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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Photo by Verness



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I had hoped that when I sat down to write to you this month I could start out by telling you about our new grandchild that is expected any minute, but it looks now as if I should go ahead and just leave a little space somewhere to get in this news if Donald calls us before our July issue must go on the press.

First I must tell you that there will not be your usual letter from Mary Beth in this issue because of a great sadness that came to her family in Anderson, Indiana. Paul Schneider, Mary Beth's father, passed away very suddenly at his home in Anderson, and although he had suffered a serious heart condition for quite some time, there was no warning that he would go so swiftly since he was able to do all of the usual things he'd done since his retirement.

In fact, Mr. Schneider was a great gardener and a real rose fancier—he was able to work with his roses and enjoy them and had been out in the garden only a few minutes before he died. You can imagine what a terrible shock this was to Mrs. Schneider and her two daughters, Mary Beth and Marjorie. It came at such a hard time for Mary Beth since she was just waiting to go to the hospital at any minute to have the new baby.

We had been expecting a call from Donald and when I heard his voice on the phone I supposed that of course it was the news we'd been waiting for, and it took me a little while to realize that he was calling with such sad news. Mart and I had enjoyed Mr. Schneider when we visited in Anderson and if there had been any possible way to make the trip for his funeral services at the Presbyterian church we would have done so. As it was, our family could only telephone back with our deepest sympathy, write letters and send flowers. We felt so badly for Mrs. Schneider and her girls.

My sister, Martha Eaton, has been with us for several visits and we've gotten so much done. I've never seen anyone like Martha for getting up in the morning and starting all kinds of work—even though she gets around in a walker she makes bread, bakes cakes, and only sits down to sew when she must rest physically.

Margery has a big bed of ever-bearing strawberries and they are

keeping us jumping these days. Martha and I have already put up a lot of preserves and expect to get many more done while she is here. I have yet to find a commercial strawberry preserve that can compare with the ones we make at home. This is one canning job that I never expect to give up as long as I am able to work at all.

Right here I'd like to thank all of you who wrote and told us that you enjoyed our television appearance over channel KOMU in Columbia, Missouri back in May. We don't think of ourselves as entertainers in any sense of the word, so a lot of credit has to be given to Esther Griswold and the way she has of drawing people out on her afternoon homemaker's show between 3:30 and 4:30.

That was the first trip the four of us had ever made together and we had such a good time . . . every minute of it was a real pleasure. Dorothy drove and I sat in front with her—Lucile and Margery were in the back seat and from the time we started out we seemed to find a lot of things to laugh about. It was a real holiday for us.

We drove across Iowa on highway number two and then turned south on highway 63 that runs right into Columbia. We'd expected nothing but rain the entire trip but all the forecasts were wrong and we had a beautiful day, as nice a May day as anyone could ask for.

After we had our evening meal and got settled down in our motel I called Mart to see if there had been any word from the friends who were expected, and he said they were right in Shenandoah. I must go back a little bit here and tell you about this complication because it was such an unusual thing to have happen just when it did.

Olive and Charley Foulke of San Bernardino, Calif. are old, old friends of ours—I knew Olive when I was a girl just eighteen and we attended the same church at Walnut Creek, Calif. Through the years we'd kept in touch with each other, and when Mart and I started spending the winter months at Redlands we saw a great deal of them and had many wonderful times. We had always urged them to come to Iowa and visit us, but Charley is an extremely busy civil engineer with a great deal of

GOOD NEWS!

The minute you finish reading this, be sure you draw a circle around Friday, July 1st.

On that day our Kitchen-Klatter radio visit will come to you for the first time over station KWPC in Muscatine, Iowa at 10:30 in the morning.

KWPC is located at 860 on your radio dial and should be easy to find.

We have been eager to get in touch with old friends in that section of Iowa, and are anticipating making many new friends—not only in Iowa but in Illinois as well. This is our first venture along the Mississippi river and we're hopeful that enough of you will stand behind us to let us visit with you for years to come.

Muscatine is on Daylight Saving Time—we mention this in case you live where you can listen to KWPC but are on Central Standard Time.

If everything works out to make it possible, all four of us (Leanna, Lucile, Dorothy and Margery) hope to visit KWPC in October and meet you friends when the annual Cooking School is being held.

So remember, Friday, July 1st at 10:30, we'll be with you on KWPC in Muscatine for our half-hour daily visit. If your friends and relatives are interested in down-to-earth reports of daily life and lickin' good recipes, we hope you'll tell them to tune in and get acquainted with us.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

heavy responsibility, and although they travel a lot their road has never taken them through Iowa since we had last seen them several years ago.

You can imagine how surprised we were to have a card from them just the day before I was to go to Columbia—they were in Nashville, Tenn. on business, had a very tight schedule, but expected to swing through Shenandoah and see us. Mart and I could hardly imagine how all of this could have come right at the same time—my long planned on trip to Columbia, and our good friends coming to Shenandoah at exactly the same time.

All the way to Columbia I kept watching for a California license, so as soon as we were settled in our motel I called Mart to see if there

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GARDEN NOTES

By
Russell

My rather elaborate plans for spring planting came to an abrupt halt about 8:00 o'clock one beautiful morning this last May. All of the stock that I had ordered had arrived only a few days earlier and had been placed carefully in tubs of water to be ready for planting on Saturday. All week long I worked extra long hours so that everything would be out of the way and Saturday could be entirely free of interruptions—I was very eager to get things in the earth so the shrubs and flowers would have a good early start.

In less than five seconds all of my gardening plans for that particular Saturday, as well as the following two months, were completely shattered. As I went down the back steps into the garden I slipped on a piece of mud and landed with a crash on my left ankle, breaking it badly. I guess that any way an ankle is broken is BAD, but since this was my first broken bone I had no basis for comparison.

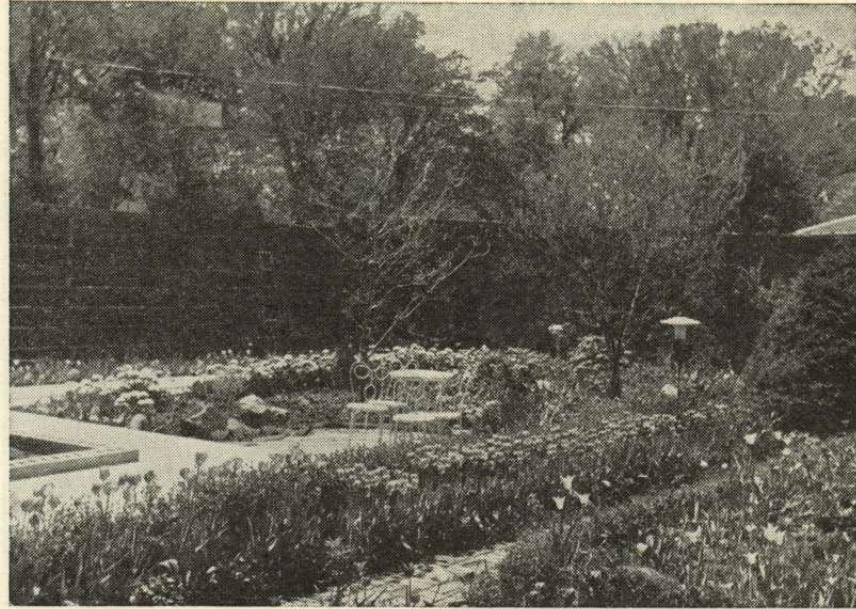
With good fortune I should be out of the cast (which feels like two cement building blocks strapped to my leg) by the middle of June. In the meantime, I have revised a lot of my ideas about gardening.

Up to this time I have been indifferent to the flood of articles in popular magazines about "Carefree Gardens," "Gardens With Low Maintenance," "Gardens That Tend Themselves," or some such title. I love to garden. I wanted plants that took a lot of work and time, plants that responded to my efforts with beautiful bloom throughout the season.

I have readjusted my thinking. My goal now is to compromise by recreating my garden so that it can stand up under periods of neglect. Sometimes my work makes thoughts of getting into the garden downright impossible. Then there are the unavoidable out-of-town business trips that upset my usual routine, and we always hope for some kind of a summer vacation and actually manage one most years. All in all, I now face the fact that my garden will have to survive on what time I can give to it after everything else has been taken care of properly.

The first things to go will be flowers and shrubs that are fussy and time-consuming—things that have to be sprayed, fertilized, etc., many times through the season. I won't be able to nurse things along as I've done in the past.

In our climate, roses make the most demands. I have enjoyed my roses through the last ten years but I have too many to care for, so rather than replace dead plants and rehabilitate the rose beds this year, I have planted a collection of large-flowered clematis. These hardy vines have always grown well for me. Little care is required and the blooming season is about the same as with roses. Clematis do not need to be grown on trellises but can be allowed to sprawl along the ground. In a few years the vines should give me



Our big garden fence was just being finished when this picture was snapped. The new section that Russell refers to is at the left. Through the years countless numbers of you friends have walked in that area for it was the old alley that ran parallel to our property.

masses of bloom in the area that was once given over to roses.

I hope to keep the rest of the garden interesting through the seasons by using a variety of small trees, shrubs and ground covers. For additional color I plan to specialize in bulbs that are easily grown, simple perennials and annuals that thrive without attention. Tulips, hyacinths, daffodils and small spring-flowering bulbs will be used in greater quantity. They are easily planted and cared for, and certainly they are most rewarding in the spring garden.

Annuals will be used for later bloom when the bulbs are through. Many annuals self-sow, requiring just a little transplanting the following year to get them back in line. I will use these wherever possible. Sweet alyssum and ageratum are two of my favorite low-growing "self-sowers," while four-o'clocks and balsam are about the easiest of the taller annuals.

I plan to limit my summer bulbs to gladiolus, tuberous begonias and caladiums. These are easy to plant and easy to dig in the fall. As long as I can garden I hope to have a good collection of these bulbs for they brighten the garden all summer long and require almost no care.

I don't plan to dig out or to destroy any of the existing flowers in my garden. It will be a matter of replacing delicate, demanding things with easily cared for things as the time for replacement comes.

(Probably what I now have in mind thanks to a combination of circumstances, it almost what could be called a "retirement" garden! No doubt many of you who are reading this have made drastic changes in your own garden because things are not the way they were when you first got absorbed in a big variety of flowers and shrubs. If you have retired and still have fine health you can really get the maximum pleasure from growing prize winning roses, etc., but there are

a lot of people who aren't blessed with this happy combination of circumstances and must adjust their gardening habits to altered conditions.)

All of the tulips and hyacinths that were planted in the new part of our garden last fall "saved the day" for me this spring. When I was itching to get at things and couldn't, at least I had the satisfaction of enjoying those beautiful spring-flowering bulbs.

A combination of rose and white peony-flowered tulips and deep blue hyacinths made a lovely sight along the new walk that leads to the garden gate in our new fence.

On the other side of the walk there were masses of mixed Darwins in rainbow colors with a variety of hyacinths at their feet. There will be room for many more tulips and hyacinths in this new part of the garden, and I'm grateful for the space we gained since I will lean heavily upon them in the years to come.

Next month I want to show you a drawing of the new section of our garden so you can see how this space has been planted. It may help you with your own garden if you have an area of comparable size that must be planted from scratch, or completely done over.

But there is one final thing I want to say: if you are making plans for planting a new area or doing over a section of your garden I can only hope that you have better ground conditions. Our new area was once the alley, and through the years there had been load after load of cinders thrown into it. It was almost like digging into concrete to make a hole deep enough to plant anything, and after every rain that whole section looked like a small lake since water didn't drain down—or off. Everything planted had an uphill road to get started, so I hope you are luckier when it comes to the condition of the ground you're developing.

ABIGAIL WRITES ABOUT GEORGETOWN, COLO.

Dear Friends:

This letter is addressed to those of you who will be driving in Colorado during these summer months. Of course I always like to write about this fascinating state, but during the months when most people do their traveling I try to include information that will make your visits to Colorado more rewarding.

One of the towns I have mentioned frequently is Georgetown, Colo. I have written previously about several of the "back road" trips we have taken out of Georgetown, but this month I would like to introduce the community itself for it is most interesting and historic.

Georgetown is an easy place to reach from Denver—no "back roads," abandoned trails or hazardous driving is involved. It sits quietly beside U. S. highway 6 about 40 miles west of Denver. Because it is on the eastern slope of the Rockies, you do not cross the Continental Divide to reach it. I know this is an asset to those of you who avoid getting above timberline.

Although Georgetown sits quaintly and quietly beside this modern highway, its past was that of a lively, rip-roaring mining town. Georgetown was unique in one respect compared to other mining towns: the miners who came here were people who expected and planned to stay for many years. They built substantial homes and they wanted tree-shaded streets. Have you ever noticed that most mining towns are virtually devoid of trees? You would never guess, for instance, that Leadville was once a forest. Shoring for the mines was more highly prized than shade for a hot summer afternoon.

Called the "Silver Queen City," it was really the discovery of gold in 1859 by two Kentucky brothers that brought the first miners to Georgetown. When the placer mines gave out the little mining camp beside Clear Creek appeared doomed. But in the mid 1860's vast silver deposits were found and the fading camp boomed to more than 5,000 people. Until the aftermath of the silver crash in 1893, Georgetown was a thriving city. Now it is a lovely little village kept alive by the county courthouse, the winter skiers and the summer visitors. Extensive mineral deposits remain in the mountains surrounding this beautiful valley. But government regulations on the sale of precious metals still keep hard-rock mining unprofitable.

As you turn off the highway the few blocks into the business district (hardly large enough to be titled such), you will find signs directing the way to all places of interest. You may choose to park your car and walk. Distances are not great between major points of interest and you can see the charming detail of the homes much better.

Those of you who are fond of Victorian architecture and furnishings will see genuine treasures in Georgetown. Many of these homes are small



Juliana Verness with her Grandmother Verness. (The checked skirt was made by Grandmother Driftmier.)

and only one is really grand enough to be called a mansion, yet almost every one is remarkably unchanged from the day it was built. No drastic remodeling has marred the original lines. The gingerbread trim has been repaired and restored. You really have the feeling of stepping back into the streets of 80 years ago.

"Life" magazine selected the Maxwell House in Georgetown as one of the 10 finest examples of Victorian architecture in the country. It must cost the present owners a pretty penny to keep this frame home painted in keeping with the period of its design, for our grandparents indulged in very elaborate ornamentation. The Maxwell House is a private home and so it is not possible to view the interior.

Just half a block away is Grace Episcopal Church which is open to the public. You can't miss seeing this structure for it is painted in a deep livid shade of vire green. The only possible explanation for this color is that someone donated a supply of unsaleable paint! The interior is virtually unchanged and the old organ will be interesting to musicians. The belfry is mounted on a tower beside the church. It used to be on the roof but blew off so many times the parishioners gave up replacing it and had it bolted into solid rock.

The Presbyterian church is Victorian on the outside but the interior has been remodeled and is not of special interest. The Roman Catholic church is a newer structure and not Victorian.

Hamill House is the one real mansion in town. Here you can discover the luxurious living that was possible for a wealthy frontier family far separated from the refinements of an Eastern city. The home is operated as a privately-owned museum and the entrance fee is quite reasonable. The house is set back from the street and surrounded by a low stone wall. The grounds have not been maintained in their former beauty but are being restored somewhat. Be sure to notice

the detail of the ornate cast iron fountain that stands in the center of the circular pool.

The interior finishings and furnishings are more rewarding. Take time to examine closely the imported wall-papers. There are many magnificent fireplaces of Italian marble, and upstairs the children will enjoy particularly the nursery which is filled with a collection of antique toys.

Behind Hamill House are three buildings. Two are large granite structures that served as the mine office and the stable. The third is an out-house of unparalleled elegance, complete with carved and cupolaed roof and walnut interior. The luxury of the home is repeated even here.

The men in your group will find several interesting places in Georgetown. Probably they will notice first the tall hose towers of the old fire houses. Back in the days when each town vied to have the fastest volunteer fire brigade, Georgetown was always a leading competitor. Quantities of money changed hands on the days when these by-gone races were held.

The county courthouse is an unimpressive building, but if you have never seen a map of mining claims, go inside and look at the one on the wall. My guess is that you will be confused too! Ask directions from the clerk to the jury room upstairs. Before you enter the jury room, imagine a typical jury of rough, tough miners deliberating the fate of a jumped mining claim. These rugged men reached their decision while sitting in twelve rocking chairs, each elaborately painted with garlands of flowers and gold scrolls! Directly behind the courthouse is Clark's favorite building, the old jail. It is a very small jail but it has an enormous iron padlock on the door which he dearly loves.

Part of the fascination of the history of the West lies in the fabulous and incongruous characters who contributed their unique lives to the development of this untamed land. Who would ever expect to find in a wilderness mining town an elegant French inn providing food and lodging to satisfy the most discriminating guest? Louis Dupuy, "the mysterious Frenchman" built and operated the Hotel de Paris in Georgetown. He offered these words in explanation:

"I love these mountains and I love America, but you will pardon me if I bring into this community a remembrance of my youth and my country. To have the human name preserved has been, not only the desire, but one of the illusions of my race, and will doubtless always be. Mausoleums are built and tablets hewn for the purpose of binding in memory, the fact of a life . . . And so, my friends, this house will be my tomb—and if, in after years, someone comes and calls for Louis Dupuy, show them this little souvenir of Alencon which I built in America, and they will understand."

The Hotel de Paris is now a museum operated by the Colonial Dames of America. The admission is 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for children and

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A PICNIC AND VESPER SERVICE

By

Mabel Nair Brown

During the summer months many youth groups get together for a combined picnic and worship service. There is something especially impressive about an outdoor vesper service and picnics offer grand opportunities for warm fellowship. Combine the two and you have an occasion long to be remembered.

Setting: Choose some nice picnic area where you can have a campfire. The meeting time should be a short while before sunset.

Supper: A wiener roast works out well for this type of picnic with the food committee purchasing the wieners, buns, catsup and beverage. The rest of the group can bring salads and dessert. Another committee should have charge of the recreation and still another be responsible for the worship service.

As soon as all have arrived at the picnic grounds and greetings are over, they will be ready for supper around the campfire. Everyone can help in cleaning up after eating.

Recreation: After supper the fun committee will take over for some active games. (See Hobo Convention in this issue for game ideas.) Perhaps your group would prefer a soft ball game. When everyone has "run off" the effects of the supper it's time to gather around the campfire for a quiet time of singing. Start the song period with some funny parodies, then several choruses with good harmony parts and work into Negro spirituals ending with "Into My Heart."

Vesper Service: Following the music have a moment of silence, then begin the worship service on the theme "The Spirit Movin' In My Heart."

CALL TO WORSHIP:

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in Thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow.
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm
winds blow,
There is Thy power, Thy love is there.

We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night,
And when the morning breaks in
power,
We hear Thy word, "Let there be
light."

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold,
Thine image and Thyself are there,—
The in-dwelling God, proclaimed of
old.

MEDITATION

Leader: The sun has gone down, leaving the trees silhouetted against the rosy tint of the western sky. The quiet darkness comes softly out of no-where. A breeze stirs gently among the leaves. Do you hear a bird in the distance; the far off bark of a dog?

We listen and hear the night chorus of the crickets. Fireflies sparkle on and off. The stars come out one by one. The earth settles down, relaxes, and it is night. In the stillness I can almost hear a voice saying, "Be still and know that I am God."

But how hard it is for us to be still! Life is so short. We get so caught up in daily strife, the desperate struggle for more worldly possessions and for our own pleasures that we never seem to find time for peace and quietness and communion with God.

When twilight falls the earth relaxes. There is a wisdom here and a lesson for all mankind. Of what use is our rushing, our pushing, our crowding of time if we do not pause often to be still and hear God speak to us? "Be still and know that I am God." What does He have planned for us? How would He have us act toward our fellowmen from day to day? Be still and let His spirit move in us and we will know His will, His plan for us.

To sit and dream is the privilege of the old and young alike. As we watch the shadows fall and feel peace come slowly over the land, let us forget our frets and grievances and be still this summer night so we can hear God's voice speaking to us.

Prayer: Dear God, let Thy spirit move in me. Fill my heart with love and sympathy. Give me the strength to make my efforts, my work for Thee and for others, an accomplished fact. Inspire in me a desire always to do my best. Help me to help others to know Thy way. Dear God, this is the prayer I make for each of us, that Thy spirit shine in each heart to bless all humanity. Amen.

Closing: When the meditation is finished have the music of a spiritual such as "Steal Away to Jesus" or "Every Time I Feel the Spirit Movin' In My Heart" come softly from a short distance away. If you have a portable phonograph available place it behind a tree or car. If not, have someone sing or play the tune on an instrument. The effect of music coming from a distance is lovely.

Benediction: Have the group stand in a circle with joined hands and sing a familiar hymn. "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian," is an excellent choice. Close by repeating in unison the benediction your group knows from memory.

Getters generally don't get happiness; givers get it. You simply give to others a bit of yourself—a thoughtful act, a helpful idea, a word of appreciation, a lift over a rough spot, a sense of understanding, a timely suggestion. You take something out of your mind, garnished in kindness out of your heart, and put it in another human being's mind and heart.

Nations have no existence apart from their people. If every person in the world loved peace, every nation would love peace. If all men refused to fight one another, nations could not fight one another.

A SERVICE FOR BESTOWING AN HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Many church groups, organizations and clubs honor outstanding members with a life membership. This meditation is for the purpose of making such a presentation a truly memorable occasion. The setting may be very simple. Five candles placed on a cake or in candle holders on a worship center and one large candle for the leader to use are all the articles needed. Usually an organization pin, a corsage or a gift is presented to the honoree.

MEDITATION

Leader: Through our group work we enjoy the companionship of neighbors and friends. The blessings of these associations are many. It is through Neighborliness, Friendship, Cooperation, Appreciation and Love that any kind of success is possible. These candles are to remind us of the blessings we enjoy through our work together. (Leader lights her candle and hands it to the Spirit of Neighborliness.)

Spirit of Neighborliness: We are told to "Love our neighbor as ourselves." I am the spirit which brings joy in times of sadness and shares in the happy occasions. I am the spirit who comes without selfishness and who expects no reward. The Golden Rule is my guide. My spirit brings the light of neighborliness, and so I light my candle. (Lights candle and hands large candle on to Friendship.)

Spirit of Friendship: I am the Spirit of Friendship. God sends me to be His helper. I cheer you, weep with you, laugh with you. I draw from a deep well of sympathy. I bring inspiration, guidance and a helping hand. I light the candle of friendship, the light which lives in the hearts of us all. (Lights candle and passes large candle to Cooperation.)

Spirit of Cooperation: Without the spirit of cooperation our group could not be and could not long continue. Where one alone can do little, many working together can bring about great things. Cooperation means working towards the goals indicated by the will of the majority. Cooperation keeps us working together and moving forward. I now light the candle of cooperation. (Lights candle and hands large candle to Appreciation.)

Spirit of Appreciation: Appreciation costs nothing and yet it is the perfume of life. I recognize the goodness in others; I tell them. I am grateful for my friends; I let them know how I feel. I know when someone has done a task well; I comment upon it so they will know I care. I recognize the efforts of those who have tried and failed; I encourage them to further effort. My light is greatly needed everywhere. (Lights candle and hands large candle on to Love.)

Spirit of Love: I am the spirit of Love. The Bible tells us to "Love one another." I am the strongest and least used power in the world. I am the bond which holds groups together, that puts meaning in all of life's

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I'm sure that one of our newspaper friends, Mona Kessinger, Associate Editor of the Junction City Republic, Junction City, Kansas, won't object if I share with you something that she wrote not long ago in her weekly column that is titled *Second Helpings*. This struck home to me, and I think it will strike home to you too.

"How many of you happened to see the satellite sailing across the sky Sunday night? We did, right after stepping out of the car upon returning from baccalaureate.

"Actually, it was not seeing the satellite that made us ponder, so much as the reason *why* we got to see it. As the children piled out of the car, our little son exclaimed, "Daddy, why is one star moving across the sky?" And so we looked up and there the satellite was.

"But we would never have seen it had it not been for him. How many of us grownups, these days, take time really to look up at the stars? When we drive into the driveway, we usually are thinking about how fast we can get the brood to bed, or fed, or something. We never get out of the car and stand a few moments looking up at the stars.

"But children do . . . perhaps we should, too."

When I read this I found something crossing my mind that I hadn't thought about for years and years. One time when Russell and I were visiting with Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred Fischer (both of them are now gone), they told us about the Fourth of July when Gretchen was three years old. Uncle Fred had a Ford touring car and as a great treat for Gretchen they decided to let her stay up far past her bedtime and see the big fireworks display down at the old fairgrounds.

It was a tremendous evening—one big shower of colored fireworks after another. Gretchen sat on the highest perch in the car where the top was folded down above the back seat and took it all in from beginning to end. These were the first fireworks she'd ever seen and they figured that it was a very exciting experience.

When they got home they sank down in some chairs out on the front lawn to catch whatever breeze was moving on that hot July night, and all of a sudden Gretchen looked up at the sky and burst out into a torrent of words over the beautiful, beautiful lights! It was the first time she had been outside late enough to see the stars and she went into ecstasies. All through the dazzling display of fireworks down at the fairgrounds she had sat and watched quietly without saying much, but the wonderful stars in the heavens were a thousand times more thrilling.

I never forgot that story. It seemed to me such a perfect summing up a lot of things! We break our necks, so to speak, to see that our children get in on all the excitement and then find that something we take utterly for



This is the dining area in our remodeled house. The square in that wall is a sliding walnut panel that opens into the kitchen. Those six plates are Chinese—my Christmas gift from Russell in 1942. The dining room furniture is made of Oriental holly and walnut, and that table can be extended to seat twelve comfortably. The drapes are an apricot silk. There is a large mirror on the wall, which accounts for the fact that you see two plants.

granted is a thousand times more satisfying. In case you have a small child and it would mean a lot of hullabaloo to get to a fireworks display on the Fourth of July, you might remember Aunt Helen's and Uncle Fred's experience so long, long ago.

In Russell's garden notes this month you will see how drastically his plans were changed in practically a split second. It seemed an ironic time to have such an accident. Goodness knows there is never a convenient time to break one's ankle, but last May, for instance, it wouldn't have made nearly as much difference. That was when we were in the middle of our great remodeling upheaval and the entire garden was buried under small mountains of rubbish.

As matters now stand, he is finally beginning to get around—very slowly. All in all, we're left to hope that Juliana doesn't have a flare up of her Osgood-Schlatter's disease until her Dad is able to get around normally, for *someone* in our family has to do all the legwork that's involved with daily life!

Incidentally, Juliana worked very hard on the decorating committee for their Junior-Senior prom and she says that sometime this summer she will get down to her desk and describe it for the benefit of all the juniors who'll be looking around for a new idea in 1961. Russell and I went down to the Armory to see the decorations when the public was admitted, and we were flabbergasted by the incredible transformation those Juniors had wrought. Instead of our bleak old Armory we found ourselves in a beautiful garden—we could scarcely believe our eyes. And when we looked at the enormous three-tiered birdcage made from scratch we understood why Juliana had spent hours wearing goggles while she welded all the wire together. Between now and next February I'll see that her account of the general theme

and decorations is included in Kitchen-Klatter.

Kristin came down for the big slumber party Juliana had to celebrate the end of school. (Personally, it seemed to me that school went on forever this year since never before had we run up into June.) There were twenty-two girls present and there were times when I thought the roof itself would fly right off. If we weren't such quiet people who live in our neighborhood as quietly as it's possible to live, I would have made the rounds to apologize the following day, but I figured that since we are so quiet all the time no one could object too strenuously to high-spirited young people and their coming and going for a few short hours.

When I returned from Columbia, Mo. I told Russell that we should drive down to Lexington sometime for the sole purpose of photographing that beautiful courthouse at night. He has said that he'd like to make a hobby of photographing courthouses, and I can't imagine a more magnificent one than Lexington can claim. I don't recall that I've ever seen a building more stunningly lighted—I told Russell that he should plan to get a long exposure with color film in an attempt to capture that courthouse the way it looks at night.

It will be a wonderful day for you folks who must travel U. S. 40 in Missouri when that big super-highway is completed across that state. That stretch from Kansas City to Columbia carries terrific traffic and Dorothy drove with the utmost caution—it was a relief to turn off and head up to Marshall where we had our evening meal. I noticed in the Kansas City Star the next day that four people had been killed in an accident outside Boonville on U. S. 40 only a few hours before we covered that stretch. I'm going to rejoice with all of you who

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A HOBO CONVENTION

By

Ruth Corrie Bricker

This party is called a Hobo Convention. The invitations read like this:

HOBO CONVENTION (place)

Be a hobo, come in costume
Vote for King and Queen of the Hobos
Prizes given
(Name of group giving the party.)

If the party is held in the summer it is fun to meet outdoors. A campfire makes a nice center for the activities. Sitting on the ground or on logs and stumps adds fun to the situation. A wiener roast just naturally goes with this setting.

If the party is held inside, make a mock bonfire in the center of the room with a red electric light bulb to resemble a fire burning. Empty boxes, orange crates, nail kegs and planks create atmosphere as well as useful rustic seats.

The secret of a good party is to have something going ALL the time, starting from the moment the first guest arrives. Nothing is more boring than sitting waiting for late comers. If someone has made the effort to be early or on time, see that he is entertained.

Hobos Potluck: As each person enters, give him 10 soup beans. Each time he says "yes" or "no" to anyone he must relinquish a bean to that person. Or, in reverse, if the other person says "yes" or "no" to him, he gets a bean. When everyone is present, count the beans to see who has the most beans and declare him the winner.

Hobos Reminisce: Acquire, without the knowledge of the guests, as many of their baby pictures as possible. Number them and place these pictures around the room or taped to the wall. With paper and pencil to mark the number and name have each guest see how many of the baby pictures he can identify. When the participant comes upon his own photograph unexpectedly the results are often hilarious.

Hobos Go A-Hunting: A hobo party is a perfect situation for a scavenger hunt. Make up a list according to the age of the guests and limitations of location. Divide into groups with a leader for each group. Set a time limit for their return and send them out to find as many of the items on the list as possible within the allotted time. The following list was used very successfully at a young married people's party:

1. A hair from the head of the mayor.
2. A size 12 shoe.
3. A copy of the local newspaper (give date desired.)
4. A 1942 nickel.
5. A chicken feather.
6. A bone hair pin.
7. A 1959 license plate.

Hobo Election: The highlight of the convention is the crowning of the King and Queen of the Hobos. The guests vote for the man and woman they think is wearing the best costume depicting a hobo. Crown the winners



When neighbors live side by side for many years, it's always exciting when grandchildren come to visit. The darling little girl is Kathy Dier of Tucson, Arizona (her grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Alexander) and that's Martin Strom beside her.

with a crown made from a comically decorated paper bag.

Hobos Pack Their Kits: The hobos are going on a trip, so it becomes necessary to pack. Seated in a circle the leader begins by naming something which he is going to take, as, "I am going to take a comb." The next person says, "I am going to take a comb and brush." Each in turn will repeat the previous items and add one of his own until the circle has been completed. If the group is small go around the circle again saying what each will do with the article he had packed in the kit, such as, "I am going to comb my hair with my comb." Each person repeats and adds as before.

Hobos Catch A Freight: Give each person in the circle the name of a city. The leader stands in the center and calls the stations for the freight train. For example; "All hobos going to Chicago, New York and Portland take this freight." The people who have the names of these towns must change seats while the one in the center tries to get one of the seats for himself. Should he succeed, the one who is left must become "It."

Hobos Write Home: Everyone is supplied with pencil and paper. Ten letters are called by the leader and everyone writes them on his slip of paper, leaving some space between, as: A— C— J— P— etc. (Do not use X.) Using these letters as the initials of ten words the hobos write a telegram. Set a time limit. Read the completed telegrams aloud.

Hobos Hit The Road: Select two unsuspecting person for contestants. Obstacles of various sorts—books on end, flower pots, pillows, a chair, etc.—are distributed over the course. The contestants are timed as they walk (not run) this course, zig-zagging in and out among the obstacles around the room. Now they are blindfolded and one at a time required to do the same course while they are timed again. While the others give them words of encouragement and counsel, the obstacles are removed. There will be

some fancy stepping, stimulated by words of advice from the sidelines.

Hobo Prizes: Prizes which will carry out the theme are: packages of dried beans, candy tied in a bandana handkerchief, and a tin cup filled with peanuts.

Hobos Grub: An easy menu for a hobo party is the tried and always welcome wieners, buns, potato chips, beans and coffee or a fruit drink. For serving, place a plank across two saw horses, cover with newspapers for tablecloths, set out tin piepans for plates, smoothly cut tin cans for the beverage, folded newspaper squares for napkins and, if the treasury permits, small wooden forks. Serve the food in the containers in which they came. Big wooden spoons are nice for serving.

Hobos Make Merry: To complete the evening have the hobos relax with singing; folk ballads, old time songs, favorite hymns and lastly "Blest Be the Tie that Binds" or "God Be With You 'Till we meet Again."

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By Frederick

I suppose that the one favorite dish of the whole world is chicken! England may have its roast beef, France may have its frog legs, Italy may have its meat balls, Germany may have its sausage, Egypt may have its lamb, China may have its pork, etc., but every country in the world also has its chicken.

I have eaten baked chicken in Sweden, fried chicken in Switzerland, boiled chicken with dumplings in Greece, chicken with beans and rice in Puerto Rico, and pressed chicken in the Pacific Islands. I thought that I knew of every manner for the preparation of chicken that exists, but I have learned a new one. And this I strongly recommend.

Breast of Chicken Casserole

4 breasts of chicken (boned)
1/2 cup of rice (boiled and rinsed)
1 can mushroom soup
1/2 pint sour cream

4 slices baked or boiled ham
Several thin slices of Swiss cheese

Rub both sides of chicken with butter, salt and flour, and then bake for 45 minutes at 350°. Butter casserole dish and line it with rice. Place ham slices on top of rice. Place the baked chicken on top of the ham slices. Mix the mushroom soup and the sour cream together, beat well, and pour the mixture over the rice, ham and chicken. Now place thin slices of Swiss cheese on top and sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes. Put under a broiler for the last two minutes or so to brown.

This recipe is a very easy one to double or to triple. The first time I ate it was at a private party where there were fifteen present—all men. How those men did go for that chicken! I was impressed, not only by the way it tasted but also by the enthusiastic comments of the other men. It took a bit of coaxing to get the hostess to give me this recipe for she treasured it as a surprise dish.

NICKIE JOINS THE STROM FAMILY

Dear Friends:

It's a great temptation to take my typewriter out to the picnic table to write this letter to you for it is one of the most beautiful days I can ever remember! However, I'm a practical sort and I know full well that I would make no headway should I succumb to that temptation!

In the first place, our picnic table is very, very close to the Double Mock Orange bush and from my desk I see the ever-busy bees buzzing from blossom to blossom. (I'm afraid of bees!) Secondly, all my neighbors seem to be weeding in their gardens and I would be tempted to visit over the typewriter. And the third reason for staying inside is that our new puppy would be whining at the back door to join me in the sunshine and he is so frisky this morning I'm sure he would have to be watched too closely. Yes, it is best that I type right here at my desk this morning, and later in the day I'll join the gardeners, dog watchers and busy little bees. And from the looks of the weeds in the strawberry bed, I'll be as busy as the bees myself!

In an earlier letter to you I mentioned that we were thinking of getting a dog and were undecided as to what breed we wanted. Many of you wrote to us about your own favorites and these were all most interesting letters with much information. We considered all of the breeds you mentioned and then made our choice—a 3-months old Samoyed puppy that we purchased from the John H. Stuhrs in Minden, Iowa. It was a great day for all of us when he arrived for he was even more beautiful than we had expected him to be. Since he is called "the dog that carries in his face and heart the Spirit of Christmas the whole year through," we named him Nicholas and call him Nickie for short. From the first day he responded to his name, and we felt that this was a real mark of intelligence.

Perhaps the best way to describe this unusual dog is to give you the facts that we have gathered from various encyclopedias and dog books.

Samoyedes is the name of a tribe of primitive people found in the remote regions of the ice bound tundra country, the vast treeless plains reaching from the eastern shores of the White Sea in Russia to the Ob and Yenesei Rivers. Here, for countless generations, the people have lived a nomadic life and their Samoyed dogs, even more ancient than the race itself, have been an integral part of the tribe's existence. They serve as shepherds for their reindeer herds, assist in hunting, haul sledges, and guard their homes and possessions.

The Samoyed dog, living for untold ages segregated from any dogs, can claim pure, unbroken lineage, as they are not crossed by any other breed. Human association has mellowed the primitive dog with the result that this dog has come down to us perfectly adapted for life in civilization, being



This is Nickie.

extremely kind and affectionate, as well as very intelligent and with a robust constitution.

It may seem strange to some people that a breed from the far north should be so gentle by nature, and become so attached to human beings. But it is not so remarkable when we consider that Samoyed dogs are domestic in their own land and live in tents with the Samoyede people as their valuable companions. That is why these dogs are so easily trained and can be taught almost anything. The constant companionship with man through the ages has given them an almost uncanny "human understanding." They have a disposition unique in the canine world—something of the happy child-like air of these primitive people. They are always a protector, never a killer.

The Samoyed is not a pampered pet. They were used by explorers on great expeditions. The dogs of necessity were deserted by the explorers amid Antarctic wastes and have proven their ability to exist by themselves. When it was learned around a hundred years ago that they could adapt themselves to more moderate temperatures, great kennels were started in England. The late Queen Mother Alexandria was an ardent fancier of this breed and the descendants of her dogs are found today in many English and American kennels.

As puppies they look like little white teddy bears. The mature dog is perhaps the most beautiful breed in existence—gentle, companionable and an excellent watch dog. They have no doggy odor, are safe with children, yet able to hold their own when forced into a fight. They have an independence born of their unusual intelligence, yet marked with a loyalty to the loved owner, which wins hearts. I might add that the Samoyed has a strong muscular body with legs built for speed. This is certainly noticeable when we have Nickie on a leash, for he tugs like a true sled dog!

From this account, you can understand why we feel our dog is some-

thing special and we are doing our best to train him properly. I mentioned how quickly he learned his name. He also was house-trained in a matter of a few days and can follow a number of commands.

Since he is snow-white, keeping him clean appeared at first to be one of our problems, but Samoyeds require frequent brushing because of their soft, silky undercoat, and these brushings seem to keep them clean. They should not be bathed oftener than every three weeks and it is even better to wait six weeks between baths. I understand that this is true with all dogs. Mrs. Stuhr recommended a good dog-dry-cleaner that could be used between baths and that, with the daily brushings, has kept him snowy white.

At first Nickie didn't like this brushing session, but now he seems to enjoy it and no longer runs to hide under the davenport when he sees us coming with his brush.

I might also mention that the combings (which amount to about two pounds per year) can be spun and woven into cloth. This wool is so desirable because it does not shrink or attract moths. A coat made of Samoyed wool recently sold at a Long Island handcraft exhibition for \$500. This interested Martin right away and he insists upon saving the brushings, although he hasn't learned as yet just where he will sell them.

This picture of Nickie was taken when he was four months old. If any of you are interested in seeing a picture of the mature dog, there is one in the June issue of *Holiday Magazine* in a feature article on unusual breeds of dogs that are expected to become more popular before long.

I expect many of you are making preparations for vacations. As a matter of fact, the Stroms are getting ready for their summer trip and we'll be leaving about the time this magazine goes to press. I mentioned before that we have bought a station wagon and plan to do some of our sleeping in the car. We are buying a large air mattress and a few little odds and ends for camping that you friends have recommended, and the chances are that we'll receive a great deal of advice from Wayne and Abigail when we reach Denver on the first leg of our trip. By that time, they will have had a few camping experiences and can offer some sound suggestions.

At this point, we have not planned a definite route. We are gathering up Abigail's letters about Colorado in back issues of *Kitchen-Klatter* as well as all of the letters you friends have written about camping trips. When we arrive in Denver we will sit down with the Driftmiers and make final decisions. We wish so much that we could take an extra week and go further into the Southwest, but we will save that part of the country for another time. We have a number of very dear friends in Arizona and New Mexico whom we would love to visit so when we make that trip we will want to spend an entire vacation JUST visiting.

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UNEXPECTED COMPANY

By

Mary Alice Rybott

Is there any emergency that calls more upon a woman's poise and self-control than coping with unexpected company . . . company that arrives at mealtime, too? We recently had California friends come at high noon on a muddy Saturday morning. I had spent the morning dressing hens, and Bill had vaccinated calves and cleaned the barn. The boys were mud from top to bottom, and they had carried considerable quantity of that mud into the house and onto the floors.

Yet, in the 10 minutes notice we had, (while they followed our telephone instructions of how to find our farm from Bedford) five folks almost "orbited" around our house. The men folks showered and got into clean clothes. The floors were hastily swept and the furniture given a quick lick. The new spread was put on the bed, the bathroom cleaned. I even managed to get a meal planned and some preliminary preparation made for it.

We had a wonderful visit with the friends we had not seen for five years. They seemed to relish the chicken-fried steak, home-made bread and home-canned peach halves that made up the bulk of the meal I served in the emergency. I sat and trembled a few minutes after they left in the late afternoon. When I recovered a bit, I mused that such unexpected entertaining is easier than knowing for several days or weeks that they would be with us, and preparing ahead for their visit.

It is such a strain to keep a house shining when there are children running in and out, those chickens to dress, garden work and all the household chores that only clutter up the house. Many women are better housekeepers than I; but I find it impossible to accomplish anything else, if I am constantly reminding my family to help me keep the house clean. I am much more likely to have food prepared for emergency meals than I am to have my house ready for such times.

Every woman works a certain routine when she must tidy up in a hurry. If it is my lucky day, I will not be using the oven. Then I pile a lot of the food, fruit jars and pans from the counter tops into that handy oven. If the clothes hamper is not already full, it can shelter a lot of clutter. If the spreads on the beds are floor length, stifle your conscience and shove a few stray items under the bed. Of course, anyone can recognize the fault with this method. For the next week, no one will know where to find things they customarily leave in the middle of their bedroom floor.

In the few minutes that you have to prepare for guests, never make the mistake of trying to be thorough. This is the time for "the lick and the promise." If you grab a dust cloth, try for the tops of the tables, chairs and chests. Don't trifling with chair rungs or chest knobs. Don't waste time sweeping under things. Ignore the dirt



A lot of you folks will have youngsters clamoring for a ride in this set-up while summer vacation is going on! The driver of the bright yellow School Day Peanut Butter car is Chuckie Maxine—he travels to many stores with his dad, Ed Maxine, who really covers the miles representing our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings and Kleaner. Chuckie's passenger is Linda Duncan, the little granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lindamood. Mr. Lindamood works with Ed Maxine and many of you have met him.

that doesn't show. This is an emergency, you know!

The man of the house plays an important role in the scramble. He usually cleans and dresses the children. A speedy husband can rush around and empty ash trays, straighten rugs and draw the curtains over the dirty windows. When the guests arrive, a perceptive husband will know you want him to keep the conversation lively. This device will help keep folks out of the kitchen, where the harried hostess is dredging up a quick meal from the emergency shelf.

Nearly every woman feels the urge to apologize for the muss and clutter of her everyday housekeeping, when she is "caught" not company clean. But don't do it. If the visitors find fault with our home, they aren't friends. I don't believe the state of your house is ever important to your friends.

Visitors at mealtime can be served plain foods that have been prepared quickly and easily. Don't attempt to thaw freezer foods or fill pie shells. Enjoy your guests and try to make the meal a pleasant interlude, not the main event of the visit. So rarely do we see some unexpected callers, that there is not time to catch up on all the visiting we want to do with each other, so don't spend unnecessary time in the kitchen.

In busy times like these, when friends do not see each other often enough, I want to enjoy every visit. It would be fine if I could always greet guests serenely, with the knowledge of a clean house and a well stocked larder. But if folks catch me shelling peas, bare footed and in my shaggiest blue jeans, I still am going to greet them with genuine joy, feed them as best I can, and enjoy every precious minute friends spend in our home.

Reprinted from the Hopkins Journal

We have a little garden
Where we've planted lots of seeds
Already it is full of plants,
But most of them are weeds!

IOWA HAY-DAY

By

Evelyn Birkby

Anyone who has lived on or near a farm has usually had the experience of watching the hay rack bringing the heady, sweet smelling bales of hay to the barn. Perhaps you have at sometime helped with the process of putting up hay. While we do not now have a big field of alfalfa with which to cope, the memory of those many, many hot summer days when we did work together putting up the hay is still fresh in my mind. How well I remember one such hot day in July when we had a real Iowa Hay-Day.

The barn was already hot and steaming by 9 o'clock, and the green bales of hay added the heady aroma of fresh alfalfa to the oppressive quality of the air. As the hay rack came around the corner of the barn with its high swaying load, the task of stripping the field and bringing its contents into the barn seemed endless. The slow, deliberate action of the hay baler clawed the hay into its big maw and spewed it out neatly wrapped into oblong bales. It seemed eternally to clank and clamor and protest its way along the line made by the raked green alfalfa. As we started to unload the rack, we could imagine in our mind's eye the long stretch of bales pushed out from the baler into a haphazard pattern on the hill just beyond our view.

A big thick rope was tied to the back of the tractor, then ran slack and lifeless on the ground to a pulley and into the dark interior of the barn. As I sat on the tractor waiting for the call to start it forward, I could visualize the rope across the loft of the barn and dangling limply out the window, with four claws of the hay fork waiting for a load. Suddenly the rope became alive as the fork clanged down onto the wagon where the men stomped it into the bales. When the yell came, I

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Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family**CAULIFLOWER AND PEAS**

1 medium head of cauliflower
1 box frozen peas
4 Tbls. butter
1 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. paprika
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 cup slivered almonds

Cook the cauliflower and peas separately in boiling salted water until tender. Melt the butter and add the seasonings, lemon juice and toasted almonds. Place the cauliflower on a warm serving plate and surround with the peas. Pour the sauce over the vegetables.

LUCILE'S WONDERFUL RAISIN CAKE

1 cup raisins
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup honey
1 cup shortening (half butter and half vegetable shortening)
3 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 cup warm coffee
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon

The first thing you should do is put the raisins in a colander. Place colander in pan with boiling water in it and steam raisins to plump them.

Cream sugar with the shortening and add the honey. Add the eggs and beat them in well. Add flavorings and coffee. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, salt and cinnamon and add with the raisins to the creamed mixture. Stir well. This will be a stiff batter. Pour into 2 well-greased layer pans and bake at 350 degrees for about 35 to 40 minutes. Use a boiled white icing between the layers and over the cake. Flavor icing with 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.

This is an unusually moist and deliciously flavored cake that improves upon standing.

OZARK HASH-BROWN POTATOES

For the best flavor and texture you MUST use baked potatoes. Peel and grate. Place a large handful of the grated potatoes on a hot buttered grill (or skillet). Salt and pepper to taste. After they are golden brown, turn with a large spatula and let the other side brown. Serve hot with a sprinkle of all-season herb salt.

BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1 1/2 cups shortening
2 eggs
1 tsp. soda
2 Tbls. vinegar
2 tsp. baking powder
4 cups flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream together the sugars and shortening. Beat the eggs and add them. Dissolve the soda in the vinegar. Sift together the dry ingredients. Add the soda and vinegar to the creamed mixture and then stir in the dry ingredients. Add the flavorings. Roll dough in balls and place on a greased cookie sheet. Flatten with a glass dipped in sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. The friend who gave me this recipe has a glass with a pretty shell pattern on the bottom which she uses to flatten the cookies. The finished cookie has a pretty imprint of the shell upon it. This is a large recipe. It is just as good cut in half. These cookies become more crisp as they stand; you may like them even better the second or third day. Our school lunch cook has used this recipe to make cookies for the large group of children for whom she cooks.

APPLESAUCE GELATIN SALAD

2 pkgs. orange flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 cup orange juice
Few drops red food coloring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 #2 can applesauce
1 cup chopped nuts

After you have dissolved the orange gelatin in the boiling water, add the orange juice, red food coloring and the Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. Chill the gelatin until it is cool and starts to congeal; then add the applesauce and nut meats.

This is a salad that our minister's wife prepared for a circle luncheon. Everyone thought it was delicious and I'm sure you will too. Lois says that she prefers pecans in the recipe, but English walnuts would do just as well.

KATIE'S LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

1 pound lima beans
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup catsup

Wash the beans, place in salted water and cook until almost tender. (These were not pre-soaked.) Drain the beans and place them in a casserole. Now combine the brown sugar, the sour cream and the catsup and pour over the beans. Place the casserole in a slow oven, 325 degrees, and cook slowly until the beans are done. This should take at least an hour. A small amount of the bean liquid may be added if beans become too dry.

FROSTED LIME SALAD

1 pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, drained
1 cup cottage cheese
1/2 cup celery, diced
1 Tbls. pimiento, chopped
1/2 cup walnut meats

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in the rest of the ingredients. A bit more water may be added if the cottage cheese is not too moist. Refrigerate until firm and then spread with the following topping.

Topping

1/3 oz. pkg. of cream cheese
1 Tbls. mayonnaise
1 tsp. lemon juice

Bring cream cheese to room temperature, then beat smooth with the mayonnaise and lemon juice. Frost the top of the lime salad. Chill till serving time.

CHICKEN CURRY

1 fryer, cut up and skinned
1/2 cup homogenized shortening
1 cup chopped onion
Curry to taste (1 level Tbls.)
1 can tomato soup
1 can water
Salt to taste

Brown the onion and the curry powder in the shortening which has been melted in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Add the chicken and then the rest of the ingredients. Cover tightly and simmer slowly until the chicken is done, an hour or a little more. Remove the lid and cook down the broth. Serve with cooked rice.

This dish may be placed, covered, in a moderate oven and baked. It takes a bit longer but makes it an exceptionally fine Sunday "cook while you are in church" dish.

The friend who sent this to me got it from a University of Illinois student from India. It is used frequently in their home as the main dish for a company meal.—Evelyn

BEAUTY SALAD

2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
3 cups hot water
2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
16 marshmallows, cut fine
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup nuts
1 pkg. cherry gelatin
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1 1/2 cups hot water

Pour the hot water over the lemon gelatin and stir until dissolved. Stir in the cream cheese, cut into bits, the pineapple, marshmallows, mayonnaise and nuts. Pour this into a 9 by 13 oblong pan and chill until firm. While this is chilling pour the remaining hot water over the cherry gelatin. Stir in the Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and cool to room temperature. Spoon over the firm lemon layer. Chill well. This makes 12 nice servings.

FUDGE SICKLES

3 to 4 Tbls. instant cocoa
2 Tbls. sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
1 egg
Pinch salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine all ingredients and beat with a rotary beater until well blended. Pour into pop sickle forms or into an ice cube tray. Freeze till firm. This is a very nutritious treat for the youngsters.

PICKLED BEETS

2 cups sugar
2 cups vinegar
2 cups water
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. allspice
1 Tbls. cinnamon

Cook the beets until tender. Leave an inch or two of the stem on while boiling to prevent bleeding. When the beets are tender, dip in cold water and slip the skins. Combine all the above ingredients to make the syrup. Whole spices tied in a bag make the clearest, prettiest pickles, but ground spices may be used if necessary and they are just as good to the taste. Bring the syrup to a boil. Slice the larger beets, leave the little ones whole and add to the syrup. Boil for 1 minute, then pack the beets and syrup into hot sterile jars and seal. This recipe makes about 11 pints.

LEANNA'S CHOCOLATE ICE

CREAM DESSERT
(Real party fare!)

2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
1/2 cup butter
2 squares chocolate
2 cups powdered sugar
3 egg yolks, beaten
3 beaten egg whites
1 quart vanilla or peppermint ice cream

Butter a pan 12 x 14 inches and sprinkle 1 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs over the bottom. Melt the butter and chocolate together, then add the beaten egg yolks and powdered sugar and cook slowly a few minutes. Remove from heat and blend in the 3 beaten egg whites very lightly. Spread over the wafer crumbs and cool. Slice 1 quart ice cream and lay evenly over this. Sprinkle remaining wafer crumbs over the top and cover tightly with aluminum foil. Freeze until time to serve. Chopped nuts may be added to the chocolate mixture if desired.

(Personal note: This wonderful dessert of Mother's had our family laughing until we cried because she said right out of the blue, "I think I'll build another layer on it tomorrow—since it's so delicious with just this much it should be a lot better if I work on it and add another layer or two." And sure enough, the very next day she built up two more layers on the leftovers and it was absolutely heavenly.)

FROSTY FILL - UPS

(Excellent summer club refreshments.)

1 pkg. lemon Kool-Aid
1 quart water
2/3 cup sugar
1 can condensed frozen orange juice
3 cans water
1 small can pineapple juice
Orange, lime and pineapple sherbet

In a large glass place a scoop of each of the flavors of sherbet. Combine all the other ingredients and pour enough of this juice over the sherbet to fill the glasses. Serve with both a straw and a spoon. Small servings prepared in paper cups make a happy refreshment for a children's party.

LUNCHEON CHICKEN

1 qt. cubed, stewed chicken
1 qt. chicken broth
4 Tbls. flour
4 Tbls. chicken fat
1 1/2 qts. bread cubes (about 1/2-inch cubes)
3/4 cup butter, melted
1 1/4 tsp. sage
1/4 cup cream
3/4 tsp. salt
Pepper
2 Tbls. finely chopped onion

In a greased casserole, place the chicken in a layer. Make a gravy of the chicken broth, flour and chicken fat. Mix the bread cubes, melted butter, sage, cream, salt, pepper and chopped onion. Place this dressing in a layer over the chicken. Cover with the gravy. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes.

This was the main dish served at a club luncheon at the end of the club year. It was perfectly marvelous and I thought at the time that it would be a good recipe for a church dinner or luncheon. I hope you try it.—Margery

EGG AND POTATO SCRAMBLE

2 slices bacon
4 medium sized potatoes, sliced thin
1 tsp. salt
4 eggs, beaten
1/4 cup milk
Pepper to taste

Fry bacon slices and remove from the frying pan. Fry potatoes in the fat until very lightly browned. Salt. Cover the pan tightly (I sometimes add 1 Tbls. water to make the potatoes more mealy) and cook over very low heat until the potatoes are tender.

Combine the eggs, milk and pepper. Pour over the potatoes in the pan and cook very slowly, stirring occasionally, until eggs are set. Crumble the bacon slices and add just before removing the pan from the heat. Serve immediately.

For variety you might use bits of cooked ham, chipped beef, or any leftover cooked meat. Small cubes of cheese could also be added with the eggs.

With a green vegetable, a pear and cottage cheese salad, and cookies for dessert you will have a tasty, economical meal.—Evelyn

COMPANY PICKLES

10 medium cucumbers
8 cups sugar
2 Tbls. mixed pickling spices
5 tsp. pickling salt
4 cups cider vinegar

Cover the cucumbers with boiling water. Let stand till morning. Repeat three times. On the fifth day, drain and slice the cucumbers into 1/2 inch slices. Combine all the rest of the ingredients, bring to a boil and pour over the cut cucumbers. Let this stand for two days. On the third day pack the pickles into sterile, hot jars. Bring the syrup to a boil and pour over the pickles. Seal.

Do not be afraid of the amount of sugar, 8 cups is correct, and may well be the secret of success for the pickles. They are exceptionally tasty.

SHRIMP DELIGHT

1 1/3 cups packaged pre-cooked rice
3/4 cup finely chopped onions
1/3 cup finely chopped green pepper
2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1 1/2 cups tomato juice
1 cup grated American cheese
2 small cans shrimp
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 Tbls. butter

Prepare rice as directed on the package. Cook onion and pepper in butter until tender. Blend in the flour, then stir in the tomato juice gradually, cooking until thick. Add cheese and stir until melted. Add shrimp, rice and seasonings. Stir well. Pour into greased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Top with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes, or until browned. Serves 8.

NEW AND DELICIOUS SAUCE FOR ASPARAGUS

4 egg yolks
2 Tbls. flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 cup salad vinegar
2 Tbls. butter
1/2 cup commercial salad dressing
Beat the egg yolks well. Combine flour, sugar, salt and dry mustard and add. Stir in the salad vinegar. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick. Add butter. Remove from heat. When cool, combine 1/2 cup of this dressing with 1/2 cup of commercial dressing and beat until smooth.

SUNDAY BEANS

1 can green beans, drained
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 small can mushroom pieces
1/3 roll Hickory Smoked Cheese with bacon (about 1/2 cup grated)
Stir all together in casserole. Top generously with buttered crumbs and bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

MY! WHAT A BUSY MONTH DOROTHY HAS HAD!

Dear Friends:

Here I am back home again to stay for awhile. I put it this way because for the past two weeks I have been doing so much "going and coming" that it has been difficult to settle down and relax, but now I am all ready to get to work on my housecleaning and the many other jobs that are simply crying for my attention.

Before I begin a resume of what I have been doing I will catch you up on farm conditions as they are at this time. Frank has been able to get some corn planted between showers and that corn is up so tall you can actually see the rows. However, we still have a long way to go. When it was too wet for him to go to the field we worked together on the yard getting all the branches and sticks picked up and hauled away. While I raked the yard Frank planted a new hedge along the north side. The tulips we planted last winter in a snow storm all came up and were absolutely beautiful.

My date for addressing the Kitchen-Klatter magazine fell in the middle of the week this month, so I went to Shenandoah on the train and worked in the office a couple of days and then went home for the weekend. Kristin had wanted me to be sure to bring Juliana with me because she was having several couples out to the farm for a picnic on Saturday night. Since two of us were making the trip, Russell suggested that I drive his car and we left as soon as I got through at the office on Friday night.

Frank helped Kristin and Juliana get their picnic area cleaned up on Saturday morning. The girls piled up brush and small logs for the bonfire while Frank pulled in some big logs to put around the fire for them to sit on. I did my Saturday cleaning and baking and got all the food ready while this was going on.

Late in the afternoon Frank had an errand he wanted me to do in town, so Kristin stayed at home to help him with the chores and Juliana and I started to town in Russell's car. About a mile outside of Chariton the car stopped dead in its tracks. I called the mechanic who does all the work on our cars and he came right out. Since I am no mechanic I can't give you a technical analysis of what went wrong—all I know is that every drop of oil had suddenly disappeared and the electric gauge that is supposed to notify the driver of such a dire emergency had failed to function. I had driven the car without any oil, and the painful consequences were that the motor had burned up. This meant that it had to be completely overhauled and we had to leave it in the garage for a week.

Well, the picnic was a big success, and then on Sunday afternoon Juliana and I drove back to Shenandoah in my own car. Needless to say, Lucile and Russell were real surprised to see us arrive in anything but their own car! After they had heard the story they said they were glad that it had



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) and Dorothy. This was taken in Gretchen Harshbarger's yard when they were in Iowa City for the State Mothers Houseparty.

happened so close to Chariton and not on the evening we'd driven up to the farm, for then we would have been stranded on the highway at night.

During the next three days in Shenandoah I finished addressing the magazine. The girls in the Kitchen-Klatter office like to get together once in awhile in the evening for a little sewing bee, so one evening while I was in town Mae Driftmier, who manages the Kitchen-Klatter office, had us all come to her house. Mae had written to me before I came down and told me that she planned to do this, so I had brought along Kristin's new green skirt that Mother had cross-stitched tablecloths and I got myself hem in while we visited. Several of the girls were working on cross-stitched table cloths and I got myself all in a fever wanting to start one. I know I never will because there is no time at my house for "fancy work," but I certainly wish I could.

After the radio broadcast on a Thursday morning Mother, Lucile, Margery and I started out for Columbia, Missouri. (Incidentally, we had to drive Dad's car rather than Russell's car as we had originally planned.) I won't go into detail about the trip because Lucile and Mother will probably mention it in their letters, but I do want to say this—the four of us had a perfectly wonderful time and hope very much that in the future we can plan some more short outings together. It was the first time all four of us had ever been able to get away at the same time, and this experience, coupled with the television program, made for a perfect three days.

We all noticed as we drove south along highway 63 through Missouri that so little farm work had been done in the fields. In fact, I actually believe that section is farther behind than we are. We saw field after field with last year's corn stalks still standing, and the ground looked saturated, with pools of water standing everywhere. Farm wives who visited with

me in Columbia were greatly concerned about the farm crop conditions this year. I certainly hope things have improved since then.

As soon as we got home on Saturday morning I stopped just long enough to have a bite to eat, plus a cup of coffee, and then Juliana and I once again started for Lucas! When we got there the roads were too muddy to make it with the car, so we called Frank and he came to meet us with the tractor. By this time Russell's car was all fixed and ready to go, and after a nice quiet weekend at home we drove back to Shenandoah. I took the train home and here I plan to stay for awhile—I hope.

Kristin had wanted very much to go to Columbia with us but the date of our TV appearance was the same day the Chariton Juniors and Seniors held their banquet and prom. Of course she couldn't miss this big event. I hated to be away but it simply couldn't be helped. My one big worry was that it would rain, and I could just see her traipsing out through the mud with those two beautiful dresses! That's why I told her before I left home that it would be a real smart idea for her to take her dresses, along with everything else she was going to need, in to her Aunt Bernie's house in town while the roads were good and dry.

When I called to talk to Frank before we left for Columbia he said that everything was under control—he had just returned from taking her and her clothes to town, and she had stayed in to get her hair fixed. It did rain on Friday and how thankful she was that everything was in town. Bernie took some pictures of Kristin and her friend, Zelwin Eaton, when they were all ready to leave the house, and I am hoping that at least one of them will be clear enough for a cut so we can share it with you.

I told you in my letter last month that Kristin was going to need two dresses, a formal and a pretty summer cotton. When I first heard this I thought it was the craziest thing I had ever heard about. After all, when I was in high school we had just one dress, a formal, and we wore it to the banquet and also to the prom. In those days every girl went to the prom whether she had a date or not.

Times have changed in the past few years. All of the girls I've heard about today wouldn't dream of going to the prom without a date. This is something that both the parents and the teachers feel badly about—they want the girls to go but they just won't do it. However, these girls will go to the banquet without dates, but then it was discovered that many of them were staying home from the banquet because they didn't want to go to all the expense of a formal just for this one event. All of these complications boiled down to the present situation in which the girls can wear a pretty cotton that they can get some good out of all summer long. This makes sense to me and I was happy to tackle a banquet dress for Kristin.

(Continued on next page)

The dress I made is very plain. It is pale pink with sleeves and a very full skirt. The only trimming is a white cummerbund. Her formal is pale lavender chiffon, ballerina length, and the color is most becoming to Kristin since she has dark brown hair.

Kristin was going to tell you all about their prom theme and decorations in her letter this month, but since she has been too busy to get a letter written she will have to wait until a later date. I would cover some of the details but I am running out of space! Anyway, I didn't get to see it and she can do a much better job of describing the whole thing. I feel that girls who are going to be juniors next year and will have the job of planning their banquet and prom will be interested in all the ideas they can get.

I must close and get back to my Pixie factory for a while before it's time to walk out to the mailbox (in the mud, of course). We've been in mud or snow for so many months that it's almost hard for me to remember what it's like to walk to the mailbox without overshoes!

Until August,

Dorothy

IOWA HAY-DAY—Concluded

let the tractor move forward, and the rope began to fulfill its purpose for being. Pulling, squeaking and tugging, up went the load of hay . . . swish into the barn where it hit the trolley and with a loud metallic noise the bales were released. Down they tumbled into the cavern of the hot airless barn. Lifting, tugging, and pushing, the men stacked the bales in place.

When the rack was empty, the crew climbed aboard, and the tractor began another trip out to the field. The wind unceasingly drove the hot air into our faces, and the sun beat mercilessly without a tree to break its force. Even the straw hats which everyone wore did not deflect enough of the torrid rays for comfort.

As the rack was pulled slowly across the field, the men grasped the heavy bales and by pure brute force pushed and heaved and sweated them onto the rack; then on to the next bale, as the wind blew chaff into our faces, and down our backs to aggravate the heat. The men's faces became black with dirt and grime as the work progressed. Small riverlets of sweat ran along their cheeks. Teeth looked startlingly white as the men smiled and joked through the heavy work. The cool green and the quick upward rush of the growing corn nearby made a mental oasis in the tug and pull and the rumbling of wheels which formed the pattern of the work at hand.

On the way back to the barn with the hay rack swaying under its green, well-packed load, the men stopped and dipped their shirts into the creek. The cold water felt good on their hot sticky backs but by the time we reached the barn, the shirts were dry and their backs hot again. Without a word the fellows left their perches on the

HOW ABOUT SOME GOOD OLD HOMEMADE ICE CREAM?

This is the season for it. And this is the time to let your family know that when you're talking about ice cream you mean ICE CREAM—the kind we used to have before all these conglomerations were put together and given all kinds of names.

There's one sure way to have the kind of ice cream you remember and that's to make it yourself. Stir it up right from scratch. And flavor it with our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. They'll make ALL the difference.

You may be conservative when you start out and stick with just one Flavoring, but for a real treat you should do some experimenting! Even the most faithful calorie counters fall by the wayside when they run into homemade ice cream made with a combination of **Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla** and **Burnt Sugar Flavorings**. (And remember to add some **Kitchen-Klatter Black Walnut Flavoring** for people who crave the taste but can't eat the nuts.)

These are the twelve **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you should be able to find wherever you shop. Be sure to save the cap liners. They'll make it possible for you to get in on wonderful premiums.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| Banana | Coconut |
| Strawberry | Maple |
| Cherry | Burnt Sugar |
| Orange | Black Walnut |
| Lemon | Mint |
| Almond | |
| 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. And if you'll send your grocer's name, we'll get in touch with him.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

hay rack and went to the windmill, with its water so icy and clear. How good it tasted! And what huge quantities were needed to go past parched throats clear down to suffocating toes. One worker took a jar full of the refreshing liquid and dumped it unceremoniously upon the top of his head, grinning happily as the water dripped down from his hair and ran in rivers on his chest.

As the day progressed, the temperature soared, and tired muscles began to protest. It was after seven when the last bale was wearily pulled into the barn, but a deep sense of accomplishment was present, worn out as we were.

In the farm kitchen I looked at the stacks of dishes left from the noon-day dinner and afternoon lunch, then stared in the mirror at my sunreddened nose, new and multitudinous freckles, and hay-filled hair. *No beauty here*; the signs left by a day of haying when the temperature reached 105 were not conducive to cool, collected loveliness.

One more task was demanded of my weary arm muscles—they sent my hand up to pull the chain, and the light went out. O peaceful restful darkness!

RECIPE FOR A BOY

Take a pair of spindleshanks
Dangling from a tree,
A big toe bandaged with a bow,
A turned up dungaree;
Take a mouth that bleeds with jam,
A nose of second skin,
A shock of crew-cut auburn hair,
A corrugated skin.
Take a mind that can encompass
Rockets out of space,
But not a simple thing such as
Hanging clothes in place.
Add a heart of purest gold
With just enough alloy
Of Puck to prove his metal,
And you have—a boy!

—From P.T.A. magazine

PICNIC ON THE FOURTH

Instead of din and banging,
That make you think of wars,
We're going out and celebrate
In the great big out-of-doors.

We're going on a picnic,
Where the woods are cool and green,
And the only crackers that we'll have,
Have got some jam between!

FREDERICK SHARES SOME OF HIS COUNSELING EXPERIENCE WITH US

Dear Friends:

How Time does fly by! I have a little suggestion for you if you find Time hanging heavily on your hands—write five birthday cards to five friends every day of the year. That is what I do.

My secretary told me the other day she had figured out that I write a little more than 1,600 cards a year, and that, my friends, is a lot of birthdays! Is it any wonder that I am always complaining about my pen being out of ink? However, I enjoy it very much. In fact, I doubt if there is any part of my ministerial work that I enjoy more than my card writing. It gives me an opportunity to put into writing thoughts that I would find difficult to express in person.

Tomorrow I am going to a church conference for three days. It will be the first time that I have been away from my church for as much as an entire day this year. Many clergymen are free to take in a conference here or there as it pleases them, but I am tied down by my teaching assignments. Even if I could manage to arrange my church work for a day off now and then, my teaching at the college must go on day after day all through the school year. It is only in the summer months that I can plan to go away.

Some men find that it is very important to their ministry to attend all sorts of meetings, conferences and retreats. I do not. As a matter of fact, I think that I can get more out of reading a good book on the subject than I can by going to any conference to listen to some famous preacher or professor. The thing that I enjoy the most about conferences is the opportunity they afford to meet one's friends—the only chance most of us have to see one another.

Long ago I remarked in one of my letters to you that every age of a child is a difficult age for the parent. I said that originally when my two children were just infants, and now that they are some ten years older, I find it more true than ever.

Last night Mary Leanna had a large group of seventh grade youngsters in for a party. That was one hilarious party from beginning to end! Never have I heard more noise from a group of human beings than I heard last night, and I am sure that our neighbors were quite relieved when at 10:30 we sent them all home. It was wonderful though! What a thrill it must be to have your first teen-age party.

One thing that Betty and I observed last night was the benefit these children receive from proper home training. The parents who were interested enough in the party to call and ask what time they could expect their children home, were the parents of the most considerate and best behaved guests. Any mother or father who is under the impression that his son or daughter doesn't reflect the training



Aunt Martha Eaton and Mother have had many good visits this summer. Both of them always have handwork to pick up when they sit down to "rest"!

he's had at home is simply deceiving himself.

In our own experience we've never run into this, but in talking with many, many parents I'm constantly surprised by hearing about families where no interest whatsoever is taken in the children's whereabouts and activities. Betty and I find it hard to understand how small children of seven or eight could actually come home with a youngster from school and stay for hours without a call from the parents, without any attempt made to find out where the youngster was at 9:00 in the evening.

Our public schools in Springfield will finish the year around June 22nd, and Betty hopes to leave for our summer place at the lake the same day. I won't be able to join them until a little later. We think that the summer vacation will do wonders for David, although he has put on weight these last few weeks and seems pretty well recovered from his months of illness. He will be promoted with his class and this means a lot to him. In fact, we were happily surprised by his last report card since we hadn't expected him to do more than just creak through, but after he got back into the school room he came through with flying colors.

Recently I've spent a great deal of time counseling with men and women who are miserably unhappy in their marriage and have reached the point of discussing divorce. In addition to this, scarcely a day passes that I do not counsel with some parent or teacher about a disturbed child from a broken home. It stacks up to a very painful picture.

After two people have lived together as man and wife, have set up a home, have gone through all the joyous and grievous experiences which are involved in human life, it causes deep agony and anguish of spirit for those two people to separate. There is no question about it—divorce is painful, terribly painful.

And perhaps the worst feature of it

is the fact that it is painful for so many people. It is not just the husband and the wife who are involved. One must also include the severe hurt done to their children, to their parents and to the intimate friends who truly care for them. The men and women who talk with me all seem to feel that they are suffering the most, but I know from years of counseling that their children suffer the greatest pain.

The other day I was talking with two boys who had been giving their teachers a hard time. I learned very quickly that both boys came from broken homes, and their stories were not the least unusual even though you and I would think so when we consider our own childhood homes, and the homes we have established in our adult years.

One boy told me that he had a chance to see his father for a few minutes now and then. The other boy told me that he did not know for sure whether his mother was a widow or a divorcee. I told him that he should ask his mother to make it clear to him whether or not his father was alive or dead, and he said that she had repeatedly refused to tell him anything whatsoever about it.

Can you imagine the anxieties that boy carries in his heart? No wonder he is a problem to his teachers. I am amazed that any boy with such a troubled soul is not more of a problem. He has suffered far more than anyone will ever know, and unless something positive and good can happen to him he will probably strike out at the world in ways that will damage people who were never involved with his childhood tragedy. I have made a resolve to do something to help both of those boys for there is still time to mold their personalities.

The more I talk with people who have made of their marriage a wonderful success, the more I know that the art of getting along with people is a fundamental art which should be practiced in all human relationships. We all need the practice.

There will be days in every marriage when things will be glorious and in perfect harmony. There will also be days when things are bleak and discouraging. This is one reason why so many teen-age marriages fail; the two people involved do not realize that inevitably the wonderfully happy days are counterbalanced by days when the responsibilities of marriage are very burdensome indeed. They are too young. They have not lived long enough to understand that only by sharing the hard times and the good times can an enduring marriage be built.

This is one reason I feel that a home must be based upon Christian character. Without such a character there is nothing to carry two people through the hard times. But with such a character every burden will one day become light, and every fear will one day become a hope.

Sincerely yours,

Fredrick

DREAM A JOURNEY

By

Deleta Landphair

"Let's take a summer cruise to Alaska!"

It would certainly be wonderful to hear those words spoken seriously, but since so few of us can ever go on such a trip, let's plan an imaginary cruise that can be adapted to groups of widely varying age.

Begin your party plans by mailing out invitations so your guests will know that this isn't to be just any old run-of-the-mill club meeting or summer get-together. If you are lucky enough to find colored photographs of spectacular Alaskan scenery (these could be postal cards, illustrations from the National Geographic, Holiday, etc.,), paste one down on each sheet of paper that carries the information as to date, time, etc.

If you are entertaining vigorous young people they will probably be blithely indifferent to a scorching summer day, and in this event you can plan on active games. But if your guests are not loaded with vim and vigor, try and balance the entertainment in such a way that they will be stirred up a trifle—and yet not become lethargic. It's quite a trick to achieve this nice balance.

When everyone has arrived, announce that it is time to board the ship. Passenger lists are always of great interest to those embarking upon a trip, so begin your entertainment with this.

Listing the Passengers

If your crowd is large, divide it into groups of four people each. (A smaller crowd will call for each person working by himself.) Give each group a quantity of alphabet noodles and a tray. They must use the letters to form a list of first names. At the end of four minutes, the group with the longest list wins. If your stores have cellophane tape that is sticky on both sides, place strips of it on the trays. The contestants can use these strips to help keep their completed names in place.

Of course, even a pleasure cruise can encounter rough weather. Everything that isn't tied down slides hither and thither, and even the passengers must exhibit unusual powers of balance to move about the ship.

Stormy Weather Equilibrium Test

Line up the contestants and hand each person a book to balance on her head. The leader of the line must be given directions to follow a pre-arranged route which should include quite a few tests of balance.

Use obstacles such as going up and down stair steps, opening and closing doors, going through a narrow passageway made by pushing furniture together and a chair in which each person must sit down and then get up again. A short detour over the uneven ground of the lawn would put a severe test to the best "book-balanced" contestant. Study your room and furniture arrangement carefully

when you plan your route and you'll be able to contrive many more difficulties for your hapless guests to encounter.

We have come to the end of the first half of our voyage by arriving at Alaska. What shall we see first? Everything seems new and different from the usual tourist attractions.

As someone once remarked, "The unusual is commonplace in Alaska."

This is particularly true of the famed Alaskan sled dog races. They are out of season at the time of our visit but that won't keep us from having our own race!

Alaskan Sled Dog Race

Divide your group into teams of two persons, naming them the dog and the driver. Provide each team with a plastic glass (preferably the 4 oz. size but the 8 oz. size will do), cord, doughnut-shaped cereal, and a spool. Tie one end of the cord just below the center of the glass and secure the spool to the other end. Fill each glass with the cereal and give the driver a toothpick. (Have several extra toothpicks on hand in case someone breaks his in the excitement.)

Line up the participants at the starting line with instructions for them to pull their glasses to the finishing line by using the spool as their handle. If a glass tips over, the driver must scoop up the cereal by using her toothpick as the scoop. Of course, it would be easy to pull a glass across a smooth floor without spilling it, so to make this a real test of skill and speed, provide a few barriers such as magazines, a small rug, etc., over which each team must pull its "sled."

After this kind of activity, some pencil and paper games would be in order for any group! Listing words that can be made out of the letters found in one word is an old standby, but people enjoy it. Set a clock for ten minutes, ask each guest to write down the word "Anchorage" and then tell them to see how many words they can think of that use only these letters.

Another old standby that people enjoy is a version of a game called: "I'm Going To—" and then each person in turn adds something to the original phrase. In this case, the first person would start by announcing: "I'm going to Fairbanks this summer and while I'm gone I expect to buy some carved ivory." The next person will repeat the same phrase and then add what he expects to buy. When a few people have added their own prospective purchases it becomes quite a feat to keep them all in mind. Eventually the point will be reached where someone cannot list all of the things that people expect to buy.

Gold Rush

Divide the crowd into two groups. Announce that each group has only ten minutes to pack a cardboard carton and board the ship. Provide two big cardboard cartons in separate rooms, at opposite ends of the porch or spaced far apart on the lawn. Beside each carton have a collection of

(Continued on next page)

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returned—plus big Free Album of
Personalized cards, 2 big Order
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over 300 items. Write now.

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, North Abington 730, Mass.

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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Occupation _____ Age _____

DREAM A JOURNEY—Concluded

things that must be packed. This collection can include such items as books used in *Stormy Weather Test*, bulky clothing, overshoes, canned goods and, for extra activity, piles of kitchen matches to be put back into the original boxes, rice to be picked up and put into a sack, etc. You will think of other things to add to the collection, but be sure both collections are equally difficult to pack into the cardboard carton. When time is up, blow a whistle and shout: "Off to the Gold Rush!" Pass out lifesavers to members of the winning team.

Observation Test

Seat your guests in two rows, back to back. Give each person a paper and pencil. Without turning around, each person must write down the description of the attire of the person directly behind him. Surely the person who is observant enough to be able to complete a list right down to minor details such as earrings or a wristwatch deserves a prize.

Refreshments

It's obvious that the perfect refreshment for this party would be "baked Alaska" but if you don't feel up to tackling it, concentrate on serving snowballs made by rolling balls of vanilla ice cream in coconut. A white cake covered with snowy white icing and coconut would also be appropriate—and cool looking.

If you can manage it, a choice of cold drinks will be fun if you ask each guest if he wishes to have a Mt. McKinley, a Seward's Folly or a Nome. Not until the glasses are brought in will they know if they have ordered fruit punch (Mt. McKinley), iced tea (Seward's Folly) or Nome (commercial soft drink). Probably there will be some trading! But if no one knows what the words mean, it will make for a lot of fun.

In a kindergarten class flags were shown. "What flag is this?" asked the instructor.

"This is the flag of my country," answered a bright little youngster.

"And what is the name of your country?" was the next question.

"'Tis of Thee," came the prompt reply.

WOULDN'T it be awful—
To be a potato and have your eyes
full of dirt?
To be a cornstalk and have your ears
pulled by the farmer?
To be a field of grain and be
thrashed?
To be an orange and have your skin
peeled off?
To be some toothpaste and get
squeezed into a ribbon?

The greatest test of the people in America and the world is not to learn to live, but how to live together

A man's country is not a certain area of land—it is a principle, and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

—George W. Curtis



Juliana fixed many a beautiful bouquet of tulips this spring. (That cut glass vase is more than 50 years old.)

AN IDEA YOU MAY WANT TO TRY

"Like most people whose children are grown and gone, I find it hard to cook for just the two of us. Trying out new recipes has always been such a pleasure for me—I just love to cook and yet there wasn't any sense in fixing things we had to eat for a week unless they were to be thrown out.

"One day at Circle meeting I was discussing this with two old friends who said they were in the same position, so we worked out something that has really been interesting and pleasant. We agree in advance what kind of a dish we are going to try. For instance, one week I will fix a dessert of some kind for supper on Friday, and the other two will fix a salad, a meat, a vegetable, a bread—just whatever appeals to them. But we know in advance what type of thing it will be so we can have an idea of what else to prepare for the meal.

"If it works out that we can get together and eat our meal we enjoy it a great deal. But if circumstances don't permit this, we just see that a portion of the dish is taken to the other two people by supper time.

"This may sound like a very small pleasure, but believe me, all three of us have taken a lot more interest in cooking and now enjoy studying recipes that we had to pass up before. Many of your Kitchen-Klatter recipes have been enjoyed a great deal, I might add. For women who like to cook and don't want to lose their knack for it, I surely recommend what my friends and I have done."—Kansas

Did you ever play in the new-mown hay,
Or run through the oats on a summer day?

Did you ever wade in a silvery creek
Or ride a plow horse, old and sleek?
Did you ever gather the thistle down
Or have you always lived in town?

—Carlita Pederson

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP—**Concluded**

values. I can heal the deepest wounds, cheer the dreariest day and bring light into the darkness. Love is present here today, shining out from your hearts. Love is the only truly bright light shining out in a dark world. I light the candle of love. (Lights candle and hands large candle back to leader.)

Leader: Today, with our candles sending out neighborliness, cooperation, appreciation, friendship and love we want to honor a friend and neighbor and fellow worker, Mrs. _____ It is the wish of the membership of this group to confer on her the honorary Life Membership of this organization. With love and appreciation we present to you this (pin, corsage, or gift.)

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

I promised Martin that today I would get the heavy lining to sew into his sleeping bag. He received his sleeping bag for his birthday a couple of years ago and the lining has slipped around somewhat and doesn't give him the protection that he will need on this trip. Mother said that it could be corrected with a little more "stuffing" added here and there and has offered to do the job for me. Since Emily and Alison have new sleeping bags the children plan to do some sleeping out in the back yard while we are in Denver. When we are on the road, Martin will sleep in the car with us, but he is certainly anticipating those nights out in Denver!

Martin, as usual, has joined the summer band classes. He will have to miss out on a few sessions because of our trip, but we will return in time for the last (and most important) rehearsals before the final summer concert. We feel very fortunate that this band program can be carried on through the summer months.

The clock indicates that I will have time to dash down town to buy the material to line Martin's sleeping bag before I pick up Oliver for lunch, so if Mother hasn't planned what she will do this afternoon, she has a job lined up for her.

Sincerely,

Margery

HOME

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.
A place where the small are great, and the great are small.
The father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise.
The place where we grumble the most and are treated the best.
The center of our affection, 'round which our heart's best wishes twine.
The place where our stomachs get three meals a day, and our hearts, a thousand.

The world is full of willing people: some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD DESSERT

Would you like to know how I named this dessert? My very good friend, Mrs. George Haws, served it for club refreshments late this spring and around the room I heard the comment more than once, "Oh, Ida, this is simply out of this world!"

I decided then and there that I would give it this new name, for in my estimation it describes how delicious the dessert really is. (Incidentally, this amount will serve 18 to 20.)

There are two parts to the recipe and a simple topping.

Cake Part

6 egg whites
1 cup powdered sugar
4 egg yolks
2/3 cup flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. baking powder

Beat the egg whites until soft peaks form and then continue beating, adding the powdered sugar gradually.

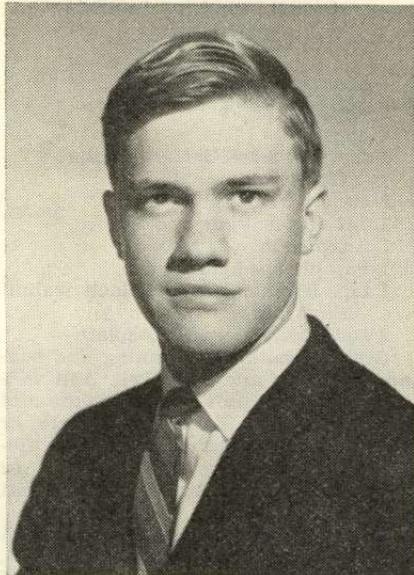
Beat the egg yolks, add the vanilla, and the flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Gently combine the two mixtures and spread into two lightly greased pans: one pan should be about 9 x 13; put the remaining mixture in a smaller pan. You can easily judge the size pans you will need as you figure the size you will cut the desserts. The original recipe called for the batter to be spread quite thin, but Ida says that it doesn't have to be *real* thin. Bake at 325 degrees for about 15 to 20 minutes, depending upon how thick you spread the batter. In other words, when it is spongy to touch, it is done.

Filling

1 lb. macaroons (You can use home-made macaroons or buy the commercial ones which are about the size of little vanilla wafers.)
1/2 lb. blanched almonds, broken and toasted slightly in the oven
1/2 lb. butter
1 lb. powdered sugar
6 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter and powdered sugar. Add the egg yolks and beat well. Crush the macaroons (I put them in a sack and crush with a rolling pin!) and add them with the nuts and vanilla to the creamed mixture. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold in. Spread this over the cool baked cake part and let stand, refrigerated, over night. Grate one package of German Sweet Chocolate over the top and let stand a while longer in the refrigerator before cutting into squares and serving. (For those who are not counting calories, you might pass a bowl of whipped cream for an extra touch.) —Margery

Architects cover their mistakes with ivy, doctors with sod, and brides with mayonnaise.



In 1943 we printed the first picture of Elliott Chapin when he was about six weeks old. This is his senior graduation picture—how the years have flown! In September he will enter Princeton—not a great distance from his home at Glen Gardner, N. J.

CONSIDER

Is anybody happier
Because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember
That you spoke to him today?
This day is almost over
And its toiling time is through,
Is there anyone to utter now
A friendly word for you?

Can you say tonight in passing
With the day that slipped so fast
That you helped a single person
Of the many whom you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing
Over what you did or said,
Does one whose hopes were fading
Now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or lose it?
Was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness
Or a scar of discontent?

WHICH ARE YOU?

A lot of Christians are like wheelbarrows —
Not good unless pushed.
Some are like Canoes —
They need to be paddled.
Some like kites —
If you don't keep a string on
them they fly away.
Some are like balloons —
Full of wind and ready to blow
up.
Some are like trailers —
They have to be pulled.
Some are like footballs —
You can't tell which way they
will bounce.
Some are like a good watch —
Open face, pure gold, quietly busy
and full of good works.

No one can give faith unless he has
faith. It is the persuaded who
persuade.

HOUSEWIVES ATTENTION

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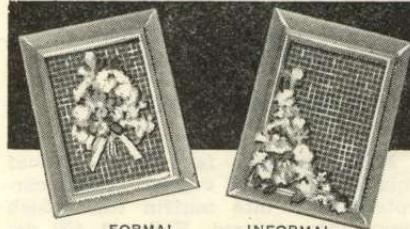
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MORE OF OUR FAVORITE RECIPES

ORANGE SHERBERT SALAD

1 pkg. orange gelatine
1 can mandarin oranges
1 pint orange sherbet
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 or 2 bananas, sliced

Drain oranges and put juice in measuring cup. Add enough water to make 1 cup of liquid. Bring to a boil and dissolve gelatine. Stir in orange sherbet and orange flavoring. Refrigerate until it starts to congeal — this won't take long because the sherbet chills the gelatine quickly. Fold in oranges and bananas. Return to the refrigerator until firm.

This is delicious served with a dressing made by combining 1 part mayonnaise to 2 parts of whipped cream. Serve on lettuce and garnish with slices of mandarin oranges.

CORN-CARROT DISH

2 1/2 cups whole kernel corn
2 medium-sized carrots, sliced
1/4 cup water
2 to 3 Tbls. butter
Green pepper rings

Combine corn, carrots, and water in heavy saucepan over medium heat. Cover; bring to boiling point. Reduce heat; cook about 5 minutes, or until carrots are tender, stirring once or twice. Add butter, stirring lightly until butter melts. Place in serving dish. Garnish with green pepper rings.

BABY MEAT LOAVES

Make up your favorite meat loaf mixture adding 1 cup of grated carrots. Spoon into muffin tins which have been greased. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. (You can use a slower oven for a slightly longer time if you wish to bake some other dish at the same time.) This is very good with baked potatoes, spinach and a tossed salad.

CHEESY BEANS AND ONIONS

Here is another elegant vegetable casserole that will bring raves from your family and friends.

2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste
3/4 cup shredded sharp cheese
2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
1 can (16 ounces) green beans, drained
1 cup tiny white onions, cooked and drained
Buttered bread crumbs

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Remove from heat and add cheese and pimiento. Lightly mix in the beans and onions. Pour into a buttered 1 1/2 quart casserole. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

SCRUMPTIOUS MARBLE BROWNIES

1 cup margarine or butter
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups sifted CAKE flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup chopped nuts or
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add vanilla. Sift together dry ingredients and add. Then stir in chopped nuts or the Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring if nuts are not available or someone in the family cannot eat them.

Take half of this batter and put it in dabs in a greased pan about 10 x 14. To the remaining batter add melted chocolate and drop it between the white dabs. Smooth carefully. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes.

NOTE: No liquid in this recipe. These brownies are simply delicious — very good plain but even a little better with a chocolate frosting. Cake flour produces a much better result in this recipe rather than all-purpose flour.

RAISIN COCONUT TORTE

1/2 cup raisins
4 egg whites
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup sugar
1 cup graham cracker crumbs
1/2 cup flaked coconut
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Rinse and drain the raisins thoroughly. Chop lightly. Beat egg whites until barely stiff, add salt. Gradually mix in sugar and continue beating until it stands in peaks but is not dry. Add vanilla. Fold in the graham cracker crumbs, coconut and raisins. Turn into a 9-inch layer cake pan with a removable bottom. (If you do not have such a pan, use a circle of heavy foil cut to fit the bottom of the pan.) Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 30 minutes. Cool, cut into 8 wedges and serve with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD

16 large marshmallows
2 Tbls. strawberry juice
1 cup crushed strawberries
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
1/2 cup drained pineapple
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1/2 cup salad dressing
1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

Melt marshmallows with the strawberry juice. Cool. Add berries and pineapple. (I usually use crushed pineapple.) Blend cream cheese (room temperature) with the salad dressing. Then blend the cheese mixture with the whipped cream. Combine all, pour into a refrigerator tray and freeze. With our nice bed of ever-bearing strawberries, I use this recipe frequently all summer long.—Margery

RECIPE FROM ABIGAIL

In my letter this month I write about a Colorado town which preserves vividly the Victorian Era. One of the classic summer desserts of this by-gone day is rarely encountered today and I can't imagine why because it is delicious and very simple to do.

I refer to a slice of angel food cake topped first with a generous amount of thin custard sauce, then with several spoons of slightly crushed fresh strawberries, and lastly by a dollop of whipped cream on which nestles one perfect whole strawberry. Now doesn't that recall to you memories of happy family gatherings with your grandmother's wonderful cooking?

The custard sauce should be made well in advance so that it is thoroughly chilled at the time of serving. I don't use a mix for the custard but I do for the angel food cake. (Just be mighty sure to add the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and almond flavoring so the cake will taste like something.) About 2 hours before serving, the fresh strawberries are washed, mashed slightly and sugar added. Reserve one whole strawberry per serving for garnish. When it comes to whipped cream I want the genuine article and none of this stuff out of a can for me, please! Add a tablespoon or two of powdered sugar and a teaspoon of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring to the whipped cream.

Now, for the benefit of those who have never made custard in the original, put the package mix back in the cupboard and see how easy this is.

2 eggs, slightly beaten
3/8 cup sugar
Dash of salt
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine eggs, sugar and salt in top part of double boiler, stir in milk and place over boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Remove, add vanilla and chill. Yields 1 1/2 cups sauce.

MUSHROOM MEAT BALLS

1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup water
1 lb. hamburger
1/2 cup dry fine bread crumbs
1 Tbls. fresh parsley or 1 tsp. parsley flakes
2 Tbls. minced onion, or 1 tsp. dry minced onion flakes
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/4 tsp. salt

Blend the water into the mushroom soup. Measure 1/4 cup into a bowl. Add to it the hamburger, bread crumbs, parsley, onion, beaten egg and salt. Shape into balls about 1 1/2 inch in diameter. Brown in about 2 Tbls. shortening in a large skillet. (An electric skillet is ideal.) Add the remaining soup mixture, cover and simmer over low heat for 15 minutes. Stir occasionally.

(These are very easy to prepare and without a doubt, about the best meatballs I have ever eaten.—Margery)

COVER PICTURE

"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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ELASTIC STOCKING WEARERS for good news write Goff's, 1849 Morrison, Madison, Wisconsin.

REDUCE 3 POUNDS WEEKLY—no drugs, exercising dieting, formula \$1.00. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

MAKE BEAUTIFUL RUGS on barrel hoops, 35¢. Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colorado.

ATTRACTIVE—14½" metallic wheat-pineapple doily, \$1.85. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton, Ohio.

APRONS—print kitchen and cobbler, \$1.00. Ad good any time. Mrs. Will Patten, Rt. 1, Cherokee, Iowa.

TWO VIOLINS IN GOOD REPAIR—one Stradivarius model, 120 years old. Anna Leffler, Audubon, Iowa.

LOVELY—24" pineapple doily, \$3.50; 23" TV rose doily, \$3.00; 23" T V flower like doily, \$2.50; crocheted lady skirt pillow slips 42"—\$5.00; beautiful crocheted baskets, \$3.00; 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

BIRTHDAY CARDS—21 for \$1.00; Lady's half plump aprons, \$1.35; surprise package for ladies, \$1.25; manicure set for purse, \$1.50. Bear, 2118 Burt Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

200 VARIETIES IRIS. Write for list. Mary Hoback, Avoca, Nebraska.

APRONS—tatting trimmed. Crocheting, tatting edges. Mamie Hammond, Shelbyville, Missouri.

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

ATTRACTIVE—7 rose doily 18" — \$1.00. Vadyne Allen, Box 654, Kirksville, Missouri.

LOVELY NYLONS—imperfect—home, shopping wear, 6 pairs \$1.10 prepaid. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

BEAUTIFUL gingham cross-stitched aprons, various colors, \$2.50 each. Postpaid. Mrs. Carl Hollrah, Charter Oak, Iowa.

APRONS—full, \$1.00; half, 80¢; cobblers, \$1.50. J. Daniels, 417 Grattan Street, Topeka, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL White Samoyed Puppies. Like Martin Strom's. John H. Stuhr, Box 114, Minden, Iowa.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH—A book of creations to meet the needs of hobbyist and bazaar leaders. Instructions, patterns and snap-shots, \$1.00. W. C. Gustin, 2906 Lyon Street, Des Moines 17, Iowa.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

that will be money well spent. The building both inside and outside is virtually unchanged from the day Dupuy died in 1900. The intervening owners reverently preserved everything possible in its original place almost as a memorial to this unusual man.

Freighter wagons hauled in the imported statuary, engravings, furnishings and the exotic foods and wines which made this establishment well known to the gourmet. Louis Dupuy was a man of great intellect and his personal library of more than 3,000 books is impressive. His knowledge of the importance of food preparation and diet to good health was far advanced and he has been called the father of domestic science.

Just south of town on U. S. 6 you can see a few evidences of the famous Georgetown Loop. Once known as the eighth wonder of the world, this now abandoned narrow gauge railroad rose 600 feet in elevation in a mile and a quarter. The highest trestle rose 300 feet above Clear Creek. Although built to haul ore, it carried 20,000 passengers each summer on its famous excursion trips.

I do hope this introduction to Georgetown will provide you with an enjoyable stop some day. Of all the Colorado towns we have visited thus far, it is our favorite. Perhaps you too will feel the magic of its Victorian charm.

Always sincerely,
Abigail

GIVING AND FORGIVING

What makes life worth the living
Is our giving and forgiving;
Giving tiny bits of kindness
That will leave a joy behind us,
And forgiving bitter trifles
That the right word often stifles,
For the little things are bigger
Than we often stop to figure.
What makes life worth the living
Is our giving and forgiving.

Those of you who have ridden the ski lift at Jackson, Wyoming will recognize this at once. The soaring mountains are the Tetons, and the little town nestled at their feet is Jackson.

Probably people who live in Jackson and call it their home town are not perpetually astonished by its location, but to those of us who live far from mountains it is a town to regard with sheer wonder.

As far as I know, the Tetons are unique in this respect if in no other: they rise abruptly from a breathtakingly beautiful valley without preliminary foothills of any kind. When you approach them from the South your highway makes a curve and THERE! are the mountains—great soaring mountains with dazzling white snow-covered peaks and all of them rising straight up from a meadow so beautiful it looks like the Pastures of Heaven. Russell and I have seen many mountains, but none of them compare to the unexpected grandeur of the Tetons.

(It might interest you to know that Crystal Springs Ranch where Juliana will spend a few weeks this summer is in the mountains just beyond the small ridge above the town of Jackson—at the left as you look at the picture.)

Jackson has many tourists during the summer months, but somehow we felt that it wasn't "rigged up" for tourists. Those old buildings that looked like a scene from "Gunsmoke" were still in use, and the wooden sidewalks were laid for the natives, not for tourists. We saw many houses made of logs and they didn't strike us as "summer homes." In short, there's a strong feeling of the genuine pioneer West in Jackson and we hope many of you will have a chance to go there.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

must use that road frequently when the new highway is done.

(I'm mindful that such highways mean severe dislocation and loss to many people, so I must add this after stating that I will rejoice when the new road is completed. We are in a period of such tremendous change that I can't begin to keep up with all the complications involved. I just hope that somehow all of this change will bring us greater gratification as a nation, and I don't use the word "gratification" to describe material gain.)

Juliana has just telephoned me here at the office and asked what she and Kristin should start for supper, so I'm suddenly aware that the afternoon is almost over and I must be heading home. How wonderful it is to have two happy seventeen year old girls in the house! I wish that in some magic way this summer could stretch on and on.

So now it's home for me . . . and next month I'll be writing to you again.

Faithfully yours,

P. neile

HAVE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO TRY OUR KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER?

We hope so—and for more good reasons than you could shake a stick at!

Thousands and thousands of women have actually taken time to sit down and tell us how happy they are to get ahold of a new all-purpose cleaner that does a lot more than we've ever claimed it would do!

Here are samples of what we read every day.

"When I wiped up my linoleum in the kitchen I discovered a pale pink line in the design that I hadn't noticed since it was first laid—and I'm a good housekeeper." Topeka, Kans.

"My white clothes are by far the whitest they've ever been and my colored clothes look bright and clear." Moberly, Mo.

"We don't have time to fight useless froth and foam—thanks a million for a product without it." Mountain Lake, Minn.

"I've tried every single product that's on the market today and all of them put together can't begin to compare to your Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner." Ogden, Ia.

"What a relief to give up the rubber gloves I've had to wear! Your Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is the only product I've ever had that doesn't burn my hands." Lincoln, Nebr.

"My house simply sparkles. We'll never be without a good supply of Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner." Waterloo, Ia.

"You don't say half enough about the wonderful job your Kleaner does on work clothes caked with oil, and jeans that are stiff with mud!" West Point, Nebr.



Well, these few samples give you an idea. And to all of you who have pleaded: "Please don't change it in any way" we can say: "Indeed we won't. It's so good because it has extremely expensive chemicals in it—and we're keeping it this way."

Your grocer can get it. Ask him to stock a good supply.

And remember to save every single box top from Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner so you can get in on the wonderful premiums we have lined up. Don't miss out on a one if you want real bargains.

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.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

had been word from them. As I said, they were in Shenandoah and had spent the evening with him, but were planning to stay until I got home on Saturday morning. (They had been in Columbia just the night before I was there.) As soon as I knew I'd get to see them I could really relax and enjoy myself.

We didn't expect to see anyone at the TV station on Friday afternoon, but to our surprise there were quite a few people waiting to see us. Many of them had brought cookies and these were placed on a buffet table Esther had arranged in the studio.

It would have been a pleasure to stay and visit for a long time with you good friends who had driven to the TV station, but now that I've told you about our California friends who were waiting to see me you can understand why we felt we should get at least partway home as soon as possible.

We drove west on U.S. 40 and then circled around a number of highways to spend the night at Excelsior Springs. We were up and getting dressed before 5:00 the next morning, and just a little after 9:00 we were back in Shenandoah and Olive and Charley were at our house waiting for me.

We had a wonderful visit for they rearranged all their plans to stay through Saturday, spend the night, and then start back to California on Sunday morning. Shenandoah had never looked more beautiful with all the peonies and iris in full bloom and we took them around the countryside to show them everything.

Taking it all together, that was an unusual three days and one that gave me many memories to enjoy.

As you will notice on page 2, we expect to begin bringing our Kitchen-Klatter visit to you over radio station KWPC in Muscatine, Iowa on Friday, July 1st at 10:30. We've wanted to move over into the Mississippi river section for a long time and I'm hopeful that we can make many new friends all through there. Summer is a busy time for letters, but if you can send me even a card it will mean a lot.

Mart and I haven't made any plans for a trip. We must have one of the children go with us and they're not retired as we are but are busy working people who can't just up and leave whenever they feel like it. Maybe by next month we will have figured out plans that can work out all the way around.

I see that I've used quite a bit of room, so I must stop now and go to the kitchen to help Martha pick over strawberries. If Donald telephones with news about the baby before this has to go on the big press, we'll tuck it in. If you don't find anything about it you'll know that a lot of babies don't meet the doctor's date, and that this is one of them.

Sincerely yours,

Leanna