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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

The air is filled with spring sounds—the calls of birds, the buzzing of bees, and the ever-familiar spring sounds of roller skates and jumping ropes as the little children pass our house on their way to school.

I'm afraid I wait rather impatiently for my flowers. The garden is planned so that there is continuous bloom from the first of spring until late fall. Perhaps the prettiest sight to me is Julian's flowering crab tree in full bloom in the back of the garden. Underneath the spreading branches is a carpet of bluebells which came from the old Field farm home where I was born. I remember Mother telling us how she brought the bluebell seed to Iowa when she came as a bride. Although I keep my eyes glued for the first bloom of all of my flowers, I'm particularly excited when the bluebells make their appearance.

This is the second time we have greeted spring in 1961, for before we left California the fruit trees were in bloom and gardens had burst into flower. My niece, Mary Lombard, brought bouquets of long-stemmed, fragrant, purple violets and narcissus whenever she came to call.

Relatives and friends in and around Redlands would not believe that we were really thinking of leaving just when their most beautiful days were arriving, but when we once started talking about heading back to Iowa, Mart couldn't wait to set the date for our departure.

Things were rather busy those last few days and we were sorry not to see a number of old friends before we left, but we can look forward to another trip next year. Before we left, a group of the guests in the hotel planned a picnic for us. We made a real caravan as we left the hotel and drove to our picnic site in the park. It was a beautiful day to be out-of-doors and we had a grand time.

There are some very nice stores in Redlands where I was able to buy such pretty materials for skirts for Julian and Kristin. One of the last things I did before we left was to pick out some pretty prints to make some aprons.

When Dorothy wrote that she had lined up her work so that she could help her father with the driving on our return trip, we phoned her that we

could start any time, but wanted to make a brief visit with our good friend Edith Hansen and her son Don in Phoenix enroute. It was arranged that Dorothy would meet us there.

Mart and I left Redlands about 10:00 in the morning for we planned to drive only the short distance to Blythe, California that day. The next morning we drove on into Phoenix. I had written Edith that we wouldn't stop unless she promised us that she wouldn't go to any extra trouble and would let us eat in the kitchen like "home folks". This we did with the exception of the evening Dorothy was there when we had broiled steaks in the back yard.

There are many lovely drives one can take in Phoenix. We particularly enjoyed the one we took to see the Japanese Commercial Gardens where acres and acres of flowers were in bloom. I understand these are shipped all over the country.

One morning Edith had a coffee so that I could meet her friends and neighbors. Quite a few of them were from the Midwest so we had a great time visiting. I will have to say, though, that they seemed sold on Arizona climate and had a ready sales talk on Phoenix!

One afternoon Clark Morrison and his family came to see us. Clark is a brother of our son Wayne's wife, Abigail. We tried to get some pictures to bring home to show the rest of the family but the children were wiggly and shy in front of so many strangers and the results weren't as good as we had hoped for. However, everyone was glad to see what we did get and to see the family looking so well.

Our trip home from Phoenix was very pleasant—wonderful roads and delightful weather until we were almost home. Mart had told the children that we would be arriving between 4:00 and 5:00 on Sunday afternoon, and believe it or not, we pulled into our back yard at exactly 4:30! Margery called from our back door that dinner was ready. She had complete confidence in her father's estimated time of arrival! Oliver helped carry in the luggage, Martin pushed my wheel chair up the ramp of the front porch and we were *home!* The rest of the family came in the evening and we had a grand visit.

It was a big job getting settled

again after being away for several months—laundry to do, clothes to sort, groceries to order and the accumulated mail to look over. There are so many things that require immediate attention before you feel your house is in order and you can once again fall into your normal routine.

We arrived home a short time before my sister Jessie Shambaugh, who had spent the winter months in San Mateo, California with her daughter Ruth Watkins, Bob, and their five children. We had hoped to get together in California, but time slipped by quickly for all of us and we never were able to manage it.

Jessie and Catherine Young of Clarendon, who also spent the winter there, arrived by plane. They took a jet from San Francisco to Denver where they transferred to a regular airliner for Omaha where we met them. They had a delightful trip, but like us, were glad to be getting back home again.

These are going to be busy days for me for I'm just now getting the spring housecleaning lined up. We have a little redecorating to do so I'm trying to coordinate my cleaning schedule with the painter and paperhanger. An advantage to getting a late start on the cleaning is that the house can be opened up. Like many of you, the outdoors is beckoning too, for I like to spend as much time in the yard as possible.

I've always been glad that my birthday falls in the spring of the year for just as the earth comes to life again, I start another year too. With all of the newness about me I just *can't* feel old! This reminds me of a verse about age.

Age is a quality of mind.
If you have left your dreams behind,
If love is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead—
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly—
You are not old.

Sincerely,

A PRAYER FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Almighty God, Thou has watched over us and given us Mothers in whose tender care we have received the blessings of kindness and cheer. We ask that You look over them as they have looked over us, with care, hope and affection.

We ask that You look with compassion upon the mothers who are here with us today, and for those mothers whose presence here has been denied us we offer a special prayer. The honor which we pay to our mothers living is no greater and no less than the tributes which we hold in our hearts for those mothers who have departed from this earth and left behind memories which will never grow dull.

Amen

DOROTHY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HER TRIP TO PHOENIX

Dear Friends:

In my letter to you last month I said that there was a possibility of my going to Phoenix to help Dad with the driving when the folks returned from their winter in California. This became a reality and I had a very pleasant little vacation.

When the folks first wrote and asked if it would be possible for me to get away for a few days, I immediately answered that it would, then started investigating the quickest and best way for me to get to Phoenix. Chariton is on the main line of the Rock Island railroad and I assumed that I would take this train to Kansas City where I would then have to transfer to the Santa Fe or Southern Pacific. It was a happy surprise when the station agent informed me that I could get on the train in Chariton in the evening and stay in the same car until arrival in Phoenix the next night. This was accomplished by the switching of my car onto the Golden State Limited, a Southern Pacific train running from Chicago to Los Angeles.

My seatmate was Nellie Jacobson, a former telephone operator from Minneapolis, Minnesota, who was on her way to visit friends in Los Angeles. We enjoyed visiting together and good conversation always helps time pass more swiftly. The train made only three stops, but these were long enough to permit passengers to get off for a brief walk on the station platform. During this time more cars were added to our train and the three times we got off, we never did see both ends of it!

When the train pulled into Phoenix at 12:30 A. M., I saw Dad and Don Hansen on the platform looking in all directions at this long train trying to determine from which door passengers would exit. When I got off the first thing they mentioned was the length of the train. The next was that Mother and Edith were patiently waiting at home with ham sandwiches and a big pot of coffee!

Mother and Dad had arrived at Edith's several days earlier so after the first excitement of visiting together they went on to bed, but Edith and I were just getting started—we visited until the wee small hours!

Everyone assumed that I would want to rest up from my trip so tried to be extremely quiet the next morning in hopes that I would sleep late. However, I had no intentions of spending my one day in Phoenix in bed! It was one of those warm, golden Arizona days so after breakfast, with coffee cups in hand, we went to the patio to soak up some sunshine.

The Hansen's beautiful yard was in full bloom. The snapdragons were brilliant, a lattice fence was covered with sweet peas, and the orange trees were ready to burst into new blossom, although they were still heavily laden with last year's oranges. I picked at least a bushel and they weren't missed from the trees.

We walked to the end of the street



Dorothy took this picture of Mother and Dad with Edith Hansen at Edith's home in Phoenix, Arizona. Behind them you see one of her son Don's orange trees.

that runs in front of the house so that I could see the gorgeous view of Camelback Mountain and the Praying Monk. Later in the morning we took a long drive around the city and drove to the foot of this mountain. At close range it looked like a huge pile of rock—you couldn't see the camel's back or the monk. Many beautiful homes have been built right up the side of the mountain.

Frank has quite a large collection of Indian arrowheads which he has picked up here and there on our farm and when Don heard of this he suggested stopping at an Indian Trading Post. I was happy to find some arrowheads from this part of the country to add to Frank's collection. I bought a silver and turquoise barrette for Kristin.

In the afternoon Abigail's brother, Clark Morrison, and his wife and children came to call. Before Clark was married he made frequent trips to Shenandoah to visit Wayne and Abigail, but I hadn't seen him for several years and had never met his wife and children. Since I was in Phoenix only the one day, I was very happy that we could arrange to see them.

That evening we ate on the patio—delicious charcoal broiled steaks with all the trimmings. This was my first picnic of the year!

The next morning we packed the car and were ready to leave at 8:00. There were so many lovely parking areas along the highway, and it was such a beautiful, warm day, that Edith thought we might enjoy stopping for a picnic lunch. She packed a big box of food and filled our thermos bottle with hot coffee so we had a delicious lunch at a roadside park that noon.

We spent the first night at Las Cruces, New Mexico; the second at Clovis, New Mexico; the third at Enid, Oklahoma, and arrived in Shenandoah at 4:30 on the fourth day. The weather was perfect until we were about 60 miles from Shenandoah when we ran into rain and sleet. Driving wasn't hazardous, but it did slow us down a bit. I went home on the train the following day, having been gone exactly one week.

I had hoped to complete my spring housecleaning before I left, but a few little unexpected interruptions "jumped in" before I finished so I resumed the cleaning where I left off.

One room I dread tackling is the storeroom for I honestly don't know where to begin. Originally this was a small bedroom built onto the back of the house when Frank was a little boy and needed a room of his own. For years it has been used for storage since we have no basement, no attic, and only three very tiny closets. I would love to convert it back to a bedroom for guests if I could get rid of (or at least find new space for) the items it now contains.

I have discovered that a very fine time for me to get some sewing done is when I'm in Shenandoah for magazine week. Mother has a small portable machine that is easy to move about so when I get home from the office I set it up on the dining room table and Mother and I spend our evenings there. She likes to have some handwork to do, so while I do the machine stitching, she takes on the basting and hems. The last time I was there I made the skirt and matching blouse that I mentioned in my letter last month, plus another skirt.

Mother brought Kristin and Julian a material for skirts from California. Kristin's is a small stripe which I pleated all the way around the waistband. Mother wanted to make Julian's for her as long as we were sewing together, and it is a small yellow-and-white checked gingham with a woven border in darker yellow around the bottom. Kristin bought a lovely piece of material to make a skirt for herself but the activities that go hand in hand with graduation seem to be consuming all of her time so I'll make it on my next trip to Shenandoah.

There isn't much farm news to report. After such an open, mild winter, and just when we thought it wouldn't be long until Frank could get into the fields, we had snow and then rain, rain, and more rain. The barn lots are still muddy and it seems to take forever to chore. Kristin's eight baby pigs aren't very little any more. By the time they are ready for market, she will have a new litter to take care of. Her savings account is growing.

Have you thought about your May centerpiece yet? The ideal thing to use for this merry month is a Maypole. A prong-type flower arranger works nicely as an anchor. The Maypole could come up out of the center of a spring flower bouquet, or it could stand alone. I have found that the tube from waxed paper makes a nice pole or, if you want a thinner Maypole, you could see if the lumber yard has a round wooden rod about a half-inch thick. It could be cut just the length you want it. Paint the pole any color with tempera paint. Fasten strips of pastel ribbons to the top and let them come out to a circle of pastel frosted cupcakes, placed about three inches apart. A peanut pixie could sit on the top of each cake to hold the ribbon. If you don't care to use the cakes, you could have the pixies stand

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KITCHEN CAPERS

A Mother-Daughter Banquet

By

Mabel Nair Brown

No word is as apt to evoke a flood of memories of our mothers as does the one word *kitchen*. For this reason it offers endless possibilities for the theme of a Mother-Daughter observance. It can challenge the imagination as far as time and ingenuity will allow. Best of all, much of the material for decorations, programs and props can be found in the kitchens around the neighborhood.

The suggestions made here, while set up as a banquet, can be adapted for a luncheon, breakfast, tea, an afternoon club or a women's church meeting.

Decorations

Pattern the program after mother's recipe book. Cut the covers from card-board and cover them with a bright patterned shelf paper. Print the title, "Recipes for a Happy Evening" on the front. The first page inside is titled "Contents" and then the program is listed under it. The numbers on the program come under the names of the Chapters, for example: Chapter I . . . Entrees—Welcome; Chapter on Meats—Speaker; Chapter on Desserts—Benediction. Include the words of songs to be used in group singing and an appropriate poem so the booklets will become treasured souvenirs.

Nutcups can be made in various ways to follow the theme. Make clever miniature measuring cups by fastening white construction paper around the conventional nutcup, marking the measurements on the side with a pen or crayon and then adding a pipe cleaner handle. You can also make a colorful array of "spice box" nutcups from colored construction paper and label them with the names of spices and seasonings. Frequently a local merchant will have miniature sample boxes of table salt to use for cute, decorative favors. Another suggestion is to package the nuts and mints in tiny bags or boxes resembling groceries. Label these with such names as coffee, oatmeal, tea and flour.

If the event takes place in a large dining room or hall, wall decorations add much to the atmosphere. Make giant recipe file cards from big sheets of tag board. In large letters print upon them such novelty recipes as *A Recipe for a Happy Home*, *Recipe for Cooking a Husband* or *Recipe for Happiness*. (Several such recipes are in back issues of the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.) Print some old-fashioned favorites on big cards; *Apple Pan Dowdy*, *Shoo-fly Pie*, *Grandma's Baking Powder Biscuits*. Fasten these large cards here and there on the wall along with gay aprons and bright colored potholders.

Spring flowers arranged in various kitchen utensils make unusual and attractive table decorations. Lay attractive kitchen gadgets such as mixing bowls, copper molds, measuring

cups and egg beaters around the flowers and along the table. Do add a few beat-up, old, used favorites for interest. Bright printed terry kitchen towels make interesting mats to use under the centerpieces.

Program

Toastmistress: "Mothers dear, and daughters, too, we welcome you tonight. Special greetings to you grandmas, you're our pride and our delight. Just relax, friends; join in the fun. Remember, we're all pals gathered here for a gay salute to mothers and their gals. We'll sing a little, laugh a little, get serious for a minute. We hope you treasure every word, cuz' there's a lot o' lovin' in it! Let us now begin the program by joining in a song. Our singing may not be the best, but let's make it clear and strong!"

Group Singing: "The Old Kitchen Kettle Keeps A-Singin' Along" and "I'm a Little Teapot", complete with actions, are good icebreakers.

Toastmistress: "Because it's the room we love the best, where Mom's her most bewitching, we've chosen for our theme tonight the word—you've guessed it—*kitchen*. A humble room, a lovely room, where mother shines her best. Families sharing its love and food are truly very blest. Now here is ————— to give the toast to the queen of the kitchen, our mother."

Toast to Mothers: "It isn't a palace with a golden throne. It isn't built of marbled stone. It isn't gold drapes or a velvet chair that makes me especially happy there. *But* it does have that certain touch—of cookies baking, Mom's laughter and such. A spot that's brimming with faith and cheer—that's what makes our kitchen dear.

"Really, when I began to think seriously about this moment and what I would say in tribute to mothers the job loomed terribly big. I found out what we've known all along, that mother has a more than full-time piece of work on her hands. She's a teacher, a laundress, a cook, a truant officer, banker, preacher, nurse and companion. May I quote this unknown writer who worded it very well?

"Blessed are mothers, for they are the conservers of the human race. Blessed are the mothers, for they have conserved the spiritual things of life for the sake of their children. Blessed are the mothers of the earth, for they have combined the practical and the spiritual into the workable way of human life. They have darned little stockings, mended little dresses, washed little faces and pointed little eyes to the stars and little souls to eternal things. Blessed are the mothers!"

Toastmistress: "And now may I present ————— to give a tribute to our daughters."

Tribute to Daughters: "If I seem a bit flustered it's because I'm having such a hard time hanging onto this halo which you daughters have given to us mothers. Thank you, daughters."

"Naturally, we mothers have many wishes for you precious daughters, but tonight I would like to give you three. We wish you *happiness*. Not just the kind that is loud laughter but the type

that is quiet peace in your hearts. Troubles may come, they always do, but we hope they will not come to stay because the peace of true happiness is in your souls. We wish you *faith*, not the kind of easy-going, sunny-day faith, but the faith which faces the blackest night and says, 'I trust'. We wish you *understanding*. So many of our dreams are shattered because we do not try to see the other side of a situation. If we would open our eyes wide and see what others see how much more we would understand.

"So, these three wishes are not for fame or power or money. If any of those things do come your way they will be worth far more to you because you have *happiness*, *faith* and *understanding*."

Group Singing: "To Mothers—To Daughters". (Sing to tune of "If Your Heart Keeps Right.")

To our Mothers dear
To all Mothers here,
We would sing a greeting
Of love and cheer.
For their love sincere
Every day all year
Fills our lives with joy and beauty
Here's to Mother dear.

For our Daughters fair,
Daughters everywhere
We would sing a greeting
And say a prayer.
For their love so rare
Frees our hearts of care
Fills our lives with joy and beauty
Here's to daughters fair.

To each other sing,
To each other sing.
For we love each other
And fears take wing.
To each other bring
Flowers of the spring,
For our hearts are joined forever
In this blossoming.

(by Grace Stoner Clark)

Toastmistress: "Now we shall have ————— give a salute to grandmothers."

Salute to Grandmothers: "Mom's grandma did her long gray hair in a tight little knot in the back. Said MY granny, 'Gray's not for me' and dyed her's a shiny black. 'It's pretty as pretty does,' Mom's grandma used to say. My grandma grabs a make up case and goes her merry way! Great-grandma went her way most stately, in low broad shoes and sober clothes; but grandma trips the light fantastic in fancy heels and perky bows. Great-grandma's skirts were full and sweeping—she could even work in these! But Granny dashes here and there in skirts 'most to her knees! We must admit that times have changed, but changed for the better, I vow. I wonder—what kind of grandma will I be, fifty years from now?" (by Sharon Brown)

Toastmistress: "We give you now a real treat straight out of the *kitchen*. Here is our own Kitchen Band. (This kitchen band should have some advance practice, but it will provide that touch of hilarity which keeps a banquet from becoming too sentimental. Have several ladies rig up their own

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LUCILE WRITES ABOUT COMPANY MEALS

Dear Friends:

Something that I have been *aiming* to write about for a long time is "Cooking for Company". Recent letters with questions about menus prompted me to take action on the subject this month.

Most women who've cooked for any length of time have a pretty good idea of what goes together for a nice company meal, but the young girls just starting out say they're adrift when it comes to figuring out exactly what to put on the table.

Women much older who don't really enjoy cooking, who never get the "feel" of it and would happily clean the whole house rather than get on a company meal, also say they need some ideas.

Well, here are some of the company meals I've prepared since the first of the year. Everyone seemed to enjoy them, so these combinations of food must go together all right.

At this time of the year you probably would want to use a dessert more "springlike" than the dessert served for our big family dinner on New Year's day (pumpkin chiffon pie and mince pie) but with modern markets and frozen foods you can fix practically anything the whole year through. Food is no longer seasonal.

Dinner Number One

- Baked ham
- Twice-baked potatoes
- Escalloped onions
- Relish tray
- Hot rolls
- Apricot preserves
- 24-hour salad
- Pumpkin chiffon pie
- Mince pie

Dinner Number Two

- Leg of lamb
- Mint jelly
- Potatoes browned in roaster with lamb
- Cauliflower with cheese sauce
- Avocado-grapefruit salad with honey dressing
- Hot rolls
- Coconut pie

Dinner Number Three

- Pork roast
- Mashed potatoes and brown gravy
- Pickled crab apples
- Denver peas
- Tomato aspic salad
- Hot rolls
- Anniversary cake
- Vanilla ice cream

Dinner Number Four

- Baked ham
- Candied yams with orange
- Buttered baby limas
- Hot French bread
- Perfection salad
- Bavarian Mint Pie

Here are some things I've learned through the years about putting on company meals.

Nine times out of ten I try to stay away from mashed potatoes and



Almost without exception, Lucile Verness and Margery Strom enjoy a cup of coffee in Lucile's kitchen before their daily radio visit. This gives the girls a chance to compare recipes, plan a menu for one of their frequent family dinners or just plain catch up on every day happenings! One of Lucile's hobbies is collecting cookbooks from all parts of the country. She keeps her favorites here in the kitchen where they will be handy.

gravy. When you're getting everything rounded up at the last minute, it's easy to feel distracted and confused if you're doing the whole thing alone and then must mash potatoes and make gravy.

Twice-baked potatoes are "company fare" and can be prepared far in advance, covered with foil, and then reheated just before time to sit down and eat.

Escalloped potatoes have the virtue of being able to hold almost indefinitely. Creamed potatoes kept hot in the top of the double boiler are also fine. One reason I like to serve ham is because you can have potatoes twice-baked, creamed or scalloped.

A beef roast, pork roast or leg of lamb can have potatoes browned right in the roaster. You can still make gravy—if you have time.

Hot rolls can perk up *any* meal and they are almost a must for company meals. Good preserves or jelly should be on the table with them. Once in a while I serve hot French bread or hot biscuits. But whatever the bread is going to be, I serve it *hot*.

A collection of relishes adds a lot to any company meal. (I accounted for a relish tray only in Dinner Number One, but almost without exception I have such a tray when there is company.)

Once in a coon's age I serve a tossed salad or an avocado-grapefruit salad or a Waldorf salad. Salads of this kind must be made at the last minute—and there's too much else to do. I find that a molded salad of some kind, a frozen salad or the famous old 24-hour salad is by far the easiest kind of a salad to serve. These *must* be made in advance. It's true enough that you have the last-minute job of turning them out on lettuce and putting on the dressing (unless it goes in a separate bowl) but this is nothing compared to making up an entire

salad from scratch.

I can count on one hand the number of times I've served a dessert that has to be made at the last minute. This is more than I can encompass.

I think the only way you can have company and really enjoy it is to do as much as possible in advance. I've known women who began thinking about setting the table at 5:30 in the afternoon and were still figuring, as they set the table, what it would be nice to serve. In most cases this lack of preparation means that you finally sit down to eat around 8:00 o'clock, and unless you're used to eating that late you get mighty hungry.

There are several things I've come to feel pretty strongly about.

A beautiful roast or a handsome turkey make a fine sight, but if these are carved at the table you'll have the rest of the food lukewarm by the time the last person has been served. Perhaps if there are only four people at the table it is reasonable to do the carving after everyone has been seated, but when I think of "company meals" I think of our big family get-togethers with a real crowd on deck. There are never less than six at the table when we have company, family or friends, and it works out better for us to cut the meat in the kitchen.

Another thing I try to avoid is this endless passing of food. By the time the last dish has gone around, everything has cooled down. It's frustrating to look at good food and not get a chance to start on it because so many things must be passed around.

Some people avoid this passing complication by serving plates in the kitchen and then taking them into the dining room. If you like to do it this way, fine. But my own personal viewpoint on this matter is that I prefer to have people take care of their own helpings. Then they can pass up a

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FREDERICK'S LIFE IS NEVER DULL

Dear Friends,

In our household we love our family conversations around the dinner table. As soon as the grace is said, I turn to the children and ask, "Did one of you have an adventure today?" Sometimes the answer is "No, Daddy. But did you have an adventure?" I always manage to think of some little thing I have done or have had happen to me in the course of the day and in the telling I make it sound as interesting as possible. Quite often the children have something to tell us, and then we ask all kinds of questions about their adventures. Exciting and amusing conversations which we all enjoy are often the result.

I certainly had something of an adventurous nature to tell about yesterday. I was walking across the street in front of my church, when I heard a man shouting loudly. I looked down the hill and there stood an odd looking little man with an overcoat that came clear to his toes and with no hat at all. He was waving his arms about and shouting and gesturing to a woman sitting in a car. This poor woman had managed to get her car stuck on top of one of the old ice mounds which have defied the spring sunshine all these months. (We had the heaviest snowfall on record this past winter.)

The two rear wheels of her car did not touch any surface at all but were just spinning wildly, suspended in air.

As I approached, the woman called to me and pointing to the strange man in the long coat she said, "That man must be crazy! He saw that I was looking for a place to park and he directed me into this spot. It is his fault and now he is blaming me!"

And blaming her he was. Even while the lady was talking to me the little man began to jump up and down and to shout, "Woman driver! Woman driver! Everyone look at the woman driver wrecking her husband's car!"

I went up to the man and begged him to stop making such a scene. "Look here," I said, "Stop shouting and help her. Here, stand on this bumper with me and maybe our weight will make the wheels break through the ice so they can get a firm traction on the pavement."

You should have seen us then! There I was, dressed in my dignified clerical attire, standing on the bumper of this woman's car with that unusual looking man, jumping up and down. He kept shouting to the people passing by in two busy lanes of traffic, "Woman driver! Woman driver! Wrecking her husband's car!"

At this point a crowd began to gather. A couple of men came to help and we finally had the woman out of her difficulty. I later learned that the man had escaped from a nearby institution and was having a picnic helping people park their cars in the hopes of getting tips.

Our church had an exceptional experience this past weekend. Over a year ago the suggestion was made to several of our churches that we make a special effort to bring to Massa-



The Verness's have added a small greenhouse to their home and Martin Strom stops in frequently to see what his Uncle Russell has added to his collection of houseplants. This cactus took his eye!

chusetts some good Christian couple from one of our new churches in the Pacific islands. It was decided to ask The Rev. and Mrs. Rodriguez from the Philippine Islands to come and act as missionaries to the American people. For years we have been sending missionaries to the Philippines, now it seemed appropriate for missionaries to come to us.

They arrived last summer and ever since they have been visiting our local churches to tell of the Christian work in the Islands. They have been preaching the Gospel with a power and devotion that we have not heard in this area for a long time.

This past weekend these missionaries came to Springfield, and what a joy it was to have them here. Four special dinner parties, two luncheons and two receptions were held in their honor. They spoke to six of our organizations and preached at the main Sunday church service. We hope that our churches will be able to bring some other couple from a different mission field next year. Having the native people come is far better than having some of our own missionaries spend time with us. If your church has never had such an experience, see what can be done to get a similar project started in your area.

Do you remember that in years past I wrote and told of all the trouble some Rhode Island friends had with big whales which were washed up on their beach during storms? Well, it happened again to some friends in Newport. They awoke one morning to find a small whale stuck hard and fast on their beach. It was a small whale—just a tiny 6,000 pound one—but big enough to be a nuisance. Three times the Coast Guard put a rope around its tail and towed it out to sea and three times that whale swam right back up on the beach. It was then decided that the whale had lost its mind

and would have to be destroyed. Some machine guns were set up on the beach and the whale was put out of its misery. But what does one do with 6,000 pounds of dead whale? My guess is that a power shovel and a bulldozer were brought on to the beach and the whale was buried right there. Once before that was the method used to dispose of a 30,000 pound whale. The next time you find a dead bird or small animal on your property just be grateful that it is not a whale!

We live right in the heart of a metropolitan area that has an over-all population of 275,000, but just listen to this! Yesterday a beautiful red fox dashed across the lawns to the rear of our property. I was out with the dog at the time and for the life of me I could not get him to see that fox. As soon as the wild animal passed out of sight the dog got its scent. I would not permit him to take up the chase; he still hates me for that! It surely must have been the big wooded park a short distance away which attracted that fox.

It is hard to believe that in this period of American history any person could actually starve in this country, but here in the city I found a starving child within a few hundred feet of the church. One day a mother came to my office to beg for help. So many people ask the church to help that we have to be extremely careful to be sure they are really needy. Also, we do not have the funds to help everyone who asks. When this mother came in I was most skeptical of her real need but I did call a local market to arrange for her to get some food. As she walked out the door she said, "I won't take time to get all the food now. My little boy hasn't had a thing to eat for the past two days. Just as soon as I have taken some food to him I'll return and get the rest of it."

The last time I saw her she was running up the street with a bottle of milk in one hand and two cans of baby food in the other. With all of our social service organization, public welfare programs and church assistance there should be no one who is actually hungry, but it does happen. We all need to be alert to see that it does not happen right near where each of us lives.

Dr. John H. Stambaugh is the vice-chancellor of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. He recently made a statement that is one of the best descriptions of our present national dilemma. Dr. Stambaugh said, "The historical cycle of the body politic indicates that man progresses from bondage to spiritual faith, from spiritual faith to courage, from courage to freedom, from freedom to abundance; then comes the waning; from abundance to selfishness, from selfishness to apathy, from apathy to dependency and from dependency right back into bondage again."

You husbands and wives read that paragraph together and see what you think of it.

Sincerely,

Fredrick

ONE MOTHER'S DECISION

By

Evelyn Birkby

My friend looked at me with surprise and dismay. "Oh, Evelyn, I think mothers should live with their children when they get past the age where they can live alone. It is my duty as a daughter to have my mother in my home when she is old. She put up with me long enough, now I should help her. I would never let her go to a *Home*!" She looked at me almost defiantly, certainly disapprovingly.

This was a very good friend and I could speak to her as frankly as she was talking to me. "What if your mother doesn't want to live with you when the time comes that she must give up her own home?" I queried. My friend looked at me incredulously. It had never entered her mind that her mother might not like the arrangement planned by her loving daughter.

And I was speaking from my own experience, for my mother decided *not* to move in with either my sister or me. Naturally, it was not an easy decision to make. In my mother's case she had been living in her own home, completely independent for eighteen of the years since my father died. The first two years following his death Mother lived with me in Waterloo, Iowa. But I was single then and the two years we were together proved to be a period of transition and adjustment for Mother. When I moved into Chicago she decided to come to Shenandoah, buy a small house and re-establish her own home.

With great determination and fortitude, Mother carved her own place in Shenandoah. She was near my sister and later I married and moved to southwest Iowa.

As the years passed it became apparent that Mother was doing a great deal of thinking about the time when she would not be able to live alone and be responsible for her own home.

"I do not intend to wait until I am ill or helpless or reach the place where I need care and then have someone else plan what will happen to me. I am going to be the one to decide where and how and when I shall 'retire'."

"I love you dearly," Mother continued, "But I know I would be happier with my independence. If I lived with you I would try to tell you how to run your house and raise your children and you wouldn't like that! I know I would be welcome to come and live with either of you girls, but I would rather be able to come and visit when I wish and go back to a place of my own when I'm ready." And my sister and I respected her feeling. We knew it was not lack of love but her thoughtfulness of what was right for us all, that helped her make her decision.

Mother knew also, and spoke realistically, about the fact that the older she got the more her patience thinned around children. She needed peace and quiet and a place to be free from interruptions and rambunctious boys.



Mrs. Mae Corrie, Evelyn's mother, enjoys working in her pleasant apartment at Wesley Acres, Methodist home for retired people in Des Moines, Iowa. She is crocheting an afghan in shades of pink, rose and maroon.

How many grandparents can second her motion that grandchildren are wonderful in small doses but in too large a quantity can be very trying?

Mother felt the need for companionship with people near her own age and with similar interests. So she began looking around for the kind of place she would like for her retirement. Since she is a Methodist minister's widow it was logical that she would look first of all at the retirement homes sponsored by the church. The closest, Wesley Acres in Des Moines, Iowa, had the added attraction of being near some of the communities where she had lived during Dad's active years. Des Moines is familiar territory. It is near enough to Shenandoah so she could get back and forth for holidays and visits.

Mother's first trip to Wesley Acres was a delightful one. She came home exuberant. "Everything is planned to make retired people happy," she reported. "The rooms are large and cheerful and the corridors are well-lighted, wide and equipped with hand rails. Each small apartment contains a large sitting-sleeping room, a dressing room and a bath. Larger apartments are available for couples or for individuals who want the luxury of more living space. I can furnish my apartment with my own furniture and really make it mine!"

"I'm so glad each floor has a snack kitchen with a stove, refrigerator, sink and table and chairs so I can entertain guests for lunch, have a tea party or just fix a cup of coffee for myself. A personal laundry room and a pleasant lounge are included on each floor.

"You should see the beautiful main lounge near the front door," Mother enthused. "Beside the comfortable couches and decorative tables it has a grand piano and an electric organ. One of the residents was a church organist before he retired and each

evening after dinner he plays an organ concert. The dining room is just beyond this main living room and has small tables so we can feel like family groups when we have our meals. The long glass windows reach from the floor to the ceiling and look out over the deep woods which stretch back several acres south of the residence. It is hard to imagine that I will be living in the heart of a city with that wooded area so close.

"The basement houses a modern laundry and a fine kitchen. It also has a bright, well-equipped hobby room, a large recreation room and a beauty parlor. A brand new library and a relaxing television lounge are also provided. About 120 people call this their home and they really feel as if it belongs to them!"

It was impossible for Mother to adequately describe the beauty of Wesley Acres and the complete consideration given for the comfort and convenience of older people.

After Mother's name was accepted and placed on the waiting list it still took many months before space became available. She filled the intervening time with the difficult tasks associated with selling her house and deciding what to take with her. From the income of the sale of her house Mother was able to pay the room endowment needed for her to enter her new residence.

So many of these new church related homes are going up all over the country you might be interested in a general background of their entrance requirements. At Wesley Acres, Christian men and women of any race or creed who have attained the age of sixty-five are eligible, provided they are congenial and in reasonably good health. While a person must be in fairly good health when he enters, care is then provided for him should he become ill. Nursing, infirmary and a physician's care are all provided after he becomes a resident. All meals, laundry service and the many conveniences offered are provided for every one once he becomes a part of the "family".

Payments are made in two ways; life care, with one single total payment in advance based on life expectancy, or a monthly care agreement. Gifts for room endowments are encouraged, and in some homes required, for the expense of building such a residence is far beyond the income which is received from those who live there or from the sponsoring church groups. In some places these room endowments are for a set amount, but frequently they are based on the ability of the individual to pay. Persons with insufficient income or who have no resources may be accepted as funds from other sources (such as memorial gifts) accumulate.

On August 1, 1960, Mother moved to Wesley Acres. She has had almost one full year's experience in adjusting to her new surroundings. Does she like it? Just listen to an excerpt from her latest letter:

"Everyone here is so friendly and helpful. We are becoming more like a

(Continued on page 18)

MARY BETH IS ADJUSTING TO HER NEW HOME

Dear Friends:

The frantic daily rush to get Katharine ready for school has reached its zenith and somehow passed. I wish I knew a secret method of teaching her the necessity to hurry before the eleventh hour. Regardless of the early hour she gets up and has her breakfast, there is still a scramble looking for gloves, hat and coat. Every other week I trade the morning driving chore with a neighbor who takes her children to the same school. On the weeks I don't drive it is imperative that Katharine be ready so she can dash out the door as soon as the car arrives. I've been very fortunate to have met several of the ladies in the neighborhood and was overjoyed when one of them was kind enough to offer to pick up Katharine.

The first week we were in our new home a young woman who lives close by came to call. The following week she invited me to a coffee at her home to meet several other neighbors. I was more appreciative of this gesture of friendship than most anything I can remember in the past. It is a strange feeling to suddenly find oneself in a town where *everything* is unknown! I realize that others before me have met the problem of moving to a new community but I have lived all my life in one town and just never realized the feeling encountered when starting from scratch. I was doubly glad to be able to meet some of my neighbors *before* Donald had to make his first trip out of town; it lessened considerably my feeling of isolation.

This area of outer-outer Milwaukee is, in fact, a suburb of a suburb. Hales Corners is a good thirty minute drive southwest of downtown Milwaukee. The subdivision where we are located is three miles west of Hales Corners. Our house is on a beautiful curving road that rather steeply goes up a long hill. As a result, when I look out the front windows, all the houses to the north are above me and everything east and south is below me. We had a wonderful view before the trees were fully leafed out but now we see more treetops than anything else.

Katharine's school is only a minute's drive from here so the problem of getting her to and from school is far quicker than it was in Anderson. This neighborhood is abounding in children of all ages so when the spring rains let up I think Katharine can walk to school safely with the other youngsters.

As I have mentioned before, the school is quite new and the Kindergarten was just opened last September. Besides a fully equipped playground, they have ten acres of woods adjoining the school grounds for the older children to explore. According to the reports I heard at a recent PTA meeting, the major cause of pupil accidents is not falls from swings and merry-go-rounds but falls from trees. The younger children, thank goodness, are restricted to the supervised play area immediately surround-

ing the school.

Thanks to my mother, the actual mechanics of moving up here from Anderson, Indiana were reasonably simple. We stayed in a motel at Hales Corners while we waited for the moving van to arrive. It was one full day late! When the furniture finally did come, I left Mother and the three children at the motel and went out to the house. By five o'clock the furniture was in place and the beds were all made ready for my weary family. Mother stayed with us for one week and as a result everything was unpacked and put into shelves and closets before she left. I consider myself very lucky that she wanted to come and help because I haven't gotten one thing accomplished since she left outside of the daily routine of running the house. All that remains to be done is to move to the basement some vases and seldom used items out of the kitchen cupboard where the movers placed them. I need that space for canned goods and baby food jars.

Having Mother's help and the rapidity with which the new household was brought to order contributed largely to the easy adjustment which the children have made. Katharine was startled at some of the differences in Kindergarten. Things are just not done in the same order to which she was accustomed. But she has gotten into the swing of things, made friends with several little girls and is content with her new life.

Paul has finally learned where Mother's bedroom is located in relation to his own room. Once or twice during the night I have heard him up hunting me, apparently to reassure himself that everything is all right. He has us all in a quandry trying to determine just exactly what he thinks the word *Milwaukee* means. Sometimes Milwaukee is the house we live in, sometimes it is a kind of milk or a brand of bread, but I'm sure he does not realize that we have moved to another town. I guess it would be a little too much for his three-year-old understanding to grasp, but it has been a source of amusement for all of us.

It was like old home week when the long-stored boxes of toys were opened and Paul and Katharine were reunited with their familiar playthings. One of the greatest virtues of having a basement is the freedom it gives the children. There isn't a square inch around the outside of this house that isn't mud! Donald took all of the outside toys to the basement and it is wonderful to have this easily supervised area for good, hard play.

Adrienne, bless her heart, has had no adjustment problems at all. She was delighted to have her comfy bed back after two nights in a motel. It pleased her also to be served her meals once again in her own highchair at a normal time of day. She promptly settled back to her regular schedule and gave us no trouble at all. If anything, I am the one who is having to adjust to Adrienne. She is now standing up and is probably going to be an early walker. She travels all the way around her playpen. When I do let her out so

she can play on the floor with Paul and Katharine, she walks her way around all of the furniture by holding on to the edges. When the older children go to their bedrooms to play, she gets down on all fours and with perfect agility crawls off in search of them.

We have found a very nice Presbyterian Church in Hales Corners. When Katharine discovered that the Kindergarten classes are conducted from the same lesson book which was used in our Anderson church she felt as if she had found an old friend. Paul's age group is held in the same room where Katharine's class meets so we have entered him also. This is a new church. It was organized only one year ago and is at present meeting in a church building rented part time from the Episcopalians. The foundation for a building of their own has been started and the plans are to have it ready for occupancy by Thanksgiving. The nucleus of the membership is made up of a very young group of married people, and since Don and I are still in the *young* age bracket we feel we are in the right place.

I feel certain we are going to like living here. Everyone we have met is so friendly and kind. I have even found a beautiful new supermarket which carries many of the brands of food with which I'm familiar. It makes me feel very much at home.

Adrienne is up from her morning nap and it's almost time to load everyone into the car and drive over to the Elmwood school and get Katharine, so I'll say goodbye for now.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

THERE STILL ARE MOTHERS

Whatever else be lost along the way
There still are Christian mothers in
all lands

Acknowledging a higher power than
they:

These queens who have no scepter in
their hands

And yet who reign upon a firmer
throne

Than any that the earth has ever
known.

Rulers of life itself, with love as pure
And true and selfless as the old earth
knows,

Their trust in God unshakable and
sure,

Their faith implanted in their children
grows

Into a living, lifting, shining thing
That through life's stress can know no
conquering.

There still are mothers who will ever
hold

The old sweet ways of truth and
righteousness

Before their children's eyes, who long
have told

Christ's teachings to their young to
heal and bless.

Thank God for any mother, anywhere,
Who loves and serves, and finds her
strength in prayer.

ABIGAIL DISCUSSES ALLOWANCES

Dear Friends:

Now that the Thursday morning routine—perhaps *scramble* is a better word—is out of the way, there is time to write to you. Thursday is trash collection day at our house and, throughout the academic year, it is also stamp day at school.

Frequently the trash truck drives up right after breakfast so there can be no delay about getting the last few cans, out-dated newspapers, magazines, and other items destined for disposal, out into the big cans that sit near the garage door. This seems to be the best day to sweep out the garage and with each sweeping I can't help but give a sigh at how cluttered our garage looks, but what a blessing it is.

With no basement for storage our single-car garage was constructed oversize. Even so, there is something less than an overwhelming amount of storage space. As a result, we can keep only essentials and must frequently sort through everything to decide what is *really* essential.

With five different people living in our house, there are five different opinions as to what we should keep. Clark considers any old board, nail or rock valuable. He also has a very high regard for empty coffee cans and pieces of metal. Alison "sets great store" by glass jars so that there will be no delay in capturing bugs and butterflies, bees and caterpillars. Emily inherited all the squirrel tendencies of her father and grandfather, preferring to throw out *nothing* because someday it might be useful. My own greatest weakness is hanging on to nice empty boxes "to put things in". (I'm forced to admit that I never like to relinquish one of my boxes to anyone to put anything in. I'd much rather just hoard the empty boxes!)

In addition to these individual stockpiles the garage must also accommodate bicycles, sleds, roller and ice skates, the lawn mower, three lengths of hose, four types of sprinklers, a wagon, badminton poles and net, golf bags, tennis rackets, yard and house tools, paint supplies, overshoes, barbecueing equipment, a step ladder and a hundred and one other items. Really, any attempt to inventory our garage makes it appear to be a gigantic warehouse. Yet, how much less "stuff" we keep around now than when we had a basement.

As I mentioned, Thursday is also stamp day at school and usually not one of us remembers this on Wednesday evening. Generally the children have walked out the door to catch the school bus when they suddenly remember and dash back to hunt out the necessary change. In our country considerable emphasis is attached to the regular purchase of savings stamps. The school which Alison and Clark attend is always one of the top-ranking schools in the percentage of students participating. Last year one of the outstanding occasions in their lives occurred when "The Lone Ranger" visited the school to com-



A mountain lake is apt to be too cold for comfort, but Alison, Emily and Clark Driftmier couldn't resist testing this one.

mend the children for their outstanding record.

The problem of teaching children to handle money is one that I would like to see discussed more frequently. I will tell you what Wayne and I have done; then if any of you have the time and interest, I wish you would write to me and explain how you have handled this area of helping children to grow properly. Perhaps I can pass along your suggestions, comments and experiences in another issue of the magazine. Just address your letters to "Kitchen-Klatter", Shenandoah, Iowa, and Lucile and Margery will see that I get them.

Emily is now 12 1/2 years old and receives an allowance of \$1.50 per week. She has taken over the baby-sitting duties with Alison and Clark whenever Wayne and I are away in the neighborhood. We still hire a regular sitter if we are going quite a distance from home. We don't pay Emily for baby-sitting at home since we consider this covered by her allowance. We also view it as one of her family responsibilities. However, I do know of several parents who pay their children for this.

From her allowance we expect Emily to budget ahead to cover certain expenses. Weekly, she gives 15 cents to her own church pledge, 10 cents for dues to her church youth group, and she buys 50 cents' worth of savings stamps. She must also make her own contributions to student fund drives such as Red Cross and Easter Seals. The remainder of her allowance, and any money she earns from outside baby-sitting or gifts, is hers to spend, but we expect her to pay all of her entertainment expenses. This includes such items as her own tickets to stage productions such as the Royal Ballet, her own horse rentals, and her fees of \$25.00 per week at camp. She also buys her own Christmas and birthday gifts for members of our family and personal friends.

In order to save sums sufficient to cover these expenses, Emily must forego excessive indulgence in candy, pop and similar snacks. (This has been no hardship for she sees the reward in her complexion.)

We live a considerable distance from

movie theatres and as a result no one attends a movie unless it is of outstanding appeal. When the children do go, they pay their own way.

Saving and spending money with good sense has always been easy for Emily, but Alison has been a different story indeed. She adores candy, pop, gum, ice cream, etc. Everything she sees in the store becomes highly desirable, even if it is only a poorly constructed toy that can't last out the day.

Alison is almost 10 years old and receives an allowance of \$1.00 per week. Of this, she weekly gives 10 cents to the church, spends 50 cents for savings stamps and pays her own club dues. Here again, the remainder is hers to spend as she wishes except that she also must budget her own entertainment expense. It used to be that she couldn't wait each week to spend all of the remainder of her allowance on just *anything*. She never ceased wanting to go to the store until every last cent was gone.

Wayne and I despaired of ever teaching her to save ahead for a major expense. Finally we found the solution! The one thing for which she would forego candy and knickknacks was horseback riding. Emily's Girl Scout troupe planned to work on the horsemanship badge and the instructor was quite willing to accept Alison in the group if I would be present to watch out for her. Several weeks in advance we told Alison that she could participate if she would save her own money to pay the \$1.50 per session for horse rental. I never saw anyone turn from spendthrift to miser any faster! She really caught on fast to saving ahead. Although she has never lost her desire for candy and snacks, she walks to the store for a treat only occasionally. Like Emily, she is saving ahead now to attend church camp. Since stamps are purchased only during the school months, the girls will save considerably more when vacation starts.

Clark is 7 years old and is still in the initial allowance period of receiving 25 cents a week, of which 5 cents is earmarked for the church. The rest is spending money since we still take care of his 50 cents every week for savings stamps. In all probability he will soon be promoted to a "higher income bracket" for he has acquired an incentive for saving—a bicycle. Both girls purchased their own bicycles and we expect him to do the same.

All three children have been given small monetary gifts each year. These were usually for birthdays. While they were very young Wayne and I put the money into individual savings accounts for them. By the time the girls were of age to ride bikes, they had almost enough to purchase them. A little saving from allowances soon made up the difference.

Up to the present Wayne and I have been pretty well satisfied with the way our system has worked out. But the time will be here very soon when Emily should have more financial responsibility. I personally feel that teenagers should learn to budget funds

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter

Family

CHERRY-CINNAMON COBBLER

2 cups canned cherries
 1 cup cherry juice (add water to make a cup if needed)
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/3 cup red candy cinnamon drops
 2 Tbls. corn starch
 Combine the above ingredients and cook until thickened and the cinnamon drops have dissolved. Pour into a 9x9-inch baking dish.

Cinnamon Roll Dough

1 1/2 cups flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 1/4 cup shortening
 1 egg
 2 Tbls. milk

Sift into a bowl the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the shortening. Combine with this mixture the beaten egg and milk. A little more milk may be added if needed to make the dough the right consistency to roll into an oblong shape about 14x12 inches. Spread over the dough 1 Tbls. soft butter, 3 Tbls. of brown sugar, and 1/4 tsp. of cinnamon. Roll the dough as you would for a jellyroll and slice, making your pieces about 3/4 inch thick. Place these on top of the cherry mixture and bake in a 400 degree oven for 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold with top milk or cream.

MINT PINEAPPLE TOPPING

1/2 cup crushed pineapple and juice
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup white corn syrup
 1 cup water
 Dash of salt
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Combine all of the ingredients except the flavoring. Boil until the pineapple is clear and it thickens slightly. Cool and then add the flavoring. Green food coloring may be used if you desire a green topping. Serve this delicious sauce over vanilla ice cream or a plain white cake. (If you would like a thicker sauce, stir 1 Tbls. of cornstarch into a small amount of the water before adding it to the other ingredients.)

FROSTING FOR COCONUT CAKE

2 egg yolks, beaten slightly
 3 Tbls. butter, melted
 2 cups powdered sugar
 2 Tbls. milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Beat well together and spread over cake. Sprinkle with coconut.

PINEAPPLE DATE BREAD

3 cups flour
 4 tsp. baking powder
 3/4 tsp. salt
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 egg
 1/3 cup milk
 1 11-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
 1 cup chopped dates
 1/3 cup melted shortening or oil

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Put the egg into a bowl and beat it slightly, then add the milk, pineapple, dates and melted shortening and stir until mixed. Add the sifted dry ingredients and stir just enough to moisten. (Do not beat.) Pour into well-greased loaf pans—one large or two medium pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about one hour. Cool five minutes before removing the loaves from the pans. It is better to let this bread stand overnight before slicing.

QUICK TUNA CASSEROLE

1 7 1/2-ounce pkg. macaroni-and-cheese dinner
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1 cup tomatoes
 1/2 cup milk
 2 Tbls. minced onion
 1 slightly beaten egg
 1 can tuna, drained
 2 Tbls. snipped parsley
 1/4 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 Cracker, bread, or cornflake crumbs for top

Cook the macaroni according to the directions on the package. Drain. Add butter and the cheese from the package. Add the tomatoes, milk, minced onion, slightly beaten egg, tuna, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour into greased casserole and sprinkle with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

FLUFFY PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA CREAM

1 egg white
 2 Tbls. sugar
 1 egg yolk
 2 cups milk
 2 Tbls. sugar
 3 Tbls. minute tapioca
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained

Beat the egg white until frothy; add 2 Tbls. sugar and beat until like meringue. Blend well the egg yolk, milk, 2 Tbls. sugar, tapioca, salt and lemon flavoring. Cook, stirring until mixture thickens—about 5 to 8 minutes. Remove from heat and add well-drained pineapple. Fold into egg white meringue slowly. Pour into sherbet dishes to cool. Serves 6.

This is easy to prepare and very delicious. If you have a complete line of our Kitchen-Klatter flavorings on your shelf, you will be dreaming up many variations of this recipe and can come up with some super-delicious desserts.

CRAB MEAT CASSEROLE

1 6 1/2-oz. can (1 cup) crab meat, drained
 3/4 cup bread crumbs
 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 3/4 cup milk
 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 1/4 cup (about 12) sliced stuffed olives
 3/4 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 Few crumbs for topping
 Mix all ingredients together and place in a greased 1-quart casserole. Top with a few crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

SNAPPY SAUCE FOR VEGETABLES

1/3 cup commercial sour cream
 1/3 cup commercial salad dressing
 2 tsp. soy sauce
 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 1 tsp. sugar
 Dash of salt and pepper

Blend together all ingredients and heat in a heavy pan. *Do not boil.* (Sauce will curdle if it is allowed to get too hot.)

This is a welcome change for a sauce to dress up cauliflower, green beans or green lima beans. It can be put together in a jiffy at any time and then heated at the last minute.

CRUNCHY MACAROONS

4 egg whites
 1 cup sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/4 cup shredded coconut
 2 cups corn flakes

Beat egg whites until stiff. Then add sugar slowly, beating constantly. Add flavorings. Fold in corn flakes and coconut. Drop by teaspoons onto greased cooky sheet and bake at 300 degrees for about 50 minutes, or until dry and lightly browned. These should turn out beautifully if directions are followed.

STROGANOFF BEEFBURGER

1 to 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
 3 slices bacon, diced
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. paprika
 Dash of pepper
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 English Muffins

Brown the beef and bacon together. Add onion and cook until tender, but not brown. Drain off excess fat. Blend flour and seasonings into the meat mixture. Stir in the soup and cook slowly, uncovered, for 20 minutes. It will be necessary to stir frequently. Stir in sour cream and heat through just before serving. Serve over toasted English muffins, split in half. This is delicious—good enough for company.

UNUSUALLY GOOD FRUIT SALAD

1 cup mandarin oranges
1 cup pineapple tidbits
1 cup white cherries, pitted
1/2 cup diced apricots
1 1/2 cup bite-size marshmallows
10 maraschino cherries
1/4 cup almonds

Drain all fruit very thoroughly—turn into colander and press out as much juice as possible. Add marshmallows, almonds and maraschino cherries cut in fourths. Then mix with the following dressing:

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1 Tbls. white vinegar
1 Tbls. honey
2 Tbls. sugar
4 Tbls. salad dressing
1 cup whipping cream

Combine cream cheese (be sure it has softened by standing in a warm place) with vinegar, honey, sugar and salad dressing. This should be very smooth. Whip cream until stiff and then fold cheese mixture into it. Mix thoroughly with the fruit and refrigerate for several hours. Serve in a large bowl lined with lettuce leaves, or on individual plates.

(This is a version of the old standby, 24-hour salad, but it can be prepared two or three hours before serving, whereas the 24-hour salad really should stand overnight.)

SATURDAY'S TUNA PIE

2 cups thick white sauce
1 Tbls. grated onion
1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
1 Tbls. chopped parsley
1/2 cup grated American cheese
4 hard-cooked eggs, diced
1 can tuna
Dash of salt
1-crust pastry recipe

Make the white sauce and add to it the onion, pimiento, parsley, cheese, eggs and tuna. Prepare one recipe of pastry. Put the tuna mixture in a buttered deep pie dish. Roll out the pastry, slash to allow steam to escape, and cover the tuna mixture. Bake in a hot oven (about 400 to 425 degrees) until pastry is done.

This dish is very rich and delicious—as well as easy to prepare.

COFFEE TIME CAKE

1 1/4 cups boiling water
1 cup quick cooking oats
1/2 cup butter
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 1/2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon

Pour the boiling water over the oatmeal and let stand while mixing the cake. Cream the butter with the two cups of sugar. Add eggs, salt and vanilla and beat well. Add the oatmeal and beat until very light. Sift together the flour, soda and cinnamon and add, mixing well. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

NEW LAYER BROWNIES

2/3 cup sifted flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1/3 cup melted shortening
1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 cup flaked coconut (or 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring)
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the eggs in a separate bowl, adding the sugar gradually. Stir in the melted shortening; then add the flour mixture, beating until well blended. Take out a third of the batter and put it into a smaller bowl, adding the coconut and the almond flavoring. Into the remaining batter, add the melted chocolate and after it has been blended well, spread it into a greased 8-inch square baking pan. Carefully spoon the coconut-almond batter over the top. It isn't easy! But work carefully with a spatula and you can get it spread over the first layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes, or until done; cool; then cut into squares. It really is a very different brownie with a most unusual flavor.

LOW CALORIE COCOA

3 Tbls. cocoa
1 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
3 cups liquefied nonfat dry milk or skim milk
A dash of salt
1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the cocoa, 1/4 cup of milk and the Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Stir to form a smooth paste. Gradually add the rest of the milk, the salt and the flavoring. Warm over low heat or in the top of a double boiler.

DOROTHY'S ORANGE-LEMON CAKE

2 eggs, separated
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups plus 2 Tbls. sifted flour
1 Tbls. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1/3 cup salad oil
1 cup milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Beat egg whites until frothy. Beat in 1/2 cup sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Sift remaining dry ingredients. Add oil, 3/4 cup milk and flavorings to flour mixture and beat for one minute. Add remaining milk and egg yolks and beat one more minute. Fold in the egg whites. Bake in two 9-inch layer pans, which have been greased and floured, for 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Put the layers together with the following lemon filling:

1 egg
2/3 cup sugar
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
3 Tbls. butter

Cook over low heat for 10 minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cool before spreading between cake layers.

Orange Frosting

Combine 1/3 cup butter, 1 lb. sifted powdered sugar, 1/8 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring, and 6 Tbls. cream. Beat until fluffy and frost top and sides of cake.

DRESSING FOR FRESH BROCCOLI

3 Tbls. commercial sour cream
3 Tbls. salad dressing
1 Tbls. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
Blend these ingredients and heat. Serve over cooked broccoli, asparagus or green beans. Very tasty!

KITCHEN-KLATTER SWEETENER

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FRESH ORANGE AND GREENS SALAD

This is a zesty salad to serve along about the time everyone is getting pretty tired of gelatin salads. It teams very well with either poultry or ham and adds a bright color to any meal.

1 clove garlic
1 small head lettuce
1 small bunch romaine lettuce
3 cups fresh orange chunks
1/4 tsp. salt

Blue-cheese lemon dressing
Coarsely ground pepper

Rub large salad bowl with cut garlic clove. Tear greens into bite-size pieces and place in bowl. Add orange chunks and salt. Toss lightly with enough Blue-cheese lemon dressing to moisten. Sprinkle with coarsely ground pepper. Serves 8-10.

BLUE-CHEESE LEMON DRESSING

1/4 lb. Blue-cheese
3/4 cup salad oil
1/4 cup fresh lemon juice
1 small clove garlic, minced
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 cup commerical sour cream

Mash cheese with fork or electric mixer. Blend in oil, beating until quite smooth. Stir in the lemon flavoring, lemon juice, sour cream, garlic, and salt and mix well. Cover, and store in refrigerator until ready to use. Makes 2 cups.

ORANGE-OATMEAL COOKIES

2 cups sifted flour
2 cups sugar
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup soft shortening
2 eggs
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
2 Tbls. milk
3 cups raw quick-cooking oatmeal

Into a large bowl, sift the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add the shortening, eggs, orange flavoring and milk. Blend well. Stir in the rolled oats. (This is most easily done with your hands!) Drop by tablespoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Allow some room between for cookies to spread. Bake about 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven. The baking time will depend greatly upon the size of the cookies, of course.

EASY ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

1 lb. hamburger
1 can stewing tomatoes, cut up well
1/2 tsp. garlic salt
2 Tbls. Parmesan cheese

Cook the hamburger, crumbled into the skillet, with just a bit of fat, until it is done, but not brown. Add the tomatoes, garlic salt and cheese and simmer until the tomatoes have cooked down. Pour over cooked spaghetti and sprinkle generously with additional Parmesan cheese.

STRAWBERRY SALAD

2 pkg. strawberry gelatin
2 small pkgs. frozen strawberries
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
1 tall can crushed pineapple
2 large ripe bananas
1/2 carton dairy sour cream

Dissolve gelatin in 2 cups boiling water. Add thawed berries with juice, the strawberry flavoring, undrained pineapple and bananas which have been mashed and whipped. Pour 1/2 of this mixture in an 8 x 12-inch pan and chill until set. Keep remaining mixture at room temperature. Spread the sour cream over the set layer. Then cover with remaining mixture. Chill completely before serving.

HEARTY CLAM CHOWDER

1 cup diced potatoes
1/4 cup chopped onion
1 7 oz. can clams
2 1/2 cups milk
2 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. paprika
Salt and pepper to taste
3 slices bacon

Cover potatoes and onion with water and boil until tender. Drain. In a small bowl blend the flour with 1/2 cup milk. Pour 2 cups milk over the cooked potatoes and onions. Add the blended flour and milk. Add entire contents of canned clams. Cook, stirring constantly, until just at the boiling point. Add salt and pepper to taste. In a small skillet fry the bacon, chopped fine, until crisp. Sprinkle it on top of the bowls of chowder.

This is a very tasty clam chowder that makes a satisfying dish for lunch when served with crisp crackers. The amounts given will make three servings for people who sit down to the table with brisk appetites.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD DATE COOKIES

1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
2 well-beaten eggs
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup dairy sour cream
1 1/3 cups chopped dates

Cream together shortening, sifted brown sugar and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Add eggs; mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour cream. Stir in dates.

Drop from teaspoon onto greased cooky sheets and bake about 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

When cool, frost with rich powdered sugar icing and top with a California walnut half.

These are moist, deliciously flavored and just rich enough to be exceptionally tempting.

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Cherry

Orange

Lemon

Almond

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

Coconut

Maple

Burnt Sugar

Black Walnut

Mint

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

A LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

As the day of graduation draws nearer, I have been looking more and more into the future, and thought that perhaps you would like to hear about my present plans.

Right now I intend to enter Northwest Missouri State College at Maryville, Missouri, next fall. As long as I can remember I have wanted to be an elementary teacher. The boys and girls in these grades still like school, are interested in many things, and are eager to learn.

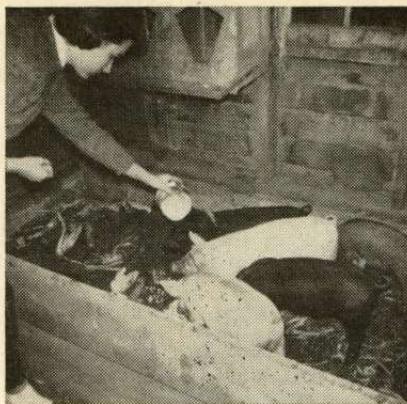
What is there in the teaching profession that appeals so much to me? In my opinion, one thing which makes it an ideal occupation is that it is a wonderful way to meet interesting people. Not only are the chances for marriage better, but teaching also provides good training for motherhood. For a person who loves children, likes working with them and watching them grow and develop, there is no job that can offer more satisfaction and personal rewards.

Weekends and vacations are another advantage. The three-month summer vacation provides an opportunity for travel, or for earning some extra money by finding temporary work. This three-month period can also be used for additional college work if one wants to work toward a higher degree.

Job opportunities for elementary teachers are limitless. The amazing increase in the birth rate in recent years, and the progress in educational services offered are resulting in an increasing demand for elementary teachers. There will be positions for approximately 150,000 to 175,000 newly qualified teachers each year through 1965. Chances for advancement are good in the field of teaching.

Although salaries used to be classified as a disadvantage, times have changed and so have the paychecks of most teachers. In the last couple of years, more and more attention has been placed upon this nation's school systems, and, as a result, buildings have been improved, methods of instruction have changed, and teachers' salaries have been raised. People are realizing more all the time, just how important education is to the welfare of our country. I believe that in the next few years we will see very attractive salaries being paid to all classroom teachers.

Unfortunately, there are disadvantages in this field, but any job has its drawbacks, and this one is no exception to the rule. Crowded rooms, lack of adequate materials, preparation required outside of the classroom, sponsorship of extracurricular activities, and personal disappointments, are some of the things with which teachers have to cope. You must remember, though, in viewing the field of education today, that the future looks much more promising now than it has in the past. In spite of the drawbacks, the outlook for teachers appears bright to me. Thinking once again of job opportunities and other advantages, I still support my opinion that teaching is an



Kristin Johnson raised some little runt pigs that were given to her and now she finds herself in "the pig business"!

ideal occupation.

My immediate plans for the summer have changed a few times in the last month or so. At first I thought I might get a steady job for the summer, but now I have decided that I'd rather stay at home, help my parents and take care of my livestock. Also, I very definitely want to help with the Lucas County Day Camp for Handicapped Children again this year.

Of course, Juliana and I want to spend as much time together this summer as possible because we will be attending different colleges next year and probably won't have opportunities to see each other very often. We were thinking strongly about this when she was up not too long ago to spend the weekend with me. We always have such good times together.

Mother just called in to remind me that it's getting late and I do have school tomorrow, so I guess I'd better close.

Sincerely,

Kristin

MOTHERS ARE SEVERAL PEOPLE

By

Esther Grace Sigsbee

I don't know exactly how other mothers feel on Mother's Day, but I sometimes think that I'm operating under false colors. Although I'm the same old ornery me, on this special day I turn into some sort of an angel! Still, I'm essentially the same person whose elders worried over in the giddiness of my youth; whose bosses chided my goofs on the job; whose husband criticizes my incomplete household records; whose offspring nag because their shirts aren't meticulously ironed. It is amazing how the picture changes on Mother's Day—I become wise, efficient, virtuous and ever-loving!

In my estimation, no dictionary gives a complete definition of a mother, for she is really a very complex person. *Mothers are several people!*

A mother is a person, who, when others view her new-born infant and say, "Isn't he awfully red?", insists her baby is perfectly beautiful.

A mother is a person whose daily

dozen is not made up of sitting-up exercises, but of diapers.

A mother is a person who worries because a younger baby next door has two teeth and her own baby is toothless.

A mother is a person who provides graham crackers, dry pants, formula, lullabies and rocking. A mother is also the person who provides reprimands or quick smacks (whichever is needed) when a youngster strays.

A mother is a person who firmly believes her children present more perplexing problems than any woman has ever faced.

A mother is a person who, although she has never before sewn a stitch, somehow manages to contrive a costume for the Third Little Bear when her child is in the school program.

A mother is a person who buys Crispie Crunchies for the offer on the box only to learn that what the children really want is the offer on the box of Crunchie Crispies. A mother is also one who can't keep up with the demand for cookies and whose chief crime is running out of peanut butter.

A mother is a person who insists that children eat every last bit of broccoli when the only vegetable they really like is peas.

A mother is a person who grudgingly takes her turn as den mother, Brownie leader, 4-H advisor and Bible School teacher, and insists at the end of the term that she received more from the experience than she put into it.

A mother is a person who wangles Father's permission for the children to do something that he absolutely forbade when first asked.

A mother is a person who sometimes feels that her own teen-age days were not so long ago, then is suddenly older than the hills when she realizes with alarm how fast her children are growing. But she's proud too, especially when she meets somebody from the old days, and feels like winking and saying, "Hey, look who's a mother!"

A mother is a person who stewts because her daughter doesn't have a date for the prom and who prods her son into asking a girl for the event. If neither comes to pass, she can say philosophically, "Well, lots of the most popular girls in high school are duds afterward", or, "His father never did get around to date girls until he met me."

A mother is a person who stands by proudly when her child receives a recognition, for the successes of the offspring are like stars in the crown of a parent. But a mother is also a person who can stand by her child when things go wrong.

A mother is a person who knows she is especially privileged because she, by nature or by adoption, became the guardian of the most precious thing in the world—a young life.

A mother is a person who often gets down on her knees—both to scrub the kitchen floor and to ask for guidance. And frequently the kneeling is in gratitude to our Maker for her supreme good fortune of bearing the title of "Mother".

MAY ENTERTAINMENT

By
Margery

May is a delightful time of the year to entertain. Usually the weather has settled down so that, even though your house is small, you can spread out onto a porch or into the garden. Fresh flowers are plentiful for decorations, corsages, and even for use in games.

As guests arrive, pin the name of a flower on each person's back and have them guess their flower identities by asking "yes and no" questions of fellow guests. The game can start as soon as two guests have arrived and may continue until the last straggler has put in an appearance.

Allow five minutes for writing down as many flowers as can be remembered, or else the same amount of time to draw the flowers. Pass the pictures to the right and have the neighbors try to label the flowers. This could be very amusing!

Now that you've had your "warm-up" games, here are some others that you might enjoy.

Flower Puzzles: Cut from a seed catalogue as many flowers as you have guests. Cut each flower into five pieces and then put a piece from five different flowers into each envelope. The object of the game is to trade pieces until you have one complete flower assembled. As each completes her flower, pin a fresh pansy to her dress.

Pansies Do Tell: The lines on the pansies have a certain significance. For those which have four lines, the guest's wish will come true. Five lines mean hope with fear. If the marks lean toward the right there will be prosperity. If the marks lean toward the left, the guest will have trouble. Seven lines denote devotion from her sweetheart. Eight lines signify fickleness. Nine signify a change of position or location. Ten lines foretell riches. Now, with these facts in mind, you can tell fortunes using the pansies.

Guessing the Flowers: This game will give your guests a chance to get up and move about a bit. On the dining room table, have the following exhibit, numbering each one. Each exhibit represents a flower and the guests, who have been supplied with paper and pencils, are to try to identify them properly.

1. Cup of butter
2. Two pitchers standing with lips touching
3. Several rows of pins or toothpicks
4. A watch or clock set at 4:00
5. Peas in a dish of sugar
6. Picture of a little boy with sugar sprinkled over it
7. A pan with a Z in it
8. Picture of a man with children, indicating that he is a father
9. A woman's slipper
10. Several soda straws or part of a straw hat

Answers: Buttercup, Tulips, Rose, Four O'Clock, Sweet Peas, Sweet William, Pansy, Poppy, Lady Slipper, Straw Flowers

How Many Flowers in the Maypole? Down the page, write the letters: M-A-Y-P-O-L-E. After each letter,

have the guests write as many flowers as they can beginning with the letter. Avid gardeners will really come to light in this game! The person listing the most flowers deserves a small prize of some sort—perhaps a package of flower seeds.

Musical Guessing Contest: This game requires a piano or someone who can hum the tunes. The following songs suggest the names of flowers. See how many of them can be identified.

1. "I Can't Forget to Tell You" (Forget-me-not)
2. "Roses of Picardy" (Roses)
3. "Oh Where Have You Been, Billy Boy" (Sweet William)
4. "Green Eyed Dragon" (Snapdragon)
5. "The Bells of St. Mary's" (Bluebell or Bell Flower)
6. "Bicycle Built for Two" (Daisy)
7. "Gardenia" (Gardenia)
8. "Easter Parade" (Easter Lily)
9. "Contented" (Carnation)
10. "Stardust" (Shooting Star)
11. "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" (Morning Glory)
12. "Begin the Buguine" (Begonia)

Test the Senses: Secure a variety of fragrant flowers, blindfold each guest in turn and let her smell the flowers individually, naming them aloud afterward. You—and they—will be surprised at how uncertain it is possible to be after the more familiar scents have been named. Award a prize to the "best smeller"—perfume is appropriate.

Flower Charades: What fascinating names some of our favorite flowers have! Here are some flowers that would be very easy to pantomime, so let your guests draw slips of papers to see which flower they are to act out. (If there is a large group, have two or three in each skit and give them a few minutes to prepare it.)

1. Forget-me-not
2. Bachelor buttons
3. Baby's breath
4. Tulip
5. Bleeding heart
6. Lily of the valley
7. Aunt Alice's lace
8. Sweetheart rose
9. Marigold
10. Jack-in-the-pulpit
11. Lady slipper
12. Bird of paradise
13. Christmas cactus
14. Sweet William
15. Shooting star

Flower Quiz: See if you can find the names of familiar flowers hidden in the following words.

1. Syncopation (Pansy)
2. Television (Violet)
3. Assiduity (Daisy)
4. Erosion (Rose)
5. Yelling (Lily)
6. Calculating (Lilac)
7. Hydrochloric (Orchid)
8. Superstition (Iris)
9. Microscopes (Cosmos)
10. Stipulation (Tulip)

(Sent by Mildred Grenier)

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

Did you ever see a woman trying to cook while wearing rubber gloves? I saw one just the other day, and it startled me! Why on earth would anyone do that? Rubber gloves are very helpful when washing the dishes, but not cooking!

It just might be that the lady did not like some haunting odor; the wretched scent of onions, scallions, garlic, leeks, chives. If so, why doesn't she protect her hands by slicing the smelly vegetables under cold, running water? Then, as soon as the job is done, she could wash her hands. If she is really fussy and afraid someone will detect the odor, she can rub her hands with a piece of cut lemon.

Have you ever had a child complain of the onion taste in some food when you could not taste onion at all? Well, don't try to convince the child that the onion cannot be tasted because the chances are it can be. The taste buds of a child are efficient and able to distinguish and to like or dislike extremely subtle flavors.

Some of us go all through life trying to find some particular food with the flavor just the way it was when we were a child. The chances are we never will find it. For example, the fresh hot bread "that mother used to make" remains a unique memory of childhood. Even though we ate mother's bread in later years, good as it may have been, it would not equal the bread we knew in childhood when our keen sense of taste made the simplest flavors tremendously satisfying.

This afternoon I am going to make some doughnuts. Now these are from the same recipe my mother used when I was a boy, but I know they will not taste quite the same even though now, as then, they will be cooked in a kitchen filled with laughter and affection, and will be eaten fresh, warm and fragrant.

Doughnuts

- 3/4 cup butter
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 6 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 Tbs. boiling water
- 5 cups flour

Melt the butter and then add the sugar, salt, vanilla, nutmeg and eggs. Dissolve the soda in the boiling water and add to the egg mixture. Stir in the sifted flour until the dough is stiff enough to handle. You may have to use a little less flour or a little more, depending on the size of the eggs. Mix all of this well and chill in the refrigerator at least 30 minutes. Roll and cut with a doughnut cutter. Fry in deep hot fat, (375 degrees) for two or three minutes or until lightly brown. I fry only 3 or 4 at a time. In our family we prefer the small doughnuts. At the church coffee hours we often use as many as 600 doughnuts.

Those who bring sunshine in the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—Sir James Barrie.

WHAT'S NEW IN GARDEN

ANNUALS

By

Olga Rolf Tiemann

New, improved forms of annual flowering plants are featured in nursery catalogs each year. The plants may have greater vigor, be more disease resistant, or show improved color and form. If we have not had the opportunity to keep up with these newer productions from year to year, we may hardly recognize some of them they may be so different from older kinds.

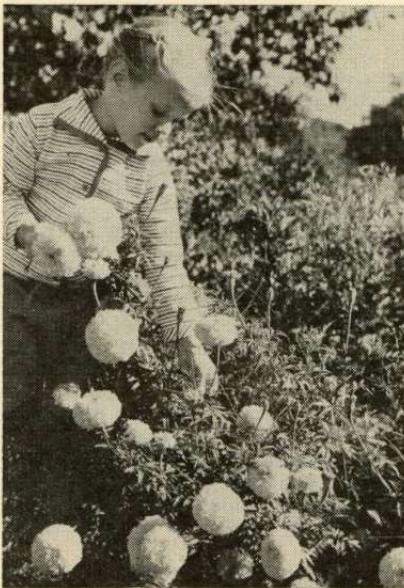
This was impressed on me last fall when several garden visitors apparently had not grown the newer marigolds. One stated quite frankly that she did not like marigolds. Practically in the next breath she admired the lovely blossoms on the variety **MAN-IN-THE-MOON**, not realizing they were marigolds!

This year seeds of **ALASKA** (named in honor of our 49th state) are available. Its 4-inch carnation-like flowers, light primrose in color, grow on 2-foot stems and cut well. Similar, but a rich orange color, is marigold **HAWAII**, which honors our newest state. For those who object to the odor of marigold foliage, **HAWAII**, with its odorless foliage, will be especially welcome. The new **MARY HELEN** is also a carnation-flowered type with bright yellow flowers.

Seeds of **WHITEY** and **MIRACLE** may produce a pure white marigold. These are the nearest to white that have been grown. For size, plant seeds of **CLIMAX** marigolds. The plants grow 2 to 3 feet tall. They are available in three colors—bright yellow, deep golden yellow, and brilliant mid-orange. Next year another color will be added. The fully ruffled blossoms may measure 5 inches across and nearly as deep if set in enriched soil, kept well-watered and disbudded. Mine, set out in a row and given no extra attention, did not reach a 5-inch size but were still a sight to behold. **GYPSY**, new this year, is a dwarf double French marigold in mixed gypsy colors—yellow, gold, orange, mahogany-red and combinations of these colors. They are easy to grow and will give a long season of bloom. Growing only 10 inches tall, this variety could be set in front of taller marigolds or used as an edging.

The old time white sweet alyssum is still as beautiful as ever. The lavender has pleased us, too, and the newer pink varieties, **PINKIE** and **PINK HEATHER** are good when we want color. However, they may be almost white during the heat of summer. The pink coloring is more pronounced during the cooler days of spring and fall. This year, **ROSE O' DAY**, a deeper pink, is featured. The plants, 2 to 4 inches high, make mounds 10 to 12 inches across, and are covered with deep rose-pink flowers which hold their color even in extremely hot weather.

If you've liked **PRIMA DONNA** petunia, you will be interested in **PRIMA DONNA IMPROVED**. It is more



Every child loves a pretty flower and this charming little girl is no exception. Anita Tiemann, granddaughter of Mrs. Olga Tiemann, is admiring **CLIMAX**, one of the new varieties of marigolds growing in her grandmother's garden.

dwarf and compact, earlier and freer blooming. The slightly ruffled, larger blossoms are deep rose in color and measure 3 1/2 to 4 inches across. Starred and variegated petunias vary in their individual color patterns during the season but are always striking. **POLARIS**, one of the Space Age Series, is blue. **SABRE DANCER** is red, and **SATELLITE** is rose. All three have white stars in the center of the blossoms.

Petunia **SUGAR PLUM**, comparatively new, has been highly recommended for window box planting as well as for a border plant. Its color is a bright orchid-pink penciled with a deeper plum-purple. They make a presentable appearance even after heavy rains. For solid color, choose the 1961 All-American **CORAL SATIN**. Space does not permit describing all the new petunias. One list of "New Annuals for 1961" mentions 13—mixed colors, solid colors, doubles—all lovely and useful. Petunias insure lots of color. They are generous with their blossoms over long periods of time and need no special care.

The new **ROCKET** snapdragons, bred to withstand summer heat, are favorites with many. The plants grow 2 1/2 to 3 feet tall—the long spikes closely beset with blossoms. Mixed packets of seeds or individual colors are available: bronze, orchid, gold, rose, red or white. The Sentinel variety has two fine new named ones—**SUNLIGHT**, a bright yellow and **WHITE SPIRE** with pure white blossoms. Snapdragons are prized for floral arrangements as well as for garden display.

Annual asters are another ideal garden cutting flower. **PINK LADY** has enormous salmon-pink blossoms 3 to 5 inches across and grows on long sturdy stems. **SCARLET BEAUTY** is a sparkling cerise-scarlet, a color new to asters. **DUCHESSE**, double, large

like a football mum, is wilt resistant.

GLORIOSA DOUBLE DAISY, a 1961 All-America Silver Medal winner, looks much more like golden glow or a mum than black-eyed Susan (*Rudbeckia*) from which it was developed. It is actually a perennial but when plants are started early they bloom the first season. Seeds are usually listed in the annual section of catalogs.

BARCELONA larkspur is somewhat different as it is a bicolor, blue and white. We need spike-formed flowers to contrast with our more plentiful round flower forms and these 4 1/2-footers make stately plants to fill this need.

Perilla, a member of the mint family, is used for summer bedding. Its foliage, somewhat like coleus, is its main attraction. **BURGUNDY** has fringed, silvery violet leaves. Use it back of other annuals. A brand new coleus, **CHARTREUSE**, to be used like an annual, comes true from seed. It is dwarf and bushy without pinching. Plant it in sun or shade. Use colorful low growing annuals in front of it.

Sometimes fine old things become "new" even if not improved in any way. The past few years nursery catalogs have featured **BELLS OF IRELAND** as "new". This year our old friend fame flower or coral flower (*Talinum paniculatum*) under the name **JEWELS OF OPAR** is featured among the new flowers. The foliage is waxy green. When the plant blooms, it reminds one somewhat of baby's breath. Each afternoon the airy paniced stems, 1 1/2 feet high, are filled with tiny, 5-pointed cameo pink flowers. The next morning the flowers are closed and ruby-colored seed balls develop which hang on for a long time. Once planted, one usually can count on volunteer plants to keep them going.

Zinnias have been increased in size and new colors developed, but it is the change in petal form that makes some of them so very different. They are tubular, twisted, quilled, curled—how shall one describe them? **FANTASY** zinnias that we have had for a number of years are an example. These are up to 3 inches in diameter. The newest ones called **GIANT CACTUS FLOWERED HYBRID** zinnias have 5-inch flowers. **DARK JEWELS** has deeper and more vivid colors. **SNOW TIME** is the whitest in the cactus-flowered group.

The Mexican type zinnias are more dwarf with smaller, very colorful flowers. **GOLD TIP**, new this year, is fully double, a rich mahogany-red color with each petal edged in bright golden yellow. **HALO** comes from Denmark. It is said to be the first European-bred zinnia to be offered in this country. The coloring, rich mahogany-red with a yellow "halo" around the outer edge of each blossom, is similar to **GOLD TIP** but its single blossoms are entirely different in shape.

The nursery catalogs describe new sweet peas, salvias, phlox and other glamorous new annuals. What fun we can have growing these exciting new flowers.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR NEW READERS AND OUR OLD FRIENDS

It may come as a surprise to many of you to hear that thirty-five years have passed since Leanna Field Driftmier published her first little magazine called "Mother's Hour". The named was later changed to "Kitchen-Klatter News" and it was published "every little while" until her accident in 1930. Although the radio programs continued during those difficult years following the accident, it was not until 1936 that Leanna was able to resume the publication of the "Kitchen-Klatter" magazine. For a time it was printed every other month but as its popularity grew it became a monthly magazine.

In going over some of the old faded and tattered issues, we have found some things that we think would be of interest to you good friends. In the coming issues of the magazine we will share some of these items—perhaps "every little while" as in the first issues. We hope to unearth some of the old pictures also, even though they may be faded and torn, for they call up so much of the past.

Let us know how you like this page and if you like it *well enough*, it could become a regular feature.

PROGRESS IN THE KITCHEN

By

Hilda Gieseke

Happy the bride of today and lucky, too! Everyone knows why she is *happy*—and she's lucky because modern food preparation is a far cry from the cooking of even a decade ago. The bride of today can, by mastery of a can opener and the ability to unwrap and heat frozen foods, produce luscious meals from the first time she sets foot into her own kitchen.

Packaged mixes, dehydrated foods and frozen delicacies of all kinds cut the margin for error down to a tiny sliver. The traditional "bride's first biscuits" are now a thing of beauty to the eye and a joy to the palate. More and more women are turning out high, light and tasty cakes by adding liquids to the contents of a brightly colored box. A creamy, smooth frosting from another box will make the young wife's first cake look irresistible and convince her husband that she is an even better cook than he had dared to hope.

Many of the foodstuffs in the modern market come in a form undreamed of by great-grandmother. She would gasp in wonder to see her great-granddaughter calmly step through the automatic doors into a magnificently proportioned supermarket to wheel a shopping cart from aisle to aisle, choosing a myriad of items foreign to great-grandmother's generation.

Even thirty years ago things were decidedly different for the beginning cook. Using a cookbook of that day as her guide, the bride still had to acquire experience to assure any consistent degree of success. Consulting

such a cookbook we find terms such as: "butter the size of a walnut", "a little salt", "enough flour to make a light dough". If the walnut crop produced small nuts one year foods would taste decidedly different than in the years when the walnuts grew to a magnificent size. "A little salt" could vary greatly according to the natural generosity of the cook. How the bride must have been baffled as to what constituted "a light dough".

When more definite measurements were given, we still find many terms different than those used now. "A large cup" and "a small teaspoon" were common. Give me the recipes of today where cups and spoons are standard in size. I have one particular recipe which I will *never* try to use for it includes in the list of ingredients a "small cup of sugar, butter size of large egg, 3 small teaspoons of baking powder and one large cup of flour"!

Every kitchen of that early day must have had a scale as standard equipment, for many of the recipes give weights of ingredients such as "1/2 pound of sugar" and "1-1/4 pounds of flour". Some of the recipes in the collection call for ingredients that send me scurrying to the dictionary for clarification. For example: *saleratus*—sodium bicarbonate or, more commonly, baking soda and *ratafia*—a flavoring essence based on the essential oil of bitter almonds.

Let's assume an early cook finally achieved the proper blending of ingredients and was about to bake her dish. Here, again, she was forced to fall back on her own judgment and experience. Baking thermometers weren't common and the modern oven with automatically regulated heat was undreamed of. Baking directions were usually given in such terms as "bake in quick oven", "bake in good oven", or "use a medium oven".

Most of the recipes in the book to which I have reference give absolutely no instruction for the length of baking, other just say "bake till done". Do you remember seeing the test for doneness made by inserting a broom straw into the center of a cake? Remember seeing grandmother reach her hand into the oven to test the temperature? I am filled with deep admiration now for the wonderful baked goods I took for granted when, as a child, I went to Grandma's.

While making sweet pickles one summer I used a vague, old-fashioned recipe and I'll never forget the lesson I learned. One of the ingredients call for was 5¢ worth of cinnamon oil and, trusting soul that I was, I purchased that amount and dumped it into the syrup for the pickles. The price of cinnamon oil must have dropped sharply between the time of the writing of that recipe and the time I made those pickles. They tasted so strongly of cinnamon as to be inedible. From that time on I have used only recipes which call for a standard measurement of each ingredient.

I'm *all* for the modern foods and methods of food preparation and enjoy the shortcuts they offer. The automatic appliances of today with the

advantages they afford, such as controlled heat, get my vote too. I appreciate very much the time these developments save for me. Lucky the bride of today! I hope she gets the advantage of even more time and labor saving advancements in the future.

Hooray for progress in the kitchen!

PARABLE OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

(Arletta Christman Harvey)

And lo, when the appointments were read,

She turned with a smile to her minister-husband and said,
"Come now, my dear, to the field that is new, where our work awaits."

And they made haste and went. Now it chanced that when they were come to their new parish, they found that the church was small and the house was gray.

And the minister felt a great fear in his heart.

"The stairs are steep, my love, and the walls are old," he spoke to her.
"I would that it were a lovelier place for you!"

But she, with a quiet confidence, went in and made it a Home!

And day after day when the task was hard she sang a song.

And because she could not possess one place, she achieved the more blessed possession of many places. Because beauty did not always await her, she learned to create beauty wherever she went.

And because she might not stay forever with a few friends, she gathered to herself, along the years, many friends.

And when the labors were heavy, she carried her share.

When the minister was discouraged, she cheered him, and when he was glad, she shared his happiness.

And lo, after many years, there came a great day filled with a blending of sorrow and of joy.

Upon their ears fell the benediction of "Well done," and they were sent to a life of new richness and of freedom.

The love of countless friends surrounded them
And the blessing of the Lord was upon them,
For the joy of the faithful was theirs.

MEMORY MAKERS

Lullabies softly sung,
Backyard swings gaily flung,
Bedtime stories o'er and o'er,
Hollyhocks by kitchen door,
Apple pies freshly baked,
New mown hay, neatly raked,
Bedtime prayers at our knees,
Easy laughter melodies,
We make moments for a child,
In his heart forever filed.
Builders, painters, weavers, we,
Architects of memory.

—Mildred B. Grenier

WINNING BEDTIME BATTLES

By

Evelyn Witter

As many parents before us, we suddenly became faced with the problem of getting our infant son to go to bed. We finally discovered that it was fear of the dark which made the process such a battle. To help him overcome this fear, we turned on a small dresser light in his room. We left it burning until we were sure he was fast asleep. Later we substituted a much smaller bulb in the lamp. Then we turned on the light in the hall, turned off the small lamp in the bedroom, and left Jimmy's door open. Eventually he was satisfied to sleep in the dark.

Although we solved Jimmy's fear of the dark, we wondered what had caused it in the first place. If we knew that, perhaps we could prevent a recurrence. We wondered, too, if he might protest against going to bed for other reasons.

We discussed the problem with our friends. Many confided that they had had such battles. They offered some interesting clues as to why children resist going to bed.

Bob and Mary told us their little Bobby fought against going to sleep sometimes. These "sometimes" usually came when bedtime found him enjoying interesting play.

As Bob said, "I don't like to be interrupted when I'm making something in my workshop, so I guess we can't blame him too much."

"Now we don't let Bobby get out his playthings when it's close to bedtime," Mary added. "That way he doesn't resent being made to stop."

A young mother gave us another clue. She said her baby had grown so fast and was so big and boisterous that he had become uncomfortable in his crib. He cried every time he was put into it. She solved her problem by getting a bigger bed.

At a recent club meeting I steered the conversation to bedtime battles. I got pointers from other mothers.

"The only time I have trouble putting Ronny to bed at night is when he's had a long nap in the afternoon," said a neighbor. "I still see to it that Ronny lies down after lunch, but if he sleeps more than two hours I awaken him. That way he has a long afternoon to play and is tired enough to go to bed at seven-thirty."

"This usually works fine," smiled blonde Mrs. Boles, who was expecting her third. "But if a child is over-fatigued he may be too tired to sleep and be cross and unmanageable."

"My Brian is so high-strung and active that my husband and I plan a quiet time for him about an hour before bedtime," Mrs. Granville told us. "This relaxes him and he is ready for sleep."

"What kind of a quiet time?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, reading rhymes or taking a short drive in the car. Sometimes we have leisurely play with plastic or rubber toys in the water when I'm cleaning him up for bed. Anything quiet and relaxing fills the bill."

Later a friend told me of a woman she knew who had a bedtime problem because of her own poor management. She used going to bed as a punishment when her child was unruly. Then when his proper bedtime came, he associated going to bed with punishment.

Our conclusions about bedtime were:

1. Learn why a child objects to being tucked into bed.
2. Once the cause is known, work patiently with him to remove the obstacles. Soon going to bed will become a pleasant experience for parents and child alike.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Her love is like an island
In life's ocean vast and wide,
A peaceful, quiet shelter
From the wind and rain and tide.

'Tis bound on the north by Hope,
By Patience on the west,
By tender Counsel on the south
And on the east by Rest.

Far above like a beacon light
Shine Faith and Truth and Prayer,
And through the changing scenes of
life
I find a haven there.

EVENING STAR

Clearly I hear her call: "Child, come
to me."

I loved that sound; 'twas my mother's
voice

From the kitchen door. "Daughter,
come and see
the Evening Star." If I were to choose
Among all things that I might bring
to prove

That the living of Life as we live here
Can be good and happy and far
removed

From hopelessness, I think I would
listen and hear

My mother's voice speaking to me at
night.

The dim Unknown around, stretched
high above,

But I felt secure; mother held me
tight,

That memory assures, created by a
mother's love.

She and her Evening Star remain for
me

An assurance of Joy that is and is
to be.

MOTHER'S MATHEMATICS

I counted calories for love
To charm him with my form;
Subtracting pounds in sheer delight,
Dividing foods with scorn.

I counted up my blessings,
Multiplied throughout the years;
Subtracting all the sorrows,
Disappointments and the fears.

I count the years for Father Time,
He keeps the record true;
But, Oh my dear, I cannot count
The joys I find in you!

Gladys Niece Templeton



Mrs. Douglas J. Baldwin
1926 Apple Valley Road
Rockland, Connecticut

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FREE—BIG 1961 CATALOG

Color pictures. Full line tables, chairs, table and chair trucks, platform-risers, portable partitions, bulletin boards. 53rd year.

THE MONROE CO., 51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa

EACH DAY

To those who live in never ending fear
Of what may come with every passing
year,
In blissful ignorance, pause this to
say:
"If I can live the life that comes each
day,
And bravely face its share of joy and
sorrow,
Then I will be content to wait, and
never fear tomorrow."

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

—Anonymous

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no earthly good to anybody till it is given away.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

dish they simply don't care for (such as scalloped onions) without anyone paying attention. They can take as much as they want or as little as they want and thus will be comfortable.

If you don't want to serve plates in the kitchen and still want to escape the endless passing complications, let your guests dish up their own food that is standing neatly arranged on some surface other than the dining room table.

In my new kitchen I have ample room on that large island, but for many, many years I turned out big company meals with absolutely no surface space at all in the kitchen. To gain surface space for all the dishes that contained food I set up one or two cardtables, as the occasion demanded, and had my company serve their own plates from this area. It wasn't the most convenient arrangement in the world, but it was the only way we could avoid the endless passing. (I couldn't have served plates in that old kitchen for there was absolutely no place to put them—not even two dinner plates filled with food!)

There is one final observation I'd like to make on this whole subject.

No matter how rigidly you count calories and watch every mouthful of food, *forget it when you are a guest*. Any woman who goes to the work of cooking for company wants to see her guests eat heartily and enjoy themselves.

Diets imposed for serious health reasons are one thing—everyone respects them. But most of the diets we hear about constantly are self-imposed. Forget it when you're a guest. Never peep one word about all those calories. Go home and starve to make up for it. Starve for three days, if necessary. But don't dash all your hostess' joy by picking and going easy and passing up this and that. She's gone to a lot of work. Pitch in and enjoy it.

Sincerely,



LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

IT'S TIME FOR KITCHEN-KLATTER!

Can't think what to fix for the next meal? Lonesome for down-to-earth woman talk? Well, we're glad to slip in every weekday morning and keep you company, as best we can. None of us claim to be an expert on any subject, but our 30 minute radio visit every day does give us a chance to try and be a good neighbor.

KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

MOTHER'S DECISION—Concluded

real family all the time. Whenever I think they have just done all they can to make us comfortable, someone comes along with another idea! Did I tell you that some of us now have our own garden space? It means a lot to be able to get outdoors and dig and plant and care for flowers just as I have for so many years.

"I'm still helping Mrs. Conover choose books to read to the afternoon group of women who do not have keen eyesight. We have twenty to thirty women who come to the basement lounge each day. They do enjoy hearing fine books and selections from the Bible. I frequently go to read individually to some of the women who are not well enough to come downstairs to the reading group.

"The drivers who take us to church entertained us at a pancake breakfast last Sunday. Next Wednesday I am going up town to hear an out-of-town speaker and on Friday afternoon my Senior Citizens Community Chorus sings.

"I'm finding many here who need help in sewing on buttons, mending tears and the like. Some of them cannot see well. In my spare (?) time I work on my afghan or on the quilt I am making for Jeffrey. The days are far too short to accomplish everything I want to do. There is enough here to keep me busy for two lifetimes."

One day last fall we drove up to Des Moines for a visit with Mother. We picked her up and then went to nearby Greenwood Park to eat a picnic together. What fun we had visiting and sharing our country food. It was evening when we returned to Wesley Acres and as we turned into the long curving drive and saw its friendly lights Mother said, "Isn't it a beautiful place? It was so hard to know if I was making the right decision when I came here, but now I know it was right! I'm free from worry and responsibility, I'm independent and I'm busy and happy because I have found people who need me. This is my home and I love it!"

Mother has made the right decision for her.

In the front of the Wesley Acres' brochure is a statement which sums up their philosophy very well:

"One's age should be tranquil, as childhood should be playful. Hard work at either extremity of life seems out of place. At mid-day the sun may burn, and men labor under it; but the morning and the evening should alike be calm and cheerful."—Arnold

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

to cover school and clothing expenses. I would be most appreciative if some of you who have met this situation would write to me about your experiences and reactions—the mistakes that were made and the successes that were evident.

Thursday is also grocery shopping day for me and I must be on my way if I'm to make it back home before the school bus arrives.

Sincerely,
Abigail

"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.

July ads due May 10.

August ads due June 10.

September ads due July 10.

Send Ads To

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Shenandoah, Iowa

STONEGROUND CORNMEAL from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. BROWNVILLE MILLS, Brownville, Nebraska.

MAKE MONEY weaving rugs at home for neighbors on \$89.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Loom Works, Dept. 7, Bonville, New York.

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD, Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, FREE information. ROSE RE-FINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

FREE CATALOG, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby or profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-KK Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E-6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

SENSATIONAL new longer-burning Light Bulb. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee—never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merlite (Bulb Div.), 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-74E, New York 16.

WEAVERS—Write for low prices—carpet warp, rug filler, looms, parts, inexpensive beam counter. If you have loom—give make, weaving width please. OR, RUG COMPANY, Dept. 4186, Lima, Ohio.

"MARRIAGE" "BIRTH" CERTIFICATES (blank forms) legal size \$2 each. Confidential price list free. Write National Forms, Box 7072-KK, Miami 55, Fla.

RUBBER STAMPS—Finest quality—Up to 4 lines \$1.50. Heavy duty—exactly made by highly skilled craftsmen. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Ray Specialty Co., Gainesboro, Tennessee.

BEAUTIFUL cracked marble earrings, pair 50¢. Additional 25¢ includes directions for cracking marbles. Mrs. Duane Brown, Natoma, Kansas.

CROSS-STITCHED gingham aprons, \$2.00. Tea and coverall aprons, \$1.00. Quilt tops, \$9.00. Crocheting on order. Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Iowa.

HOW TO GROW DWARF TREES IN POTS. Complete instructions and seed—\$1.00. Del Dykes, 904 Sunset Drive, St. Joseph, Missouri.

LOVELY 42" pillow slips with roses set in and edge, \$5.00. Or colored cases embroidered, \$3.50. 36" lunch cloths embroidered and fringe or butterfly corners, \$3.50. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.35. Gingham cross-stitch aprons, \$2.50. Mrs. Paul Lederbuh, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

APRONS—Overweight? Try my "Pleasingly Plump" half apron, 26 to 36 inch waist band, giant pocket, pretty prints, \$1.00. Bibs, 44 to 48 bust, \$1.50 postpaid. Irene Burkett, Rt. 8, Box 381, San Antonio 1, Texas.

MAIL discarded clothing, materials. I'll prepare, weave rugs, \$2.00 yd. You prepare rags, \$1.25. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

KITCHEN or party aprons, \$1.00. Mrs. Will Patten, Cherokee, Iowa.

DELUXE CROSS-STITCH BORDER PATTERNS. Checked gingham aprons, skirts—acorn and oak leaves, ivy, peacock, squirrel, strawberry, dutch, 50¢ each or 3—\$1.00. Geometric borders, 3—50¢. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

PRETTY "Cosmos Petal" organdy aprons, \$1.25. Cotton, \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

FOR SALE—long formal, pink, green, blue, yellow, size 7 to 9. Mrs. Fred Kubalek, Wahoo, Nebraska.

LOVELY cross-stitch gingham aprons with matching oven mitt. Exquisite designs. Color choice, \$3.00. Mary Boettcher, 4147 North 61 Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

CROCHETED hairpin pillow slip edgings 42"—\$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edgings 47"—2 strips—\$1.00. Any color. Mrs. Edna Sutler, Craig, Missouri.

I MAKE CERAMIC NOVELTY SHAKERS—cup cakes—\$1.00 pair. Mice shakers beautifully painted—\$1.25 pair, postpaid. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barberton, Ohio.

DOILIES—12 pansies—12"—\$1.00; 16 pansies—15"—\$1.50. Vadyne Allen, Box 654, Kirkville, Missouri.

LOVELY NYLONS—Irregulars—five pair (dollar bill). Money back guarantee. National, K 6709 East End, Chicago.

BABY'S SHOES BRONZED—\$2.00 a pair. M. E. Stauffer, Circleville, Kansas.

MINIATURE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, in plastic boat—six inches high. \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Box 67, Albion, Pennsylvania.

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

BEAUTIFUL HALF APRONS—prints with matching organdy also prints with matching cotton, \$1.25 each. Mrs. Lillian McCall, Oden, Iowa.

OLD DOLLS WANTED. Mrs. Lester W. Schultz, Merrill, Iowa.

EXQUISITE—16" Ripe Wheat Metallic Doily, \$2.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

LARGE QUILT TOPS—\$7.50 and \$9.00 each. Chella Parr, Humeston, Iowa.

PEANUT PIXIES

Keep a box of these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as a birthday remembrance, a bridge prize or a hostess gift for that friend who "has everything". They are the perfect gift for a child in the hospital! These gay little pixies bring smiles where ever they go and will furnish hours of entertainment. Made entirely by hand with red trimming ONLY—12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely handmade, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

up by taping their feet onto two-inch circles of heavy corrugated cardboard. (I have also tacked their feet down with needle and thread.) With the ribbons tied to their hands, they would look as if they were ready to "wind the Maypole".

I must get lunch on the table early today for I have a 1:00 appointment in town. Our car is parked on the gravel road so I must allow time for the half-mile walk. Until next month,

Sincerely,

Dorothy

KITCHEN CAPERS—Concluded

instruments from kitchen equipment to which is fastened a kazoo rhythm instrument. The piano accompaniment ties the music (?) together.

Speaker (You may have the speaker here and then close with the benediction. If you do not plan to use a speaker you could move right into the closing meditation.)

Meditation

(The leader of the meditation should have in front of her the items mentioned in italics, or a worship center could be prepared using the various kitchen items.)

Leader: "Did you know that we could find many religious symbols among the very simple items in our kitchens? Here are some significant scriptures which are represented in much of our routine work.

(Picks up *matches*) "When I light the fire I think, 'Everyone to whom much is given, of him will much be required; and of him to whom men commit much they will demand more. I came to cast fire upon the earth . . .' (Luke 12:48-49) (Picks up the *bread*) As I prepare a meal I think, 'He has filled the hungry with good things.' (Luke 1:53) (Picks up the *salt*) Remember the familiar verse from Matthew? 'You are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its taste, how shall its saltiness be restored?' (Picks up box of *cereal*) Jesus said to them, 'My food is to do the will of him who sent me and to accomplish his work.' I think of that verse as I do my grocery shopping. (Picks up box of *soap*) When I do my laundry I think of Jesus' example of service, 'Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel with which he was girded.' (John 13:5)

"As I think of all these daily chores I am reminded that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a homemaker like myself, and with her I say, 'My soul magnified the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.'

Toastmistress: (Close with a poem such as, "Lord of All the Pots and Pans.")

Benediction

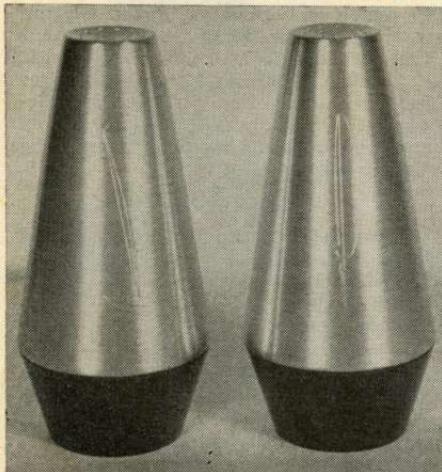
(Sing to the tune of "Just As I Am") "Let my house be a house of prayer, a happy home, a haven where my every task is offered there, in service Lord, to Thee. Amen"

THIS IS THE COVER STORY

Just before Mary Leanna Driftmier entertained a group of young people from South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, her father, Rev. Frederick Driftmier, took this picture of her standing on the staircase of their home.

Mary Lea, like her cousin, Martin Strom, will graduate from Junior High this year. She and Martin have many of the same interests for both youngsters are fond of music, science and history, and spend as much time as possible with their books.

HERE THEY ARE!



THE BUY OF THE YEAR!

We've always offered terrific premiums, but these extremely handsome salt and pepper shakers are an unbelievable bargain — the kind you simply aren't going to come across anyplace else.

They are 4½ inches high and a stunning combination of a gleaming spun copper finish with jet black bases. You'll have them a lifetime, and they'll never lose their expensive look.

After you have your own sets, be sure to get some for gifts. If you take these salt and pepper shakers to a shower you can look on with real pride when the box is opened. And for a Mother's Day gift or birthdays coming up . . . well, if you have several of these sets tucked away you'll be set for any occasion in the months ahead.

The only way we can offer such a superb quality premium for \$1.00 and 3 box tops from **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** and **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is because we bought an enormous quantity. One of the biggest factories in the country made a special run just to take care of you Kitchen-Klatter customers.

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(Yes, you can use box tops from both products to make your total of three.)



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COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!

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No so-called suds!

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