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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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NUMBER 6



Shadows on the Teche

Photo by Russell Verness

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
RT 1 BOX 146 MAR 60
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

A few minutes ago I came in from the yard where I've been digging dandelions all morning.

It's really surprising how much gardening you can do from a wheelchair if you have a light, very sharp pointed hoe and willing hands to do the running back and forth that's necessary when you're planting. In my case I'm lucky because Mart is at home most of the time, both Martin and Juliana are only a stone's throw away and can run in to help me out, and in the evening Oliver spares some time from his own yard to line up things where I will find them handy the next morning.

I've always enjoyed getting into the yard as much as possible, but after our many months of bad weather it was extra pleasant to be digging dandelions and planting flowers this spring. It looked for a while as if we'd never get enough warm weather to do a thing—I don't know when cold rainy days have hung on and on for so long. Believe me, we all wished you folks who need moisture so badly could have had even half of our downpours or drizzles.

This morning I did some planting along with my dandelion weeding. We wanted new Bleeding Hearts and also a display of gladiolas at the far end of our garden. Now these things are in and I can cross them off my list.

If I figure right, you'll be reading this just about the time we will be getting ready for Donna's wedding. Mary Beth and Donald finally decided that it wouldn't be wise to include Katharine in a church ceremony and consequently they won't be coming home at this time. She could be depended upon to carry the ring nicely in familiar surroundings at home, but a long church aisle in a building that would look vast to a small child could lead to complications.

We always try to meet all of the printer's deadlines, and most of the time we do, but next month I'm going to ask them to "hold the presses" beyond the usual date so I can give you details about Donna's marriage. It won't be possible to have pictures until the following month because it takes quite a long time to get the cuts made that are used in these pages, but eventually these will be shared with you.

These have been exceptionally busy days for Mae and Howard. Not only was there a big church wedding to plan (and all parents who've been through it know how many details are involved) but they also had to arrange their work so they could attend Donna's graduation from college, and in addition to both events, they have moved into their own home.

All of us Driftmiers were so pleased and happy when they bought a house in our section of town—about two blocks from our family home. For several years they had worked on house plans—expected to build a new house on the lot they purchased shortly after they were married. However, both of them carry such heavy business responsibilities that it finally seemed they would never be able to spare all the time it takes to supervise the construction of a house built from scratch. It made better sense to them to buy a house in good structural condition and improve it as they could find time to do so.

By choosing a house already built they were able to get twice the amount of ground that would have been available under present day conditions. They have a large corner lot with all kinds of space for vegetable garden, fruit trees, flowers and all the other things they've wanted. Howard is a master craftsman, you know, and he will be able to do all of the improvements they have in mind. We're glad they will finally have a place to put all of the beautiful furniture he has made through the years. Until now they've been able to use only a portion of it. All in all, we're very happy for them and even though moving added to the complications of an unusually busy month, at least they were moving into their own home.

As you old time friends know, we've gotten uneasy about planning too much on making trips at a given time, but if everything works out the way we hope it will, we expect to leave right after Donna's wedding for a trip we've been looking forward to all winter.

Dorothy plans to arrange things so she can drive for us and our plans now are to go directly to Springfield, Mass. from Shenandoah. We are anxious to see Betty, Frederick and our two grandchildren, Mary Leanna and David, and since they won't be able

to come out here to Iowa this summer, we'll go there. We are surely anxious to see with our own eyes how Frederick is walking since the accident when his back was broken. He has made a wonderful recovery and we know he's fine, but we'll just feel better when we see him!

I don't know how long we'll be in Springfield and how many side trips we can make to see old friends and our relatives—this depends upon the length of time Dorothy feels she can be gone. I do know that on our return trip we will visit Mary Beth and Donald in their new home, and will have a chance to see how much Katharine and Paul have changed. From Mary Beth's letter I've concluded that Paul is exactly like his father was at that age. It's a trying period when a baby's energy and physical strength far exceed his reasoning powers.

The Driftmier family had its first break in the circle of brothers and sisters when Beulah Ketcham Driftmier, (Mrs. Bert Driftmier) passed away early on the morning of May 1st. Her death did not come unexpectedly, although she was mercifully spared a long period of hospitalization.

We had been gravely concerned about her condition for more than a year, but since she read Kitchen-Klatter every month we made no reference to her illness at any time. She had great courage and such a firm determination to keep going that only one week passed from the time she entered the hospital until she passed away.

Bert and Beulah would have been married 43 years had she lived until June, and since they never had children it leaves Bert sadly alone. Clarinda will miss her very much indeed—for many years she worked in the City Hall and probably knew more people than anyone else in town. Her animated personality and radiant good cheer endeared her to everyone, and it is hard to imagine our Driftmier family gatherings without her. Beulah stood so heartily for all the positive things of daily life that she would wish me only to mention her passing as I have done in this letter—a simple statement along with news of a forthcoming wedding, our own hopes for a trip, and the other events that make up our lives.

My sister, Jessie Shambaugh, is learning to walk all over again now that the cast has been taken off her leg. She is spending some time in Des Moines with her son Bill and his family, and since they have a nice big yard she is able to be out and enjoy these fine spring days.

Martha is still with Dwight and his family in Westfield, New Jersey and says in her letters that she is making fine progress. It has been over a year now since she fell and broke her hip, but several trips to surgery set her back quite a bit in being able to walk again. A broken hip or leg is one of the biggest perils for people of our age, and I told Mart the other day that at least by being in a wheelchair I would escape the troubles that my sisters have had. My children tell me

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IT'S GOOD TO HAVE FREDERICK BACK!

Dear Friends,

Today I am a hero to every child in this neighborhood. They think that my torso cast from neck to hips is a "bullet proof vest" and that I am a secret agent of the F. B. I.!

It all started when my son David decided that a common old cast for a broken back was not dramatic enough for this modern age of television drama. As I have taken my daily walk around the block, I have been stopped at least a dozen times by youngsters who have wanted to rap me on the chest "to feel the bullet proof vest." The story had a touch of conviction added to it by the added element of my dog's little trick of rising up onto his hind legs and standing at attention upon command.

"All F. B. I. dogs act that way," the children believe. I am playing along with the little game, for the children know better and yet they like the excitement of the F. B. I. story.

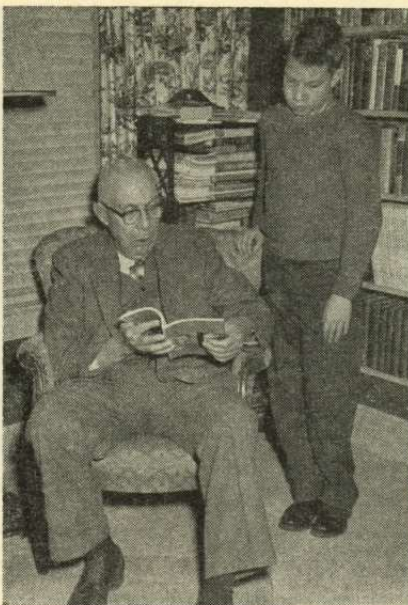
The first time I returned to conduct a church service after my accident and six weeks of slow recovery, it was very obvious to the several hundred children and adults in the congregation that I was in a cast. I walked slowly, somewhat painfully, and very, very erect.

For my Children's Sermon that day I held up an enormous turtle and then told the children how a nurse at the hospital had said to me: "Dr. Driftmier, do you know what the doctors around here are going to do to you? They are going to make you look just like a turtle. They are going to put a big shell right around you with a place for your neck and your arms to stick out of the top and a place for your legs to stick out the bottom."

Then I rapped very hard on my cast to let them hear that it sounded exactly like the sound that was made when I rapped on the turtle's shell. After the service one little boy came up to me and said: "You are the first turtle I have ever heard preach a sermon!"

Some of the coincidences of life are most interesting. For example, just a few days before the toboggan accident that fractured my spine I had written to a friend this statement: "There is only one thing that worries me. My life has been too easy. From the day I was born I have had nothing but good fortune, and I know that that is not normal. Every life must have its hard days, its difficult days, its accidents and its sorrows. My life has until now been so free of trouble that it actually worries me. I have a feeling that my turn to carry a cross is coming soon." Little did I know that my turn was coming within a matter of hours after writing those words.

There is no experience in life that does not provide us with lessons to learn, and during the past several weeks I have learned much. How fortunate we are to live in this wonderful, marvelous age of modern science. I am so grateful for the pain-killing qualities of morphine and for the



We have never known anyone who is a more avid reader than Dad (M. H. Driftmier). He saw to it that there were always many books and magazines in our home. This particular Sunday afternoon he called Martin's attention to something interesting in a new magazine.

quick-acting anesthetics used in the operating room, things that our grandparents never knew. I don't think that I ever fully appreciated the wonder of the automobile until my long ride in an ambulance. What if my long ride to the hospital over the snow-covered hills had been by horse and wagon?

Perhaps the most precious lesson to be learned from my accident is one that has to do with people. When I think how kind everyone has been to me, I realize that God's love is best seen in the lives of people. Is not the human love that you and I know as compassion actually Divine Love? When you wake up at three o'clock in the morning to find a nurse putting some cracked ice to your lips, do you not look up into the face of Christ? When your family and friends make so many sacrifices for your comfort, do you not learn that in this way God gives us His most precious gift?

Now that I am able to return to my church office a part of each day, I am almost embarrassed by the constant comment: "Oh, Dr. Driftmier, I am so sorry for you!" Always I reply: "Please don't be sorry! Rejoice with me that I have had such good fortune. Look at me! No paralysis of any kind. I have had the most wonderful medical care, the kindness of hundreds of friends, and the love of a family that has done more for me than I would have dreamed possible. I am one of the luckiest men in the world."

Do you like to go house hunting? I do, and for the fourth time in nine years I am looking for a good house to buy. This time the house is not for me, but for my new associate minister. Our church has just employed a fine young minister to replace the one we lost earlier this year, and now we are hunting for a nice big house in good condition, in a fine neighborhood, near the best schools, and at a low price.

It just so happens that within one block of our house there are five houses now for sale. They are all owned by our good friends and neighbors and it is hard to choose between them. The fact that they are all selling at the same time means that there is some competition, and for that we are grateful even though we hate to see so many changes in the neighborhood all at once. Some of these neighbors are military people who have been transferred to other stations, and some are retired people looking for a smaller home. Many of the houses in this neighborhood have 12 or more rooms, and while such a big house is fine for a big family, the heating bills run high and when a new paint job is needed it is so expensive.

You may be interested to learn what houses cost here in an Eastern city. A 12 room house with a nice lawn, two bathrooms and a lavatory, two car garage, a full basement with automatic heat, and in a good family neighborhood will cost between \$14,000 and \$18,000. The taxes will run in the general vicinity of \$500 a year, and the house will cost about \$500 a year to heat.

Of course, that is less than a new house would cost out in the suburbs. Houses in the city are much less than houses in the outlying areas around the city. Betty and I would much rather live in a big, old house than a newer smaller house. Our present house has nine rooms, plus an enormous attic, plus three rooms in the basement.

Needless to say, we are planning a very quiet summer this year. I don't think that we shall even try to go to Nova Scotia. We love our little cottage in the Rhode Island woods, and what we need more than anything else is rest and relaxation. Swimming and sun bathing will probably give the final touch to my convalescence, and if I am completely well, I shall begin writing a book. So many people have been urging me to write a book of *Sermons for Children*, and during the past few years I have been collecting materials for it. The one thing I lack for the final effort is a new typewriter.

One of the nice things about living in the northern part of this great country is the God-given tonic that summer provides. Most people who live in the southern part of the country actually dread the thought of summer with its awful heat and muggy days. Here in New England the one thing that helps us to survive the long, wet, cold spring is the thought that summer is only weeks away. July and August are to us what electric current is to a battery—a tremendous charge of energy to be stored up for the winter to come. One thing I have taught our children to do is to thank God in their prayers for every day be it good or bad, but to express a special word of gratitude for the days that bring sunshine and blue skies.

Sincerely,

Frederick

"MOONBEAMS and STARDUST"

For the June Bride

By

Mabel Nair Brown

A bridal shower around the theme *Moonbeams and Stardust* is sure to be a lovely party that will put extra "stars" in the eyes of any bride-to-be. I might add too that it will give much pleasure and fun to the friends who plan it.

Invitations

Most of the time we use the shape of a wedding bell or a heart for bridal shower invitations, but on this occasion it would be attractive to cut a five-pointed star from pale blue construction paper—cut two of them and staple together at the tip of one point.

Use silver ink to sketch several small stars on the outside cover, and a silver of a moon could be added also. When the star is opened the message on the inside (written in white ink) might read:

"You are invited to a shower on Tuesday, June 2nd, 1959 at 8:00 P.M. to help us add to the stardust in Mary Brown's eyes. Will you please write your five-star company dessert recipe on a star cut-out and bring it with you?" The name of the hostess (or names of the hostesses) will be at the bottom.

(In the event your guest of honor has already attended showers where favorite recipes are brought you might ask for a special household help to be written on the star cut-out, or a cherished few lines of verse or "words to live by.")

Decorations

(For dining room table or buffet): Use your loveliest white linen cloth on the table or, if you prefer, use an undercloth of pale blue cotton or linen and an overcloth of white net.

Purchase several rolls of paper ribbonette (such as is used in wrapping gifts) in white, blue and silver and curl it with a knife edge. Swirl it in graceful coils in the center of the table and place little clusters of small white tissue wedding bells among the ribbons. Dabs of glue used here and there on the ribbons and bells and sprinkled with glitter will give you the sparkly stardust effect you want.

If there is a light fixture above this buffet or table centerpiece, suspend a moon from it and also some stars. These can be made of construction paper, covered with glue, sprinkled with silver glitter and then attached to strings. Small glitter stars could also be strewn on the table, or fastened to a tablecloth that hangs down each side of the table.

An additional touch that adds a great deal can be made by covering small white cardboard stars with glue and glitter dust, and fastening them to pipe cleaner stems. These can be used among fresh flowers, or can be inserted in needlepoint holders and used in the ribbon and wedding bell



Back in March we shared with you a group picture of Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) with the "men of the family," so this month we want to use the last picture taken on Thanksgiving day. It wasn't hard for the photographer to get smiles because "the men" had completed their stint in front of the camera and moved into the dining room where they could heckle and give countless instructions. In the front row are Alison Driftmier, Mother and Dad and Emily Driftmier. Standing are Mae Driftmier (Mrs. Howard) and her daughter, Donna, Juliana Verness, Margery Driftmier Strom, Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Abigail Driftmier (Mrs. Wayne) and Kristin Johnson.

arrangements described above.

Nutcups can be made by covering the small paper cups with fluted blue crepe paper (gather these on the sewing machine—it's so fast!) and decorating them by stapling on a little half-moon and tiny stars which have been given the glue and glitter treatment.

Another unusual nutcup idea is to cut the front and back of miniature dustpans from blue construction paper (the back part has the handle). Whip the parts together with white yarn. Decorate with a silver moon and star pasted on the front. Fill this little dustpan with candy and nuts.

Tiny Silver Bells to use in various ways can be made easily by shaping tiny circles of aluminum foil over a thimble. For an extra pretty and festive touch, insert two lengths of blue and white ribbon (very narrow ribbon or paper ribbonette) through the top of two of these little bells and tie a pair to the handle of each coffee cup or punch cup at refreshment time.

If you need a favor for a tray lunch, tie two of these little bells to a wooden picnic spoon. The names of the bride and groom and the wedding date can be written with blue ink on the bowl of the spoon or upon the handle.

Punch Bowl decoration. Use your sewing machine to make a wide ruffle of nylon net. Fasten this in a circle around the base of the punch bowl and dab it here and there with glue; sprinkle with glitter. Paste on tiny silver stars or use some of the glitter stars on pipe cleaner stems to stand up in the folds of the ruffle.

If candles are used, decorate the base with net ruffles described above. Tie on with blue ribbonette curls.

Entertainment

A good "warming up" game is a *Sentimental Sing*. Select several well known love songs such as "Oh Promise Me," "I Love You Truly" or "Indian Love Call" and write the phrases

on slips of paper. Pass these out in a hat and let each guest choose one. When all have been distributed, tell your guests to locate all of the phrases that complete one song. The first group to complete a song starts singing it and is awarded a prize. However, let all groups finish and sing their song because it makes for much fun. It's even more fun if, when they sing, each person comes in at the proper time with the phrase on her paper.

Star Light, Star Bright is a good "teaser." Distribute paper and pencil. The hostess should stand and quote the famous lines:

Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight.

Then each guest is to write on the slip of paper her one most burning wish. These slips are folded, collected, tossed around in a hat, and then the hostess reads them. If all members of the group are well acquainted, have them write the name of the person they think made the wish. If this is a large crowd and not everyone might know that Helen Brown's burning wish is to get new linoleum for the kitchen floor, have them guess verbally.

Trip to the Moon is a variation on the hilarious old suitcase action game. In this day of ventures into space it is particularly fitting.

Divide the crowd into two teams. Prepare two suitcases with identical items that look somewhat like "space" suits—a big pair of coveralls, straw hat equipped with flaps, pair of goggles, heavy coat with a big belt to keep it together, a pair of boots (preferably ones that must be laced) and a pair of gloves. Make this clothing as awkward as possible to get into.

At a given signal a member of each team starts getting into the space outfit, fastens his empty suitcase and

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings, Good Friends:

Last month I told you that as soon as the May issue had been "put to bed" we intended to take a little breather. Well, we had the little breather all right and it turned out to be the single most relaxed trip we've ever made. We were gone just short of two weeks, not very much time when you come right down to it, but I returned home feeling like a new person and all braced to take more remodeling commotion on the grand scale.

As nearly as I can figure out, there are three main reasons why we found this short trip so restful.

One: we were both so tired that *any* trip to *any* destination would have been a genuine tonic. Two: we left a dreary looking scene after months of bad weather and went into a world of spring and summer beauty. And three: we had no time schedule, no positive destinations and no compelling need to be at a given place at a given time. Probably of the three points I have listed, the last is the most important.

We checked our mileage when we returned home and found that we lacked only 27 miles of having driven 3,000 miles. Not one single mile was driven on a super highway, freeway, toll road or turnpike. And frankly, we found this a delight. When you're covering vast distances in limited time, the turnpikes and their like are an absolute necessity. (We never could have made our marvelous trip to Nova Scotia without such roads.) But when you want to see the country and poke around towns and get the "feel" of places, there's no substitute for plain, run-of-the-mill roads.

It was pouring rain when we started across Iowa on highway No. 2, and this particular rain followed so many days of rain that the shoulders of the road were dangerous and a sharp eye had to be kept out for slick mud on the pavement. I found myself sympathizing with every farm wife on No. 2! Any kind of a battle put up against that mud was lost before it was started.

We were close to Jefferson City, Missouri before we ran out of the rain, and since it was a new town for both of us we really felt that finally we were on a trip when we settled down in our motel!

At noon the next day we had lunch right on the line between Missouri and Arkansas and by late afternoon we had gone through Memphis and angled on southeast to Holly Springs, Miss. We really hadn't been away from Shenandoah many hours, everything considered, and yet in Holly Springs we felt that we were at last in the South.

Several things about this town interested us. During the Civil War there were 61 separate raids made on it by the Confederates for the best reason in the world: General Grant stored his supplies there that were intended to be used in taking Vicksburg.



This great house is Dunleith in Natchez, Mississippi, and is typical of the architecture used in the Deep South before the Civil War. We wanted to use it in this issue so you could contrast it with the architecture of the Cover house. You can see how very different Shad-ows on the Teche really is.

Immediately after the war was over several thousand refugees poured in there for the express purpose of escaping a great Yellow Fever epidemic that was raging through the South. (Holly Springs is quite high, compared to the surrounding countryside, and it was generally believed that Yellow Fever couldn't thrive there.) In only a few weeks over 2,000 men, women and children had died. Yellow Fever did not respect Holly Springs' elevation.

Like countless other southern towns, Holly Springs has great mansions, homes of grandeur and splendor not to be compared to homes that were built in the north. As we drove up and down the streets of this small town (quite a bit smaller than Shenandoah) we studied the huge homes and concluded that several generations of wealth had gone into building them—and that probably descendants of the original families still occupied them.

It came as quite a shock to us to find that in the span of time covered by only *one* generation those homes were built on cotton money—and then the land was ruined and no more money could be pulled out of it. Even though a hundred or more years have passed since then, the countryside is still eroded and desolate.

Our third night on the road was spent at Montgomery, Alabama and we took time to drive around the city for more than an hour. We had never been in Montgomery before and had no basis of comparison, but it *seemed* to us that there was more the atmosphere of the "old South" in that city than any other place we'd been. When we visited with our friends in New Orleans they told us that Montgomery had changed less than any other city in the south, so evidently our impressions were sound.

The next day we drove to Enterprise, Alabama where School Day peanut butter is made and saw with our own eyes the statue to the boll weevil that stands on Main street. As far as anyone knows, this is the only statue in the world that has been erected to honor an insect! The boll weevil ruined the cotton crops around Enterprise and the entire economy based on cotton simply fell apart. In this crisis it was necessary to make drastic changes if the town were to be saved, so the Sessions family launched into the production of peanuts. Their big plants for manufacturing superlative

peanut butter and cooking oil have made all the difference between decay and prosperity.

My, how the north coast of Florida has changed since we saw it eleven years ago! We found the snow-white beaches and turquoise water simply beautiful and if time had permitted we would have loved to spend three or four days in one of the new motels built right on the water.

After a night at Fort Walton we went on to Mobile and spent a night there—then on to New Orleans for two days—and from New Orleans to New Iberia.

Of all the places we saw, we liked New Iberia the best. It is not a resort town and consequently there is a peaceful, quiet atmosphere that makes for friendliness and relaxation. In Russell's garden notes and in my description of the cover picture we have covered a couple of high points, but I do want to mention something else.

New Iberia was settled by the French and through the years their finest cooking traditions have blended with the Creole traditions to produce perfectly wonderful food. At the Hotel Frederic on Main street there is a restaurant where we found the most delicious food we've ever run into when we were traveling. Russell and I were so intrigued by the sauce they used for cauliflower, a lemon pie and an upside-down pineapple cake that we said it would be worth going back there just to find out how in the world those things were made. I've tried to duplicate all three things at home and gotten absolutely nowhere. Furthermore, I bought many spices and sauces in St. Martinsville so I had the unusual ingredients they *must* use, but even these props haven't helped.

Incidentally, St. Martinsville (only 9 miles from New Iberia) is the final resting place of Evangeline and her fellow travelers who journeyed from Nova Scotia to this lovely countryside in southern Louisiana. As Russell and I prowled around the little town we suddenly thought how curious it was that within less than a year we'd been where the party started their long journey—and where they ended.

I want to go back to New Iberia again someday and I hope that many of you can include it in your route the next time you're anywhere near the Gulf in Louisiana. It appealed to both of us as a wonderfully gracious and restful place.

After we left New Iberia we had three more nights on the road: Shreveport, La., Fayetteville, Ark., and Kansas City, Mo. Those of you who expect to go south on No. 71 through the Boston mountains in Arkansas will probably run into extensive road repairs. Goodness knows that work on those mountain roads is desperately needed and when it is done it will be a pleasure to drive through there, but during construction you're held up with heavy machinery and one-lane traffic.

We have come to the conclusion that unless you know a city or are staying with people who live there and know it, you're better off to make
(Concluded on page 20)

COLORADO ALSO HAD A TARDY SPRING

Dear Friends,

This is one of those days when I really feel that I have earned a Chauffeur's badge. With one car and a family that sometimes seems to go in five separate directions, I find myself driving a great deal. Living in the suburbs sometimes means just one thing — no one lives within walking distance of anything.

Emily has just left for a special children's service at the Episcopal Cathedral located in the downtown Denver business area. The full name of this great church is "St. John's in the Wilderness". When the church was established the name referred to the natural surroundings. Now it still seems appropriate when we consider the state of our hearts and souls.

It's a unique experience for us to live in an area that has lots of Episcopalians. In Iowa this has not been one of the stronger churches, particularly in the small towns we knew. However, that church came to Colorado early and became very well established in some sections, particularly in Denver. Besides the Cathedral and numerous large parishes, and small missions too, the church established St. Luke's Hospital. To me the most interesting of the church's institutions is St. Anne's Convalescent Home and School for Children. Many people do not know that the Episcopal Church has orders of both nuns and monks because they are few in number. The order of the Sisters of St. Anne works particularly with children, though they also concern themselves with other religious and charitable duties.

Because I had never even been close to a nun's home before, I was most interested in the meeting our Women's Auxiliary had with these dedicated gentle ladies. We toured the school which has small classes for kindergarten through sixth grade. Because it was evening and the children were in bed, we saw only a small portion of the infirmary and physical therapy wing. These were built only a few years ago when polio was rampant. Now most of the children are cardiac and arthritic victims.

The sisters also make our communion wafers and I was fascinated by the methods employed. Only the day before I had taken a group of Brownies through the Bowman Biscuit Co. Here we had seen mass production, mechanization and efficiency of operation at its peak. In contrast the sisters employ a medieval process that is about as inefficient as any you could imagine. They do use electricity to heat the baking grids, but that was all I could detect in the way of a modern process.

Our next stop was the sacristy where all the vestments for visiting clergymen are kept. The sisters themselves wear a simple gray habit. Many of the communion vestments are quite old and the materials are

most unusual. There were several made of magnificently embroidered Chinese silk. These were sent to Denver by the sisters in China at the time the Communists forced them to leave the country. Others were made from very Victorian-looking materials — some of which must surely have been designed for wearing at a great ball instead of in a simple chapel.

When the Sisters of St. Anne purchased their home many years ago, they were out in the country surrounded by barren fields. Now the city has grown up around them for miles in every direction. However, the trees and gardens which were so lovingly planted and cared for have grown up too. When you step inside their grounds it really seems as if you have left this world and re-entered a quiet era of long ago.

I don't wish to give the impression that I think everything about the old days was good and that nothing about modern life is an improvement, for I was tremendously impressed with modern educational methods when I made another tour recently. This time I was with our pre-school mother's group on a visit to the Eiber Public School here in Jefferson County. This is a combined regular elementary school and special school for handicapped children. Included among the latter are the blind, partially-sighted, deaf, mentally retarded and physically handicapped children.

There isn't any word except "inspiring" that describes the education and opportunities for normal living that are available to these handicapped children. Most of them would have received nothing beyond custodial care until a few years ago for the cost of such special education is prohibitive to all but the wealthy. Yet these children receive their schooling as part of the regular public school system.

Specially trained teachers work with small groups divided according to type of handicap, although unfortunately many have multiple handicaps. Whenever and wherever possible the handicapped children are integrated into the regular classes. For instance, we met a blind kindergarten who spends mornings in the class for the blind and afternoons with the regular kindergarten. The school band includes both normal and handicapped children. Recess and lunch periods are spent together.

The equipment necessary to provide such education is very expensive. The electronic headphones for the deaf cost more than \$800 a piece. However, our taxes didn't seem too high as we listened to these young children working so very hard to pronounce sounds they could hear no other way.

The artwork of the mentally retarded seems outstanding. One classroom of teenagers had displays of tile mosaics and seed designs that were beautiful and very intricate. As we left the building, we passed the gym where a group of spastic children were being taught to skip. Every mother in the group came away tremendously grateful that her own children were normal, and yet inspired by these

children who have progressed so far in learning under such dreadful difficulties.

This letter is being written while the spring nursery business continues at a maddening pace. Everyone claims this has been the worst spring after the worst winter that Denver had experienced in a long time. One week early this spring the temperature was 80 for two days. Three nights later it was 7 above zero and that took care of the flowering shrubs and fruit trees. Snow kept reappearing in quantity long after winter should have become past history. This has meant that the work schedule at the nursery has been almost hopelessly fouled up more times than anyone can count. Wayne has become a rare sight; he leaves early in the morning, works until late at night, and occasionally dashes in at odd hours for a hurried bite of food.

Because we don't have time now for social life as a couple, I have been entertaining women. Recently a friend and I gave a luncheon for 24. My friend has very little furniture so we had the party at her home where six card tables would set up comfortably. She had the cleaning to do so I took charge of rounding up card tables, folding chairs, table linen, additional silverware and dishes, and preparing the food.

We decided to keep the menu very simple and easy to serve in order to free ourselves to enjoy the company of our guests. The weather was highly unpredictable so we selected my version of Mother's Hawaiian Shrimp Salad. It can be served hot by substituting white sauce for mayonnaise. This proved a happy choice since cold damp weather moved in the night preceding the party. With this we served hot garlic-buttered Triscuits and spiced crabapples and black and green-stuffed olives to add color to the plates. Dessert was the reliable and delicious "Beverly's Brownies" recipe baked thin and moist and topped with a scoop of good-quality vanilla ice cream.

The plates were served in the kitchen since we felt it would be awkward for 24 people to dodge card tables. Jackie and I acted as waitresses and carried around the "seconds" and dessert and coffee too. We received many compliments on the food and I'm going to send along the recipe I used. Although I know many of you have it already in basic form, you may appreciate this big quantity version. Incidentally, the reason I call it "my" version is that I never got around to writing it down until just recently and it probably varies somewhat from the original recipe that Mother gave.

Cordially,
Abigail

There are still people who can remember when the cost of high living was lower than the present high cost of living.

Many wise words are spoken in jest, but they can't compare with the number of foolish words spoken in earnest.

TOO MANY STEPS

By
Frances De Cook

How I used to envy, yes, and admire too, those women whose work was always finished!

But more than this, I envied them the particular skill that enabled them to get their work done so quickly, efficiently and almost effortlessly (at least it seemed so to me) and still appear rested and fresh as a daisy at the end of the day. I knew that I put in longer hours and worked harder, but there was so little to show for it at the end of *my* day.

What, then, was wrong with my system? And why was I failing in this most honorable and wonderful of occupations, that of being a homemaker and mother? I say "failing" because it stands to reason that a woman who is always tired and constantly harassed by the work about her cannot give to her family what they have a right to expect.

I finally found the answer, the reason why it was that I worked so hard and accomplished so little. It was really quite simple: just too many steps and wasted motions.

Or, in simple terms: just plain poor management. I wasted my energy. Like a child with just so much allowance to spend in a day, a human being has just so much energy to spend in a day. If it isn't spent wisely, there won't be enough to see him through the hours between getting up and going to bed.

Let me tell you what it took to teach me this simple truth.

It happened one dreary day in late November. That day had started out just like any other hectic, disjointed day with mountains of work to do and no one to help with any of it. I was hurriedly trying to wipe up the steps to the basement—and then it happened! I slipped and fell the full length of those steps, landing hard on the concrete basement floor.

I was quite badly injured. In fact, some of the effects of this accident I will carry with me for the rest of my life. The doctors said it was a miracle I wasn't killed.

When I came home from the hospital I could not get around very well and when I moved at all it was with the aid of a cane, slowly and laboriously.

So the first thing I was forced to overcome was my miserable habit of "flitting." I would flit from one task to another, never quite finishing anything. I might be in the middle of doing a mountain of dishes when I would remember suddenly that I had not finished making the beds. Hurriedly I would wipe my hands, bound up the stairs and attack the beds. Then, before I'd finished them, I would see something else that needed doing and off I would dash to do it. Or maybe one of the children might call me outside for a moment and off I would dash again. Lots of hustle and lots of



This is probably a familiar scene in any home where daddy is taking advanced college work. Donald is being interrupted by Katharine (who wants a story read) and Paul who is there on general principles.

bustle but nothing whatever accomplished, nothing finished, and all the hours just wasted.

Now, since it was so difficult for me to get around, I would finish completely whatever I was doing in that spot and I would not leave it until I was all finished.

For instance, I would stay at the sink until the dishes were all done and put away, the stove wiped up, the sink cleaned and the towel hung up. Then I would take up my cane and move to another spot in the house and stay there until I had completely finished whatever needed doing in that spot.

I learned quickly that I *could* iron clothes while sitting down on a stool. This was something I'd never done because I had always maintained that I simply could not do as good a job ironing if I sat down—so I'd stood for hours. Now I *had* to sit and I did just as good a job—perhaps even better because I couldn't just get up and run away every few minutes!

Now that I could not make half a dozen trips around a bed I found that I could get it made nicely in just a few minutes with only ONE trip around it. Sounds difficult perhaps but it really isn't. First make it completely on one side; then move to the opposite side and make that side, smoothing out all the wrinkles by pulling the covers gently towards you. That's all there is to it.

Many steps can also be saved in setting the table and clearing it by using a big tray. I used to make countless trips to and from the kitchen with dishes and food. Now I pile the tray full of dishes and can generally clear the table in one trip. I also use the tray to set the table and to bring on the food. (Editor's note: Frederick should feel genuinely heartened when he reads this!)

Another thing that I learned during this period of physical disability was

never, never, NEVER to backtrack. Backtracking is a terrible waste of time and energy. You will notice that I stress finishing a task before starting on another. I used to run up and down the stairs and to the basement many times a day with every little thing. I now put everything that needs to go upstairs or to the basement by the stairs and then take it all when I need to go up or down, as the case may be. At the end of the day I had saved countless steps.

I have made a list of the things that must be done every day; another list of the things that must be done every week; and a third list of things that must be done once a month or more. But it is important to keep such lists flexible so that if unexpected things turn up you won't be thrown into a complete "tizzy." And never, never put too much on the daily list. Always reserve some time for what I call the "love to do things."

So it was that my terrible misfortune in one way, was my good fortune in another way. I have learned to evaluate things, to sift out the important from the unimportant. As a result I get more done in less time, I am far happier, I have much more time for my family—and I even have time to do some of the things that I always wanted to do but never could manage the hours and energy to accomplish. However, the best thing of all is the fact that I have lost the terrible feeling of frustration, of constant mental and physical weariness.

I hope this little account of what happened to me may help another harassed housewife, for I know from personal experience how it feels to be on a "treadmill" of housework.

* * * *

Lucile's note: I am convinced that Frances De Cook has discovered the one all-important "secret" of successful homemaking. The most incompetent and ineffectual housewives I've ever known have been the "flitters." Every tiny thing distracts them from the job at hand. They never finish a thing.

If you are completely bogged down by the treadmill of housework and permanently discouraged, borrow some crutches or a cane and make yourself use them. This sounds drastic, but a drastic ailment calls for a drastic cure. People with a physical handicap CAN NOT flit. It's too hard to get from place to place. Every step must be measured. Backtracking is out of the question.

After one week on crutches or with a cane you'll know once and for all why you never before could get anything accomplished. You'll also know the "secret" of how it is that severely handicapped people get so much done in the span of one day. They can't flit. They are *compelled* to go at everything methodically and finish it once and for all before they tackle the next job. Believe me, I know whereof I speak!

Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. If the stars are too distant, pick up the pebble that lies at your feet.

HELEN'S HAVILAND SHOPPE

By

Hallie M. Barrow

How often a business is started from such inconsequential beginnings! Take Helen's Haviland Shoppe, for instance, near the very small town of Fontana, Kansas.

Nine years ago Helen Burnett was given her grandmother's set of Haviland. But there were some pieces missing so she set out to see if somewhere she couldn't find enough Haviland to match hers and fill out her service for twelve. She loved browsing around antique shops, second-hand stores, junk dealers, going to country auctions and interviewing old couples who just *might* have some of her lovely pattern. This search really became a hobby, you might say—and she loved fine china.

Mrs. Burnett ran into all sorts of interesting Haviland situations. Often she could have matched a complete set of some other pattern. Often she met other lovers of fine china as they were seeking for odds and ends. Often she could help them find their particular pattern. Several times collectors left orders with her: whenever she found a certain pattern she was to buy all she could and ship it to them. All of a sudden, she found she was in a small business: that of buying, matching and selling odds and ends of old French Haviland. She could conduct this business from her own home and, since most of it was by correspondence, she could give her two small daughters, her husband in the railroad business and her widowed father who came to live with them and run the farm, a full home life.

As Mrs. Burnett bought a few saucers here, several cups there, a bowl or a platter, they were placed on tables in her living room. Soon every available table or shelf was piled high. Each year her business grew amazingly and all the furniture was taken out of the living room, the dishes placed on the floor against the walls and just enough aisles left to be able to reach the dishes. The front parlor overflowed and a stair case was used. It was one of those endless circles . . . if she got a good many pieces on hand and wished to move them, she would advertise, fill the rush of orders and then buy more to fill the vacant spots. She did not wish to have a shop in town and be away from home.

A two-room building was purchased at an auction and moved to the farm yard. Shelves were put in each room from floor to ceiling and counters in front of the shelves. When we were there in February the shop was crammed full and when we asked her how many thousand pieces of Haviland was in there, she replied she didn't know the number but she kept her invoice up to \$10,000 minimum!

Would you feel sunk if you had \$10,000 tied up in odds and ends of Haviland china and your only sale outlet just customers wanting to match china they already had? One question



This looks very much like a doll's house at first glance, but it is Helen's Haviland Shoppe on a farm near Fontana, Kansas. Look at the next page to get an idea of what it contains.

always asked Mrs. Burnett is how she can do this volume of business from a farm?

She explains, "All I need for my business is a handy postoffice." Where one customer comes to her shop, nine will buy from an exchange of letters.

When we were small children, our pride was a toy safe (home-made) filled with bits of broken china. We were always on the lookout for a piece of colored glass or a teapot without the spout. In the back room Mrs. Burnett has a cabinet, from floor to ceiling, filled with broken bits of Haviland. She doesn't give out samples but if you write to her and want to be sure the pattern is the same, she will mail you one of her broken pieces; or, you can mail her one of your own broken bits and then the matching is easy.

A hard-headed business man would be rather skeptical about how much stock she buys without ever leaving her home. She has "scouts" . . . in fact, just about every customer becomes a scout. They are so happy and pleased to find enough bowls, bone dishes, or a teapot, or a platter to fill out their own sets, they invariably tell their friends about their good luck. And the friends either have some cups without saucers or a sugarbowl without a lid or matching cream pitcher, or they have a few odd bits to sell. Often after a deal has been completed with a customer, there will be a dozen letters from that town, either wanting to buy or to sell.

Mrs. Burnett does not fear competition. It takes time and capital and lots of experience to build up such a business and there are less than a dozen who handle and match Haviland exclusively. It is necessary for her to keep up her stock of samples or broken pieces. At Haviland, France, there are no files or records of patterns. In fact, often but a few sets were made identically the same. French Haviland isn't machine-made and often the gold striping or edging is put on in the kitchens of nearby peasant families who have handed down the art for generations. Even with the same floral pattern, the maker would put an extra groove in the edge or in some way change the shape slightly. It remained for an Omaha woman, a Mrs. Schleiger, to start listing the patterns. She has published four books and is now working on a fifth . . . the Haviland collector's Bible.

If you buy a few pieces and wish Mrs. Burnett to complete the set, she will guarantee to fill out your set within a year or make some adjustment to satisfy the customer. She filled out fifteen sets last year. Sometimes she has an order for a complete set from a buyer who has nothing to start with but the desire to own old French Haviland. She has a rubber stamp which marks every outgoing piece and which says not to erase until the buyer is sure he is going to keep the china.

And believe it or not, after matching china for customers in every state, she still hasn't completed her own set! Her grandmother's is that rarest pattern and still considered the finest, pure white.

KRISTIN'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

It seems almost impossible that this month marks the halfway point of my high school days. I can't say I'll be sorry though, because as soon as school is out I will have more time for riding.

I have two horses, Paint and Star-dust. Last night I didn't have any school work to do for a change, so I decided to clean my saddle. I brought a sawhorse into the kitchen and put my saddle on that, and then I washed the entire thing with saddle soap. I even went over the sheepskin part with the vacuum cleaner. This saddle was a gift from my parents on my 12th birthday. Dad said I could have a new saddle blanket this year but I haven't picked it out yet.

In addition to my horses my pets include a duck, Jeremiah; and about 20 banties more or less; three dogs, Tinker, Peanuts and Puddin'; and a cat, Penny, who has just become the proud mother of four kittens.

I can remember very vividly the day Dad brought Paint home. It was on my ninth birthday. He wasn't quite broken yet, so I couldn't ride him alone, but Dad let me get on him and he lead him down through the timber to show Grandpa Johnson.

I started my banty collection at the tender age of five when a boy in my kindergarten class, Billy Marker, gave me a pair. At one time I must have had close to forty, but I have sold some so now I don't have very many.

One of the most entertaining things that has happened at school lately was our end-of-the-year banquet put on by the Latin Club. We all had to wear Roman togas and be dressed as some Mythical character or as someone we had studied about in Latin class during the course of the year. I went as Venus, the Goddess of Love. Pandora the curious one was there with her box; Atlas carried a huge globe of the world around on his hand all evening; three girls came as the Three Grey Sisters who only had one eye between them, and they had a small rubber ball painted to look like an eye which they kept passing back and

(Concluded on page 19)

DOROTHY HAS FOUND SOME "TASTERS" TOO!

Dear Friends:

Rain, Rain, Rain! It seems to be the only kind of weather we can rate this spring. Several months ago the long-range weather predictions were for a cold wet spring and a cool wet summer, and so far we can say that for once they didn't miss it. We were disappointed this weekend because Mother and Dad, Margery, Oliver and Martin were planning to drive up and help Frank celebrate his birthday, but it has rained every other day and the roads just don't get a chance to dry up.

There has been no more progress on the field work since my last letter so I have nothing additional to report on the crops in this territory. Some of the farmers around here with hill ground have been able to get a few oats in. Since we couldn't do anything with our bottom ground, Frank helped one of our good friends for a few days with his oats, so he wants to bring his tractor and disc over to help us just as soon as we can start, and that will give us a big boost.

Frank and Kristin have been busy working on the yard, getting it raked and all the bushes and shrubs trimmed and pruned. A couple of years ago I told you about the heavy wet snow storm we had that broke so many of our trees. We had a row of Cedar trees on the north side of our yard and Frank had to saw all of these down. Since that time the yard has seemed so bare to us and Frank has been wanting to plant something that would make a high hedge but one that we could keep trimmed. For his birthday gift from the folks they sent him enough Chinese Elm for his hedge, and he got that all planted last week.

Most of you will remember my very good friend, Gladys Kiburz, who was Lucas County Superintendent of Schools at the time I taught a rural school; then I later worked for her in the office. She and her son, Kenneth Kiburz, are now in the blue grass business, and we were thrilled at Christmas time to receive a large sack of blue grass seed from her as a Christmas gift. Yesterday Frank and Kristin put some of this nice blue grass seed on all the bare spots in our yard. Today it has rained all day and they have been consoling themselves by telling each other how nice this was going to be for the grass seed and the new hedge.

I have been waiting for the weather really to warm up before I tear into my housecleaning, so what time I have left after I do my general housework and spend a few hours making Pixies every day, I have been trying to get a little sewing done. I hadn't made anything new for Kristin for over a year simply because I didn't have the time, but when we started looking over her clothes for summer her wardrobe was so depleted that I just had to make the time to get some things made. She wanted a new dress



Mrs. Burnett in her shop. We can only hope a Kansas twister never swoops down on all that china!

for Easter so that started things. I got a beautiful piece of soft Pima cotton—a print in shades of turquoise blue and violet. The front waist is all small tucks with a set-in cummerbund of light violet. The gathered skirt has four yards in it and is so soft that it hangs beautifully over her full petticoats. She is wild about it and so was Juliana when she saw it. In fact, she wanted to know if I would make her a dress sometime if she would pick out the material and get it for me, and of course I said I would.

While Juliana was here I started another dress for Kristin out of a piece of plain pale green print I had in the house. I had a few yards of yellow and green embroidered tape I was going to use for trim. The girls were gone somewhere when I had the waist ready to fit, and since I didn't want to wait for them went ahead and finished this part. I was ready to put the skirt on when they came home. Then I found it was just a little bit too tight for Kristin, so rather than rip it out I told Juliana to try it on. It fit her perfectly, so I told Juliana she was going to get her new dress sooner than she thought. Needless to say she was tickled to death and it really looks beautiful on her with her light blonde hair.

When Lucile and Russell went away for a little trip recently I went to Shenandoah to help with the Kitchen-Klatter programs. The week I was there I spent practically all of my time at the sewing machine. I got as much done as I could on a dress for Kristin, but I had learned my lesson and decided to wait and try it on her before I finished it. I told Juliana if she wanted to go to town and pick out her material I would make her another dress. She didn't waste any time getting to town and brought home a sweet print with tiny little blue and black butterflies on a white background. She matched the blue in a plain material for a cummerbund

which is separate from the dress so that she can wear it either with the cummerbund or with a little narrow white belt. The dress is trimmed with white rick-rack. We would have used blue but we couldn't find any to match.

I have one more print to make up for Kristin, then comes a new white dress for Rainbow and that will tell the story for this season. I love to sew and we are fortunate to have a wonderful yard goods store in Chariton. Right now they have so many beautiful pieces of cotton in stock that I just have to make myself stay out! There is such a thing as having too many dresses even if these young girls don't think so.

I have been doing quite a bit of baking these days because I have found so many different recipes I wanted to try. Frank isn't at all fond of cake and I love to bake cakes, so when I find a new cake recipe I want to try I bake it on Wednesday and cut off enough for a meal for us; then on Thursday when I go in to the court house to work I take the rest of the cake with me and in the middle of the morning pass it around to all those who work on the second floor. This not only makes them happy but it gets rid of the cake awfully fast.

The first time I baked the chocolate and molasses cake with the coconut frosting I took that in and had them all sample it. Jack Cady in the engineers' office said it was a good enough cake if you liked molasses, but his favorite cake was plain chocolate with powdered sugar frosting, so the next week I took his kind of cake. Last week I took a Strawberry Delight cake and everyone was just wild about it. All the girls had to have the recipe right then. Jack just recently lost his mother and is now living alone, so when he asked me if I would copy off the recipe for him I was a little surprised and asked him if he was going to try baking a cake. He said no, he wasn't, but his wonderful neighbor next door had been baking things for him and sending them over, so he just thought he would give her the recipe because she might like to have it.

It's getting late and I must get to bed. The rain is still coming down. MY! I hope it doesn't keep it up all night.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

NO LADIES AID

If you find a church
With the windows out,
And the hinges off the door,
If the old roof leaks
And the old floor squeaks
And the bell won't ring anymore,
If the preacher's children
Look half-starved
'Cause the preacher is poorly paid,
It won't take long
To guess what's wrong—
They haven't a Ladies Aid!

—May M. Hunt

TIPS FOR TRIPS

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

All a person has to do, really, to learn the equipment he needs for a vacation is to take a trip, get miles from nowhere and discover that the most important items are still at home!

Each trip is different and each person has a variety of ideas as to what constitutes a good vacation, but perhaps some of our experiences will help in planning whatever trek may be in store for you in the coming months.

1. Take half the number of clothes you think you'll need. Emphasize the easy-to-wash, need-no-ironing materials: seersucker, jersey, wash and wear cottons and sturdy jeans for every member of the family.

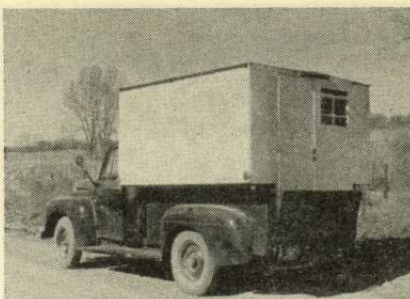
2. Double the quantity of blankets if you are camping out. Many camping trips have been ruined because sleeping equipment was not warm enough. We were using sleeping bags on our trip to the Tetons (not even a tent over our heads that year) when the temperature dipped to 29 degrees. Only by the process of putting on three layers of clothes before struggling into our sleeping bags were we able to approach a reasonable facsimile of keeping warm.

3. Include a small clothesline and clothes pins no matter what kind of a trip you take. This past year we did our big washings in laundromats in the cities along the way to Lake Superior's north shore. Small hand washings, diaper dryings and the morning after the "turtle's" roof leaked a bit, our clothesline came into full use. A clothesline also gives a child hours of fun if the line is stretched across the back of the car about lap level (so it will not interfere with the driver's rear view) and with clothes pins, doll clothes, handkerchiefs, etc., the youngster can pin and unpin articles from the line.

4. Hook a shoe bag on the back of the front seat. For the traveling baby this is perfect for a variety of necessities. If the children are older the pockets might hold crayons, small color books, clay, a wet sponge in a plastic bag, toys, children's bathing suits, etc. If only adults are in the car use the bag for maps, flashlight, snacks, toilet articles, suntan lotions, perhaps even shoes!

In the back of the "turtle" I have found my youngsters each enjoy playing with a toy bucket filled with their own individual toys. I try to fill each one with just about the same items before we leave home. Naturally, the bucket with its accompanying shovel is just about the most popular item of play. Second are their tractors and wagons which can be used for all sorts of loading and pulling operations.

5. Take along a scrapbook for each child to keep. It gives added interest and purpose for observing detail. An older child can keep a diary type narrative in his book. At each point of interest a picture post card can be



The Birkbys call this "The Turtle." It is homemade and has taken them many thousands of happy miles.

purchased to be glued in. Travel folders, pressed flowers and leaves, and pages which list the names and numbers of wild animals and birds seen, add value to a travel scrapbook. One mother I know had her boy draw a picture or write a few sentences each evening mentioning the most interesting activity of that particular day. He had a very fine book at the end of the trip.

6. Take time for the little side trips and the stops at historical spots. Children get more real sense of history from travel if they have time to absorb a bit of local color, the story behind a place and as much of the geological make-up of the territory as he can comprehend. I know this wrecks a time schedule, but a vacation is a period in which rush and hurry should be left at home. It pays dividends in the value both you and your children receive from a trip if you take a little more time for genuine observation.

7. Read as much as you can about the places you plan to visit. If you can't do this before you leave home, find some kind of reference to take with you. You can find out a great deal by being a glutton for the free leaflets and informational material each state offers. These leaflets can find their place in the children's scrapbooks after you are through with them.

We go through back issues of the National Geographic magazine for pictures and articles concerning a coming trip. One of the most beautiful spots we've ever seen is the Oneonta Gorge on the Columbia River drive. The picture of this place of peace and quiet was in one of the Geographic magazines and we had marked it as a place we wanted to see. We would have missed it entirely if our eyes had not been quick. No road went back into the deep-walled cut for the water of the clear brook bubbled tight against the sides. As we stepped from one rock to another little Bob, then three, kept chuckling about the funny sidewalk. When we came near a bend in the cliff walls we left him on a promontory of land and stepped out into the sunlight sifting down into the stillness. It wasn't still for long! A loud yell came from young Bob. He was standing, yelling shrilly, in twelve inches of cold mountain water. He had been throwing rocks in the stream and forgotten to let go! It was with regret that we left the cool lichen

and fern covered walls, the smell of the stream and the fresh breeze from the waterfall at the head of the gorge.

8. Games, of course, relieve the monotony of the long roads that inevitably appear. Some of the most common are: Each person choose a color and see how many objects of that color he can find. Take turns finding items with the letter of the alphabet (sign boards are the most common source for the letter itself) or daddy could find A in an alfalfa field, daughter could find B in a barn and so on. Wait till X and Z roll into view and the fun really begins! Watch for the license plates on automobiles, and try and fill up each section of the map. Naturally, the one filling his section first wins. Counting can be fun. When the highway goes along beside a railroad track we all counted the number of trains which went by. When we reached the mountains it was wild animals we counted.

9. Keep a firm hand on between-meal eating. We usually carry raisins, dried prunes, nuts and crackers for lunching purposes. An occasional ice cream cone gives variety. The health of children on a trip depends a great deal on eating good meals at regular intervals. We are very strict about the amount of candy and pop consumed.

10. Stop early enough in the evening to find a good place to stay and have some play time before the children go to bed. We usually find a good camping spot by five o'clock. An even earlier time is preferred if you plan to stay in one of the big national parks. The choice camping spots are snapped up early.

11. We hold fast to one important rule: never set a dead line for the day. Setting a goal of a certain number of miles would truly ruin a trip for us. Aunt Minnie can be told to expect us when we turn into the drive but not at any set time or even particular day. This seems important to us, traveling as we do with three various-sized boys. When the children get tired and cross we stop and find a park or old school yard or side road where they can run and throw a ball for fifteen minutes or so. When some unexpected delay comes along or if something of extreme interest looms on the horizon we are not in a state of nerves because Aunt Minnie is waiting. The National Safety Council warns that driving while weary is one of the common causes of accidents. A vacation should be a time of relaxation for every member of the family. It is more fun to take your time, enjoy everything you see and return safely.

As these ideas have come to mind many, many more crowded in around them. Some day, perhaps, I can add to this list. In the meantime, here's hoping you have a wonderful vacation this summer.

PEANUT PIXIES

Clever little fellows in colorful caps and shoes, (Red or Green only.) May be used in table decorations or as party favors anytime. Price, 12 for \$1.00. (No orders accepted for less than 1 doz.) Please allow ample time since these are entirely handmade. Order from Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

SPAGHETTI-CHICKEN

1 stewing chicken
Salt
1 tsp. onion salt
1/2 tsp. celery salt
1/2 lb. spaghetti
6 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 to 2 cans mushrooms
1 Tbls. lemon juice
2 Tbls. flour
Paprika
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/8 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup heavy cream
2/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Stew chicken in water to cover until fork tender. Remove meat from bones. In kettle, reserve 2 1/2 cups of chicken broth and add 3 quarts water and 2 Tbls. salt. When it boils, add spaghetti and cook until tender. Drain. Place in large baking dish.

While spaghetti cooks put 3 Tbls. butter and mushrooms in skillet. Sprinkle with lemon juice and salt. Stir. Put over spaghetti. Make cream sauce with the remaining butter, flour, paprika, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Thicken broth with this. Add cream. Pour over chicken, spaghetti and mushrooms. Top with cheese and paprika. Bake for 25 minutes in 400 degree oven.

This licking good dish would make a sensation if you took it to a covered dish luncheon, but don't let your family see it leave the house unless you've fixed up some for them to have too.

JUST A GOOD MEAT LOAF

1 1/2 lbs ground beef
1/4 lb. lean sausage
1 egg
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. onion juice
Dash of Tobasco sauce
1/3 cup chili sauce
1/3 cup water
Dash of liquid smoke

Combine all ingredients. This makes a soft meat loaf suitable for baking in a casserole. Bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

Many people cannot tolerate chopped onion in a meat loaf. The onion juice gives the right flavor without complications. Liquid smoke gives a smoky barbecued flavor but is mighty powerful — use just a dash. Many people like to combine liquid smoke with salad oil to brush over hamburgers, steaks or chickens that are barbecued over charcoal.

THERE ARE FLAVORINGS AND THEN THERE ARE KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS!

If you care how your cooking tastes (and frankly, we can't imagine any woman who doesn't care) you won't settle for anything but our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.

With a full collection of these unusual and delicious Flavorings on your kitchen shelf you'll take a whole new lease on life when it comes to cooking. And you'll be saving money too.

Remember: we offer one fine premium after another and they're always big bargains because we never try to make a penny on them — just break even.

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

Lemon
Maple
Almond
Orange

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

Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Cherry
Banana

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

MARGERY'S CHEDDAR CHEESE SALAD SENSATION

1 No. 2 can green gage plums,
drained
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/4 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. sugar
4 ounces cheddar cheese, shredded
(about 1 cup shredded)
1 cup whipping cream
1 or 2 drops green coloring

Cut plums from pits in small pieces. Mix in lemon juice, sugar, salt and cheese. Whip the cream and fold into plum mixture. Blend in color. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm, about 3 to 4 hours. Remove from freezer to thaw slightly before serving.

This frozen salad is decidedly different in taste and should be made only by those who really like Cheddar cheese. Don't substitute any other kind of cheese for it's the Cheddar that gives it such an unusual and delicious tang. You'll end with "just another frozen salad" if you tamper with the ingredients.

GREEN BAY SALAD

2 pkgs. lemon gelatine
3 cups finely cut celery
1 cup coarsely cut nuts
1 cup cut stuffed olives

Prepare gelatine according to directions on package. When it begins to congeal, fold in remaining ingredients. Serve on lettuce with a tart dressing — your own homemade salad dressing is ideal for this.

EVELYN'S TENDER HOMEMADE NOODLES

In a bowl place:

1 cup flour
Make a well in the flour and drop into it:
1 egg
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. butter
1/4 tsp. baking powder
2 Tbls. milk

Mix with fork and then with fingers until it forms a very stiff dough. Roll out on floured surface until very thin. Let stand 20 minutes. Roll up and slice. Spread noodles out and let dry at least 2 hours. Drop into boiling soup, bouillon, boiling beef or chicken broth, etc. Cook 10 minutes. Extra quantity freezes perfectly.

SHAKER BAKED BEANS

4 cups navy beans, washed, soaked and simmered until tender. Drain beans, reserving liquid. Place beans in a 2 1/2 qt. casserole or bean pot.

Combine:

1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup catsup
2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. dry mustard
1 small onion, chopped

Stir in 2 cups bean liquid and pour over the beans. Cover and bake at 300 degrees for 3 hours. Add more liquid if needed. Remove cover for last half hour of baking. Serves 10 to 12 — and just as good cold as hot.

DOROTHY'S CHOCOLATE MOLASSES CAKE

2 1/3 cups sifted cake flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening (at room temperature)
3/4 cup milk
2 eggs
1 cup light molasses
1 sq. unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled

Sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt, cinnamon and sugar together. In bowl, stir shortening until soft. Sift in the dry ingredients, add milk and mix until flour is dampened. Beat 2 minutes at low speed or 300 strokes by hand. Add eggs, molasses and chocolate and beat for 1 minute. This makes 2 nine-inch layers to be baked in a 375 degree oven. If made in a large pan bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

Coconut Frosting

2 cups sugar
1/8 tsp. salt
2/3 cup milk
2 Tbls. butter
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 can flaked coconut

Mix all but coconut and cook until soft ball stage. Cool to lukewarm, add coconut and beat until right consistency to spread on cake.

Dorothy took this in to the office so the courthouse "gang" could have it for their coffee break. They all thought it was particularly good.

SPARKLING APPLESAUCE COOKIES

1 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
2 cups oatmeal
1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup soft shortening
1 egg
1 cup strained applesauce
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Add the rest of the ingredients and beat until smooth. Drop on greased cookie sheet and flatten each cookie with bottom of glass dipped in a mixture of 2 Tbls. sugar and 1 Tbls. cinnamon, combined. Sprinkle with additional sugar-cinnamon and bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

Dorothy says: "These cookies stay moist, are really delicious and go together fast — also disappear fast since they are so good! Don't leave out the black walnut flavoring — it makes a big difference. Kristin loves the flavor of nuts but doesn't like the nuts themselves, so our Kitchen-Klatter black walnut has surely solved a big problem at this house."

SWEET SOMETHINGS

Cream until fluffy:

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

Add:

1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Add:

2 cups sifted flour
Spread in 9x12 inch pan, ungreased, and bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Spread with rich powdered sugar icing and then spread over it the Chocolate Glaze.

Chocolate Glaze

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Cream 1/2 cup soft butter or margarine with 2/3 cup powdered sugar. Add the melted chocolate and 2 egg yolks and mix well. Spread over the firm icing and immediately sprinkle with 2/3 cup chopped pecans or other nuts. Cool completely before cutting into bars. A very rich and unusual tasting bar cooky. Our office girls loved it!

EGG SUPPER DISH

3 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 tsp. celery salt
1 1/4 cups milk
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
6 hard-cooked eggs

1 cup crushed potato chips
Melt butter. Add dry ingredients, then gradually add milk, stirring until sauce is smooth. Put layer of potato chips in buttered casserole, then sliced eggs, then cream sauce, until all is used, ending with some potato chips on top. Bake at 325 degrees about 20 minutes.

Even the most patient of families can wince when eggs turn up meal after meal fixed in the same old ways. It takes a little more time to fix this and the potato chips are necessary for that small extra touch that makes a difference, but you'll "get away" with eggs once more if you try this.

BEVERLY'S BROWNIES

1 cup vegetable shortening
2 1/2 sqs. chocolate
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
4 eggs
1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup nuts

Combine shortening and chocolate and melt. Cool and add to sugar and eggs which have been blended. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and stir in. Add vanilla and nuts. Bake in greased baking pan at 325 degrees for 40 to 60 minutes. (I used 2 8x11 pans and baked brownies for about 30 minutes to get thin brownies to be topped with ice cream for my dessert. Abigail)

MARY BETH'S CAESAR SALAD

This extremely delicious green salad was "invented" in California a number of years ago. Since then it has become a great favorite all over the country, and even though the ingredients sound somewhat alarming at first glance, I can only urge you to try it.

(Note: this recipe calls for 1/2 cup of olive oil in which a clove of garlic, peeled and sliced, has been placed for at least 24 hours. Make no substitute for the olive oil. Romaine is the basis of the original recipe, but if your store doesn't carry it, head lettuce can be substituted.)

Prepare:

1 cup cubed bread. Toast the cubes, place them in a bowl and pour over them 2 Tbls. of the garlic olive oil.

Cut up 2 heads of romaine, place in large salad bowl and sprinkle over it:

1 1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. dry mustard

A generous grating of black pepper

Add 3 Tbls. wine vinegar

6 Tbls. olive oil

Cook 1 egg gently in simmering water for 1 1/2 minutes

Drop the contents from the shell on to the ingredients in the bowl. Add the croutons plus 2 Tbls. or more of grated Parmesan cheese. Toss the salad well and serve it IMMEDIATELY. (This will lose its crispness if you make it ahead. Wouldn't it be nice if all cooks had four hands?)

PEANUT BUTTER SWIRLS

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup School Day Crunchy Peanut Butter
1 egg
2 Tbls. milk
1 1/4 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
1 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces

Cream shortening and sugar until light. Beat in peanut butter, egg and milk. Sift together and add the flour, salt and soda. Place dough on lightly floured waxed paper and roll into a rectangle 15 inches by 8 inches and about 1/4 inch thick. Melt the chocolate pieces over hot water. Stir slightly and spread on dough. Roll as for jelly roll lifting waxed paper slightly with each turn. Chill for 1/2 hour and NO MORE. Slice 1/4 inch thick. Place on ungreased baking sheet and bake for 8 to 10 minutes in a 375 degree oven. (If the roll of dough stands in the refrigerator longer than 1/2 hour, the chocolate becomes too firm to slice easily.) Makes 4 dozen extra good and unusually attractive cookies.

RHUBARB PUNCH

1/2 cup grape juice
1/4 cup sugar
2 cups water
1 cup orange juice
1 cup rhubarb juice

Combine all ingredients. Serve very cold.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

I want to ask you a simple question, and I hope that you give it an honest answer. How often have you used that chafing-dish you were given for a wedding present? Perhaps I should ask if you have ever used it?

I am sure that all the fancy chafing-dishes in all of the gift shops across the length and breadth of this country will ever remain some of the most unused pieces of household equipment ever invented by man. We have several of them out in the back pantry, and until I decided to do something about it, not one of them had ever been put to any use whatsoever. In all of our 13 years of married life in this country and abroad Betty and I have only once been entertained in a home where a chafing-dish was actually used at the table, and that one was used so badly I have yet to recover from it.

During the past year I have waged a personal campaign to increase the popularity of the chafing-dish. I believe that just as it is a man's job to broil the steaks on a picnic, so too should the chafing-dish be the responsibility of the man in the house. Cooking at the table gives a man a chance to show off a bit in front of the ladies, and the use of a chafing-dish gives him an audience for those little extra flourishes so dear to the heart of a man who likes to think of himself as an artist where food is concerned.

There is only one way to get your husband to try it, and that is to let him watch you do it while making a dish that he will love. Begin with something simple and masculine like grilled sardines when friends drop in for a bite to eat after a late show or a Sunday evening church service. (Be sure and wash the dust off the chafing-dish when you take it out of the pantry.)

Open a large can of sardines in the kitchen and put the contents in a dish to be placed on the table beside the chafing-dish. When the flame is lighted under the chafing-dish put in the sardines and heat thoroughly. Squeeze the juice of one-half a lemon over the sardines, and then serve on pieces of toast cut into finger-length sizes. In other words, before placing the toast on the table, cut each piece of toast into seven or eight slender pieces just right to hold a single sardine. Your guests are certain to compliment you, and that is certain to make your husband want to do the table cooking the next time.

I always have felt that any kind of a rarebit is a man's dish, and since we started using our chafing-dish I am more sure of it than ever. If you really want to get your husband interested in this kind of cooking, invite him to make a Crab Rarebit. It is very simple and so very good that he is bound to be happy with it. Of course you don't have to make it at the table; it can be made on the kitchen stove.

After making two cups of a good, rich, cream sauce add one or two of the small cans of canned crab meat, just how much depends upon how well you like crab meat. Add two or three tablespoons of the grated Parmesan cheese easily obtained in any store; salt and pepper to taste; and as a final touch add a little chopped parsley. This rarebit, like all other rarebits, should be served on freshly buttered toast absolutely piping hot.

Needless to say, it is even better with fresh crab meat, and still better if your husband has been out all day with the children fishing for the crabs, thus leaving you at home in peace. I have promised to take David and Mary Leanna crab fishing on the shallow waters of Charlestown Pond this summer. We pole the boat silently through the shallow areas with the children standing up in the prow, each with a net on a long handle. As the boat eases up over the spot where a crab can be seen lying on the sandy bottom, down goes a net with the speed of lightning, and, if we are very, very lucky, up we pull Mr. Crab. For every one we shall catch, we shall miss five or six. It may not be the sport of kings, but it is fun—even more fun than making the rarebit.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

If I'm not mistaken, Mother brought this recipe back from Honolulu when she and Dad were there visiting Frederick and Betty. We had it for a family gathering the first Sunday after they returned to home base in Shenandoah, and we all thought it was absolutely delicious.

Since that time Mother has taken a big bowl of it to numberless covered dish affairs and has made it up frequently when she entertained or wanted something special for the family. The rest of us, in turn, have leaned heavily upon this recipe too, so we weren't surprised when Abigail served it for her luncheon. We're glad she wrote down this quantity version for hot or cold weather. Now you can go ahead and fix it either way and you can also make up the amount given here or cut it down for a smaller crowd. Under any conditions you'll agree that it's wonderful.

Mother's Hawaiian Shrimp

(Abigail's Version to Serve 24)

- 2 1 lb. pkgs. sea shell macaroni
- 4 lbs. boiled shrimp
- 1 green pepper
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped celery
- 1 cup blanched almonds, slivered
- 4 oz. can pimientos
- 2 1-lb. cans pineapple tidbits

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Shell the boiled shrimp, devein and cut into 1-inch pieces, reserving a few whole ones to garnish serving bowl. (I always add 1/2 cup vinegar, whole peppercorns, salt and a sliced onion to the water in which I boil shrimp.)

Remove stem and seeds from green pepper and cut into slender lengthwise strips. Cut pimientos into thin strips. Drain pineapple thoroughly and reserve juice to thin mayonnaise for salad, or to add to white sauce if making casserole.

Combine all of the above ingredients with mayonnaise thinned with pineapple juice for salad, or with white sauce for casserole. Alternate whole shrimp and a few green pepper slices to garnish serving dishes of chilled salad or hot casserole. When making a casserole of this I usually add crushed potato chips to the top.

Thin White Sauce For Casserole

- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/3 cup flour
- 6 cups milk
- Reserved pineapple juice
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. powdered onion, if desired

Melt butter in heavy pan. Add flour and cook over low heat 5 minutes. Gradually add milk, juice, then seasonings. Bring to a boil over medium heat and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly.

Mix with ingredients listed at the beginning and turn into buttered casseroles. Bake about 20 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

Orange-Ginger Refrigerator

Cookies

- 1 cup margarine or butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 Tbls. warm water
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 1/2 Tbls. shredded orange peel (see below)

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Stir in the egg and syrup. Dissolve the soda in warm water and add. Sift together the dry ingredients. Add the orange peel and sifted dry ingredients to the creamed mixture. Mix until well blended. Shape the dough into rolls and wrap in wax paper. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Cut into slices and bake in a 400 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

This was the original recipe sent to me and I made it up exactly like this the first time. Then just a few days ago Kristin asked for them again and when I checked the refrigerator I found I didn't have oranges, but then remembered that just a little earlier I'd gotten my first bottle of our family Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. I hadn't used it yet but it smelled mighty good, so I went ahead and made up the cookies using 4 tsp. of the orange flavoring instead of the shredded orange peel. They tasted delicious and I decided that I wasn't going to spend any time in the future shredding orange peel—a job I've always hated.

—Dorothy

NEWS FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

For a change this month I am sitting down to the typewriter fairly early in the day to write this letter to you.

Even though it is only 8:00 o'clock I have fed and dressed the family, cleared away the breakfast dishes, made the beds and driven six miles with Don through the early morning air to pick up his car. It's my fault that this jaunt had to be made! Last evening I attended the annual guest party that our service club holds, and when I parked the car I thoughtlessly locked the keys inside. I *always* carry a spare key, but of course last night it was lying on top of our bedroom dresser at home — the first occasion I ever needed it! I managed to catch a ride home with some of the other girls last night, but it made for rushing around this morning to correct my carelessness.

Once a year this service club that I belong to has its guest party and it is one of the rare breaks we take from devoting ourselves to charitable endeavors. I am finishing up the last three months duty of a two year term as corresponding secretary for our local chapter, and because of my officer's position I was sent as an alternate delegate for our three day State Convention.

This convention was held in southern Indiana at the French Lick-Sheraton Hotel, an old but very elegant resort. Perhaps you have heard of it, or some of you have vacationed there since it is internationally famous for its mineral baths and Pluto Water.

There were 1500 women at the convention, but in spite of the crowds and standing in line for almost everything except food, I had a very restful three days. This was the first time in four years that I had been away from Katharine for more than one night, and my first time away from home overnight since November, 1957.

The food was delicious, or perhaps I was so impressed by the fact I was eating a meal I hadn't prepared from a table I hadn't set which I didn't have to wash up after, that everything seemed scrumptious! But in spite of all my efforts to appreciate really being away from household responsibilities, I missed my family sadly. It took a conscious effort to enjoy walking out of the hotel room with the bed unmade, knowing that a maid would make it for me. And I had to put my mind to enjoying nice hot meals rather than meals grown cold while I supervised the feeding of two small children.

This reminds me of an incident that struck me as terribly funny, and something that will ring a bell to all mothers of small children.

A good friend of mine was sitting next to the distinguished guest speaker at a lovely dinner. When the dinner plates were served she auto-



Every mother who has "little helpers" will take a deep breath when she looks at this familiar scene! Mary Beth has Paul and Katharine right beside her as she tries to get a cake ready for the oven.

matically and unthinkingly reached across in front of him with her knife and fork and started to cut up his meat — just as she had done for every single meal of every day of the world for her little ones at home.

As I sat in the various convention meetings and listened to the reports being given, I was very proud to count myself a member of such an ambitious group of women. Tri Kappa is the name of our group, and in spite of the fact that it is limited to the state of Indiana, nearly a half-million dollars has been raised by its 10,830 members for charity and educational grants in the past two years.

The current major project of our Anderson Chapter is to finish paying off a pledge of \$5,000 to the Madison County Hospital Development Fund. You can well imagine that our 100 active Anderson members are a mighty busy group as we work at the projects necessary to raise this amount of money.

On the coming weekend we are sponsoring a Gate-Post dinner. We will work hard all day in the Eagles Lodge kitchen preparing a spaghetti and meat ball dinner complete with salad, rolls and pie. And then we will deliver these dinners around town to people who bought tickets in advance. Our delivery trucks are station wagons recruited from members and equipped to keep the food hot enroute. If each member sells her quota of tickets we expect to clear \$500.00.

Anderson has long been in need of more hospital facilities. When the town fathers had their building fund drive, Tri Kappa assumed what it considered a just share of the \$3,000,000 required to erect the hospital. In our pledge it was indicated that the \$5,000 contribution was to be used to equip the chart room on the maternity floor. Here was a project of particular interest to the girls in our organization, and as a result we have found everyone willing to work hard on our programs.

At the present time we have about five separate projects going and they're all good-money makers. One of our best ideas came from Hannibal, Missouri by way of one of our most active members, Dorothy Dixon Catlett. When we put her idea to use we

made nearly \$1,300 a year profit, and that is not small change! Probably some of these ideas could work well for your group if you're trying to raise money, so if you'd like to have me write down the details, just mention it when you send letters to the Kitchen-Klatter office. I could devote my letter in the magazine to this subject in some forthcoming issue.

All of these activities present one big problem: a day time baby-sitter. I was completely stranded for a long time after we moved here, but not long ago one of my good neighbors inquired around and found a young neighbor of hers who said she would be interested in baby sitting. She lives within walking distance, and in addition to many other virtues she has children ages 5 and 9 who are the first really close playmates for Katharine.

Then to top off this story, my new friend inquired where Don was from because she had very recently returned from a visit with her mother, Mrs. John Cima in Madrid, Iowa and she had wondered if Don could possibly be one of "Leanna's boys?" Mrs. Cima had listened to Kitchen-Klatter when Don sat on his mother's lap as she broadcast, so now Mary Cima Miller and I feel like we're old friends!

Several weeks before the weather began to grow warm (and I was beginning to doubt that it ever would), we took Katharine to Indianapolis to enjoy her first circus, the annual Shrine circus. I'm not sure yet just who enjoyed that circus the most — Katharine or her Mommy and Daddy. I hadn't been to a circus since grade school days when it came directly to Anderson and performed under a real tent. Katharine loved the clowns and the animal acts and was surprisingly attentive considering how long the program lasted. It really seems a shame that a circus doesn't go out on summer trips any longer. Even though there were at least a hundred county school busses filled with children I couldn't help but feel sorry for the youngsters who didn't have the facilities to get to Indianapolis.

That particular Saturday morning was the last Saturday morning we've been away from home. Don has been laboring over the lawn for many weeks and there is SO much to be done to it. One evening he came dragging in exhausted after hours spent preparing the ground for seed and fertilizer, and he shook his head in wonderment as he remembered the "good old days" when he bent over a hoe all day long at his Uncle Henry Field's seed and nursery company and never even considered taking a "break" or even needing one, for that matter. I reminded him that a good many years had passed since then!

At this very moment Paul is tugging at my arm in an effort to get me moved toward the kitchen and food, so I shall put this typewriter in its case and say goodbye until next month.

Ever sincerely....

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

There are fabled homes in the Deep South, homes built when our section of Iowa was still untouched prairie, but few of them call up as much to the imagination as *Shadows on the Teche*.

Before you can understand why this particular house stirs one's imagination so keenly it is necessary to know a few facts about it.

In the years between 1847 and 1849 *Shadows on the Teche* was built by slaves. Its architecture is radically different from that used in other Louisiana mansions because those great columns are Roman Doric, a style not employed in that area at that particular time. The bricks used in it were made on the grounds and in all the years that have passed since then they have weathered to a beautiful rosy pink.

When this mansion was built it stood as the manor house of a great plantation. Behind it flowed the Teche River. Surrounding it for miles in every direction was open country. Thus the house was built and thus it stood in royal isolation. When the Civil War tore that section apart a Union general made of this house his headquarters, and during that time the wife of the builder died and was buried on the grounds.

Today, one hundred and twelve years later, the Teche river still flows peacefully behind the beautiful gardens at the rear of the house, but the town of New Iberia has been built on what was once plantation land; and one step through the big gate places the tourist on Main street of the business section.

A massive and impenetrable hedge of bamboo shelters the house and the grounds from Main street. Through this hedge one can glimpse only a tiny suggestion of a roof and big chimney. Not often has a large house on a busy street been so completely concealed.

But it is a moving and haunting experience to step through the gate and find oneself in magnificent formal gardens where great oaks draped with Spanish moss cast beautiful shadows. A few feet behind one is the constant commotion and noise of cars and heavy trucks. A few feet ahead of one is the house, the river, the gardens . . . another world, another time.

The owner of the house died ten months ago. He was the last of the line. Consequently he willed *Shadows on the Teche* to our national government with sufficient funds to maintain it in perpetuity. Someday the house will be open to the public. It is to stand as a lasting symbol of a world, a way of life that is now only a myth and a legend.

The gardens are open to the public. If you go to New Iberia, watch for the massive bamboo hedge right next to the business district. Then, no matter what your hurry, park your car and walk through the gate. In those few steps you will hear the murmuring of a century, and the past will come alive for you.

—Lucile



And here are the little helpers right at the finish! Mary Beth is a wonderful cook and somehow manages to do a lot of fancy baking even though she has four additional hands when there's something going on in the kitchen.

"PRAYERS FROM IMPERFECT PARENTS"

By
Esther Sigsbee

In stories of delinquent youngsters, so much of the blame is fixed on the parents. In some cases, when a youngster has gotten into trouble, the judge has gone so far as to fine the parents and to deliver a stronger lecture to them than he does to the young offender. Parents are to blame sometimes when a child goes wrong, but I doubt very much if a blanket charge for all juvenile delinquency can go to the parents. Neither does all of the credit belong to the parents when a youngster does something worthwhile.

Our own children are not yet reared, so I hesitate to put a definite diagnosis on just what is wrong with the younger generation. I do know that parenthood is a tough job. It's by far the most challenging and the most rewarding task I've ever come across and the most difficult and fascinating vocation I ever expect to have.

Parenthood can't be accomplished alone. The help of one's mate is eminently desirable. The cooperation of the community, schools and the church, vital. But a Power greater than any of these is absolutely indispensable to be a parent. I really never gave much thought to this fact (though it has been known to countless generations) until I became a mother myself.

If Mom and Pop were as wise as they are supposed to be, or as virtuous as they wish they were, or as infallible as they once thought they were, the guidance from above wouldn't be necessary. But most of us are at least slightly imperfect, so when we are faced with some of the following situations we have to rely heavily on some sort of petition such as these prayers designed for imperfect parents.

The first contact parents have with this need for a greater guidance comes shortly after the pink or blue wrapped bundle is delivered, or at the very latest, the first night home from the

hospital. The magnitude of the responsibility hits us all at once and it's a rare parent who feels adequate to it. We consult the books written by Doctors Spock and Gesell, but even more helpful is the first of the prayers uttered by the imperfect parent:

"Lord, make us worthy of this life that has been entrusted to us."

During the first year of a child's life, even the most normal of infants is apt to run into some illness and a hundred and one bumps and falls. A trusted family physician is a great comfort when fever goes soaring or a goose-egg begins to swell. Even more helpful when the terror of illness strikes us is this prayer used over and over again by us, the imperfect parents:

"Lord, don't let my baby die. Help me to keep him healthy, safe and free from harm."

It's not long until Junior develops a mind of his own. He disobeys our orders not to run into the street, he takes a bite out of one of the neighbors' kids and he develops all sorts of traits that can be attributed only to his "father's side." Firmness, whether by rod or word, is indicated. On the other hand, there are times when, although he is acting his most unlovable, his greatest need is for a little extra attention and a hug and a kiss. Then we imperfect parents offer this little prayer:

"Lord, help me to be firm about discipline when I should be, and loving and forgiving when I should be. Help me to tell the difference."

When a youngster enters school, new worlds are opened to him. "Because I say so," often is no longer a sufficient reason. Kids have a way of being sometimes smarter than their parents. At least, they sometimes develop a fresh new viewpoint in contrast to some of our more stuffy methods of thinking. If the kids are wrong, there are few better ways of letting them learn it than by standing back while they make their own mistakes. Mostly, we are tempted to say: "I told you so"; but in addition we imperfect parents add this prayer:

"Lord, help me to guide his mind to do his own thinking. Let me be there to rejoice in his triumphs and to soothe his wounds when he falls."

There is no more devastating a critic than one's own offspring when he catches his parents in a major or minor infraction of their own rules. Then Mom or Dad have to trump up a great many excuses and the experience leaves the parents a great deal more chastised than the kids are after we have had to spank them. And, being imperfect parents, we offer this prayer:

"Lord, help our children to do not as we do, but as we say. Help us to improve our own examples."

In a twenty-four hour period at our house, I was faced with these three separate statements from our children: "Hey, Mom, can I tell you a joke I heard today?" and "You'd think a mother could find time to fix her own daughter's skirt!" and, "Gee,

(Concluded on page 20)

SPRING ACTIVITIES AT MARGERY'S HOUSE

Dear Friends:

This morning I planned to wash, but the sky is overcast and since it looks very much as if a spring rain is in the offing, I'll postpone the laundry for another day or two. Usually I have such a busy schedule that regardless of the weather I go right ahead and wash when the clothes hamper is full and on dreary days hang the clothes in the basement, but this week is comparatively free of outside activities and I can juggle household chores around to suit myself.

I wish I had more weeks like that the year around, but it is not until late spring and early summer when these outside activities slow down that I begin to have what I call an "easy week" now and then. Not that this time of the year weeks are really easy! Like many of you, I'm still in the throes of spring cleaning. As I've mentioned before I don't do a real knock-down, drag-out job of cleaning in the spring and fall but I try to clean quite thoroughly the year around as rooms require special attention. However, windows had to be washed and curtains in several rooms had to be freshly laundered, so just to keep in the spirit of things I joined the thousands over the countryside and tackled these jobs when storm winds were coming down.

My sewing has been neglected somewhat—in fact, a number of my friends have asked me if I'm "all smocked out!" I've finished but one dress since my last letter to you and have made but very little headway on another. Usually in the evenings I pick up my handwork while Oliver reads. (Many times he reads aloud as I sew.) But lately I have been reupholstering some footstools. One of them belongs to the big chair that I mentioned slip-covering last month. There was no matching material available to cover this footstool so I dug deep in the drawer where I keep my old materials (and what an odd collection it has grown to be) and found quite a quantity of gold sailcloth. Practical for covering a footstool? No! But I used as few upholstery tacks as possible so the cover can easily be removed for laundering. I knew it would be half-off a good part of the time with Martin and his active friends around the house so it had to be firmly anchored and not fixed slip cover style.

The other two stools are very old—I picked them up at an auction some time ago. The feature about these two that I like so well is that they open up for storage and what a wonderful place to stuff odds and ends quickly when I see someone coming up the front walk!

Another little job I have accomplished this spring is to make new window curtains for the two front doors. I believe I've mentioned that we have an L-shaped front porch with a main entrance at one end of it and a small one on the other end just around the corner. For this job I again went



Margery and Oliver study the atlas—they hope to go north to Canada this summer.

to the rag drawer and dug out an old pair of white organdy curtains, removed the frayed ruffles and made two pairs of short curtains. The material is not very strong—has seen its day—but I figure they will hold out for a year, at least.

We are keeping a watchful eye on our strawberry plants. Dad has always wanted some strawberries in his yard but there is too much shade, so he and Oliver put their heads together one evening and decided that instead of a flower bed on the west border of our lot we would have a nice bed of Ogalalla strawberries. The annuals we usually have there will be planted around the house this year. Every evening Dad walks up the street to our house to see how the berry plants are coming along. Oliver also set out some rhubarb plants so we hope we will have lots of strawberry short-cake and rhubarb pie for years to come!

Another big change in our yard is the removal of the old sandbox. We had that sandbox from the time we first moved here and I must say the yard looks bare without it. If Wayne and Abigail's children were still around it would have stayed, but with no younger children to enjoy it we decided it might as well go.

It looks as if the big old maple tree in the folks' back yard is again going to have a tree house. My, what wonderful tree houses we had in it when we were growing up. I often wonder how that tree managed to live with so many nails and boards on its lower branches. As a matter of fact, some of our old board steps are still nailed on to the trunk. It was hard for Martin to believe this, of course, for you know I lived back in the "olden days!"

I warn him constantly to be careful and I'm sure he isn't nearly as adventurous as we used to be in that old tree. My blood runs cold when I remember how we crawled 'way out on a branch that grew close to the house and actually climbed in through the sleeping porch window! We had pulleys for raising and lowering food, dishes, books and what have you. I don't recall that I ever spent a night in the tree but perhaps the boys did

after the "house" had sides and a roof. I do remember that it was my brothers' private domain and I had to ask permission to play in it, but generally a new "house" addition was underway and another pair of hands was always welcome.

Speaking of trees . . . we had to have two of our big Elms cut down a year or two ago, and this year there are more dead branches to remove. Shenandoah has been hit by the Dutch Elm disease and now when we take drives we can spot many dead trees and limbs. What would we do if we lost all our Elm trees? Like many other people, it's the only variety of tree we have on our property and we surely hope we can save the ones that still look all right.

We were happily surprised recently by a visit from Laura Strom, Oliver's sister who lives in Chicago. She went with us on our summer vacation two years ago when we covered quite a bit of Missouri and Illinois, and we're hoping our plans work out this year so she can join us again for our vacation trip. While she was here we got out the road maps and started planning a trip north into Minnesota and Canada.

Here in Shenandoah we are winding up the last six weeks session of school and how the days drag for boys and girls who are wild to be free! In many communities the school year will be over when this issue reaches you and in other communities (I'm thinking now about large cities in the East primarily) there will still be almost a full month to go.

Up until recently I thought that girls were the only ones who had to check by way of telephone to see what the other kids expected to wear for some event, but after our 5th and 6th grade school band made several appearances I realized that boys are just as bad. This came as a real shock to me. The first time Martin's band performed for a PTA meeting I asked casually what the boys were going to wear and Martin replied: "Just our school clothes."

As far as I was concerned, that was that. But before I knew it he was on the phone with eight different boys to see if they intended to wear blue jeans or slacks, a white shirt or a colored shirt, a sweater or a jacket. When I expressed surprise he said: "Well, you want me dressed like the others, don't you?" Evidently boys are just as concerned about these things as the girls.

Two things have happened to make a big change in Martin's appearance: he is now wearing glasses and he has let his hair grow so that after a long spell of a closely cropped head he finally wears a part. The glasses are permanent (as far as we can now foretell) but I have an idea that when swimming weather arrives he will again have a butch style hair cut.

Next month I will tell you what we hope to do on our vacation, but I must run now and start lunch for my hungry family.

Sincerely yours,

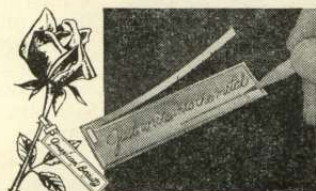
Margery

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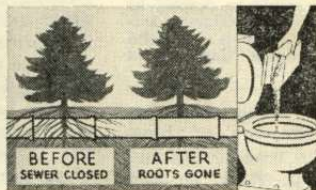
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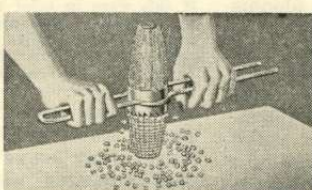
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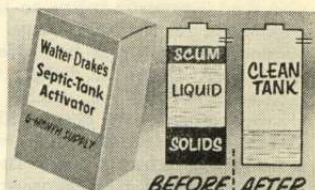
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A GARDENER VISITS THE SOUTH

By
Russell

In a brief two weeks this spring we experienced the arrival of spring, watched it turn to mid-summer, and then returned to early spring again. This is a provocative experience for any gardener. You witness the succession of bloom through the seasons and return home filled with ideas for your own property.

Due to our very cold and very late spring, only a few crocus were trying hard to bloom when we left Shenandoah. In the late afternoon of the same day we saw the first daffodils and forsythia in gardens near Columbia, Mo. It was a dark overcast day, but the brilliant gold of the flowers cheered us up.

By the time we reached Jefferson City, Mo., where we spent the night, we were able to add flowering quince and Red Emperor tulips to the blooms we'd seen on this first day. The most successful plantings in Jefferson City were Red Emperor tulips with blue grape hyacinths at their feet, and scarlet quince with clear yellow daffodils at the base. (Our eyes were jolted a few times when we saw the brilliant fluorescence of Red Emperors at the base of rose-colored quince bushes, and I made a note to avoid this combination at any cost.)

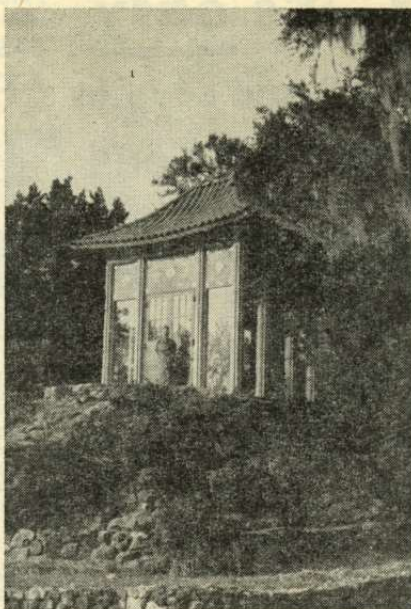
Our route was through Memphis, Tenn., then south and east through Mississippi and Alabama to northern Florida on the Gulf, so in three days we moved straight into summer.

In southern Missouri the fruit trees were in full bloom along with pink flowering almonds and great stalks of hyacinths. The combination of pear trees with their snow-white blooms and almonds with their pink flowers, plus blue and white hyacinths, conveyed all of spring to us. If I had more room in my garden I would have a pear tree with these plants at its base.

Wisteria, dogwood and redbuds were at their peak in northern Mississippi. Wisteria blooms in soft lavender blended perfectly with the purple tones in the redbuds. This gave me the idea of combining wisteria with blue and red clematis on the south wall of our house when the remodeling is completed.

Lucile wants me to try growing redbuds as a shrub rather than as a small tree. We saw many handled this way in the south and they were very striking with their blooms almost starting at the ground. As far as I could tell, these redbuds had been cut back severely after flowering each year. As the bloom comes on the new growth it could be kept to almost any size or shape.

In Macon, Mississippi the town was so beautifully planted with wisteria that we thought it must be a civic project. Never have I seen wisteria growing so luxuriantly. In some places it had draped the streets by following the telephone lines; in other places it



If this were in color you would be dazzled by the burnished gold and flaming crimson lacquer. It was built to enclose a beautiful golden Buddha in the Jungle Gardens on Avery Island, New Iberia, La.

had taken over tall trees and festooned them with showers of blossoms. Many lawns had tree forms and white-flowered wisteria vines to add to the display.

From this point on there were azeleas and camellias in full bloom. After seeing these magnificent displays in the south I decided to forget the two little shrubs that I have pampered along from year to year.

The climax of azelea bloom is in Mobile, Alabama. We didn't see a yard without a blaze of brilliant bloom. The most tasteful and spectacular display was in the famous Bellingrath gardens near Mobile. Here the colors had been most carefully chosen to avoid the mistake of mixing orange shades with reds and purples.

One of the most stunning combinations in the Bellingrath gardens was a bed of lavender and yellow Darwin tulips with snow-white azeleas as a background. In the north we could achieve almost as good an effect by using early blooming spirea and dogwood behind tulips.

One of the things that sets southern gardens apart from northern gardens is the way in which masses of plants of one kind are used to gain the maximum in beauty. As we drove through the cities and small towns it was as if each home and public park seemed to try to outdo all others with their plantings. In one place it would be flowering trees, in another place climbing roses, and in one small town on the Gulf in Louisiana everyone had planted zinnias and marigolds that were in a riot of midsummer bloom. It added distinction to these communities and is something that we in the north could surely profit by.

One thing that we don't see often in the north is sad mistakes made in planting evergreens. In the south this was a commonplace. I have never seen so many properties completely overgrown with them. Wrong varieties

were chosen to start with, and proper shearing and pruning were also lacking.

Our friends whom we visited in New Orleans are enthusiastic gardeners. After marveling at their specimen plants of banana trees, mandarin oranges, "orchid trees" and other exotics, we sat down in their brick-walled patio. Here they had many unusual miniature potted palms, bushier than any I had seen, that looked like the makings of ideal house-plants. I am going to try some next winter to see how well they do indoors in the north.

On one of the brick walls was a flaming red climbing rose with a passion flower vine as a companion. It was a striking combination. Aunt Helen Fischer used to grow the passion flower in her garden, so they are hardy in the north and the combination can be duplicated.

In some ways I found the Jungle Gardens near New Iberia, Louisiana more haunting and beautiful than the Bellingrath gardens. They are splendidly maintained but are more natural in feeling.

There are handsome old oaks draped with Spanish moss, many lagoons with native Louisiana iris planted in drifts along the banks and the surface of the lagoons filled with snowy egrets, geese and ducks.

Acres of camellias and azeleas are set naturally along the wooded slopes. Hibiscus shrubs are placed like jewels in the open glades, and pink and white dogwoods blaze along the edges of unique bamboo groves. Even a red laquer pagoda with an ancient gold Buddha was not out of place topping a small hill by one of the lakes.

I feel that anyone who loves gardens should make time to drive to these Jungle Gardens on Avery Island about seven miles from New Iberia. (Admission is charged.) Be sure you have color film in your camera, for it is a photographer's paradise. Don't hurry through these many acres; in fact, one glimpse of the map issued to all visitors will make you see that somehow time must be managed for a leisurely exploration.

In New Iberia we visited an extremely beautiful rose garden in full bloom. Standard roses grafted on a two-and-one-half foot trunk were planted in a long row down the center; on each side at their base were hybrid teas of the same varieties. I haven't grown the standard type rose because of the difficulty of winter protection but some day I will replant my little rose beds using this idea—but substituting a double row of hybrid teas in the center with floribundas of matching color on each side.

On our return trip we found Darwin tulips and early iris blooming in northern Louisiana. The Ozarks were spectacular with redbuds and white dogwoods. And when we got home to Shenandoah the crocus were still trying to bloom along with a very few brave yellow daffodils!

The well of Providence is deep. It is the buckets we bring to it that are small.



We thought this was a most attractive way to grow "hen and chickens" and felt that you folks might be interested in the comments made by Gladys Davis of Oxford, Nebraska.

Mrs. Davis said: "We use this on our patio and many have copied the idea which I got in New Jersey a few summers ago. I'd never seen it done here, but *there* it's an old idea.

"This is a nail keg (which is hard to find these days) and is made of wood that isn't too easy to work with. Dr. Davis cut round holes, about five at various places, and made them larger with a rasp. Last summer the middle plant on top bloomed—which was unusual. My son took this picture when he and his family were visiting us last summer. They live in Evansville, Indiana where he is in the advertising section of newspaper work and is also a commercial artist."

Mrs. Davis also mentioned something that sounded intriguing to us. She completed the 16th and final step of a hand-hooked stair carpet this past winter . . . drew her own designs. Some of the things she included in the stair rug were their home, grandchildren's names and ages, their garden, birds, "Welcome," Pennsylvania Dutch designs, etc. Doesn't this sound like a *real* heirloom?

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

that I can turn anything around to where it looks like a blessing, but they have to admit that I'm not likely to break a hip or a leg.

Bertha Field has been doing some major remodeling and redecorating at her house. She's anxious to get it all completed before the children come home in these summer months that are ahead.

Lucile and Russell think that snow may fly again before their house is done and it will take another year for their garden to recover from all the upheaval. Many plantings had to be removed entirely and piles of material damaged shrubs and flowers, but next May it will be a different story. Their garden has always been open to you

friends, as you know, but this year it is in no condition for anyone to visit. Russell told me the other day when he brought up the Bleeding Hearts that he simply closed his eyes when he walked through it.

I just now looked up when our grandfather clock chimed and was surprised to see that it's 12:30. We always eat our noon meal right on the dot of 12:00, but Mart is out at the farm today and I knew he wouldn't be back until close to 1:00. There is a beef stew in my deep well cooker and I want to have dumplings with it, so now I must go out to the kitchen and take care of this.

To each and everyone of you, my thanks for your lovely letters and my heartfelt appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

Leanna

KRISTIN'S LETTER—Concluded

forth to each other; Cleopatra and Mark Antony were present. A few days before the banquet we all voted for a boy to be King Pluto, King of the Lower World or King of the Dead, and for a girl to be Proserphina, his wife, and they reigned over the banquet. These were just a few of the characters that were represented.

The banquet was served to us in real Roman style as we all reclined on low benches. There were five courses: 1—lettuce, boiled egg and potato chips; 2—celery and cottage cheese; 3—meat loaf, baked beans and bread; 4—olives and fish; 5—raisins and an apple. The freshman Latin students were slaves and provided us with a finger bowl and a towel between courses as we had no silverware. There were also gladiator fights for our enjoyment.

I'm really reading the newspapers from front to back these days because we get credit in class for every English word we can find in the papers that was derived from the Latin language. It's really fun to hunt for them.

Sincerely,

Kristin

BOY AND DOG ROAD

This is a road for a small, barefoot boy

with a dog, going along under the arc of the blackbird's song among wild cherries. Wheels would destroy

this place. They should look down these long shadows and pause and turn away.

Only those with *plenty of time* should stay,

such as a boy picking his way through brown

dust, broken twigs, bluegrass and thistle;

and a dog, stepping proudly, ahead of his whistle!

—Helen Harrington

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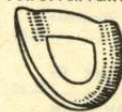


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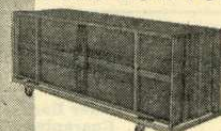
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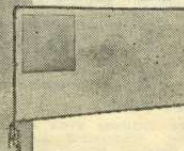
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 Leanna, Lucile and Margery



What a darling! This happy baby is James Kenneth Long, 7 months, of Portland, Oregon. His grandmother (Mrs. Carl V. Lund) sent the picture and said: "Your Kitchen-Klatter magazine has been in my family for three generations."

We're approaching the season of big picnics and family reunions. I hope you'll use Kitchen-Klatter recipes for the things you haul along. We're proud of our recipes—and I might add that we're *real* grateful to our faithful office girls who close their eyes to calories and light in to eat these things and express their opinions. If the girls are "lukewarm" about something I take down for coffee breaks, I write that off for all time. If they say, "My, but this is *delicious*!" I know we have a real find.

Right now we don't know what the summer holds aside from one thing: pounding and sawing. We HOPE the long-range weather forecasts for far above normal rainfall will be in error. Normal rainfall we must have for good crops, but "far above normal rainfall" with old walls coming out and new walls going up—oh no!

Until July . . .

Pucile

PRAYERS FROM IMPERFECT PARENTS—Concluded

Mamma, I sure love you." Well, the story was not nearly as shocking as I feared. I stopped typing long enough to get out the needle and thread to fix the skirt. And the unsolicited expression of affection left a warm glow. The situations prompted this prayer from this imperfect parent:

"Lord, help me to be always approachable to my children. Let not expected disapproval, lack of interest nor reserve in expressing our affection ever close the door of communication between us."

Our children are growing up. In a few short years they will be going away to school, beginning careers and starting families of their own—all things their father and I have worked and hoped for ever since they were born. But an empty nest will leave a vacant spot in our hearts. That's why we offer one more prayer from this set of imperfect parents:

"Lord, help us to guide our children to the point where they don't need us. Help us to bear it when they don't."

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

your night stops in comparatively small towns. Traffic is simply terrific in all big cities, and since these cities were laid out to accommodate horses and buggies, the only answer is to make one-way streets. If you know the city, this is fine. If you're a stranger and caught in fast-moving, very heavy traffic, you have your problems. In a small town you can get a comfortable motel, find a place to eat, and even enjoy driving around in a degree of relaxation.

We found also that it paid to study the road map very carefully when approaching a city. A few minutes spent looking at the map can save you as much as an hour in battling heavy traffic to get through that city.

It's true that people in the South are friendly—at least they were in the sections we visited. Perfect strangers smiled and said "Hello" and all of the fellow travelers we met at motels greeted us as if they knew us. We noted in New Iberia that after 5:00 in the afternoon they say "Good evening" when they speak. Since we say "Good evening" in Iowa only after dusk, this afternoon "Good evening" surprised us.

We returned to Iowa grateful for the fact that we live north of the Mason-Dixon line. No one in the South of any age, race, occupation or position is unaffected by the rapidly darkening skies of dissension and bitter feeling. We think we have school problems in the north and we have, but at least we can look ahead to September and know that our children will be in school. We don't have to wonder if there will even be a school for them to attend. The simple fact of geography saves us from this problem. And we are grateful for all the circumstances that have made us residents of Iowa rather than residents of some of those southern states.

Work is going full steam ahead on the house and next month I'd like to bring you up to date on what has been accomplished.

Just as soon as I can get everything rounded up I want to share with you the best of the chocolate cakes we've tested. I don't know how you feel about such matters, but I, for one, am always happy when I can get everything in one spot. That's why I haven't strung out chocolate cakes from issue to issue.

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MARTIN WONDERS IF YOU CAN GUESS THESE?

1. With what two animals do you always go to bed?
2. How many legs has a sheep if you call a tail a leg?
3. How many hairs in a Bunny Rabbit's tail?
4. How do we know that bunnies gossip?
5. What question can never be answered by "Yes"?
6. When the clock strikes 13, what time is it?
7. What is the smallest bridge in the world?
8. What is higher without the head than with the head?
9. In what month do girls talk the least?
10. What is good for a bald head?
11. How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach?
12. What is bought by the yard and worn by the foot?
13. Why is your nose not 12 inches long?
14. When are cooks cruel?
15. In what place did the rooster crow when all the world heard him?
16. How many balls of twine would it take to reach to the moon?
17. When are you a country in South America?
18. How far can you go into the woods?
19. Which man shaves 20 or more times a day?
20. What is full of holes and yet holds water?
21. Why is a quarrel like a bargain?
22. What is it that is so brittle that even to name it is to break it?
23. What has four wheels and flies?
24. When is a boy like a pony?
25. What makes a coach dog spotted?
26. What goes uphill and downhill and always stays in the same place?
27. What falls often but never gets hurt?
28. What pen should never be used for writing?
29. How can a man be tall and short at the same time?
30. What has 18 legs and catches flies?

Answers

1. Two calves.
2. Four; Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it one!
3. None. They are all outside.
4. Because they are all tail-bearers.
5. "Are you asleep?"
6. Time to get it fixed.
7. The bridge of your nose.
8. A pillow.
9. February, because it is the shortest.
10. Plenty of hair.
11. One, after which his stomach was not empty.
12. Carpet.
13. Because it would then be a foot.
14. When they beat the eggs and whip the cream.
15. In Noah's Ark.
16. One, if it was long enough.
17. When you are Chili (chilly),

18. As far as the center, then you would be going out again.

19. The barber.
20. A sponge.
21. It takes two to make it.
22. Silence.
23. A garbage wagon.
24. When he is a little hoarse.
25. Its spots.
26. A road.
27. Snow.
28. A pig pen.
29. When he is short of money.
30. A baseball team.

—Martin Strom

AN "OO" CONTEST

Answers are words of four letters; the middle two are oo.

1. A planet. (Moon)
2. Footwear. (Boot)
3. Time of day. (Noon)
4. Slightly cold. (Cool)
5. Part of a plant. (Root)
6. Ill-gotten gain. (Loot)
7. Part of the body. (Foot)
8. A web-footed bird. (Loon)
9. Disposition of mind. (Mood)
10. A building material. (Wood)
11. A small body of water. (Pool)
12. A box or cage for fowls. (Coop)
13. Hair of a domestic animal. (Wool)
14. A machine used for weaving. (Loom)
15. Top covering for a building. (Roof)
16. Usual entrance into a house. (Door)
17. Immediately, or in a short time. (Soon)
18. An instrument used by a workman. (Tool)
19. Black powder condensed from smoke. (Soot)
20. Extensive tract of waste land sometimes covered with heather. (Moor)

—Nellie Howard

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BRIDAL SHOWER—Concluded

starts to the "moon." (If you have an upstairs, they can dash up there to a given spot. If the house has but one floor, direct them to go outside and run around it.) When they return they remove the outfit, pack it back into the suitcase and the next member of the team flies into action.

Versions of this suitcase race are probably the most hilarious and successful entertainment ever produced for a party. Older guests not up to so much activity can root from the sidelines. In one way or another, everyone can participate.

Moon and Stars: A "quiet" game is very much in order after the wild Trip to the Moon, so distribute paper and pencil for this contest. Such contests work out better if copies of the questions are made for each person—it doesn't take long to make these copies if carbon sheets are used.

1. Those engaged in a strictly illegal business. (Moonshiners)
2. Some people hitch their wagon to it. (Star)
3. A dolt who attracts much jibing. (Mooncalf)
4. Hollywood is full of them. (Starlets)
5. A facial expression of wonder and dismay. (Moon-eyed)
6. A sailor uses this term. (Starboard)
7. You'll need a trellis if you want it. (Moonflower)
8. Men who shun diamonds will buy this. (Star sapphire)
9. A derangement that makes doctors scoff. (Moon-struck)
10. Everyone knows this song. (Star-Spangled Banner)
11. Fairies ride on it. (Moonbeam)
12. A song that upsets good housekeepers. (Star Dust)
13. Suitable for a young girl's first jewelry. (Moonstone)
14. Sousa made this music famous. (Stars and Stripes)
15. It belongs to the fern family. (Moonwort)
16. The first flag of the Confederate States. (Stars and Bars)
17. Kate Smith's theme song. ("When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain")
18. Shepherds once made use of this. (Star of Bethlehem)
19. An expression used to denote much time. (Many a Moon)
20. Dried specimens are ornamental. (Starfish)

A "Mellodrammar": This entertainment for a sizable group is perfect for any bridal shower or, for that matter, any type of party where you want everyone to participate and have a hilarious time.

A good reader who can read this very dramatically is an absolute necessity. She should "practice" in advance. Slips of paper carrying the names of the main characters will be mixed up with other slips carrying the numbers 1 or 2. These are all put in a hat, passed around, and each person draws one.

As soon as all slips have been drawn, the reader will give her instructions as follows:

Dashing Hero—howl like a wolf
Prince Charming—swoon and say
"uum . . . uum . . ."

Beautiful Maiden—give a wolf whistle

Droopy Princess—make a sad grimace and sigh deeply

The Black Knight—throw up hands and say "Boo—boo—boo"

King—fold arms over breast and say "Hurrump—hurrump"

Queen—flutter hands wildly and give silly laugh

All No. 1's: Loud smacking of lips and hugging of next person every time any form of the word *kissing* is mentioned.

All No. 2's: Stand and clap their hands against their thighs and pant ha-ha-ha each time *Galloping horses* are mentioned.

* * * *

Once upon a time in a lovely castle lived a King, a Queen and their son, Prince Charming. Their favorite sport was *galloping* their horses. Now the King and the Queen wanted Prince Charming to marry their rich neighbor's daughter, Droopy Princess. But when Prince Charming thought of *kissing* the Droopy Princess he defied the King and Queen and said:

"No! no! *Galloping* horses couldn't drag me to the altar with the Droopy Princess. Let the Handsome Hero come home from the wars on his *Galloping* horse and try *kissing* the Droopy Princess. I want to marry the Beautiful Maiden whom I saw one day while out *galloping* my horse."

"NO," roared the King.

"No," echoed the Queen.

And then the Queen said: "I saw the Black Knight on his *Galloping* Horse out riding with the Beautiful Maiden on her *Galloping* Horse and I saw him *kissing* her hand and the Beautiful Maiden seemed to enjoy having the Black Knight *kiss* her hand."

At this the King roared: "You shall marry the Droopy Princess. I command you, Prince Charming, to forget all this *kissing* and who *kisses* who and who *kisses* not. I took care of the Handsome Hero by sending him off to war on his *Galloping* Horse so you could win the Droopy Princess."

Thus the King commanded. And the Queen agreed. But Prince Charming sulked and dreamed of *kissing* the hand of the Beautiful Maiden and the Droopy Princess wished for the Handsome Hero to come riding home on his *Galloping* Horse, and the Beautiful Maiden just wished the Black Knight would leave her alone to dream about Prince Charming and give her time to figure out how to win the consent of the King and the Queen.

Then one day trumpets sounded and there came the Handsome Hero on his *Galloping* Horse home from the war. The King looked at the Queen and the Queen looked at the King and they both looked at Prince Charming who laughed out loud as he saw the Handsome Hero on his *Galloping* Horse head straight to the home of the Droopy Princess. Then Prince Charming took heart and dashed away to the home of the Beautiful Maiden

where he found the Black Knight *kissing* the hand of the Beautiful Maiden.

Prince Charming waved his sword and said: "Skidoo, Black Knight. Be done with your *kissing*. If there is any *kissing* to be done I will do the *kissing*."

So the Black Knight did a fade-out.

The Beautiful Maiden and Prince Charming rode on their *Galloping* horses to the castle to get the consent of the King and the Queen to marry.

The King looked at the Queen and nodded, and the Queen looked at the King and smiled. And so Prince Charming and the Beautiful Maiden were married and lived happily ever after.

Their closest friends and neighbors were the Handsome Hero and his wife, the Droopy Princess, and every day Prince Charming and the Beautiful Maiden, Handsome Hero and the Droopy Princess, rode their *Galloping* Horses on the palace grounds of the King and Queen. Sadly enough, the Black Knight rode a *Galloping* Horse all by himself and wished he could find another hand to *kiss*.

* * * *

Presenting the Gifts

To present the gifts to the bride you might cover a plastic clothesbasket (later given to the bride as a gift from the hostess) with blue paper and trim it with silver moon and stars.

It also makes for fun to attach silver or blue ribbonette to each gift and hide these gifts all over the house. Instruct the bride-to-be to start hunting for stars.

You can have heaps of fun if you arrange to have a number of outdated objects, beautifully gift wrapped, along with the other gifts. There will be much laughter as the guest of honor opens a big box and finds an old-fashioned sad iron. Other suggested items are: a button hook (be sure this is in a big box), ancient lap robe, decorated wash basin, laundry board, an ice card (easily made by someone who remembers how they looked), an old book that combines recipes with home remedies, etc.

Just before refreshments are served, ask each guest to step up with her five-star company dessert and tell something about its origin and her experiences in making it. These stars can be stapled in a book that has had a blue cover made with a moon and stars scattered over it. Such a book makes a lovely souvenir for the bride to cherish.

Refreshments

The star motif is easily worked into any type of refreshments. Sandwiches can be cut star-shaped with tiny stars cut from pimento to decorate them. Star-shaped cookies are simple, or cake can be managed easily by baking white sheet cakes and cutting them into star shapes. Ice in delicate pastel colors and decorate with tiny silver dragees. Gelatine salads can be molded in shallow pans and cut into a star shape with your cookie cutter. Decorate with whipped cream put through your cake decorate set and make small stars.

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