a terrific job. This year Chariton has had ten bus routes; next year with reorganization they are adding seven new routes, so there will be a total of seventeen bus routes to be figured out. It is my understanding that Mr. Lunan has been working for weeks on this job and hopes to have it completed before his year ends. He felt that since he was familiar with the roads and the homes this was a job he could do to help the new superintendent who is coming in.

I have been busy getting my clothes (as well as the clothes of my family) washed and ironed because I am going to take a little trip. Since our winter trip did not materialize as was planned, I am now going along as driver when Mother and Dad go to Massachusetts to visit Frederick and his family, and to Indiana to see Donald and his family. One week of the time I am gone Kristin will be attending a youth conference at Parsons College as a delegate from the church, but the rest of the time she will be here to keep house for her Dad and help him with the outside work.

Just before school was out Kristin entertained eight of her friends and their dates at a picnic. It was one of those rare nights when it wasn't raining and they had a wonderful time. There were enough of them to have two soft-ball teams so they played ball in the meadow until dark. Frank had piled up a lot of good wood for them and got a good fire going, and had also placed some big logs around the fire for them to sit on. Kristin's friend came early and they made a freezer of ice cream. All in all I guess they had a good time.

Kristin was very disgusted when she came down with the three-day measles just before school was out. She felt miserable one day, but after that (except for being broken out) she felt

like her old self, so consequently she was very disgusted that she had to stay out of school all week. They had so many children going to school with the measles that they had to make a ruling that it was mandatory to stay home five days. Since she felt fine but couldn't go to school she asked me to take her to visit her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls the latter part of the week. When she came home she brought with her two little baby pigs that Raymond was afraid weren't going to live. She had a formula for them and religiously set her alarm clock and got up every two hours to feed them. Now they are getting fat as butterballs and are real lively. Knowing Kristin and her inability to sell any livestock that has ever been hers, I can look into the future and see two white hogs around here until they die of old age. Heaven forbid!

Frank just came in and said it was thundering and if I was planning to get this letter in to the post office today I had better be getting started, so for this month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

P. S. I mailed this letter before another storm hit us, so my P. S. is really an additional note sent to the Kitchen-Klatter office a few days later. We have had by far the worst flooding that anyone around here can ever remember since I wrote to you earlier. If we had had anything planted it would all have been washed away. Right now I have no idea if we'll ever be able to get corn into the ground this year.

JULIANA CATCHES UP ON SOME OF THE HIGH POINTS

Dear Friends:

Summer! And what a wonderful feeling! I can just now relax completely from the thought of school. My sophomore year is over and all of the long hours of hard study are behind me.

Right now I'm really going to school but it is a pleasure compared to the usual routine. I am taking a summer typing course and go to the high school every morning at 8:00 and work for two hours. Then I type at home too because Suzie Henshaw and I are cramming a full course into only five weeks. My fingers still get tangled up on the blind keyboard we use, but I think I'm getting along fairly well.

It's been fun to have Suzie living with us during the week since around the first of June. Her mother, Eleanor Henshaw, is taking some summer courses at Northwest State Teachers' College in Maryville, Mo., so Suzie is with us from late Sunday afternoon until the following Friday evening. We take this typing course together and do our laundry together too, and of course we always clean up the kitchen for mother.

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

MARGERY'S CHICKEN-IN-THE OVEN

- 1 cup biscuit mix
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. paprika (don't use less)
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 frying chicken

Combine biscuit mix, salt, pepper and paprika and dip chicken into it, pressing mixture firmly on all sides of each piece. Melt shortenings in a large flat baking pan (be sure you use a large enough pan) and place chicken in it, skin side down. Bake at 425 degrees for 45 minutes. Turn pieces over and bake for 15 more minutes.

When chicken is turned over for final 15 minutes of baking, add small biscuits to fill in the places between pieces. These biscuits absorb some of the fat and are absolutely delicious.

I fix this before I leave for church and reduce oven to 325 degrees. When I get home I turn the chicken over, add biscuits and turn temperature up to 425 degrees. It is a very easy dish to prepare and exceptionally good.

Don't use less paprika than recipe calls for. It gives a just right flavor.

NEW BAKED EGGS

Butter a shallow pan and cover the bottom with fresh bread cubes, cut about an inch in size. Break as many eggs on top of this bread as desired. Salt and pepper. Pour a small amount of milk over it to soften the bread; then spread on cream of chicken soup. (It may not take the entire can unless you are using quite a few eggs.) Dot with a little butter and put in moderate oven until eggs are set. This is a good variation on plain baked eggs.

HARVARD BEETS WITH ORANGE

- 1/4 cup sugar
 - 2 tsp. cornstarch
 - Bit of salt
 - Pinch of ginger
 - Mix these ingredients well, then add:
 - 1/4 cup wine vinegar
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - Cook slowly, stirring constantly until thickened.
 - Add:
 - 1 Tbls. orange marmalade
 - 2 drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 1 can tiny whole beets, well drained
- Prepare these an hour or two in advance of serving so that the flavors will permeate. Reheat in top of double boiler and serve hot.

ABIGAIL'S OLD FASHIONED PRESSED CHICKEN

There is nothing special or unique about this recipe; it is an old standby. However, I never seem to meet up with it any more. I remember that it used to be a staple at all summer church picnics and luncheons in our small Iowa town, but now whenever I serve it to guests, most of them remark that they haven't eaten pressed chicken in years and they regard it as a real treat.

I usually prepare a small bowl of mayonnaise thinned slightly with cream and also add a little salt, 1/2 teaspoon powdered horseradish and chopped parsley. This recipe appeared in the March, 1953 issue of Kitchen-Klatter.

Pressed Chicken

- 1 stewing chicken, disjointed
- 3 cups water
- Salt and pepper
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin

Boil together all of the above ingredients except gelatin. When chicken is tender, drain and reserve strained broth. Remove meat from bones and dice or put through food chopper. Soften gelatin in cold water (1/4 cup) and add to hot broth. Place chicken meat in large glass loaf pan, pour in broth and mix well. Chill in refrigerator until set. Unmold on platter and garnish with fresh parsley and quartered, hard-boiled eggs.

MOTHER'S OLIVE RELISH SPREAD

When we were children we could never seem to get our fill of this sandwich spread. Mother used to make a lot of angel food cakes and frequently she utilized the egg yolks for this tasty spread that Aunt Helen Fischer told her about.

- 10 egg yolks
- 1 pint vinegar
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water
- Salt, paprika, mustard to taste
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup flour

Melt butter in a heavy pan under low fire and carefully blend in the flour. When you have a smooth paste, add the vinegar, sugar and water. Cook over low fire, stirring constantly. Add a small amount of this mixture to the beaten egg yolks, and then combine the eggs with balance of mixture. Season to taste the preferences of your family.

This makes a fine boiled salad dressing as is, but to produce the very tasty Olive Relish Spread, add the following:

- 25 chopped ripe or green olives
- 3/4 cup chopped pickles or pickle relish
- 1 small size can pimientos, juice and all

The olives, pimientos and pickles (unless pickle relish is used) should be run through the meat grinder and added to the dressing while it is still cooking. If used within a short time the relish need not be sealed.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

SUPER SPECIAL PEANUT BUTTER PIE

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup strong cold coffee
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup chunk style School Day Peanut Butter
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 9-inch pie shell (baked pastry or graham cracker crust)

Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup cold coffee. Combine remaining coffee, sugar, salt and well beaten egg yolks in top of double boiler. Add gelatin. Beat over boiling water until it coats a spoon.

Take out several tablespoons of this hot mixture and thin the peanut butter with it. Then add the peanut butter to rest of mixture and remove from fire. When slightly thickened fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites to which 2 Tbls. of sugar have been added, plus the Kitchen-Klatter flavoring. Then fold in the whipped cream, turn into pie shell and refrigerate until time to serve.

Note: this is a *wonderful* pie. The one person I know who doesn't like peanut butter, said it was absolutely delicious! The flavor is very unusual and subtle. Don't tamper with the ingredients—make it up exactly as it is given here. I used a baked graham cracker crust, but any good crust would be fine.

(Our Kitchen-Klatter office girls called it a real "party pie.")

LUCILE'S EXTRA DELICIOUS CASSEROLE

I'm not listing the ingredients for this in routine order because I made up two casseroles, one for my own family and one for Margery's family, so it seemed best simply to tell you what I used.

In the bottom of a buttered casserole put a thick layer of cooked rice — Uncle Ben's converted rice prepared according to directions on the package. Over this I used a layer of hot celery cooked just until it was tender but still fairly crisp. (Celery was chopped but not into tiny pieces.) Over the celery I used a thick layer of left-over pork roast cut into pieces. Another layer of rice, celery and meat. Then I poured about 1 cup of liquid from the celery over the entire thing.

Lastly I scattered over the top halves of almonds lightly browned in butter.

This went into the oven covered and baked for about 30 minutes at 350 degrees. It was absolutely delicious. Don't overcook the celery and use as much leftover pork roast as you can lay your hands on. And if you can manage the almonds browned in butter it adds a lot. People who enjoy Soy sauce will want to have some on the table when this delicious casserole is served.

KIDNEY BEAN SALAD

Every now and then we get a hankering for a bowl of *real cold* old-fashioned kidney bean salad. It's one of the things I fall back on fairly frequently during good old Iowa summers. It will keep indefinitely in the refrigerator, so I make up a batch this size and we can dip into it a number of times.

- 2 cups canned kidney beans
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 3/4 cup chopped sweet pickle
- 5 hard cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 cup mayonnaise (about)
- 1/2 cup chopped peanuts (if you have good fresh ones on hand)

I put the beans in a colander and run cold water over them until no color comes off with the liquid. Let stand until there is no excess moisture in them. Then mix up with remaining ingredients.

Most of the time I just serve this in a bowl lined with leaves from head lettuce. The way it always tastes the best to me is when we can have fresh home-grown leaf lettuce.

MARY BETH'S PECAN SOUTHERN CAKES

This recipe was given to my mother originally by a friend of hers who talked a chef out of it in Williamsburg, Virginia. I promised not to tell the name of the restaurant but I will say that it is nationally famous. If you like a macaroon-type sweet, by all means try it. Mother sent many boxes of these to me when I was in college and all the girls looked forward to the "Pecan Southern Cakes" and made short work of them. Now my own family can go through a batch in record time.

- 1 egg white
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1 pinch salt
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 2 Tbls. flour

Beat egg white until stiff. Add sugar and salt and mix thoroughly. Then add nuts, mix again, and lastly add flour. Drop on a well-greased sheet 2 inches apart and bake in a 325 degree oven for 15 minutes. Makes 2 dozen.

GARDEN SALAD

- 1 3-ounce pkg. lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced cucumber
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 2 Tbls. diced carrot
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion

Dissolve gelatin in hot water, add salt, lemon juice and vinegar. Chill until partially set. Fold in vegetables. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and garnish with dressing. You will like the tartness of this salad just as we all did when Margery prepared it for one of our frequent family dinners.

UNUSUAL GLAZED ORANGE COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening (half butter)
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup ground English walnuts

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs and flavorings and beat thoroughly. Sift flour, measure, then sift again with soda and salt and mix with ground nuts. Add to first mixture. Drop by small teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees from 8 to 10 minutes.

Remove from oven, let stand about 5 minutes, and then dip top of each cookie in the following:

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine these three things and bring to a good boil. (Be sure to use a saucepan wide enough that you can drop cookie into it and remove without breaking the cookie.)

These cookies absorb just enough of the syrup on top to give them a high glaze and a wonderful flavor. They are *much better* the second day. In fact, they're so much better after standing that we urge you not to plan to use them the day they are made. The flavor "ripens" as cookies stand.

SWEET-SOUR RED CABBAGE

- 1 head red cabbage
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- Few grains of nutmeg
- Few grains of cayenne pepper
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 Tbls. sugar

Slice cabbage and soak in cold water. Then cook with very small amount of water until tender—butter, salt, onion, nutmeg and pepper should be added when cabbage is first put on to cook. When cabbage is tender, add vinegar and sugar and cook 5 minutes longer.

MILDRED'S CHEESE FILLING

- 1 lb. cheddar cheese, ground
- 1 cup of thick boiled dressing
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Combine these ingredients and beat until smooth. This makes a light and fluffy filling that serves wonderfully well to put between layers of brown bread when three-layer party sandwiches are being prepared. The flavor is exceptionally good.

TEMPTING AND DELICIOUS PLATE

On crisp lettuce leaves place thick slices of chicken and ham, and a thin slice of Swiss cheese. Top with olive dressing. Around the outside edges of the plate arrange potato chips, celery or carrot sticks, and gay radish roses.

MARY BETH'S REPORT FROM INDIANA

Dear Friends:

Have you ever had a day start out so gentle and agreeably that you knew everything was going to go well the entire day? This has been such a day for me.

To begin with, Katharine and Paul slept until after Donald and I had eaten our breakfast and this fact alone seems to get me on pitch, so to speak. I'm wide awake and fully coordinated by the time breakfast is over and I suppose this makes the difference! Unfortunately it only happens about once in four weeks.

The next unusually smooth operation for the day was the children's breakfast. As I had anticipated, it rolled along like clockwork and everyone ate well. Paul is learning to feed himself now and my! but that is an experience. I never know just how much has gone into his stomach because there is so much of the meal spread over the high chair and the bib and the pale pink floor. He usually manages to apply about half of his meal to his hair every time he eats and you can guess what is going to happen next—a butch hair cut!

I end up having to shampoo the child's hair nearly three times a day to get the stickum out and I simply don't have time to wash hair that often. I understand that a washrag passed rapidly over a butch hair cut is all that is needed. There are times when I just can't watch Paul eat. He tries so hard and I know this, too, will pass but he can really do a bang-up job with harvard beets. The amusing part of his eating is seeing him arm himself with his self-feeding spoon and then proceed to eat with the fingers of the other hand!

I believe I've told you about this baby spoon I found that is such a gem. The bowl of the spoon is weighted and it turns freely on a handle that fits into another handle; this keeps it always upright no matter how the child tries to turn it upside down. It was less than 50 cents and I surely do recommend it to mothers who are turning their small ones loose with a spoon for the first time.

I really do feel like a city slicker turned country girl with all the nature study lessons that we're getting lately. They're coming thick and fast and not always upon request.

Across the big road and down a piece is Mr. Pettigrew's farm and his ewes have been producing wee tiny baby lambs for several weeks. Katharine is delighted and we walk over and watch them perform through the fence. I don't know that I've ever had the occasion to watch lambs performing for each other but they really are funny.

Closer to us than the lambs are the large black and white cows that come to graze along the fence that borders Oak Park. This is not more than 400 feet from us. Katharine has never before been close enough to cows to examine them closely but she certainly has had the opportunity lately. I'm



Imagine being turned loose with all the cake you want! It would be our guess that most babies get their first chance when they're one year old. Paul Driftmier is a good example of what we mean.

pleased that we're living where we are so she can learn about these things. We have no friends living on farms and it's doubtful if she would ever get these experiences if we hadn't located here.

The baby moles and baby field mice and the garter snakes are another version of the story about which I am not quite so enthusiastic. Katharine is wild to have a pet and she isn't particular what kind; she simply wants something little and alive to fuss over.

Donald unearthed a nest of moles several weeks ago and she thought they were beautiful and was quite concerned about what to feed them. We put them into a box until it was a little more convenient to get rid of them, and while she was napping Donald *did* dispose of them. Never was there a more disappointed girl than Katharine when she awoke to find them gone!

In an attempt to keep her happy I explained that their Momma had knocked on the back door in her apron with a long wooden cooking spoon in her hand and had told me that it was lunch time and her little ones would have to come home. I explained I had let them out of the box and they had gone away with their Mama. (A. A. Milne has nothing on me!) Katharine was quite satisfied with this explanation but you should see the look on the faces of people to whom she relates this story.

Then there was the morning when I had managed to run the tub full of nice warm water (quite a feat considering the fact that the lightest sleeper in town was snoozing in the next room) and as I eased myself into the water anticipating a private bath for a change, I heard Katharine burst through the back door. I knew she was bringing some monumental piece

of news because she was running and it practically takes a charge of dynamite to make her hurry. She charged into the bathroom and her navy blue dress was covered with fuzz. It seems she had pulled her woolly doll blanket down from a shelf in the garage and pulled down with it a nest of tiny baby field mice and their mother. I was quite relieved that she hadn't brought me any babies to examine and once again she was delighted that she had some pets.

I made her promise not to pick them up or handle them in any way, and this was asking the impossible, of course. So I hurriedly bathed and got myself into enough clothes to go out to the garage and there was Katharine lovingly fondling one little mouse. She thought it was a thing of beauty, but to my eyes it was anything but beautiful. Mama mouse had removed the other babies to some secure corner of the garage and was probably watching us every second. I convinced Katharine that they mustn't be handled because they were so young they had no fur and their eyes were not yet opened, so we gathered the fuzz together and made a nest for the mouse and then I took my girl inside and washed her thoroughly. From everything I've ever heard, mice are not the cleanest of living things so you can imagine what a scrubbing she got.

Later the same week Donald found a garter snake in the long grass. He said it wasn't necessary to destroy her because garter snakes keep down garden pests and mice and besides she was bulging with eggs. Mother nature is certainly busy in the spring. Don't think for a second we gave Katharine a chance to consider keeping this little treasure.

From this same tall grass Paul has managed to pick up some kind of weed poisoning and we're having an awful time arresting it. Just today I took him to the doctor again to change medicine because whatever kind of rash he has isn't responding easily to ointments. Donald has been keeping the lots mowed on both sides of our house, but I fear we have a boy with delicate skin.

I suppose we'll have to fight weed poisoning as long as there are vacant lots in Oak Park, but this won't be very many years when I see how rapidly houses are being built these days. There are three houses under construction right now and the promise of two more before Fall. And the nicest part of it is that one of them is going to house two children ages three and one.

When they cleared the lot right behind our house it almost made me weep to see the bulldozer knock down the beautiful trees. There were two large trees which were fully grown and nearly three feet in diameter at the base, and then three medium-size Pin Oaks. We were quite fortunate not to have to remove a single tree from our lot when we built.

It is past time to clear the table and get ready for supper. So until next month I'll say goodbye.

Mary Beth

"THIS IS AMERICA, MR. HANCOCK"

By

Esther Grace Sigsbee

The Fourth of July isn't what it used to be. Gone, for the most part, are community celebrations with their parades, picnics and patriotic speeches. The firecrackers that popped from dawn until late at night have disappeared also. Today's celebrations are more informal and safer and saner, but it seems to me there is little indication that we are observing our most important patriotic holiday.

This was brought home to me quite forcibly recently when we were discussing our family vacation. We usually go around the 4th of July and when we told our youngsters that this year we'd have to postpone it until later in the summer, our littlest one piped up, "Oh, are they going to have the Fourth of July even if we don't go to the lake?" Her sister added, "What's so special about the fourth day of July, anyway? Isn't the fourth of June or the fourth of August just as good?"

I guess Father and I have been leaving too much of our kids' patriotic instruction up to the school and Scout leaders and since neither of them is in session right now, our little darlings were quite ignorant. They didn't know that the Fourth of July is really Independence Day and the birthday of the whole United States of America!

If you are thinking of baking America a birthday cake, this year you should put 182 candles on it. Since America has always been referred to as a young country, most of us think of it that way. But if we stop to realize, the United States, as governments go, is one of the oldest nations in the world today! England has changed its government so many times since the signing of the Declaration that she is hardly the same nation; France has started and halted many times since 1776 and Russia has had a complete revolution. India has only recently emerged as a real nation and many other countries that were old and established when Columbus discovered these shores have changed everything about them—even their names.

So, America is a hardy old-timer. The United States has weathered many storms and threats of division but she has come through bigger, richer and, in addition, so vastly more complicated that John Hancock, William Whipple, Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin and the others who signed their names to the Declaration would probably flip their powdered wigs if they could come back and see it.

There is an old legend, made into a poem, about some blind men who went to see an elephant. Each felt of only one part of the animal and thereafter concluded that the entire beast was exactly like the one part they touched. We'd have much the same thing if some of the men who signed our Declaration of Independence could come back and visit only one place in the country they helped to start.



Boletta Verness Solstad (Russell's only sister) made this very fancy cake for a bridal shower held at Twentynine Palms, Calif., where she lives. She has taken a professional's course in cake decorating, and turns out some really spectacular productions.

If Josiah Bartlett, for instance, came only to New York City he'd conclude that America is terribly over-populated and that the "laws for the accommodation of large districts of people" mentioned in the document had indeed been passed.

If John Witherspoon visited only a military camp—Fort Leonard Wood, for example, he'd say that we are still, "keeping among us, in times of peace, standing armies." But he'd have to admit that this time it's with the consent of the legislature. And if Samuel Adams went to Las Vegas he might decide that his descendants were kind of overdoing it on one of the rights mentioned in the Declaration—the pursuit of happiness.

If Edward Rutledge's lone stop in America was the Bad Lands of South Dakota, he might wonder a bit if those, "swarms of officers" hadn't been "sent hither to eat out all the substance" even as late as 1957. And Samuel Chase could go to the Department of Internal Revenue in Washington, D. C. If he thought "taxation without representation" was quite a grievance, he should see what we do today about taxation *with* representation!

Lewis Marshall could go to Minnesota for his visit—The Chippeway National Indian Reservation. The Declaration mentions, "the merciless Indian savages destroying the inhabitants of our frontiers." "Blimey," Mr. Marshall might say, or some other pre-Revolutionary equivalent of a non-profaned expression, "Those bounders went and scalped all the pale-faces after all!"

I am highly prejudiced, I admit, but I think for a look at America today at its very best, the Founding Fathers could find it right here in our Midwest towns and countryside. They could drive out among our cornfields and see that the land is still rich and fertile. They could take a squint at our stores and thriving industries. They could visit our schools and colleges and see what store we set by the education of our future generations. They could visit our churches

and our polling places and find that we do, indeed, worship and vote however we please.

But they really should take a look into one of our homes if they want to see what has become of that country they crusaded for in 1776. They should pick one with nothing unusual about it except the fact that it is so typical.

They'd find a car parked outside and the bill for the next payment on it in the living room desk. Mom would be in the kitchen pushing the buttons on her labor-saving equipment and at the same time fretting over who is going to give the next program at the Woman's Club. Thanks to permanent waves, diet, cosmetics and a good girdle, she still has the bloom of youth at an age when, if she'd been living back in '76, she'd be considered quite elderly.

The kids—there'd be two or three of them with maybe another one on the way—would be full of vitamins and vigor. Probably you'd see their teeth in corrective braces, and you could be almost positive they'd be exposed to the arts of music, literature, painting and the dance. And, American bathing facilities being what they are, the young sprouts would have not more than a twenty-four hour layer of grime on them at any one time!

You couldn't see it, Messers Hancock, et al, but in that house there'd be happiness, love and hope for the future. There're millions and millions of homes almost exactly like this from Maine to California. America is a good place to live. And that's what has become of that country you started.

GARDEN NOTES—Concluded

The mainstay of our garden during the summer months is roses. Sometimes we have seasons that make it an uphill battle to get lovely blooms and so far this year we've had such a season. But under any conditions I keep at them, and by this time I've tried a number of flowers to act as a ground cover to keep the rose roots cool and to add color when the roses are resting.

The most successful flower I've tried for this purpose is forget-me-nots. Their root system does not interfere with the roses, and by combining pink and blue varieties you can always be sure of color in your rose garden.

My attempt to use violas as a ground cover was fantastic. They multiplied and grew to such heights that I was forced to dig them out by the bushel basket. I gave away as many as I could (a lot of you friends received those handouts), but even so I heaped the compost pile with them before I got rid of them.

My success with white-ruffled petunias was about the same: they almost took over before I was through.

I have found that for my purposes an edging of miniature euonymus or of sedums for the rose bed, and a ground cover of forget-me-nots, keeps the rose garden attractive all through the summer.

THERE'S A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By

Frederick

There is nothing like a man in the kitchen for making a woman want to get out of it!

You know, all of the chefs of all of the world's famous restaurants are men, and the day that your husband decides that he too is a master of the culinary art, look out! Don't try to help, it is really no use. You can't help without making suggestions, and a man who thinks he is a good cook detests suggestions of any kind.

Take a tip from my long-suffering and gentle wife. When, on a Saturday afternoon I walk into the kitchen and say: "Well, I think that I shall fix up a little delicacy for supper," Betty immediately leaves the room. Of course she has learned not to leave the house. She doesn't dare go so far away that she cannot hear me shout: "Will you PLEASE tell me where you keep the rolling pin?" or "Where on earth did you hide the lemon squeezer?" No one, not even a mad bull, can upset a kitchen more radically than a man trying to find something that his wife has tucked away. We have two pantries, and after four years of living in this house with my wife, I still cannot discern why she keeps certain things in one and not in the other and vice versa. Of course I know that there is reason behind it all, but it is a female reason.

Several good friends and readers of this column sent me copies of the cartoon in a current magazine that showed two women peeking into a kitchen that was one horrible mess. There, in the middle of the mess, was the man of the house with a cook book in one hand and a pan of some frightful-looking concoction in the other. His wife is saying to the other woman: "I hate to say anything because everything he makes is delicious!" Ah yes; so true.

I really do have something good for your husband to try the next time he fries chicken. When the chicken is cut for frying, drop the pieces into a paper bag in which there has been put one-half cup of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of Accent, one-half teaspoon of paprika, and a dash of pepper. Please note that it is the paprika and the Accent that makes the difference between ordinary fried chicken and this delightful dish. Most women do not think to try the paprika, and far too many women are afraid of Accent. If this touch of that "something extra" does not convince you that fried chicken in your house can be different from the chicken eaten in most every house in the land, don't bother to read this column again. I stake my reputation on it!

If you belong with me to that category of persons which does not serve an alcoholic cocktail to guests before dinner, you know how important it is to make the fruit cocktail course very special. I found the way to do it. Here is a heavenly fruit cup that will set the stage for a perfect meal.

Heavenly Fruit Cup

Prepare two cups of mixed fresh orange, grapefruit, and pineapple. (You may use the canned fruit, but naturally the fresh fruit is better.) Drain the juice from the fruit and add enough canned pineapple juice to it to make a total of two cups of mixed juice. Now to this juice add two tablespoons of sugar, and one-half teaspoon of peppermint flavoring. Pour the juice mixture over the fruit and allow to chill. Serve very cold. You will note that it is the peppermint flavoring that makes this fruit cocktail a little different. We use this quite often for our church suppers, and it always gets many favorable comments.

The easiest cake to make is a plain old sponge cake. I have learned a trick about serving sponge cake that is used in a few of our most expensive and fashionable New York restaurants and catering establishments.

To an ordinary sponge cake recipe add two teaspoons of baking soda. Don't question this; just do it and you will see for yourself. The soda really is necessary for what is about to happen to that cake.

Now when the cake is baked, set it in a kettle. In a separate bowl beat two eggs whites until stiff and then add three-fourths cup of sugar and one quart of orange juice. Beat this mixture and then pour it over the sponge cake. Place cake in refrigerator for eight hours before serving.

Every year Betty gives a luncheon for our Missionary Sewing Circle, and the ladies all ask for this sponge cake dessert. It never fails to please.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Lucile's Favorite Rolls

Through the years I've tried more recipes for rolls than you can shake a stick at, always hopeful that the next one would be IT. After all of this experience I have concluded that for my own purposes the crown jewel is my old recipe that we have shared with you I don't know how many times.

But recipes have a way of disappearing and when something you particularly like just takes wings and evaporates . . . well, that's a dark moment. This recipe seems to get away consistently and so we're printing it once again for those who mourn its loss and for those who have never yet tried it—and should.

There are always human twists to favorite recipes, and I'm sure one reason I've settled on this as my all-faithful roll recipe is because I prepared a piping hot plate of these one time years ago when Russell's mother was visiting us. She is a *wonderful baker*—no one, positively no one, can beat her bread and rolls. I sat there all aquiver, watching her like a hawk while she broke open the first roll and studied it. One hour and five rolls later she announced firmly that they were the **FINEST ROLLS SHE HAD EVER EATEN!**

Now I ask you: could any daughter-in-law ever forget such a triumph?



This cute little School Day Peanut Butter truck really runs at a good clip! The driver is Chuckie Maxine, and the minute school is out he takes to the road with his dad, Ed Maxine, who calls on grocers with our Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring and School Day Peanut Butter. Chuckie is only nine, but he's his dad's right hand.

So, here is the recipe. Don't question these ingredients. Just make them and soar to new heights as the producer of "the best rolls I've ever eaten."

- 2 cups milk (see below)
- 1/4 cup butter
- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cake yeast or 1 envelope dry yeast
- 5 to 6 cups of flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. salt

(If you use dry yeast, decrease milk to 1 and 3/4ths cups because 1/4 cup of water will be used to dissolve yeast.)

Scald milk. Add shortening and sugar and stir until both are dissolved. When mixture is lukewarm, add cake yeast and dissolve, or add the dissolved dry yeast.

Sift and measure three cups of flour. Add soda and baking powder and sift again. Add to first mixture and beat vigorously until it bubbles. Then put it in a warm place and allow to raise for 30 minutes.

Beat egg and salt until light and add to sponge. (Be sure you get all salt up from bowl—it has a tendency to stay on the bottom.) Beat very hard. Then add remaining flour to make a soft dough. (The less flour you use, the lighter the rolls will be. Flour varies so widely in texture that it is impossible to give the exact amount.)

Knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl, grease the top lightly, and put aside in a warm place until double in bulk.

Turn out on a floured board and from this point on you can do anything that strikes your fancy. Sometimes I divide the dough into three parts, roll each part into a circle about 9 inches in diameter and spread with melted butter. Cut each circle into wedge-shaped pieces (as if you were cutting pie) and then roll up each one and place on a greased baking sheet.

Sometimes I make Parkerhouse rolls; other times I use a round cutter to make a biscuit-type roll; and other times I pinch off balls, roll until they are smooth, and stack them side by side in a round pan. No matter how you use the dough, it must be allowed

(Continued on next page)

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

no mistakes; everything came out just right.

My own new room is at the back of the house and I wanted three large windows overlooking the garden. I told Russell exactly how I wanted those windows and he said apprehensively several times: "Are you SURE you want them that high?" Yes, I was SURE. So the windows were installed.

The first time I walked in there after the floor was down and windows were in, my heart plunged right through to China. I'd gotten those windows so high that when I sat down in a chair in front of them I could see only tree tops and sky! The whole purpose of windows overlooking garden had been totally demolished. Russell didn't say a word and I didn't say a word. Every late afternoon when we got home from the Kitchen-Klatter office we went in there to sit down and have a cup of coffee and every late afternoon we kept quiet about the fact that we had such a fine view of everything but the garden.

After a week of this I broke down and said mournfully that I'd made a terrible mistake and now I was stuck for the rest of my life with a room overlooking a lovely garden that I couldn't enjoy unless I stood and stared out. Once I had spoken, Russell spoke up too, so then we threshed it out and decided that even though it was expensive to take out those windows and put in ones of the right size, it was cheaper at that point than it would ever be again. And it *did* seem so foolish to spend the rest of my life regretting my mistake every time I entered the room.

As a matter of fact, Russell says he is glad I made the mistake because this miscalculation, plus a trip to Iowa City, saved him from making what would have been a really terrible mistake in the living room!

Our living room is being extended towards the garden and a large expanse on the garden side will be glass. Russell's original plans for those windows seemed just right, but fortunately they hadn't been ordered from the manufacturer when we visited cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her husband, Clay, in their truly beautiful new home in Iowa City.

They have the single most magnificent site I've ever seen for a house . . . are right above the Iowa river where it makes two graceful curves. Their living room has a very large area of glass running from the floor to the ceiling without a break, and by using this glass right to the floor it produced the illusion of being in the trees directly above the water—you might say that the house simply melts into the exquisite countryside.

I noticed Russell studying all of this very intently and the moment we returned home he went again to look at my too high windows and then went back into the living room and stared out. A few minutes later he called the lumber yard and found out to his vast relief that the windows had not yet been ordered and any kind of a change could be made.



This is Russell's new room and he spends endless hours at that desk working at business problems that are hard to concentrate on in our Kitchen-Klatter office where there's always so much commotion of one kind or another. The windows at the right can be glimpsed in the picture on page 3. The long thermopane window at the left will be matched in that new wing with the kitchen. Note the wide window sills for flowers.

"If we hadn't been in Gretchen's and Clay's house," he said, "and if you hadn't made a mistake in your windows, we would have had a living room overlooking the garden with windows that defeated the whole purpose of the room."

So you see, everything turned out for the best.

I used to feel such a sense of pressure about getting everything into one letter to you friends, but now I have decided to "roll with the tide" and take my time. There's always another issue coming! Eventually we'll get the houseplan drawn and in these pages so you can see what all this remodeling has been about. Eventually too I'll give you a much more detailed account of my kitchen—just now realized, for instance, that I said it was going to be a kitchen, utility room and study and then didn't say anything about the study part. Well, that will have to wait until a later letter. I hope to live in this completely remodeled house for years to come and there will be plenty of time to browse through the rooms and tell you about things.

I mentioned the trip to Iowa City: that was a brief trip but a very pleasant trip at the most beautiful time of the year in Iowa. I hadn't been in Iowa City since 1924 and my! what a huge university it has and how rapidly it is growing. I guess I had in mind a rather quiet, tranquil town. Certainly I didn't expect such a busy, busy place with such fast moving 5:00 o'clock traffic.

I could take pages just telling you about Gretchen's and Clay's house. It is completely unlike any other house I've ever been in and absolutely beautiful. I'm so glad Uncle Fred had a chance to see it before he died—he was always eager to see all the latest improvements in everything and appreciated every detail of the newest materials that were used in its construction.

All of the girls have left the office,

it's getting on to supper time, we're having our usual rain, and Russell has just phoned from the house to say that the workmen have gone and would I like to come home now? Yes, I would. So at this point I'll put the cover on my typewriter and say goodbye until next month.

Lucile

FORMULA FOR MIXING BLUE HOUSE PAINT

5 gallons medium grey house paint
5 1-1/2 oz. tubes of Prussian Blue
Oil Coloring
1/2 pint lamp black

These are the proportions used to produce the soft shade of blue on our house—not a pastel color at all, but still not a heavy, dead color.

—Lucile

P.S. We don't recommend this color if you have a green roof! When we first used it we knew that our old, old green roof would have to be replaced with a white roof—the shade of blue doesn't really look its best unless the roof is white.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH— (Concluded)

to raise again for about 1 1/2 hours and then baked from 15 to 20 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

This was intended by the originator as a refrigerator roll recipe, but even though I have exercised every precaution in refrigerating the dough I've never yet had rolls nearly as fluffy and light as when I bake them immediately without any side trip to the refrigerator.

The number of women who shy away from making homemade rolls from scratch is simply amazing. I beg of you to try this recipe even though you're faint of heart at the very thought. I don't see HOW you can have anything but wonderful rolls if you'll measure carefully, follow all directions, and knead thoroughly.

If you're not accustomed to handling yeast dough you'll use more flour than the old timers who can judge dough by its lively performance—one friend of mine says she always kneads until the dough "fights back" and that's a good way to describe it. But you only develop this knowledge by experience, so pluck up your courage and begin.

COVER PICTURE

These two small youngsters are the youngest members of our large Driftmier family, and frankly, we think they're darlings! We find only one flaw when we think about Paul and Katharine: they live too far away and we can only watch them grow and change through their pictures. Old friends know where they live and who their parents are, but for new friends we'll add that the babies of our family live in Anderson, Indiana with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Driftmier.

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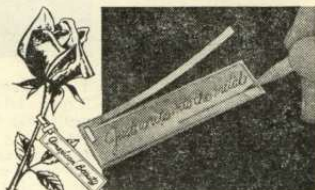
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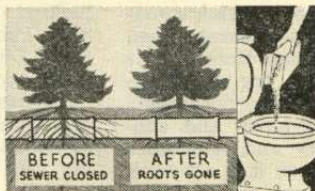
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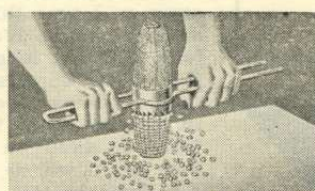
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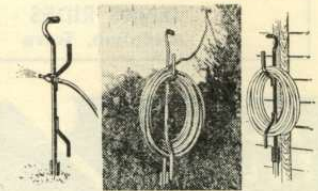
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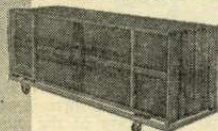
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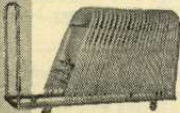
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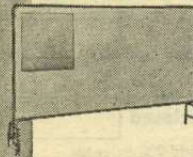
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JULIANA'S LETTER—Concluded

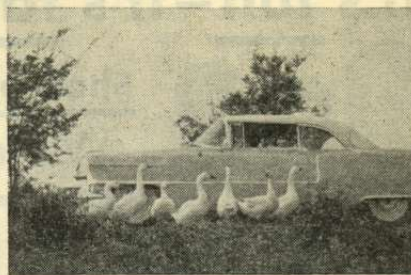
A long time ago I promised to tell you about my driving experiences. I got my license in May and since then I've been driving around whenever I can get the car. Mother doesn't drive so I only have to check with Daddy on the car about when he will need it. The most I've driven on the highway is out to Porter's Lake—this is about three miles from town. I may not be the best driver in the world but I'm careful enough to make up for it. Mother is always nervous in the car but even she says that she can relax pretty well when I'm driving her.

Because of the typing course I haven't been able to go up to the farm at all and I miss it. Kris and I have always had wonderful times together every summer, but it looks as if we'll only have about a week together this summer. She is spending a lot of time with her Aunt Edna Halls and her Uncle Raymond at their home near Allerton.

The carpenters are really banging away as I type this on mother's machine at home. We have surely been torn up for a long, long time and it just seems hopeless to try and keep things looking nice. Whenever it gets to be just about too noisy and confused to stand we try and remember how nice it will be when it is all done. I've lived in this house since I was three years old and nothing else could ever seem quite as much like home to me so I'm glad the folks decided to remodel instead of building a brand new house in another section of town.

About the last of June the folks and Suzie and I are driving out to Jackson Hole in Wyoming. Suzie and I are going to spend about six weeks at the Crystal Springs Camp and we can hardly wait to get there. From the pictures we've seen of the Teton mountains and the camp it looks wonderful and we'll have a lot of new experiences being with other girls.

After Suzie's mother is through with her work at Maryville she plans to



These geese live in the Jungle Gardens on Avery Island in Louisiana, and they were positively the noisiest, boldest geese we've ever seen. The minute we stopped the car they came splashing out of the water and waddled towards us, honking and hissing. In fact, they tried to get right into the car and I had rolled up the window in great alarm just as Russell snapped this picture. Those geese were the limit!—Lucile

pick up Suzie at the camp and go on to California to visit her brother. At that time I am going down to Denver and visit Aunt Abigail and Uncle Wayne and my cousins. I have never been to Denver to see them and I'm looking forward very much to this visit. Probably I'll take the train home from Denver because I doubt if the folks can get away to pick me up.

Kristin will write to you next month and when I write again I will tell you about the Crystal Springs Camp and my visit in Denver.

Sincerely yours,

Juliana

Never mind yesterday; life is today!
Never mind yesterday; put it away!
Never mind anything over and done;
Here is a new moment, lit with a new sun!

Never mind that which was once on a time,

Tomorrow rings in with its new sheaf of rhyme,

Yesterday's shadow scarce drags down the lane

Ere silver-shod morning comes dancing again.

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Margery told you that Martin's glasses and new hair cut had made a big change in his appearance, and here is the proof. Suddenly, almost overnight, he seemed so grown up to all of us.

A QUARTER AND A NICKEL

A quarter for the ball game,
A quarter for the show,
A quarter for the hockey match
Everytime I go.
A quarter here, a quarter there,
A quarter left and right,
But just a nickel for the Lord—
I wonder if it's right?

A quarter for some candy bars,
A quarter for some pop,
A quarter for some gasoline
To take a little hop.
A quarter spent for this or that,
A quarter every night,
But just a nickel for the Lord—
I wonder if it's right?

A quarter isn't much to me,
A drop within the pot,
But yet when Sunday comes around
A quarter seems a lot!
So when they pass the plate to me
At church on Sunday night,
I only put a nickel in—
I wonder if it's right?

If God himself should pass the plate
I wonder what I'd do?
I think I'd put a quarter on,
Perhaps a bill or two.
To spend the quarters for yourself
And then at church some night
To give the nickels to the Lord—
It surely isn't right!

—Unknown

(A friend in Pella, Ia. sent this and said that it made the rounds in their church circles a good many years ago.)

WHY WORRY?

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of
ills

That as yet have no existence?

—Sunshine Magazine

YOUR RADIO CAN BRING US TOGETHER!

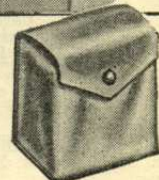
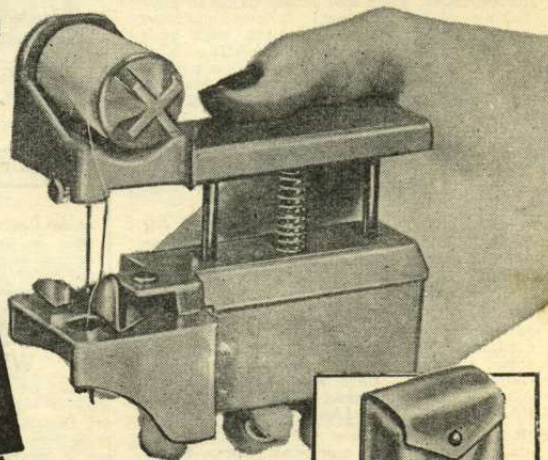
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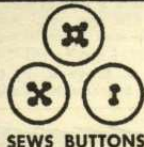
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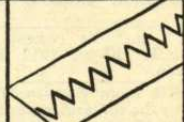
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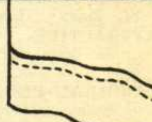
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