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*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 24

APRIL, 1960

NUMBER 4



—Photo by Bob Dyer





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by  
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY  
Shenandoah, Iowa

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Dear Friends:

What a long and cold winter this has been in Southwestern Iowa! It is now the foremost topic of conversation around here and even though Mark Twain said it was a subject no one talked more about and could do less about, I find that I start all of my letters to members of the family and friends by mentioning the fact that it has been the hardest winter we've been through since 1936.

However, even though we've had snow on the ground for so long we've missed the high drifts that have kept so many roads closed for days on end. None of this snow fell with actual blizzard conditions of strong winds. But there have been enough separate snow storms to make us worry if we knew we had to drive to Red Oak, 24 miles away, to meet anyone.

Fortunately, the highway was clear when Wayne's family visited us, Dorothy's trips were made under equally favorable conditions, and we were very lucky to have the road open when Donald's family had to be met at the train and then taken back to Red Oak very early in the morning.

No doubt Mary Beth will want to tell you details about their trip in her next letter, so I'll just say that it was a wonderfully happy visit for all of us and we were so glad they could get everything rounded up to come out here for about a week. It meant a lot to all of us and I'm sure it meant a lot to them.

After being with the children I feel that Mary Beth has given you a very honest report on day to day living, so those of you who are constantly on the move after a youngster of Paul's age (he will be two on March 25th) can know that others are also constantly on the move. His curiosity and energy are boundless. The one time he was alone in the kitchen for just a couple of minutes he pushed the button that started the dishwasher through its cycle and also started the disposal. I guess the only answer is simply to watch constantly since he can climb up to reach anything that attracts his attention. But one of these days he will learn what cannot be tampered with and what can be tampered with, and then this activity that began when he was nine months old and started to walk, will become just a memory.

We had hoped to make the rounds to visit all of the relatives, but it

snowed almost every day they were here and the only time we ventured out was to make a quick trip to Clarinda. This was an emergency trip to see my sister Martha who is confined to the hospital. Donald was able to drive for us and to handle my wheelchair, so this gave us all a chance to see her. Right now we have no idea how long she must be hospitalized, but Martha never gets discouraged and probably when Spring shows signs of getting here she'll be able to get back home again.

I have just finished wrapping a box that is going out to my niece, Ruth Shambaugh Watkins (Jessie's daughter) in San Mateo, California. These long winter days I've had all kinds of handwork underway, and the box I've just packed has cross-stitched skirts in red and white gingham for Ruth's four little girls. I made up my own design and it was a fairly good size check, so the work went fast. We are anxiously awaiting word as to the new baby that is soon due out there. Ruth said in a letter that always before they had a boy's name waiting, but this time they've settled only on a girl's name and have given no thought to a boy's name. I hope that in next month's letter I can tell you if they had any reason to pick out a boy's name.

Oliver is still feeling the affects of his bad fall that I told you about last month. It didn't help any that he had a heavy case of flu just when he had gotten limbered up enough to return to work. Along with the unusually heavy snow we've had a great deal of flu this winter and in some cases it has hung on for weeks. Quite a few of our friends have been in the hospital for long spells.

When we talked to Frederick on the phone last Sunday evening he said that David was starting back to school on a full day schedule in early March. It has taken him a long time to get to this point when you consider that he first got sick back in September of last year. He has regained some of the weight he lost but still looks frail and not his usual sturdy self. This was by far the most serious illness any of our grandchildren have ever had.

Mart gave me a new feather-weight sewing machine for a Valentine and I have surely enjoyed it a lot these last weeks. It seems so nice to have a

convenient way to do mending, cover a pillow, hem dish towels—just all of the things we find need to do and hate to tackle by hand. When I finished the cross-stitching on the four little skirts it was such a pleasure to be able to go right ahead and finish them. I don't know when I've gotten anything that I enjoy more than this sewing machine I can manage so easily.

I noticed in Dorothy's letter she mentioned the fact that she'd be on Esther Griswold's TV show on March 23rd over KOMU-TV in Columbia, Mo. The one and only time I've ever been on TV was with Esther when she had a homemaker's program over KFEQ-TV in Saint Joseph, Mo., and she put me so completely at ease that I was not aware of the TV cameras. I'm sure Dorothy will enjoy this experience and if it weren't so far away I'd surely like to go with her.

Edith Hansen is nicely settled now in Phoenix and we are glad she got away from Iowa before the worst of the winter closed in. Quite a few people from Shenandoah have gone to Phoenix this winter and if we had known in advance what a hard winter this was to be, we probably would have given it serious consideration back in December or early January. If Edith can find a place for us where I can get around easily, we will probably give real thought to going there for a while next winter.

While Donald was here he spent a lot of time figuring out things that could be done to our house to make the arrangement more convenient. He told him I was so used to things the way they were that I hadn't really thought about changes that would be big improvements. Most of these changes would be in the interior through the back section of the house but one outside change I'd like to see made would be to take off the back porch that is mostly a catch-all and build a garage right there attached to the house. After being in Lucile's new house I can see where it would mean a lot to us to have a garage that was right on the same level and really part of the house. As it is now, solid ice builds up around our double garage at the back of the lot and makes it very dangerous for Mart to go back and forth. Then when my cement ramp gets covered with ice, it's dangerous for both of us. It would give us much more freedom to come and go if we had an attached garage, and it's one thing I think I'd be willing to be torn up for. We told Donald that one reason we hadn't done the things on the inside that he outlined was because we dreaded the mess and confusion of remodeling.

One of these days we'll see the first real signs of Spring, and my! but won't they be welcome. Even those of us who garden from wheelchairs will be glad to get out and do what we can to rake off mulch.

Affectionately yours,



## FOR AUNT ANNA

All of the material for this issue had gone to the printers when we received word that our beloved Aunt Anna Driftmier, father's sister, slipped quietly away at dusk on an evening in early March after a long, long illness.

My heart is almost too full to speak about Aunt Anna, for although she was loved and respected by all of her nieces and nephews, to Howard and to me she was especially dear because she represented "mother" to us for two years after our own mother died. These bonds of emotion go very deep, and when they are severed there is a sense of haunted loss that fills the secret places in one's heart.

Howard and I were babies when we passed into her care and I know now what it must have meant to her to add this responsibility to a life already far too burdened with responsibility.

Who has ever told the story of the Aunt Annas of this world? Who has spoken honestly and simply about the young girls in our pioneer Midwest who missed all the joys and pleasures of youth because they had to become the mother of the home and see that the family was kept together?

Aunt Anna was a girl of sixteen when her mother died, and immediately she dropped out of school and took over all the responsibility and care for her five younger brother and sisters, plus her father and her older brother, our own father. For many young girls it might not have been a sorrow to leave school, particularly at a time when less than half of the boys and girls in our Midwest completed high school, but Aunt Anna had an actual hunger for education, a burning passion for knowledge, and it was a tremendous sacrifice for her to give up all of her dreams.

She never spoke of this sacrifice. She closed the door on her youth without a word and shouldered the heavy burdens that fell upon her with the grave quietness and selflessness that come to most people only when they have lived for many years in this world.

It was more than a sense of duty that made her put her own hopes and dreams aside. By keeping the family together she was expressing the love that she felt for her mother, a love that engraved forever upon my own heart the awareness of anguished grief that a human being can suffer.

"When I was a child I somehow felt so uneasy about my mother," she said to me one summer afternoon when we were talking together. "I used to get panic stricken in school by the terrible fear that something had happened to her, and my dear teachers understood and let me run home so I could be sure she was all right. Oh! how fast I ran from the old North School and how my heart burst with joy and thanksgiving when I saw mother and she was there and everything was all right."

This, then, was the child beset with premonitions of dire foreboding who had to give up her mother, who had to face the future wild with grief. Sixty

years have passed since then, but there is no measure of Time for that depth of suffering.

And so, as an expression of love, Aunt Anna became the mother and for three years she was always at home doing the work and keeping the family together. Not until she felt easy in her mind about all of the children did she return to school, now a doubly serious girl marked by sorrow, to pick up her books again and continue her education.

After she graduated from the Clarinda High school she started teaching country school and I wince when I think of the dreadful hardships she endured. At one time she taught for two years at a school in the hills east of Clarinda, and every morning she got up at 4:00 o'clock to cook, to bake bread, to get the household organized before she started the long walk to her little country school. It was a hard life for a young girl.

What a wonderful thing it was when she found herself elected to teach in the Clarinda school system! It was a tremendous step forward for her. But with this step came another realization: now she must get her college degree somehow, sometime, and become a credit to her profession. Thus began a pattern that was virtually unbroken for many years, a pattern in which she taught from early September until school was out in May, and then, with the pitifully small funds saved from her meager salary, attended summer school at the University of Nebraska and the University of Iowa to accumulate, oh, how slowly and patiently, the credits towards her degree.

It was Aunt Anna's determination to be a credit to her profession, but I am hard pressed to think of any university or college that could have enhanced her native abilities for she was a teacher in the great tradition. Woe be to the shiftless scholar who entered her classroom with dragging feet! Woe be to the careless smart aleck who thought he could face her with indifference! One glance of fire from her eyes wrenched him instantly from his torpor and to his utter astonishment he found himself rising to meet the challenge that she hurled at him.

There are schools today where uniformed officers must patrol the corridors to maintain order, and I've thought many times how totally unnecessary Aunt Anna would find them if she were teaching English under any of those roofs! One glance, one ringing "*Class! Attention!*" would reduce the biggest gang of swaggering hoodlums to foolish children who were now going to get to work!

Yet, if a teacher of her caliber could not actually learn at any school how to be a better teacher, there was food for her eager, searching mind. When she spoke of her classes in Greek, the light in her eyes was wonderful to see. When she spoke of her classes in astronomy, the very heavens were suddenly brilliant with dazzled order. And when she was a woman in her sixties, my own slothful mind had the grace to feel chagrin as she picked up a volume of Goethe and said: "No translations

are really satisfactory—I want to brush up on my German so I can read this in the original."

It took many, many years for Aunt Anna to get the precious degree that others more fortunate have taken for granted, and not until her father died in 1926 did she relinquish the responsibilities that she had carried for so long. It gives me happiness to think that for one short period in her life she could teach at Oberlin, Ohio, and thus have an opportunity to go to Cleveland as often as possible to hear concerts, to visit Art Museums and to be with people who shared her feelings about these things.

After the years in Oberlin she returned to Clarinda where she became the head librarian, a position she retained until her health failed. It was no longer possible for her to live alone in the old family home, and then the brothers and sisters whom she had yearned after and loved so deeply, banded together to see that she had the best of care through her long years of illness.

I have written this for my own Aunt Anna, but I wish it to stand as a testament for all the Aunt Annas of our world who missed the joys of youth and carried mountains of responsibility with undescribable dignity and integrity. There are countless numbers of us who owe to them far more than the tongue can ever tell. They sacrificed their own lives . . . and they reaped a harvest of deathless love. —Lucile

## FOR YOU

The things you loved I have not laid away  
To molder in the darkness year by year.  
The songs you sang, the books you read each day  
Are all about me, intimate and dear.

I do not go apart in grief and weep,  
For I have known your tenderness and care;  
Such memories are joy that we may keep,  
And so I pray for those whose lives are bare.

I may not daily go and scatter flowers  
Where you are sleeping 'neath the sun and dew,  
But if one lies in pain through weary hours,  
I send the flowers there, dear heart, for you.

Life claims our best! You would not have me waste  
A single day with selfish, idle woe.  
I fancy that I hear you bid me haste  
Lest I should sadly falter as I go.

Perchance so much that now seems incomplete  
Was left for me in my poor way to do.  
And I shall love to tell you, when we meet,  
That I have done your errands, dear, for you.

—Unknown



## A VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

In years gone by I have shared with you some of my pastoral responsibilities that begin with Lent and are brought to full culmination on Easter Sunday, rather a "late Easter" in this April of 1960. Certainly it is a season that carries many additional responsibilities for all clergymen regardless of the community in which they serve.

But this year I am writing shortly after the opening of Lent and I would like to tell you about one of the problems in which I am involved and how I feel about the situation.

I have been appointed by the Mayor of Springfield to serve on the Community Committee for Alcoholism, and a few minutes ago I returned from its first meeting. I will admit that I was a bit disconcerted. Some of the other members of the committee include owners of liquor stores and owners of bars, as well as the managers of some of our largest manufacturing concerns. It is a rather unusual thing for liquor dealers to be seated at the same table in conference with clergymen, and I'll have to be shown just how much good can come out of it.

For a long time we have had a large branch of Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in our church. Only a few of my parishoners are in the group, but we are happy to provide a meeting place for this worthy organization.

Occasionally I have visited its meetings and I have always come away impressed. As a clergyman I have seen how ghastly this disease really is, how terribly it affects the lives of all members of an alcoholic's family, be they young or old; and how completely unable the alcoholic seems to be to whip his problem without the sympathetic help and support of other alcoholics who understand the struggle.

Because of what I have seen I am willing to try and help in any way that I can, and if I am able to contribute anything to the Community Committee for Alcoholism I will be more than glad to do so. No problem has yet been solved by pretending that it doesn't exist.

Today I saw a copy of a statement by the President of the American Medical Association that I want to share with you.

"We are under no delusions that the problem can be completely solved by purely scientific methods. The physician can restore the alcoholic's physical health, calm him mentally, and help him to meet basic human problems.

"At the same time, however, the ultimate solution may have to come from the patient's religious counsellor, his wife, employer, or whatever source might hold the trump card for an individual case. The medical profession is cooperating with voluntary agencies, public health groups and legal authorities in developing a unified approach to the alcoholism problem."

I, for one, have seen so much of



Frederick relaxes in his second floor study at home. David snapped this with his new Christmas camera.

alcoholism and its results that I believe there never can be a purely medical solution to a problem that is evil in nature. Intemperance of any kind is evil. Whether it be intemperance in drinking, driving, eating, acquiring worldly goods or sex, the final defeat of any kind of evil must come from a spiritual battle.

At our committee meeting today we learned that it usually takes from seven to seventeen years of drinking for a potential alcoholic to acquire the disease full-blown. Many drinkers cannot become alcoholics no matter how hard they may try and they can drink all their lives without truly disastrous effects.

However, one out of sixteen adult drinkers probably is or will become a helpless, pathetic, ruined human being. There are an estimated eighty million drinkers in our country as a whole, and of that number five million are already alcoholics, unable to cure their disease without some medical and spiritual help.

Now that the ice floes are just about all out of the Connecticut River flowing near our home, it won't be long before our neighbor will be flying his small seaplane over our house several times a day when he takes off and lands on the river. Honestly, there are times when I think that he is going to bang his pontoons right into the roof of our garage as he circles for a landing. One of these days I think that I shall have to take a ride with him just to get a good look at the shingles on the roof.

One of my very good friends is a local obstetrician who just delivered his 10,000th baby. Now how is that for a record of some sort? We wanted to have a celebration of some kind to mark the occasion, but he was too busy with deliveries to attend. For the past several years he has been delivering an average of three babies a day, twenty-one a week! There are two other obstetricians in my church membership who are almost his equal.

As a matter of fact, we have so many doctors in this church that we have a special "Doctor's Night Dinner" each year. It is a regular church dinner open to all the membership,

but the program is always put on by the doctors. This year we are having a panel of doctors speak on the subject: "The Doctor Speaks to His Patients." It will be one of the best-attended programs of the year, for most of us love to hear our doctors talk about their work.

If you were to visit my large church, one of the things that would puzzle you would be the small number of children in our Sunday School and youth groups. Some of you people with small church buildings and hundreds of children would simply "oh and ah" at the luxurious facilities we are able to offer our young people because they are so few in numbers.

The explanation for the fact we have so few children is because we have a downtown church.

Most of the people with children are moving out of the city to the suburbs, and there they attend the local neighborhood churches. Some of the families always will be loyal to the big church in the heart of the city, and they will drive all the way into town to bring their children to our church. As one mother said to me recently: "Out in the suburb where we live the church is a new one just half as large as yours, but it has 700 children in its Sunday School while you only have 125 children in your Sunday School."

While we confess that it would be nice to have some more children in the church, we must also admit that the small Sunday School generally has a quality that a very large one simply cannot equal.

I shall always be grateful for the fact that I grew up out in the farming section of our country. Whenever I hear some of these so-called "agricultural authorities" here in the East speak alarmingly about the threat to our nation posed by the ever-decreasing amount of land under cultivation and the ever-increasing city housing areas, I know that the alarmists haven't gotten far enough away from city pavements to sense the real greatness of our wide open rural spaces.

When we are told that our grasslands have decreased by 130 million acres since 1900, we don't need to get excited. That 130 million acres is only 16% of our total grassland, and we still have far more than we need. When we are told that 55 million acres of land has gone into urban development, we have to admit that that is a lot of land, but at the same time we want to remember that it is only about 3% of our total area. We also want to remember that year by year, increased productivity of our farms more than makes up for the amount of farm land that goes into housing.

As I watch the East gradually becoming one enormous city stretching from Massachusetts to Virginia, I am glad that I have my "western perspective" to keep me ever mindful of the fact that most of our nation always will be farming country.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*



**"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL"***The Message of Easter**By Mabel Nair Brown*

**Worship Setting:** Use a simple cross in the center of the altar, or a table. Then around it arrange the gayest and brightest spring flowers available, so that a veritable flower garden seems to spring up about the cross. Place the open Bible in front of this arrangement.

Some of the joyful Easter hymns played softly in the background (except where certain vocal selections are mentioned), will make this service even more effective.

**Call to Worship**

We search the world for truth. We cull  
The good, the true, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
And all old flower-fields of the soul;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mothers read.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

**Scripture:** Matthew 28: 1-7

**Prayer:** Our Father, comfort us to-day with the presence of the living Christ. Grant us the wisdom to look beyond the sorrow of the cross to the precious light of Hope that came out of the resurrection. Impart in us, O God, the urgency to share the good news, "He is risen!" Help us bring others face to face with the risen Lord. In Christ's blessed name we pray. Amen

**Leader:** "May I quote this bit of verse from an unknown author?"  
**'FOR GOD—the Lord of earth and heaven,  
SO LOVED—and longed to see forgiven,  
THE WORLD—in sin and pleasure mad,  
THAT HE GAVE—the greatest gift He had  
HIS ONLY SON—to take our place;  
THAT WHOSOEVER—Oh, what grace!  
BELIEVETH—placing simple trust  
IN HIM—the righteous and the just,  
SHOULD NOT PERISH—lost in sin,  
BUT HAVE ETERNAL LIFE—in Him.'**

**Leader:** "Mrs. — will present our first meditation on *Hope*."

**First Meditation:** "It has been said that *'Hope* is the candle by which the heart of man lights its way.' That candle of *Hope* was rekindled in the manger of Bethlehem and then sprang into eternal flame at the empty tomb.

"He is risen! What glorious words! For all the ills of the world no balm is so healing, no other news so effective as the *Hope* that springs into man's heart when he becomes fully aware of the real message of Easter. 'He is risen! 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.'—Psalms: 118-24."

**Vocal Number:** "Christ The Lord Is Risen Today."

**Leader:** "Mrs. — will give our second meditation on *Hope*—the message of Easter."

**Second Meditation:** "If, like the budding trees and opening flowers of Spring, we look upward and struggle



As far as any of us can remember, this is the only picture taken since 1913 with just these three people together. Seated is Mother (Leanna Field Driftmier) and standing behind her are Lucile (Driftmier Verness) and Howard Driftmier.

upward; if we live a life of faith and work, every Spring will be a re-birth. To me, Easter is one of the most inspiring of all days, commemorating the Resurrection of Christ just when all Nature awakens to the newness of life.

"Easter is tulips and daffodils, with potted lilies on a window sill. Each new leaf, each bursting bud, the lilacs lifting hosannas to the skies, they breathe the essence of the message of Easter.

"Dr. Orison Marden has put it this way; 'I never go into the country in the early spring without feeling the impulse to uncover my head in reverence before the sublime miracle being wrought by the Creator in Nature's great laboratory. It fills me with the same sense of awe and joy which they tell us filled the hearts of Mary Magdalene and "the other Mary," when on Easter morning, they went to the sepulcher where their crucified Lord had been laid and were told by the angel, 'He is not here. He is risen!'

"Easter is a challenge to the faith of all of us. It is a time for re-birth, for renewal of Hope. The halo 'round the cross, the radiance of the empty tomb flashes 'round us at Easter to give us a new vision of *Hope Eternal*."

**Leader:** "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it! 'In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time; all the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime.'" (If possible, let a spot light play upon the worship setting here and throughout rest of service.) "Let us all join in the grand old hymn, 'In The Cross Of Christ I Glory.'"

**Benediction:** "Heavenly Father, help us this year, when spring blossoms tell of life renewed, to renew our faith, to have an understanding gratitude, and to bring the good news of Faith and Hope to those about us—to look up and lift up, which is to know the true message of Easter. Amen.

**GARDEN NOTES***By**Russell*

The first thing to do when you buy roses, regardless of whether they come through the mail or from your local nursery, is to get the roots into water until you are ready to plant.

I am sure that many of you who have visited our garden in the early Spring have seen an old wash tub that was filled with roses—they were waiting to be planted. I don't advise just leaving them in water for any extended period of time, but a few days doesn't hurt them at all. Remember this if some emergency comes up and doesn't let you get your roses planted exactly when you had intended.

If you are planting an individual rose, dig a hole 18 inches deep and 18 inches wide. If your plans call for a rose bed, dig your trench the same dimensions and space the roses 18 inches to 2 feet apart.

When the hole or trench has been dug, add as much fertilizer as possible, carefully incorporating it with the soil at the bottom. Everyone has his own type of fertilizer that he says just can't be beat, and probably it is the best for the type of soil where it is used.

My own problem is to keep our rich black soil from packing until it is just like clay, so a combination of one part sand, one part manure (any type) and one part peat moss has proven to be the best. This enables the rose roots to spread out and get the necessary nourishment.

After the soil has been prepared, build up a cone-shaped formation and spread the roots down around it. This should be done in a way that places the crown (the point where the roots and top separate) at about the surface. The roots should be pruned to fit the hole; this will encourage new growth. Any broken roots should be removed.

Now, fill in with earth, firming it carefully until the hole or trench is about half filled and the roots are entirely covered. At this point I add another application of fertilizer plus about a cup of super-phosphate per plant. Fill hole with water. If it has been dry, fill twice, allowing the water to soak in all the way.

A good rose will have at least three main branches. Trim these branches to about 6 inches in length and cut away all spindly growth. Mound the earth completely over the branches and keep it moist until the growth appears; this will prevent the canes from drying out. As the new growth develops, remove the earth carefully so no damage is done to the fresh stems. It is on these new stems that your roses will be borne so they must be given careful protection.

This method of planting has worked very well for me with the soil conditions I have in our garden. Where the soil is lighter or more sandy, the addition of organic fertilizer would be beneficial. If your soil has more clay,

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM A SNOWBOUND FARM

Dear Friends:

Kristin has been home in bed all day with a heavy cold and slight temperature, so I decided that as a special treat for her I would spend the afternoon baking cookies so she could have some while they were still fresh and warm from the oven. Usually when I bake cookies, or anything else for that matter, it is so easy to get out the recipes I know are favorites with the family instead of trying a new one each time. But today I decided to step out of my rut and try two new ones. They were both frosted cookie bars and were delicious. Frank preferred the spice bars but Kristin and I both liked the orange-coconut ones the best. I am sending the recipes on to Lucile, and if she can find just the right space to fit them in, I hope you will try them.

Since by this time so many of you now have in your homes the set of twelve Peanut Pixies that I make and are familiar with the different expressions on their faces, I think you will love this excerpt from a letter that came in my mail today.

"I've gone over my nutty little family time and again trying to make up my mind which one is the cutest, and I've finally settled on the poor guy with the toothache! There is one with his cheek swollen and the artist has drawn his mouth up in the most suffering expression, and his hands are up—held to his jaws. I almost feel I should get him a hot water bottle! Now what I want to know is: did you notice that bulge on the peanut and then give it that anguished expression intentionally, or was it accidental?"

This amused us because we remembered that one particular Pixie with the swollen jaw—his expression was intentional. You may not believe that there could be so much difference in the shapes of peanuts, but when you are looking at them with the idea of putting faces on them, there is definitely a big difference. Now to me, the one she referred to in her letter looks like an angry little Pixie having a tantrum! Just one little bump on the side of the face made the difference.

Speaking of Pixies, my ad has always stated that you could get them with red or green caps, but I am sorry to say there is no more green wax to be had. The last time I tried to get green wax I was told that this color has now been discontinued, so it is "red only" from now on. I have always been partial to the red anyway because it is a much brighter and prettier color.

It will soon be time to make garden, rake the leaves and winter debris from the yards, and to hear the tractors out in the fields. This has been a long hard winter and spring can't come too soon to suit us. We had so much rain and snow this past fall and winter that we wonder if it will ever be dry again. I had a letter the other day from a friend in northwestern Iowa



Dorothy took an interesting class in cake decorating at a series of Adult Education classes in Chariton. Orville Hill was the instructor.

and while we had a foot of snow on the ground she said it was as dry and dusty there as it is in the summer. It doesn't seem possible that in the same state and only 150 miles apart there could be that much difference. We would like to see a little of that dust in 1960.

This is the time of year we think about making or buying new spring dresses. If any of yours button down the front to the hemline, let me give you a tip I learned from experience that might save you a tear in your dress. Sew the bottom buttonhole shut and sew the button on top of it. Attach a snap beneath, and when you take that extra long step sometime when you are in a hurry, the snap will give before the material rips. I did this last summer on a dress of Juliana's. It had a tight straight skirt and buttoned down the front. The first time she wore it she ripped the material around the bottom button when she got out of the car. Fortunately, I was able to find mending tape that exactly matched, and immediately, before the material could ravel out, I pressed this on the wrong side so you couldn't see the tear, and fixed it in the manner I have described so it wouldn't happen again.

Another trick I saw the other day was something I wish I had known about when Kristin was little and wearing overalls and play suits with suspenders that were always falling off the shoulders. A friend of mine with a small child uses a sweater guard clip to fasten the suspenders together across the front. I thought this was real clever.

I have no doubt but what Kristin will still be at home with her cold tomorrow, and when she gets bored from staying in bed, (and that is where I think she ought to stay for another day) I have a nice little job for her that she can do sitting up in bed. I take several magazines and the only one I ever have time to read when it arrives is Kitchen-Klatter. The others I generally just glance through.

I save them for several months and eventually I will find time to read the articles that interest me, but I do like to take time to look at the recipes and cut out the ones I want to save. Right now I have a large stack that must be disposed of, and could be if I had the recipes torn out. Now you know what Kristin's job will be. She will enjoy it because she loves to save recipes herself.

I always had a time tearing pages out of magazines without tearing away half the writing (and this can be bad when it's a recipe) until I read this little help somewhere and it really works. There is a brand of waxed paper that comes in a box with a metal cutting edge on it. When the box is empty, cut off the side of the carton to which the metal edge is attached. Do not detach the metal from the cardboard. Save this and use it the next time you want to tear a page out of a magazine.

Unless something drastic comes up to interfere with these plans, I expect to go to Columbia, Missouri on March 23rd for a TV appearance on Esther Griswold's homemaker's show between 3:30 and 4:30 in the afternoon over KOMU-TV. This will be the second time I've made my Peanut Pixies on TV and I don't feel nearly as nervous as I did before my first experience in front of TV cameras.

I wish I had known about this in time to mention it in my letter last month, but Esther was in Shenandoah when I was there for what I call my Kitchen-Klatter week and since I was addressing the magazine at that time, there was no question of getting in the details that were worked out.

We've all known Esther a long time and I'm looking forward to being with her on TV. Now that she lives in Columbia she doesn't get up to Shenandoah very often, but the last trip had to be made because she was moving her wonderful 7-Teen shop to a fine location on Main Street. One of my oldest friends, LaVonne Van Buskirk, manages this shop and I always like to go in there and visit with her while I look at the wonderful things they stock. The name 7-Teen is easy to remember, but even though my own teens are only a dim memory I find big bargains for myself! A friendly store is almost unusual in this day and age and I think you'd like to stop in there when you're shopping in Shenandoah.

Kristin has just come out here to the dining room where I'm typing to tell me that she feels a lot better and I'm certainly relieved. There's been a lot of sickness in our community this winter and some people have been down for weeks. I'm surely keeping my fingers crossed that none of us get the worst of the bugs that are going around.

Let's hope we have some real spring weather by the time you take this out of your mailbox!

Sincerely yours,

*Dorothy*



## LOOK BEYOND YOURSELF

By

Evelyn Birkby

Sometime ago I heard a radio interview with Pearl Buck. In the conversation she mentioned her retarded child. Remembering that she had written a book about this child, I checked it out of the local library. It is called *The Child Who Never Grew* and it is well worth reading. Surely it would help those who have a retarded child to know that someone understands the situation so well and expresses it so lovingly. But it is a helpful story too for those of us with normal children for it gives us a new appreciation and patient concern for our lively bright youngsters.

Mrs. Buck's book holds much between its pages. It is a stern indictment of the attitude we take in this country towards those who are abnormal in any respect. Since she was reared in China and had her own child there, the attitude of the Chinese people were the ones with which she was familiar.

In China, people take any human infirmity as a matter of course. The blind, the deformed, the mentally deficient are all accepted as individuals. Their infirmities are not ignored; they are simply accepted. In fact, Mrs. Buck tells us, the Chinese often nickname such people for the afflictions, not cruelly, as is sometimes true in this country, but kindly and literally. A twisted leg is part of a child and when he is called "Little Cripple" it is simply taking for granted that which is a part of him. Ignoring the ailment, snickering or talking behind a person's back is much worse than open recognition.

Mrs. Buck also mentions the fact that the Chinese believe that if a person is handicapped in one way he has compensations in other ways. A blind person, for example, is treated with the utmost respect, a respect sometimes mingled with fear, for they believe he can perceive more than if he had his eyesight. As a result of their belief, they have a great tenderness towards anyone who is handicapped. What a wonderful expression of concern and how infinitely better than the curious stares and raised eyebrows with which some people meet such an individual! Perhaps we can explain the American attitude in our worship of the perfect, the athletic, the powerful. We put such strong emphasis in this area of thinking it makes it difficult for us to accept that which does not come up to a standard approaching physical perfection.

We have little clichés which enter into our conversation that stress this idea of perfection. How often we say, "It doesn't matter if the baby is a boy or a girl just so it is all right." That seems like a commonplace statement. But what about the parents whose children are *not* all right? They accept their babies, love them, and try to do everything they can for them. That situation must be coped with, if it comes, just as many another sorrow



Katharine and Paul Driftmier are still young enough to find real interest in tooth brushing sessions!

which comes must be handled.

Another great value of Pearl Buck's book *The Child Who Never Grew* is the way in which she discusses living with sorrow. From many, many different sources I have read the uses of tragedy, the ways of climbing up from the depths of despair, and always the answers are the same. Individuals may start from the far corners of greatly varied experiences and backgrounds, but if they master the lessons of sorrow they all come out at the same place.

Mrs. Buck expresses this so well in her story. She began with a deep sorrow and a feeling of complete despair. Then she began to notice other people's sorrows and the many who had walked along the same path she was walking. To be aware of this was to take a healing and creative move upward. Now she could realize that she was not being "picked on" individually for this great sorrow. At this point she could reach beyond herself and into the tragedy of others. Then she saw that the next step towards living with her sorrow was to accept it. The situation was unchangeable. She could do nothing to make it leave or to help it become better. It must simply be accepted.

Several years ago a very dear friend of mine, Mary Ann Milligan, was working in the Chicago office of the Illinois Association for the Handicapped. She told me that the people they could help were those who accepted their difficulty and were now ready to live and grow as they were. The ones who could not be helped were those who continued to rebel against their fate and moan, "Why should this happen to me?"

It should be said that this acceptance does not often come easily and it may have to be won time after time. I still have quick rushes of sorrow whenever I see a group of children sing. My own Dulcie Jean loved

to sing and her church Junior Choir was a great delight to her. But I can listen and appreciate the clear young voices and say, even when the sadness comes, "Thank God she had the opportunity to sing and to enjoy such a group." When I work with the new Junior Choir in our church I feel that in many ways I am doing it for Dulcie. It is an outward expression of my love for her. As Mrs. Buck illustrated so well, the secret is in *not staying down*. Going down in sorrow is not the disaster; the tragedy is in staying defeated.

If the first step is in realizing that we are not alone in our difficulties and the second step is acceptance of what cannot be changed, then the next is in finding a goal, a purpose for ourselves. Mrs. Buck found it when she was searching for a home for her retarded child. In that search she saw the needs of many children like her own. And as a result, she dedicated herself to helping these children in every way possible. The very fact that she wrote her book will do much to further the understanding and betterment for those who do not grow mentally, and she uses the proceeds from it to help retarded children.

Finding someone who needs us; reaching out to help another; looking beyond ourselves and our own sorrow is, I am sure, the solution to problems which cannot be solved. When we shift the center from ourselves to others we can calm the rebellion, cease asking the answerless "why?" and use our sorrow, with God's help, creatively. Then we are not dependent on happenings but we can grow in the joy which is over and above the tragedies of this human, striving, fumbling, unfinished world in which we live.

"Then into His hand went mine  
And into my heart went He  
And I walk in a light divine  
The path that I feared to see."

## YESTERDAY

I meant each brimming morn to send  
That promised letter to my friend.  
The moments flashed and broke like  
spray  
And I forgot that all things end.  
That golden hour was yesterday—  
I cannot reach my friend today.

The sunlight burns, an April whim,  
In shadow I remember him.  
The busy world hums merrily,  
But as I work my eyes are dim—  
He could have heard me yesterday—  
He cannot answer me today.

He may have thought I did not care,  
My friend, so sensitive, so rare,  
I failed him, I, who loved him well!  
Dear God, how do Thy children dare  
To trifle with Thy gift today  
That fades, so soon, to yesterday?

—Unknown

God grant me the serenity to accept  
the things I cannot change, the courage  
to change the things I can, and  
the wisdom to know the difference.

Amen



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

The other day when I was pawing through a big box of old, old clippings, I came across the following little verse.

It's rather wonderful, I think,  
When friends are made by pen and ink.

A piece of paper, blue or white—  
Someone decides that she will write  
To one whom she has never seen  
Who lives where she has never been.  
A pen becomes a magic wand!  
Two strangers start to correspond,  
Not strangers long, but soon good  
friends—

Just look how that last letter ends!  
How pleasant the exchange of views  
And comments on the latest news.  
Oh, one can talk of this and that  
And have the coziest kinds of chat;  
Two souls who live quite far apart  
Can gladden much each other's

heart,  
Can nourish much each other's mind  
With letters, sensible and kind.  
It's truly wonderful, I think,  
When friends are made by pen and ink!

—Unknown

Now this is just a pleasant little verse, not great poetry in any sense of the word, but it manages to call up a genuine reality to people who push out the tight four walls of daily life by writing letters. The number of comforting and faithful friendships built only by words upon paper can never be estimated, and as we relax in such a friendship we reveal ourselves much more clearly and certainly than in most friendships where we meet face to face. Certainly it is no accident that the finest biographies ever written have been built upon every scrap of letter that has been preserved—in many cases, miraculously preserved.

When I was fourteen and found myself cut off from the life of my contemporaries, I began writing letters and for many, many years my typewriter was the magic carpet that took me out into the world. Such unbelievable things happened as a result of some of those letters that I'm hard pressed to believe them, even though they happened to me!

What would you say, for instance, if I told you that all of my life for the last quarter of a century hangs upon exactly ONE letter that I wrote to a total stranger? This doesn't sound *reasonable* and *sensible*, but it happens to be true. So you can see, I think, why I have strong feelings about letters. And in view of the fact I do have such strong feelings on the subject, isn't it a God's blessing that every night of my life I can wind up the day by sitting down with a folder of letters? I give thanks for this whenever I get to feeling put upon!

Those of you who have followed us through the years now understand, after reading Mary Beth's letter last month, why she has such a special place in my heart. And if you read carefully what she said about changes in character that can come about in



These are the four Driftmier brothers and sisters who could be present for our happy housewarming in December. At the left is Dad (M. H. Driftmier); next to him are his two sisters, Clara and Adelyn (Mrs. Paul Otte and Mrs. Albert Rope); at the right is his brother, Bert Driftmier. Of the seven Driftmier brothers and sisters, Dad is the eldest and Aunt Adelyn is the youngest.

the lives of growing children when their mother is handicapped, then you will also understand something that happened when she was here.

It is always the first goal of every handicapped mother to hope that her child's life will not be heavily shadowed by her misfortune. You try to carry on in such a way that your child is not burdened by your loss, and of all the burdens that a child can carry, pity of the kind that I have in mind is the heaviest burden. I'm sure, just from the viewpoint of common sense, good old horse sense, that many times I have done things that I should have asked Juliana to do for me. But human beings are so peculiar! We tend to swing from one extreme to another and the sensible middle path seems the hardest of all paths to find.

Before Mary Beth, Donald, Katharine and Paul arrived, Juliana told us that she had had her fill of five heavy classes month in and month out, and that she was simply hanging on for the last day of school when she could be free of such an unrelenting grind.

"I don't want to tie myself down to anything," she said. "I just want to get caught up on my sleep and rest a little bit and be lazy."

There didn't seem to be any good reason why this simple desire couldn't be fulfilled and all of us had our sights set on the final day of school when she would be released from her endless studying.

But while Mary Beth was here, Juliana came to me and said: "Mother, who is going to be there to help her with Katharine and Paul before the new baby is born, and what is going to happen when she gets home from the hospital with the baby?"

I told her that this was a problem for which no answer had been found, due to illness in Mary Beth's family, and that as yet no solution had turned up. She didn't say anything more, but when I got home from the office that afternoon she was waiting for me with a happy light in her eyes.

"I've had a long, long visit with Aunt Mary Beth and Uncle Donald," she explained, "and just as soon as school is out I'm going there to do

all I can to make things easier. I can run after the children and clean the house and do all those things that have to be done."

I was surprised—and touched. With her own eyes she had seen the great need and had offered to help. School will be out just in the nick of time for our general impression is that Mother Nature's date doesn't stack up with the doctor's date! We think the new little Driftmier will be a late May baby, not a June baby.

I asked Mary Beth if she would feel easy in her mind about leaving Juliana in complete charge of the children and the house while she was in the hospital, and she said that she certainly would—Donald would arrange his work to be in town at night during that week and she was sure Juliana could manage beautifully.

"Well, she's fine with the children," I said, "and she can clean the house like a professional and do up a beautiful laundry, but she's mighty weak on cooking. Katharine and Paul are going to have soup and sandwiches and cookies running out their ears."

I'm wholly responsible for the fact that Juliana is weak in the department titled: *getting a real meal on the table*. I cook very fast (except when I'm testing recipes) and it's something I've been able to keep right on doing through these recent years when heavy cleaning and standing endless hours over the ironing board have simply gotten beyond me. I think we're very much inclined to go right ahead with work that we can turn out easily and quickly. Surely you've noticed too how few girls sew beautifully and with professional competence if their mothers are real experts in this department! There are always exceptions, of course, but most of the time our daughters excel in the very work that we find burdensome and hard. They have a splendid chance to try their wings.

So . . . come the end of school, Juliana will be going to Indiana to lend a helping hand. After she returns, there will be plenty of time to think about the rest of the summer.

(Continued on page 16)



## A LATE WINTER REPORT FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

The sun has finally come out! It seems like weeks and weeks since we have had any cheerful sunshine. Each spring the beginning of nice weather seems like such a unique experience and yet I know that the weather and my feelings are no different than the year before.

There is one difference, though, and of this I am sure: I will be so happy to have the weather moderate so the children can begin to spend more time outside and work off their endless energies on the swings and climbing tower. I have heard with a not too-attentive ear the comment from various mamas that they will be so glad when winter is over and the children can go outdoors again. This year for sure I have known what they meant! The inside games that slowly but surely develop into wild horseplay have a tendency to leave me limp after very many hours. So this year I have begun to watch the weather hopefully for signs that Spring will soon be coming.

This past winter has been a very disappointing one for Katharine. We have not had the sled down from its nail on the garage wall even once. Two years ago I bought a sled at the end of the season at a clearance sale and since then, in two whole winter seasons, we have used it only twice. There has been quite a bit of snow in all the areas surrounding us but our particular county has had just the barest sprinkling. I can imagine that many of you readers west of us find this an enviable condition, but although I love the safe driving conditions I know it's tough on the younger generation.

As a result of this lack of winter sports Katharine has grown bored and restless. She has some Zippo skates which can be used inside but she didn't have anyone to teach her how to skate, so I finally cornered daddy and we took her to the local skating rink.

Since then Donald has been teaching her to skate on regular rink shoe skates. He started out by tightening the rollers until they wouldn't turn and then each time he loosened them just a trifle. Now she is really beginning to get the idea of keeping her balance and has enjoyed the activity immensely. We aren't planning on investing in any expensive shoe skates (and aren't they high priced?) but at least by summer I am sure she will be able to amuse herself on our little bit of sidewalk or, with supervision, in the street. By next winter I would like to find her some ice skates and then if we have a properly cold, even though snowless winter, she will at least have something to keep her busy.

Incidentally, we parked and watched the skaters on the Conservation Club's pond this past winter a number of times and it surely did look like fun.

Paul hasn't begun to enjoy skating yet because theskates at the rink



Katharine Driftmier received a miniature xylophone for Christmas, and she and Paul have had a lot of fun with it. You can get just a glimpse of the dogwood pattern quilt that Mother made for her youngest granddaughter.

were simply too heavy for him. But he never lacks for things to do. He amuses himself and us with his various antics—some of which, I must admit, aren't one bit funny!

He seems to operate on the assumption that anything Mama can do, he can do also. I have to be very careful to block his vision, particularly when I handle anything electrical. Among the things he has done recently, in fact, in only one week's time, should remind some of you of the things that your little boy had no business attempting.

One afternoon I found the house growing warmer and warmer and when I investigated I discovered that the thermostat had been turned up to ninety degrees. Later that same day I found Paul standing on a chair below the thermostat having a delightful time turning the temperature wheel from off to very hot. That night when I was climbing wearily into bed I found that the sheets were toasty warm. I looked at the control knob which is kept behind the head of the bed and my suspicions were confirmed!

This particular day was followed by another day during which Mother's Little Helper turned the burner under a pot of simmering chicken to *very hot* and nearly burned our supper. And besides this he got out his own pan and put it on the burner to cook with nothing in it. Fortunately, I was right in the kitchen when this happened and managed to whack away at him with a newspaper. He has never been allowed to touch the controls on the stove but he simply won't take no for an answer.

The clincher to this entire week's activities came when I took the children to the grocery very early in the evening. I was expecting Donald home from a trip later that evening so I knew that if we had a late supper he might be able to join us. I was quite tired by the time we headed for the

store and I'll admit that my patience had worn pretty thin. My one goal was to get Paul safely loaded into the seat of the grocery cart and make good progress picking up food from the shelves.

Just as I turned around to add a couple of cans to the cart I saw that Paul was holding an empty egg carton. For a second I couldn't guess where in the world he had found an empty egg carton, and then all of a sudden it dawned on me that he had just dumped the entire contents of the carton into the bottom of my partially filled cart.

It's really hard to visualize the large size mess that one dozen eggs can make as they drop down and through the wire bottom of a grocery cart and then on to the floor below. I was so taken back by the sight that I exclaimed "OH, PAUL!" and instantly everyone in that section of the store turned to see what had happened. I could see the plain expressions of disapproval on many faces when I smacked his hands—I knew they were thinking that I was a heartless mother to punish a little boy for such a *harmless stunt*! But not a one of them had a grocery cart covered with dripping egg so they weren't in a position to know how I felt! Certainly the manager didn't look very happy when one of his clerks had to begin scrubbing the floor before anyone could slip and fall down.

On the road home Katharine suggested that we call Paul "Nibby-fingers Driftmier" and I don't know when a nickname has fitted anyone quite so perfectly.

On the credit side of the ledger I'm happy to report that in only two-weeks' time Paul has learned very successfully to use his little potty chair. Everyone seems to have strong ideas on this subject and it's always a difficult thing to know just *when* is the best time to start toilet training a youngster. When I found that his diapers stayed dry for a two-hour stretch I decided that it was time to give toilet training a try. He was very willing to cooperate and although we had a period of four days when we changed clothes from the skin out, suddenly the whole idea penetrated his understanding and since then we've had no trouble whatsoever and he seems to be completely dependable.

I know now that I made a real mistake in trying to toilet train Katharine when she was a year old. It took almost a full year to get her to the place that Paul achieved so quickly. All in all, this session with Paul was less trying. I might add that the one project I had hoped desperately to accomplish before baby number three arrives was to have Paul totally out of diapers. If this hadn't been accomplished I would have managed somehow, but let's say that it's a real big help to have only one in diapers!

I have been cleaning out closets and drawers in an effort to get this inside kind of job completed before the nice weather gains a foothold. I have had to go through Paul's dresser once again and put away clothes that he

(Continued on page 18)



## KRISTIN TELLS YOU ABOUT HER "SECOND" ROOM

Dear Friends:

A few weeks ago my good friend Sandy Klages and I spent the weekend in Allerton, Iowa, with my Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls. We went on the train Friday night after school, then Mother and Dad came for dinner on Sunday and took us home. I always have fun when I go to Allerton, but especially so when one of my friends can go with me. Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond love young people and have always encouraged me to bring my friends with me whenever I go to visit them.

Those of you who have been readers of Kitchen-Klatter for several years may remember seeing a picture of me that was snapped in my room at Aunt Edna's. This was taken to show the headboard of my bed. Aunt Edna had bought me an unfinished headboard so that I could finish it for one of my projects when I had Home Furnishings in 4-H, and she was very pleased with the job I did on it. This last trip she surprised me by telling me that she had ordered an unfinished bookcase to match the headboard, and as soon as it came I could come down and get to work on it. I was thrilled to death. During the years that Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond have lived at Allerton many of my books have found their way to their house, and I had been using an old painted bookcase that was an eyesore in my beautiful new room.

The bookcase finally came and last weekend I went down and did the sanding and put the finish on it. I didn't take anyone with me on this trip because I knew I would be busy every minute of the two days I was there. I also painted a large cedar chest to match my bedspread and put it at the foot of the bed.

I think I'll go ahead and tell you what this chest is to be used for. For several years I have been putting away things I have made and collected that I hope some day to use in a home of my own. The only chest I had to keep them in was the small chest that has been handed down to me. It originally belonged to Grandmother Driftmier who bought it before my Mother was born to keep her baby clothes in. When we moved back to Iowa from California Mother brought it home and refinished it and it has been in my room ever since. This little chest overflowed a long time ago and I started putting things in boxes in my closet. Since my closet is very tiny Aunt Edna said that if I wanted to store some of my things at her house she would let me use her cedar chest and I could paint it to go with my room. When she and Uncle Raymond brought me home they took back several boxes with them and said they were going to put them in the closet until the next time I go down, then I will put them away myself.

One of my favorite subjects this year is Spanish. I am really enjoying it. My Aunt Ruth has a friend in Kansas



This is the north end of Russell's and Lucile's living room. It is the only outside wall that remains after the massive remodeling job, although in a way it really isn't the same wall at all since new glass was put in the windows and walnut paneling was used between them, plus in the area above them.

City who has lived in Mexico and we have been corresponding with each other in Spanish. Besides being fun, it has really helped me a lot to increase my Spanish vocabulary.

Because of so much bad weather this winter our school has been closed quite a few days, and all of these days must be made up at the end of the year. Our school has always been out by the end of May, but it looks now as if we will have to go several days in June. Many students living in town are complaining about this, but I, for one, would much rather go to school later in the spring than to fight the snow drifts and the ice to get to school in the winter.

This must be all for now since there is school tomorrow and I still have some homework to do before I go to bed.

Sincerely,

*Kristin*

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By

Frederick

I sometimes eat in a small tea room where I am well-enough acquainted with the cook to send for her when I want to discuss a particular dish, and she always comes over to my table beaming with pride and pleased to have me ask about her recipes. She knows that one of my favorite dishes is soup—just any kind of soup as long as it does not come out of can. I dearly love homemade soups.

The other day I asked her if she always began making a soup with some elaborate soup stock and she really laughed at that one. She said: "You know, all any stock is is meat juice in hot water. So many people think that soup stock has to be prepared from cooked meats, but actually a fairly acceptable stock can be made merely by dissolving bouillon cubes in hot water. It may not be the best, but it is adequate for most soups."

She went on to explain that the very best soup stock is made from a good soup bone that has been boiled for

four or five hours. How I do love the aroma of a cooking soup bone! Some time ago my good wife taught me to skim off some of the fat from the top when the soup stock has cooled. This was because some of the first soups I ever made had too much fat on the surface, and it took me a while to learn that excessive fat can deaden the flavor of a good soup.

At the tea room today I had a delicious ham and split-pea soup, and I got the recipe for it. This amount will give a generous portion to six people.

- 2 qts. water
- 1 ham shank
- 1 pt. dried split peas
- 2 onions
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 stalks celery

The peas should be soaked overnight. In a sauce pan place the ham shank, add the soaked peas and water, and bring to a boil. Add the onions and the celery after they have been diced into small pieces, and then let the whole business simmer for about three hours. Run the soup through a wire strainer, put back on the stove and add the flour made into a smooth paste. Season with your favorite soup seasonings (I like a little salt, pepper, and tabasco), and serve. This beats any prepared soup on the market.

Have you ever eaten French Toast in a restaurant and then wondered why it was so much better than what you make at home? Let me tell you the secret. Most people make the batter for a French Toast by just whipping up a couple of eggs with a fork and perhaps adding a bit of cream. The next time you make French Toast try this trick:

Mix and sift 6 Tbls. flour with 1/2 tsp. salt. Separate 2 eggs, beat yolks with 1/2 cup of milk, add this to dry ingredients and 1 Tbls. melted butter. Fold in beaten egg whites. Dip your bread into this mixture and then fry until golden brown. It will make your own French Toast taste like the specialty of a fine hotel.

## WILLOW TREE IN APRIL

Our Willow, in April,  
Is changing her bonnet;  
That brown winter headdress  
Has green feathers on it!

You scarcely believe it,  
So quick the creation—  
There's nothing quite like it  
In Spring's foliage.

This feminine gesture  
Is April's best potion,  
So lovely the plumage,  
So deep our emotion!

And robins, too, watching,  
Compose a new sonnet,  
While keyed to the beauty  
Of Willow's spring bonnet!

—Ruth M. Griffith

For lo, the winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone.  
The flowers appear on the earth . . .  
Song of Solomon 2:11-12



## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### COCONUT CRUNCH PUDDING

- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup soft butter
- 1 cup chopped coconut

Combine like pastry. Spread out in a flat pan and brown for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Stir from time to time. It gets crunchy.

- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 2 cups milk
- Dash of salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 or 3 bananas

In saucepan put pudding mix, egg yolks, milk and sugar. Beat. Cook until mixture thickens. Add 2 Tbls. butter and flavorings. Cool. Fold in the 3 beaten egg whites to which you have added 6 Tbls. sugar. Fold meringue into pudding. Build up in layers, starting with the coconut crunch, then pudding, sliced bananas, then pudding and crunch. Unusual and *very* good.

### KIDNEY BEAN MAIN DISH

- 2 cups kidney beans, drained
- 4 slices bacon, chopped into small pieces
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 cup canned tomatoes
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 6 weiners, sliced in 1/2-inch pieces
- Salt and pepper

Fry bacon until crisp and remove from skillet. Fry onion and green pepper in bacon drippings until tender but not brown. Add weiners, tomatoes, mustard, catsup, salt and pepper and simmer until flavors are blended. Lastly add beans and bacon. This is a tasty and hearty dish for hungry families.

### DATE OATMEAL MUFFINS

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup oatmeal
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 2 cups flour
- 4 tsps. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsps. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg

Scald milk, add oatmeal and dates. Cool. Sift dry ingredients and add, with egg, to cooled mixture. Stir only until moistened. Put in muffin pans and bake in hot oven about 25 min. Makes 12 large muffins.

### DOROTHY'S BAR COOKIES

#### FROSTED SPICE BARS

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts

Beat eggs until slightly foamy. Add the sugar and mix well. Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and spices and add to the egg mixture. Mix in the shortening and the nuts. Pour into a well greased 8-inch square pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 35 minutes.

**FROSTING:** Brown 2 Tbls. of butter lightly in a saucepan. Remove from heat and add 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, 1 Tbls. hot water, and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring. Stir until smooth. Add enough cream to make it spreading consistency. Sprinkle chopped nuts over the top.

#### ORANGE-COCONUT BARS

- 1/2 cup soft butter
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 1/2 cups light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup coconut

Thoroughly blend the butter and 1 cup flour. Press firmly into a greased 9-in. square pan. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 15 minutes. For the top layer combine the sugar, 2 Tbls. flour, baking powder and salt and mix well. Blend in the remaining ingredients and spread evenly over the baked bottom layer. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 minutes. Frost when cool.

**ORANGE FROSTING:** Combine 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, 2 Tbls. melted butter, 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring, and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Blend until smooth.

#### BAKED CHEESE AND OLIVE CASSEROLE

- 5 slices bread
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- Salt and pepper
- Butter

Remove crusts from bread, spread with butter and cut in squares. Mix bread squares, cheese, eggs, milk and olives, and season to taste. Pour into casserole and put additional bread strips, browned in butter, over the top. Bake about 40 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees until firm. Serves 4 to 6.

### HUNGARIAN GOULASH

- 1 1/2 lbs. steak or chuck cut in 2-inch cubes
- 2 Tbls. fat
- Salt and pepper
- 3 garlic cloves, cut fine (optional)
- 3 onions, cut fine
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 can tomato paste
- 3 medium sized potatoes

Heat heavy pan and melt fat. Brown floured meat in the fat. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add the water, garlic, onions, a dash of allspice and tomato paste. Cover and cook until the meat is tender. (You may need to add more water.) Place the potatoes around the meat, cover and cook until potatoes are done. Carrots may also be added. We often make it without the potatoes and serve it over hot cooked spaghetti, noodles or rice.)

### ABIGAIL'S RHUBARB PIE

Here is a plain basic recipe for those who like to eat rhubarb pie but have never made it—no fancy frills or subtle techniques are required. I thought you'd like to have it on hand when the rhubarb is first ready this spring.

- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups tender rhubarb cut into 1/2 in. lengths
- 1 recipe two-crust pastry

Sift flour and sugar together, add beaten egg and mix thoroughly; add rhubarb. Line 9-inch pie pan with pastry and pour in filling. Cover with top crust or lattice; brush top pastry with milk and sprinkle with a little sugar. Bake in 425 degree oven for 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees and bake 35 minutes longer.

### LIVER ITALIENNE

- 1 lb. liver (beef or pork) sliced
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. fat
- 1 8 oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup sliced pimiento olives

Rinse liver in cold water and then drain on absorbent paper. Combine flour and salt, dip liver into flour and then brown in fat—be sure to use a heavy skillet. Add the remaining ingredients, cover and simmer for 30 to 40 minutes or until liver is fork tender.

Mary Beth says: "My doctor told me to be sure and eat liver at least once a week but I simply couldn't get Katharine and Paul to touch it until I tried this rather wild sounding recipe. Now they really gobble it up, so even though these ingredients sound peculiar in connection with liver, give this recipe a try if your children refuse to eat liver."



### LUCILE'S BLUEBERRY COFFEE CAKE

If you have in mind to ask a few friends in for a morning coffee party, this would be ideal to serve.

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 well-beaten egg
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups canned blueberries, thoroughly drained
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup soft butter

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg and beat. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk. This makes a very stiff batter. Spread into a well-greased 11x7x1 1/2 inch pan. Sprinkle the blueberries over the top. Combine the sugar, flour and cinnamon, and then cut the butter into these dry ingredients. Crumble evenly over the top. Bake about 45 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees.

If you want to be extra fancy, make a rather thin powdered sugar icing to spread over the top as soon as it comes out of the oven. This is a delicious "bread" for a morning coffee.

### WIENER-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 1/2 pkg. egg noodles, cooked in salted water
- 8 wieners, sliced and browned in butter
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1 pimiento, diced
- 2 level Tbls. dry onion soup
- 1/2 cup milk

When noodles are cooked, add the browned wieners. Put into a greased casserole. Mix together the soup, pimiento, dry onion soup and milk. Toss lightly with the noodles and wieners. Sprinkle some dry bread crumbs over the top and dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes, or until it bubbles and the crumbs begin to brown. Serves 5 or 6. You could vary this with tuna fish or salmon instead of the wieners.

### PIMIENTO CORN MUFFINS

We've often said that we didn't think anything could perk up a "dull" meal quicker than hot bread. These corn muffins will do just exactly that, so treat your family to some real soon.

- 1 egg
- 1 can vacuum packed whole kernel corn

Milk

- 1 pkg. corn muffin mix

2 drained canned pimientos, diced  
Beat egg slightly. Drain liquid from corn and add enough milk to make 1 cup. Add to egg. Then stir in muffin mix just enough to moisten. Add corn and pimiento, mixing lightly. Fill muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 12 to 18.

### EVELYN'S MAPLE BROWNIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 3/4 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts

Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the beaten egg and mix well. Sift together the flour and baking powder and stir into the batter. Lastly add the Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring and the nuts. Pour into an 8 by 13 greased baking pan and bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Frost with a soft butter and powdered sugar icing.

### QUICK BROILER ICING

Many times I have baked a cake and not had time to let it cool for icing to serve it. This has been a life-saver to me many times and for that reason thought that perhaps you have been on the look-out for just such a recipe.

- 6 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup cream
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Spread over a warm freshly baked cake and brown under the broiler for 3 to 5 minutes, just until bubbly and lightly browned.

### ORANGE DELIGHT

- Combine:
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 cups water
- Boil until thick and clear.
- Add:
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Pinch of salt
- In a bowl, have prepared:
- 3 oranges, peeled and cut into bite size pieces
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, cut
- 1/4 cup coconut

Pour the hot sauce over the fruit and chill in sauce dishes or in the bowl. This is very refreshing after a heavy meal.

For variation, you could use bananas, marshmallows, fruit cocktail or just about any fruit you have on hand. You might like to top the fruit with a dab of whipped cream. — Evelyn

### BAKED ALASKA PIE

- 1 baked pie crust
- 1 quart strawberry ice cream
- Fill the pastry shell with the ice cream. Make a meringue of 3 egg whites and 6 Tbls. sugar. Cover the ice cream with the meringue, making sure that the edges are sealed.
- Put the pie under the broiler, not too close, and have flame turned quite low. When lightly browned freeze solid. Remove from freezer just before serving as it cuts quite easily.

## DO YOU CARE HOW YOUR COOKING TASTES?

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This month we'd like to lay special stress on our **Kitchen-Klatter Banana Flavoring**. Fresh bananas are expensive. Most of the time they seem to be green as a gourd—or so ripe you throw half of them out. Our **Kitchen-Klatter Banana Flavoring** tastes the way bananas SHOULD taste—and will save you a lot of money.

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
Shenandoah, Iowa



## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

To my way of thinking, it's downright hard to find vegetable recipes that are really different and delicious. I think most of us are inclined to fix vegetables the same way over and over again, boiled and a little butter added, or boiled and put in cream sauce. There are a lot of different sounding vegetable recipes in big magazines and cookbooks, but somehow the very vegetables themselves aren't available and the "fixings" called for aren't available—or so exotic that it's enough to make anyone sort of shy back in alarm.

Yet most of us would really like to turn out a vegetable dish just a little bit off the beaten path, particularly when we're assigned a vegetable for some kind of an affair or are having company. This is why I looked with real interest at a recipe for *Tomato Scallop* sent to us by a friend in McFall, Mo.

I've now made it several times and everyone who has eaten it (even children!) thinks it is wonderful. And it is. If you're tired of the same old vegetables in the same old way, I hope you'll try this. Personally, I feel that I've found a really fine vegetable dish to turn to in the future and believe me, I'm glad of it!

(I made a few changes to fit my needs—what is given here will serve six to eight people and I doubt that you'll have a dab left to think about.)

### Tomato Scallop

- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3 cups canned tomatoes
- 5 Tbls. minute tapioca
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
- 3/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 4 Tbls. butter

(Note: In our stores we have several kinds of cheddar cheese. I like to use the medium nippy—not the bland cheddar or real sharp cheddar. The most inexpensive brand of stuffed green olives is fine—even those broken pieces if you ever buy them.)

Melt 4 Tbls. butter in heavy skillet and stir dry bread crumbs in it until crumbs are lightly brown and toasted. Put aside.

Melt 2 Tbls. butter in heavy pan and stir into it the minced onion. Then add tomatoes, tapioca and seasonings. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. (It will bubble up violently and splash unless you keep the fire very low and stir energetically.)

Butter a casserole (not a flat baking type) and sprinkle in a layer of the toasted crumbs. Then cover with a layer of tomato, grated cheese, green olives; repeat. Top with quite a thick sprinkling of the buttered crumbs and bake for 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

The friend who sent this said: "It is different and very delicious." Indeed it is. DO TRY IT. —Lucile

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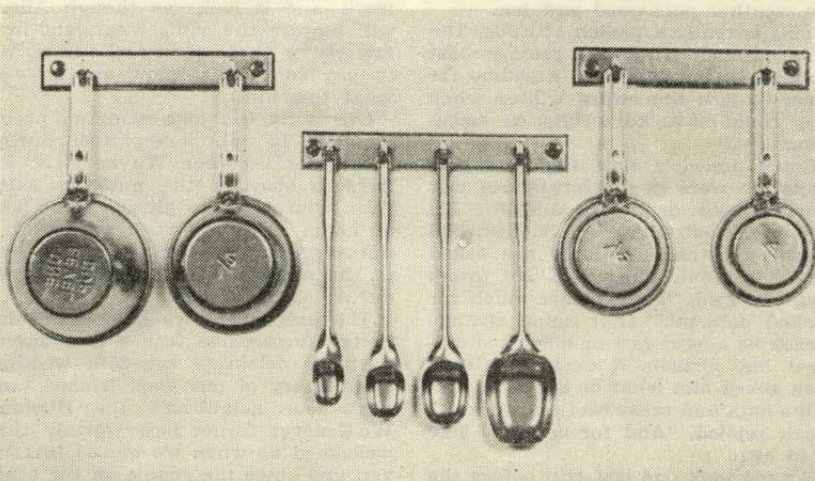
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### IMPORTANT

Under no conditions can we mail our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to individuals. Postal charges would make it far too expensive. Ask your grocer to stock it. If enough people ask, he'll get it.

This premium is truly an unbelievable bargain—four copper-finish long-handled measuring cups, four copper-finish long-handled measuring spoons, and three copper-finish racks to hang them on.



It is a special factory run for us and we bought in huge quantity to get the price down. Three box tops from **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** and \$1.00 sent to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia., will bring you a set.



## A VISIT WITH OUR DENVER DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

Here it is, time to write another letter, and I am still using a hand-sharpened pencil! Anyone would assume that after more than 13 years of marriage and three school-age children, we would have acquired a real pencil sharpener, but somehow I manage to forget, month after month, year after year, to buy one. So when I start to write this letter each month, my initial duty is to stand over the wastebasket, paring knife in hand, and sharpen one pencil.

My beloved paring knife originally belonged to my Grandmother Morrison, then my mother used it, and now I employ it for everything. If I were somehow limited to but one household tool I would choose it above all others, and my family well knows my regard for this particular knife. Each of them has at some time made the mistake of using it without replacing it, and believe me, when that happens all other activities stop *immediately* until the knife is located and returned to its proper place!

If you were to walk into our utility room tonight, it would give you a bit of a start. There, drying side-by-side, are swimming suits and snowsuits. At least those of us from small towns don't expect to see these two types of clothing out at the same time, but the children played in the snow most of the afternoon and after an early dinner they were invited to go swimming at the "Y" indoor pool with neighbors who are members.

So many of my years were spent where swimming was confined to hot weather that I still have to convince myself that it is perfectly all right to swim when we're in deep winter! Most of the outdoor pools in Denver are heated and this makes it quite possible to swim outside even during the late spring and fall. Yet, much as I love to swim I just don't think about taking the children swimming until the weather gets good and hot.

This is really a foolish attitude. The children made wonderful progress last summer and it has been a shame for them to lose the entire winter when they could have kept right on swimming.

Clark added a new family saying while we were in California. He was staying with neighbors and for his first breakfast Ginny, his hostess, had prepared oatmeal. Politely she asked him if he would like some. "No, thank you," he said, "I don't care much for cooked oatmeal." (For some strange reason he adores raw or uncooked oatmeal but dislikes it cooked.) Ginny then asked him what he *did* like. "Oh, I like ham and roast beef and turkey," Clark replied. "And for cereal, I like fried eggs."

Wayne took one last trip before the opening of the heavy spring and summer rush and attended the Colorado State Nurserymen's Convention in Ft. Collins. I stayed home during this trip and missed being present for a fine honor that was accorded him. He was elected vice-president of this organiza-



Here are our Denver Driftmiers on January 1, 1960 when they were visiting in Shenandoah. Old friends know their names as well as we do, but for new friends we should explain that the children are Clark, Emily and Alison, and their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier. We must explain too that Wayne was terribly taken aback when he suddenly realized, after the picture was taken, that he wasn't wearing a tie! We assured him that it didn't make any earthly difference—and it doesn't.

tion so that he would be president when the national convention is held in Denver in 1962. I've not a doubt in the world that this latter job will mean a tremendous amount of extra work when the time comes, but right now it is just very gratifying for me to know how well accepted he has been in Colorado Nurserymen's activities.

Lucile has written to me recently about her meetings with her dentist, and it so happens that the children and I have been doing the same thing. Emily and Clark have excellent teeth but Alison and I both needed fillings. However, we do have a large expense in the near future for Emily. Her teeth have now developed to the point where an orthodontist can start to work, and it looks as though Alison will require the same treatment in a few years. Those of you who have had to pay such bills know all too well what this means!

Our daily life jogs along in pretty much of an unbroken pattern during these months when Wayne is so extremely busy at the nursery. Aside from church, we're always right here at home since the rush season at a nursery doesn't permit time for any of the activities that can be enjoyed during slack seasons.

The only event we have scheduled in the foreseeable future is a dinner party to celebrate the 25th wedding anniversary of our good friends (and next door neighbors), the Hootens. We'll never forget how warmly they welcomed us when we moved to Denver, and since the couple on the other side of them feel the same way, we decided to join forces in taking note of this silver wedding anniversary.

We gave the Hootens their choice between an open house that would include all of their many local friends, or a dinner party for a smaller group.

They decided upon the latter and I do think it will be more fun for the guests since there will be a much better chance to visit.

We asked the Hootens what kind of meat they preferred and built the remainder of the menu around their choice of beef. (As a minister and his wife, the Hootens apparently have eaten a lifetime supply of ham and chicken!) We have ordered a boned and rolled rib roast; it seemed the easiest to carve and serve to 20 people. Accompanying this will be baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, tossed salad, relishes, hard rolls and for dessert, the Bavarian Mint Pie. This elegant recipe appeared in last month's issue of Kitchen-Klatter—was the Recipe of the Month.

A fancy decorated traditional white wedding cake is not being served for a good reason: the Hootens don't enjoy cake and they have had to eat through a mountain of it during their years in a pastorate. However, to make the Bavarian Mint pie suggest the traditional and serve a large number, I will take a few extra steps.

I will make a double crust recipe in a spring-form pan. (If you bake the crust, be sure to place the spring-form pan on top of a cookie sheet so the butter won't drip down into your oven. The filling recipe will have to be quadrupled to fill my pan to the brim. This will be unmolded and placed on a footed cake stand. I plan to make the green maraschino cherry flowers with a tiny silver ball in the center of each for the topping of whipped cream. Between the base of the crust and the cake stand will be placed 25 candle holders of the kind that came with the tiered tree cake pans. Naturally we will serve only very slender slices of this rich dessert but it should be delicious with coffee.

(Continued on next page)



**ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded**

As hosts we had somewhat of a problem when it came to the subject of a gift. The Hootens stated plainly that they wanted no gifts. However, we knew the guests were all close friends and relatives who would insist upon bringing something. It so happens that the Hootens use no silver in their home; their china has a gold band and their flatware is the gold dilirite. We racked our brains and couldn't think of one single item in the line of a traditional silver gift which would fit into their home, so we finally decided that we would have a money tree and limit each couple to three silver dollars. We imposed this limit because we knew that although some of the guests were financially able to bring much more, this amount would not embarrass any of the other guests or the Hootens.

The branches of our "silver" tree are wrapped in aluminum foil. Each of the silver dollars will be wrapped in clear plastic and tied to the tree with a silver ribbon. This will become the centerpiece of our long table—actually two tables placed end-to-end. In addition we will add rather low bouquets of fresh flowers—Colorado Carnations, of course, on either side but somewhat further down toward each end of the table. We plan to use all the silver serving pieces we can round up. The mellow shine of the silver augmented by the color in the flowers and china should make a beautiful table.

This is basically a very simple sort of party to give. And from experience I know it is the kind where everyone, including the hosts and guests of honor, can relax and enjoy themselves. We have no planned entertainment for the evening. This is a group that likes nothing better than sitting and talking.

About the time the May issue of Kitchen-Klatter arrives in your home some of you will be thinking about a summer vacation in Colorado. I'll try to report on some of our trips that have been unmentioned so far. Perhaps there will even be room to tell you about our gold panning experience last summer. That is, if I can whittle another sharp point on my pencil!

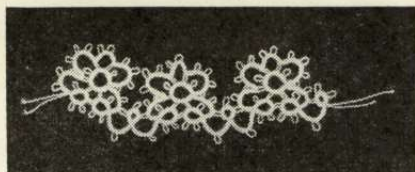
Sincerely yours,  
Abigail

**NOT ALONE**

Though not one of my family is here  
To share my cottage, I am not alone,  
For friends call often. They, with  
children grown,  
Have need of me as I of them, to cheer  
The daylight hours. And when the day  
is done,  
There are the stars, if nights are clear,  
The friendly lights from windows far  
and near  
While I count blessings as they hover,  
one by one.

—Elinor Van Houten

You have acquired much wisdom  
when you have learned how to enjoy  
life without having to spend money  
for your fun.

**PANSY FACE**

Here is a charming edging easily adapted for handkerchiefs or doilies:  
R. (3 ds, p) 3 times, 3 ds, cl—  
RW \* ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds—  
R. (3 ds, p) 5 times, 3 ds, cl—  
RW ch 3 ds, j last p R,  
(3 ds, p) twice, 3 ds—RW, Lg R 3 ds,  
J 4th p last R (3 ds, p) 6 times, 3 ds,  
cl—

RW ch 3 ds, j last p last ch (3ds,p)  
3 times, 3 ds, j 6th p Lg R—  
Ch 3 ds, 2 p sep 2 ds, 3 ds,  
J 5th p R—ch (3 ds, p) 4 times,  
3 ds, J 3rd p R—  
Ch 3 ds, j last p last ch (3ds, p)  
twice, 3 ds—RW, R 3 ds, p, 3 ds,  
J 2nd p Lg R, 3 ds, j 3rd p next  
to last R (3 ds, p) twice, 3 ds, cl—  
RW, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, —  
R 3 ds, j last p next to last ch  
(3 ds, p) twice, 3 ds, cl—  
Repeat from \*

—Vinnie Fanning

**"WHEN YOU COME TO THE END  
OF A PERFECT DAY"**

Grandmother, on a bitter winter's day,  
Milked the cows and fed them hay;  
Slopped the hogs, saddled the mule,  
And got the children off to school;  
Did a washing, mopped the floors,  
Washed the windows and did some  
chores;

Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit,  
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit;  
Swept the parlor, made the bed,  
Baked a dozen loaves of bread,  
Split some firewood and lugged it in—  
Enough to fill the kitchen bin;  
Cleaned the lamps and put in oil,  
Stewed some apples she thought  
would spoil;

Churned the butter, baked a cake,  
Then exclaimed, "For goodness'  
sake—

The calves have got out of the pen!"—  
Went out and chased them in again.  
She gathered the eggs and locked the  
stable,

Back to the house and set the table,  
Cooked a supper that was delicious,  
And afterward washed up all the  
dishes;

Fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes,  
Mended a basketful of hose;  
Then opened the organ and began to  
play,

"When You Come To The End Of  
A Perfect Day."

—Anonymous

It is my joy in life to find  
At every turning of the road  
The dear strong arms of comrades  
kind

To help me onward with my load.  
And since I have no gold to give,  
And love alone must make amends,  
My daily prayer will always be:

God make me worthy of my friends.

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**GIVE HIM A DAY**

What shall you give to one small boy?  
A glamorous game, a tinseled toy,  
A barlow knife, a puzzle pack,  
A train that runs on curving track?  
A picture book, a real live pet . . .  
No, there's plenty of time for such things yet.

Give him a day for his very own—  
Just one small boy and his dad alone.  
A walk in the woods, a romp in the park,  
A fishing trip from dawn to dark,  
Give the gift that only you can—  
The companionship of his Old Man.  
Games are outgrown and toys decay—  
But he'll never forget if you give him a day!



## MIXERS, CONTESTS AND WHAT-HAVE-YOU

By  
Margery

Does the responsibility for entertainment at social get-togethers ever fall to you? If so, then perhaps these games will come in handy one of these days. As you read them over, I believe you will find that they will do for any age group or gatherings when all ages are present.

### Finding Partners

As the guests enter give each one a slip of paper containing half of a song title. He must find his partner for any games calling for couples, or for a partner for refreshment time. This could also be used as a means of numbering off for relays or any games with two teams—the people who have the first half of the titles on one team and the last half of the song titles on the second team.

Yanky	Doodle
Jolly	Is the Miller
Twinkle, Twinkle	Little Star
A Hunting	We Will Go
Twenty Froggies	Went to School
Are You Sleeping,	Brother John
Pop!	Goes the Weasel
Lightly	Row
Billy	Boy
O Dear What Can	the Matter Be
The Bluebells	of Scotland
Down in	the Valley

### Baby Pictures

Each guest is requested to bring a picture taken in very early childhood. The pictures are numbered and the guests must try to identify each person. This is not a new guessing game but always lots of fun.

### Egg Crate Bowling

Mark scores in the egg crate pockets. Use a piece of cardboard for an incline. At a distance of 6 to 8 feet roll small balls (golf ball size) trying to land in the pockets. Allow 5 tries to each person. High score wins a prize.

### Straw Relay

After sides have been chosen for two or more teams, line them up for this lively relay. Give each person a soda straw and before each team place a pretty flower cut from a seed catalogue. The teams can now be identified as the "Marigolds," "Roses" or whatever flowers you have chosen.

The object of the game is that the flower must be picked up, carried to a certain spot, and brought back without using the hands. If the flower is dropped, the person will have to reclaim it using only the straw. As it is passed from one person to the next only the straw may be used. Keep hands behind backs!

### Giant Puzzle

Cut well-known ads from magazines. (Full page ads are best.) Paste them on cardboard, then cut into 4 or 5 pieces. Give each player a piece from one ad, then place the rest on a large

table, well-mixed. The players must scramble around and find the remaining pieces to their ad. Don't have more than ten ads per table. If you have a larger group use several tables to hold the completed ads. This game should go very quickly, so it works out nicely to tie in with refreshment time. As each person completes his ad he may then be served his refreshment tray.

### Guest Bingo

This is a good mixer game. Each person is given a sheet of paper marked off in squares. The number of squares you have depends upon how many guests there are—you will not have more squares than guests. The guests get signatures for each square. When all are filled, the hostess calls off the names on her guest list, the guests putting an "X" through the square containing the signature. The first one to "Bingo" wins a prize.

### Gossip

Divide your group into two teams, each team choosing a leader. The two leaders confer and decide on the same rumor. They write down identical sentences, such as: "The people next door to Alice have just bought a houseful of new furniture. Everyone is wondering where the money came from." Now the leaders return to their team and start whispering the rumor from one to another on down the line. The last person to hear the rumor writes down just exactly what she heard. You will be amazed by the changes and additions to the rumor when the leader then reads the original rumor. Chances are everyone will make a secret vow never to repeat gossip!

### Who's Got The Penny?

A penny is given secretly to one of the couples. The two do not stay together, but mix around and join each other from time to time. The other guests are told that a couple in the room has the penny and they are to try to figure out which couple it is. The first one who finds them together and asks if they are the right couple gets the penny and wins the game. This can be great fun!

### Jumbled Fruits and Vegetables

1. INONO	Onion
2. TEECULT	Lettuce
3. PURINT	Turnip
4. TOOTAP	Potato
5. GERANO	Orange
6. HUBBARU	Rhubarb
7. PELPA	Apple
8. SCINAPH	Spinach
9. ARDHIS	Radish
10. PLEANPIPE	Pineapple
11. BEGABAC	Cabbage
12. TRAIPOC	Apricot
13. WRARSYTERB	Strawberry
14. CROWAFULILE	Cauliflower
15. TROCRA	Carrot
16. CREMBUCU	Cucumber
17. TOOTAM	Tomato
18. CHEAP	Peach
19. YERELC	Celery
20. PEGTURFAIR	Grapefruit

Give each guest a list of the jumbled words. Allow only 3 or 4 minutes to unscramble them and then see who has the most correct ones.

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

We've had two big family dinners since I last wrote to you: one to celebrate Juliana's 17th birthday and one to get all of us together at the table while Mary Beth, Donald and the children were here.

If I had to sift out exactly two and only two wonderful gains from our massive remodeling project, it would be these things:

1. I can leave our house and return to it without setting foot outside. (Since this is the iciest winter anyone can recall for years and years, you can see how much the new garage arrangement means to me.)
2. We finally have room enough to manage family dinners without being jammed like sardines into a can. Our new dining room table will seat twelve comfortably when it is fully extended, and a drop leaf table that we use in the broadcast room can be moved in easily to take care of the overflow. We've always been a great family to get together for meals and it certainly seems wonderful to have enough room for the whole kit and kaboodle.

Incidentally, those of you who are accustomed to having all the men disappear after the meal is over and settling down by themselves where the women can't get at them, will be amused to know that we have finally found a garage in our house! I put it this way because for more than 30 years it has been the custom at the folks' house for all the men to go out to Dad's garage for their long huddles. He has his garage heated and there are comfortable old chairs to sit in, so it made a fine place for the men of the family when they wanted to escape.

This disappearance is a habit of such long standing that when we finally found "a garage" at our house, the men took a deep breath and relaxed. Russell's office is our garage and since it is separated from the rest of the house by that sound-proof broadcast room, no commotion stirred up by the women or children carries through to make them fretful. They're just as removed in that office as if they were out in Dad's garage. It's an arrangement that works out just FINE!

I never begin to cover a fraction of the things that are in my mind when I start out to visit with you folks. Before I know it, all of my space—and more too—is gone and I haven't even touched on the big accumulation of ideas and experiences that I had hoped to cover.

Well, all I can do is to sigh philosophically and remember that there is another month coming. Until then, do you have time to answer *this* letter?

Faithfully always,

*Lucile*

Four things never come back: the spoken word, the shot arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity.



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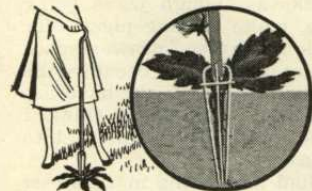
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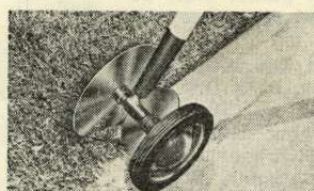
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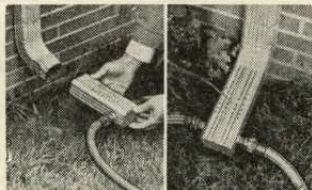
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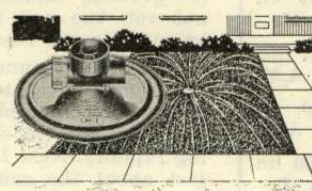
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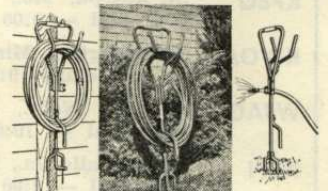
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### LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

So many people have wanted to make this beautiful pansy quilt that Mother and I figured out a way to manage the pattern and directions. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

### GARDEN NOTES—Concluded

sand or gravel should be used in greater quantity.

Now I want to mention a firm word of warning: use a good all-purpose spray on the roses just as soon as the new leaves have developed. Don't wait to spray until diseases have made inroads on your plants.

Black spot and mildew are the worst problems for the rose grower in the Midwest. Of the two, I find black spot the more evil. To combat it, I have tried every method that I have ever heard about. Black spot is a fungus in the soil, so the best precaution that I know of is to have a good mulch to protect the plants. It also serves as a safeguard against the soil drying out during the hot dry months of later summer.

I have tried sand, peat moss, corn cobs, grass clippings and goodness knows how many others, but the most successful of all has been a living mulch. This has been a collection of low-growing annuals, plants that do not rob the soil and thus are not harmful to the roses.

My first experiment was with violas but they almost took over the rose garden by climbing up the rose branches and self-sowing with alarming rapidity. Next I tried pansies, with just about the same results. Forget-me-nots were fine the first year and made neat, compact clumps, but the next year they tried to take over.

Somewhere along the line I tried portulaca and sweet alyssum, both of them very attractive by themselves but not so good with the subtle shades of hybrid tea roses.

Last year I experimented with tuberous begonias and caladiums as a ground cover. The tuberous begonias were very successful—they appreciated the partial shade that the roses provided, plus the rich soil and moisture that the roses need. In addition, they are a contained flower that made no attempt to take over everything.

When I planted the caladiums I thought they would not develop into large plants in full sun, but they did—to my surprise. They ended by overpowering the roses, so I won't try that again.

Foundation plantings look so inadequate the first few years that they

definitely need other plants to help out until their full growth is achieved. I am depending upon caladiums, hostas and tuberous begonias to fill out in the front of our house (which faces north-east), and in the back I plan to brighten things up with various annuals such as balsam, four-o'clocks, etc., plus gladiolus, a great life saver in areas where foundation plantings are just beginning to develop.

There is a lot of planting to be done around our house this spring. We had hoped to get some of it done in the fall, but work on our house continued all through November and made it impossible to get to the planting. I regret this for I feel that we lost a good head start around new foundations.

### MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

cannot wear any longer. It is impossible to believe that he can grow so fast. I am also trying to make room for the wee bitsy garments that will have to come out of the moth balls soon. It looks as though we're going to have to make arrangements for some additional dresser drawer space to keep baby clothes in because the children's size wardrobes we have are none too large. I just don't think I can squeeze more baby things into what we have.

I've also had the sewing machine set up trying to get caught up with the awful accumulation of mending that is in various closets. I can manage to keep up with the ironing each week but mending has me positively stumped! This is another of the things I feel I must get done before our new baby comes.

The children are both up from their naps and I have ignored conditions in the living room for as long as I dare. It is also time to fix supper so I must close and say goodbye. By the time I write again we will have had our long overdue visit with the home folks in Shenandoah and my! how I am looking forward to seeing everyone.

Until May,

*Mary Beth*

### COVER PICTURE

If this picture were to appear with only four words underneath, they might well be: "Goodbye, dear daddy, goodbye."

All women whose husbands are "on the road" will be able to put together the whole story behind this picture. It's Monday morning, early, and Donald is starting out on his usual swing to cover hundreds of miles and call on many customers. Katharine and Paul always go out to the car with him unless it's raining—they want one last hug from daddy before he drives away.

Even Paul, not yet two, has long known the difference between this trip and the other trips to market, to church or to visit Grandma and Grandpa Schneider. When the luggage comes out, then it truly is "Goodbye, dear daddy, goodbye."



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That's right, thanks to this miracle of nature, you are going to take any spot in your garden, on your front lawn, next to your patio or alongside your driveway . . . and in just a few months time you are going to see that barren, sun-beaten patch suddenly bathed in the cool shadows of a majestic-looking tree. Yes, a majestic-looking shade tree that surges skyward with such fantastic speed that you can actually take a ruler and measure the difference in height each and every day . . . up to 10, 12 or even 15 feet of towering beauty in a single season.

Honestly, there's just nothing else like it in nature. And remember — this magnificent tower-tall variety is not just another run-of-the-mill tree . . . but a flowering sky-scraper that at this very moment is adding indescribable beauty to state parkways, botanical gardens, million-dollar estates — why even planted by the French Government along the elegant tree-lined boulevards of Paris!

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That's right! Because nature has blessed this super-hardy variety with such incredible growing power . . . because nature has given this towering shade tree the astonishing ability to thrive and grow in virtually any soil . . . why even sand or gravel . . . and because this miracle-tree is incredibly free from insects and disease, it means that now you can grow a towering roof-high showpiece IN JUST A FEW MONTHS TIME . . . and without spraying, without dusting, without pruning or cutting . . . without even giving it more than a few moments of care. Just think what this means:

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It means that if you plant just one Ailanthus today, in just a few short months you'll be rewarded with a majestic-looking tree standing in the middle of your lawn, beautifying your garden and increasing the



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value of your entire home. It means that if you plant them next to your patio, your patio will be shaded and cool all summer long for years and years to come. It means that if you plant one on each side of your driveway, you'll see these twin towering showpieces form the most graceful natural archway you ever laid eyes on . . . because this amazing shade tree thrives in any soil, grows in virtually any weather . . . and literally surges skyward foot after foot, season after season, no matter what the conditions may be!

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**PLANT NOW! GROW A TOWERING, HEAVILY-BRANCHED TREE BY THIS SUMMER!**

Now, the price of these super-growing shade trees on this special introductory offer is not the \$15 or \$20 apiece you might expect . . . but a mere \$3.98.

Think of it! Just \$3.98 for this magnificent flowering beauty that will reward you with a soaring tower of beauty just a few short months after you put it in the ground.

So if you would like to see a full-sized flowering shade tree standing in the middle of your garden by the end of this summer . . . if you would like to drive down your driveway under graceful flower-laden branches that form majestic archways of beauty . . . if you would like to grow a towering showpiece that leaps roof high in one season and that adds dollar after dollar of value to your home and property, each and every year . . . In other words, if you are interested in taking advantage of the most amazing garden offer in the past 50 years, and you are willing to spare the 5 or 10 minutes it takes to plant this miracle of nature . . . then you owe it to yourself to take advantage of the no-risk trial offer below! Remember, all you risk is the few moments it takes to fill out the coupon, and you have a lifetime of towering beauty and elegance to gain!

**SORRY, THIS OFFER CANNOT BE MADE AGAIN THIS YEAR — ORDER NOW!**

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Yes, if your miracle shade tree doesn't grow up to housetop size or more the first season . . . and up to 60 by maturity . . . if it doesn't soar higher than a maple, taller than a willow, wider than even the most regal Poplar . . . if it doesn't grow so fast that you can actually measure the difference week to week . . . your money will be refunded — no questions asked.



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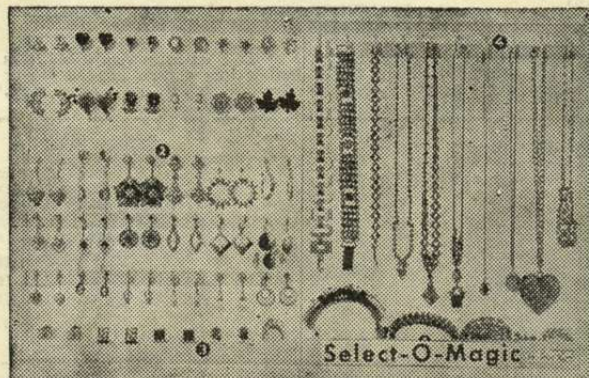
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