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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

Kitchen-Klatter[®]

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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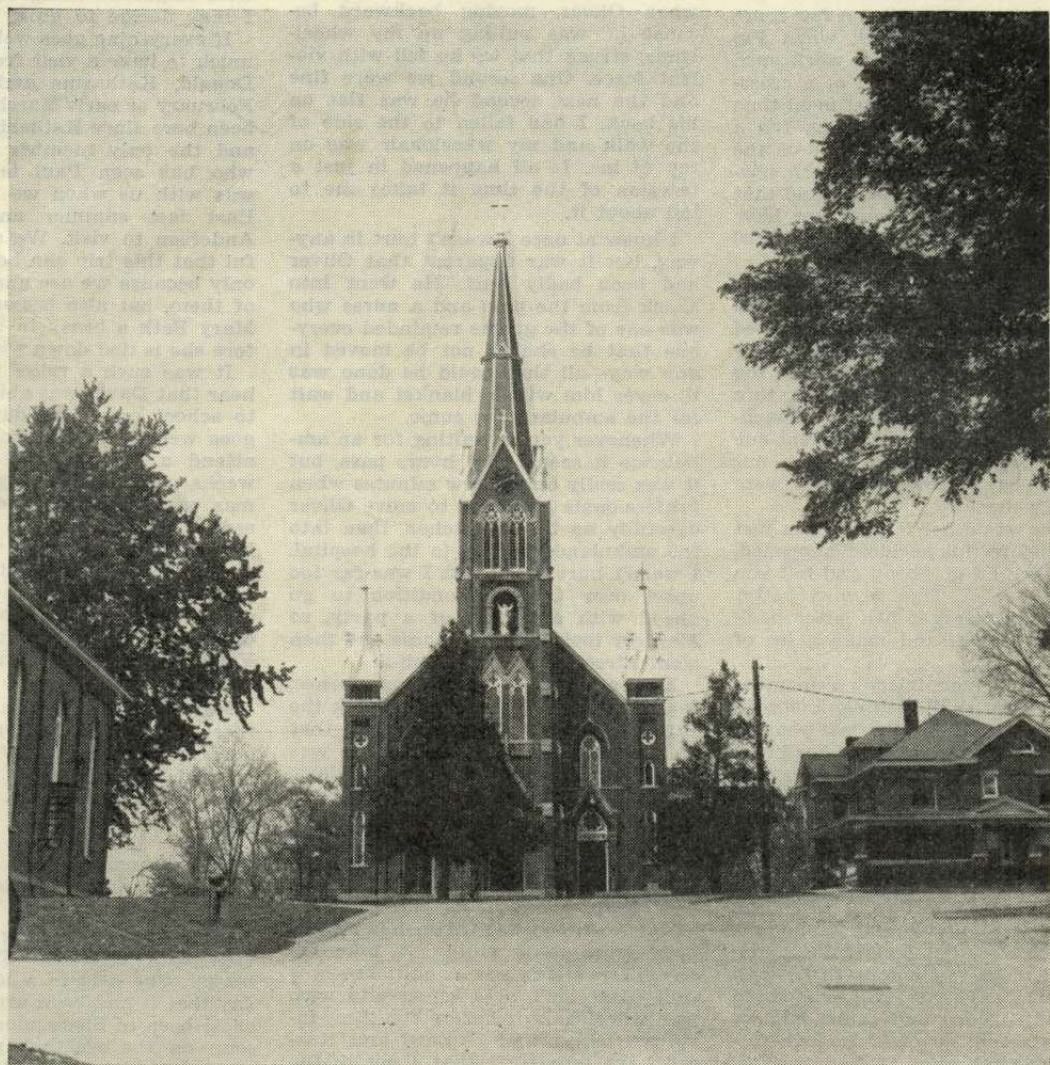


Photo By Russell Verness



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

I've just finished doing some machine work on an apron and before I let myself get settled down with a needle and embroidery thread, I'll start this letter to you.

Maybe you don't find it hard to drop your handwork at any second, but I'm inclined to keep going far longer than I'd intended when I started. I can never wait to see how just a few more stitches will look. In fact, when I'm winding up a big piece of work such as the last block of a quilt or a cross-stitched tablecloth, I can let meal time come and go without noticing. It's a good thing Mart is here most of the day to remind me that I've been sewing steadily for several hours and that he's hungry even if I may not have realized that it's already close to 1:00 o'clock.

Most of the time we've been pretty much shut in this winter. Snow can be shoveled off the walks and cleared out of the streets, but we've had many long stretches of heavy mist and fog that covered everything with a thin glaze of ice and made it very treacherous to be out. After one accident due to ice, I decided not to venture out unless all walks and porches were completely dry.

Margery wrote her letter to you just the day before this accident happened, so I told her I'd go ahead and tell you friends about it. This seemed better than to have her get her letter back from the printers and make a lot of additions to it.

So many of you friends remember Edith Hansen that I think I should tell you first that for the last year or so she has made Shenandoah her home base. A great deal of the time she was out of town visiting her mother and other relatives, as well as old friends, in South Dakota and Nebraska, but when she was here we had many happy hours together. It really came as quite a blow to our family when she told us around mid-January that she planned to close her house in Shenandoah and move to Phoenix to be with her son, Don. We were glad she could be out of this ice and snow, but we knew we would surely miss our frequent get-togethers.

Edith planned to leave on a Sunday morning, so her daughter-in-law, Harold's wife, asked a group of old friends to come for a farewell coffee on Saturday morning. Lucile was in

the hospital that morning having two bad teeth extracted and of course couldn't go, but Margery and I were free to go and since it was Oliver's day off from the office, he was able to take me.

All of the walks had been carefully scooped and everything looked safe enough, but a tiny patch of ice had formed on the second front step and when Oliver, moving backward because he was pulling up my wheelchair, struck that ice he fell with violent force. One second we were fine and the next second he was flat on his back, I had fallen to the side of the walk and my wheelchair was on top of me. It all happened in just a fraction of the time it takes me to tell about it.

I knew at once I wasn't hurt in any way, but it was apparent that Oliver had been badly hurt. He went into shock from the pain and a nurse who was one of the guests reminded everyone that he should not be moved in any way—all that could be done was to cover him with a blanket and wait for the ambulance to come.

Whenever you're waiting for an ambulance it seems that hours pass, but it was really only a few minutes when professionals got there to move Oliver carefully on to a stretcher, then into the ambulance and on to the hospital. I wasn't hurt at all, but I was far too upset over Oliver's condition to go ahead with any kind of a party, so Margery took me right home and then went directly to the hospital.

X-rays showed no broken bones, thank goodness, but he had struck the edge of the step with such force that he was very severely bruised. He was in extreme misery for several days, and then the worst of the pain passed and he was able to leave the hospital for his own bed at home. Probably it will be several weeks before all of the after-effects have disappeared. I felt very badly about it, as you can well understand, because Oliver has always been more than willing to take me anywhere under any conditions—now that Mart isn't able to wrestle with my wheelchair when steps are involved, Oliver and Howard and Russell have seen to it that I get to the places where I want to go. That particular morning both Howard and Russell were tied up with work, so Oliver offered to take me to the farewell coffee for Edith and was the one

to step on that tiny spot of ice.

Since this experience I have been more than willing to stay right here in the house. When we're through the period of alternate thawing and freezing, I'll have more interest in getting out. Mart had a bad fall on ice going out to the garage one morning, so we both are resigned to staying inside while winter lasts. Now that Edith will be in Phoenix most of the time, we told her we'd like to have her look around and see if she could find something suitable for us down there next winter. One of the children could drive us out and back, and then with Edith where she could be reached easily, we would feel that we could manage all right.

I am just now finishing a crib quilt for Donald's and Mary Beth's expected baby. My sister Martha had some lovely blue material left over from a crib quilt she made for her grandson, so she passed it on to me. I went through a big collection of transfers, odds and ends, and found enough small animals to stamp one on each block. I've embroidered these in outline stitch and put the blocks together with featherstitching. After it is lined I may decide to quilt it myself.

If everything goes well we hope very much to have a visit from Mary Beth, Donald, Katharine and Paul in late February or early March. They haven't been here since Katharine was a baby, and the only member of the family who has seen Paul is Dorothy—she was with us when we made our trip East last summer and stopped at Anderson to visit. We are very hopeful that this trip can be managed, not only because we are anxious to see all of them, but also because it will give Mary Beth a break in her routine before she is tied down with a new baby.

It was such a relief to all of us to hear that David was able to start back to school on a half-day basis. If all goes well he will probably be able to attend a full day before too many weeks pass. His main gift for Christmas was a camera, and last week he sent a roll of pictures he'd snapped. He said he hoped they would be clear enough for Kitchen-Klatter, so you can see that the next generation thinks about this magazine and the problem of lining up pictures for every issue. You'll see some of David's pictures in the future.

Martha and Jessie are as shut in these days over in Clarinda as we are here in Shenandoah. We try and talk to each other on the phone several times a week. They were both so happy to have a visit with Dwight, Martha's son. He had to fly out to Iowa on business and made time to rent a car and drive to Clarinda for an overnight stay.

All of us are looking forward to a visit with Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger. She said in a letter the other day that it had been over a year since she'd been in Shenandoah and that as soon as the weather permitted, she wanted to drive over from her home in Iowa City.

Howard has just now stopped by with our mail and I'm anxious to read

(Continued on page 22)

OUR DENVER DRIFTMIERS HAVE BEEN ON THE MOVE

Dear Friends,

It has been many weeks since I have written to you—or to anyone else, for that matter. A whirl of varied activities has kept me so occupied that writing has been impossible.

Immediately preceding our trip to Iowa we embarked on a considerable amount of entertaining compared to our usually informal life. However, I'm not going into all the details of these parties now. Perhaps next fall they will prove of interest to some of you who have resolved to entertain when the holidays roll around again.

This time we made our trip to Iowa by train for two reasons: the weather was unreliable and, in addition, we knew it would be a special treat for the children. Our trips in the past have always been made by car to permit more freedom, and for the sake of economy, as well. But with a train-crazy boy and two girls also eager for the experience, this seemed the perfect time to travel by train.

Clark was wild with excitement as we climbed aboard the California Zephyr early that evening. We headed right for a Vista-Dome car and were able to secure front seats. His train engineer's cap was glued to his head but his mouth was wide open and filled with questions for the next three hours. Wayne finally told him in a very firm voice that he had to settle down and sleep—that he could not stay up talking all night on his first real train trip. Clark immediately corrected him—this was only his first trip on a standard gauge track. He had been on a narrow gauge when he was just a little boy.

Clark gave us a good laugh the first night in Shenandoah. He came tearing out to the kitchen yelling "Granny, Granny, come quick! It's impossible! It's impossible!"

"What's impossible?" we asked after telling him to calm down and speak quietly.

"The telephone — it's impossible! There isn't any dial!"

Emily and Alison thought he was awfully ignorant until I reminded them how bewildered *they* had been when they had to learn to use a dial phone. And the next day Alison had to summon all her courage to telephone a friend after learning there would be a real live person asking her the number!

We had grand visits with relatives and friends. Margery and Oliver had made several fine improvements in their house, and this was our first opportunity to inspect the major housing changes for the Vernesses and Howard Driftmiers. We also made a brief trip to our old home to see the redecoration that had been done on the first floor.

The children were happy and in good hands so I joined Wayne for the trip to the nursery convention in Kansas City. Wayne's speech was most successful and he was extremely pleased by the response. By spending



Six cousins celebrated together the opening of a new decade when they were at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, on January 1, 1960. In back are Kristin Johnson and Juliana Verness, both sixteen, and Martin Strom, twelve. In front are Alison (eight), Clark (six) and Emily Driftmier (eleven), of Denver, Colorado. Alison and Emily are wearing the dresses with English smocking made by Mabel Schoff of Stewartville, Mo., and all mothers will nod understandingly when we add that Clark's jacket was passed on from David Driftmier!

all our time at the meetings we missed seeing any of Kansas City except the route from the station to the hotel.

We left Kansas City on a morning train that goes through Hamburg, Ia., where the folks met us, arrived in Shenandoah at mid-afternoon, and it was almost midnight of this same day when we climbed on board the Denver Zephyr in Red Oak to head back to Denver. The children were all quiet, experienced travelers this time and immediately settled down to sleep.

The next five days were filled with unpacking, washing, ironing, completing make-up work for the 3½ days' absence from school, catching up pressing details at the nursery and repacking all the suitcases.

The next Monday evening Wayne and I delivered each of the children to a different home in the neighborhood and once again climbed aboard a train at Denver's Union Station. This time we joined the Santa Fe Chief to California. The nursery buys many small evergreens and all of the roses from wholesale nurseries in California. Usually the Wilmores make this buying trip, but this year they asked us to go instead. With three happy homes in which to leave the children, everything worked out just right.

We turned down the opportunity to fly because both of us enjoy seeing the country, yet we didn't want to take the extra time that driving would involve. We left the train on Tuesday night in San Bernardino to be centrally located for our business. Wednes-

day and Thursday were spent at nurseries in Azusa, Duarte, Ontario and Hemet—all located near the base of the mountains.

Friday found us in the environs of Santa Ana where we took time to inspect the landscaping at the Fashion Square Shopping Center. This is a magnificent shopping center and well worth a special trip if you are in the general area. Its beauty far surpasses any shopping center I have ever seen. The stores and shops looked most inviting although we didn't have time to enter any of them.

That evening we stayed at the Statler-Hilton in Los Angeles, a gleaming new, modern and efficient hotel. At this point our business was concluded and we were on vacation. We anticipated a fine evening of entertainment, but do you know, we couldn't find a single thing in the downtown area that looked inviting or different. Believe it or not, but we ended up back in our room to watch Oscar Levant on television!

Throughout the three days we spent in the Los Angeles area the weather was "unseasonably" cold with fog and rain. Neither Wayne nor I are much attracted to the area because of the sheer numbers of people and the heavy traffic. But Saturday morning we did discover the loveliness of Los Angeles. We were up early to find a clear day, warm sunshine and blue, blue skies. We were on our way to take a scenic train trip along the coast to San Francisco and there couldn't have

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A MOST SATISFYING HOBBY

By
Hallie M. Barrow

When Mrs. Calla Basset of Clarksdale, Missouri moved into the telephone house to act as "central," her only regret was that she had to give up her church activities and her hobby of "doing for others." Each day she had a helper for five hours, but other than this she was on constant duty right around the clock. Since Mrs. Basset is a widow she had long, tedious hours to put in at the telephone board and she tried to fill them by doing crocheting and fancy work. It was not too satisfactory a set-up for someone who had been very active in church affairs and was accustomed to going here and there to help people out.

Then, one Sunday, a church member came in to put through a call, and when she was through she left her church paper by accident.

Glancing over it, Mrs. Basset found a very interesting story about a heart patient who lived in a wheelchair and regretted so much that she'd had to give up her church work. Yet a genuine compensation had come to her for she had learned to write Braille and now devoted an hour each day towards creating happiness for others.

Mrs. Basset was entranced with this idea of helping the blind but wondered if, at the age of sixty, she might not be too old to learn the technique of writing Braille? However, she wrote to the Hand Braille Transcribing Division (all volunteers) of the National Braille Press at 88 Stephen Street, Boston, Mass., to ask for full information.

In reply she received enough encouragement to make her decide to enroll in the correspondence course and sent \$3.75 for her equipment. Each volunteer must furnish money for this initial kit which includes a slate, stylus, 50 sheets of Braille paper and Grade 1 instruction book.

Between calls at her board, Mrs. Basset worked steadily at her Braille course and sent completed lessons to be corrected in order that she might receive new lessons. At the end of a year she had completed the course, Books 1 and 2, and received her certificate.

"To me," said Mrs. Basset, "that certificate meant more than any college diploma!"

And well she could be proud. It is hard to imagine anything more exacting than Braille, for the writing is done by a system of dots and a single misplaced dot ruins a page—it cannot be erased. Almost everyone is aware of the fact that blind people can learn to read Braille, but comparatively few people realize that Braille printing is all handwork, a very costly process and a slow work too.

Think of the varied needs of reading material for the blind of all ages and in all conditions of life! At the National Braille Press, staffed by volunteers, requests for transcribed material come in from the blind, the



Mrs. Calla Basset, the "central" of Clarksdale, Mo., at her Braille typewriter that stands beside the switchboard.

deaf-blind, and the individuals and organizations working for the blind in all countries of the world.

It would take pages to list the various requests, but a brief run-up would cover such things as this: religious material, medical and legal material, dietetics, logic, philosophy, psychology, economics, mathematics, patents, radio, weaving, canning, baby care, the care and raising of cats, dogs, canaries, rabbits and other pets, caning, cook books, knitting and crocheting instructions, fiction, poetry, news, books for libraries for the blind and all school subjects needed by blind students in all grades.

As these requests are received, copies of the book or items supplying the information requested by the blind are found by the home office and then mailed out to the volunteers.

Mrs. Basset has enjoyed all of her varied assignments. Recently she has completed a service hymnal, a two year project. The Braille sheets are 11 by 11½ inches in size and each sheet has 24 lines. Only one side of the sheet can be used, in contrast to printed matter, because the words are read by feeling the position of the raised dots. Mrs. Basset's hymnal, when finished, ran to 813 pages and was bound in 9 volumes!

For six years now she has been doing this work in her idle time at the switchboard. Her current assignment is a book of stories for children which will be sent to Kingston, Jamaica. The Salvation Army operates an Institute for the Blind at Kingston and has requested Braille books for the children's library.

Mrs. Basset became so interested in the requests and was so eager to get more work accomplished, that she wrote to inquire if there were any quicker way of transcribing Braille. Fortunately, there is. She was told about a Braille typewriter which can be purchased from the American Printing House for the Blind at Louisville, Kentucky.

This typewriter sells for about the same price as an ordinary machine, although it has but six keys. These keys make the system of dots exactly as the stylus does that is used by hand, but of course it is much faster.

Mrs. Basset had once been an office worker and she felt certain that if she could learn to use an ordinary typewriter she could certainly learn to use the Braille typewriter. Understandably, she was very pleased when she received her typewriter certificate.

All volunteer work is sent to the Boston office and is corrected there by proof readers who are blind. If there is an error, it is returned to the worker and another page must be made.

Mrs. Basset's Braille work table stands right next to the switchboard. People who go into the telephone office often pick up the book she is transcribing from and are amazed at the scope of subjects. Only this week I stopped by and picked up a magazine from which she was working, a magazine for diabetics.

"What in the world are you doing with this magazine for diabetics?" I asked. "I never even knew there was such a magazine, and since when have you been a diabetic?"

"Oh, it isn't for me," Mrs. Basset replied. "Some blind person has requested copies of this magazine and it would surely be interesting for any diabetic. It tells how others live with their handicap, how they have overcome it to the point where they can lead useful lives and do many kinds of work."

"It's not exactly a case of the blind leading the blind," she smiled, "but I guess you'd say that it's people with one kind of a handicap helping those with another kind of handicap."

IT ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL

Though somebody's hair is a little bit curlier,
And somebody's teeth are a little bit pearlier,
Though somebody's wash is a little bit whiter,
And somebody's silverware always shines brighter,
Though somebody's feet are a little bit smaller,
And somebody's husband is a little bit taller
than mine, so seemingly common and small,
STILL—somebody's clothes are a little bit shabbier,
And somebody's muscles are a little bit flabbier,
Somebody's children are a little bit naughtier,
And somebody's foes are a little bit haughtier,
Somebody's landlord is a little bit greedier,
And somebody's family is a little bit needier,
Somebody's heart is a little bit weaker
And somebody's life is a little bit bleaker
than mine . . . so it isn't so bad after all!

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Here it is, Saturday night, and in a break between sermon rehearsals I will write this letter to you.

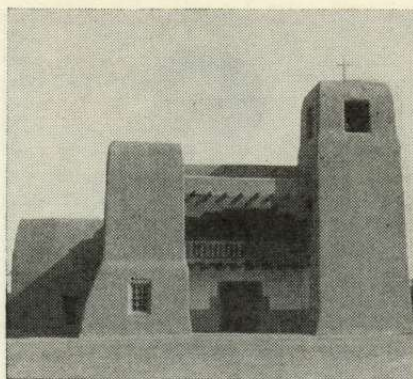
I have three different adult sermons to give tomorrow and one children's sermon. All of them are written, but not yet learned. Saturday night is always my night for practicing my sermons. I work from 7:00 until 9:00 when I take a one hour break to relax and watch the only television show that I see all week. Then I work again from 10:00 until 11:00. We *never* accept any social engagements on Saturday night, and you can readily see why.

Next to my church there is a large six floor apartment house, and one night this week I had to go to the sixth floor to pick up some papers that were prepared for me. It just so happened that my big dog was with me, and since he had never before seen an elevator it took some coaxing to get him into it. We got to the top all right, but when it came time to go down, that dog refused to enter the elevator. I started to walk with him down the stairs, but just as we reached the fifth floor landing, the elevator passed us on its way down. That completely un-nerved the dog and he made a dash back to the sixth floor.

In less time than it takes me to write about it that sixth floor hall was filled with apartment dwellers giving me advice about getting the dog down! One lady produced a box of cookies and tried to coax him into the elevator. Somebody else tried to help me *push* him into the elevator, but nothing worked. At last I got a good hold on his neck and just pulled and pulled while someone else pushed and pushed, and finally we made it. The next time I take a dog to the sixth floor of anything it will be a dog small enough to keep in my pocket.

This week I had an experience that I have not had for quite a long time. I have been making out the grades for the students who are taking my course at American International College where I teach one hour each day. Before I was a clergyman I was a teacher, and in those days I had no qualms about failing a student who did not measure up to the standards expected of him. Now, however, I find it very difficult to give a failing mark to any student. I have been a minister so long that my justice is tempered with mercy! I am going to fail two or three of the students, but it is a very hard and a very difficult thing for me to do.

No teacher ever delights in failing a student, but always one is torn by the question of what is the right thing to do. When a student is forced to pay a rather large sum of money to take the course and a failing mark means that the money must be spent all over again and, even worse, when the failing mark may mean the postponement of graduation for another entire half-year, the teacher *does* hesitate to give that fatal mark.



In the explanation of our cover picture on page 19 you will find details about this adobe church in New Mexico.

Yet on the other hand, as much as failure may hurt the pocketbook and the feelings of the student and his family, is it not a greater hurt to pass a student who has not met the minimum standards for passing?

What does it do to a student who thinks that he can get by and eventually get a diploma without doing the required work? What does it do to the reputation of a school when the word leaks out about students getting passing marks without doing passing work? Is it being fair to other students in the course when the poor students are given credit they don't deserve? The student looks at the problem one way, the teacher looks at it another way, and the parents look at it still another way.

What do you do to add life to your family meals? Recently I decided to try this idea. I suggested that this year or next it would be nice for the entire family to take a trip to Alaska, or to Hawaii, or to Bermuda, or to some of our national parks. I asked the children to get busy sending away for literature, contacting travel agencies, etc.

For days and days that is all we talked about around the dinner table, and it was much fun. Just making the dream plans taught the children more about these far away places than they had ever known before. We have carefully put the travel brochures away for some later reference, but every now and then the subject comes up again, and always it is good for some lively conversation.

Many people do not realize what a help a travel agency can be and how much information one can provide. Are you aware of the fact that the services of a travel agency are absolutely free to the customer? When you call an agency and ask for a ticket to some distant place, you are much more apt to get that ticket without difficulty than if you bought it yourself directly from the air lines or railway. The agency is paid on a commission basis by the hotels and various transportation services. Just a letter to an agency asking for information about travel will bring you a flood of interesting literature.

By the time you get this letter our little David will be back in school after having been ill and out of school for a number of long months. It all began like a simple cold, but it went

into something much more serious. For many weeks now he has been suffering from a blood disease called mononucleosis.

He has had one of the most difficult and trying cases the doctors here had ever seen. The worst feature of the illness was the damage done to his liver and spleen, but those organs now appear to be on the mend. It may be several more months before he is completely well, but in the meantime we are starting him back to school on a half-day basis. There were seven doctors on the case, and we are most grateful to all of them for their wonderful skill and their kindness.

During the long winter months we had an interesting activity for our Sunday School children. Every month we took them on a roller skating party. I don't believe in children patronizing a roller rink without adult chaperones, but our skating parties had an arrangement even better than that. We reserved the largest rink in the city for our special use.

Of course to do that we had to have our parties during the morning, but that did not seem to hurt the attendance. Both ministers and several of the parents and teachers were there to make certain that only our church children were permitted into the building, and to be of help to the younger children. Never have I seen youngsters have more fun than at those skating parties, and I highly recommend them to other churches.

Our church spends a great deal of money on its Sunday School and youth programs, and we find that it pays wonderful dividends in good character development. So often we make children take the blame for conditions we could prevent with just a little more effort and sacrifice.

If we had canned a bushel of tomatoes and discovered later that some of our jars had spoiled, we would not blame the tomatoes but we would know we had failed some way in the process of canning. We find almost the same situation in the rearing of children. Like the tomatoes, which become spoiled, children are often blamed for failings which result from faulty training. There are practically no exceptions from this rule.

Sincerely,

Frederick

NOT I, BUT GOD

I cannot, but God can;

Oh, balm for all my care!
The burden that I drop

His hand will lift and bear.
Though eagle pinions tire,

I walk where once I ran,
This is my strength, to know
I cannot, but God can.

I know not, but God knows;

Oh, blessed rest from fear!
All my unfolding days

To Him are plain and clear.
Each anxious, puzzled "Why?"

From doubt or dread that grows,
Finds answer in this thought:

I know not, but He knows.

—Annie J. Flint

A VISIT WITH MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

Even though the morning is only half gone it is a distinct relief to sit down quietly and take it a little easy behind this typewriter. We all have days that get off to a feverish start, and this was one of them.

Donald left this morning for a week on the road and before I could get breakfast I had to fold white shirts so he could pack his suitcase. (In case you wonder why this wasn't done last night I can only say that the longer good white shirts stay out of any suitcase, the better.) Both children were rampaging around while Donald and I were trying to get organized. They're old enough to know that the suitcase means their Daddy is disappearing, so of course they hang on to him and try to "help" with everything that's going on.

Then I tossed a hasty breakfast together, got everyone down to the table and had just started to sit down myself when the phone rang. Donald answered it in the living room, called me and then remembered something he wanted to be sure and take with him and went after it. This left the children alone at the table for a brief moment and Paul grabbed at the golden chance to drink the bottle of high priced vitamin syrup! The contents couldn't hurt him, but it's hard to imagine a more expensive drink.

All in all, it was a poor way to start the day no matter how you look at it.

Since I last wrote to you we have had another emergency run to the doctor with Paul. This time, thank goodness, Donald was home! He had to make several trips back and forth to the car to unload groceries and Paul was tearing along beside him anxious to help with the big sacks from the super market. On one trip he stumbled going down a small step that leads from our house into the garage and somehow managed to fall and strike his face against the drip pan under the pump.

If you could see our garage you would share our feelings that it would be an absolute impossibility for any youngster to fall in such a way that he could hit that drip pan! We still don't figure out how in the world he could have fallen in such a way—but he did. The moment I saw blood running down across his forehead I realized that under any conditions he would need a tetanus shot because that drip pan is metal and filthy dirty from moisture and accumulated garage dust. As I grabbed him up I remembered that only four short weeks had passed since his last bloody accident—and I drew a breath of relief that Donald was at home to help me manage.

We all bundled into the car, dropped anxious Katharine off at a neighbor's, and then went right to the emergency clinic at the hospital. The doctor who met us said that stitches would certainly be needed—the cut was long and deep.

Donald and I were invited to go and



Not long after this was taken poor little Paul Driftmier had his second strenuous session with the doctor.

sit in a room far down the hall, and if you've ever sat in such a place while you heard your child screaming bloody murder, you'll know exactly how we felt as we gripped the arms of our chairs and tried, with no success, to ignore that dreadful screaming. (We felt sorry for a little girl who was sitting in that room. She had a broken arm and her eyes got bigger and bigger as she listened intently—we could imagine what was going on in her mind.)

Believe me, Donald and I were sweating as much as the poor doctor when he finally emerged with the explanation that Paul had nearly torn him and the nurses apart he was so terrified—his fear had wiped out the benefits of a local anesthetic and they had had a terrible time with him. Donald carried him out to the car while I stayed behind a moment to talk with the doctor, and maybe you can imagine my sensations when he told me that before I brought Paul back to have the stitches removed I should explain to him clearly and logically that it wouldn't hurt if he just wouldn't struggle.

I asked him if he realized what a baby Paul was? He's big for his age, but still such a little child not even two years old and you just can't explain stitches clearly and logically to a little fellow his age. I knew that doctor when I was in high school and it occurred to me that he didn't have small children of his own or he would realize how silly it was to talk that way.

Well, we did have the stitches removed—and no clear and logical talk about it in advance. It only took three people leaning on him to hold his arms and legs to get the job done. We just hope we don't have anymore trips to make that require stitches.

Last Sunday all four of us went to church—Donald and I have been taking turn about since Paul was born and we finally decided to see if the

time had come when he could be left successfully in the regular Sunday School. Until recently he has been so shy around strangers that it didn't seem wise to attempt this, but now he is anxious to meet any new situation and warms up to anyone. I really expected to have to sit in the Sunday School room with him on that first morning, but I was due for a surprise.

When we got to the door of the school room he rushed forward to examine the tiny child-size chairs and looked around in awe at the wonderful toys. We actually had to pull him out into the hall again long enough to remove his hat and coat—he was already to start right into this fine new situation wearing his outdoor clothing. I stayed long enough to satisfy myself that he was all right, and then I slipped out and went to regular church. Although he didn't get the point of the organized session when they all sat in a circle and sang songs or listened to a story, at least he was well behaved and quiet. I am happy to have him established in this Sunday School routine before I am tied to the house with the routine that a small baby requires.

I have had to give up teaching in the kindergarten department. In the fall when I was in the first three months of my pregnancy I was worried over the possibility of being exposed to measles that were running rampant around here at that time. After this period I found myself too tired to attempt it, and there was the extra hazard of a highly waxed floor, so I explained to the superintendent that I would be compelled, regretfully, to retire. Since that time I have enjoyed the luxury of sitting in the auditorium and hearing the splendid sermons that our minister delivers.

It is two hours later, lunch is over, and I just now walked back to Katharine's bedroom to check on the children. As I went through the house I couldn't help but be struck by the general mess from one end to the other. I cannot seem to keep this house neat through these winter months when the children are shut in all the time. I guess some mothers manage this and everything is always tidy, but I don't know how they do it.

Speaking of lunch—I'm on the old calorie counting treadmill again. It seems that the minute my obstetrician tells me for a positive fact that I'm pregnant, my weight simply gallops along far ahead of schedule. I have to watch my weight all the time under any conditions, but just let the doctor tell me what he thinks I should weigh when the baby's due and I could gain the entire amount in two or three weeks!

All the doctors I've heard anything about lay down the law when it comes to gaining a lot of weight during pregnancy, but in my case it is doubly necessary to be watchful for I live with exactly the same condition Lucile mentioned in her letter to you last September. I've never said anything about this because there never seemed to be any genuine need for bringing it

(Continued on page 22)

GARDEN NOTES

By Russell

Roses are the mainstay of our garden all through the summer and the fall. No other flower blooms so consistently through the seasons, year after year, as hybrid teas and floribunda roses. They *do* require care, but the reward in magnificent flowers more than compensates for your time and effort.

There are a bewildering number of fine roses available today. Some I have found very satisfactory for growing in our section of the Midwest, and others just are not suited to this climate. Every single year there are new roses appearing on the market (I can never resist trying at least a few of them) and these constantly appearing introductions only add to the confusion of the rose grower.

I have now tried growing several hundred varieties of hybrid teas and floribundas, and from that number I have found a few dozen that have proven able to cope with our extremely hot summers and cold dry winters. (The present winter couldn't really be called "dry" but I believe everyone agrees that it's pretty unusual.) There probably are many other varieties of roses that would do equally well, but I will mention only the ones that are readily available from any nurseryman who stocks roses at all.

Hybrid Teas

Big red roses are almost everyone's favorite flower. Old *Crimson Glory* is still my choice. The ones I planted ten years ago are still doing beautifully, blooming from early summer until frost.

Poinsettia is a lighter red rose that is almost as trouble free as *Crimson Glory*; it blooms profusely. My other favorite reds are *Chrysler Imperial* and *Mirandy*. *Chrysler Imperial* produces the biggest blooms of the red roses, but not as many. *Mirandy* should have shade in the hot afternoon or the flowers turn an ugly purple-blue and the petals crinkle badly.

Of all the white hybrid teas, the old white rose *K. A. Viktoria* still does the best for me. I find that it will do better in partial shade than most roses, but if you can give it full sun it will perform wonderfully well. It is the whitest rose I have ever seen and the most perfectly formed.

There are two roses in the "pinkish-red" group that I would not be without. *Charlotte Armstrong* is a very strong growing rose that simply blooms constantly—its flowers are as lovely in full bloom as in the bud. *Tallyho* is another vigorous plant. Its petals are red on the inside and pink on the outside, giving a deep pink effect to the flower.

My favorite pink roses are *Tiffany* and *Helen Traubel*, both with a slight peach cast, easily grown and sturdy. *Helen Traubel* produces more bloom, but the flowers of *Tiffany* are far more perfect.

Queen Elizabeth is listed as a "grandiflora" rose, but it looks like a

hybrid tea, blooms steadily and is a true, shimmering pink. My plants of this variety have developed more rapidly from year to year than the hybrid teas.

Mojave and *Sutter's Gold* are the two hybrid teas that I depend upon for orange and gold shades in the rose garden. I have never lost one of them since they were planted a good many years ago, and at times they have had very little winter protection. The colors in these two roses vary considerably, even on the same bush, but the blooms are always exquisite shades of apricot, orange or gold. Those of you who love these shades should certainly plant both *Mojave* and *Sutter's Gold*.

Through the years I have planted a great variety of yellow roses, but the only one that comes through year after year is *Mandalay*. It is free of disease, blooms continuously all through the season, and produces gorgeous flowers of clear lemon yellow.

All of the roses I have listed are beautiful, vigorous and able to perform year after year. But if I could have only ONE rose in my garden it would be *Peace*.

This seems to me the single most successful rose that has ever been produced. All of the bushes that I planted ten years ago are still blooming magnificently all season long. In the early summer the flowers are rich ivory in color with touches of pink. In midsummer the flowers are almost white. All during the autumn months each bush is heavy with huge blooms that are pale yellow with a veining of red. Unlike some roses, the bud and the full bloom are equally spectacular.

I've kept careful records through the years, and under *Peace* are many notations of blooms that measured 6½ inches across. These blooms seem to last longer than any other blooms, and when cut and brought into the house for arrangements, they hold up longer than any other variety indoors.

All in all, those of you who've never grown a rose in your life and are thinking about ordering a couple of plants with the *hope* you'll have beautiful roses should decide on *Peace*. It seems able to survive any amateur's attention! And surely it is a beautiful, beautiful flower.

Floribundas

Floribunda roses really look their best when they are used in the perennial border, in foundation plantings or to edge walks or drives. They require less care than hybrid teas, but are equally effective when used for masses of bloom and are not depended upon for individual flower perfection.

Of the red floribundas, *Red Pinocchio* and *Chatter* have behaved the best for me. *Red Pinocchio* has more perfect little flowers, but *Chatter* throws up a greater profusion of bloom.

Fashion, *Pink Pinocchio* and *Lillibet* are the only pinks that I like. The first two named have almost a peach cast, but *Lillibet* is a clear true pink. All are easy to grow.

Vogue is Lucile's favorite floribunda. It has the same cherry-red color as

the hybrid tea, *Charlotte Armstrong*, but the flowers are much larger than most of the floribundas and even more profuse than the average. We have some bushes of *Vogue* planted quite a few years ago that really are a spectacular sight when in full bloom—you literally cannot see the foliage. I've found, however, that *Vogue* gets too tall unless you cut off the flower stalks when they are through blooming. A "leggy" rose is not the goal of any rose gardener, so remember my comment if you plant *Vogue*. (Incidentally, this beautiful variety was created by crossing *Crimson Glory* and *Pink Pinocchio*.)

I now have, by choice, only one white floribunda and that is *Summer Snow*. It is the only satisfactory white rose of this class that I have grown. It forms a medium-sized bush, is always in bloom, and the sun does not burn the petals in spite of their snow-whiteness.

You might be interested to know that in southeastern Pennsylvania *Summer Snow* grows to a size that seems almost unbelievable to anyone who gardens in southwestern Iowa. I saw a curved walk bordered with this floribunda and the bushes were immense—fully ten times as large as any I had ever grown, and covered entirely with roses as big as hybrid teas. Evidently the particular soil in which they were grown, plus the climate, brought them up to their greatest powers.

Geranium Red is not like any other rose that I have grown. It is very much like a geranium with its orange-red color, but the form of the flower is different—almost like a carnation, only larger. It is very hardy, needs no winter protection in our climate, and is about the first to start blooming—and the last to stop. No one could go wrong with it.

March is the month to plan what to get for your rose garden. April is the month to plant, if you possibly can, so next month I'll tell you how I go about my spring planting.

I'd like to repeat that the varieties I've mentioned are the ones I've had personal experience with over a period of years. It's entirely possible that other people right in this vicinity have had better success with other varieties. But one thing is sure: Southwestern Iowa "throws the book" at rose gardeners, and any rose that will come sailing through year after year is a real pleasure. Aunt Helen Fischer told me many times that anyone who could grow magnificent roses in Southwestern Iowa could really grow *anything*!

Last year our garden was a complete ruin for many months. This year I hope to have it up in nice shape, and of course you friends are welcome to come and see it when you are in Shenandoah. The wooden fence that I built ten years ago has rotted away and I hope to replace it with a chain link fence this spring, not only along the alley but also on both sides. Our town has big dogs, packs of them, that are allowed to run loose and are very

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MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

By

Evelyn Birkby

Most everyone loves to sing . . . especially children. Before they become aware of such adult ideas as self-consciousness and perfection, children have a wonderful time expressing themselves to music. Some sing better than others, naturally, but enjoying music and rhythmic action seems to be part of the inborn mechanism of every child.

It has been my good fortune to organize several children, junior and youth choirs. Right at this moment I am in the fourth month of such a project here in my own local church. It is made up of twenty-seven 4th, 5th and 6th graders. This is a most rewarding and enjoyable type of volunteer work. Natural enthusiasm and love of music can be channeled into areas which are beneficial, not only to the children, but to the entire church as well. Like anything else worthwhile it does take purpose, planning and a certain amount of plain hard work.

Did you know that the modern type of children's choir actually started over sixty years ago? In the First Presbyterian Church at Flemington, New Jersey, Elizabeth Vesseller felt that the children needed more music in religious education than they received during the Sunday school hour, and thus she started a choir with four little girls!

Even today there is little to guide one along the path to organizing youthful choirs. Some large churches have several groups. In many small churches one choir may contain all ages. But wherever a church has children of *any* age and quantity, a choir is not only a possibility but a real need.

Such a choir (or choirs) does far more than fill up time occasionally during the church hour. It offers children far more than learning a few songs and hymns. A good choir program develops leadership and service ability. It gives a basis for future interest in church membership and lay work. Many a choir boy has grown up to become a minister. Leadership does not come merely from attendance; it comes through participation and active service.

A good choir program teaches children about worship patterns. Many an adult does not know why the church worship service is set up the way it is. Explanations, practice, regular church attendance and participation in the Sunday worship service is invaluable training for children and youth.

Naturally, a children's choir program will attract parents to church, and a child who enjoys the practices will invite friends. In both instances an evangelical purpose is served. Being a member of a choir gives a sense of belonging and provides church membership with a practical means of expression.

The choir should be completely democratic and open to everyone who



Mary Leanna Driftmier is a talented and gifted pianist—she never has to be driven to practice.

wants to come. The members are a part of a unit and they must cooperate and carry their share if the work is to be done. They are giving, not just taking. Goodness knows we need to teach our children responsibility and loyalty. We must expect them to stick to a project and see it through. The unity of the group, of learning to cooperate and to take responsibility are signs of developing Christian characters. Each individual in a choir is helped to develop poise and self-confidence. So you see, a choir does many things for its members and they, in turn, serve and aid the church for which they sing.

Surely, no more arguments are needed to convince a parent, a leader or a church that children need a choir program.

What is the first step in organizing such a choir? Obviously, a director is essential. She (or he) needs enthusiasm, imagination and a love for children. She should not discourage easily. She needs firmness, for children can try the patience of a Job. Discipline, which is firm but fair, and rules which let the child know what is expected of him, are necessary. Patience is certainly needed, for it takes months, sometimes years to build a really firm choir program.

The more originality the leader has, the better. Initiative seems to be a real need. She'll have to move ahead, ask for help, push here, cajole there, explain to many, overcome problems and pessimism and, in some instances, spearhead projects to raise money for music books or robes.

Besides the director a good pianist is needed. The better the pianist, the easier the task of the director will be. It is all right to use a high school girl if she is a good accompanist or if absolutely no one else is available, but this should not be a training ground for pianists.

Now go to your minister and enlist his interest and aid. He will know what to do next. Many churches have a music committee which will be of great help on such a project. The Sunday school superintendent and the department heads will be invaluable in getting in touch with the children, getting out information and perhaps helping contact parents. Build up as much enthusiasm with as many adults as you can.

In some churches folks are very willing to have a choir if the director will just go ahead on her own initiative. If such is the case and the director knows her minister is with her, she should move ahead with the children. Very often enthusiasm will grow and help will come after the choir begins working to the extent that people know it is a serious project and one which will be helpful to the children. Departmental Sunday school music and the church hymnals have many excellent pieces and this material may be used to begin a choir's work without spending a penny for music. Children do like variety and enjoy having an "anthem" book of their own, but a director's imagination can substitute for cash in many instances.

The practice sessions should not be limited just to singing. A wealth of stories about hymns and their writers, about Christian symbolism, worship patterns, events in the church year, etc., may be woven into the hour's work. Public and church libraries are rich in these materials. Learning to enjoy the great hymns, finding and reading through beautiful responsive selections, listening to recordings of both children and adult choirs will inspire and teach worship techniques. Singing and action games, rounds, rhythmic activities and an occasional time to play games and have a social hour all enrich the fellowship and need for variety which both children and youth require.

The best groupings by ages for choirs are: 2nd and 3rd graders together . . . they can read. (Most directors discourage any organized choir work younger than second grade.) 4th, 5th and 6th grade go well together. (In some large groups the boys and girls practice separately. This is a difficult age for boys and girls to get along. However, they can learn the same songs and sing together as a unified choir.) Junior High can be grouped in the same pattern as the public or church school situation. Since this is the time boys' voices are changing, they may be self-conscious. Many boys do sing right through this time, however, and get along fine. High school age works well together and the more boys in the choir the better!

If you have a small church, the best grouping is nine through fourteen years of age. The high school group could go in with this younger group or with the adult choir, wherever they feel most at ease. Using part music with the younger members on the melody may satisfy the older ones if they are all in one group.

In many small churches an "ideal" grouping is impossible. One of the nicest choirs I ever had was in a tiny country church (made up of 30 families). We started the choir with two four-year old girls who could sing like larks! They memorized the songs and moved clear up through high school with the membership. With robes made by the mothers and a sense of helpfulness toward one another they became a choir of which to be proud.

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DOROTHY TELLS YOU ABOUT HER "KITCHEN-KLATTER TRIPS"

Dear Friends:

I have just finished pressing some sweaters for Kristin, and with this job done I am free to sit down and write to you.

Most of the time Kristin does her own pressing, but tonight she'll be in a hurry when the school bus drops her off—she's taking a night train with her Aunt Bernie for the two of them are going to Kansas City to spend the weekend. Frank's sisters, Bernie and Ruth, both have birthdays this week, so they decided to celebrate them this year by getting together in Kansas City. Kristin has never seen her Aunt Ruth's new home and has been eagerly anticipating this trip.

Since Mother told you in her last letter that I am now helping out a few days each month in the Kitchen-Klatter office, I'd like to tell you how all of this came about.

When Lucile and Russell found out that I definitely planned to make the trip to Shenandoah frequently to spend a few days with Mother and Dad, they asked me if I could time this trip with the week they got Kitchen-Klatter magazine all addressed and ready to mail. We held a family conference at our house and Frank and Kristin both thought it was a good idea. The only actual difference it made in my original plans was that instead of making the trip whenever I felt like it, I now go to Shenandoah on a given date and return home on a given date.

Fifteen years ago I once fixed Lucile's sewing machine when it wasn't operating just right, and ever since that time she has been convinced that I'm a real genius when it comes to anything mechanical! I can assure you that this isn't true, but when there was an urgent need to find someone to run the Addressograph, the machine which addresses your magazine, both Lucile and Russell felt that I was just the person who could keep this temperamental machine operating.

As far as I know, I don't believe anyone has ever told you the exact procedure followed in our Kitchen-Klatter office to see that your magazine gets to you on schedule each month. Maybe you might be interested in hearing these details.

Each subscriber has a little metal plate with her name, address and the date her subscription expires, stamped on it. These plates are made on a machine right there at the office and are kept in files—are arranged alphabetically according to town and state. One of these files at a time is placed in a rack on the Addressograph, and as the magazines go through automatically, the plates go through also—an arm comes down and stamps the address on the magazine. This machine runs very fast and when it's running, you can certainly hear it! As the plates go through, they drop into a long file and are back in their correct order. The magazines will be in a stack in the same order.

While I am running the Addressograph, other girls are checking and sorting the magazines. By "checking" I mean that each magazine is looked at to be sure the address is stamped on clearly. Now and then the girls may come across a magazine that doesn't have any name on it at all. In this case, one of two things happened: either the machine skipped over the magazine entirely, or two magazines stuck together because of static electricity and went through at the same time.

In either case, the girl who is doing this checking gets out the long file of plates and checks carefully to see exactly what name is missing. It is time consuming to do this, needless to say, but it's the only way to be sure that there is a magazine correctly addressed for every single metal plate in that long file.

As this girl checks, she also sorts out the magazines according to the town. If two or more people in the same town are subscribers, their magazines are wrapped together and sent to the Postmaster who distributes them. If there is only one subscriber in a town, this copy is wrapped individually and sent directly to that person.

As soon as all of this wrapping is done (and I should add that another machine, the tying machine, is involved with the wrapping job), the magazines are put into mail bags that are marked to go to certain Post Office terminals. As these big mail bags fill up they are stacked out of the way, or as far out of the way as we can possibly manage. Space gets mighty cramped as we come up on the home stretch. You can see how it is a lot of work for several girls over a full week to get those magazines all sacked up and ready for the mail trucks that grind up to the back door on the morning of the 26th.

Just the minute those mail trucks pull away and another issue has started on its road to you friends, everyone in the office takes a big deep breath and sits down for several cups of bracing hot coffee. From the moment the first magazines come through the door and the addressing begins, our Kitchen-Klatter office is keyed up to one big goal: to be all ready for those mail trucks on the morning of the 26th. You can almost see both machines shudder and relax the very moment the mail trucks leave! It's our one hope, never expressed aloud, that the machines won't kick up or do any relaxing until the crisis is over.

However, this mailing that I have just described is what we call our first mailing. If you friends send in your renewal or a new subscription that comes into the office after a given date, your metal plate is made, put into a separate file and held there until after the big first mailing. Then these plates are put into the Addressograph and run through and the magazines go out in our second mailing.

Now you can see why we urge you to get your renewals in early so that you'll get your magazine on the day you expect it. Once I start running

the Addressograph for the first big mailing, no plates can be added to the files until I am all through. So if you send in your renewal and don't get your next issue when you expect it, just wait two or three weeks before you write in about it. Chances are it didn't reach our office in time to make the first mailing and had to be held over for that second mailing. Just as soon as the second mailing has been addressed, those plates are put into the big files and from that point on your magazine will reach you at the regular time.

I hope these details are of interest to you. Naturally, all of it would seem much more real to you if you were to step into our Kitchen-Klatter office when everything is running at top speed to make both mailings right on schedule. It's the busiest place imaginable.

I make my Kitchen-Klatter mailing trips by train so that Frank and Kristin won't be without the car, and the first time I went they came into the night train to meet me and I asked right away how they had gotten along without me. Kristin said they'd run out of everything—coffee, bread, soap—just everything.

But the next trip I made she greeted me with the news that she thought it was going to be a wonderful experience for her. She said that she planned the meals ahead and checked supplies, and always ran to the store to pick up anything needed before the school bus pulled out.

All in all, my extra job seems to be working out well for everyone concerned. Lucile and Russell are glad to have someone who can manage those temperamental machines, Mother and Dad are happy to have their regular routine broken up with my visit, Kristin is pleased with her responsibilities, and Frank says that it gives him a good chance to have some real visits with her—somehow a hard thing to manage in this busy day and age.

There were some statistics in our local paper the other day that I thought might interest you since my letters for the past year seem to have been full of the horrible weather we had all during 1959. Lucas County had 44 inches of rain in 1959, and it is a wonder to us, now that we see this figure down in black and white, that we had any kind of a crop at all.

The heaviest amount in any one month was in May—over 9 inches recorded and right at the time when we would be planting corn under normal conditions. We are praying for less rain in 1960, but we're off to a bad start with far above average rainfall. If it keeps up all the way through I don't know how we'll ever get into the fields for any purpose.

The school bus still hasn't come so I think there'll be time for me to make some green-capped Pixies before Kristin turns up. Evidently these little fellows with their green caps will be in evidence at a lot of St. Patrick's parties in March.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy

FROM LETTERS YOU FRIENDS HAVE WRITTEN

"When I heard you girls talking about not being able to find new patterns for cross-stitch aprons it reminded me to tell you that years ago my mother used filet crochet patterns for this purpose. It's in squares and the filled in spaces make the design. I hope you can pass the idea along for it may help someone."—S.D.

* * * *

"Since my husband's death three years ago I have found my greatest joy in going to our local nursing homes once a week, a regular schedule at each one on Monday through Thursday, to write letters for people whose arthritic hands or failing eyesight make it impossible to send out anything in the line of a letter.

"I take paper and pen with me and spend the afternoon writing for people. It's such a small thing to do and it gives them undescrivable pleasure to be able to keep in touch with distant relatives and friends. I forget my own loneliness when I am doing this service, so it brings its rewards to me also."—Iowa

* * * *

"Our family surely had something to think about when we read your aunt's comment, Lucile—how people seemed able to drop everything to get together for a funeral, but never were able to manage a family gathering for happy reasons. At one time we had so many happy times with our relatives, but somehow in the last ten years we'd gotten to the place where we never saw each other except at funerals.

"After reading what your aunt said we decided it was time to change things in our own family, so we got in touch with all of them and made plans for a pot-luck dinner on New Years. All it took was just someone to start the ball rolling. We had such a happy, happy day and made plans for another pot-luck dinner in May right after school is out. Thanks for getting our family stirred up to gather for a joyous reason, not a sad reason."—Minn.

* * * *

"I would like to share with you my method of making extra money without taking a full time job. About four years ago a friend of mine asked me if I would be willing to help her with some housework that she was not able to do herself because of an ailment. She insisted on paying me and during the hours that my children were in school I continued to help her.

"From this start I now have the phone practically ringing itself off the hook by people who almost beg me to come and help them out. There seems to be a crying need for people who are willing to do this work.

"Now I admit that it takes much swallowing of one's pride sometimes, yet it is decent and honorable work and I have learned to enjoy it thoroughly. There was a time when I would never have dreamed of doing such work, but I have learned that for me it is the solution.

"I now work five days a week from 9:00 A.M. until 2:00 or 3:00 in the afternoon. I can pick my hours and also the places where I wish to work. Never fear about dropping someone whom you do not care to work for. There will probably be six or seven women ready to take that time—at least I've had this many waiting for me to make time for them.

"You do not need special clothes for such work nor are there any expenses involved as you have your lunch and transportation is provided, if needed. Clothes, particularly, make a big difference. Some of my friends must dress so well for their jobs that they have a terrible financial struggle. I know I am better off financially with my part-time job than many people who are working full time at other jobs.

"I know I have always been fortunate in that my earnings were not needed for actual living expenses; I could do exactly as I pleased with the money I made. I'm frank to admit that some of this money has been spent foolishly, but most of it has gone into furnishings for our new house. I've always had an expensive eye and this income has helped me buy some of the things that I could never have had otherwise.

"I almost forgot to mention one great advantage that few working women have—I am as free as a lark to decide what days I'll work and where I will work. If anything comes up I never hesitate to call and switch days with the people I work for. They feel free to do the same, and since we have this mutual understanding there is never any trouble. I don't know just when housework fell into such disrepute in this country, but believe me, the type of thing I can do could surely be the answer for quite a few women who want to make money pretty much on their own terms."—Nebr.

* * * *

"I wish that sometime you folks at Kitchen-Klatter would warn young parents not to give that cute new baby an inappropriate name. My husband was named Buddy and was christened with that name. It might be cute for a baby, but believe me, no grown man wants deeds and other legal papers to be signed with such a name.

"You can't just change your name on whim—it's a court process. After being embarrassed for twenty years with such a name, my husband petitioned the court to change his name from Buddy to John. New acquaintances call him this and he likes to hear it. To his family and old friends he will always be Buddy, of course, but when I saw how much difference it made to him I trained myself to call him John. It would have been so simple to name him John to begin with—the family could have called him Buddy if they liked, but at least his legal signature would have been John and much embarrassment would have been saved. I hope young parents will heed this experience we've had and stick to good sound names for birth certificates and christenings."—Mo.

I WALK THE SILENT NIGHT

When problems seem too big for me
I seek the heavens' majesty.
I walk the silent starlit night
And watch the vault of ancient light
Begun how many years ago?
I am not sure, but this I know:
These stars have shone on others'

tears
And watched while others fought their fears.

Stars relight faith, and so shall I,
Made small, yet tall, by God's great sky.

—Nancy Zook

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

—Concluded

Enlist the aid of the choir mothers to the greatest extent possible. If you do not want to "organize" a choir mother's guild you can still call on them to help in turn by 1. Sitting with the choir during church services. 2. Providing simple treats for choir parties. 3. Helping with phoning and publicity. 4. Helping to make decisions when such assistance is necessary.

Are choir robes necessary? Not if you are thinking of robes as something which a group cannot sing without. But they do add a great deal. They make a unified appearance. No child feels he cannot sing because his clothes are not as good as the next child's. It is a democratic device! Robes add dignity and importance. They assist in teaching the children responsibility for they must be hung up or handed carefully to a choir mother.

In one church the robe project was taken over by the Women's Society. They bought the material and patterns and made them up as a group activity. In some churches money is raised and ready-made robes purchased. In our own new situation each mother is contributing enough money to pay for her own child's robe, and we are making them together as a big project in the church basement. The material is a simple drip-dry cotton in a soft gold color. Each robe will have a black bow, tied and tacked into place to avoid slipping and unttying during the worship service. Incidentally, through the kindness of one of our local merchants who sold us the material wholesale, each finished robe will cost only \$2.00. The value of working together is giving us a fellowship far greater than the monetary cost of the robes.

A new book which has helped me tremendously is "Organizing and Directing Children's Choirs" by Madeline Ingram (published by Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tenn.)

I have had no greater challenge in church work than that presented in the children and youth choirs with which I have worked. The hours are long, patience sometimes grows thin, and the results seem slow, but the compensation comes when the children develop spiritually, take responsibility seriously, advance in ability and grow in Christian devotion to their church and their God by "making a joyful noise unto the Lord."

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a Monday morning, getting on to noon, to be exact, and I've just finished clearing up the remains of a little get-together for lots of bracing hot coffee and homemade coffee cake.

Maybe you do this kind of thing all the time, but believe me, it's a red letter day in my calendar. I'm not anti-social—just busy. And it takes something off the beaten track to break up my usual routine of broadcasting and then getting down to my desk at the Kitchen-Klatter office.

What stirred me to the little coffee this morning was a chance to see some cousins—Josephine Field Nelson, Jessie Field Wasserman and Mary Field Hamilton. These are Uncle Henry Field's daughters and aside from Mary, whose home is in Shenandoah, there aren't too many opportunities to see Josephine and Jessie since they live in Clinton, Ia. and Chicago. When I found out they were making a short visit at the family home to see Aunt Bertha, I called to see if all of them could come up to my house for this get-together with Mother and Margery. Generally there seem to be stumbling blocks of one kind or another when we try to do things on the spur of the moment, but this morning it was actually possible for everyone to get together at one spot.

We had a very happy visit—lots to catch up on, of course, and all kinds of loose ends to try and tie together. It was Mother's first venture out since the upsetting experience she has told you about in her letter. That accident gave all of us *such* a scare! We children are surely hopeful that next winter the folks can find some kind of a comfortable place near Edith Hansen in Phoenix so they won't be shut in for such long, long weeks.

Someone asked me the other day if I ever read these days—said I hadn't mentioned any books for so long that she wondered if I'd given up the printed word!

Well, I read a great deal. In fact, I read two or three hours every night after I go to bed, but somehow in all the stress and strain we went through on our massive remodeling job I could never remember to mention anything that I thought you might find useful for book review purposes.

However, just this last week I finished a biography that seemed to me exceptionally interesting and well written: *The West-Going Heart, A Life of Vachel Lindsay* by Eleanor Ruggles.

These days we never hear anything about Vachel Lindsay, but when I was in high school we studied his unique poetry in our modern American literature classes, and in college we also heard a great deal about him. He was a native of Springfield, Illinois and he had a mystic feeling for that town—it represented to him the very heart of our great country. The titanic shadow cast upon its peaceful streets by Abraham Lincoln was vivid and powerful to his sensitive mind.



In my letter this month I've given you some of the building details involved with our new fireplace. This picture was taken at night and what looks like spots of light is really one continuous band of light from the concealed fixtures. (The ridge in the floor is from having a second piece of carpet laid as a throw rug to prevent any burns in the permanent carpet.)

This is not a "happy" book. Vachel Lindsay died by his own hand under singularly tragic conditions. But it is a wonderful study of an American family before the turn of the century, and a genuinely unusual account of an American poet totally unlike any other poet our country has produced. Those of you who are on library committees would do well to add this to your section of American biography. I had intended to stop reading at midnight, but it was 3:30 when I turned off the lamp; so this tells you that it is an absorbing book.

Now, at long, long last we are completely settled into our house. I no longer have time to write articles for magazines as I once did (Kitchen-Klatter takes all the time I can spare for my typewriter), but if I were still writing I would surely get busy on an article about this thing of adjusting to major housing changes.

In all of my reading I've never run across an article about the utter reality of allowing TIME for getting used to radical changes. I thought that when the last workman had departed and the house was done we'd just be tickled to death to have things so convenient and handy and would get right down to the business of daily life under vastly improved conditions.

It came as a profound shock to me to discover that I felt confused and at loose ends for many weeks after the last workmen had departed. I didn't feel "at home." I wasn't the least bit certain that I really liked *any* of the vast changes!

If I had ever read an article discussing this subject or if anyone had

warned me that I wouldn't feel settled overnight, I would have realized that my sensations were only to be expected. SO . . . now I'm passing on to you this common sense fact: allow yourself plenty of TIME to get used to a brand new house or a radically remodeled house. Don't make snap decisions. Don't conclude (secretly) that it would have been better and easier just to chug along with the old inconveniences and inadequacies. Now that I'm completely adjusted to my new kitchen I'm thrilled to death with it, but I'll be totally honest and confess that for quite a spell I actually longed for the miserable old 1900 kitchen that I'd rummaged around in for so many years.

I wasn't aware of the fact that I'd given any indication of my state of mind until Russell said one day: "Is there *anything* you like about this new kitchen?"

This brought me to my senses and I realized that I'd been doing quite a bit of muttering without even knowing it! Needless to say, I cut it out then and there. Now that every inch of my new kitchen is as familiar as the old one (I can go out there in the dark and put my hands on anything in any drawer or any cupboard or any shelf) I realize that it simply takes TIME to get used to big changes. Please remember this if the day comes when you stand in the middle of a brand new kitchen and feel utterly distracted! Just give yourself TIME. I might add that the kitchen is the hardest thing to ease yourself into. Probably this is because we spend more time
(Continued on next page)

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

there than in any other room and it's so complex compared to a living room or a dining room.

Many questions have been asked about our fireplace, so Russell took this picture to show you how we combined it with bookshelves. We wanted the fireplace and bookshelves to be flush, so the bulk of the fireplace projects into the garage. (If you will look at the house plan in the September issue this will be clear to you.) The only evidence of it from the outside is the chimney.

We wanted natural wood and marble but when we got costs on these things we almost abandoned the whole idea. I'd like to tell you about some short cuts we discovered that made it possible for us to go ahead with our plans.

The fireplace itself consists of a metal unit that was supplied by the lumber yard. This was placed on a concrete base and then enclosed on the outside (garage side) with brick.

Now if you live in a large city, marble for the face and hearth is no problem because the workmen are able to install it without leaving town. But the big costs come when you live quite a distance from a large city and the workmen must do some traveling. At the prices we were quoted for their time, their traveling expenses, their maintenance while in town, etc., we could no more have had that fireplace than a yard paved with diamonds!

But Russell had his heart set on that marble so he asked one of the local brick masons if he could install it. The mason said he *sure* could. Then Russell had to make a business trip so he combined this with going to a marble "place" to pick up the marble. (They had never heard of anyone doing this—said he'd never get it home in one piece and that the *ONLY* safe way to handle it was to crate it and ship it. You can imagine how much this would cost.) Russell told them that unless he had a car wreck he could get that marble home in one piece. And he did.

The local monument man was perfectly competent to cut this marble and do all the work that had to be done. The brick mason arrived with his helper and in one morning that marble was installed at a *fraction* of the cost that it would have come to under any other conditions. If you ever have occasion to be buying any marble for a fireplace, just remember that you can haul it in your own car and that your local workmen can handle it. Keep this firmly in mind because you're going to hear that it can't be done.

We decided on walnut for framing the marble and for the bookshelves, but it's an expensive wood so we settled for a veneer for the face of the fireplace around the marble and the back of the bookshelves.

The bookshelves are made of walnut plywood edged with solid walnut so the effect is of a solid piece of wood. Solid walnut was also used for the molding and fluted trim along the mantle. Long fluorescent light tubes



When Donna Nenneman came back from California for the Christmas holidays we had an opportunity to snap this picture of her with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier. (This doesn't do justice to any of them, so we're grateful that they'll let us use it!)

are concealed along the ceiling molding to illuminate pictures or decorative objects that are on the mantle. The shelves are adjustable and can be used from the floor to the ceiling whenever we want to do this for the sake of variety.

We made one jewel of a mistake—bought an inexpensive fireplace screen. This was just plain foolish. It had to be cut down to fit the opening so when the mesh draw string broke the third time we used it, that screen couldn't be returned. We don't mind moving it by hand, but it will hardly budge that way. Just a few more dollars would have purchased a suitable piece of equipment that would have held together for years. We were penny wise and pound foolish.

The andirons are of old black cast iron—found them very, very cheap at an auction years ago. We didn't have a fireplace then and didn't know when we ever would have one, but they were so cheap (believe we paid only 75¢ for them) we couldn't pass them up. All these years they've been kicked around in the basement and periodically we would decide to ditch them. Thank goodness we didn't. They really came into their own in the end for they look just right with the pale rose colored marble.

One last detail about the fireplace—and this is one I truly hope you bear in mind if you ever build a fireplace.

It seems that most of the logs we buy in these parts are always pretty wet and it takes a lot of kindling and stirring and poking to get a lusty good fire underway. To avoid this Russell had a perforated pipe installed—it was cut to fit right across the area where the logs would rest on the andirons. This has a gas connection. All we need to do when we want a big log fire is to turn on that gas pipe, hold a match to it for a second, and it burns brightly until the wood has "taken hold" and is going beautifully. Then we turn off that inconspicuous gas pipe and just settle down to enjoy a lovely fire. It saves ever thinking about kindling or worrying about how wet the logs may be.

It seems to me that there is something wonderfully comforting and cozy about a fire. On winter nights it makes you feel snug and secure to settle down in front of a glowing fire . . . it's a friendly thing. During the week we're far too busy to think about a

fire until nightfall, but every Sunday morning Russell has laid a fire around 7:00 o'clock and kept it going all day. I don't know when we've ever enjoyed anything as much as those Sunday fires!

When Kristin said in her letter last month that all Juliana ever did was to study, she certainly spoke the truth. Now we're into the second semester and although Russell and I would have preferred that Juliana drop one of her five heavy courses, she didn't see it this way and wanted to go ahead with them.

Frankly, I think parents are in a quandry today! All we hear on every hand is how urgent it is for our young people to buckle down and take as heavy a load as possible and keep their eyes set on the fact that only the top-top-top students are ever going to be admitted to college, etc. etc. etc. I don't know how it is in your community, but in these parts the young people have certainly gotten it through their heads that they're going to be up against terrific competition the minute they leave high school.

I guess this is all true enough and we might as well make our peace with it, but no one seems to have much to say about the terrific pressures that are involved. There just doesn't seem to be any time left for peaceful contemplation! Every split second is accounted for. We all want the best for our children, but I wonder very frequently if we have a clear understanding of what is the best?

I was very interested in an item I read in the paper not too long ago. At one of the big conventions held for educators there were the usual speeches about high goals, superlative grades and all the rest, but one speaker got up and said that she felt very uneasy and doubtful about the terrific strains and pressures involved and feared that we would pay a sad price in the future for all of our soaring expectations. No one supported her viewpoint. But when I read her comments I felt that she was a lone voice in the wilderness speaking what I fear will be prophetic truths.

Well . . . I've been thinking out loud and have taken far more space than I'd intended, but you folks have said that you welcome honest and frank opinions, so I wanted to speak up about this situation that troubles me—and troubles many, many of you. Let's hope that we can hit some kind of a happy, common sense medium before too many years pass. It's hard on everyone when the pendulum swings so violently from one extreme to the other.

Faithfully yours,

Pucile

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know.

Recipes Tested

by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

MARGERY'S SUPERB RICE CASSEROLE

It seems that whenever a group of women gather, the conversation eventually turns toward recipes. At a church circle meeting this month, just as we were "breaking up," one of the members said that her daughter had sent her the most delicious recipe for a simple rice dish that was perfectly marvelous. She had prepared it for two special covered-dish luncheons and had had many requests for the recipe.

Like all women everywhere, we started searching through our purses for pencils and a scrap of paper to take down the ingredients. Four of us said we had the ingredients on hand and would prepare it that very evening.

When I called my friend the next day to report how enthusiastically my own family ate this casserole, she said that her phone had been fairly jumping off the wall all morning! I wasn't the only one who reported back with such a favorable comment.

I really doubt that there is a more simple recipe for rice that is as scrumptious!

- 3/4 stick of butter
- 1 medium-sized onion, or 1 Tbls. onion flakes
- 3/4 cup raw rice
- 1 1/2 cans beef bouillon
- 1/2 can water

Melt the butter and add the onion and rice. Stir well so that all is coated thoroughly. Add beef bouillon and water. Pour into a 1 1/2 qt. casserole, cover tightly and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

ARLEIGH'S BEEF BIRDS

- 3 lbs. round steak
- 3/4 lb. salt pork
- 3 medium size onions, chopped fine
- Salt, pepper and ginger

Cut steak into serving pieces and in center of each put a cube of salt pork, 1 tsp. of onion, and salt and pepper to taste. (Be sure to add a tiny pinch of ginger to each piece.) Roll up and fasten with heavy toothpicks. Brown in 2 Tbls. shortening in a heavy skillet with a tight cover. If any pork or onion is left, place on top of the browned meat. Cover with water, simmer two hours, tightly covered, or until meat is done. Remove meat from kettle, make gravy, and then pour the gravy over the meat.

This is a great favorite at our house on cold winter nights. With it I serve mashed potatoes, buttered peas, cold slaw, hot rolls and butter, applesauce cake with fruit, and our usual coffee and milk.

SALMON NOODLE CASSEROLE (A delicious Lenten dish)

- 2 cups noodles
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1/2 can milk
- 1 small, flat can red salmon
- 3 Tbls. diced pimiento
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- Buttered bread crumbs

Cook the noodles in salted water until tender. Mix the cream of celery soup and the 1/2 can milk and add to the noodles. Toss together the salmon and pimiento. Put layer of noodles in greased 1 1/2 qt. casserole, then the salmon mixture and slice the hard-cooked eggs, making a layer over the salmon. Add the remaining noodles, sprinkle with the buttered crumbs and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

BROCCOLI SOUFFLE

Broccoli is one vegetable that usually comes to the table simply cooked and buttered. It can be prepared in a number of delicious ways and this is one of our favorites.

- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup hot, thick white sauce
- 1 cup chopped cooked broccoli
- 2 Tbls. grated cheese

Beat the egg yolks and add to the white sauce. Add broccoli and cheese. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake for about 50 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

FANCY BAKED APPLES

- 1 dozen apples, cored
- Fill with mixture of raisins, dates, cocoanut and nuts. Top apple with marshmallow.

- Make a syrup of:
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water

- 1/4 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Boil this syrup a few minutes, then pour over the apples and bake until apples are done. The oven should be set at about 325 or 350 degrees. —Leanna (I first ate these in Clarinda back in 1924 when a friend entertained us for dinner.)

UNBAKED PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

(More like candy!)

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- Bring to a boil.
- 1 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2 cups Chinese noodles

After the sugar and syrup have come to a boil, remove from heat and dissolve the peanut butter. Stir in the Chinese noodles, then drop by teaspoon onto a lightly greased cookie sheet. They become firm in just a very short time.

TWO WONDERFUL PIES

I don't think there's any better eating than the wonderful old standby pies we all know so well, but about this time of the year it's nice to break away from familiar paths and try something new. I've made so many different kinds of pie these last few weeks that it would take several pages for all the recipes, so it seemed wise to select just two from the collection and use them this month. I hope that before the April issue arrives you will have made these two, plus the marvelous Recipe of the Month.

Cheese Custard Pie

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. heavy cream
- 2 Tbls. soft butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pastry shell

Combine cream cheese, cream and butter. Beat well—preferably with electric mixer. Combine salt, sugar and flour and add to cream cheese mixture. Lastly beat in the milk, egg and lemon flavoring. Turn into a pastry-lined 9-inch pie pan and bake at 425 degrees for 5 minutes; reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake until custard is set—about 50 minutes.

Use exactly the amount of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring that is specified. You want a delicate flavor—not a real lemon pie flavor.

This pie tastes best at room temperature. It can be refrigerated, of course, but tastes better when it's not chilled. A refreshingly different pie.

Maple Chiffon Pie

- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1 9-inch pie shell

(Any pie shell will do, of course, but I'd like to recommend that you use the vanilla wafer crumb crust that appears with the Recipe of the Month pie.)

Soak gelatine in 1/2 cup of cold milk.

Put egg yolks and 3/4 cup of sugar in small bowl of electric mixer and beat until very light and fluffy. Add 1 cup milk. Transfer to top of double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring frequently, until it thickens. Add salt and Kitchen-Klatter maple flavorings; then stir in the remaining 1/2 cup of milk in which gelatine has been dissolved. Remove from heat. When it has started to congeal, beat with electric mixer until extremely smooth and light. Now fold in the 3 egg whites, very stiffly beaten, to which the 3 Tbls. of sugar have been added.

At this point you can turn the
(Continued on next page)

Maple Chiffon Pie Continued

smooth, fluffy mixture into the shell and you'll have a delicious pie. However, if this pie is to be eaten by people who pay no attention to calories, whip the 1/2 cup of heavy cream and fold into the mixture. Naturally, with the cream it tastes better! But those who are on strict diets can still have a delicious pie without the addition of the heavy cream.

As with all our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings, *measure carefully*. The 3 tsp. of maple flavoring called for in this pie will give you the true maple taste—not too strong, not too mild—just exactly right. It's a very smooth and delicious pie—a real treat.

ABIGAIL'S SALMON AND PICKLE LOAF

This recipe is a family favorite the year around even though it is especially useful on a busy day during Lent.

- 1 can (1 lb.) salmon
- 3/4 cup bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped sweet gherkins

- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 Tbls. melted butter

Sauce

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup diluted with
- 1/2 cup milk to which has been added
- 1 tsp. minced onion

Flake salmon, add crumbs, milk, gherkins, eggs, salt and melted butter; mix well. Pack into greased loaf pan, set in a shallow pan of hot water and bake in 350 degree oven about 30 minutes, or until loaf is firm. Turn out on hot platter and pour heated sauce over loaf. If desired, garnish with hard-boiled egg slices topped with sliced, stuffed green olives.

DOROTHY'S COFFEE CAKE

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. each of cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg
- 1 cup cold strong coffee
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts or 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the butter and sugars together and then beat in the eggs. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the first mixture alternately with the coffee. Stir in the vanilla and nuts. Pour into a shallow, greased pan 9 by 14 inches. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 45 minutes. We like this just plain with coffee, but it is also good served with whipped cream, or frost it with a caramel frosting. This will be a favorite with your husband.

JULIANA'S CEREAL CANDY

- 5 cups corn flakes
- 3 cups rice Krispies
- 1/2 lb. salted peanuts
- 1/2 lb. cocoanut
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup thin cream
- 1 cup white or dark corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. KitchenKlatter cocoanut flavoring

Mix the cereal, peanuts and cocoanut together in a large mixing bowl. In a heavy pan bring the sugar, cream and syrup to the hard ball stage and then add flavorings. Pour this mixture over the first ingredients, mix and flatten out in a large greased pan. Cut when cool. Extra good for teenagers on a cold winter night!

APPLESAUCE CUP CAKES

- 1 2/3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup applesauce
- 1 egg

Sift together all dry ingredients. Add remaining ingredients and beat vigorously. Turn into paper lined muffin tins and bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

This quick, easy recipe makes 20 of the most delicious cupcakes imaginable. We frosted a batch with a rich powdered sugar and cream icing, topped each one with a half pecan and saw the whole works go like snow under sun when a crowd of teenagers turned up. —Lucile

SOUR CREAM DATE COOKIES

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the sugars and the eggs. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the sour cream. Add the oatmeal, dates, nuts and maple flavoring. Drop on a greased cookie sheet and bake about 10 minutes in a 375 degree oven, or until lightly browned. I had just made these when our gas man came and he said by all means this recipe should be in the Kitchen-Klatter magazine! —Dorothy

MARY BETH'S VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1/2 cup water
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. garlic salt
 - 1 Tbls. butter
 - 1 pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- Cook vegetables in salt water; drain and save water. Add garlic salt and butter.

Sauce

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup liquid (vegetable water plus rich milk)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Pinch of nutmeg and garlic salt
- 2 large Tbls. Parmesan cheese

Melt butter; add flour, liquid and other ingredients. Simmer 5 minutes. Put vegetables in casserole; pour over sauce and sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake 30 minutes at 350°. This serves 4.

EVELYN'S FAVORITE WHITE BREAD

Does not crumble and is excellent for freezing.

- 4 1/2 cups water
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 2 cakes dry yeast
- 4 Tbls. soft shortening
- 14 to 14 1/2 cups flour

Take 1/2 cup of lukewarm water and sprinkle dry yeast over it. While this stands, pour 4 cups of warm water in a large bowl and stir in the sugar and salt. When the yeast has dissolved (it takes about 5 minutes) stir this in. Add the shortening (I use lard) and then mix in the flour. Stir in as much as you can by spoon, then turn out on the bread board and knead in enough to make it springy and not sticky. It gets smooth and elastic and has a good "feel" as it is kneaded. Place in a greased bowl, turning it over to grease the top. Place a damp cloth over the top and put in a warm (never hot) place to rise. When doubled in bulk (1 1/2 to 2 hours) push it down in the bowl and let rise again—about 45 minutes. Turn out on to the bread board, cut into four parts and let rest for 10 minutes.

Now take each part alone and knead well, finally patting it out into an oblong round. Now pound it good to get out as much air as possible. Shape into loaves, sealing as tightly as you can, and put in greased bread pans with the sealed edge down. Pat it clear to one side (do not center it!). This makes it rise into a far more even loaf. Let rise for about 1 hour, or until top of the pan is reached. Bake at 400 degrees for 40 minutes, or until it is nicely browned and gives off a hollow sound when tapped on the bottom. Remove from the oven, take out of the pans immediately and cool on racks. Buttering the top makes the crust more tender; if you like a crusty, crunchy top, do not butter. As soon as cool, wrap in plastic bags and store in freezer.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Bavarian Mint Pie

Are you looking for something absolutely elegant to serve the next time you entertain? Are you eager to get away from the good but pretty familiar things that are making the rounds in your town this winter? Or do you feel like breaking over the traces and fixing something totally unexpected to give your family a flurry of excitement when it's time for dessert?

If your answer is "yes" to these three questions, then this is the recipe for you. I've now made four of these pies and gotten opinions from a grand total of thirty people; their unanimous verdict is this: most delicious pie they've ever tasted.

It's terribly rich—you'll want to keep the servings small. And no one is about to get up and announce that it's cheap to make. But my! what a marvelous flavor! It literally melts in your mouth.

I think most people like to make a trial run on any new recipe before they fix the food that's intended for company purposes, but if you'll measure carefully and follow instructions to the dotted t, you can make this safely and need not worry about how it will turn out. (Frankly, I hope you will make it first just for the family—it's expensive and I'm afraid the homefolks are going to lose out on a wonderful treat unless you make one pie just for them.)

Now you can use any kind of a 9-inch baked shell for this pie, but I'd like to recommend that you stick with the vanilla crumb crust that I used for all four pies. Chances are you'll have to get out and buy some of these ingredients, so you might just as well buy a box of vanilla wafers while you're at it. They make the one perfect crust for this pie.

Vanilla Wafer Crust

- 1 1/3 cups crushed crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 4 Tbls. butter (1/2 of 1 stick)

Combine finely crushed crumbs with sugar and melted butter. Press into 9-inch pie tin. Bake in a 375 degree oven for five or six minutes. (You can use this crust without baking it, but the baked crust is so crunchy and extra-flavorful that I certainly hope you go ahead and bake it.)

Bavarian Mint Filling

- 1/2 cup butter
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1 bar German sweet chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Put unsweetened chocolate and German sweet chocolate in top of double boiler to melt.

Cream butter and sugar together until as smooth as whipped cream. Add the 3 eggs that have been beaten until

extremely light and frothy. Add the melted chocolate and stir until very smooth. Lastly add the Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring and stir well. Turn into the cooled crumb crust. When firm, cover with the heavy cream that has been whipped until thick and to which you have added the 2 Tbls. powdered sugar and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring.

CAUTION: The amounts of mint flavoring given here are *exactly* right. Under no conditions just pick up the bottle and pour—*measure carefully*.

I have decorated this pie in two ways. For two pies I reserved a small amount of the crumb crust mixture and sprinkled it very lightly on top of the whipped cream. This looked attractive.

For the other two pies I drained green cherries (same size cherry and type of syrup as maraschino cherries, only green) and then cut tiny slivers. These were arranged to make little flowers with five petals over the top of the whipped cream. Naturally, it took more time to do this than to use the crumb mixture, but it certainly made a fancy and festive looking pie.

Someone is bound to think: aren't you supposed to cook this with those three eggs? NO. Put it together exactly the way the recipe is given and you'll have the kind of a dessert that a fine restaurant can actually make its reputation on.

—Lucile

Money may buy the husk of things, but not the kernel. It brings you food but not appetite, medicine but not health, acquaintances but not friends, servants but not faithfulness, days of joy but not peace or happiness.

CHERRY PUDDING #1

Through the years we have given many recipes that stand out as all time favorites. This is one of those recipes. We have been asked repeatedly to reprint it in the magazine, so we are answering that request.

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup sweet milk
- 1 can of tart cherries
- 1 cup sugar
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Mix together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add milk and stir well. Pour into a baking dish 8 x 12-inches. Mix can of cherries with the remaining 1 cup of sugar and add the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Pour over the batter. Bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven. When done, the cherries will be on the bottom and the crust on top. Serve warm.

FAVORITE PECAN ROLL TOPPING

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. light corn syrup
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Burnt Sugar flavoring

Heat this combination slowly in a shallow pan. Drop in the pecans. Place the rolls on this mixture. (I make up cinnamon rolls for this.) Let rise till double in bulk, bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes. Remove from pan immediately with the syrup on top.

ARE ALL OF THESE KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS ON YOUR SHELF?

Coconut
Lemon
Maple
Almond
Orange

Strawberry
Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Cherry
Banana

Mint

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

They're all absolutely wonderful—simply cannot be compared to any other Flavorings on the market.

But this month we want to mention one in particular—Kitchen-Klatter Mint Flavoring. You can't make the heavenly pie that's our Recipe of the Month without it, and if you miss that pie, you'll miss a lot.

Your grocer can get our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings—we hope you'll soon find all of them the next time you go into his store.

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

A VISIT WITH MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Last month I remarked that we were having an "open winter," but in our section the picture certainly changed in a hurry. One day it seemed almost as if spring were in the air—fog, rain and even thunder and lightning. Then it settled down to general blizzard conditions and Martin had plenty of opportunities to run the snow plow over our great expanse of walks. We didn't need the moisture in these parts but we know that it was badly needed in many sections of the Midwest and was a most welcome sight.

Now it won't be long until the first little Snowdrops and Crocus come peeping through. We hope the squirrels left some in our yard for us to enjoy. They seemed to scamper along right behind Oliver when he planted them last fall.

Since I last wrote to you I have busied myself with a needle and thread in my so-called "spare time." (There aren't many of those times so I try to make the most of them.) I smocked an Easter dress for my little neighbor, Lori, whom I mentioned in my letter last month. It is a beautiful shade of Chinese red and the smocking is done in white. I trimmed the collars and cuffs with lace. It turned out quite nicely. In fact, Dorothy said she thought it was the prettiest dress I had ever made. I give the credit to the beautiful designs in the smocking—it was an old pattern that I bought many years ago and had never used. I wish that I had bought it in several sizes for it is out of print now.

After the dress was delivered I started another small sewing project. I suppose we are all prone to use make-shifts in emergencies and I had such an emergency several months ago when I was readying the house for company. The footstool in the den was in deplorable condition so I hurriedly covered it with some gold sailcloth. I knew at the time that it was ridiculous to cover a footstool with such light material but it was what I had at home so I made it do.

I figured that I could remove the cover when it needed to be laundered, but in spite of this it was very impractical for I was forever removing those tacks and washing the material. A more sensible color was needed, and fortunately I had enough chartreuse denim left-over from the café curtains I made for the den to manage a nice slip-cover for the footstool. It was quite simple to make, more practical in color and much easier to remove when the need arises.

The next little jobs I have lined up require a paint brush instead of a needle. When a friend moved away recently she had some things she wanted to dispose of, and since I'm always "Johnny-on-the-spot" when it comes to used items, I lugged home an old clothes hamper that will soon have a coat of paint and can then be placed in Martin's closet. I also brought home some television trays that needed a coat of enamel.

As I was rummaging through the paint cans in the basement I was delighted to run across left-over paint the color of Martin's bedroom walls. As soon as I find time I want to paint his dresser with this. I hope there is enough left for one complete coat, but if there isn't, I'll paint the chest itself with the blue and paint the drawers in a contrasting color. I've seen this done where it was quite effective.

As a matter of fact, one of my friends painted a chest of drawers for her little son and painted each drawer a different color. This worked out nicely when he was looking for some particular item of clothing, for all she had to say was "Look in the red drawer." This was much easier for him to comprehend than saying "The second drawer from the top." Those of you with very small youngsters might keep that help in mind.

I was most amused as I read Mary Beth's letter about making the doll clothes. Since I don't have a little girl I've never been in the "doll clothes business," but I distinctly remember when I went from the "big baby doll stage" to the "tiny doll stage." How my friends and I hounded our mothers, relatives and neighbors for little scraps of material, lace, net and ribbons! We made some of the fanciest clothes you ever saw as far as materials were concerned, but I'm sorry to state that I remember so well that we hardly touched the needle and thread. Naturally, that is where the lace and ribbon came in. We mostly tied the dresses on the dolls. We didn't really play with the dolls. All we did was make these so-called clothes and see how many shoe boxes we could fill!

We were engrossed in this activity at a much older age than the girls of today appear to be. This was the final stage of playing with dolls and nowadays you hesitate to say how old you really were for I'm sure that girls of the same age today would think we were much too old to be playing with dolls. Such are the changes with time! I'm saving scraps such as we cherish-ed when we were 12 and 13, for 8 and 9 year olds.

Martin is old enough now to be attending the Youth Fellowship meetings of our church. The group meets on Sunday evenings and the parents take turns serving supper to the group. We had our turn recently and served hot dogs, potato chips, relishes, soft drinks and cup cakes. Martin had requested this menu so we followed through with it. The children sing the table grace and then serve themselves buffet style. The worship period and study lesson follow the supper.

Looking back, I remember how much those meetings meant to me and, as vividly, I remember my most embarrassing moment happened at the very first one I ever attended. I spilled a cup of hot chocolate on a visiting adult! Even though it was the result of an accidental nudge by someone passing by, I was several weeks getting over it. It probably was not serious at all and no doubt the crowd did all they could to help me over the situation, but it was a most miserable

experience. It was several meetings later before I finally forced myself to accept my cocoa because I was so terrified of a repeat performance! It is difficult for children to balance plates on their laps as we did back in those days so I was happy to see our young people eating at tables.

I had such a good laugh with Oliver yesterday. When he came home from the office he had a heavy sack with him and I assumed he had picked up some groceries. Thus it came as a surprise to see him unload a dozen glasses. He asked me PLEASE to remove the jelly glasses from the cupboard! Why is it we put jelly glasses up in the cupboard for drinking glasses instead of putting them aside for next summer's jelly making? Do you have jelly glasses in your cupboard too, or am I just peculiar? Oliver got his point across to me, you can be sure!

Most of our reading lately has been concerned with varied subjects—volcanoes and earthquakes and early church history. Martin has been very interested in volcanoes and earthquakes due to the items in the newspapers recently, as well as the references to them in geography. We ordered a new book on the subject and have enjoyed reading it together.

Early church history has been the topic for discussion in our adult study group in the church so Oliver and I have been doing research on that subject. We started our reading with encyclopedias and went on from there using the references given for additional information.

The Federated club to which I belong is celebrating its 65th year of federation and we are observing the occasion with a tea. All of the federated women in Shenandoah are invited. I'm serving on the tea table committee and we are busy making plans. In my next letter I'll tell you what we worked out.

Perhaps next month I can also tell you about our new dog. We have decided that we would prefer a house-dog and are in the process of deciding what breed to get. I might add that at this stage the three of us can't agree on the breed, so we may end by drawing lots!

The mail just arrived with the letter we have been anxiously awaiting. Oliver's sister Laura is recuperating from surgery and we have been in hopes that she would make a visit to Iowa before she returns to her professional nursing duties in Chicago. Her letter reads that she expects to come in a few days, so I want to run upstairs now and check up on the guest room to see if any major cleaning is needed.

Sincerely,

Margery

The man who makes no pledge to his church is asking it to make no plans.

Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.—Abraham Lincoln

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CUPBOARD

Those of you who have taken Kitchen-Klatter for quite a few years may recall a picture we once used of a large cupboard (or wardrobe) that had been given to us, and my account of how Russell rehabilitated it and turned it into a beautiful piece of furniture.

I wanted to use that picture for a contrast to the two pictures in this issue, but one of the great misfortunes we experienced during our tremendous housing upheaval was the inadvertent "throwing out" of several large boxes of pictures, *plus* the negatives. This couldn't honestly be called a tragedy by any stretch of the imagination, but it was certainly a real misfortune.

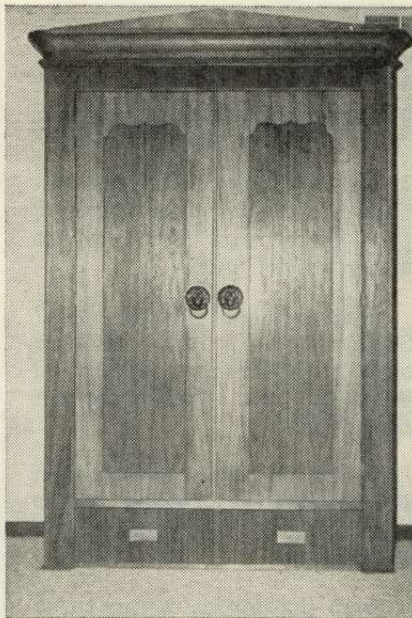
Anyway, I'd like to go back a little bit for the benefit of new readers and explain that this handsome cupboard came to us originally from a friend who was moving to Washington, D. C. She had used the piece for basement storage and believe me, it was in FIERCE condition. (For instance, it had been through a fire long before our friend acquired it at a farm sale, and both front panels were badly charred and scarred. That gives you the general idea of the shape it was in.)

Russell spent long, long hours removing countless coats of black varnish and finally got down to beautiful solid walnut. He made new shelves for the interior, covered the charred front panels with a handsome piece of French tapestry, and rigged up hardware (the same hardware you see in these pictures) by using brass Chinese ashtrays for the base and brass lion heads from an old umbrella stand for the pulls. When he was all through it was a good looking piece of furniture and had the added advantage of holding a tremendous amount of "stuff". We used it in our living room for about thirteen years.

I always loved that old piece, but last summer I had to agree with Russell that it looked tough—the tapestry panels had faded, the walnut knobs on the drawers had come off and never could seem to be replaced so they held, and the wood itself was so dark that it looked like ebony when put in close proximity with the very light (really a fawn color) walnut in our new dining room. If it were a small piece it wouldn't have looked like such an eyesore, but it is HUGE and it simply dominated the room like an old dinosaur.

We simply couldn't use the piece in that condition, so Russell decided to bleach the walnut and try to get it a shade at least half-way approximating the shade of the other walnut. But endless hours of work proved to be in vain and finally we both agreed that it looked *awful*, that it was beyond a second resurrection, and that we had nothing left to do but to buy some kind of a new piece for storage.

Well! It didn't take us long to learn two hard facts. One: Nothing remotely approximating our old cupboard is available today and even the largest



breakfront made actually contains about half the storage space we wanted. Two: Prices on such pieces were far, far beyond us. We had enough expense with the house itself and simply couldn't invest in a piece of furniture as expensive as the china cupboards or breakfronts shown to us.

In this crisis we came back and looked at the old cupboard, now a derelict ruin standing out in the garage.

"I just hate to give up all that storage space," I said.

Russell said nothing—just stared at it glumly.

About this time Ivan Traster walked into the garage and found us staring at the old ruin. He had done a great deal of the work on our house and never seemed to be stumped by *anything*, so Russell asked him if he thought that old wreck could possibly be rehabilitated and used in our new dining room?

Ivan allowed as how this would be entirely possible—just seemed to present no problem at all! He covered the entire piece with walnut veneer that matched the other walnut in the room, built more shelves for the interior, made new walnut pulls for the two bottom drawers, and installed the type of light such as we have in refrigerators—when you open the doors, the light goes on. He even carried through the original curved pieces on the two front panels.

Now I'll say promptly that Ivan is a marvelous craftsman and can do the trickiest kind of a job, but the entire thing was done right in our kitchen—that cupboard never left the property to be worked with in an elaborately equipped set-up. The fact that it could be done under what might be called primitive conditions with the minimum of tools leads me to believe that any man who is "handy" could do an equally successful job on a piece of furniture that looks hopeless.

We've been told by callers from here and there that old second-hand furniture shops in their particular



At the left is the transformed cupboard as it stands on our dining room wall. Directly above is the same cupboard with the doors open to show you how many shelves it contains. Those doors are finished on the inside with the same ivory paper used on the walls.

towns harbored ancient cupboards or wardrobes in such bad condition no one could ever envision any hope for them. Certainly if you could have seen the horrible old ruin we stared at after the unsuccessful bleaching, burned panels minus faded tapestry, etc., you would have said that you'd be lucky if you could get someone to haul it off the property for \$2.00.

I've shown you these two pictures and gone into these details because I'm hopeful that someone else will look at an old wardrobe or cupboard with an imaginative eye and visualize what can be done with thin sheets of veneer.

—Lucile

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES

—Concluded

destructive to plantings, so a tight fence is an absolute necessity if you want to have a nice rose garden.

There will be a gate in this fence at the back of our garden and it will give friends access to our yard. If you have been in our garden in years gone by it may be hard for you to visualize not going down that alley from the front and walking through a side gate, but when you come this year and look at the "street side" of our place you will understand why it is now necessary to enter the garden from the long alley that runs behind the Driftmier family home and on down past our property. I hope we have a mild spring so things will stay in bloom over a long period of time. There have been years when hot dry winds ruined all the tulips almost overnight.

I plan to have a guest book and a pen out on a little table underneath the Pearl bush (this was started from seed given to me by Aunt Helen Fischer a good many years ago and now is almost a small tree), and I hope you will take time to write your name and address when you stop by to see our garden. Both Lucile and I are at the office a great deal of the time and Juliana will be in the class room until almost June 1st this year, but if any of us are at home we'll be glad to see you.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

THE PERFECT ALL-PURPOSE CLEANER



This package holds the answer to every single cleaning problem in your house where water can be used.

Greasy dishes? Grimy walls? Sticky wood work? Gummy stove? Clothes so dirty you don't see how you'll ever get them clean?

Let the expensive chemicals in **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** go to work. They'll do a perfect job every time.

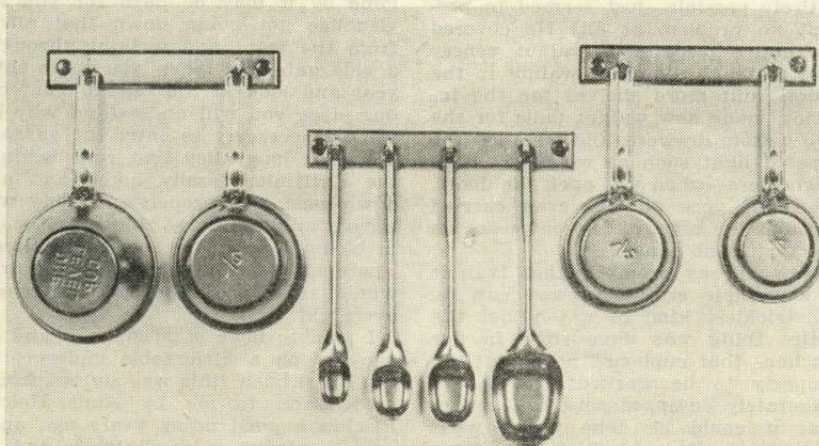
Even the hardest water turns to soft water when **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is used, but never, never will your hands feel "burned".

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IMPORTANT

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

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



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

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

What does one do when the party gets too big? Well, that is what Betty and I, along with my Associate Minister and his wife, had to decide last month.

The four of us wanted to give a party for our church deacons and their wives, but when we started to make out the invitations we realized that we had more than we had originally considered. Some people whom we had thought would be in Florida for the winter were still in the city, and of course we wanted them too.

Knowing that it was quite impossible to give a dinner for forty-four people either in our home or in the home of my associate, we decided to give it at a lovely club just across the street from the church. It was a delightful affair from first to last. Naturally, we chose the menu, and here is what we served.

Consomme Bellevue
Celery, Pickles, Olives
Breast of Chicken Virginienne
Under Glass
Wild Rice with Blackberry Sauce
French Sliced Green Beans
with Almonds
Avocado and Grapefruit Salad
Raspberry Parfait
Almond Cookies
Coffee

Let me tell you about the Consomme Bellevue. It was a delicious mixture of chicken consomme and clam broth topped with whipped cream—quite unusual and a good conversation piece. The chicken breasts were placed on a piece of ham that was in turn placed on a piece of toast. Over the chicken and ham was poured a cream sauce; this was topped with fresh mushrooms and the entire thing was covered with a transparent glass cover.

Some of you good ladies of Swedish descent will be interested to learn that our church has employed a cateress who grew up in Sweden. She is in charge of planning all of our church supper menus, supervises the teams of church women that prepare the various suppers, and does most of the buying. We have had some of the most delightful Swedish dishes. When the main church kitchen is in use, the cateress must be there. We have two other kitchens that may be used by any church group without her supervision.

I have one cooking tip for you this month. Of course, for some of you it will be "old stuff," but some of you younger women may not know how important this tip is.

Do you know that every good soup is much better on the second day when you warm it up than it is on the day you made it? That is a fact. Over in France no one would think of eating a fresh soup. Always the big soup kettle is kept on the back of the stove letting the ingredients age and blend together into one delicious harmony of flavor.

COVER PICTURE

One day last May Russell and I had to make a business trip to Iowa City, and after our appointment was concluded we had time to drive around the adjoining countryside.

I don't recall how many miles we ambled along in a Southeasterly direction from Iowa City, but all of a sudden we noticed a great spire on the horizon. It interested us immediately and we drove towards it wondering what it could be.

The road made one last curve and then we found ourselves in a charming little village named Riverside—a village that seemed as if it had been drawn by an artist. Countless fruit trees were in bloom, the houses looked old and settled, and very few people were in evidence. There was something dreamlike and timeless about that lovely little Iowa village on a gorgeous May day.

Right at the top of a steep hill stood the big Catholic church whose spires dominated the horizon. It was impressive. It looked as if it had been there forever. And it made the passing traveller contemplate soberly the vast amount of human joy and human sorrow its walls had witnessed.

At the time I made careful notes about the exact name of that church and the date it was built, but somehow my little notebook disappeared. All I can tell you with exact certainty is the fact that it is a Roman Catholic church in Riverside, Iowa.

Since this church is fairly typical of Roman Catholic churches built in the Midwest around 50 or 60 years ago, we wanted to show you a church that is equally typical of Roman Catholic churches built in another section of our country. On page 5 you will see an adobe church built in Santa Fe, New Mexico at least two hundred years ago.

The original picture was snapped in color and Russell had a beautiful print of it made for our house. The light was just right on that brilliant October day—those adobe walls gleamed like gold against a deep blue sky, the kind of a sky you can see only in New Mexico in October.

—Lucile

NO MONEY NEEDED

We have discovered a way for a church to function without money.

Each member will come to services dressed warmly enough to eliminate any necessity for heating the building. This will dispose of the winter heating bill.

Each member will take his turn playing the organ. Then no organist or music director will be needed—that is, if each one will, in turn, direct the choir and the congregational singing and arrange for rehearsals.

Each member will come to church with broom and dust mop to keep his part of the building presentable. Then a paid janitor will not be necessary.

Those who wish to use water will bring their own bottles. Each person

will provide his own hymn book and music in the choir.

Each member will take his turn preaching, leading the services, conducting the funerals, performing marriages, calling on members and prospects, visiting the sick and guiding the administration of the church. This will save the expense of a pastor!

Each one must agree to spend at least a year as a missionary, at his own expense, in some foreign field. This will dispense with missionary offerings.

Thus we can be known as the "church that needs no money." What a spectacle it will make as the men, women, boys and girls, bundled up head and foot, walk dutifully to church carrying water bottles, brooms, dust mops, sheet music, sermon manuscripts, hammers and saws, candles and other such baggage!

Would you really want it this way? If not, give God ten percent of your income and the church can operate in the scriptural manner with a tithe of its members' incomes! —Anonymus

THE QUIET SNOW

Today it is snowing, the soft thick snow that falls so steadily and quietly that it seems to be coming from an endless supply somewhere high above.

It disguises all the everyday objects. This morning it hid the big yellow school bus and my waiting children had to make a sudden race for the gate.

This is the day to walk in the snow down through the pasture under the big oak and elm and hickory trees that have lived through so many burning summer days and so many freezing winter days. Each has its individual shape against the sky.

The birches show straight along the ditch. It is the day to stop and lift your face, to feel the gentle touch of the persistent, quiet snow—a touch that is not like any other touch in the world.

It is not far down to the bluff overlooking old Parson Creek, now wearing a thin icy coat and looking so peaceful it is hard to believe it is the same wild rolling creek that often spreads and chews at the whole bottom land in the spring. Neither does it resemble the muddy rascal that encourages vicious mosquitoes in the summer! It is very innocent, very placid as the snow comes down on it.

This is the day to go back to the house and read Robert Frost's poem, the one that begins:

'Whose woods these are I think I know,

His house is in the village though'.

This is the day to realize how much you love your family and your home and your familiar possessions. It is the day to sit closer to a small child and read aloud. It is the day to make brown sugar popcorn balls if you have a six year old to help.

You may dislike wet, dripping, melting snow every other day in the winter. But *this* is the snow and *this* is the day that is beautiful and wonderful!—Harverna Woodling

Bancroft's



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EX 4287 Tall; Each 12-Ft. Mat -----\$1.49
EX 4291, 36-Ft. (All 3) -----\$3.98



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ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

been a better day for weather.

More than 100 miles of the Southern Pacific's Coast Line parallel the ocean. We really drank in the sight of the waves breaking along sand and rock. It had been many years since we had seen the California coast and we knew this memory might have to last many more.

My brother John and his wife Helen were scheduled to meet us in San Francisco at 6:00 that evening. John was transferred here from Los Angeles just a year ago. To our delighted surprise they were accompanied by two of our favorite people, cousins of

mine who were also vacationing there. John and Helen live north of the city and my cousins are staying south down the peninsula. Because of our brief acquaintance with the city we decided to stay for dinner and a bit of sightseeing.

It couldn't possibly have been a more perfect night to see San Francisco. There was not one hint of fog, the frequent cold wind was gone and we were in the company of four delightful people.

Wayne and I were eager to have a fresh seafood dinner so we headed naturally for Fishermen's Wharf. John detoured to give us a taste of a few

of the more perpendicular streets in the city and then stopped so we could take the cable car down to the wharf. The fish dinner was delicious and we had a beautiful view of the bay from our table. After dinner we wandered among the stands and shops before two more cable car trips—trips that I simply loved. Our last glimpse of this exciting city that night was from the top of one of the high hills—it was beautiful and impressive beyond description.

John and Helen live near San Anselmo in woodsy, rural Marin County. They chose this location because of the sunnier climate even though it means a real commuting chore. Helen told me that when they lived near Los Angeles she almost never went into the city, but now she looks for any excuse to get into San Francisco.

The next morning we were on our way again—this time headed east to Stockton on the first leg of our return journey. We stopped overnight with friends who also used to live in Shendooah. Stockton is located in the midst of a great flat valley and I was simply astounded when our host asked if we would like to see the ships in port. I didn't dream there could be anything larger than a motor boat within miles, and we really had to see all the naval ships and submarines stored there and watch the big freighters moving along before we believed him. A deep channel along the river is maintained from Stockton to the coast to ship the agricultural riches of the valley to foreign and domestic markets.

We had planned this entire trip around our scenic return to Denver aboard the California Zephyr. This train is scheduled to traverse the Feather River Canyon in California and the Colorado Rockies during the day; desert areas are crossed at night. It was well into the afternoon before we started up the Feather River Canyon, and we were still in the lower portions when the train stopped and didn't move again until nightfall. A huge boulder had fallen on the tracks. When the dynamite crew got into action, they broke up not only the boulder but also part of the tracks. Later that night the train was delayed another hour.

By the time we reached the scenic Rockies it was dark. Although greatly disappointed, none of the passengers complained—the newspapers were full of plane crashes and we were all mighty happy to be on a train! But we were treated to the sight of the stars and the twinkling lights of Boulder and Denver as the train wound its way down the front side of the mountains.

It was a happy homecoming to find the children well and well-behaved during our absence. Wayne immediately plunged into a mountain of work in preparation for the busy nursery season, and I was confronted with a lengthy list of long-postponed chores and a house crying for a thorough cleaning. In fact, I must be up and at some of the most pressing things this very second.

Sincerely yours,
Abigail

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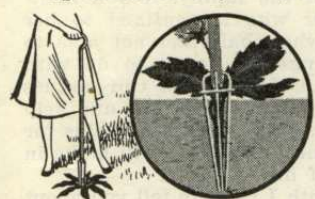
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TIE PLANTS WITH A TWIST! Sail through this gardening chore with wire-center flat plastic tape to fasten plants and vines to stakes and fences. No tying is needed — just cut with scissors and twist. Soft Vinyl Plas-Ties tape in pretty, fadeproof green is waterproof and re-usable. It's flat — won't harm delicate plants. 1/8" wide.

No. A759 Plas-Ties, big 150-foot roll only.....\$1.00



AUTOMATIC WEEDER makes garden care easy! No stooping, soiled clothing or sore knees. Long-handled Weed-O-Matic grips the whole weed, pulls roots and all, so it never grows back. Just push down, twist, and pull. Ejects automatically; your hands never touch weeds. Clears flower beds without your stepping in. All metal.

No. A910 Weed-O-Matic.....\$3.95



GAY GARDEN BOOTS keep your feet dry and floors clean in any weather. Just slip them on for gardening slip them off before you go into the house — leave mud, snow, water, dirt and grass clippings outside! Soft latex with crepe soles — easy to slip on and off over your shoes — comfortable without shoes. A quick rinse under the faucet cleans them inside and out! Cheery kelly green, in all ladies' sizes.

No. A713 Boots, small (sizes 4-6).....\$2⁹⁸

No. A714 Boots, medium (sizes 6-8).....

No. A715 Boots, large (sizes 8 1/2-10).....pair



SCATI Dog-Wick — the harmless way to keep dogs and cats away from your lawn, plants and shrubs! Twist them onto plants; attach them to garbage cans, furniture, or where you don't want dogs to dig. Repellent is in heavy oil base, so sun and rain won't cut effectiveness.

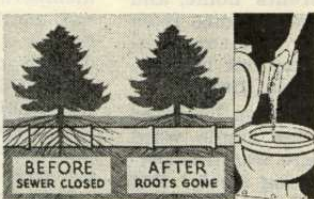
No. A615 Dog-Wicks...20 for \$1.00



GET RID OF MOLES AND GOPHERS. Here's the humane way to get rid of these little fellows that damage your garden! No traps, no poisons; mills make a drumming sound in the ground that drives them away. Two clear an average city lot. A garden ornament when painted.

No. A774 Klippety-Klop Windmill, each \$3.49

No. A775 Set of two.....\$5.49



ROOT ELIMINATOR saves hundreds of dollars in plumbing bills. Dissolves fungus, kills roots so they wash away. Users say they've never had clogged sewers dug up since starting treatments. Just pour into toilet — half now, the rest six months from now. Won't damage plumbing or affect septic tank action.

No. H700 Root Eliminator.....\$2.49



START YOUR SEEDS AND CUTTINGS in Jiffy Pots for the best plants you've ever grown! The 2 1/4" diameter pots of imported peat have plant food in the walls, give both flowers and vegetables a superb start. Transplanting is safe, easy. You just plant the pot. Improved root aeration brings faster, heavier growth with less water.

No. A784 Jiffy Pots, pkg. of 40.....\$1.00

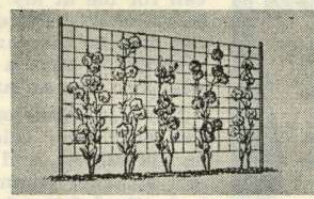
No. A783 Jiffy Pots, pkg. of 100.....\$1.95



CEMENT CLEANER REMOVES OIL and grease stains from garage floors, patios and driveways. Get rid of those car drippings the easy way — just sprinkle this powder on the spots, then wash with the hose. Quick as a flash, brick, cement and blacktop are sparkling clean again.

No. H324 Cement Floor Cleaner \$1.00

Special! If ordered with any other item on this page...88c



SWEET PEA AND BEAN TRELLIS. A revolutionary new trellis for sweet peas, garden peas, beans, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., for just 95c. Weatherized Train-Etts netting is treated to last several seasons. Won't rot like string, won't burn like wire; protects delicate plant tendrils. Big 5 ft. x 8 ft. section hangs anywhere in minutes.

No. A912 Train-Etts, 5 x 8 ft.....95c



GROW PLANTS UP TO 3 TIMES BIGGER with Wonder-Brel. It's the gibberellic acid the gardening world talking. Plants grow like Jack's beanstalk — larger blooms, greater yield; some annuals bloom 5 weeks early. Handy aerosol can — just spray on foliage. Works wonders on roses, African violets, geraniums, ivy, etc.; try it with your favorites.

No. A857 Wonder-Brel, 6-oz. can \$1.25

SPECIAL VALUE!

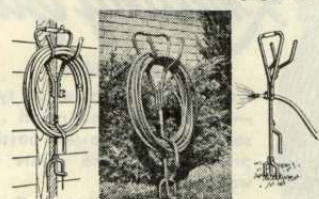
No. A858 15-oz. Economy size \$1.98



EXPANDING CONCRETE PATCH fills cracks in concrete, wood, plaster and metal. Expands as it sets — forces its way into every crack and pore — fills cracks tight and stays put. Does not shrink, sets rock-hard and waterproof. Anchors bolts and railings, fills cracks around bathtubs. 1,000 uses!

No. H706 Concrete Patch.....\$1.00

Special! If ordered with any other item on this page...85c



PORTABLE HOSE RACK has many garden uses! Stick it in the ground to hold 100 ft. of hose...hang it in garage or basement for compact hose storage. Metal clip holds nozzle while sprinkling; metal prongs at bottom make handy lawn aerator and paper pick-up. Sturdy steel tubing, enameled red. Non-tip base. Easy to carry!

No. A909 Hose-Tender.....\$3.95



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No. A915 Rose Bomb.....\$1.50

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MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded
up, but these days I feel some of you young mothers who have only one youngster may get the impression from reading my letters that to have two underfoot would make for pretty rough sledding. I wouldn't want to give this gloomy impression, so I think I should get it all straight by telling you why our big, rambunctious Paul has been—and is—a real problem for me to handle.

If I were able bodied I'd dash around after him and never give it a thought, just as my friends with youngsters that age never give it a thought. But you can see now why he is hard for me to cope with when I'm alone most of the time, and how ill-prepared I was to manage him after getting adjusted to a very quiet, comparatively inactive child such as Katharine.

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WRITE TO DEPT. 21
CLIVEDEN YARNS
711 Arch St. Phila. 6, Pa.

Lucile was the victim of cancer of the bone, as you know, but my case was different. I was born with a circulatory impairment that could not be corrected in any way, and my best hope for living a "normal" life was to have my leg amputated when I was eighteen months old. This enabled me to learn to walk right from the outset with an artificial limb (such a tiny one!) and this is an extremely important point. I was able to do all the things my playmates did and grew up completely unselfconscious about it. My parents, of course, were just kept hustling to buy those expensive legs practically every year, but now that I have a little girl of my own I can begin to understand what they must have suffered far beyond money.

I told Lucile once that she was the very first member of the family I ever heard about, and this came about because Donald telephoned immediately after we had met very casually at the home of friends and asked if I would go to a dance with him. He came to call for me at my parents' home, and as we walked the short distance from the door to the car he said conversationally, "I have a sister out in Iowa who also has an artificial limb."

I gasped! None of the men I'd dated had ever, ever said one single word on the subject, and here was this perfect stranger commenting freely! But instantly I felt relaxed with him and everything seemed so simple—his remark cleared the air and saved us a lot of time getting acquainted.

I hope that someday someone will write an article about the powerful and positive things that happen to children when the mother is suddenly stricken down as Donald's mother was stricken back in 1930 when her back was broken in that automobile accident. It couldn't help but seem a terribly tragic thing for any mother to think of all the experiences she would never be able to share with her children, but years later you can see how inconsequential those things were when they are stacked up against the great changes in character that come about in the children. They are

thoughtful people when they grow up, deeply understanding, ready to help long before they can even be asked, and always watchful to see where the kind hand can be extended. They have great sympathy for those who have been dealt a cruel blow by Fate, and in a hard world they seek out those who long for friendship and companionship.

As you can see, this is a subject very close to my heart. I knew that Donald was far different from all the other men I had known, and after I met his mother and father for the first time I began to understand why he was "different" and how the tragedy of his mother's accident had done so much to make him, and all the other Driftmier children keenly aware of things most people never, never see.

Well, I've taken up far more space than I'm supposed to take, but I wanted to put all of this down—my own particular difficulties and the way I've come to feel about physical handicaps and how they affect other members of the family. If you know any mother who is confined to her bed or a wheelchair and not able to do the things she longs to do with her children, I hope you can discuss this whole situation with her and help her to see what far reaching gains for kindness and goodness it will make in the lives of her children.

Next month I want to tell you about the big Easter egg project we're working on for our bazaar on April 9th. If all goes well we hope to make between \$800.00 and \$1,000.00 profit for our Tri Kappa treasury. It's a good thing I have ten girls to help me decorate nearly 500 eggs! And it's a good thing too that I am responsible for a job that can only be done while sitting down!

I must close now. Paul has just been put back to bed with a hearty whack after his third trip out to the kitchen to help me with this typewriter! Now if I'm real quiet he may decide that it's really time to take his nap.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Beth

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FATHER IN HEAVEN

What we know not, teach us;
What we have not, give us;
What we are not, make us.
As we have been, forgive us;
As we now are, receive us;
And toward what we should and shall be,
Guard and guide and direct us
for Jesus' sake—Amen.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

it, so I'll say goodbye for this time. I know I've said it many times, but once again I want to say "thank you" to all of you long time friends who are so good to write. Mail seems doubly welcome on shut in winter days.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

INSTANT GARDENING! AMAZING NEW PRE-SEEDED FLOWER MAT AUTOMATICALLY GROWS INTO FABULOUS RAINBOW GARDEN!

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18 FEET LONG

FLOWER-MATIC is a PRE-SEEDED Mat ... That

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LANDSCAPING WITH A SCISSORS!

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"My Border assortment has done wonderfully well. Everything must have germinated."

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"Enclosed is check for \$17.00. We were thrilled with last years results. The Rectory caused a sensa-

tion with your marvelous product."

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"Hope your offer is available this year. Last year the Flowers were fabulous."

M. J. S., Roscoe, Ill.

"I've planted flowers for many years, but none were as large or lasted as long. Wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

Mrs. T. H., Covington, Ky.

(These are only a few excerpts from the many letters received from delighted customers.)

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grow strong and beautiful with almost no effort on your part. Just water often and watch a miracle unfold as this "Garden of Eden", springs to life! Your neighbors will envy the amazing variety of breathtaking blooms, a veritable super-abundance of flowers for corsages, bouquets, vases, centerpieces, etc. For added beauty you can transplant excess seedlings to other parts of your garden, until you have a wonderland of flowers, delightful to behold.

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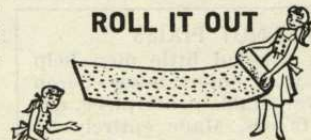
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FOR SALE—print aprons \$1.00; Organdy \$1.50. Pillow cases embroidered with crocheted lace \$3.50. Tea towels \$3.50. Doilies all sizes from \$1.00 up to \$3.00. Booties \$1.50; Sweater Sets \$4.50; Pot Holders \$1.25 a pair. Mrs. Carrie Carlson, 400 North Osborn, Oakland, Nebraska.

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Let these colorful little men help you with your entertaining—perch them on your table centerpiece, use them as favors. Made entirely by hand with red or green trimming. 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.

Before we set our hearts too much upon anything, let us examine how happy they are who already possess it.

KNOCK! KNOCK! MAY WE COME IN?

It's time for Kitchen-Klatter, and this means a 30 minute visit every morning of the week aside from Sunday. We try to manage a good recipe every day, but it's perfectly true that sometimes we just sort of get wound up visiting about everything under the sun.

We're not fancy home economics specialists, you know, with heads crammed full of brisk, scientific know-how. We're just people who have the same kit and kaboodle of responsibilities and experiences that most of you folks have.

Anyway, we get a chance to visit with you every morning over the stations listed below and we hope you'll start the 60's by getting acquainted with us.

When Kitchen-Klatter first started years and years ago, there were just a handful of radio stations in the whole country. Today there are more stations than you can shake a stick at. We'd like to be on more Midwestern stations in the decade before us, and if we have your support we can do this.

We don't know when we can add another station to this list or where it will be, but check your copy of Kitchen-Klatter every month and the minute you see a new station listed, rally 'round!

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

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

Lucile's note: We haven't seen this book and have no idea what it's like, but anyone interested in smocking might want to order "The Chella Thornton Smocking Book," 48 pages. Price \$2.50. Order from D. Van Nosttrand Co., Princeton, New Jersey.

If you live only for yourself you are always in grave danger of being bored to death!