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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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—Photo by Stern



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

These last few days I've been outdoors as much as possible, and as soon as school is out I'm sure to be in the yard if it isn't actually raining because Martin turns up then to pitch into garden work. Of course he needs directions, so I stay with him until he has a good start and then when it's getting on to supper time I go out again to see what he has accomplished. He's a pretty good gardener and at least for the time being our yard looks clean and neat.

Those of you with an only son or daughter who lives far away will understand how happy Mae and Howard are these days when I tell you that Donna, our June bride last year, will be teaching in Shenandoah when school opens in September.

This past school year she and her husband, Tom Nenneman, have both been teaching in Lakeside, California — a new town not far from San Diego. They couldn't find suitable housing in Lakeside and have been driving back and forth from a nice apartment in El Cajon, a town familiar to many of you.

But Tom has decided to get his hitch in the Armed Services over with so he can really make definite plans for the future, and it turned out that his decision coincided with a vacancy in our Shenandoah school system. Donna will be teaching first grade at the brand new Nishna Road school, a building completed only a short time ago. This is just a short walk from Howard's and Mae's new home, so she can get to her work in a five minutes walk—quite a change from driving around 40 miles per day. I believe that Donna and Tom are expected back in Iowa around the end of June.

After being shut in for so many months it was a real thrill to me to start out with Dorothy for a little trip that took us first to the farm and then on to Iowa City. I had been invited to the Mother's Houseparty in Iowa City, an event I wished very much to attend, and I also was eager to visit my niece, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband, Clay, in their new home.

Dorothy and I left here on a Tuesday noon and we were thankful that the road had dried up enough for us to get into the farm without leaving

our car and getting into a wagon or jeep. Major repairs to the house have not yet been made because carpenters around Lucas and Chariton are rushed to death, so all the damage done by last fall's tornado is still in evidence. I think it a miracle that Frank and Kristin weren't killed. Kristin's pony was killed, you may recall, and she has written something about him that we are printing in this issue.

Wednesday morning was a red letter day for Frank—he could finally get into the field to work and you farmers know what that means. Dorothy had a big list of errands that had to be run and I have a good idea of the things you farm women pick up after I went to town with her—everything from sacks of pig feed to a small piece of necessary machinery.

It took us most of the morning to get everything together and all the time we had our eye on the sky since it was very cloudy and looked as if it might rain any minute. Rain means real complications with that dirt road, so we had a hurried meal at noon and then started out for Iowa City—not a minute too soon since it began to rain just as we reached the pavement and didn't stop raining all afternoon.

I told Dorothy as we drove along highway 92 that it seemed strange to go through town after town I've had letters from for years, but never had seen before. I hadn't been in Iowa City for close to 30 years, and that time we drove through Des Moines to see my sister Martha Eaton and her husband, and then went on across the state from there.

As soon as we reached Iowa City we went right out to Gretchen's house. This is in a beautiful new section called River Heights and as we wound around the streets Dorothy and I tried to guess which house would be the right one. I thought it would be a green house and Dorothy insisted that Gretchen's house couldn't be anything but brown. Dorothy was right—the minute we located a beautiful brown house with lovely daffodils in bloom I knew it was the one place of all the many places that would really fit Gretchen.

Most houses are such a problem for me to get into with my wheel

chair, but Gretchen's house has only one or two shallow steps and it was very easy to manage. It is a lovely place — just about the most beautiful setting for a house that I've ever seen.

Gretchen was just back from a trip to New York for an editorial staff meeting at *American Home* and could give us up-to-the-minute news on Mary Fischer Chapin and her family. We covered some of the high spots in our conversation and then left to get settled in our room at the hotel that served as headquarters for the Mother's Houseparty. I was lucky to have a room right off the mezzanine and this made it easy for me to get back and forth for all the activity.

Gretchen and Clay came into town to have dinner with us at the hotel that night and this gave us a chance to hear about Clay's work. He is head of the Department of Speech at the State University and has done a great deal of pioneering work in television and drama. No doubt quite a number of you have young people who have done work under Dr. Harshbarger.

The next morning we had breakfast at Gretchen's house, and then she took me on a wonderful tour of Iowa City. This was scheduled as an official tour for the women attending the Houseparty, but it was to be on the day I had to leave so I would have missed it if Gretchen hadn't been good enough to give up her morning to this drive. Iowa City is a beautiful town and I enjoyed seeing everything connected with the university, as well as the handsome residential sections.

At 2:00 o'clock I was back at the hotel to help register guests — they were still arriving from all parts of Iowa as well as from other states. Probably the person who came from the greatest distance was Mrs. Marion Keller of Newton, Mass. She had been chosen Mother of the Year in Massachusetts fifteen years ago, and had been largely instrumental in organizing the type of Houseparty held in Iowa City. I guess you would call this her project or hobby, and she explained that she became active in such a way because she felt that the one official meeting in New York City was not adequate. It seemed to her that all of the women chosen from each state, as well as those nominated for the honor of being the state mother, should have an opportunity to get acquainted. This is why the Mother's Houseparties were first started, and quite a number of them are held today in various parts of the country.

There were a number of things brought up at the business meeting held that afternoon that I think would interest you, so next month I'd like to mention them in my letter.

For the time being I'd like to say that we had a lovely dinner at the hotel on Thursday evening, and then on Friday morning were entertained at the spacious home of Mrs. E. T. Hubbard when a delicious breakfast was served. The tour of Amana followed this, including a luncheon at

(Continued on page 20)

WE CERTAINLY SHARE DOROTHY'S HOPE THAT THIS WILL BE A GOOD YEAR FOR FARMERS

Dear Friends:

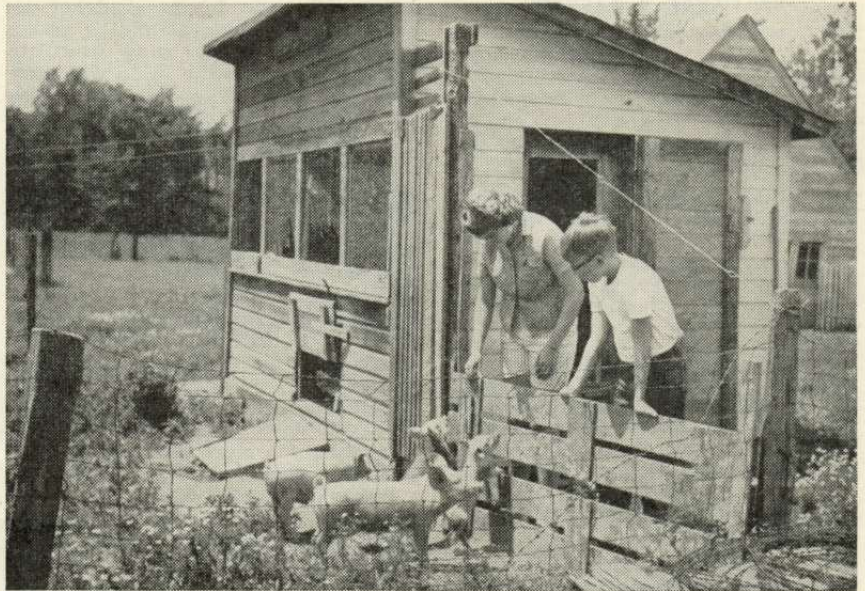
The most blessed sound reaches my ears this morning as I sit here at my typewriter and write my letter to you — tractors in the fields!

Farmers in our area were finally able to get underway with their spring disking and plowing just three days ago. A week ago we had heavy rains and even some snow, with the creek over its banks in the low places. We had begun to fear we might be going to have a repeat performance of last year's weather but following all the rains our weather turned unseasonably hot with strong winds and by the end of one week Frank was able to go the field. Showers and thunderstorms have been predicted for us repeatedly, but so far they have all gone around us—thank goodness. Today it is cloudy and gray outside but maybe this too will pass us by. At least at this moment Frank is plowing in the field across the road from the house and the sound of his tractor is music to my ears.

Our cold wet spring in this area played havoc with farmers in more ways than one. Many of the men Frank has talked with recently have told him they lost so many calves with pneumonia. We have been fortunate in not losing any livestock except a pair of twin lambs. Frank had two ewes shut up in pens side by side, one old ewe and one that was to lamb for the first time. Twins were born to each of them that night. The old ewe had two real husky lambs, one coal black and the other white; but the twins born to the young ewe were both dead and she was raising a real rumpus because she wanted to claim the babies in the other pen. Frank decided to put the black one over in the pen with her and see what happened. The old mother didn't mind a bit and the young mother was very happy with her little black baby so everything settled down right away.

Although Frank has worked all winter long cleaning up the debris caused from the terrible windstorm we had last fall, he has barely made a dent in it. There is still so very much to be done. I'm just aching to get out into the yard and do some raking and cleaning up. Frank got started on it but as soon as he could get into the field, all work on the clean-up job had to come to a halt. Kristin loves to be outside so she is a big help in this department. When she isn't tied up with some school activity she always helps her Dad do the chores at night so that he can stay in the field longer.

Everything comes at once. I know that all farm wives must feel the same way I do at this time of the year—dizzy with the thought of all that must be accomplished in the next few weeks—garden to put in; the yard to be cleaned up; spring housecleaning to be done; washing



Baby pigs are an old story to Kristin, but her cousin Martin doesn't get many chances to visit the Johnson farm so those pigs are not an old story to him. (We said we wished they had been black or spotted or striped—anything but plain white that really doesn't show up at all.)

and ironing; sewing to be done; and in my case, pixies to make.

Someone said to me just yesterday that they didn't see how I got everything done with all the outside activities I keep up with, and the answer is very simple: "I don't." I'm busy from morning until night doing the necessary things as they arise, and as I can, refusing to worry and stew around about the things that don't get done. I'm happy doing what I am doing, my family is happy (when it isn't raining!), busy, healthy and well-fed, so what more could a woman ask for in this world? Somehow the essential or necessary things always manage to get done. The kitchen walls and woodwork may not get washed as often as they should, or the curtains kept fresh and clean all the time, but I know I'll get it done *sometime*, and until *sometime* I'll just keep plugging along with first things coming first.

Yesterday was our first warm and beautiful Sunday with dry roads along with it and it brought a lot of town traffic out this way. Parents brought their children out to run through the timber and look for wild flowers; others hunted mushrooms; others fished; and still others simply took advantage of the lovely day to drive around and enjoy the countryside.

Mother and I had so much pleasure from our recent trip to Iowa City. It was the first time I had been to see Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband since they moved into their new home on the banks of the Iowa River. What a gorgeous location for a home! Of course their yard is beautifully landscaped and from the edge of the yard the bank slopes gradually to the river and is covered with wild flowers. The side of the living room facing the river is all glass and you can just imagine how peaceful and restful it is to sit and look out over this lovely scene.

We drove all the way from Chariton to Iowa City in the rain and were

surely happy when we got up the next morning to find the sky clear and blue with the sun shining brightly. I'm not going to go into detail about our trip because this was Mother's "houseparty" and I'm sure she will tell you all about it in her letter.

However, I do want to mention two things I got to see when we visited the Amana Colonies that Mother didn't get to see because of all the steps involved. I went on a conducted tour of the Amana woolen mill and we were shown the entire process, step by step, beginning with the wool that is brought in by the farmer and ending with a bolt of beautiful woolen fabric. It was fascinating to me and now that I have seen it with my own eyes I will never again complain about the price I have to pay for a yard of plaid wool for a skirt.

The other place we got to see was a furniture factory. Their furniture is all made by hand out of either solid walnut or cherry, and every piece is perfectly beautiful. All the time we spent there I kept wishing that brother Howard was with me because it would have been especially interesting to him.

Kristin has been real busy with the "end-of-the-school-year" activities. State Music contest is over, and with it went the end of all the extra practicing. The next big coming event will be the Junior-Senior banquet and prom. We all have our personal feelings about this important night of the year and some of us have voiced our pros and cons on the subject in the pages of this magazine, so I won't go into that again. I will just state that Kristin has to have two new dresses, a summer dressy dress for the banquet, and a formal for the prom, both of which she wanted me to make. I have promised to make the banquet dress but in spite of much pleading on her part I turned thumbs down on the

(Continued on page 14)

"A-TISKET A-TASKET"*Give The Bride A Basket*

By

Mabel Nair Brown

A "basket" theme offers many possibilities to the hostess who is planning a bridal shower. First, the hostess can discuss ahead of time with the guests what each is bringing as a gift so as to avoid duplication. Second, she can suggest that several guests go together to fill a specified type of basket.

Baskets which may be included in the gift list are: a sewing basket, market basket, waste basket, hanging flower basket, bread basket, basket holders for casserole dishes, clothes basket, assorted fancy baskets that may be used in a variety of ways around the home and, of course, a picnic basket.

The sewing basket may be fitted with scissors, thimble, pins, thread, tape measure and needles. Fill the market basket with various staples in the grocery line. The hanging basket can hold a pretty vine. Such cleaning supplies as furniture polish, window cleaner, a dust cloth and cleansing powders could fill the cleaning basket. The casserole baskets might contain choice recipes of "dishes to tote" which are favorite recipes of the guests, or a can of some vegetable to be used in preparing an oven dish.

The clothes basket is the gift whose contents is supervised by the hostess since it will play an important part in the entertainment for the party. If two or three friends are acting as joint hostesses for the shower they can work out the details of filling the clothes basket. If there is just one hostess, then perhaps she will want to ask several of her closest friends to join with her in planning for this gift. They could also take part in the program.

THE CLOTHES BASKET SKIT:

Items to go into the basket include a rope clothesline, clothespins, a box of Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner, laundry soap, bluing, starch, tea towels, dish cloth, guest towel, pillow cases, table cloth, pair of men's socks, some baby clothes, bath towel, etc.

Pin all of the articles of clothing, table linens, towels, etc., to the clothesline, using some of the clothespins which are to be given to the bride. Pin an appropriate verse to each article, then carefully fold the "loaded" clothesline and put it in the clothes-basket. Place the laundry supplies on top and cover all with a large towel or a plastic cover.

This basket should be the first gift presented to the bride after she has been seated in the chair of honor. The hostess will present it, explaining that the bride is to take out and display its contents.

When the honoree gets to the articles on the clothesline, the hostess and her assistant step forward and tell her they will help her hang up "the home-maker's clothesline." Stretch the line across the room in full view of all the

guests. Then the hostess and her assistant take turns reading the verses pinned to each piece, being careful to pin them back so the bride will have them to keep. The following is a "sample" of the way such a clothesline skit might read.

Tablecloth: "Of course, dear bride, we're sure that you'll cook many goodies yummy. You know the surest way to please a man is to first fill up his tummy!! Give him cake and give him salads. Cook him the choicest steak; but never, never try to make a pie just like his mother used to make!"

Dishcloth: "It begins when you sink in his arms and ends with your arms in the sink."

Potholder: "Cook and the world eats with you, down to the very last bone. But when you start the dishes—Lady, you're on your own!"

Pair men's socks: "Do not feel sorry for the wife who goes through her husband's pockets, but rather for the one who is afraid to."

Guest towels or pillow cases: "Hello, guest, and howdeed! This small room belongs to you and our house and all that's in it. Make yourself at home this minute. Help yourself to book or blotter, all is yours that you like best. You're at home now—welcome, Guest."

Baby gown: "Better than a kitten or the friskiest pup, a wide-eyed baby can liven things up, so mischievous, cunning, lusty and bright—and do it six or seven times in one night!"

Tea towel: "We want this little kitchen prayer to go with you into your home. 'God bless my little kitchen, Lord, I love its every nook. Bless me as I do my work, wash pots and pans and cook. May the meals that I prepare be seasoned from above with Thy great blessings and Thy grace, but most of all, Thy love.'"

Bath towel: "It has been said that the clothesline is a bride's rosary. Each article upon it is a bead on that rosary by which she can count her blessings, for food, for shelter, for friends and most of all for her husband. Remember that in all the tenuousness of modern living, in all the details of establishing a home to take time out and enjoy the human side of married life. Never fail to remember that, just as this bath towel needs to be washed and renewed, so marriage itself needs a frequent renewal. Pause to say 'Thank you,' and take time for deeds of thoughtfulness."

Laundry soap: "And now we come to the end of the line. Thank God tomorrow's Monday and I have to wash some clothes. I can think of soap and bluing and forget about my woes. I can scrub away my heartaches, turn my troubles inside out, run my worries through the wringer, let the wind iron out my doubt. I can starch my weak excuses, scrub away my flimsy fears, build a palisade on clotheslines and shut out all worldly jeers."

FOR ART'S SAKE

The man who moans that he can see The writing on the wall
Oft has a child—or two or three—
Whose murals do appall!

—Dorothy Francis

**BRIDAL SHOWER
ENTERTAINMENT****WHAT AM I?**

All parties get off to a good start if your guests are led immediately into conversation with the entire group.

A fine "mixer" is to prepare a series of cards, printing on each one the name of a common kitchen utensil such as "Egg Beater", "Paring Knife", "Stove", "Dish Pan", etc. As each guest arrives, pin a card to the back of her dress and tell her that she can only learn what utensil she represents by asking questions of the others.

Give a small just-for-fun prize to the guest who is the first to learn her identity, and a consolation prize to the one who is the last to find out who she is. This will keep people busy as they arrive, and there have been occasions when refreshments were underway before the last card had been removed!

CLOTHES PIN TOSS

Place a washtub or laundry basket on the floor at one end of the room and put a book or two under it so it is slightly tilted.

Give each player five clothes pins and have the contestant stand about 20 feet from the basket—or as far as possible in case your room isn't 20 feet long. It isn't as easy as it sounds to get five clothes pins into the basket when they're pitched from that distance. If there is a tie, give each contestant ten pins and have a play-off.

WHY DOES HE LOVE HER?

To illustrate this game, suppose that the groom's name is Bob and the bride's name is Jane. The hostess starts off by saying: "Bob loves Jane with an A because she is attractive. For a present he gave her an apron and she gave him an anvil."

The next player uses the letter B and must make a similar statement. Each guest continues, using the next consecutive letter in the alphabet. By going around the group in sequence it will give people a chance to figure out what their letter will be, and those who have a more difficult letter will have a little time to work out their statements.

CONTINUOUS LOVE STORY

This game may not be new to your group, but it is always most successful.

The hostess writes a couple of sentences at the top of a long piece of paper. This can be anything you wish but here is an example to guide you:

"One day Bob met a very sweet girl named Jane and said to her, 'You look like you knew how to darn socks.'"

The hostess folds the paper over what she has written and gives it to the person on her right. She looks at the opening sentence, then adds her own sentence and folds the paper

(Continued on next page)

over again. As the paper is passed on, the guests are permitted to read only what the last person has written—but no more.

When the paper has completed the circle, it is given to the bride to read aloud. Needless to say, everyone will have some good laughs!

TIPS FOR HAPPINESS

For this game you will need a big bowl and a large number of pieces of paper. Each paper contains a scrambled phrase that must be unscrambled to become a tip for the bride. The game begins when each guest draws a slip of paper from the bowl. She must unscramble it by writing the correct words on the back of the slip, and is then free to draw out another.

Since these tips are of various lengths, count the total number of words unscrambled instead of the number of slips completed when you are totalling up to award a prize. The tips should be read aloud at the conclusion of the game.

Here are some tips that might be used:

1. A fost reswan. A soft answer.
2. Eb no mite. Be no time.
3. Evas a nepny. Save a penny.
4. Epek glinims. Keep smiling.
5. Aveh rougeca. Have courage.
6. Veba centipae. Have patience.
7. A miles shelp. A smile helps.
8. Leary ot deb. Early to bed.
9. Yeral ot sire. Early to rise.
10. Vase nad vahe. Save and have.
11. Gluah a tlo. Laugh a lot.
12. Od ton worth toness. Do not throw stones.
13. Kinth phypa shouthg. Think happy thoughts.
14. Pleedvo sepio. Develop poise.
15. Evol dan eb devol. Love and be loved.
16. Kame theas owlyls. Make haste slowly.
17. Ctarpice densinks. Practice kindness.
18. Gins a gons. Sing a song.
19. Pylome item elwl. Employ time well.
20. Sendskin spay. Kindness pays.

HANG ON TO YOUR PENNIES

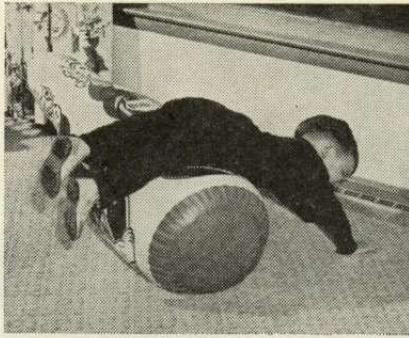
Each guest is given ten pennies. Throughout the party your guests are to make every effort to get flat "Yes" or "No" answers from the people with whom they are talking. If they succeed, the guilty person must forfeit one of her pennies. At the opening of the party there will be pennies changing hands very rapidly, but people grow more wary as time passes and eventually it will be very hard to trick them into saying flatly: "Yes" or "No".

At the end of the party see who has managed to collect the most pennies and give her a prize for her efforts. The pennies may be put into a piggy bank and given to the bride.

FURNISH THE HOUSE

This game is particularly useful for large crowds of people who vary widely in age, although it is equally good for any group of any age.

You will need a big stack of old magazines and, if available, mail order catalogs. Divide the crowd up into groups of five or six people, assign each group a name such as



If you have a small boy and a big inflated toy, this is probably a familiar sight. Paul Driftmier found a lot of satisfaction from rolling this way the entire length of his parents' home in Anderson.

"Kitchen", "Bedroom", etc., and see that each "room" has at least two pairs of scissors, paste, a big sheet of heavy white cardboard (plain white shelf paper would do if cardboard cannot be procured) and a card table or flat surface of some kind on which to work.

When all supplies are distributed, explain that when the bell rings each group must get busy and furnish the room assigned to it. This means cutting out pictures of all things suitable for that particular room, arranging them to the best advantage on the paper and pasting them down. Tell them they will have 20 minutes to furnish the room, and that competent judges will choose the prize winning room.

(For your "competent judges" ask two or three people to stay in another room and not participate in the game. They will have no clue as to what group furnished what room and can give an unbiased decision!)

WILD RUNS MY PINTO

By

Kristin

Somewhere, Paint, you are still running. No storm could have killed you. The big black oak tree that was so savagely uprooted by the wind couldn't possibly have crushed your spirit. Somewhere you are still running.

I remember the day Dad brought you home to me. You were the most wonderful birthday present a ten-year-old ever received. It was love at first sight as far as I was concerned.

That summer we started breaking you, and what a job that turned out to be! You would buck and rear, making it almost impossible for me to manage you. I think you could probably feel my tension and fear each time I rode you.

Dad's advice was, "Show him who's boss!" But, Paint, I just couldn't conquer my fear of being thrown, although I never had been.

Then school started and I was too busy to do any riding. When summer came again I dashed away to visit relatives. Somehow there just wasn't time to ride. Mom and Dad gave me a beautiful saddle for my birthday, but it hung in the barn gathering cobwebs and dust. It seemed like it was too much trouble to walk out into the

pasture to catch you. I didn't have the time anyway—there were so many other things to do.

In my daydreams I was an Indian maiden and you were my fastest pony. Wildly and freely we galloped across the meadows and over the hills. Our race was with the wind for the wind alone could catch us. But in reality, although I loved you, my fears remained and you ran the races without me.

Finally my love for you and my longing to have my daydreams come true conquered all of my childish fear. Toward the end of my sixteenth summer I dug out my saddle and spent an evening removing accumulated dust. The next morning I rode you the mile to the mailbox to get the mail. Surprisingly enough, I was able to control you even though you threw three fits and backed twice into the ditch.

"Paint," I announced, "I can be just as stubborn as you can!"

And from then on, I was. Oh, yes, we had some battles royal, but at least you were mine to command.

With the end of summer came the beginning of a new term of school and as a junior I found myself involved in more and more activities. Again the cobwebs began to gather on the saddle, and again you were sadly neglected.

Toward the end of September on one particularly beautiful Sunday afternoon, my thought for some reason returned to you. Before I knew it, we were actually having the wonderful ride that had so often been the subject for my daydreams. We wound slowly through the timber on a trail of fallen leaves. We crossed the meadow and rode swiftly up the hill, stopping to rest at the top and taking time to enjoy the view of the valley below us. After descending on the other side, we followed the road home and galloped a few times around the pasture. It was a marvelous ride, and I'm glad I have it to remember, because it was the last ride we took together.

Then came the storm. It was a terrible storm. The rain fell in torrents and the wind blew the porch right off the house. Hundreds of trees in the timber were uprooted and one great branch pinned you to the ground in such a way that Mom and Dad knew instantly you would never run again.

But somehow, Paint, you were really not hurt for I have seen the rainbow and I know that somewhere . . . somewhere . . . you are still running.

SNARED BY JUNE

June is booming through the hills
Calling out the leaves and grasses
(Greener than I dared remember)
Singing with each day which passes.

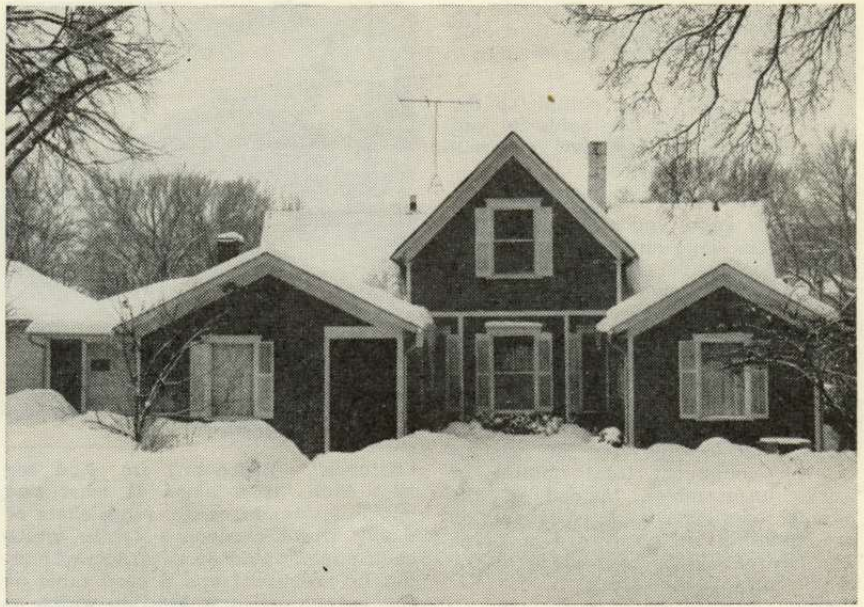
June is stirring in my garden
Twining around my early peas
Crisping up a spinach leaf
Kind as prayer, quick as bees.

June is dancing in your eyes
Sparkling like a sunbeamed dew,
Oh! I'm caught by years of Junes
Loving most the June of you.

—Helen Sue Isely



These are real before and after pictures. This is the way our house looked when we moved to Shenandoah from San Francisco in 1946. At the right is the way it looks in 1960. You can get an idea of the snow we had—even though it covered all the evergreens underneath the middle window and part of the window itself.



LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends, One and All:

This is a May morning that can be described with only one word: *rapturous*.

There are great drifts of lilacs in bloom and the air is heavy with their perfume, the kind of perfume that calls back memories of things long ago and far away. Probably every native Midwesterner shares this common memory, for the pioneers who first turned the sod of our Plains states brought with them a start of lilacs and cherished them. In seasons of drought when every drop of water had to be guarded, somehow those brave lilacs were given enough to keep them alive.

This is the one season of the year when a drive down any country road in Iowa can furnish nostalgic evidence of pioneer homes long since crumbled away. On the slope of a hill will stand an old oak or pine and not far from its shadow will be the purple cloud of lilac in full bloom. This is all that is left to indicate that men and women once settled there hopefully to make a new life for themselves and for their children.

Most of us know the beautiful tribute written for Abraham Lincoln by Walt Whitman: "My Captain, Oh My Captain"; but another poem by Whitman is not as well known: "When Lilacs Last In the Dooryard Bloomed." This is the account, in magnificent poetry, of the black-draped funeral train that carried Lincoln's body from Washington to Springfield, Illinois at the time when lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed. I hope that your young people will come across this in their high school English classes and will take it home for you to read.

This month you will not find garden notes written by Russell for the best reason in the world—he has been so busy gardening that he couldn't spare any time to sit down at the typewriter.

It is the first time in what seems a long, long time that he has really been able to do any major gardening, for all last year our yard was piled several feet high with old lumber, plaster and everything else under the sun. It's miraculous that anything pulled through such an ordeal.

This kind of abuse was bad enough, but last autumn our plantings took an additional dose of punishment when

plans were made to level out the old alley and incorporate it as part of our garden. Many loads of clay were dumped in there to raise the area and then, after it had had a chance to sink following fall rains, additional loads of clay were dumped in *plus* several loads of rich top soil.

Russell had to be out of town on business when the time came to level off all that new portion, so he hired someone to do the work. Imagine his astonishment to get back to town and find that all of the rich top soil had been turned underneath and then covered firmly with heavy clay!

He had left instructions to cover our raised rose beds with a good thick layer of rich top soil, and you can imagine his sensations when he found that a good thick layer had been put on all right, but it was practically solid clay rather than the loose top soil. It was almost like giving those poor roses a stiff dose of cement! All in all, it looks as if we've finally lost a lot of roses and must make radical changes in those beds—or do extensive and expensive replanting.

There is a big new fence around our garden and I've noticed that from the outside it looks about twice as high as it looks from the inside. Probably the main reason for this optical illusion is the fact that new plantings on the outside haven't yet had time to take hold, whereas there are shrubs, trees and perennial vines on the inside that soften the hard lines of new wood.

When the fence was first completed we couldn't decide whether to paint it or stain it. We finally decided to stain it and over a period of time this will probably be the most satisfactory finish.

I realize that this fence looks formidable from the outside, but there are two reasons why it had to be constructed in such a fashion. The first reason is that almost the entire back of the house is of glass and without such a fence we'd be living in the proverbial gold fish bowl . . . and no two ways about it.

The second reason is that big dogs

are allowed to run loose in our neighborhood, and no gardener needs to be told how much damage dogs can do to cherished plantings. As long as I can remember there have been complaints about the packs of dogs that roam through Shenandoah destroying gardens, upsetting garbage cans, dragging away porch rugs, etc., but nothing ever happens to curtail them; so it leaves people who want to develop a lovely garden with no alternative except to put up a good stout fence.

As I've said before, and as Russell has said also in his garden notes, don't hesitate to open the gate in the back fence and walk right in. You'll have to take things the way you find them! Maybe you'll stop by right after a big weeding job has been completed and everything looks fine. Wonderful! Maybe you'll stop by when the whole garden looks "gone to pot" and neglected. Well, in this event I hope you'll recall that we said you'd just have to take things the way you find them!

School will not close in Shenandoah this year until June 3rd, by far the latest it has ever run. This has thrown off kilter all the plans that were made back in February for Juliana to go to Indiana to take care of her little cousins, Katharine and Paul. None of us dreamed then how many storms were still ahead of us (which meant that our schools were closed whenever the busses couldn't get through) and we all had our minds fixed firmly on the idea that Juliana would be through with her junior year around the third week in May, the time when Mary Beth needed her very badly.

With all these school complications it's a good thing that Mary Beth was able to line up real help and can see her way through the period of getting a new baby "settled in." Juliana still wants to go and help as much as she can sometime during the summer, and probably in one way or another this can be worked out.

By the time you settle down with this June issue we will have made a trip to Columbia, Mo. to appear on

(Continued on page 17)

A-CAMPING WE WILL GO

By

Evelyn Birkby

If you have been a reader of Kitchen-Klatter for a period of time, you know the the Birkby family is the proud owner of a contraption built on the back of a pickup. We use this for the purpose of taking camping trips. It is called "The Turtle" for it enables us to travel merrily along the highway with our house on our back. No blueprint was drawn up for this building project. It is made out of odds and ends. Additions were made as the children were added to the family and as more sleeping space, closet room and the like became necessary. Surprisingly, it works very well for our family of five.

Since the first trip this improvised "Turtle" took to Yellowstone some nine years ago, our family has used it to go many different places. We've camped beside roaring mountain streams, near steaming geysers, next to the blue waters of Lake Superior and in the green woods of Iowa. Many beautiful scenes in out of the way places have been available to us because of the wanderlust habits of our house on our back.

We've had lots of fun, many interesting and educational experiences and a few wild and woolly ones! Some camp sites are well equipped to make camping almost as easy as life at home. Since my husband is one who likes to "get away from it all" he is not interested in tile showers, fine laundry facilities and shelter houses with which many camp grounds are provided. He tries to locate the spots where "roughing it" is the mode of living.

Now that the children are a bit older, even I can view this rough and tumble life with an eye to fun and change. The year we took all three boys high into the Rocky Mountain National Park I wasn't at all sure this outdoor life was for me.

Oh yes, we had many of the comforts of home. Garbage disposal, for instance. Every day the garbage man would dispose of the contents of the strategically placed receptacles. Running water was to be found in abundance; cold running water from a spigot near our camp, cold running water in the wash house, cold running water complete with sound effects in the rushing mountain stream.

Everyone in this particular camp had a fireplace, that desired addition to the best establishment. It might not be as fancy as many would desire, but it did burn wood, cast heat, smoke and ashes and cook the food to a variety of turns. Sometimes the food would be black on one side and blond on the other. More often than not it would be well seasoned with pine. What such a fire could do to an innocent looking little egg when one's back was turned was a wonder to behold. But outdoor appetites seem to be agreeable to any type of food and it disappeared with more alacrity than gently prepared food cooked at home.

Most frequently heard words around camp: "Where is . . . ?" This applied to the salt, lard, matches, children, rest room and/or forest ranger.

Most frequent camp sound: "Klunk . . . klunk," as each proud camper tackled a stubborn log. No matter how much wood was cut it soon disappeared into the maw of the fireplace and the camper had to go and chop more. This is called "fun." It is "good exercise" and prepares one for the office, the school room, the pulpit, the farm or whatever kind of work is waiting back home.

Never will I forget the family made up of a new bride and groom and her six children by a former marriage who were headed into Canada on a combined honeymoon and camping trip. We met this unusual group in the shelter house on a rainy afternoon as they were trying to get warm and dry. The husband looked up with harried eyes and said, "I guess I should have brought along an ax."

Most common complaint at camp: "I was cold last night." This varies in intensity from the sleeping-bag-on-the-ground-crowd to the snug-warm-trailer group who are loudest in talking of the cold when they rush out in the morning and then rush right back in.

I have always tried to be philosophical as I bent my knees or stooped by the fireplace to wash, rinse or cook. Some women pay fabulous amounts for such bending exercises. Naturally, a slenderizing concern does not throw ashes in the face or place radiating heat at knee level, but perhaps the end results are the same.

Every year we learn more about camping. We learned, for instance, that camping with children aged 8 months, 2 1/2 years and 6 years is improperly called a vacation. A vacation is supposed to be relaxing, peaceful and calm. It is a change, however, and makes one appreciate home tremendously.

As the children grow older this kind of vacationing becomes easier. Each child has tasks to do and becomes a helper when the family is living and working together in the exciting out-of-doors. We have learned to limit our mileage for one day. We stop often to play ball, run in a park or enjoy the playground equipment provided in so many towns. We try to stop early enough in the afternoon so camp can get set up in a choice of places, everything can be well arranged and supper eaten by about five o'clock. Nothing is more discouraging than pulling into a campground after dark and groping around in the dark to find a place to settle.

The clothing we take with us is the rough and tumble kind. I refuse to nag the children about being careful when we are living outdoors. If they get dirty they will wash. With laundromats in so many places the problem of getting clothes clean is diminishing rapidly.

Many of the camp sites are near very fine washing and bathing facilities. Hot water, showers and laundry rooms are increasingly being added to parks. If we go for a period of time without such a place for a good bath we try and watch for a swimming

pool. A good cake of soap, a big washcloth and the pre-swimming shower becomes a good place to wash thoroughly.

One suggestion about a cleaning up session, however. Word has come to me that in some places campers are getting a bad reputation because they have gone into motels for a one night clean up campaign. Now, it is not the process of renting a motel for the night which causes the problem, but it is the fact that some rather large families have signed up for only two or three people. Then with their sleeping bags and cots they bed down many more than that number and use much more of the hot water and facilities provided than they really pay for. Naturally, a motel owner who makes his entire year's living in a short two or three months' tourist season, would be resentful. Campers have always had an exceptionally fine reputation for honesty, orderliness and friendliness. Larger numbers of people are camping every year and I hope the fine reputation campers have always enjoyed will continue.

Dusk seems to come early across a campground. After the supper dishes are done and the children bedded down small clusters of neighborly folks may be seen gathered around the campfires. Pots of coffee, bowls of popcorn and cups of cocoa are shared along with laughing, friendly chatter. Away from the hum-drum activities of everyday life, out in God's great out-of-doors where nature and her creatures teach us quiet lessons of beauty, we have a chance to really unwind from all our cares and worries.

MY GET UP AND GO

How do I know that my youth is all spent? Well, my get up and go has got up and went. But in spite of it all I am able to grin when I stop and recall where my get up has been.

Old age is golden—so I've heard said—but sometimes I wonder when I get into bed, with my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself, "Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?" But I'm happy to say, as I close my door, my friends are the same, perhaps even more.

When I was young my slippers were red. I could kick up my heels right over my head. When I grew older, my slippers were blue, but still I could dance the whole night through.

But now I am older, my slippers are black. I walk to the store and puff my way back. The reason I know my youth is all spent, my get up and go has got up and went.

But I really don't mind when I think with a grin, of all the grand places my get up has been. Since I have retired from life's competition, I accommodate myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, and dust off my wits, pick up the paper and read the "obits." If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead, so I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed!

WORD FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

As I sit here at the kitchen table I can hear the children even if I can't see them every minute. The sun rose early enough this morning to dry the grass entirely, so although the day is still quite young both Katharine and Paul are busily entertaining themselves in the backyard. I can tell by their voices and the squeak-squeak of the swing that things are well in hand outdoors.

Nice weather was so slow coming this Spring that my youngsters are eager to be up and outside right after breakfast these days. I am surely happy to be able to turn Paul outside for all the freedom he wants. This fence is proving daily to be our best friend. We have two gates into the back yard but there are such fine fool-proof locks on them that unless Paul climbs over the fence there is no way for him to get out.

The owner of Oak Park is building another house down the road from us and the noise of the hammers and various dump trucks keeps Paul fascinated. Whenever I go to check on him I look first to the west side of the yard because he is almost always to be found leaning hard against the fence—and probably wishing himself spirited away down the street.

Last evening I took the children for a walk to see close at hand how the work was progressing on that new house. The workmen have only gotten as far as the foundation and the subflooring, so finding a way up to the top of this structure was no small task for Katharine and myself, but Paul had hitched his way up long before we had managed. There is something in the composition of small boys that draws them to the noise of housebuilding. Paul was very busy investigating every nook and cranny of that house and before we left he was dirty from head to toe, but he had an awfully good time getting that way.

This week is one of those rare weeks when I don't have to go away from home for anything. Donald has gone on his Milwaukee-to-Springfield, Illinois trip and I've been enjoying catching up on odd jobs that need doing. Things are really beginning to settle into place these last weeks before our baby is due.

As I mentioned before, Paul is toilet-trained and the diapers have been bleached white and folded away for a while. We haven't had any backsliding with his training either, and for this I am very grateful. He has also cut the last of his two-year molars. Both of the children have had all their shots, and now I have nothing to keep on my mind except the beginning needs of a new baby.

I've even managed to get my turn worked in early entertaining the two bridge clubs we belong to so I am a real lady of leisure.

Last month I had a bridge club at my house and as there are nine of us in the group and we meet just once a month, my turn won't come



Even plain old milk tastes better when your Daddy gets home from a trip and is at home to eat dinner with his family! The youngsters are Paul and Katharine Driftmier—and this gives you an idea of Donald's height—6 ft. 4 inches.

again for a long time. I served a very refreshing pineapple and whipped instant skim milk dessert—it is very low in calories because of the powdered milk. I've sent the recipe on to Shenandoah because I know your husband and children will enjoy it too—and it isn't strictly a party dessert.

Speaking of desserts, let me add my voice to those of you who are already exclaiming over Lucile's chocolate Bavarian Mint pie! It is truly superb. Our dinner bridge club has simplified itself down to a dessert eating group and I served this to our friends the last time they were here and everyone raved. All of the wives wanted to copy the recipe and I was especially happy to recommend it because it is not difficult to prepare. If you haven't yet made your chocolate Bavarian Mint pie, don't fail to wait another week to fix it because it is wonderful!

Before the weather finally turned nice we had a Sunday that was determined to keep us inside, temperature-wise, and Donald and I were enjoying several very interesting television programs. They happened to be of such a nature that Katharine could watch them too, but when they were over we got busy with a job in another room and forgot about the television. Donald and I have a pretty rigid set of rules around our house concerning what television programs Katharine may and may not view, but lately we've been meeting with some resistance from her. A number of these programs which are beamed at young children are very widely advertised on other programs and at different intervals during the day and Katharine thought that we were all wrong about some of the shows that sounded so delightful.

As it happened, one of these programs came on and Katharine sat and began to watch intently the first

ten minutes before either her father or I became aware of what she was watching. At that point I walked into the living room to remind her that the only other time we had all watched this program she had spent many worried hours afterwards concerning herself over the spectacle of a house and barn burning. I reminded her also that she had had several bad dreams after that program and said that perhaps it would just be better if she turned off the television and came out to the kitchen with me and helped me cook.

By now, however, she was thoroughly engrossed in the program and I could see how unfair it would be if I were to insist that she turn it off when it was my fault that she had been allowed the chance to see any of it. I knew how I would feel if I were jerked away from some program after I had become interested in it, so I decided that perhaps this week the drama might not be unpleasant and we could let her watch it.

About five minutes before the story was completed Katharine came and stood in the doorway of the kitchen, her face a crazy mixture of emotion. Her eyes were brimming with tears and yet she was embarrassed to have to admit to us that we had been right so she had a wide forced smile on her lips as she said as calmly as possible, "That sure was a funny show."

Then she came over and sat down on my lap and the flood gates really opened and she cried and cried. I finally got the story out of her as far as she had watched and we learned that it was so sad to her that she had turned off the sound and hidden her eyes through the worst parts, but she hadn't stayed to see the happy conclusion—an absolute necessity since the weekly star of the show couldn't be permanently destroyed—unfortunately. If you can imagine, the star of the show had been left to drown by his faithful big collie dog and prior to this program Katharine didn't even know what it meant to drown. I regret terribly that she saw it and was so terribly disturbed but the object lesson that it served was almost worth the price. We now have a girl who wouldn't watch this particular show for all the cookies in town and very obediently takes her Mother's and Daddy's word as fact when we tell her that a particular program isn't very pleasant and it would be wiser *not* to watch it.

Katharine, Paul and I went to the library last week to stock up on reading material to cover while Daddy was out of town and I happened on a book that I feel is worth telling you about. It is one of a WHAT IS IT? series. There is a *What Is A Chicken?* *What Is A Cow?* *What Is A Frog?* *What Is A Tree?* *What Is A Butterfly?* *What Is A Turtle?* *What Is A Season?* and *What Is A Fish?* These are written by Gene Darby for Benefic Press, Chicago, Publishing Division of Beckley-Cardy Company. In the back of this book is an explanation of the vocabulary used in the book and it gives the grade level which

(Continued on page 15)

A VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

When I was just a little boy I used to love to hear stories about the dikes of Holland. When I visited Holland on my last trip to Europe I made it a point to see the dikes and one afternoon I spent several hours driving along the tops of them. I was overawed by the thought of the amount of water that would pour over the lowlands of that wonderful little country if ever the dikes should be broken in many places.

During the past week I have once again been intrigued with dikes, but this time the dikes are very near home. I refer to the dikes on our own Connecticut River that runs down through the valley just two blocks from our home. The mighty Connecticut has been flowing many feet over floodstage, and the only thing that has saved this entire valley with its many great industrial areas has been the dikes. God bless the men who built those dikes!

Our dikes are an elaborate network of earthen barricades rising 14 feet up from the top of the river bank. This week the water has been eight feet high on those dikes! Just six more feet of water and the entire Pioneer Valley would have been disastrously hit.

Eight miles north of our city there is a large dam. At the height of the flood I drove up to see the water pouring over the top of this dam. Just picture if you can: a wall of water 12 feet high going over the top of the dam. Can you think what would have happened if the dam had broken? Just below the dam there is a bridge which is about two city blocks long. Ordinarily the water is very shallow and quiet under the bridge, but when I crossed it the other day the water was within three feet of the bridge floor and was boiling, cascading and turbulent.

To help you understand my fascination with floods, let me tell you a little secret. Whenever I run a temperature, I have terrific nightmares. The nightmares are almost always about my being caught on a bridge over a river that is in high flood. I usually wake up just as the bridge collapses. It must be that sometime in my youth I was badly frightened by an experience with a flood, but I can't recall it. I thought that when I lived in Egypt where I could watch the Nile River rise in flood every year, I would get over this strange fear of floods, but such was not to be the case. I am not really afraid of them, but I still dream about them, and in the dreams I am afraid.

One of the nice things about being a clergyman is the opportunities that one has to do good. In my calling there are many times that I have a chance to do some little act of kindness. For example, I am permitted to visit patients in the hospital whom others would not see unless they were close relatives or doctors.

It was on a hospital visit that something rather touching happened the other day. I had used some beautiful



Esther Griswold and Dorothy Driftmier Johnson—snapped in the kitchen at KOMU-TV, Columbia, Mo., the day Dorothy went down to demonstrate how she makes her peanut pixies. All those bottles lined up in a row are our Kichen-Klatter Flavorings.

stuffed animals to illustrate a children's sermon. As I was wrapping them to put away, it occurred to me that probably some little child in the hospital would just love to have those animals, and so I decided to take them over. I asked the nurses to direct me to their most pitiful case. It was a little girl named Sarah.

I don't know how old Sarah was for she was so thin and so crippled that it was really hard to tell. She was somewhere between nine and thirteen. When I walked into her room she was puzzled because she had never seen me before.

"Sarah," I said, "I have some presents here for you." Before she could answer, I gave her one of the animals.

Her eyes became as large as saucers! "Oh," she cried, "How beautiful! But I don't know you. Who are you?"

"Well, Sarah, it doesn't really matter who I am, does it? Look, here is another one just for you," I said as I brought another animal out of the box.

That little girl was simply in ecstasy. She looked at the gifts in an utter bewilderment of joy. Throwing her arms around me she said: "Oh, I know who you are! I know who you are! You are my fairy godfather! You are my fairy godfather!"

Then it was I who had the tears. I said: "No, Sarah, I am not your fairy godfather, but I wish I were. I will say this, though, it was God who sent me to you." And I am sure it was!

Our daughter, twelve year old Mary Leanna, won first prize in the Science Fair of her school. It is a very large city school with many hundreds of children entering exhibits, so of course we are quite pleased. She had her picture in the local newspaper, and many persons were interested in the originality of her prize-winning experiment. She had worked out a most ingenious method for testing the efficiency of various kinds of window-glass. It would take me too long to

explain it to you, but I will say that her experiment worked beautifully and the judges were impressed enough to give her first prize.

There was one little touch of sadness in all of this because of the fact that when the judges announced their decision, none of Mary Leanna's family was present to witness her high moment of success. Betty had been there with David earlier in the evening. I was to have been there, but I was delayed by a man in dire need and did not arrive until the excitement was all over and Mary Leanna had gone home with some neighbors. I felt badly because I had promised to spend the evening at the Fair; something a daughter had every reason to expect from a parent. But that's the way it is in the life of a clergyman. His time is not his own.

We had a wonderful Annual Meeting of our church. This year we honored all those who in 1960 will have completed forty or more years of active membership in the church. Fifty-four people were so honored! Not all of them could attend the meeting, but each one received a beautiful colored and framed picture of the church as it is decorated at Easter. We have eight persons who have been active members for more than sixty years. And as is generally the case, the oldest members are among the most loyal.

At the Annual Meeting we always announce whether or not we have made our financial goal for the year, and thanks be to God, we were able to tell the people that we had gone over the top. When all gifts are in it will mean a budget in excess of \$78,000.

As we began a new church fiscal year (our year is from April to April) I felt so grateful for the way God has blessed our work here. I know that God is at the helm, and the rest of us are just the members of the crew. So often we think that we are the ones who make it all possible, and then in our best moments we know how impossible it would all be if it were not for God. Sometimes we think that we are being very generous in our giving to the church, and then we remember that it is God who has given us everything we possess, and what we give is not ours to give, but His. Sometimes we look at our magnificent church buildings and marvel at what our people have been able to do, and then we remember that Jesus did almost all of his teaching out of doors. It is interesting, isn't it?

Sincerely,

Frederick

God help me to grow, not to stand still
And fret and chafe at life—help me to grow.

God, help me to trust when sceptics come around,

When scholars seem profound—help me to trust.

God, help me to understand what my life is

And what it may become—help me to understand.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

COLORADO BARBECUE SAUCE

It's no secret to many Kitchen-Klatter readers that Wayne enjoys cooking over a charcoal fire. This month I am passing along our favorite recipe for sauce for ribs. We like to use either pork spareribs or country-style ribs. Spareribs take about 50 minutes and country-style ribs about 1 hour and 15 minutes cooking time. Just be very sure they are thoroughly cooked. And if an unexpected rainstorm dampens your plans for outdoor cooking, these are almost as good done in your oven.

About 30 minutes before starting to cook ribs, brush ribs on all sides with liquid smoke. After ribs are browned on both sides, brush every few minutes with the following sauce:

- 1 8 oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 tbs. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. onion powder
- 1 Tbs. liquid smoke
- 4 drops Tobasco sauce
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 2 tbs. ketchup (optional)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Mix all ingredients together thoroughly.—Abigail

PRETTY PEAS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 cloves garlic
- 4 large lettuce leaves, cut
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 3 pkgs. frozen peas or 4 cups fresh peas

In a large skillet melt the butter or margarine. Add the water, garlic, lettuce leaves, sugar, salt and pepper. Simmer for 10 minutes to blend the flavors. Now add the fresh or frozen peas. Simmer slowly until the peas are tender. Remove the garlic and lettuce leaves and sprinkle with a little more salt. Serve piping hot. This is a large recipe, it serves eight very generously.

PIE CRUST WITH EGG

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup lard
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 3 Tbs. water

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Add the lard and work until the consistency of fine corn meal. Beat the egg and add to it the vinegar and water, then blend into the first part. If more moisture is needed, add 2 Tbs. of water, one at a time, but no more. This is an exceptionally good recipe for pies to be frozen.

PINEAPPLE-COCONUT DELIGHT

- 1 2/3 cups canned crushed pineapple with syrup
 - 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 - 2 1/2 cups whipped instant nonfat dry milk
 - 1/2 cup flaked or shredded coconut
- Drain pineapple juice into measuring cup and add water if necessary to make 1 cup liquid. Blend this liquid with gelatine in small saucepan. Place over low heat, stirring constantly until gelatine dissolves. Add pineapple and vanilla. Chill to consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Fold gelatine mixture and coconut into whipped instant nonfat dry milk. Chill until mixture mounds from spoon. To whip instant nonfat dry milk:

1. Mix 1/2 cup instant crystals with 1/2 cup ice water in chilled bowl.
 2. Beat until soft peaks form (3 to 4 minutes.) Add 2 Tbs. lemon juice.
 3. Continue beating until firm peaks form (3 to 4 minutes more).
 4. Gradually add 1/4 cup sugar.
- Amounts given will make about 2 1/2 cups.

This recipe make about 5 1/2 cups pudding.—Mary Beth

SUPER SPINACH

- 1/2 pint commercial sour cream
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1 to 3 Tbs. bottled horseradish
- Combine all these ingredients well. Chill. Serve over very hot spinach.

JEFFY QUICK BATTER ROLLS

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
 - 1 1/4 cups warm water
 - 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
 - 1/3 cup sugar
 - 1/4 cup soft shortening
 - 2 Tbs. grated orange peel
 - 1 egg
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/2 cup seedless raisins or currants
- Place the yeast and warm water in a large bowl and stir until yeast is dissolved. Add half of the flour to the yeast mixture along with the sugar, shortening, orange peel, egg, salt and cinnamon. Beat with electric mixer on medium speed for 2 minutes. Remove mixer blades, add remaining flour and raisins. Stir with a spoon until the flour disappears. Scrape down the sides of the bowl, cover and set in a warm place. When dough is double in size, stir down the batter with 25 strokes. Using a tablespoon fill greased muffin tins 2/3 full. Let rise again until almost double. This won't take long. Bake at 425 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes. Remove rolls from pans and cool slightly. Frost by dipping tops of rolls in icing.

Icing

Blend 1 cup sifted powdered sugar with a dash of salt, 1 to 2 Tbs. hot milk and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

These rolls are especially delicious served warm.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

- This is Lucile's fool-proof recipe. It is superb on fresh, cooked asparagus.
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- Dash of red pepper
- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 Tbs. lemon juice
- 2 Tbs. boiling water

Beat the egg yolks until light and fluffy. Add the salt and red pepper. Melt the butter or margarine. Heat the lemon juice. Add alternately the butter and lemon juice to the egg yolks, beating constantly and fast. Dribble in the boiling water. Serve hot over the asparagus. You can store this in the refrigerator and use later by reheating carefully over very low heat.

SPRING TOPPING FOR PANCAKES

- 1 can frozen orange juice, undiluted (6 oz. size)
- 1 cup honey
- 1/4 stick butter

Combine and heat until all is blended. Serve over hot pancakes. If there is some left over, it keeps very nicely in a jar in the refrigerator for a day or two. Heat in a pan of water when you want to use it again.

ASPARAGUS CHEESE BAKE

- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh asparagus, cooked
- 1/2 cup cracker or bread crumbs
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/4 lb. American cheese, grated
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup rich milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Drain the cooked asparagus. Line a greased baking dish with crumbs. Place the asparagus, sliced eggs and cheese in alternate layers. Mix together the soup, milk, salt and pepper. Pour over the entire contents in the casserole and top with more crumbs. Bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 6.

PECAN CRUNCHIES

These cookies were served with coffee when the Adult Study Group from my church met recently. We all copied the recipe before we left! I'm sure you will find these a delicious, really special cookie.

- 1 cup butter or margarine
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar, divided
 - 2 cups sifted flour
 - 4 tsp. cinnamon, divided
 - 1 egg, separated
 - 1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
- Combine butter, 1 cup sugar, flour, 2 tsp. cinnamon and egg yolk. Work together until thoroughly blended. Press lightly into greased shallow pan in an even layer 1/4 inch thick. Beat egg white until foamy and brush over the surface. Combine remaining sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle evenly over the egg white and top with the pecans. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Cut in squares while hot and let cool in pan.—Marjorie

CHINESE SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS

Enough ribs for four to six people
Boil in salted water until tender.
Then place in a long, shallow baking dish—such as your largest size glass pyrex dish. Cover with the following sauce:

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 No. 211 size cans of chunk pineapple
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 3/4 cup white vinegar
- Dash of salt
- 1 tsp. soy sauce

Mix together brown sugar and cornstarch. Add the 1 cup of pineapple juice drained from 2 cans of pineapple chunks—No. 211 size can. Then add vinegar, salt and soy sauce. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until clear and thickened. Then add pineapple chunks. Pour over ribs. Bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

Ten minutes before serving, turn ribs, add 1 large green pepper, chopped fine, and put back in a 350 degree oven. Ribs will be glazed beautifully and green pepper will still retain its color. This is a very rich, very delicious dish.

I like to serve with this boiled rice, fresh (frozen) green peas with mushrooms added to them and a tossed vegetable salad.—Lucile

STRAWBERRY SAUCE

This sauce is very versatile. I served it first over tapioca pudding. It is also delicious served over various other puddings, cake or ice cream. I hope you try it soon.

- 1 cup frozen (or fresh) strawberries
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Put the berries in a saucepan and mash slightly with a fork. Mix 2 Tbls. of the juice with the cornstarch to make a smooth paste and set aside. Add the lemon juice and sugar to the berries and bring to a boil. Stir in the cornstarch mixture and cook, stirring constantly for a minute or two to thicken. Add the strawberry flavoring. Serve hot or cold in the various ways mentioned previously.

CHEWY PEANUT BUTTER STRIPS

- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup School Day Peanut Butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup shredded cocoanut

Blend the shortening, peanut butter, sugar, salt, eggs and vanilla. Add dry ingredients; stir in the cocoanut. Spread in a greased 8 by 12 inch pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 to 30 minutes. Do not overbake because you want them to be chewy. Cut in strips while still warm, and roll in powdered sugar.

ADELLA'S FROZEN STRAWBERRY SALAD

- 16 marshmallows
- 2 Tbls. strawberry juice
- 1 cup crushed strawberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 3-ounce pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese
- 1/2 cup crushed, drained pineapple
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup whipping cream

Dissolve the marshmallows in the top of a double boiler in the strawberry juice. Cool. Add the fruit. Mash cheese with fork and blend till creamy. Combine with mayonnaise and the cream which has been whipped. Blend the two mixtures and pour into refrigerator trays. Freeze until firm. Serve in squares on lettuce leaf, garnished with additional mayonnaise. Frozen salads improve by removing from the freezer to stand at room temperature for about 30 minutes before serving.

This is a delicious and pretty salad. Either fresh or frozen strawberries may be used. Adella Shoemaker considers this one of her best frozen salads.

ANGEL FRUIT CAKE

- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 1/2 cups cake flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- Pinch of salt

In one bowl beat egg whites until they peak and then gradually beat in 3/4 cup of sugar.

In second bowl, beat egg yolks until they are thick and velvety. Then add the remaining 3/4 cup of sugar and beat at low speed until blended. Add lemon flavoring, then the dry ingredients that have been sifted together 3 times. Stir only until blended. Lastly fold in the egg whites gently.

Bake in an ungreased tube pan at 325 degrees for 1 hour, or until done. Invert pan and let cool before removing cake. A whipped cream icing will be perfect on this delicious cake. (Recipe came from the cookbook "From My Ozark Cupboard" compiled by Cora Pinkley-Call of Eureka Springs, Ark.)

LEANNA'S FAVORITE CUCUMBER SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple
- 3 medium cucumbers, peeled and diced fine
- 1 can almonds, cut
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 1/4 cup salad dressing

Dissolve the gelatin in the usual way, using as much of the pineapple juice as you can drain off for part of the liquid. When gelatin starts to congeal, fold in the pineapple, cucumbers, almonds, salad dressing and whipped cream. Chill until firm.

BLUEBERRY DELIGHT

And delight, this is! We all agreed that this is one of the finest desserts we have ever run across. Other fruit can be used in place of the blueberries, providing they are thickened like the pie mixes.

- 2 cups crushed graham crackers, about 12 double crackers
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 8-ounce pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese, room temperature
- 1 #2 can blueberry pie mix
- Whipping cream

Blend together the graham cracker crumbs, 1/2 cup sugar and butter. Press into a 9x12-inch pan. Beat the eggs, then stir in the vanilla, 1/2 cup sugar and softened cream cheese. Beat very well. Pour over crust and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. It won't look done, but it sets as it cools. When thoroughly cool, spread the blueberry mix over the top and refrigerate until well chilled. Serve with whipped cream. Cherry pie filling, raspberry filling or thickened strawberries are delicious also. Don't forget to add a bit of our Kitchen-Klatter cherry or strawberry flavorings to perk up those particular fruits.—Margery

SUNDAY SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup grapefruit juices
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 cup diced grapefruit sections
- 1/2 cup diced orange sections
- 1 1/2 cups diced avocado

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add juice and salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Add grapefruit, orange and avocado. Pour into individual molds or into a ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. The canned fruit sections are nice with this and make it simple. The avocado may be left out if you prefer, but it is inexpensive and adds a nice touch of blandness to the tartness of the other fruits.

VERA'S PEA DUMPLINGS

- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 beaten egg

Sift the dry ingredients together and then stir in the milk and egg. Cook until almost tender enough peas for your family. Drop the dumplings into the boiling liquid, cover tightly with a lid and continue cooking for ten minutes.

(Vera was a neighbor of mine for several years. She liked to use these dumplings with her fresh-from-the-garden June peas as a variation for the potatoes and peas which are used so frequently.)—Evelyn

ON A GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

By
Mabel Nair Brown

One of the happiest occasions for friends and family to celebrate is a golden wedding anniversary. Such festivities may be very simple or quite elaborate, but probably most of us will agree that such an event warrants "going all out," if possible, to provide the frills and the extras that will make it a memorable occasion long to be remembered. Usually there are several relatives and friends who are eager to share and help in the planning.

The suggestions to follow are pointed toward a reception and open house, or a family party, and are intended to be on the informal side. Strict formality is hard to manage on occasions when all ages are gathered together for a good time, and certainly most people are happier in a more relaxed atmosphere.

Plans for such an anniversary observance should be started well in advance of the date so there will be plenty of time to do the "extras" without undue pressure.

Don't be discouraged if you live far from smart specialty shops and big city stores. It will take some scurrying around in your local stores to find what you have in mind for various needs, but with a little imagination and ingenuity you can come up with the answers right near home.

I've always found our local florist most willing to sell me foil in gold and in all the other lovely colors which we see wrapped around blooming plants. (The florist has it in large rolls and will measure off the amount I need.) She also has the green florist tape, green covered wire, flower holders, etc., which are needed in various ways. Look in variety stores and drug stores for heart-shaped gold paper doilies, unusual napkins, fancy ribbons, lacelon ribbons, glitter and sequins, as well as the nut cups, candles, pipe cleaners, etc., which we naturally expect to find there. Take the clerks into your confidence and, although they may not be able to sell you exactly the item you had in mind, they can often come up with a wonderful substitute that will work as well as what you had in mind originally.

INVITATIONS: Even though you decide to have an announcement of the open house put in your local paper, it is nice to send invitations to immediate members of the family (they'll be treasured keepsakes!) and to relatives and friends at a distance.

Invitation booklets in heart or wedding bell shape are very pretty. Cut the cover from gold paper and the inside sheet of white paper. Write the invitation in gold ink upon the white page. The family initial may be inscribed upon the front cover in white ink. Tie the booklet together with narrow white ribbon.

White, gold-edged correspondence cards are another idea for the invitations. Decorate one corner with two tiny gold hearts or bells. Add a wee

bow of gold ribbon at the top of the bells. A pair of golden slippers might be sketched in one corner, if preferred.

TABLE ARRANGEMENTS really challenge the imagination upon such an occasion. The conventional wedding cake is always a lovely centerpiece, of course. For those of you who would prefer to have something a little out of the ordinary, here are several possibilities.

In the line of cakes that are unusual, consider an open Bible cake (decorated as the Family Record pages of the Bible with the names, marriage date, etc.) the Double Wedding Ring cake, the wedding bell cake, or a heart-shaped cake, or a cake decorated as a model of the family home.

A beautiful arrangement can be made using the Bible cake and one of the small white plastic churches (or make a model of a church from cardboard). Place the church on a higher level such as a styrofoam base, or on a wooden block covered with a piece of gold colored satin. Immediately in front of this place the Bible cake. Encircle the whole arrangement with greenery and flowers. Tie fluffy bows of gold lacelon ribbon on the candle holders.

The *wedding scroll* is a most interesting centerpiece. To make it, take a roll of heavy gold foil and unroll a portion of it onto an empty cardboard tube to form a large scroll. Place the "scroll" part over a thick magazine and, using a blunt pencil, write upon the scroll this inscription: "Happy Anniversary to — (names)." Experiment a bit first and you will see that, as you write on the foil, the imprint is left very plainly and can be easily read. In the ends of each tube, insert small nosegays of little white "mums" and delicate greenery. Let the greenery trail gracefully from the nosegay so that it partially encircles the scroll. This arrangement is especially effective if backed by a large mirror.

Perhaps the church in which the couple was married is still attended by many of the family and holds an almost traditional spot in family events. Then how about making a model of it for a centerpiece? Fashion it first of cardboard (or it can be made with cookie dough as we often do gingerbread houses) and then cover it with icing. Use cut-outs from old greeting cards to get "stained glass" effects for the windows. Use a fluting trim of the frosting around the windows and doors. Hang tiny gold bells in the belfry. Inverted ice cream cones, covered with frills of green icing, make lovely little trees to stand around the church.

FAVORS and EXTRAS: "Heart Posies" are made by gluing two tiny gold paper hearts together, with one end of a green pipe cleaner inserted between them as a stem. These are most attractive when used in the ribbon bows on the candles, or stuck among the greenery around a centerpiece, or added to a corsage.

Net tufts are used in the same manner and give quite a professional look to the decorations. Cut white or gold

net (or use both colors) into five inch squares. Take hold of the center of a square and twist around it one end of a four inch piece of pipe cleaner for a stem. Fluff out the net. Florists wrap the stems with green tape.

ENTERTAINMENT: It is perfectly proper for the guests to spend their time in visiting, but usually a family-friend cooperative type of program is greatly enjoyed at gatherings such as this. One of the older children of the couple, or a close friend, acts as the master of ceremonies. Original poems written for the occasion by friends or relatives always prove a hit. Greetings sent by those unable to attend might be read. Favorite hymns and other music suggested by the honored couple can be used.

This "sample" program is offered as a pattern for those of you who want something down in "black and white" to go by if you are in charge of such a program, or are one of the speakers. It can be added to, "shuffled around," or shortened to fit your particular situation. Where names are used, you will naturally change to the names of your participants.

Master of Ceremonies: "This is a time when we can honestly say there are not words to express all that we feel in our hearts on this occasion. But, Mom and Dad, today we are going to do our best to say it with songs and poems and just plain words. A house is built of logs and stone, of tiles and posts and piers; a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.

"Yes, the folks have truly tried to found their marriage on loving deeds so it seems most fitting to call upon our minister, the Reverend Mr. — for a few words at this time."

Minister speaks—perhaps he will wish to conclude his remarks by reading some favorite scripture.

Master of C.: "By special request from her grandmother, Betty Anne is singing Bless This House."

Solo

Master of C.: "Thank you, Betty Anne."

"I'm sure you've all eaten some of Ruth's fine cooking and know what a recipe clipper she is—or have heard Fred declare that just once he'd like to read the paper without having to guess what was in "the hole" because Ruth and her scissors had been there first! Well, today Ruth has clipped a recipe to read to us and I'm sure we will all agree it's a prize recipe. You see, it might well be the recipe for our home."

Ruth: "To 3 cups of love and 2 cups of understanding, add 4 teaspoons of courtesy and 2 teaspoons each of thoughtfulness and helpfulness. Sift together thoroughly, then stir in an equal amount of work and play. Add 3 teaspoons of responsibility. Season with study and culture, then fold in a generous amount of worship. Place in a pan well greased with security and lined with respect for personality. Sprinkle lightly with a sense of humor. Allow to set in an atmosphere of democratic planning and mutual sharing. Bake in a moderate oven."

(Continued on page 15)

WE'LL HOPE FOR THE BEST ON THAT CAMPING TRIP!

Dear Friends:

While the clothes are drying outside in a gentle breeze, I'll snatch a few moments to start this letter to you. It takes me a much longer time to write a letter than it does for the laundry to dry! But I imagine the ironing will wait quite patiently. Incidentally it gets quite monumental at this time of the year—many starched cotton dresses and shirts for school combined with a full quota of outdoor play clothes.

June 3rd is the last day of school here in Denver. If the week of spring vacation was any indication of what the summer will be like, most of the mothers in the neighborhood will never last the summer. Never have we seen the children so wild with activity; they played from sun-up to past sundown at a fever pitch. Probably the warm spring weather after a long difficult winter made them wild to enjoy every second. Whatever the cause, we fervently hope they calm down at least by the end of June.

About the time the postman delivers this magazine, our Alison will be having her tonsils removed. They are so enlarged and have been infected so frequently that our doctor feels they should come out before serious damage occurs. We have warned her that she will feel uncomfortable for a few days, but she is eager to have the operation and cut down the sessions of illness from a sore throat.

Although Denver has a fine children's hospital, Alison will be going to St. Anthony's Hospital which is located on our side of the city. This is more convenient for such a short stay. And when the Lutherans finish converting their tuberculosis sanatorium into a general hospital, we will be within just a very few blocks of such facilities.

While writing this last paragraph, one of the neighbors called to tell me that Granddad Eastman who lived in the corner house had just died. This is the first death among our Denver friends. Granddad Eastman has always been a wonderful example to us of how to live successfully with children and grandchildren.

He has been a tremendously valuable member of that household. As long as he was able, he took entire responsibility for the yard, gave devoted care to his tiny granddaughter and assisted his son with his business at home. You see, his son, a young man about 30, is almost totally helpless physically. Polio left him in a wheel chair and able to use only about 3 fingers. He learned accounting and has built up a fine business. His wife not only cares for all of his physical needs, which are many, but does all of his typing and filing in addition to taking care of their home and child.

In spite of such difficulties and hardships, this family is cheerful, happy, full of good humor and gen-



This was taken last October, but it's such a good picture of Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh and her sister (Leanna Field Driftmier) that we wanted to share it with you.

erous beyond description. It is an impossibility to keep even with them in helpfulness to others. If you send over a pie or plate of cookies, they return an enormous cake, give the children a sack of candy and just slip over some fresh vegetables from their garden!

June is one of our peak business months and this year, somehow, it is going to be golfing month too. For a Christmas gift the Wilmores gave Wayne a ticket to the National Open Golf Tournament which will be held at Denver's Cherry Hills Golf Club. In addition, Mr. Wilmore has invited Wayne to be his guest partner in a special tournament at Lakewood Country Club. Golf is Wayne's favorite recreation and it does combine well with our business for the local golf clubs are very fine customers of the nursery. Those of you who have driven through Denver have surely noticed the many beautiful public and private courses.

Wayne and Scott Wilmore both belong to the Rocky Mountain Golf Superintendent's Association. Because both are such enthusiastic participants of this sport, they take a great deal of teasing about what a "chore" membership in this organization must be to them. The Association meets once a month at one of the courses between Cheyenne and Pueblo. The members "tour and inspect" the host course—with golf clubs along, too of course.

The last week in June we're expecting a visit from the Stroms. Oliver will be busy most of that week with a convention in Colorado Springs, but we're planning on a good time with Margery and Martin here in Denver. When Oliver finishes his work, they'll probably drive on to see more of our state.

The nursery has scheduled a garden clinic for the long 4th of July weekend and this will mean much plan-

ning and preparation for Wayne. The children have been begging him to have one of these affairs all winter long. They aren't much interested in the lectures and films on gardening, but how they love the free pop!

This has been the most hectic and chaotic spring anyone can remember, although probably that is what they always say. I do know that the severe winter prevented much of the preparatory work from getting done. And the disastrous spring in the Midwest kept many items in our stock from arriving here when the planting season opened. This has meant that as many as three or four extra trips are necessary to deliver and plant each customer's order. Just a few extra trips and the entire schedule of work is fouled up.

Wayne has worked such long, hard, and irregular hours that I'm feeling like the proprietress of a short-order restaurant and hotel. This is why I'm hoping that after the garden clinic we'll be able to get away from home for a day or two's change of pace. Wayne succumbed to a sale at a sporting goods store and bought two very fine sleeping bags. I have saved almost enough stamp books for a gasoline stove and lantern, so with a rented tent and borrowed sleeping bags for the children, this may be the summer that we actually try camping.

If our first trip proves successful, we hope to take one later in the summer for about five days. We are trying to choose between heading southwest towards Bryce, Zion or the North Rim of the Grand Canyon National Parks, or heading northwest to Yellowstone Park. We figure Yellowstone won't be crowded this summer because of fear following last year's earthquake. A geologist assures us the danger of earthquake is no greater than that of any other year, and actually it is probably less because there have been more than 3000 stabilizing tremors since the quake. The earth ought to be calm and peaceful in Yellowstone for quite some time.

Some of you may be planning your first camping trip into the mountains this year. You will want to keep in mind a much repeated warning we received. Be sure your sleeping bags are extra warm if you plan to camp above 7500 feet—even in July. Since it is difficult to be in the mountains at a lower elevation, you will want to pack extra blankets unless you have suitable sleeping bags. Because we expect to do our camping at high elevations, our new sleeping bags are guaranteed warm to 15 degrees below freezing. A sleeping bag of this quality is more expensive than anyone would need for Midwestern camping. So if you have the lighter weight models, just make provision for the necessary extra warmth you will want in the mountains.

Last Christmas Howard and Mae gave us a very fine picnic suitcase. One side is fitted with plastic plates, cups, and table service for six; the other side is open to hold food, etc. In addition, there are folding legs so the metal case can be turned into a

(Continued on next page)

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

small table. This promises to be a most valuable addition to our equipment.

Throughout this hectic spring I've been kept jumping with extra gardening and sewing. There is always a lot of yard work to do, but this year we decided to cover up the chain link fence along our back lot line with a plum hedge. In front of this hedge I planted roses, chrysanthemums and annuals, and next fall many bulbs will be added to complete the border.

Along the chain link fence that borders our lot on the south I have planted a big variety of flowering shrubs. We'll enjoy all of these plantings, but I'll say very frankly that the main reason for getting so much into the ground is our wish to conceal the chain link fences. Denver is full of them from one end of the city to the other. Steel fences certainly serve an important purpose when real protection is needed around a school grounds or on a farm, but in a residential section I feel that any kind of wood looks much better with plantings than a fence made of steel.

It took a great deal of time, muscle, peat moss and sand to get the soil in these new borders into decent shape to receive the shrubs and plants. The basic soil surrounding our house is solid clay, and we are certainly the "shoemaker's children" when it comes to getting professional help. I knew that no one else would appear to do all that planting and I would simply have to get going on it if I expected to see anything growing before Thanksgiving.

The school bus is squeaking to a halt just down the street so I must stop now and help the children round up their library books. They are due today and we keep a sharp eye on them to avoid fines that come out of the children's allowances.

Goodbye until next month—
Abigail

PACKING FOR VACATION

The children must take inner tubes,
A raft, a floating horse,
And frog-man flippers, beach balls,
And shovels, pails, of course.

The girls can't leave their dollies,
And Junior "needs" his gun.
We've books and games for rainy days—
We're well equipped for fun!

And Baby wants her Teddy bear;
Of course Sir Panda goes—
Now the only question is:
Where will we put our clothes?
—Alice Duch

George Washington's Rules For Success:

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

Think before you speak.
Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; true friendship is a plant of slow growth.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

It is a funny thing about men in the kitchen. When some family emergency makes it essential that we be in the kitchen, we hate it! We just like to be in there on our own time and at our own leisure. Of course, most of you women know that, but I just thought that I ought to warn you brides never to force your husband's hand.

Just give me an afternoon in the kitchen when I feel in an experimental mood and I'll come up with something worth eating. Ginger Snaps, for example! How long has it been since you made some old-fashioned, New England ginger snaps? In the old days our New England ancestors made ginger snaps more often than any other kind of cooky, so here is a recipe that I picked up down in Rhode Island where ginger snaps were being made 300 years ago.

Old New England Ginger Snaps

1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup sugar (or a little more)
3/4 cup shortening (your favorite)
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 3/4 cups flour
A little salt
2 Tbs. hot water.

Combine molasses, sugar and shortening. Add dry ingredients sifted together. Add the hot water at the very end. Put this mixture in the refrigerator overnight. To bake, make little balls of the dough, put on cooking sheet and flatten out with a spoon or the thumb. Using a fork dipped in milk, make creases on each cooky and sprinkle with sugar. Bake until done (it will take only a few minutes) at 325 degrees.

FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along.

If each, every minute, looked after himself,

And things all went to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you,
And nobody thought about me;

And we stood alone in the battle of life;

What a dreary old world it would be.

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made,

And the things which in common we share,

We want to live on, not because of ourselves,

But because of the people who care.

It's giving and doing for somebody else —

On that all life's splendor depends;
And the joy of the world, when it's all added up,

Is found in the making of friends.

Who lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.

HOW TO RUIN A DAY

1. Think of the most unpleasant thing that happened yesterday as soon as you can gather your wits together.
2. Start the day off with a large dose of self-pity.
3. Begin the day by worrying about the thing that cannot be helped.
4. Feel sorry for yourself because you have to get up and tackle all the work lying ahead.
5. Feel yourself over carefully for alarming symptoms.
6. Complain about the weather.
7. Never fail to speak sharply to the first person you meet.
8. Begin your day without a plan.
9. Dwell on thoughts of the most disagreeable person whom you know.
10. Begin the day with the assurance that you will not be able to get through it.

If these ten points are observed faithfully and with determination, the finest day God ever created will be shattered into ruin.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

formal. I have never made a formal and would love to tackle the job if I just had the time, but I feel that the hours a dress like this would consume can be put to much better advantage on something else, so she will have to buy one this year. In her letter to you next month she can tell you about the theme for the banquet, their decorations and so forth.

Since starting this letter to you I have had several interruptions. Frank discovered that our horse Stardust was gone. We went in the car to find her, and then Frank got out and brought her home through the timber. After spending a few minutes more at the typewriter it was time to get dinner. I just got settled back at the typewriter when Frank came dashing in to ask me to come help him get the cows out of the alfalfa. When this is finished I must make a hurried trip to Chariton (18 mile round trip) to mail this letter, take the cream in, and pick up Kristin. After supper I will go back to Chariton to take Kristin in to a meeting. And so goes the day in the life of a farmer's wife. I love it.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

PEANUT PIXIES

Everyone who sees these gay little fellows falls in love with them! They're unique—clever as can be to perch on plants or a table centerpiece, to add the unexpected and charming touch when you're wrapping a gift package, or to use for favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming **ONLY**—12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely handmade, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.



When Mary Beth sent this picture she said: "Make no mistake about it—this is NOT a candid snapshot. Katharine and Paul posed for the photographer!" Well, candid or posed, we think it's a sweet picture of the children.

ON A GOLDEN WEDDING DAY— Concluded

When well done, remove top, and cover with a thick coating of *Christian teachings*. Serve on a platter of *friendliness* garnished with *smiles*."

Master of C.: "Recipes mean food, and food to me means a table—the old round oak dining room table, in fact. You know, the dining room table is a wonderful place, a place never to be taken by a T.V. table.

"I like the quote 'A dining room table with children's eager, hungry faces around it, ceases to be a mere dining room table, it becomes an altar.' Many are the memories of family good times around our old oak table and now I'd like to introduce you to those who shared those good times. I think we might entitle this portion of our program 'Do you remember when—' (Here is the spot where the children and grandchildren can take turns in giving some amusing family anecdotes. Give them some suggestions for 'remembering' beforehand such as: Sister Susie's first box social; what ever happened to Aunt Minnie's furpiece?; the Saturday night bath hour; the time Pa's razor strop got lost!; getting ready for church; the time one of the kids crumpled a fender on the folks' new car, etc.

Master of C.: "Now let's turn back Time's golden pages fifty years ago to when 'Pa was courtin' Ma' and to get us in the real mood here is our family style version of the Barbershop Quartette." (Grandsons, in costume, complete with handlebar mustaches, derby hats and canes RENDER such old tunes as "My Sweetheart's The Man In The Moon," "Daisy, Daisy," "Seeing Nellie Home" and "Annie Laurie.")

Master of C.: "So we've been carried back to their courtship days in song. Now I'm all ears to hear what some of those 'on the scene' have to tell us about those days, or the wedding. We're so happy to have with us today some of those dear folks who shared that happy time with the folks.

"Here is Aunt Helen, who was mother's bridesmaid and she just happened to whisper to me confidentially that—well, let Aunt Helen tell you all about it." (The master of ceremonies introduces various people who were among the wedding party fifty years ago, or who knew the parents at that time.)

Master of C.: "The stage is set. The

time is 1910. The curtain of years is pulled back and HERE COMES THE BRIDE!" (This is the place for a mock wedding skit with grandchildren wearing the original wedding clothes if they have been kept all these years. Or, instead of a mock wedding, the bride and groom models might strike the same pose as was used in the original wedding photograph.)

Master of C.: "This is truly a day that has set our hearts a-singing and it seems most fitting that we conclude this little program with another favorite of our bride and groom of fifty years, so here is Doris to sing "When You Come To The End Of A Perfect Day," after which I'm going to ask our minister if he will give the benediction."

Benediction.

(It is nice, too, if just before the benediction everyone joins in singing the first verse of "Blest Be The Tie That Binds.")

Note: By simply changing the gold theme to silver, these same suggestions would work out equally well for a silver anniversary.

PRAYER FOR A HAPPY HOME

Fill our home with happiness,
Fence it round about
With quietude and tranquil thoughts
To keep the trouble out.
Hope, the roof to shelter us
From every wind of wrong
And let love's light
On the hearth burn bright
To warm us all day long.

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

you can expect your child to understand.

For instance, in the *What Is A Fish?* book we found there were 235 words used, excluding the proper names of fish. Of these, 39 words listed on the last page in roman type are second-grade level; 21 words also listed on this page, but in italic type, are above second-grade level; the remaining words in the book are below second-grade level. In this way you can help your child to understand what you are reading to him by knowing in advance what to explain to him. I didn't deliberately choose a book this far in advance of what Katharine could handle—it was purely an accident that we came home with it, but by having this helping section in the back I explained it as we read and Katharine enjoyed what she learned. And she learned much about fish—and so did I! I'm going to make it a point to get the remainder of the books in this series and improve both of our minds.

It is time to quit typing now. I can tell by the children's voices that mama should be getting outside now to tell them that a glass of milk and a cookie would taste pretty good.

A happy month to you—

Mary Beth

It is seldom that we find out how great our resources until we are thrown upon them.

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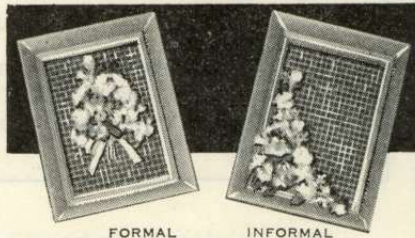
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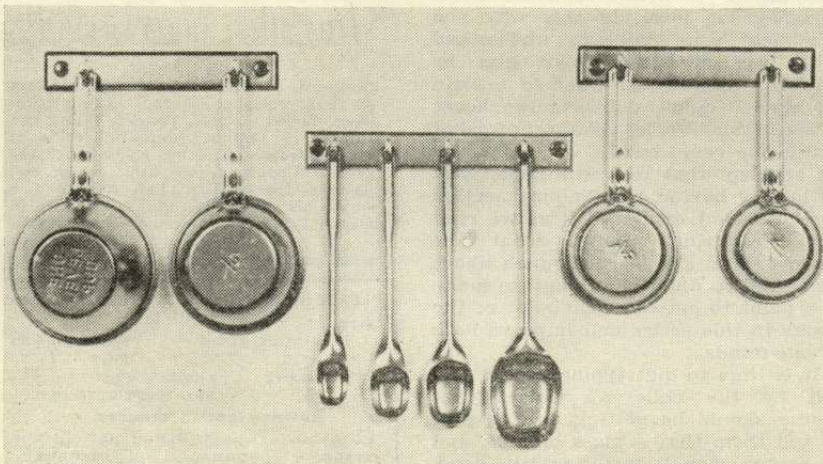
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IMPORTANT

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.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH Really Extra Delicious Pineapple Upside Down Cake

Most of us who do much baking have made many an upside down cake, but I think it's possible that a lot of women have done what I've done in recent years: grabbed a box of cake mix and let it go at that. We ended with a dessert. Straight from the oven it was passable, but anything left-over didn't amount to much. The stark truth is that none of these cakes at any stage tasted like the wonderful old upside down cakes of bygone days.

Several weeks ago I had unexpected company for Sunday night supper, and the odds and ends I could muster looked so feeble that I thought of bolstering the meal with a pineapple upside down cake. Automatically I reached up for a box of yellow cake mix kept for just such emergencies—and no cake mix.

I stood there for a second figuring that we'd better fall back on ice cream, when all of a sudden it came to me that of course we could have the pineapple upside down cake—I'd just start from scratch. I did. The cake was absolutely delicious. It went together fast. And from here on out I'm using this recipe every single time we want an upside down cake. The finished dessert towers head and shoulders above every upside down cake I've whipped up with a mix in recent years, and certainly is more than worth the little bit of extra work involved.

Set oven at 350 degrees and while it is heating put in a square cake pan that contains 1/3 cup butter and 2/3 cup of dark brown sugar. The butter and sugar will melt without burning or watching while you stir up the following cake:

- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/3 cup pineapple juice
- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour (not sifted first)
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs. Add flavorings and pineapple juice. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and add to first mixture. Batter will be fairly stiff.

Remove pan from oven, stir together the butter and brown sugar and see that surface is evenly covered. Put contents of one small can of pineapple tidbits, well drained, over the brown sugar-butter mixture. Spread batter evenly over this and return to oven and bake for approximately 35 minutes, or until a toothpick comes out clean.

Turn cake out on to large plate. While still warm, cut into squares and serve with sweetened whipped cream to which 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla has been added.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Continued

Esther Griswold's homemaker's program over KOMU-TV. When we first talked about the trip we thought that Juliana and Kristin would be with us, but it turned out that Kristin's Junior-Senior Prom is on May 20th and no one could expect her to pass that up for a trip *anyplace*.

As things now stand, Mother, Dorothy, Margery and I expect to drive down together—the first time all four of us have ever gone anywhere to appear on anything! I'd always said that I'd never get in front of TV cameras, but no one else seems to think anything about it and I decided that my notions were downright backwards. Mother and Dorothy have both been on TV, so this leaves just Margery and me as nervous first-timers. We haven't figured out yet what we can do to feel as relaxed as we feel on the radio, so probably the best attitude to take about TV cameras is what I said about our garden: I guess you'll just have to take us as you find us! Next month we can tell you about it.

One thing out of the ordinary that I've done this past month was to entertain Mother's Thursday club for a May morning breakfast. There had to be a change of date on this for nothing would have been left in bloom if we had waited and carried out the original schedule. One of the members was willing to change dates with her, and this way we could have the breakfast when everything looked perfectly beautiful in the garden.

In case you're planning a summer breakfast you might be interested in hearing what we served. Since everyone arrived at 9:30 we really had to stick to food associated with breakfast rather than getting off on to things that can be served for a brunch.

A fruit cup was first—frozen pineapple and raspberries with fresh strawberries and a dash of grenadine poured over all of it. (Grenadine is a highly concentrated fruit syrup that tastes absolutely delicious with fruit. It's non-alcoholic, of course, and should be available in any good-sized market. One bottle will last for at least a year if you only use it occasionally for a special touch.)

Following this we had wonderful hot coffee rings that are homemade in Stanton, Ia. (a small town on the other side of Red Oak), spiced crab apples, scrambled eggs with slivers of ham, and quantities of coffee. It seemed to be a pretty good combination of food. And I might add that it gave Mother and me great pleasure to have Aunt Martha Eaton present. She spent a week with Mother and Dad while Aunt Jessie was in Des Moines, and we were so glad the Thursday Club breakfast took place during that week.

I talked boldly last month about flying the coop when I had my work rounded up, but what with this and that I managed just a short trip to Kansas City with Russell when he had some business to look after. However, we did get to spend some time at the magnificent William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, something I've wanted to do almost as long as I can remember.

Their collection of Chinese art is considered one of the finest in the world (possibly it is the *very* finest) and we marveled at the beautiful things we saw.

I think we're all inclined to take everything in our home towns for granted (remember the prophet without honor in his own country?), but surely no resident of Kansas City takes that great Nelson Gallery for granted. It is a tremendous achievement, and if I were in charge of any organization that plans tours of our country for travelers from other countries I would surely put that Gallery down as an absolute MUST. Russell and I said that if we lived in or near Kansas City we could go to that Gallery once a week for the rest of our lives and still not absorb all that is there to be absorbed. (We were happy to see many school busses in the parking area on the afternoon we went there. How badly children need such an experience to help counteract the unhealthy influences in our jet age.)

Before I close this letter (and the clock says I must hurry if we're going to have a meatloaf done in time for supper), I'd like to tell you about one change in our house that has been made since you saw the floor plan of our kitchen and the photographs.

Both the floor plan and photographs showed you that my desk and typewriter stood at the "study" end of our big kitchen. I gave up on this arrangement for several real good reasons and moved my desk and typewriter into my own room. I hadn't allowed for the fact, when all the plans were first drawn, that for years and years I've typed facing a blank wall. I was adjusted to being away from all outside distractions when I sat down to my typewriter.

Well, if you still have the floor plan and photographs you will note that I had a ringside seat with my desk at the end of the kitchen. I was aware of all the cars that went up and down our long hill, and I was equally aware of all the people who arrived at the front door since my desk faced windows that they had to pass by to get to that door.

I wasn't used to seeing so much activity and I found myself watching the street instead of keeping my mind on what I was writing. In addition to this, I found it downright distracting to have an automatic washing machine and dryer going through their cycles only a few feet from my desk! You've no idea how lively such appliances sound if you're trying hard to concentrate on typing that simply has to be done.

After about six weeks of this I realized that I'd be able to keep my mind focused a little better if I left all the exciting activity, inside and outside, and just got back to a blank wall with windows overlooking a garden rather than a busy street. I wanted to explain this because quite a few people have been to see us and I'm sure they wondered how to account for a table and chairs in an area where they KNEW they had seen a desk. Well, I just moved!

(Continued on next page)

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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.

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SORRY NO C.O.D.'s

DON'T GET STUCK

By
Evelyn Witter

If you are like most busy housewives you find that pins, needles and tacks often take a painful toll from you. Here are some hints. You will not get stuck and will be able to locate needles quickly on your sewing box pin cushion by putting needles through the holes of a four-eyed button. The hat pins in your dresser drawer won't be dangerous weapons if you glue a cork in the bottom of the drawer to hold them. And those thumb tacks in the kitchen cupboard drawer will be safer pushed into a cake of wax. They will be easier to find too.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

"Last year our church circle studied the problem of dwindling attendance and decided to see if a real lack of interest was the cause, or if many of the members simply didn't have a way to get to the meetings. We set up a special committee to cope with this problem and discovered right away that it was lack of transportation and not lack of interest that kept so many people out of our activities.

"This committee telephoned every single member before each meeting and offered to drive the member to and from the meeting. The results were amazing. We found that women we'd put down as 'not interested' were very interested indeed—somehow it was almost pathetic how eager everyone seemed to be when just a little attention was paid and it was made clear how much they were needed. We had a wonderfully useful and active year as a result of this committee's work, and we would urge all groups to think about our experience in relation to their own situations as the fall and winter activities begin."—Iowa.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

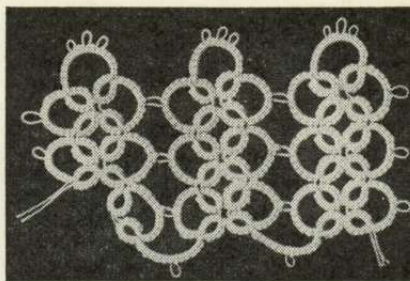
Let's hope we have a good growing summer this year in our Midwest. People are still sort of fagged out from all the shoveling and scooping they did, and expenses through the winter ran so much higher than usual with big fuel bills—to say nothing of livestock losses. We can't actually do anything about these summer months that lie ahead, but we can all HOPE for the kind of weather that produces good crops. I read so many letters from people who are hanging on by an eyelash that I just can't close my mind and be indifferent and blithely unconcerned about the kind of a summer we have.

Anyway, if I don't run this very second we're not going to have a meatloaf tonight, so I must say goodbye without a moment's delay.

I know you're awfully busy too, but if you can get a letter started one of these days you may have a chance to add to it before it's time to tackle strawberries!

Faithfully yours . . .

Lucile



TATTING

Instructions for Petal Edge illustrated.

Make a R 6ds, p, 6ds, cl R. R.W. (Ch. 6ds, p, 6ds, R.W. R. 6ds, join to p of first R, 6ds, cl R. R 6ds, p, 6ds, cl. R) two times. R.W. ch. 6ds, p, 6ds. R.W. R. 6ds, join to p of last R, 6ds, cl R. R.W. ch. 6ds, p, 2ds, p, 2ds, p 6ds. R.W. R. 6ds, join in same p of next to last R made, 6ds, cl R. R.W. (ch. 6ds, p, 6ds. R.W. R. 6ds, join in same p where last R was joined, making four R's joined in the same p, 6ds, cl R. R. 6ds, join in p which joins the two R's in the above group, 6ds, cl R) two times. Ch 6ds, p, 6ds. R.W. R 6ds, join in same p as preceding three R's, 6ds, cl R. Now one point has been made. R.W. ch 6ds, smp, 6ds; Make second point same as first point joining to p of each ch of side of first point. Continue points to length desired.

A PRAYER

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

We face a humanity too precious to neglect;

We know a remedy for the ills of the world too wonderful to withhold; We have a Christ too glorious to hide; We have an adventure too thrilling to miss.

—George Howard

PANCAKE REVELLE

By
Rhea Giese

Pancakes at 6:00 A. M. Somewhere a bright, newly-wedded wife is romantically stirring her first attempt. "Her first pancakes for him."

For a more seasoned and older rural wife like me, pancakes do not suggest romance. It puts me in a peevish mood when *Sweet Husband* issues a "let's have pancakes in the morning." It takes time to build a tower of these hot delicacies. Knowing I must arise 30 minutes earlier, I go to bed with doldrums. However, this does nothing to relax my efforts when the early morning hour arrives.

The alarm sets you in motion and reminds you with a flurry. Thin cakes of batter, fried on a griddle, at the crack of dawn. Two eggs, 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of flour, stir nimbly and quickly. At 6:00 A. M., who can be nimble and quick? Only Jack. The crash of the eggs on the edge of the bowl, your blunder for being so noisy. Now the children are awake! You hear all the tuneless "good mornings" and turn a deaf ear. The pancakes must get on.

Lean on the counter and linger over your thought of a morning in bed. This is a cunning husband who insists on pancakes and manages to get them at 6:00 A. M. The children decide to finish their homework from the night before. "How do you spell black?" "Just the opposite of white, honey," you murmur absently with the banging of the bowl and the fry pan. Your longing for an oatmeal morning is greater now. One can jump out of bed quickly on oatmeal mornings and pack all the school lunches while good simple oatmeal is cooking. Better concentrate on puffing these pancakes. Breakfast must be served.

"M-O-T-H-E-R!" "There's no soap in the bathroom." Cries of distress. Hurry to the rescue, faster, the fry pan is smoking. Master the situation. The pancakes must be fried. The one in authority has given his order to his domestic.

Three pancakes at a time. One minute on each side. Daddy likes six, sometimes nine. Six minutes for dad's. The kids like three a piece, maybe more. Allow six minutes for these too. You could eat three—if there's any left. Deduct two minutes to fry and five minutes to demand the last three for yourself. Nineteen minutes and everyone sits down for breakfast.

Your excited cry, "Pancakes are ready! Come and get 'em." Your crusade must be clever. The zero-hour has arrived.

"Hey, everybody! How about oatmeal tomorrow morning?"

Don't save all your smiles for the parlor. Use a few in the kitchen.

Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit and sprinkle over it the charm of fellowship. Never poison it with the cares of life.

Every minute you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness.

"Little Ads"

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

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September ads due July 10.

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WORK WANTED—embroider and piece quilts. Gladys Hamilton, Mill Grove, Missouri.

WANTED—Old fashioned dolls or parts, any size or condition. Donna Mienyek, 5320 N 47 Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

NYLON FACIAL TISSUE HOLDER AND PATTERN \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. John Norris, Alton, Kansas.

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QUILT TOPS FOR SALE—drunkards path, fan, light and dark pathway, antique, bachelors puzzle, save all, dutch puzzle, \$12.00 each. Mrs. Helena Loy, 5651 W 63rd Pl., Chicago 38, Illinois.

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Worth their weight in gold. Will pay for themselves in one night.

HARKEN!

These are the days we meet ourselves coming and going! Just the idea of having a peaceful cup of coffee and resting for 30 minutes while we folks at Kitchen-Klatter visit with you seems pretty fantastic in the face of all that has to be done.

But somehow work has a habit of waiting. And somehow we can get our second wind a little easier if we take a breather before the next big job is tackled.

So . . . pour yourself a cup of coffee and "set a little bit" while Kitchen-Klatter comes to you over the following stations:

KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

IMPORTANT

On Monday, May 23rd, Worthington, Minnesota changed to Daylight Saving Time.

If you listen to Kitchen-Klatter over **KWOA**, Worthington and live in Iowa, South Dakota or Nebraska, you'll miss out on our daily visits unless you turn on your radio at 8:30 every morning.

In any event, Monday, May 23rd marked the summer change and we surely hope you will keep this new time of 8:30 in mind until we're all back on Central Standard Time next autumn.

Last year we failed to mention this time switching and a lot of people concluded that Kitchen-Klatter had disappeared forever! Goodness no! This year we are calling to your attention the fact that **KWOA** went on Daylight Saving Time, and if you'll mention it to your friends and relatives who're puzzled about what-ever happened to Kitchen-Klatter, we'll appreciate it a lot.

Some well meaning folk talk about the value of saving. That's jaw-bone. Some wish they had saved or were saving. That's wish-bone. Some few people resolve to begin now, and do it. That's back-bone!

NEW

Announcing ALL NEW

Monroe FOLD-KING FOLDING TABLE LINE

STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS

Monroe-approved Folding Chairs lead in direct sales. Wide range of styles & sizes, including All-Steel, Padded Seat, Plywood Seat, Stacking, Toilet Arm, etc. Direct prices, special discounts in catalog.

TRUCKS FOR TABLES, CHAIRS

Smooth rolling casters. Handles your chairs and tables easily — also handy storage. 7 models and sizes.

FREE BIG 1960 CATALOG

Shows the full line of Monroe Fold-King folding tables, folding chairs, table and chair trucks, platform-risers, portable room partitions, bulletin boards. Also lists prices, discounts, terms. Our 52nd year.

THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church Street, Colfax, Iowa



This combination set of the very finest quality paring knife and spatula is an absolute necessity for any woman who ever sets foot inside a kitchen.

Here are the facts:

The **Paring knife** has a 3-inch self-sharpening blade that is **GUARANTEED** to stay sharp for two years. This is the kind of a paring knife every cook needs—and so few cooks have. The 3-inch handle is shaped exactly right to fit your hand.

The **Spatula** is a real jewel—has a 5½-inch blade with one edge serrated to cut through **anything** without crumbling it. The handle, 3 and 3/4 inches long, matches the handle of the paring knife—they both look like walnut.

This is the **ONLY** spatula we've ever seen that is perfect for cutting into the first bar cookies, for getting up the first piece of pie or cake. The blade is sharp, narrow and has enough "give" to it to answer every problem you've ever had where other spatulas and pancake turners just won't work.

Both items are made by the famous Cattaraugus Cutlery Company and carry their iron-clad guarantee. If you bought them "over the counter" they'd cost much, much more.

We're happy to be able to send them to you for exactly **\$1.00 PLUS 3 cap linings** from any of our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. (Address orders to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa.)

Everyone who respects fine quality kitchen equipment should order one set to keep and as many sets as possible for gifts. It's a wonderful buy.

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

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

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

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

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

Coconut
Lemon
Maple
Almond
Orange

Strawberry
Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Cherry
Banana

Mint

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

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

the famous Ox-Yoke Inn, then at 1:30 in the afternoon a reception was held at the Congregation church with the Iowa City Woman's Club in charge of arrangements.

I have kept careful notes on the different events and in next month's letter to you I will cover them in detail.

I can't conclude this letter without saying that my sister Martha is greatly improved in health. She and Jessie came over to attend the annual violet and hobby show, and it was a joy to see them looking much better.

I have run out of space, so next month I will have to fill in what couldn't be managed in this letter.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

TODAY'S the day to get things done!
Tomorrow hasn't yet begun
And yesterday's as obsolete
As a buggy whip! If you've a neat
Idea, today's the day to think it
Into something more than a mental
trinket.

A gift? Today's the day to give it!
Delight? Today's the day to know it!
Courage? Today's the day to show it!
The past is a page in a book we've
read,

Tomorrow a road that lies ahead.
But today is ours from the first faint
flush

To the vesper song of the hermit
thrush:

Ours to work and ours to sing in;
Ours to do some brave new thing in;
Ours to love and pray and give in —
The only day we ever live in!

Faith says, "I can." Doubt says, "You can't."

Hope says, "I'll try." Hate says, "You shan't."

Right says, "I will." Fear says, "Run."
Love gives us strength. Truth says,
"It's done."

Minding the other fellow's business
is a sure cure for popularity.

COVER PICTURE

At an earlier date we mentioned the fact that we could get together only three combinations of Driftmier men for a three generation picture. This is one of the combinations: M. H. Driftmier of Shenandoah, Ia., his son, Donald Driftmier of Anderson, Indiana, and his grandson, Paul Driftmier, also of Anderson.