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Kitchen-Klatter

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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:

Part of my early education included the memorization of many beautiful poems, for which I've ever been grateful. Lots of them were written about nature and at this season of the year certain ones come to my mind. Perhaps you, too, have been recalling "What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; When Heaven tries earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays."

My sister, Helen Fischer, wrote such a lovely verse about her garden. Those of you who were privileged to visit it will be happy to know that it is lovingly cared for by the friends who bought the Fischer home. The verse I refer to is called "Garden Flowers" and, if I can quote correctly, it goes like this:

"For our exalted moods God made the hills,
His purple mountains clad in deathless snows,
Against the morning skies of amethyst
Or evening skies of flaming blue and rose.

But God knew we were human, and could lift
Not always to His mountains and His skies,
And so He wrought the miracle again
And laid it at our feet in humbler guise!

So close that tired, downcast eyes can see,
So small that we can clasp and call it ours,
But still in blue and rose and amethyst,
The miracle of common garden flowers."

I could fill this page with poems I love to remember!

The other afternoon Margery came down and asked if her father would go out to the storeroom in the garage and dig out the big boxes marked "Old Family Pictures". We had such fun looking them over and found some that we'll share with you from time to time. Martin, our teen-age grandson, was particularly amused by the picture of me taken in high school when I was captain of the girls' basketball team. "How could you play basketball in all those clothes?", he

asked. I'll admit that I wondered the same thing as I looked at the blue serge middie blouse, the bloomers with a full pleated skirt over them, and the long black stockings and high-laced tennis shoes!

At the bottom of one of the boxes were bundles of old letters. Some were written in California before I was married. There were also letters sent by our four boys when they were in World War II. We had saved all of them not realizing how much they would mean to the boys years later. I have given Howard's letters to him and as the other boys come home for visits, they can have theirs too.

At one time, Howard and Wayne were on the island of Luzon at the same time and by chance were able to locate each other. Howard wrote, "We sat up all night talking of home and you and Dad, and decided that when you were so strict with us you knew more about raising children than we thought you did."

Also in this box were some old copies of the "Field Family Circle Letter" which Philip Field, my brother Henry's son, mailed out four times a year to all members of the family. There were letters from relatives in Massachusetts as well as the Midwest Field family. I feel that I must quote in part what Philip wrote about being hard of hearing, as many of you are in (or have been in) the same situation.

"As you probably know, I'm hard of hearing. For years it was a case of making my eyes and wits bridge the gap of what I couldn't hear.

"I think that the hardest part to bear is the alienation of children—especially one's own. You can't blame them, but you suffer just the same. Other people suffer a great deal from one thing that the hard of hearing person himself doesn't have to bear—the harsh, monotonous voice that develops so quickly.

"It's hard enough not to be able to hear, but the hardest part is to give up and admit it—to quit bluffing, for even when I couldn't fool myself, I still confidently believed that I fooled everyone else. I was honestly surprised when my friends told me that *every* one knew I was hard of hearing.

"Finally, I bought a hearing aid. I couldn't wish any blessing greater than that, even if you have to starve to get one. It changed me from a

scared, retiring, moody introvert to an aggressive, social, good-fellow type person. And my little son—how deliriously happy he was when it percolated into his consciousness that I could understand him! He followed me around all of the time, chattering, telling me stories and loving me. He expanded and bloomed! I don't know which my hearing aid had the best effect on—him or me."

Since Philip wrote this many years ago, great strides have been made in surgery for the hard of hearing, and after a series of operations he now has normal hearing, which is so important in his government job in Korea.

There have been times this spring when we wondered if we were really having spring at all. Our bulbs haven't bloomed as well as they have in past years, but we have enjoyed what we have. We try not to let a pleasant day go by without taking a little ride either to the farm or to Clarinda to see relatives there.

As you know, we have two sweet girl graduates in the family this year—Juliana and Kristin. There have been so many calls on their time that I haven't seen as much of them as usual, but enjoy our little chats when they *do* have time. They tell me that they will be glad when all of the excitement is over and they can settle down for a good rest before college work starts.

Margery drove me to Davenport, Iowa in April to attend the reunion of former "Iowa Mothers of the Year" honoring this year's "Iowa Mother", Mrs. Oscar Lybeck of Bettendorf. There were many activities planned in her honor—a luncheon at the El Rancho Villa, a tea at Slavens' Manor, and a banquet at Pronger's Riverside Restaurant on Saturday. On Sunday morning the group attended services at the Bettendorf Community Presbyterian Church and in the afternoon there was the formal presentation of Mrs. Lybeck's award. The many wonderful women who had been nominated for the award in their own communities also attended and it was certainly a privilege to meet them on this happy occasion.

I don't know when the whole world has been in such a turmoil! It is a temptation, I know, to want to shut our minds to unpleasantness, but we must keep ourselves informed. Two of our dearest friends are on a world tour and expect to travel through some of these unsettled areas. We pray for their safety and knowing that many of you have dear ones in these far away places, our prayers are for them too. Our prayers are also directed to our President and those who have to carry the heavy responsibilities of our foreign policies. We must all stand behind them in their decisions.

Margery and Oliver "loaned" Martin to me today to do a few things about the yard so I think that I'll wheel out to the garden and see how he is coming along with his hoeing.

Sincerely,

FREDERICK'S FRIENDS HAVE CALM NERVES!

Dear Friends,

There are some people in this world who surpass all others when it comes to having a sense of responsibility. One couple in my church proved this point conclusively. Dr. James Fisher is a very busy and successful surgeon and his wife, Peg, is the good mother of their four children. Three weeks ago they invited six couples to a formal dinner party in their large suburban home. When the guests arrived they found three fire trucks and at least one hundred spectators in front of the house. Believe it or not, the roast beef had caught fire in the oven and set the whole kitchen on fire.

When the fire was out everyone thought the Fishers would tell their guests to go home and come back another day, but not at all! Their guests were invited to come in and make the best of the situation. The dinner party went on—smoke, water and all! It became a *perfectly hilarious* occasion. Everyone had enough to eat and went home with a great feeling of admiration for the host and hostess. Most people under similar circumstances would have used the fire as an excuse for not having the party but not the Fisher family.

But this is not all of the story. Three weeks later, on the very day the carpenters, plumbers and painters arrived to repair the fire damage, Mrs. Fisher was scheduled to entertain the Mother's Club from the church. Imagine having *twenty-five women* at your home for dinner with no carpets on the floor, no drapes in the windows and your kitchen a mess! I am convinced that ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have used the fire as a reason for not entertaining the church group, but not so with this good lady. Several of the members present told me that it was the best party of the year. It all goes to prove that being *informal* and *relaxed*, even in the face of household difficulties, can be a real advantage when it comes to entertaining!

I am writing this letter to you at the close of a very beautiful sunny day. Believe me, such days have been few and far between here in Massachusetts. This has been the coldest, wettest, most dreary spring on record for this part of the country. We had a very late snow and it seemed as though the ice on the river would remain forever! Today was a good day in several ways. This was the forty-first wedding anniversary of my wife's father and mother. My father-in-law, Mr. Crandall, had planned a surprise party for his wife and had invited us to attend. We drove clear across the state of Connecticut to an old historic inn which is located on the shore of the ocean. Just as we pulled up in front of The 1776 Inn the Crandall's arrived. How surprised Betty's mother was to see us! We had not seen the folks since they left for Florida last winter so it was a gay, happy reunion.

What do you suppose we had for lunch there where the old Atlantic Ocean was beating in on the shore?



When we visited these two nephews in California this past winter, we were impressed with their resemblance to our own sons. They are Robert and Harold Driftmier, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Driftmier of Glendale, California.

Lobster, of course! I had two lobsters, each one weighing more than a pound and one-half. We had not had any fresh lobster since we left the shore following our vacation last summer and oh, how good it did taste. The menu included French fried potatoes, boiled onions, a salad and an ice-cream cake for dessert.

Every mile of the trip down to the shore was on the very banks of the Connecticut river which flows just two blocks from the door of our home. First we drove on one side of the river and then on the other. The water was almost at flood stage and at several points we were truly amazed at how much water we saw. Small ships from the ocean can navigate the river across most of the state of Connecticut but we saw none of them today. At one point we noticed a ferry which had stopped its regular run because of the high water.

I think I have told you about my love for the state of Connecticut; to me it is the most beautiful state in New England. I love Rhode Island for its rocky shores, I love Massachusetts for its great history, but for all 'round scenery, give me the state of Connecticut. Its rolling hills, small mountains, lush valleys and beautiful rivers are all that the eye of man can desire.

We had our Annual Meeting at the church last night and it was a big success. One of the good members told me afterwards; "That was the *least painful* church meeting I've ever attended!" Annual Meetings can be very dull affairs so we do everything possible to make ours interesting. We had two hundred out for the dinner. The food was excellent; fruit cup, boned breast of chicken in mushroom sauce, candied sweet potatoes, fresh peas, tossed salad and a chocolate eclair. All of the committee reports were submitted in printed form and none were read aloud. A big part of the meeting was given over to a report of the entire church year in colored slides. This is very popular with our people.

When the Russians flew through outer space some time ago, my David said, "Daddy, the Russian who flew

into space said that the world was covered with a blue haze. Does this mean he was really seeing the other side of the blue sky?" Well, does it? I'm sure I don't know but I do think it is a fantastic thing for man to finally have the power to put himself *out of this world*. Power is the most coveted thing in the world today and there are many Americans in high places who somehow feel that the solution to all our problems is the acquisition of more physical power. They say this even though the *source* of our peril and the *root* of our fear is the power we already have.

The other day at our dinner table the whole family became involved in a discussion about the various types of power which we have today that were not in use during Jesus' time here on earth. The people of Jesus' day did not know the power of steam, of gasoline, of electricity or of nuclear energy. They knew the power of the donkey, of a camel, of a boat under sail or propelled by oars. But Jesus told them of another kind of power. Right after the resurrection he said to the disciples, "You shall receive *power* and you shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

There did come to those disciples a power that was to literally change the face of the earth—a power that built churches, destroyed idols, erected hospitals, founded schools, freed slaves, lifted women and children up from a position as chattel and made the individual personality the most important thing in the entire world. It was a power that has endured persecutions, outlived the great Roman Empire and spread its message of love and compassion into the far reaches of the world. The power that is the promise of Jesus Christ is not the power to blast a city of five million people off the map, nor to put a guided missile around the moon, nor to push a man into the weightlessness of space, but it is the power which has lifted millions of souls into the realms of life where strength and courage are ever present, faith is a vibrant reality, God is a constant companion and heaven is just next door.

Whenever someone says to me, "Why don't I have the spiritual power I need to meet my sorrow and mend my broken heart?" I reply that spiritual power only comes to those who obey and live close to God. I am reminded of the little girl who went fearlessly through a painful operation without anaesthetic because her father was holding her hand. But the girl and her father had been good friends and close companions for a *long time* before the emergency happened or the father could not have been such a help to his daughter when difficulties came. So many people cannot understand when troubles come why God, whom they have never tried to meet, cannot get through and help them.

The power of love does not come to those whose lives are given to hate. The power of forgiveness does not come to those who carry a grudge.

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a day so beautiful that I can think of only two words to describe it: bewitched and enchanted.

Perhaps it seems so extraordinarily wonderful because we have had so few days that fulfilled our eager expectations for Spring—real Spring. In our section of the state we managed to slip through with one of the mildest winters on record, and thus we were beguiled into thinking that we'd have an early and delightful Spring. This was a mistake. We had day after day of miserable, wretched weather and more than once we all concluded that it would have been much better to have had a real mean winter and get it all over with at the proper time.

But when Iowa turns up a perfect May day it is mighty close to golden perfection, and that is what we have today. From my desk I look out over our garden and frankly, it calls for every bit of discipline I possess to stay inside on such an afternoon! If it weren't for such a stern matter as final deadlines I'd be on the other side of these windows.

Finally, and at long, long last, I have taken action on learning how to drive. I should have done this years ago, but somehow I felt too scared and uneasy to get behind the wheel. I had a horror of running into another car or, much worse, running over someone. But then I looked about me at all the women who learned to drive when they were my age and I decided that if they could do it, I could too.

If cars still had only mechanisms that demanded two good feet to operate them I would be able to fall back upon my physical handicap as sound enough justification for not learning to drive. But automatic transmissions eliminate this excuse, and Russell facilitated matters even more by having an additional gas feed put on the left hand side. (He says that on long drives this will be a real comfort to him since he can give his right foot a rest by using his left foot on the left side gas control. When we've gotten out of the car after covering more than 600 miles in a day I've seen him practically paralyzed in his right foot and leg, so perhaps this dual control would be a pretty good proposition for anyone who drives long distances.)

I hope to have my driver's license sealed and stamped and all set to go by mid-June—this seems to me a giant step: to go from a driver's permit to a driver's license. The only thing I feel uneasy about is parking down town in Shenandoah and pulling out. Our Main street is narrow and the stop lights are timed for such short intervals that it seems there is rarely a really good interval to pull out. When I observe all the difficulties that experienced drivers have on our business streets in Shenandoah I get shaky at the thought of tackling it with a state patrolman beside me on the fateful day I go after my license.

Well, when this big milestone has been achieved I will give you a faith-



This month we share the pictures of our two high school graduates. Many of you will recall the first pictures of these two girls, taken when they were only a few days old. Juliana, Lucile and Russell's daughter, is entering the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque in the fall.

ful account of my experience. And if you are a woman who has shared my apprehensions about learning to drive but KNOW in your own mind that you certainly SHOULD be able to get places without waiting upon other people to take you, perhaps you'll gain courage to start learning to drive by my adventure.

I call it an "adventure" for that is what it seems to me. People who have driven practically as long as they can remember will never understand how learning to drive could be an adventure. Probably a lot of women who are worn to the bone by driving frantically here and there on urgent errands often wish at the end of a particularly frenzied day that they *couldn't* drive; then they'd have a chance to stay home and get caught up on some of the big jobs that never seem to get done because of constant interruptions.

But anyone who has spent his entire life gearing his most simple errands away from the house to the convenience of someone else knows how urgent it is to be able to get places under his own steam. I've read many articles about the most reasonable steps to take towards enjoying independence in what are called "the later years" and over and over again these writers have said: "Learn to drive before the emergency arises." So, this is what I am doing—before the emergency arises.

On the 26th of May, Russell and I will climb up to the third floor of our Shenandoah high school to see Juliana graduate in the class of 1961. I hope it is a beautiful night, a warm and balmy night with all the loveliness of late Spring and early Summer combined. There is something undescribably touching about such a night in a small town; it stays in the heart forever.

Fifteen years ago we spent our first Spring in this house and on the night of graduation Russell and I sat on our old back porch and listened to the music as it floated out through the auditorium windows on a beautiful May night. As distance goes we live practically in the school yard, you see, and all of the musical activities in early autumn and late Spring come drifting in clearly.

On that particular night we sat on the back porch, as I said, and Juliana, a little three year old, was on my lap snuggled up to listen with us to the laughing voices of the big crowd as 8:00 o'clock approached, and later, to the music. I thought ahead to the year of 1961 when she would be eighteen and graduating from the Shenandoah high school, and then I looked at the little girl, only three years old, and 1961 seemed light years and light years in the future. It didn't seem *real*, not any part of it, and I could not even imagine such a span of time.

Well, those fifteen years have gone. It is 1961. And the sleepy little three year old is now a poised young woman several inches taller than her mother and prepared to take her place with all the capped and gowned seniors on the night of May 26th. It is the end of one world and the beginning of another, the whole wide world for which we strive to prepare our dearly beloved children.

I wish it were a better world . . . and this must be the heartfelt yearning of every parent who has ever watched his son or daughter cross the stage to pick up his diploma. In the unending cycle of human life the night will come when these young people in the class of 1961 will see their own sons and daughters sit gravely through their graduation program, and they too will wish that it could be a better world into which their young people were going. As long as we yearn for a better world, and the very nature of Man compels him to yearn, each generation can make a contribution toward achieving it.

Most of the summer we'll probably be right here at home. Kristin wants to come and visit as much as possible for this is the last summer the girls can be together as they have been through all the summers in the past. Next summer they'll both have a year of college behind them and things won't be quite the same. So this summer we want to have as much time with members of the family as can possibly be managed, and it's an extra bonus that Emily, Alison and Clark can be here. It looks as if we'll have to wait until the folks' Golden Wedding Anniversary to get all the family here at one time. And when that day comes we'll be glad that all of us who live here in town have old fashioned houses with extra beds!

Now I must stop and type up the recipe for *Thursday Club Banana Pie*. Mother's Thursday Club (they actually meet on Thursday!) met at my house when it was mother's turn to entertain, and I enjoyed every bit of it.

(Continued on page 18)

LATE SPRING ON THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It was so nice to get up this morning to sunshine and a clear blue sky. The air is so warm and balmy that I found it impossible to spend the morning in the house. Consequently, I moved my typewriter out to our screened-in front porch. The birds are singing gaily, I can see Frank working in the field and a fisherman who just settled down on the bank of our creek. The meadow in front of the house is beautifully green and the sheep are munching peacefully on the fresh tender grass. How they must enjoy the first green grass after eating hay all winter! Their little lambs are feeling the effects of spring too for they are jumping and running around the meadow like little children just let out of school.

The tulips and daffodils make a beautiful splash of color in the borders at the edge of our front lawn. When it was too muddy to work in the field Frank worked on the yard, pruning shrubbery and hauling off the dead limbs that blew down during the winter.

One far corner of the yard has been sadly neglected the last few years. Some wild plum trees needed to be sawed down and hauled away and every year, as sprouts came up, it began to look more and more like a jungle. This year we decided to begin our clean-up program in this spot while Frank was available to help. If things dried up enough for him to start his field work, Kristin and I could plug away at the rest of the yard once this corner was taken care of. It looks more presentable now and we will be able to get into this corner with the lawn mower.

In our part of Iowa we had a wet spring which included a few floods. Field work has been slow in our neighborhood. The few farmers who *did* manage to get their oats in early were sorry afterwards, for late snows and freezing weather caught most of the oats in the wrong stage. Some fields had to be done over.

As I write this it is still a little early to plant corn safely, but Frank has the ground almost finished and we should be able to get some of our corn in at the right time.

By the time you read this graduation will be over and Kristin's high school days finished. Right now we are in the whirl of school activities—Mother-Daughter teas, music concerts so that the general public can hear the students' state contest numbers, various banquets, the Senior class play, and the Junior-Senior banquet. In between times the young people are trying to sandwich in picnics and parties. All of the seniors with whom I have talked confess that they have somewhat lost interest in daily assignments in their school work. Their attitude is that their grades have already been sent to the colleges of their choice and they have been accepted, so what difference will the last few weeks make? One can easily understand why they have "let down". Those who are going on to college



Kristin, daughter of Dorothy and Frank Johnson, plans to be a teacher and will enter Northwest Missouri State College in the fall.

have worked hard for four years to keep their grades up to the "accepted" level and you can hardly blame them for relaxing during these final days.

Kristin and I were saying yesterday that this summer will probably go by faster than any we have ever known. She plans to help with Vacation Bible School the first two weeks in June, and later in the summer she will again be in charge of the two-week Camp for Handicapped Children. Mrs. Yocum, who first started the camp and still assists in many ways, wants to take a few of the girls to Des Moines to visit the big new State Camp for Handicapped Children. They are also making plans to visit other county camps such as ours so that the girls can pick up a few new ideas. Kristin is looking forward to these interesting trips as well as visits with out-of-town relatives. There is also much to be done toward getting ready for college, so it looks as if this will be our busiest summer ever.

The job that has been consuming most of my time in the past weeks has been shortening summer clothing. I would be so *happy* if dresses would stay the same length two years in a row! As I went through this same thing last summer, I thought that surely this would be "it". But no, the hems have to come up another two inches this summer. I have set a goal for myself—every day, one dress or skirt washed, ironed and shortened.

Frank has been anxious to finish tearing down our old barn for he plans to build a long, low shed for hay and machinery. He made quite a bit of progress on it this winter. When Juliana visited us, she and Kristin got up on the roof and helped tear off shingles, pulling out nails as they went. They classified this as "fun", so I expect Frank will receive more help from them this summer when Juliana comes to visit. It hasn't been too

many years since they were building playhouses and here they are, old enough to be climbing on top of a barn tearing off shingles! It just doesn't seem possible!

For my entertainment suggestions this month, I'm going to mention a few things that you can fix (or have the children fix) for Father's Day. I've often felt that more emphasis is put on Mother's Day than Father's Day and it really shouldn't be.

For your centerpiece that day, let the children make a crown out of cardboard. Brush the crown with glue and sprinkle it with gold glitter. Glue on "jewels" made from bright colored construction paper.

With a little help from you, the children could even bake a 9-inch square cake, frosted to look like a crown. Even the youngest could help stir up a cake mix and be so proud to surprise Daddy with a cake they had baked and decorated just for HIM. When the cake is cool, cut a strip three inches wide from one side; then cut this in to three equal parts. Place the large portion on a serving tray and frost with white icing. Frost the squares and place them along one long edge of the cake so that a corner of each square touches the cake. This will give the top of the crown a scalloped effect. Use silver balls and pieces of brightly colored gumdrops for jewels. The letters DAD could be made with gumdrops or cinnamon drops.

Another novel cake for Father's Day can be made with two 8-inch round layers of cake, stacked on a 10-inch round cardboard. Frost with pale yellow icing, the color of a man's straw hat. Using a star tip in your cake decorator, start at the top outer edge of the cake and make back-and-forth motions about a half-inch wide all around the cake. Move in as you proceed until you have covered the entire top of the cake. Do the sides and the "brim" in the same manner, leaving a space about three-fourths of an inch wide for a hat band in a darker contrasting color. Use this same darker color to write the word DAD on top of the cake.

Kristin has always loved to use the cake decorator, as I think most young folks do, so you can let the children finish after you have gotten them started. It is surprising how frosting put on in this manner gives the effect of a woven straw hat. The final results might not look perfect to *your* eyes, but it *will* to the eyes of the children, and you can be sure that Daddy will appreciate their efforts.

I must stop now and take Frank's mid-morning lunch to the field. Sometimes I take a snack for myself and we sit down in a shady spot and eat together. However, if he is feeling rushed, I often take over the tractor so that he can get a rest. It depends on what job is being done. If he is discing or harrowing, I can help him. If he is plowing, I'll just sit and visit.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

WAY BACK WHEN—

The *Mother's Hour Letter* was published by Leanna "every little while" about thirty-five years ago. It was the fore-runner to the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* as we know it today.

Leanna had been broadcasting for a short time when she felt a need to answer some of the much-appreciated letters that were reaching her desk. In the very first copy of her new little publication, she explained it in these words:

"I have received a great many good letters and I would like to answer each one personally, but as I have very little time to write letters after I do my housework and care for my children, I decided to send you this *Mother's Hour Letter*. Altho this is a printed letter I want you to feel that it is meant as much for you as if I had written it with a pencil or pen."

This was the year 1926. All seven children were at home and it was a busy life indeed for the Driftmiers. Howard was old enough to work. Lucile was in high school and Dorothy was in the eighth grade. Frederick was nine years old, Wayne, seven, and Margery and Donald were five and four and not yet in school. The two little youngsters frequently accompanied their mother to the studio to broadcast and it wasn't always easy!

In the *Mother's Hour Letter* Leanna imparted some of her philosophy on the subject of rearing children, printed some of her favorite verse and advertised a few items for sale. Later, she included recipes and other types of material.

From "Mother's Hour Letter" Thirty-Five Years Ago

I live for those who love me
For those who know me true;
For the Heaven that bends above me
And the good that I can do
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrongs that need resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Dish Washers

You mothers with several to cook for, know what a job it is to wash the dishes three times a day. I have nine or ten to cook for all the time and the dishwashing would be quite a job, were it not for my dishwasher.

The picture above shows Dorothy and Margery doing the dishes with our dishwasher. A couple of years ago my husband made this practical and inexpensive dishwasher for me, and the beauty of it is, it does the work as well as the high-priced ones which are run by electricity. He made several before he finally got one made that was satisfactory.

Upon seeing me use mine some of my friends wanted one too, so we had several made and they all proved a great help in the kitchen. Mr. Driftmier's sister, who lives on a farm, has one and says it is fine for washing cream separator parts, and is worth the price for that alone. Another friend in the country says that during



This is one of the pictures that came out of the big box marked "Old Family Pictures". It appeared first in the "*Mother's Hour Letter*" thirty-five years ago and, although it has faded, we wanted to share it with you. The little girls who are using the mechanical dishwasher are Margery, five, and Dorothy, twelve.

threshing time the neighbors ask her to bring her dishwasher with her.

This dishwasher can also be used for canning fruit the cold pack method, and there are other ways it can be used conveniently. When I get the fire built I put the dishwasher on the back of the stove, and fill it about half full of water, putting in some soap chips of Gold Dust or any other soap easily dissolved. By the time the meal is over the water is hot, and I scrape the dishes and put them in the inside pan, or container. This container has two handles which make it easy to plunge the dishes up and down in the hot water. This washes them quickly and easily.

When they are clean, I raise the container out of the water, drop the handles over the edge of the large outside can, which holds the dish container in place above the water. I then rinse the dishes with scalding water. The bottom of the container is perforated, which allows the rinse water to run through. Now, isn't that easy? And it is even easier than it sounds.

I have made arrangements with a company to make these at a price which is within the reach of all. You ought to have one to use during the hot days this summer. Send me your order and I will send you one, transportation prepaid for \$3.75.

(Editorial comment: We Driftmier children all remember vividly when the dishes were done with this old dishwasher! Perhaps we even fought over who would get to operate it for it was quite a thing in those days. It truly was the fore-runner to the automatic home dishwashers that we see today in countless homes.)

From "Kitchen-Klatter News" Twenty-Five Years Ago

There had been a few years, following the serious automobile accident in 1930 in which Leanna broke her back, when it was too much for her to send out her little magazine. However, when she continued to gain in strength and learned how to manage her family and her work from a wheel-chair, she picked up her pen again. Since the radio program now carried the name *Kitchen-Klatter*, the name of her publication had been changed to *Kitchen-Klatter News*.

The following is part of her letter in the first issue published in the spring of 1936:

"This wouldn't be a letter unless I told you what we are all doing. Our house is just like a bee hive—buzzing all the time, and never a day, without some one bringing home a guest to dinner or supper. I enjoy meeting the friends of my family, and want them always to feel welcome in our home. I believe they do. Howard is the miller at the Driftmier Flour Mill; Lucile is at home this winter for the first time in several years, and is following her chosen profession of writing. Dorothy is Society Editor of the "Gazette", here in Shenandoah, and enjoys the newspaper work. Frederick is a Freshman at Tarkio College, and rides back and forth every day. Several Shenandoah young folks share the expense of the car. Wayne is a Senior in High School. He has just been elected to the National Honor Society. His special gift is his music. He sings in the Glee Club, and takes part in special groups. Margery is a Sophomore, and like all teen-age girls, keeps busy in a hundred different ways. Music is her interest, too. And Donald Paul—Donnie for short—will be in High School next year. Now, that is what makes one realize the "March of Time".

"I try to remember they are all old enough to be able to take a great deal of responsibility, and manage their own activities. Most of us mothers wear ourselves out deciding things for our children that they should decide for themselves. If they get into difficulties, they will learn more by the experience than we could teach them. Always be ready to give advice, if it is asked. I have tried, in the early years of their lives, to keep before them the right, and I believe if, when they are called upon to decide between right and wrong, they ask themselves—What would Mother and Dad think, they will not be in doubt as to the right thing to do."

Today

Life is such a little while,
Greet each day with a happy smile.
In the sunshine of today,
Forget the rain of yesterday.
Life at best is not so long;
Meet each day with a glad some song.
Let its glorious chorus find
Tears and fears left far behind.
A little smile, a little song
Rights a day that might go wrong.

MARY BETH FACES A NEW PROBLEM

Dear Friends:

Since I wrote to you last we've had a trip down to Anderson, Indiana. Katharine had a week's vacation from school and since Paul and I had birthday cakes waiting for us we decided to pack the car and go visiting.

I thought the automobile was full when we moved up here in February but this visit home again necessitated a car full of equipment. The weather was not yet warm enough to leave our coats home and by the time a few toys and the nap-time blankets were added we were packed into the car like so many sardines! The children traveled like real veterans on the trip down but they were too fatigued when we were ready to start back to Milwaukee and wiggled and wouldn't nap. I was worn to a frazzle by the time we arrived home.

It was a real treat to have a week at Mother's. I guess a person never grows too old to feel the pangs of homesickness once in awhile. Having this week with Mother helped me over just such a period. Paul was born just the day before my birthday so for the past three years we've celebrated with a big family party. Mother had two beautiful birthday cakes and a delightful dinner all fixed for us. After months of my own cooking, nothing could have tasted better than a meal prepared by someone else, especially when that someone is as good a cook as my Mother!

One of the television stations in Milwaukee is affiliated with the National Education Television broadcasters and they have, among their other exceptionally fine programs, one show which is strictly for the very young. Twice a week a funny clown wishes happy birthday to specific children. When I learned how easy it was to get a personally delivered birthday wish, I sent Paul's name and birthdate to the station. On the day before his birthday (the closest appearance of the clown to Paul's special day) I made certain that Paul and Katharine would be watching this particular program. Suddenly the clown called out, "Paul Driftmier", wished him a happy birthday and sang the traditional "Happy Birthday" song. I would have given a great deal to have had a camera handy to get a picture of Paul's face when he heard his name coming out of the television set.

I keep learning more and more about the problems facing anyone who moves into a new community. One experience which we thought had been solved was that of a physician for the children. However, we had not been home from Anderson for more than three days when Adrienne began to run a temperature of almost 103 degrees. I checked her for signs of measles, sore throat, ear infection and everything else I could think of, but could find no outward indication that she was sick. I watched her closely for a day and when her temperature had not returned to normal the following morning I decided it was time



Adrienne Driftmier looks as if she'd like to climb right out of that playpen and see what Paul and Katharine are up to. No doubt her big brother and sister were delighted that she was "caged"!

to take positive action and call our doctor.

One of the first things we had done after moving to our new home was to locate a good pediatrician. I felt confident, as I dialed his number, that we had done the right thing in getting acquainted with someone immediately whom we could trust. When his receptionist answered she told me the doctor was out of town attending a medical meeting. There I was, sitting holding a burning hot baby and not knowing where to turn for medical help. How I did wish we had made an effort to get a family physician lined up as well as a pediatrician, then I would have had someone else to call upon. It had just never entered my mind that when necessity demanded I could not reach the one doctor whom we knew.

Well, to make a long story short, I checked periodically until I finally did reach the pediatrician at his home as soon as he returned from his trip. Even though it was late by this time, he met me at his office immediately, ran blood tests on Adrienne, examined her thoroughly and came up with the answer. She had a very deep, inner ear infection which accounted for the fact that I could see nothing wrong with her. She is now recovering, just twenty-four hours later, after having a penicillin shot and starting the oral medicine he prescribed.

But this was a lesson to me and one which I am passing on to those of you who move to a strange town, especially a large metropolitan area. Get yourselves acquainted with two doctors in whom you can feel confidence and you may save some of the anguish which I felt. Believe me, I'm going to get a line on a family physician immediately and then in addition to the pediatrician I'll have a second doctor available if an emergency arises again.

The second hardest helper to find in a new town, I've discovered, is a good reliable baby sitter, especially one who drives. The Newcomers Club sent their

representative to call and invite us to come to their meetings. But they meet in the evenings and when Donald is out of town I cannot attend. Even though I have a second car I don't think it is sound practice to leave the children alone long enough for me to take a sitter home. None of my close neighbors are free to care for the children so that offers no solution. I'm keeping my eyes open for the perfect baby sitter upon whom I can call when Don is gone. Fortunately, we have found a lovely woman we can hire when Don is here to drive her home.

It is certainly easy to find oneself driving long distances in a large city. In an effort to keep Katharine happy and busy I enrolled her in an ice skating class that is due to begin next Saturday. The class was advertised in the local newspaper and it did sound as if it would be good fun and wholesome exercise for our big daughter. Now I discover that it will take at least one hour to drive the distance to the ice arena! In terms with which I'm familiar in Indiana, that is as far as from Anderson to Indianapolis and I never went there except for very special occasions. So I find that every week for nine weeks *someone* will be driving clear across Milwaukee just for the fun of it! All I can say is Katharine *better* learn to skate! Next winter when the snows blow and the nearby lake freezes I'll be glad if Katharine can enjoy this outdoor sport, but right now all I can see are the nine Saturdays I've shot.

I need to equip myself with a map of Milwaukee and the surrounding territory which is well marked and has the mileage indicated. I was noticing in the paper that this area is simply peppered with camp sites and vacation spots. Our little church group gathered for a family night "pitch-in" dinner recently and a movie was shown about a camp for families which includes a variety of activities for each age group plus morning and evening devotionals. It is a non-denominational camp and from the movies looks simply beautiful. Someday, when Adrienne is older, it would be a splendid experience for us to go. This camp hires cooks from a neighboring town to come and prepare every meal so it is a vacation from cooking for the mothers, also.

I must finish this letter now. After having had a sick baby who wanted nothing more in the world than to be held and loved, I have laundry and last week's ironing yet to do. It is a good thing Don is away traveling this week because until I get caught up with my work the meals are going to be *simple*!

Affectionately,

Mary Beth

HEIR WAYS

When daddy has to feed the heir And mealtime is a scrimmage, He learns the truth behind the saw "That boy's your spitting image!"

THE DENVER DRIFTMERS ARE ANTICIPATING SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

You may recall reading in last month's magazine about our garage and all it holds for us. Unbelievable as it may seem, the walls have been stretched again to accommodate another item. Clark finally managed to hang on to enough nickles, dimes, quarters and dollars to buy his own bicycle.

When he had saved sufficient money to buy an inexpensive new or a good second-hand one, we started shopping the local stores. We were fortunate enough to find a shop that was discontinuing all of the non-racing type. The owner had a boy's conventional-type model left. It was the perfect size for Clark and the price was most reasonable. You can probably guess that we have hardly seen 'hide nor hair' of the boy since that momentous day. He isn't permitted to ride beyond our immediate neighborhood but as yet that restriction meets no argument.

The older children are handicapped when it comes to finding a good place for long bike rides for so many of the surrounding streets are far too narrow to permit them to ride in safety. The same is true when it comes to taking a nice long walk. Sidewalks are almost non-existent in the suburbs and you take your life in your hands when you venture on to any of the big through streets.

Wayne and I often take walks on Sunday afternoons and the only really safe place nearby is the beautiful, large cemetery two blocks from our house. In order to reach it, we have to cross a six-lane highway and believe me! it takes some doing to walk across that street! At least, once this sanctuary is reached, there are broad sidewalks and the cars must maintain a very slow speed on the lovely drives.

The people in our community don't do much walking and Wayne and I find ourselves stared at with looks of complete astonishment whenever we walk along the streets. Hiking in the mountains is acceptable, but walking in suburbia is strange! The principle reason I enjoy golf is because of the walking it gives me. I play the game so poorly that the main attraction is the exercise. Wayne, however, plays golf well enough that he can enjoy the game as well as the walking.

By the time this magazine reaches you most of your schools will be out for the year, but the schools in our county remain in session until June 9th. For weeks our children have been wild to have vacation start for the summer schedule has prospects of being very exciting if everything works out according to plan.

Sunday, June 18th, is the date set for the Rose Open House at the nursery. Unless the weather proves difficult, there should be several thousand roses in their first full bloom of the summer. Everyone is invited to see and enjoy them and, if you are in Denver, you are most welcome to

drive out to West 38th Avenue and Wadsworth Blvd. to view this colorful display.

Later that same week our family hopes to snatch three or four days for what will probably be our only Colorado camping trip of the summer. Wayne started working 15 hours a day, six days a week, last January so he will be more than ready for a brief rest and change of pace. We hope to get over to the Western Slope (Colorado vernacular for any place west of the Continental Divide) on this occasion, but our final destination won't be chosen until later.

Emily and Alison will spend the first week of July at a girls' camp sponsored by the church. After they return there will be just enough time to catch up on the laundry and mending before the five of us pile into the car and head for Shenandoah. It has been four years since we moved from Iowa and the children are eagerly anticipating this really good visit with the family and their old friends. Wayne and I hope that their boundless energy won't exhaust the relatives before we return from our trip East.

While the children are "living it up" in Iowa, Wayne and I will go to Washington, D. C. for the national convention of the American Association of Nurserymen where Wayne will be the official delegate from Colorado. While he's busy attending meetings, I'll keep occupied with sight-seeing. At the close of the convention we plan to go to New York City for a few days. A number of our Colorado nursery friends will be in Washington and we will doubtless see many of the Shenandoah nursery people too.

The Wilmores would like very much for Wayne to attend the Nurserymen's Management School at Lake Arrowhead, California later in the summer, but we don't know yet if his application will be accepted. The enrollment is quite limited, so he may have to wait until next year. If he does go, I'm hoping very much that the children and I can accompany him. The children are most anxious to visit Disneyland, Marineland, the San Diego Zoo and the ocean beaches. Since Wayne would be tied up with classes, I would have to drive anywhere we went and I'll confess that I have a few qualms about driving in heavy traffic. We're hoping that the plans work out for it would be the perfect opportunity to see these sights. Wayne usually makes one buying trip a year to California but it necessarily comes in December and we haven't felt that the children should miss so much school.

We would dearly love to be able to add enough extra days to the trip to visit the San Francisco area for we have relatives and friends in the region, but there is a limit to the amount of time Wayne can leave his work. A few years ago the retail nursery business was pretty well shut off during the summer months, but container-grown nursery stock has changed all of that. The nursery is a busy place every month of the year now. That makes it more difficult to get away for a vacation and the reason we like to make the most of any

trip we are able to take.

Summer is a delightful time of the year for us for we anticipate visits from relatives and close friends who are vacationing in Colorado. I always wish that I could serve them fancy meals in a spotless house but I have yet to find the way of combining our own summer activities and those of a top-notch hostess! Our guests just have to take things the way they are or visit in the winter if they want "special efforts". So far we've been mighty lucky and our guests have been very gracious in their understanding of the situation.

Sewing kept me busy all during the weeks of late winter and spring but I failed to achieve my goal of finishing all the sewing projects before yard work began. Some of it can be put aside but staring me right in the face is the sack containing the material for Emily's ballet recital costume. Since I made her last costume she has grown considerably so it shouldn't be quite so difficult to gather in all those layers of net. The recital is being danced to the story of "Cinderella". Emily is one of the guest dancers at the ball and her costume is satisfyingly fancy and beautiful. This year she has achieved her dream of dancing on toe.

Each spring it seems as if nothing in the garden could equal the beauty and joy that is brought by the early-flowering bulbs. Our jonquils must have set some kind of record for length of blooming. Since winter was very mild here, the jonquils started blooming in mid-March and, although we had snow after they opened, it was never cold enough to freeze the blossoms. After six weeks those jonquils finally decided to quit "showing off" and started losing their color.

The grass and weeds never stop growing long enough for us "yard men" to get much else accomplished and, if I don't get that lawn mower started right away, we'll never see the flowers that are in bloom!

Sincerely,
Abigail

IT'S NOT EASY

To apologize, when you have hurt another person;
To admit error, when your reputation for honesty is at stake;
To be unselfish, when a little extra might enrich you;
To face a sneer, when the sneerer makes you want to fight;
To be considerate, when people get on your nerves;
To achieve success, and remain humble when you are tempted to crow;
To keep trying, when many failures have tested your patience;
To think a little more before you act, when your temper is up;
To maintain a high standard of personal living, when others take short cuts.
But . . . you'll find that all these things pay . . . in the end.

—Unknown

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

Every day, weather permitting, I've been out with my little dandelion digger. A neighbor came by yesterday and asked me why we didn't spray the yard to get rid of the pests. It probably is the simplest way to eliminate them, but I just happen to *like* to dig dandelions! I'm not much of a hand around the yard and digging dandelions is one way to get me outside when Oliver and Martin are weeding and mowing. Not only that, but my neighbor ladies are just as apt to have a little digger in hand also. We often work together and have a good visit while we are about it.

We've been battling violets too and I find myself waging a war with my conscience for I adore violets. It seems a shame to dig them up, even though they are trying to take over the strawberry bed!

Many letters have come to my desk asking for more information about "Religion Through Motion". Perhaps you will remember my reference on the subject in the April issue. Until recently, I had no idea where information could be found. The answer to the problem came in the following letter, which I will pass on to you.

"The April issue of *International Journal of Religious Education* has a feature section on 'Creative Movement in the Christian Education of Children'. It is by Margaret Fisk Taylor, who is described as 'a pioneer in the use of rhythmic choirs in the church'. She is the author of *The Art of the Rhythmic Choir* and *Look Up and Live*. The article provides a list of references and recommended books.

"Since I'm interested also in every phase of Christian education, I could not refrain from passing along this bit of help. The address of the circulation office of the *International Journal* is Box 303, New York 27, New York. I notice that extra copies of this issue are available—1 to 5 copies, 75 cents each; 6 to 19 copies, 50 cents each".

Those of you who are interested in starting a rhythmic choir in your church will probably want to send for the information.

Our church is getting ready for a rummage sale so I've been cleaning out closets and cupboards to see what I could find. I decided that anything I haven't worn or used for three years must go. Some of my friends go on the theory that if they haven't used something for two years it is safe to discard it, but I'm more conservative. Nevertheless, it is amazing what you can gather together in a short time when you put your mind to it and *really* look. Oliver is a good one to have around at such a time for when I hesitate to give up something because I still *might* want it, he pins me down to exactly *what* for or *when*! If I can't come up with a good answer in ten seconds, it goes.

These last days of school are mighty long for the youngsters. I'm beginning to have to think *hard* to remember my schooldays, but it isn't too difficult



Many of you have asked to see where Margery and Lucile broadcast so this picture was taken in answer to those requests. It isn't a fancy studio, but it serves the purpose. The desk is a dining room table and the microphones are adjustable to accommodate an extra person. Above the table is the big clock with hands that race around much too fast!

to recall when I was a teacher, trying by every known means to keep the children's attention. These were the days when I would call for an early recess in the afternoon, or decide suddenly to have a session on nature study so that we could all go for a walk. Or, perhaps you who are ex-teachers will remember, it was a good time to have the children clean out their desks! That always brought them back to life.

Martin can scarcely wait for school to end for a very good reason. This year he is old enough to join the older boys when our minister takes them on a camping trip to Minnesota. Rev. Miller feels strongly that it is important for young boys to experience the good, clean fun that camping, hunting, fishing and hiking give, and that nature brings them very close to God. They also learn co-operation and good sportsmanship. Certainly the boys become aware of the fact that the minister isn't only the person who preaches the scripture, but that he is a "human being" who enjoys the same good times that they enjoy. There is no set pattern for religious education on the trip but in the woods, around the campfire, away from the stresses of society, God seems very near and frequently the conversations turn into serious discussions. The minister makes the most of every opportunity and in this way lessons come spontaneously. This doesn't take the place of church camp, however.

Mother tells you this month about the little week-end trip we made to Davenport in April. This was another special thrill for me, for I saw an old college friend for the first time in twenty-two years! Winifred (Herzberg) Kohrs was one of my closest friends the year I attended Iowa State University at Ames. She was a guest in our home that Thanksgiving in

1938. Although we have kept in touch all these years, we hadn't seen one another. The day we arrived in Davenport, she came to the hotel and we had a good visit. The following morning, while Mother was attending a meeting, I had coffee at Wini's home and met two of her lovely children. The older son was busy with some scouting activities and her husband was at work so I didn't have an opportunity to meet them. We're hoping that their summer vacation trip will take them through Shenandoah so that we can pursue our "catching up".

Our family vacation plans haven't "jelled" yet. Martin will be gone in early June, Wayne, Abigail and the children will be coming around the middle of July, and there are some other activities to consider. We haven't decided as yet just where we will go and what we will do, although several plans are under consideration.

Aside from the usual summer baseball program, band classes, and swimming lessons, several other attractions are being offered our Shenandoah children. These include Spanish, Personal Typing and Driver's Training. I think it is a fine idea to offer some of these classes during the summer months, for many students would like to include them in their course of study during the school year, but can't fit them into their schedules. Martin is graduating from the eighth grade this year and must start planning out his high school curriculum. Since he would like to take as much English, History, Mathematics and Science as he can, something has to "give" in order to get in some Typing, Social Problems, Driver's Training, Foreign Languages and the like. If he can manage to gain credits in subjects such as these during the summer, it would be to his advantage. However,

(Continued on page 19)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

LEANNA'S STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD

- 16 large marshmallows
- 2 Tbls. strawberry juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, not too moist
- 1 cup crushed strawberries
- 1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup heavy whipping cream

Melt the marshmallows with juice in top of double boiler. Cool. Add strawberries, strawberry flavoring, and pineapple. Mix the cheese and mayonnaise together thoroughly. Whip the cream and combine with cheese mixture. Then fold in the marshmallow mixture. Pour into a 9-inch square pan, cover tightly, and freeze.

This is very delicious and is nice to serve for club refreshments this time of the year.

BETTY'S HAMBURGER-POTATO PIE

The amounts of ingredients used will depend upon the size of your family.

Slice potatoes as for preparing escalloped potatoes. Salt and pepper them. Slice an onion over the top.

In a large bowl, place hamburger and season with salt and pepper as desired. Add enough milk to make the hamburger rather "soupy". Spread over the onions in an even layer and spread with a thin layer of catsup. Bake in a 350 degree oven, covered, for about an hour. Uncover and continue baking until the potatoes are done, about 1/2 hour.

SHRIMP DELIGHT

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

Prepare the rice as directed on package. Cook onions and pepper in butter until tender. Blend in the flour, then stir in the tomato juice gradually, and cook until thickened. Add cheese and stir until melted. Add shrimp, rice and seasonings. Stir well. Pour into greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Top with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until browned. Serves 6 to 8.

BANANA BREAD

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup, less 2 Tbls., mashed, ripe bananas
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the sugar and shortening and add the eggs, beating very well. (I used the electric mixer.) Add the mashed, ripe bananas, the banana flavoring and the milk. (I used 3 medium small bananas, which made a scant cup.) Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add, blending in well; then add the chopped nutmeats. Bake in a loaf pan, well greased, in a 350 degree oven for about 1 hour. The time will depend upon the size of loaf pan used. The time is for a standard bread pan.

SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER CHICKEN

- 1 broiler-fryer (2 1/2-3 lb.) chicken, cut in serving pieces
- 2/3 cup flour
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 can tomatoes, drained
- 1 medium green pepper, diced
- 8 ripe olives, sliced
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Shake the pieces of chicken in paper bag with flour, 1/4 c. cheese, paprika and pepper. Brown the chicken in the butter or margarine in large skillet until golden. Remove from skillet and place in 3-quart casserole. Add diced tomatoes, green pepper and olives. To the butter remaining in the skillet, add the oregano, salt, 1 heaping Tbls. of the flour mixture. When it has been stirred in, add the 1 cup water. Cook over medium heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Add the 2 Tbls. Parmesan cheese. Pour the gravy over the chicken and vegetables and cover tightly. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes, or until chicken is tender.

BAKED PARSNIPS

Boil eight parsnips in salted water until tender. Drain them and when they are cool, slip off the skins. Cut each parsnip lengthwise and arrange in the bottom of an 8x8-inch baking dish which has been buttered. Make a cream sauce using 2 cups of milk, 4 Tbls. of flour, 4 Tbls. of butter, 1/4 tsp. of salt and a dash of pepper. Pour this over the parsnips and then sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. You can add a little cheese or pimiento to the cream sauce if desired. Bake in a 350 degree oven until the crumbs are nicely browned.

ELEGANT SCALLOPED CORN

- 1 16-oz. can cream-style corn
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/3 cup diced celery
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 3/4 cup American cheese, cut in small pieces
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup milk

Combine all the ingredients and pour into a greased casserole. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 50 minutes.

We all thought this was the best corn we had ever eaten.

SPINACH AND CABBAGE SALAD

This is a handy salad to prepare whenever you have gotten just a little weary of the usual lettuce tossed salad.

- 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 2 cups shredded raw spinach leaves
- 2 cups chopped celery

Toss the above ingredients with the following salad dressing:

- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1 Tbls. catsup
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 clove garlic, crushed

Stir and shake very thoroughly before adding to salad greens.

MINCEMEAT BARS

- 1 pkg. prepared mincemeat
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 3/4 cup quick-cooking oatmeal

Place the mincemeat and the water in a saucepan and simmer over low heat for three minutes. Remove from fire and add the orange flavoring, mixing well. Let this cool. Cream the shortening and sugar until fluffy. Mix in the sifted dry ingredients and the oatmeal until it is crumbly. Pat half of the crumb mixture into a greased 9-inch square pan. Spread the mincemeat evenly over this and sprinkle with the remaining crumb mixture, patting it down lightly. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 35 minutes. When cool cut into squares.

Instead of serving these as cookies, you might like to cut the pieces a little larger and serve with whipped cream.

GOOD DRESSING FOR COLE SLAW

- 1/2 cup commercial sour cream
 - 4 Tbls. sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 2 Tbls. salad vinegar
- Mix with freshly chopped cabbage and serve at once.

PLAIN CHOP SUEY

- 1 lb. pork, veal or beef cut in 1/2 inch cubes
- 1 cup celery, cut fine
- 1 cup onions, sliced
- 4 Tbls. Soy Sauce
- 1 No. 2 can Bean Sprouts
- 2 Tbls. fat
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup water
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup water

Brown the meat in hot fat. Add celery, onions, water, salt and pepper. Cover and cook over medium heat until meat is tender. Add bean sprouts and simmer in open pan for 3 minutes. Add the Soy Sauce. Thicken gravy with the cornstarch, dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water. Serve with hot rice. Serves 4.

SPICY PRUNE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup chopped, cooked prunes

Cream the shortening and sugar. Beat in the eggs, one at a time. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and flavoring, beating well after each addition. Fold in the prunes. Bake in a 9-inch square pan in a 350 degree oven for about one hour.

This cake is good frosted with a butter and powdered sugar icing to which a little Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring has been added.

BEEF AND RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 1/3 cups Minute Rice
- 1 1/3 cups water
- 3 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Bring the water to a full boil. Add the rice, turn off heat, cover and let stand for 5 minutes.

Melt the butter in skillet. Saute the onion and celery. Remove these vegetables from the butter and then brown the hamburger. Heat the soup and water until boiling.

Grease a 6-cup casserole. Place all prepared ingredients in layers—first, a layer of rice, then the vegetables, followed by a layer of browned hamburger. Pour the soup over all and bake in a 375 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

This casserole is easy to prepare and has a delicious flavor. It is an exceptionally fine dish for busy days.

PUDDING MIX

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 cups nonfat dry milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups flour, lightly packed

To prepare the mix:

Sift the ingredients together three times. Store in a tightly covered container in a cool place.

To make a pudding from the mix:

- 1 1/4 cups pudding mix
- 2 1/2 cups warm water
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring

Combine the mix with water in the top of a double boiler, or in a heavy saucepan, over low heat, and cook until it thickens, stirring often. Stir a little of the hot pudding into the beaten egg, then blend slowly back into the remaining hot mixture. Continue cooking for another minute, or until the pudding coats a spoon. Remove from the heat and stir in the butter and flavoring.

This pudding may be varied by using different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Use vanilla and sprinkle a few nuts or tiny marshmallows on top. Use strawberry flavoring and garnish with several ripe strawberries. Banana flavoring with sliced bananas, black walnut flavoring with a few nuts, cherry flavored pudding with a maraschino cherry on top, coconut, burnt sugar, lemon or orange, are all variations which make this a versatile pudding.

For chocolate pudding, simply add 3 level Tbls. cocoa to the 1 1/4 cups of mix before you combine it with the water. Continue to prepare as directed. Add Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring for a real taste treat.

CHINESE GOULASH

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1 can cream of celery soup
 - 1 small can green beans, drained and chopped
 - 1 can button mushrooms
 - 1 can tuna fish, scalded and drained
- Combine all ingredients and heat well. Serve hot over crisp, heated Chinese noodles.

RASPBERRY FLUFF

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries
- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 12 marshmallows, finely cut (You could use the tiny ones, cutting them in half)

1 1/4 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
Drain the juice from the defrosted raspberries, adding enough water to make 1/2 cup. Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add the raspberry liquid and the sugar, stirring until dissolved. Chill until partially congealed. Beat until fluffy. Fold in the whipped cream, marshmallows and raspberries. Press crumbs in bottom of 6x10-inch pan. Pour raspberry mixture over the crumbs and chill until firm. This makes 8 servings.

BLUEBERRY FLUFF

- 15 graham crackers
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 lb. marshmallows
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1 can blueberry pie mix
- A dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Crush the graham crackers and mix with the butter and sugar. Reserve one-fourth of this mixture and pat the rest into an 8-inch square pan. Melt the marshmallows in the milk. Let cool, but not set, and then fold in the whipped cream. Place half of this marshmallow mixture on the crumb crust. Now take a can of blueberry pie mix and stir into the contents the dash of salt and the Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. (You may make your own blueberry filling if you prefer.) Spread the blueberry filling over the marshmallow layer and then top with the other half of the marshmallow mixture. Sprinkle the reserved graham cracker crumbs over the top. Chill overnight. Cut in squares and serve.

This makes a beautiful dessert to serve from a tea table.

SOFT DATE COOKIES

- 1 10-oz. package dates
- 1 cup water
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda

Cut the dates in small pieces and cook in the water until soft. Cool. Cream the shortening and the sugar. Add the eggs, which have been well beaten, and the salt and vanilla. Stir in the dates and mix well. Add the flour and soda. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven. These are soft and delicious.

NEW FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup syrup from fruit
- 1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- Dash of salt
- 2/3 cup whipping cream
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups diced apricots and Royal Ann cherries
- 1/2 cup crushed, drained pineapple
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 12 marshmallows, cut
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries

Soften gelatin in lemon juice. Dissolve in boiling syrup from fruit. Cool until mixture begins to thicken. Blend cream cheese and mayonnaise. Add salt. Fold into gelatin. Whip cream stiff, gradually adding sugar. Fold in all ingredients. Pour into 2 single refrigerator trays, or one double tray and freeze. Serves 12.

ORANGE-PRUNE PARTY BREAD

- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped, cooked prunes

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into a mixing bowl. Cut in the shortening. Add the sugar and flavoring, mixing well. Combine the egg and milk and stir this into the dry ingredients. Fold in the prunes and pour into greased loaf pan. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about one hour. Remove from pan and cool on a rack. Don't try to slice it until it is thoroughly cooled or it will crumble.

This is a delicious and different bread for tea sandwiches.

DOROTHY'S OLD-FASHIONED CREAM CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten yolks of eggs. Mix in dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla. Fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in two layers in a 350 degree oven.

Cream Filling

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. flour
- Few grains salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix sugar, flour and salt. Scald milk and add. Cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Beat the egg. Pour hot mixture slowly into the egg and cook over hot water again for three minutes. When cool, add the vanilla.

If you prefer a little richer filling, instead of using one whole egg, use two egg yolks, and when the filling is cool fold in 1/2 cup of whipped cream.

I spread this filling between the layers and then serve it with a little whipped cream on top.

SWISS AND HAM SANDWICH SPREAD

- 1 cup canned, boiled or baked ham, coarsely ground
- 1 cup Swiss cheese, shredded
- 1/2 cup drained sweet pickle relish
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 3/4 cup salad dressing
- Dash of cinnamon

Combine all the ingredients and spread on bread. Excellent on white, whole wheat or rye bread.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

I have learned a new kitchen trick that I want to share with you. Many times I have told you about some of my out-of-door cookery and the fun we have cooking food over an open fire on skewers made of wire or of long green twigs. Well, I have just learned to do this in the oven at home. I make the skewers out of some rather stiff wire ten inches long. This makes them just long enough to stretch across the length of a standard bread pan with a little bit to spare.

Allowing two skewers of food for each person to be fed, you can work up some tasty combinations. Whatever you cook, arrange the ingredients attractively, alternating them in such a way that the flavors have a chance to blend. Brush the meat and vegetables with melted butter, bacon drippings or wrap the ingredients in bacon. Place the skewers over the bread pans and broil, turning at least once while cooking.

One combination that we enjoy at our house is equally as good cooked over an open fire. On the skewers alternate small hamburger balls, which had been made with chopped onion in them, whole mushrooms, fat slices of onion and slices of firm tomatoes. Another combination that has a real picnic touch is made up of pieces of cheese wrapped in bacon, slices of onion, chunks of tomato and slices of egg-plant that have been dipped in butter. One combination I like, but which the children do not enjoy, is chicken livers, little pieces of fresh calf liver, pieces of folded bacon, celery and firm tomatoes.

I suggest that you practice on this cooking stunt when your husband is not home. Then when you have mastered it, spring the technique on him as a surprise. Better still, if your husband likes to putter around the kitchen, let him try his hand at oven skewer cooking.

One final touch that can be added to this type of cooking is the new charcoal flavoring which is sprayed on the food to be broiled. Believe it or not it works. Don't use too much and put it on before cooking, not afterwards!

SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

- 3 lbs. beef short ribs
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 small onion
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 tsp. paprika
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Tbls. vinegar

Cut short ribs into serving pieces. Rub with cut clove of garlic. Place in kettle and slice onion over top. Cover with water, cover kettle and cook slowly for about 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Transfer to greased baking dish. Add tomatoes and seasonings, cover, and cook for 1 hour at 300 degrees. Remove cover last 15 minutes so they will brown slightly. Serves 6.

**RECIPE OF THE MONTH
Thursday Club Banana Pie**

This is a perfectly elegant pie—the kind you can serve and get the story started that you're a marvelous cook. It's rich, of course, but go right ahead and enjoy a piece; you can always go might easy on calories the next day.

Here are the ingredients, and I'd like to make a couple of comments after the directions for putting it together.

- 1 10-inch crust (see below)
- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- Dash of salt
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 ripe banana
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped (for topping)

A plain rich pastry type crust is good, but a crumb type crust is preferable. (I used a combination of crushed vanilla wafers and graham crackers with melted butter and 2 Tbls. of sugar.)

Dissolve gelatin in 1/4 cup cold milk.

Mix prepared vanilla pudding with 1 cup of milk, 1/3 cup sugar, 2 eggs lightly beaten, dash of salt and butter. Cook in a very heavy pan over low fire, stirring constantly. (Use a double boiler unless you have a very heavy pan and can't stir constantly.) Mixture will get very thick quickly. Add dissolved gelatin. Stir thoroughly. Then stand pan in cold water.

Add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and banana flavorings to heavy cream and whip until thick. When cooked mixture is completely cold, combine with whipped cream. Then add 1 ripe banana, chopped into small pieces, and turn into crust. Chill until firm.

Just before serving, whip additional 1/2 cup of cream to which you have added 1 Tbls. sugar and swirl over top of pie.

Comments: Cream pies will always cut beautifully and hold their shape if you add 1 envelope of plain gelatin dissolved in 1/4 cup cold milk when you remove cooked mixture from the fire. This goes for cream pies made from scratch or packaged fillings. You cannot taste the gelatin and it doesn't effect the texture in any way, but it *does* guarantee a pie of exactly the right consistency to cut and serve.

One ripe banana was used in this pie simply for the sake of texture. The *real* banana flavoring comes from the Kitchen-Klatter banana that is used. If you make up this pie without using any ripe banana, increase the flavoring slightly.

In every activity let us do our best, and let the world make its own appraisal.



KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

The Finest You Can Buy

Banana
Black Walnut
Maple
Mint
Burnt Sugar

Orange
Coconut
Strawberry
Cherry
Lemon

Almond

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

You need all 12 to turn out fine food and to save money.

BUT this month we want to stress our wonderful **Kitchen-Klatter Banana Flavoring**.

Fresh bananas are always expensive. And they have a way of being too green or too ripe.

You'll save yourself real money and a lot of sharp irritation if you have **Kitchen-Klatter Banana Flavoring** in your kitchen. It **always** tastes the way fresh bananas **should** taste—and so rarely do. Be **SURE** you buy a bottle today so you can make our elegant recipe of the month: **Thursday Club Banana Pie**.

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO CALORIE SWEETENER

It's hard to pick out exactly three comments from thousands of enthusiastic comments, but the ones you see here are typical — and give you an idea of the way people feel about our superb quality sweetener.

"For ten years I've been under the doctor's care and I've tried every sugar substitute I could find, plus the ones my friends sent to me. None of them satisfied my craving for something sweet until your new **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** appeared. It's marvelous. Never stop making it." — Sioux City, Ia.

"This is the first time I've been able to stick on a diet and take off weight. I have lost 20 pounds and have 10 more to go. **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** gets the credit and I want you to know it." — St. Joseph, Mo.

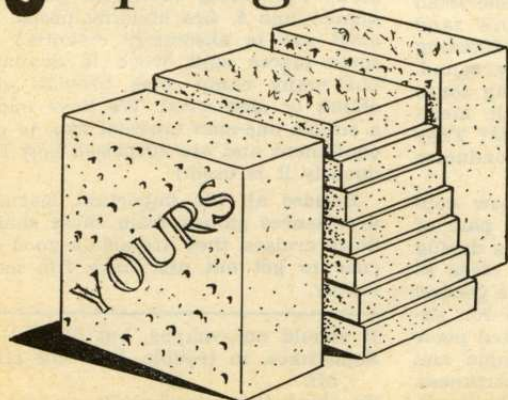
"Thanks for putting out a really wonderful no-calorie sweetener. It means a lot to our family to have it for it gives us the natural sweetness we've never gotten from anything else." — Worthington, Minn.



ANOTHER GIANT PREMIUM

Soft, made-to-last sponges — enough to keep you going for many months. Brilliant colors. A tremendous bargain.

9 Sponges 2 LARGE
7 MEDIUM



For **3 Cap Liners** and **50¢**

Kitchen-Klatter

FLAVORS OR

No Calorie SWEETENER

Kitchen-Klatter

Shenandoah, Iowa

A SHAKEDOWN CRUISE

By
Evelyn Birkby

Each year about this time the Birkby family begins to cast a longing eye toward the great out-of-doors. The "turtle" (the homemade camping contraption which is set into the back of our pickup) daily grows more interesting.

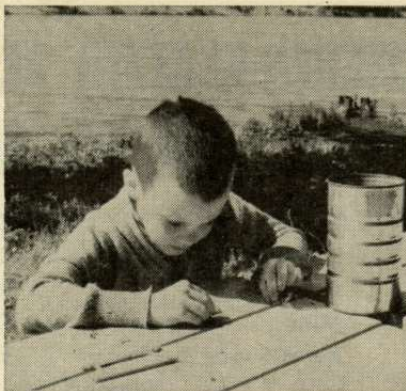
"When can we go camping?" the three boys ask at frequent intervals.

When the pressure of nature and youngsters grows too strong, we try to get away for at least overnight and, if possible, a weekend. This short jaunt, whether it be the two miles south to "our" Waubonsie State Park, north fifty miles to Viking Lake or, as it was last year, the two hundred miles to Ledges State Park near Boone, Iowa, has several purposes. It gets us loosened up from a winter of being shut inside; it gives us an opportunity to check over our equipment which has lain unused since last autumn's final fling; we have a chance to test the weather-worthiness of the "turtle" now that it is one year older.

By hard experience we have discovered the value of this shakedown cruise, for a real night of camping tells us more about the condition of our equipment than all the inspection at home can ever do. I would suggest that anyone who is starting out on a camping trip for the first time try camping out at least one night, even if it has to be in the back yard, before launching onto the roads and into the campgrounds.

We camped near one family who would have profited greatly by such a testing experience and surely would have had a happier vacation. They were lifelong city dwellers. Here they were, on their first night out in an Iowa park, without the slightest idea of how to set up a tent or work a camp stove. The group included a wife, husband, two small children and one grandmother. I've never felt so sorry for campers in my life! That poor man got the umbrella tent spread out, crawled inside the canvass, stood the center pole upright and then just stood there. He did not know what to do next! A helping hand on the outside finally fastened down the pegs (which should have been secured before raising the center pole). This got the owner to the place where he could let go of the pole or I'm sure he'd still be there! In the morning when he was ready to take down the tent he went inside, took the pole apart and threw it out the door. The tent, of course, promptly fell down around his ears and on the two children who were trying to be helpful.

Next, he spent ten minutes trying to pump up his gas stove only to discover that it had no gas and he had no reserve supply. The family, refusing the offer of our campfire, finally ate a breakfast of dry cold cereal out of a box (no one had remembered to bring milk). With everything loaded into their station wagon and with a feeble wave they drove away toward the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. I doubt if the wife and grandmother



Seven-year-old Jeffrey Birkby is a picture of complete concentration as he baits his hook to go fishing.

were speaking to that poor husband by the time the day was over if circumstances continued as they started. It was funny . . . it was pathetic . . . for a few simple explanations by a salesman when the tent and stove were purchased and a practice run before leaving home could have saved them so much grief.

We learned the hard way about these shakedown cruises, however, the year Robert put a new roof on the "turtle" just in time to pack and leave for Colorado. "I think a strip of molding is needed along the center where the two boards meet, but perhaps it will be water tight without it," Robert said hopefully as we drove away from home.

All went well through several days of camping. Finally, one evening we pulled off the road into a small parking area in Boulder Canyon just above the town of Boulder, Colorado (one of my favorite towns). It was a beautiful, quiet place with water, rocks, a table, fireplace and a hill for the boys to climb.

As we finished eating supper the sun sank behind the peaks and the quick cool air of the mountain evening descended. We quickly cleaned up the dishes and gratefully climbed into the warm confines of the "turtle". Ah, now for a calm quiet night.

Calm came. Soon everyone was asleep. But what was that strange noise? "Drip . . . drip . . . drip . . ." Oh my, it was raining. Here we were up in the mountains and now we knew for sure we needed that molding!

Gathering up every receptacle from the lard can to the children's sand buckets, Robert caught the offending water. Now we heard a new sound. Did you ever hear the varying tones metallically given off by small, medium and large sized tin buckets? They are many. They are not conducive to sleep.

The tarpaulin, which is now considered a most indispensable part of camping gear (it covers tables during rain storms, hangs between trees to ward off winds and covers the ground when a dry place is needed for sitting), came out of its appointed place and Robert disappeared, pajama and slicker-clad, into the wet darkness. Clambering over the hood of the truck, he spread the tarp over the offensive

crack. Suddenly, the rhythmic drumming stopped. Robert came in jubilant. He was master of the situation. I lay in the darkness mentally writing the first chapter of a book which would include the funny, exciting, frustrating and wonderful incidents of camping. I even titled it, with apologies to Betty McDonald, "The Turtle and I"!

The following morning dawned bright, clear, warm and sunny. We all forgave the elements. When we got back into Boulder our first stop was at a lumber yard for a piece of weather stripping. That drippy night had given us a warning never to go so unprepared and untested again.

No matter how many years we camp we still find need for a checkup cruise. We discovered one year, for instance, that a screw on the camp stove was worn and would not hold the pressure adequately for cooking. It is fun to prepare all the meals over a campfire, but for a long trip a camp stove would be needed when fireplaces or firewood are unavailable.

Another year we had made out a comprehensive list of everything needed only to discover, when the unpacking was finished, that the hand soap was missing. When shaving time arrived no shaving soap appeared! The children managed better washing with the dish detergent than Robert did shaving with it, but at least we had remembered one type of soap. Now I have a list which is saved from year to year, from one camping trip to the next. Written in big red block letters is *SOAP!* It is to be hoped that item will not be forgotten again.

Among the circumstances we always try to anticipate and check include 1. rain, (raincoats, boots, extra shoes and the ever faithful tarpaulin); 2. cold weather, (blankets, sleeping bags, flannel pajamas, winter jackets and caps—if they are not needed, wonderful, but heaven help the camper who needs them and doesn't have them.); 3. sick children, (simple first-aid remedies, a mild laxative and, in our case, croup medicine—nothing worse than a case of croup far off the beaten track!); 4. blackened pans from outdoor cooking, (If you must keep everything shining a constant supply of cleaning and scrubbing pads is needed. The best way for us is to take along a set of pans which are not fancy, enjoy the cooking as it comes and scrub everything when we get back home.) and 5. fire building needs, (A good axe is absolutely essential. In some places split wood is available but many camp sites provide only chunk or slab wood. We have added a simple one-man crosscut saw to our equipment and are surprised how frequently it is used.)

Besides all the important learning experiences gained from these shakedown cruises, they are also a good excuse to get out and have fun as a family.

It should not, maybe, but does. Sometimes, in trouble, take the sting off.

To think that someone is, or was, Someday, somewhere, worse off.

GARDEN ETIQUETTE

By

Hallie M. Barrow

What kind of a garden visitor are you? Most of the etiquette books have chapters on how to be a perfect week-end hostess and the gracious guest; how to be socially correct at funerals, weddings, teas and club meetings; where to wear gloves and a hat; how to word invitations, notes of acceptance and bread-and-butter letters; how to act and what to say in just about any situation which may arise.

Every travel situation is cared for except when you or your club make a garden tour. True, there are chapters on the giving of flowers, what is appropriate to wear in the line of corsages, but not a word for the garden visitor. (If there are any, I've missed them!) Yet, this is the day of garden pilgrimages all over the land. No town is too small to have a garden tour. Rose gardens all over the country are having "open house"; no home is so fine but that the garden or greenhouse is one of the "show-offs" open at certain periods for tourists.

Garden pilgrimages have arrived on the scene in recent years. In the Midwest, we feel safe in saying that the first garden pilgrimage many of us older gardeners made was to Shendoah to the lovely garden of the late Helen Field Fischer. Perhaps women gardeners under fifty years of age can't realize what a joy such a trip was!

I was one of the farm women of the 20's who rushed through the dinner dishes to clap the ear phones on my head at 2 o'clock to listen to our beloved "Flower Lady". The men reserved the rights to the ear phones for farm market and weather reports, but when Leanna came on with her "Kitchen-Klatter" program and her sister Helen, with her flower talks, the ear phones were MINE and I was transported into another world.

From my years of experience in making garden pilgrimages I've worked out some basic rules for garden visitors.

Please phone or write for an appointment for your club. Your hostess might be in the midst of a big washing or your host might be engaged in a spray program which bars visitors. Be sure to be there at the specified time and leave as soon as the tour is over. Maybe you do have the day to loiter and visit but there are no busier people than gardeners in garden-touring season. When the tour is over the host may ask you to sit and rest or browse through again, but don't expect the host to give over the day to entertain you.

Never wear high heels. They can cut flower beds to ribbons. And never touch a plant or flower. Tuberous begonias and other such plants are brittle and fragile—a touch will break off a large section. Don't go along snipping off seed pods or faded flowers. Some gardeners are hybridizers and are saving seed pods. We saw one garden host very much upset when a visitor on an iris tour started break-



Lucile and Russell's garden is a riot of color when the tulips are in bloom.

ing off seed pods in a special plot and airily chirped, "I never let a seed pod ripen on *my* iris." Several years' work was lost when the seed pods were snapped off by the unthinking guest!

Don't ask for slips, seeds or plants—especially if there is a group of you. If everyone did, the garden would be denuded after a number of clubs had passed through. Even worse, don't be a "slip-snitcher" by waiting until you are unnoticed and then "snitching" a slip. One garden host who specialized in coleus and vari-colored leaved geraniums was forced in desperation to put up a "Hands Off" sign!

Many gardeners are as fastidious as the best housekeepers. Don't litter the paths with candy wrappers, peanut hulls, chewing gum, cigarette stubs, apple cores or banana peelings. And speaking of paths, if they are there, stay on them! Don't ramble everywhere, trampling grass, or breaking off branches to fight your way through heavy shrubbery.

Another important thing to remember is that permission to visit the garden does not include a ramble through the house.

Never take a dog on a garden tour. Even a well-trained dog on a leash can create havoc in a flower garden. For this very reason many gardens are fenced in order to keep out pets, so be certain that you close gates behind you if there are any.

Don't take small children with you on a garden pilgrimage unless they have been informed and understand how to behave on such an outing. If it is necessary to take them with you, keep a close eye on them so that they don't wander off to a fish pool and decide to test its depth, or climb a flowering tree, or pick a "pretty bouquet for Mommy"!

Go prepared! Showers can come up unexpectedly and you might be caught in one before your trip is over. If you haven't room for raincoats or umbrellas, make certain that you have newspapers to put over your heads. It is always advisable that someone in your group has a first-aid kit. I've known

persons to get scratches from protruding nails or sharp branches.

Just as if you were a guest in a home, don't be critical or too free with advice and opinions. Also, don't embarrass your host by correcting pronunciation of some botanical name. Give praise whenever possible and never make such comments as, "I wouldn't give that stuff space in MY garden," or "So these little dinky things are your pansies. You should see mine—they're as big as saucers." Perhaps it seems ridiculous to mention this, but from my past experience I have been embarrassed to overhear comments such as these.

The same kindness that prompts you to acknowledge any courtesy should prompt you to write a short note of appreciation to your garden host for most of us carry away something from a garden visit, whether it be new ideas, instructions or inspiration. From one visit to Helen Fischer's garden many years ago, I indirectly picked up some philosophy. I most admired a *Hosta Sieboldiana* and felt that I just had to have one of those crinkly, big-leaved foliage plants. Some of them looked as if they had been quilted. She gave me the name of the dealer who raised and sold only hostas. That visit started my *hosta* hobby, but never would my *Sieboldiana* look so deeply creased. Finally, I decided to visit this nursery to see if I could learn why mine weren't more deeply lined. When I voiced my complaint, the old German gardener turned to me rather impatiently and said, "Woman, haven't you learned yet that it takes age to put in wrinkles?"

My *Sieboldiana* and I are both much older now and I have learned that age brings wrinkles! But my big *Hosta Sieboldiana* is such a gorgeous plant with its deep wrinkles that it has made me feel that there is a kind of beauty and dignity that even wrinkles bring!

MONEY CAN'T BUY

Friendship—

Friendship must be earned.

A clear conscience—

Square dealing is the price tag.

Glow of good health—

Right living is the secret.

Sunsets, singing birds, music of the wind—

They are as free as the air we breathe.

Inward peace—

Peace results from a constructive philosophy of life.

Character—

Character is what we are when we are alone in the dark.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Some go to Church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there to gain a lover,
Some go there their faults to cover;
Some go for observation,
Some go there for Speculation;
Some go there to sleep and nod,
We should go there to worship God.

A BRIDAL SHOWER—COMMUNITY STYLE

By

Mildred D. Cathcart

There has been a recent epidemic of bridal showers in our vicinity. Most of these have been community affairs held in the church recreation room with a large number of guests. This presents a different entertainment problem from a small home shower. If you are responsible for playing hostess to a large number you may find some of these suggestions helpful.

At one of the showers the hostess divided the ladies into groups of five. First, each group was given large sheets of inexpensive white tissue wrapping paper, pins and scissors and told to fashion a bridal veil for one of the group to *model*. All the models "marched down the aisle" and a winner was chosen.

Next, the groups were given odds and ends of colored wrapping paper, newspapers and gaily patterned wall-paper. Each group was asked to make something for the bride's first washing. A line was stretched between two chairs and at a given time each group hung the "washing" on the line with plastic clothespins. You can well imagine how hilarious this was with everything from lunch cloths to delicate lingerie represented! At the close of the game the clothespins were put in a clothespin bag and presented to the bride-to-be.

An idea for a quiet game is to give each person a pencil and a sheet of paper with the following capital letters written on different lines—A, B, C, D, E, F, H, I, K, L, M, O, P, R, S, T, W. Each person is asked to name one item, beginning with the letters, which a *new bride might purchase* for her home. This sounds quite simple, but there is one catch—after the time is up the hostess will read *her* list of items. The players may count as correct *only* those which are the *same* as the hostess' list! The master list may be as follows: Afghan, Bed, Chair, Dresser, Egg beater, Fan, Hammer, Iron, Kettle, Lamp, Mirror, Organ, Picture, Rug, Stove, Table, Washer.

For another paper and pencil game play *The Bride Went to the Dime Store*. On a large tray place up to thirty small objects which a new bride might find at a ten-cent store. Allow each person to study the tray for a few minutes, then remove the tray from sight and see who can write the most accurate list. Include simple items which can be found around the house such as: needles, pins, paring knife, ruler and measuring spoons.

I doubt if you will find any Grandma Moses in your midst, but you will have some very modernistic pictures when you play this game. Tell the guests they are to *illustrate a story* as you tell it. The "artists" are given pencil and paper and told to place the paper on top of their heads while they draw! You might begin by saying, "First, we will help the groom build a lovely ranch-type home for the bride. Be sure to include a front door, a picture

window and a chimney. Now draw a walk up to the door. Put some flowers along the walk. Oh yes, let's put in a nice tree. A picket fence across the back will give more privacy." When you have finished have an art exhibit and give a prize to the best artist.

My Biggest Cooking Failure can be most amusing. Have each person tell her biggest failure or her most amusing or embarrassing cooking experience. (I still chuckle when I think of Lucile putting freshly ground coffee into her cake when the recipe called for *one cup of coffee*.)

Another fun idea with recipes might be called *What Is It?* Read, one at a time, several different, very common recipes. See who can identify them just from the list of ingredients.

For a large group you may want to dispense with prizes, however, you can find many inexpensive and useful items if you wish to use them, such as: potholders, scrapers, erasers, pencils, recipe cards, spools of sewing thread and a ball of twine.

When the bride opens her gifts it is fun to seat someone in the background but near enough to hear the bride's comments as she opens each gift. These remarks are written down and presented to the guest of honor so she may read them later.

MAKE A GIFT TREE

A pretty and versatile idea to use for anniversaries or showers is a *gift tree* to show off small gift items. Secure a branch the size for your needs. This may be anchored in a rock-filled can or, for a large branch, in a Christmas tree holder. Be sure the *tree* has enough sturdy branches to hold the gifts. Decorate the branch to suit the occasion and the time of the year. It may be spray-painted white, gold, silver or a suitable color. Cover the base with artificial grass, fresh greenery or colored crepe paper. Add bright flowers, ribbon bows or bright Christmas tree ornaments to the twigs for color.

The gifts may be tied directly to the branches, but mobiles may also be constructed. Gilt several coat hangers and tie these to the tree with bright colored ribbons. Attach the gaily wrapped gifts to the hangers to form the mobiles.

For a silver or gold anniversary a small table-top money tree can be developed from this basic idea.

You will find a gift tree an ideal decoration, a conversation piece and a real outlet for the imagination when you begin to think of different ways in which it can be trimmed.

—Mildred D. Cathcart

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH

There are always certain mementoes of a bride's wedding day which she wishes to keep. Too frequently they are just chucked away in a box in the storeroom to be taken out only a few times—perhaps once a year when annual cleaning rolls around!

The bridal bouquet is one item to which great sentiment is attached. Even if the bride has a detachable corsage to wear on her honeymoon,

the rest of the flowers can be preserved. Carefully snip the blossoms from the stems and store in a clear cellophane box. Seal the lid lightly with strips of cellophane tape. The flowers will dry and wither a bit but each will keep its original shape nicely. If the container is small enough, the bride can tuck it in among her lingerie or hankies so it will recall her "day of days".

If carnations, roses or other fragrant flowers are part of the wedding arrangements a bride might like to dry them, add a little orris powder and use in sachets made of the satin ribbons and laces used in the ceremony. These sachets can be tucked in dresser drawers, hung on hangers and placed in chests or storage boxes.

The orange blossoms from the wedding veil or some of the bridal flowers can be woven into a little wreath-like arch to put over the bride and groom ornament which was used on top of the cake. Place these under one of the old-fashioned glass domes made to preserve precious mementoes and stand on a whatnot shelf in the new home.

It is nice for someone to collect all the wedding candles after the ceremony, melt them and mold into one large candle and give to the happy couple. This makes a wonderful candle to light on each anniversary as it is celebrated.

—Mabel Nair Brown

TO A HUSBAND AND WIFE

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, allowing your dearest earthly friends to be the confidant of naught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, *no never*, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good; and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be *truly one*.

—Unknown

COVER PICTURE

Since June is the month in which we celebrate Father's Day, we thought it would be an ideal time to share with you this picture of our son Wayne and his daughter Emily.

The back of their lot is separated from the neighbor's yard with a beautiful rose hedge. In front of it you can see the lovely pink petunias to which Abigail has made a number of references. The soil in Denver seems to be especially fine for petunias and they make a dazzling display when they are at their height.

—Leanna

PEEK-A-BOO WITH THE PAINTER

By
Fran O'Brien

After playing peek-a-boo with a painter for a week, I'm convinced that nobody can invade the privacy of a home like a person painting the exterior of a house! To a painter, of course, it's all in a day's work and he is not to be blamed in any way for the turmoil his presence causes.

I thought little about it the first day until I realized that the painter was working outside the room where two weeks' ironing was piled high near the window. Horrors! The man must have thought that I *always* let my ironing go.

Our painter is a very industrious fellow who believes in starting his work at a very early hour—often before seven o'clock. Now that is a very fine thing, but it has its disadvantages too. Our family members are not always up at this hour and occasionally this includes *me*. One morning, for instance, the children were having a squabble and I laid down the law quite vigorously as I went downstairs to start breakfast. My husband greeted me with "Say, do you know HE'S out there painting already?" I gulped and wondered if HE thought I was always such an old grouch.

Then there was the morning I decided to let the breakfast dishes go until noon. That is, I *thought* I would, until I noticed the all-seeing eyes of the painter at the window above my kitchen sink. Needless to say, I plunged into the dishes immediately!

The next morning as I was hurrying through the upstairs hall, loud whispering came from my daughters' room. Investigating, I found the two girls hiding in the closet. "Mama! Pull the shades! HE'S painting right outside our window."

The following day I had seven extra men for dinner and there was absolutely no time to clean the upstairs. But wouldn't you know it, the painter was going from window to window and the thought of the unmade beds with dust curls showing threw me into a panic! I prayed that he wouldn't notice them.

Another day dawned bright and clear, but I was anything but bright and clear myself. I awakened with the flu. I ached all over and my chest was sore from coughing. I would have liked nothing better than to lounge lazily on the davenport all day. But no! I thought about the unmade beds and the dust curls so pulled my aching bones together and lunged into the cleaning.

Perhaps the most annoying thing of all is that you can't anticipate his next move. For example, there was the day I wanted to take a bath before I went to town. At noon I went outside to look over the situation in an effort to determine when the painter would be safely away from the area of the bathroom window. "Fine", I thought, "He'll be past there and on the west side before three o'clock. I'll take my bath then." But my calculations were all wrong and when three o'clock rolled around, HE was right up to the bathroom window! No bath!

Dozens of times I've found myself handicapped by the presence of a painter on the premises. My feet hurt and I wanted to kick off my shoes, but I didn't. I wanted to stretch out on the davenport and pick up a magazine, but I was afraid I would appear shiftless.

Well, the man-on-the-outside is gone now. Once more we can go back to our casual way of living without the "eyes of the painter" upon us. Nevertheless, I hope he's a charitable character, and although he "sees all and knows all", he tells nothing!

THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE

This old world of ours has three kinds of people living in it. They are known as the *Will's*, the *Won't's*, and the *Can't's*.

The *Will's* accomplish everything; the *Won't's* oppose everything; and the *Can't's* fail in everything.

Three rules of life were given me some years ago. I pass them on, for I have found them practical:

The first is "*Go*," the second is "*Keep Going*," and the third is "*Help someone else to go*."

—Theodore Adams

Turn On Your Radio This Morning It's Time For Kitchen-Klatter

We'll keep you company for a half hour every day while you iron or stir up a cake or wash dishes or bathe the baby! (Some folks say we go right along with them to the garden or the basement, and goodness knows how many times we sit in the car and wait while husbands wind up business!) These are the stations where you can find us.

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



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Who sits and waits for dead man's shoes,
In which to make his climb.
Will leave no footprints of his own
Upon the sands of time. — Anon.



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh spent the winter in California with her daughter Ruth and her family. Little Jared, pictured with her here, is the pride of his four sisters. Mother and Aunt Jessie, with their brothers and sisters also enjoyed the farm activities mentioned in the following article.

FARM BUILDINGS MEANT FUN

By

Elaine Derendinger

Today more and more children grow up in city and suburb and never know the meaning of names like "smokehouse", "chickenhouse", "haymow", or the delights of exploring them. We who grew up on a farm usually spent more time in and around the farm buildings than in the house! Here we were out of sight of parents-with-eyes-in-the-backs-of-their-heads. There always remained a certain feeling of fantasy in the buildings scattered near the house—almost like a small village built around a town square.

The barn was the best loved of all the farm buildings. Here it was shady and cool on a scorching day. Here it was warm and friendly on an icy day. A barn smelled of hay, corn, dusty boards decorated with spider webs and wasps nests, mash-in-a-barrel and leather harness. It was populated by sassy hens and contented farm animals. Mice nibbled the corn and the barn cats stalked them. Occasionally on a hot day the cool barn was invaded by a snake! Once our hired man reached in the barn door to unfasten the latch and grasped a black-snake hanging from an upper sill. He nearly had hysterics and we children happily had them with him!

Barn swallows built their odd, mud nests on the rafters of the barn and when we opened one door a blue and rose streak often darted out another. Pigeons were more tame and they built in the loft within our reach. We would often keep half grown ones around the yard for pets. They were so pretty and plump and had such alert eyes. Sooner or later, though,

civilization paled and they returned to the barn.

Naturally, the hayloft was the most exciting place in the barn. It was reached by a ladder and anyplace that children have to climb becomes much more exciting. Our hayloft had no trapdoor and more than once a child forgot about this opening and fell through to the floor below. But children were seldom hurt and our parents were never informed of the accidents which happened for fear the loft would be forbidden.

On a sunny day the heat brought out the sweet smell of hay but I still think the barn was at its cozy best when the rain beat on the tin roof just over our heads.

Tool sheds and garages were often combined on the farm. It was always a thrill to step into the dim insides of our garage and get in the car for it meant only one thing—going some place! This was a real treat since we didn't get to go frequently. The garage floor was dirt and around the workbench were bits of metal, nails, pieces of leather and wood shavings. I liked to poke around in this clutter hoping to find something valuable. The vise on the workbench was ideal for cracking nuts. A nut was put in it and the handle turned until the shell snapped and the sweet kernels fell out among the wrenches! Our garage was large and various pieces of small machinery were kept in it. There was also a buggy, no longer used, but a wonderful place in which to play. One corner of the garage had a built-in granary for wheat. It was a most versatile and interesting building.

The sheep shed which stood on a hill at my girl friend's farm always remained a mystery to us. It was a gray building covered with tin. It was kept locked and although we often played near it and wondered what it was, we never considered asking her father its contents. After all, an unsolved mystery was more fun. (The sheep spent their time nibbling in the nearby hills!)

A washhouse was the place where the castoff kitchen stove was kept and used for heating wash water. A table sat nearby loaded with odds and ends and the ivory-colored cakes of homemade lye soap. There was a corner in the building reserved for boxes of trash waiting to be hauled to the ditch. First, our washhouse contained a washboard and later, a gasoline motored washing machine. Just outside the door was an iron kettle for boiling the white into white clothes. (No wonderful *Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach* was available then!) On a hot day the men used this washhouse as a *bathhouse*.

My memories of the chickenhouse aren't really rosy! It seemed that a farm child's first outdoor chore was gathering eggs. I had hardly gathered one egg when a hefty hen reached out of her nest and gave me a good peck under the chin. (I still have the scar.)

The air in the chickenhouse always seemed to be full of flying feathers, flighty hens and dust. To me the only nice thing about it was the oyster shell in the feeder. It was pearly

white and delicately tinted with pink and blue. I was the shy type of child that snooty setting hens chased and roosters ran after and concealed turkey gobblers spread their feathers and gobbled at! Once, in my frustration at those feathered hens, I took my bucket of eggs and dumped the entire lot into the creek—thinking childishly that this would end the whole business. But I only got spanked and those ornery hens kept *right on laying!*

I liked the spicy and pungent smell of the smokehouse but it was no place to play! On the wall hung a meat saw and several wicked looking knives. Bacon that had been salted were suspended from the ceiling by loops of binder twine; hams covered with sugary curing compound rested on a table. The door was kept locked except when something was put in or taken out, for our protection as well as the safety of the processing meat.

The turkey coop usually was set well away from the other out-buildings. Tiny turkeys were delicate creatures and needed to be protected from every germ. In our family my sister had charge of the turkeys. I would walk out with her after supper when she took them an odious mixture of mashed boiled egg, oatmeal and onion. Sometimes the moon was up by the time we reached the coop and the country night seemed most mysterious and marvelous.

No special memories return to my mind about woodsheds. It seems that folks in our part of Missouri had *woodpiles*. If the wood became damp it was simply dried out on the open oven door in the kitchen. If children were traditionally spanked in woodsheds I never knew of it. In my family father usually spanked right on the spot! After all, farm buildings were *meant* to be fun for children.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

The power of courage does not come to those who run away from their fears. The power of light does not come to those who choose to live their lives in the darkness of evil. We don't get the hidden energy that is in spiritual power until we live close to God *every day!*

Whenever my letters get to the point where they sound like sermons I know it is time to stop.

Sincerely,

Frederick

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

There's nothing like entertaining something to shag around and get things done that you've been "thinking about" doing. Even Juliana was pressed into service to get the silver polished and she did such a fine job that the silver has been her responsibility ever since!

Faithfully always,

Lucile

Tell your friends about *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

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

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LOVELY CROCHETED CHAIR SETS, \$5.00. 36" lunch cloths embroidered and fringe, \$2.50. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.35. 42" crocheted lady skirt pillow slips, \$5.00. **Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr**, Rt. 1, Huston, Minnesota.

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LARGE HANDWOVEN RUGS: Lovely gifts, \$3.00. Ad anytime, other sizes write. **Rowena Winters**, Grimes, Iowa.

EIGHTEEN CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS, \$1.00. **Mrs. Vencil Hanus**, Traer, Iowa.

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DOILIES—18"-7 rose, \$1.00. 18"-12 rose, \$2.00. **Vadyne Allen**, Box 654, Kirksville, Missouri.

EAR RING ADJUSTER. Just the thing to loosen or tighten clip on type earrings. Make lovely gifts, \$2.95. **Edward Ryan**, Box 6607, Kansas City, Missouri.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

we believe that he should have a year or two of high school behind him before he tackles summer classes.

My outside activities right now are mostly concerned with serving on committees. One of these is the Shenandoah chapter of the American Field Service. For seven years we have had a foreign exchange student in our school system, and for several years we have also sent one of our own young people abroad for the summer exchange plan.

The other two major outside responsibilities are serving on the Church Planning Committee and the Church Building Committee. I have been on the Planning Committee for several months, but have just been elected to the Building Committee recently, when it appeared it will be necessary for our church to undergo major repairs or that we might even have to build a new church. It was logical that the former committee should be enlarged.

We are having an early supper tonight because both Oliver and I have meetings to attend. Mine happens to include dessert so I'll have to forego my piece of rhubarb pie! I must hustle to the kitchen now, for it is time to add the potatoes to the stew and set the table.

Sincerely, Margery

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.

CUPID'S RECIPE FOR WEDDING CAKE

Take five cups of fervent devotion, one cup of the extract of faithfulness, two cups heartfelt satisfaction and one-half cup each of prudence, good nature, confidence and mutual forbearance. Add three tablespoons of gentleness and modesty, one quart of matrimonial fidelity and one large handful each of patience, economy, wisdom and discretion. Add one teaspoon of the essence of purity, one ounce of spice, a hundred grains of common sense and a pint of the milk of human kindness.

Mix these ingredients thoroughly with cheerfulness. Pour it into the golden bowl of domestic happiness, grease well with the oil of gladness and bake in the oven of double blessedness which has been heated with the fire of true love. While still warm spread over it a frosting of gratefulness. Decorate the center with a star of hope and trim the outside with a frill of dimples and the sparkle of bright eyes. Encircle the whole with a wreath of smiles and rosy blushes; with ribbons of the cords of harmony entwined. This cake will last a lifetime and improves with age if carefully stored and wrapped in love.

—Mable Nair Brown

HOW TO MEASURE A MAN

The man's no bigger than the way
He treats his fellow man!
This standard has his measure been
Since time itself began!

He's measured not by tithes or creed
High-sounding though they be;
Nor by the gold that's put aside;
Nor by his sanctity!

He's measured not by social rank,
When character's the test;
Nor by his earthly pomp or show,
Displaying wealth possessed!

He's measured by his justice, right,
His fairness at his play,
His squareness in all dealings made,
His honest, upright way.

These are his measures, ever near
To serve him when they can;
For man's no bigger than the way
He treats his fellow man!

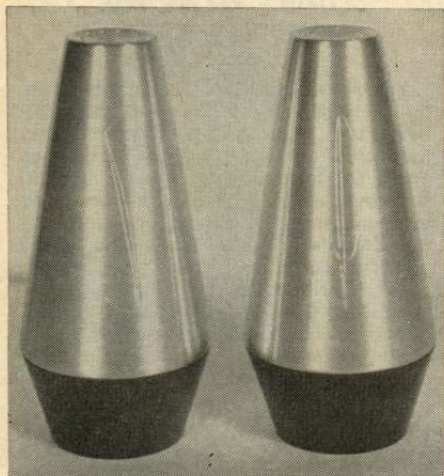
—Unknown

A SECRET

If you tell a secret to somebody else
Then somebody else knows it, too.
That is to say, if you give it away,
There's no secret left for you.

I know a very big secret—
I won't even tell it to John.
'Cause what good at all is a secret
If the secret-y part is gone?

John says I mustn't be selfish,
And I should be willing to share.
But there's simply no use to a secret
If the secret-y part isn't there!



DON'T LOSE OUT!!

We wish we could put those words in letters an inch high for we don't want any of you folks to lose out on a chance to get several sets of these extremely handsome salt and pepper shakers.

We knew you'd be bowled over by their quality when you opened the box—and we were right. Some people have now ordered fifteen sets with the explanation that they know they'll never again run into such a wonderful gift for only \$1.00.

All of our premiums are tremendous bargains, but we're hard pressed to figure out how we'll ever beat this one! You'll agree when you see these gleaming spun copper finish salt and pepper shakers. They are 4½ inches high and have jet black bases.

The only way we can offer such a terrific premium for \$1.00 and 3 box tops from **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is because we bought an enormous quantity—and were willing just to break even by the skin of our teeth.

But even though we ordered what looked like a mountain, these copper finish salt and pepper shakers are going out of here so fast that we're afraid some of you good friends are going to lose out if you don't take action **FAST**.

Send \$1.00 and 3 box tops from **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** or **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to Kitchen-Klatter in Shenandoah, Iowa. We pay the postage.

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



THE FINEST ALL-PURPOSE CLEANER MADE TODAY!

There are all kinds of so-called "cleaners" on the grocer's shelves today, but none of them can dig in and do the job like **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

This is why so many, many people say: "I just couldn't keep house without your **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**."

It leaves **everything** sparkling clean in half the time since you never need to rinse or try and wipe off all the froth and foam that you fight with so many other products.

Our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is made with very expensive chemicals. It works like a tiger! But it's gentle as a lamb when it comes to your hands.

Most of us need every bit of help we can get these busy days. Let **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** be your helper. It will never let you down.



KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH

With this wonderful new product in the house you won't have anymore expensive accidents.

Almost every fabric manufactured today has been "treated" in such a way that little or no ironing is required. This is a great time saver, **BUT** if you use the wrong bleach you'll ruin a lot of things.

Why run such risks? Why lose the hard-earned money it took to buy those things?

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach is the **SAFE** way to keep **ALL** white clothes snowy white, and colored clothes sparkling bright.

No matter how stubborn the stain, turn **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** loose to show what it can do.

It's a brand new kind of bleach. It's 100% safe. Buy it today. And, like our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, one box will convince you that you'll never want to be without it again.