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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

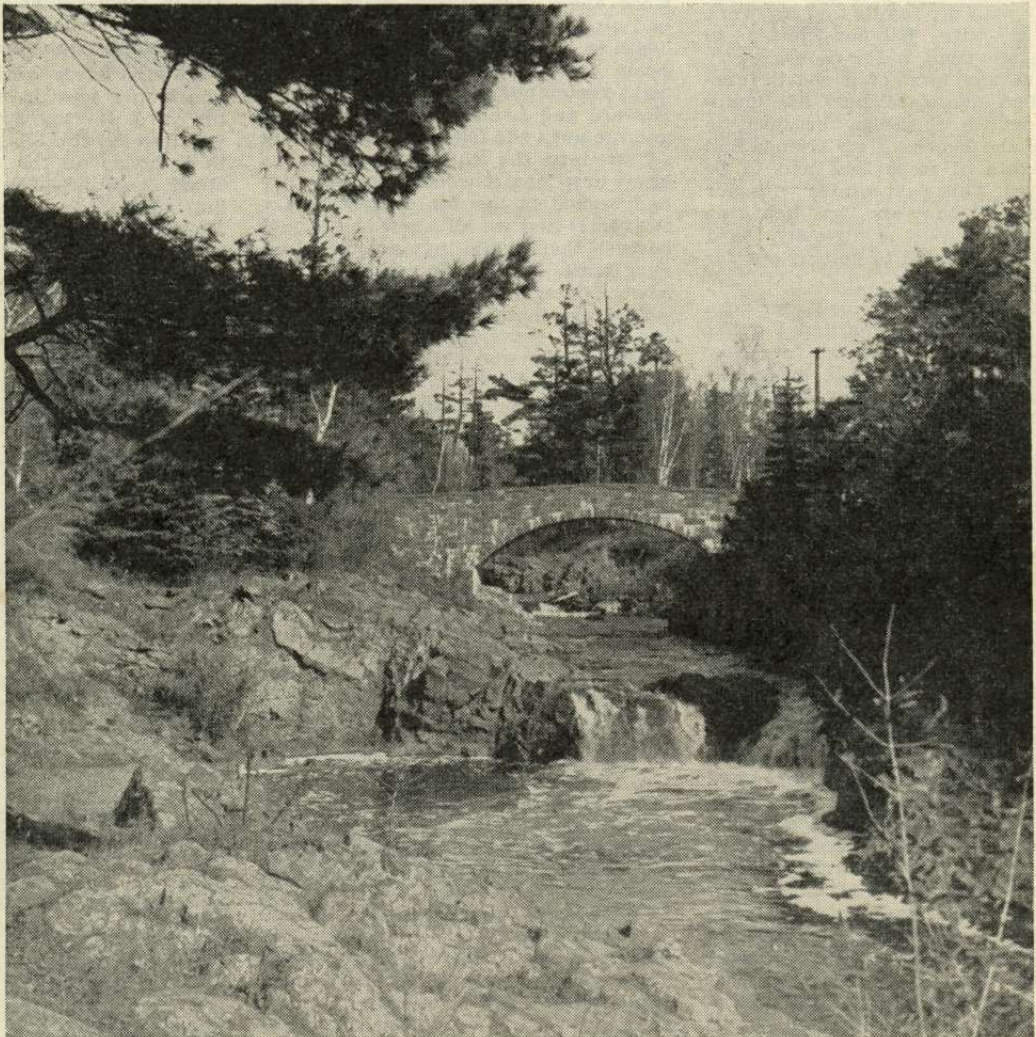
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

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:

The sun is shining this morning and it looks as if nothing will stop me from going to a luncheon around noon. I've anticipated getting out because it's been months on end since I could attend the few groups to which I belong.

I've never been what you might call a real joiner. For many years I was too busy with my family and my work connected with Kitchen-Klatter to spend more than a few hours every month at any kind of a social function. Then my wheelchair life eliminated countless things because so many of the homes of my friends had long flights of steps that had to be considered. This past winter with our unheard of snow and ice kept me housebound almost completely, so I am looking forward to getting out for this luncheon today.

Last month I talked about our winter when I wrote to you and I didn't know then how much bad weather was still ahead of us. It made for terrible hardship in countless places and when I read letters from old friends of my own age who were struggling to help get chores done I felt that I really had nothing to complain about.

There were many, many people who were completely cut-off from the world for weeks at a time. If everyone is well and there is plenty of food and fuel on hand, you can plow through somehow to take care of livestock even though it means spending many more hours than usual on jobs, but the one big worry is sudden sickness and not being able to make it in to the hospital. I remember that back in 1935-36 there were quite a few emergencies of this kind in our section, but at least we didn't have a repetition of such trouble in the last few months. Or if we did, I missed hearing about it.

Here in Shenandoah we noticed one big difference and this was the fact that our schools were closed a number of days due to impassable roads. In all the years our children were growing up we never once had the schools closed because of weather, but now with reorganization and so many buses going back and forth our town schools do not open if the buses can't get through. Juliana and Martin didn't really enjoy these unexpected days off

because they lost their spring vacation and it looks now as if our schools won't close for the summer until June 3rd, by far the latest they have ever run. Unless they change the date from June 3rd it will make a big difference to Mary Beth for I noticed in her letter that she expected Juliana in May.

I had just finished sending my own letter to the printers last month when word came that Mart's sister, Anna, had passed away. This was the first death in the Driftmier family circle of seven brothers and sisters. I will always remember how Anna came with Howard and Lucile to stay with Mart and me until she felt the children were adjusted to the change—none of us knew how long it would take but they had turned to her for everything for two years and we all knew she should be with them while they got used to a new home. I believe it was just about a week later when Anna came to me with tears in her eyes and said that she could leave now with a light heart because the children were asking me to help them with their buttons and shoe ties and other needs. She loved them dearly and it was hard for her to turn them over to someone else, but she wanted them to be in a permanent home and said that she really cried for happiness because things had turned out the way she had hoped it could be. Anna was a wonderful woman and an unfailingly loyal and devoted sister-in-law through many years. If all young women who become mothers to small children the day they are married could have such a sister-in-law as Anna always was to me, there would be a lot less grief in this world.

Sister Martha Eaton is home from the Clarinda hospital now and trying to make a little headway every day in getting around. One thing I felt badly about through the long months of snow and ice was the fact that I just couldn't get over to Clarinda to see her aside from the time Donald was here and took me to the hospital. The driveway at Jessie's house is very steep and we couldn't get up it because of the ice. It was surely a shut-in winter for Jessie and Martha, more so for them than for me since Jessie no longer drives and cannot get around easily to do errands. After Martha's illness developed she was no longer able to get out at all, so the days were very long.

I told you last month that Ruth Shambaugh Watkins (Jessie's daughter) hadn't picked out a boy's name for the expected baby, her fifth, so it was about a week after the first telephone call to Jessie with the exciting news that a boy had arrived before she had a letter telling her that his name had finally been selected—Robert Jared Watkins. Ruth said that to avoid confusion (since the baby's father is also named Robert—they call him Bob) they planned to call the new baby Jeddy, just like Jared Chapin (Mary Fischer Chapin's son) is called Jeddy. We are anxious to see the first picture of this little boy and his four older sisters, and since Ruth takes a lot of pictures of her little girls there will probably be some new ones along one of these days.

Now that I have made the cross-stitched skirts for Ruth's little girls I have started the same kind of skirts for Cindy and Stacey Shambaugh, Jessie's other two little granddaughters who live in Des Moines. We once had a nice cover picture that you may recall of Jessie with her grandchildren and since the Shambaugh youngsters are in Iowa rather than in California as Ruth's children are, Jessie has many more opportunities to see them.

Howard keeps working away on his house and now is making plans for his yard. It may turn out that they will lose the three big trees that shade their house on the south for Nishna Road is going to be widened and rebuilt as soon as construction can start. Howard and Mae have a corner property with a long frontage on Nishna Road and the extensive improvements planned will be very expensive for them. It will take a long time to get trees up to the place where the ones are that now belong to them and they are certainly hopeful that the street won't be widened to the point where they lose their shade.

Although their house is old, it just so happens that Nishna Road is the dividing line between the section of Shenandoah that has been developed almost from the time the town was established, and a brand new section that has been built up within the last few years. Frank Field's house is only one long block from them, and it is in a completely new development. There are still a few patches of corn left between Frank's place and Howard's place, but so many new homes are being built through that whole area that probably in another year or two all of the open spaces will be gone.

We haven't done anything about the remodeling plans that I mentioned in my last letter, and I doubt if many people in Shenandoah have thought much about remodeling their homes. Everyone has pretty much concentrated on trying to prevent bad damage from melting ice—I understand that countless houses have had ceilings and walls ruined and total redecoration jobs will be necessary when the work can be done. Margery and Oliver were lucky not to have any bad leaks at their house—in fact, all of us in the family missed the kind of

(Continued on page 15)

MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET

By

Mabel Nair Brown

This has been titled a "banquet" but in many communities today the type of Mother-Daughter affair as formal as the word "banquet" calls up has been replaced by a luncheon or a covered dish supper. In many communities too these Mother-Daughter observances are no longer confined to May but are held at any time throughout the year.

These changes have come about with countless other social changes in recent years, but one fact seems not to have changed at all: committees still wonder what kind of a new theme can be tried, no matter if they are planning a banquet, a luncheon or a covered dish supper; and the thorny problem of working up Toasts and Responses still remains.

I have tried to keep these facts foremost in my mind while writing up this material. You can utilize the things that fit your particular needs—can add to the suggested program outlined here, or shorten it. Those of you who have access to files of this magazine over many years will find countless poems suitable for your Mother-Daughter affair, as well as other plans for banquets. However, if this May issue of Kitchen-Klatter is the first you have ever seen, I hope you will find enough help right here to lighten your load if you are chairman of the entire affair, or responsible for a Toast or Response.

Theme

Mother's capacious handbag and Mother's favorite verse that she keeps framed on her bedroom wall or tacked up over the kitchen sink can be tied together for a lovely theme.

Decorations

Program booklets add a great deal to any type of Mother-Daughter affair, and one clever way to utilize the theme of mother's handbag is to cut out handbags for the covers of the booklet. Construction paper in spring floral colors can be used for this.

The ones I saw were made in pouch bag shape with a handle. The semi-circle cut-out to form the handle was left attached to the pouch bag part and then folded down to form a small flap on the outside of the bag. The program was typed on little sheets of white paper cut slightly smaller than this flap piece and then stapled under it. Lift up the flap and there was the program! A small triangle cut from gold paper was glued to the outside of the flap to resemble the clasp of a purse.

Bookmarks cut from colored construction paper with a decorative tassel of yarn (or a decorative gummed seal used rather than the yarn) make pretty favors or name cards. Print a scripture verse or a Mother's Day quotation on each one. An appropriate verse for our theme would be: "As for me and my house, we will



Margery (Driftmier Strom) and her son are fixing a tulip centerpiece.

serve the Lord."

Another idea for the program booklet is to use a cover that resembles an old-fashioned sampler. Write the sampler verse on a piece of white paper, paste it down on the colored paper and then frame it with strips of brown ribbon or brown paper glued on.

Since many samplers are worked in cross-stitch, you might consider framing the verse with broad strips cut from graph paper—the kind used by students in geometry or algebra. A decorative design should be colored in on these borders by using crayons or colored ink.

For the centerpieces use much larger samplers plus handbags of every size and description—it won't be hard to round up these handbags for every woman has at least one she has stopped carrying but has not yet thrown away.

To add interest, leave some of the purses open in such a way that their contents spill over on to the table around the samplers and flowers. Snapshots, little memo books, a church circle yearbook, a bag of peppermints, a pair of white gloves, shopping lists, pretty handkerchiefs, a coin purse, a shining compact and lip stick . . . these are just a few of the suggestions that you can utilize for the purses that are open.

Nutcrackers add so much to the appearance of the table that it's worth the effort to have them. Tiny drawstring purses can be made quickly from scraps of taffeta or velvet, and sequin-pearl trims also go on quickly once the committee gets to work.

Music

Any social affair gets off to a fine start immediately if the guests hear music when they enter. In the event no pianist can be found to play soft background music, a record player should be used. However, it's to be hoped you can have a piano in the room or hall where your affair is being held, for no records can ever take the place of "real, live people" for

solos, duets or to support a leader for group singing.

There are many "Mother" songs familiar to everyone, and these can be used as a medley, played very, very softly, during the spoken parts of the program.

Program

TOASTMISTRESS: "Oh, beautiful for vision rare, that sees beyond our faults, and with a wealth of loving care, our baser self exalts. Oh Motherhood, Oh Motherhood, God shed His grace on thee, and crown thy good, Oh Motherhood, from sea to shining sea."

"Mother's overstuffed and bulging handbag, Mother's favorite verse or scripture . . . these give us the clues to a mother's dreams, to her treasures, to her vision and to her faith."

"Examine a mother's handbag and what do you find? (Oh, no, ladies—don't get alarmed! We're not going to ask you to open your purses and give us a peek!)"

"But what will we find in any mother's purse? Well, we'll probably find snapshots of her husband, her children and her grandchildren. Perhaps there'll be a little memo pad where she has noted down skirt lengths, dress measurements, shirt sizes, sleeve lengths, pattern numbers, yardage needed, sock sizes . . . all kinds of figures that don't mean a thing except to the woman who jotted them down."

"You may also find a pocket testament, the church circle yearbook, a little prayer card or a clipping of a favorite poem. And you may also find a bag of peppermints, the "quietest" candy in the world for some emergency when a child must be seen but never, never heard."

"Finger through mother's Bible and see the verses she has marked. Study the framed motto on her bedroom wall, or the poem she has tacked someplace on a kitchen wall. These things reflect the deepest wellsprings of a mother's character and tell us where her true treasures lie. That is why we have chosen them for our theme tonight."

"We welcome each and everyone of the mothers who are with us on this happy occasion. They may be young mothers, grandmothers, possibly great-grandmothers and possibly beloved aunts or friends who mean "mother" to someone. But for all of you we share the feeling that will be given by . . . as she toasts you mothers."

TOAST TO MOTHERS: "It is a great privilege for me to speak for the daughters who are here tonight, to tell you how honored we are by your presence and to try to put into words, inadequate as they may be, a measure of the love for you that we feel in our hearts."

"From the first moment we opened our eyes to the world about us, one of our most precious words was *mother*. It is no accident that almost the first word we learn to say is "Mama"! For who is closer to us through every day and night? She is the one who

(Continued on page 16)

A VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

You have probably heard many stories about the emergencies that sometimes turn sedate and dignified church services into chaos and bedlam, but I think that I have a new story for the list.

It all happened last Sunday in our early chapel service. During the opening prayers a rather loud, somewhat musical tone began to come from the direction of the organ. I excused myself to the congregation and then called over to the organist and suggested that he turn off the organ to stop the noise. He excused himself to the congregation and then called back to say that he had already turned off the organ, but that it apparently had nothing to do with the unwanted sound. Just then the tone died down, and we began to continue the service with some scripture reading. Then the sound came back louder than ever, so loud that it almost drowned out my voice.

Something had to be done and done quickly, for we were soon to go on the air for our regular radio broadcast of the sermon. I asked a deacon seated in the back pew if he would please go down into the basement, find the church sexton, and ask him to do something about a sound that was coming from a stuck steam valve. There was no use in my trying to continue the service at that point, so we just waited for the deacon's return. He came back and said that they had found the stuck valve and had turned it off, but that it would be about a half-hour before the sound stopped.

Well, that did it! I had to ask the congregation to leave the chapel and move into our big sanctuary. I said: "I shall call the radio station and explain that we will not be on the air today, and just as soon as I have made the call, I shall come into the sanctuary and continue the service from there."

I was dialing the phone number for the station when my organist came running in to say that the sound had completely stopped. There was nothing to do then but to call back the people who had gone into the sanctuary and ask them once again to be seated in the chapel, and then I carried on with my radio sermon.

How good it is to have spring finally and completely here. All of us had become so utterly weary of winter weather that it is wonderfully refreshing to see the beautiful bouquets of spring flowers in our church. We have a nice custom of asking church members to donate memorial flowers in memory of their loved ones. Each Sunday a different family gives the flowers, sometimes simple arrangements and other times much more expensive arrangements, but they are always lovely.

If your church does not have this custom, I suggest that you give it consideration. Not only does it keep the church supplied with flowers, but it also gives people an opportunity to do something concrete about a memorial. After the service we have a good com-



When Mary Leanna Driftmier (far right) invited two friends in to spend the night, David was tickled to death to use his new camera and flash equipment. Note the sleeping bags—at least we miss those when girls come for a "slumberless" party on a hot Iowa night!

mittee of church women who divide the flowers among the sick and shut-in and see that they are delivered.

We did something a short time ago that we had been planning to do for a long time but had just not gotten around to managing. Betty and I took the two children for a two day trip to Boston. It was the first time that David had been well enough to make a trip like that in many months, and since it was during a school vacation, it seemed like the ideal time to go.

We had two rooms overlooking famous Boston Common in one of the large downtown hotels, and staying in this hotel was actually the big event of the entire trip for the children, because in all of their short lives they had never stayed in a hotel. Certainly they have stayed in many motels all over the country, but a hotel was something quite out of the ordinary, especially since our rooms were on the eleventh floor.

After a good dinner at one of the famous restaurants down on the waterfront we took a subway train out to the big boat show then being held at the armory. What fun that was for the children! It was their first ride on a subway train, and I think that they enjoyed the ride even more than they enjoyed the boat show.

The next morning we had a late breakfast at the hotel and then took an elevated train out to the Boston Navy Yard to visit the USS Constitution, the famous old man-of-war whose preservation has been made possible by the nation-wide collection of pennies by school children. I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed that visit. We went all over the ship from top to bottom and from stem to stern and found every inch of it most exciting.

When we left the Navy Yard we had to walk several blocks back to the elevated train station since there were no taxis around. It was then that a very strange thing happened to us. An extremely strong wind blowing up the harbor was channeled down the canyon-like streets with such force that our David could not walk against it. It was all I could do to move forward an inch or two at a time, but little David was actually being blown back down the street! Betty grabbed him and held on until the wind let up

a bit, giving us just time to get into the shelter of a building. I had been walking slightly ahead of them and called to them to get off to one side as best they could until the wind changed. In all of my life I never had experienced such a freakish bit of wind.

Another strange thing occurred just as we were leaving the theater later in the day. You know what a big crowd of people gathers in front of a theater when the show is over, and it was in just such a crowd that I called to Betty and said: "Let's try and get over to the curbing where we can wait for a taxi."

As soon as I had spoken a perfect stranger pushed his way toward me and said: "I know that you must be Rev. Dr. Driftmier. I have heard your voice on the radio."

Now what do you think of that? Just imagine—he recognized me from having heard my voice as he listened to the early service broadcast from the church. I was so surprised that I hardly knew what to say, but as I got my wits about me I thanked him for speaking to me and assured him that he had made a good guess.

Our big problem here at the church right now is that of parking. We simply do not have adequate parking facilities for we are located in the very heart of the city with high buildings all around us. However, we are going to do something about this problem during the summer months. We have bought a building next door to the church and are having it torn down in preparation for making that area into an additional parking lot.

More and more of our people are having to depend upon their automobiles for transportation to church. On any given Sunday nearly 37% of our congregation comes from outside the city limits of Springfield, and each year more and more people are moving out of the city to the small suburban towns around it. If they are to keep coming back down to the city for church on Sunday morning, we must have a place for them to leave their cars. It is a very costly business, but we know of no alternative except moving our church out of the city and that is completely out of the question.

Probably every big church located right in the heart of any city in any part of the country has exactly the problem we are battling. How astounded the founders of our South Congregational church in Springfield would be if they could return now and see their church and their city as they are today! Even in the comparatively short span of time that has passed since the end of World War II, such tremendous changes have taken place that natives of Springfield can scarcely believe their own eyes.

I am writing this letter at home in the second floor study that you may have noticed in the picture David snapped—this appeared last month. Betty has just called up that it is time to eat, so I will go down and join the family.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick

WHAT A WINTER!

By

Evelyn Birkby

WOW! We've had it!

If you live in Phoenix, Arizona, Southern California, Lima, Peru or sunny Florida you may not share my sentiments about the winter just past. But if you live anywhere east of the Rockies, north of the state of Mississippi and west of the Atlantic Ocean, you are surely giving a big sigh of relief that May is almost here.

Why, I can remember when spring came gradually and pleasantly! Sometimes this fine turn of events started as early as the last week in February. Then, with only an occasional chill in the air, spring glided into being. This was not that kind of a year, however! This winter recognized no calendar, resented any interference, and just kept coming and coming and coming! It was wild and white; cold and long; full of snow, closed schools, flu, wet mittens and big hot bowls of stew.

Looking out the window one was faced with either a glaring white expanse of snow upon which the sun beat blindly or by a dull gray deepening in the sky which turned into a blustering snow storm. This was the winter we'll remember and remind our children and weave stories to tell to our grandchildren.

My, yes, the snow piled up around our house! Outside our dining room window the drifts went in endless procession far off to the horizon. Snow whirls varied the pattern into artistic formations. Along the ravines and against the barns and corn cribs the drifts grew deeper and deeper as the winter progressed. Side roads filled rapidly and school buses returned early or did not run at all for days.

Children were often home from school because of flu, colds or impassable roads. Mothers were home because the children were home or because someone was sick or because mother was sick and therefore could not go out! Nerves grew ragged against the continuing pattern of the storms, worry of illness, concern about the fuel bill and the constant living inside close confining walls.

It didn't help me one bit to read some of the magazines. Mine would invariably fall open to a picture of a neat orderly house, bright lovely play rooms and green flower-spangled lawns. Surveying the results brought about by three boys shut inside for days at a time gave a different view to "home" than any of the magazines portrayed. Tinker toys were hither and thither. Lincoln logs lay here and there. Tiny plastic men were scattered wildly. Children tramped, walked, ran and jumped back and forth. Yes, we picked up and picked up and picked up! Yes, I admonished, "Don't yell!" "Don't run!" "Stop teasing!" But the tide of the ocean could have been changed more easily! My best outlet on such days was to go to the kitchen, whomp up a batch of bread dough and beat the daylight out of the stuff. My, I had the lightest finest bread I've ever made.



Howard Driftmier—April, 1960. In view of the fact that Howard hates to have his picture taken, we think it was real nice of him to cooperate!

Going outdoors to play offered difficulties as unsurmountable as keeping calm and peace inside. "Go get your boots." "Go get your coat." "Go get your sweater." "Pull now." "Push." "Stand still so I can get the buttons buttoned." "Don't get snow inside your boots." "Don't knock the icicles down, they might hit you on the head." "Yes, you can make a snowman." "No, you can't use the coal shovel, it might get lost in the snow and then the house would get cold." "Yes, you can use three little pieces of coal for the eyes and nose, but that is all. We may not be able to get any more coal." "No, you cannot use daddy's good hat." "Why don't you use the plastic fireman's hat." "Yes, he would melt if he went to a fire but he isn't about to do that." "Stop asking questions and go on outdoors." "SHUT THE DOOR!"

"Why did you come in, you just went out?" "Yes, if you are cold you can stay in." "Stand still." "Pull harder. You've got snow inside your boots." "Let me shake the snow out of your cuffs." "Stand on the register and get warm." "No, I don't think you can go outdoors again this morning. Maybe this afternoon, we'll see." "Well, you'll just have to look around and find something to play with!"

Many people were shut in with the flu and other illness for weeks at a time. One mother told me she had stepped off her porch twice in a five weeks period. Just imagine how she appreciated that first trip to town following such a long siege! What joy to go to town after days and days of "shut in with children" weather. Everything looks good. The most common items in the store seem exciting. How wonderful to see adult type people, wonderful people, talking, nodding and smiling. Such an outing carried a radiant glow for several days.

And the struggles the farmers had to keep up with the chores! They had to get feed ground for the cattle, lug hay, care for baby lambs, keep the tank heaters going so the animals could have drinking water and scoop out the gates and paths. Digging, digging, digging, became the pattern of

the winter. Going through drifts to the barn, the hog house and the chicken yard became a major project rivaling a trip above ground with an Antarctic expedition. Disposing of produce was full of headaches on some farms. I heard of one family that filled every container in the house with cream and when they were finally dug out were spared anymore sidelong glances at the bath tub!

Snow also came this past winter to the cities. In the cities snow means primarily inconvenience! When the snows begin, a feeling of irritation and impatience seems to hit almost everyone. Cars and taxis are driven faster and more rudely in and out of traffic as their drivers try to get to their destinations before more of the unwanted white stuff arrives. Rushing madly, they get caught in a jam of their own devising. Everyone goes "Hurry, Hurry!" and the congested mess grows.

When the snow really came down in huge quantities the startled cities began to develop paralysis. Traffic snarls were a commonplace and often it became impossible to get anywhere. The street cleaners, the men who drove emergency vehicles, delivery trucks and garbage wagons alike cursed the abandoned cars and stubborn packed drifts.

Within an hour after the clean white layers of snow fell and covered the rough scars of the cities it would become spattered, spotted and bedraggled. Nothing, in my opinion, is more ugly than the dirty, slushy mess into which the snow rapidly disintegrates on a city street.

Looking through my dining room window, as I did so much this winter, I was glad that I could know and appreciate the snows of the countryside. Winter can be beautiful in the wide open spaces where the snow piles into soft drifts, where it stays clean and fresh looking, where space is wide for snow play and where the wide vista of hills and trees and creeks wait patiently for spring.

Now the snow has melted and the spring wind is sweeping away the last vestiges of a hard, hard winter. It is my wish that the same winds which sweep the earth can sweep from all our hearts the dried regrets, the residues of sadness, the accumulations of slights and prejudices and leave room for all that is fresh and the vital upsurge which is the newness of spring after a long and weary winter.

Now it is May again man's heart responds to the thrill and beauty of a new season. There are questions man asks; there are perplexities in this complex society man has organized. But some things a man should take on faith, and when May magic is on the land, one knows that faith is the foundation of life.

Friendship is a treasured gift

We cannot sell or buy—

Nor loan—nor borrow—nor exchange

No matter how we try.

Yet friendship is a thing that's owned

By folk like you and me,

Because God loves us everyone

And gives it to us free!

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, One and All:

If any of you are casting about for some way to kill time (a perfectly dreadful phrase when you think of its real meaning) or to make time go faster, I hereby extend to you a most hearty invitation to move right in and "get out" Kitchen-Klatter every month.

Here I am, rounding up all the last things for this May number, and only yesterday I had my mind geared to January. At least it seems to me that it was only yesterday. I've always understood that time goes much faster as you grow older, but if you put the responsibility for a monthly magazine on top of getting older you really have something.

This month you're going to find the recipes on two pages opposite each other, not on both sides of one page. I am doing this because there have been so many letters from people complaining about the way they've been appearing.

Now I'll tell you something. For many, many years the recipes were printed the way you see them in this issue, and finally the complaints about it reached such a pitch that we decided to make a change. Without rummaging through back copies I couldn't say how long we've printed them on both sides of one sheet, but it's been a long time—and now there are so many people wanting them on opposite pages that we're going back to the original way.

We all know that we can't suit everyone. Why, we can't even suit all members of the same household, to say nothing of thousands and thousands of people! But I'm always willing to make a change and try something another way, so if there are a collection of unfavorable comments about this change I think we'll just try and steer a steady course by alternating the method every other month. That way the ones who prefer the recipes set up as they are in this issue will be pleased for six months out of the year, and the ones who like them the other way will be pleased the other six months. Can you think of anything more fair?

The other day we received a letter from Santa Barbara, Calif. that gave me an awful turn. The woman who wrote it said that she had stumbled on to this magazine by chance—seems that she was invited to a party and at some lull in the activities glanced at magazines neatly arranged on a long table in the living room. All of them were familiar to her aside from this homely, unpretentious little magazine and she picked up the top copy to see what in the world it was all about.

It happened to be the issue for November, 1959 and she wondered who those people were in the cover picture. (That was the cover of Mother, Martin and Emily stuffing the turkey, the duplicate we made of the same situation when Martin was a small boy and Emily was a little baby.)

At any rate, it ended that this California lady became "anti-social," as she described it, because she got ab-



This big sturdy easel has been a great joy to Katharine Driftmier from the moment it came into the house. She has learned to print many of the letters in her own name—was just turning to explain she'd run off the paper when this was snapped.

sorbed in looking at other issues—and you know and I know that we're not supposed to go dreaming off with magazines when we're at a party. Her next course of action was to take the step that gave me such a turn—scared me to death, to tell you the truth. She wrote to us and enclosed a check for \$30.00 and asked that we enter her subscription for 20 years!!!!!!

The girls who open the mail were dumbfounded, needless to say, and went at once to take it up with Mae (Howard's wife who is our office manager) and poor Mae, in turn, was equally dumbfounded because nothing like this had ever happened before and how was such a thing to be handled?

Well, at that point she came into this cluttered up cubbyhole where I work and handed me the letter and said: "What do we do now?"

I read it, felt chills run down my spine, and figured real fast . . . I'd be SEVENTY when that subscription expired and how could I be one bit sure I'd still be on deck to get out Kitchen-Klatter every month? I couldn't be sure, of course—not one bit sure. I'd like to think I'd still be at the helm, naturally, but since we never know from hour to hour what lies ahead, it just seemed too much of a responsibility to enter that subscription for TWENTY years.

So, it ended that we wrote to explain how things were and sent a refund for \$22.50 and entered the subscription for five years (an amount of time I could chew over without feeling scared) and thus wound up a situation that had never before occurred. Something about the whole thing just left me sort of shaken.

I gave up long ago trying to explain Kitchen-Klatter to anyone who doesn't know it from 'way back. I just find it plain impossible to make it clear how our family has grown up with other families we've never met face to face—how there have been marriages and deaths and births in your families and in our family, so that now, in 1960,

we share a world of memories with old friends—have traveled the same road together, so to speak. If you think there's any way to "get this across" to a brand new acquaintance, I'd certainly like to hear about it. And so would all the others who are part of Kitchen-Klatter.

Well, if this magazine that is the history of a family (and probably wouldn't even be called a magazine by high-powered specialists) is completely different, I can only say that everything connected with it is completely different too. Take the way we work.

For one thing, our "offices" (and I put the word in quotes because it's almost silly to use this term for the place where Kitchen-Klatter is handled) certainly don't look like any other set-up I've ever seen. We have one big room in an old building; there are three cubbyholes built into this room. One is for the girls who open the mail; one is for Helen Laughlin, our bookkeeper who has been with us for twelve years; and one is for Russell and for me. Two of the cubbyholes are always neat and dusted and not a paper out of place. The cubbyhole Russell and I share is crammed with everything under the sun. We've tried a thousand times to make headway in getting it all fixed up as orderly as those other two cubbyholes that stand as a constant reproof, but somehow we never get anyplace.

Now at the back of our big room we have two things that give strangers a real surprise: an ice box (yes, I grew up with ice boxes so it takes an effort to remember to say 'refrigerator') and a sink. We need them. The girls who work with us buy groceries during their coffee break and a lot of the stuff must be kept cold. Then too, I haul down all kinds of things I've tested and frequently those things must be kept chilled. You can see how that ice box is really needed.

The sink is terribly essential also. We have to wash dishes—always a pile of coffee cups and if the test recipe is something that calls for a plate and silver (a towering layer cake, for instance, or a fancy chiffon pie), there are all those things to clean up. The coffee pot is *always* on. There is work to be done that can get pretty monotonous and a good cup of coffee that has no connection with a regular coffee break can really help. This is why we always lay in coffee for the office when we're buying coffee to use at home, and why we have piles of cups to wash.

I've seen salesmen come in here and practically clutch at the wall for support! They're not used to seeing this kind of a set-up and they can't figure out what to make of it. Well, this set-up works out fine for our needs and I'm just perpetually grateful that the girls who work with us are so willing to eat all the test food I haul down here. I don't know what in the world I'd ever do without them.

Now that I've explained how different our "offices" are, you'll understand why I glance with astonishment at business letters from here and from there that say on the envelope: *Attention, Executive Offices. MY!*

(Continued on page 19)

"YOU'RE THE ONLY MOTHER WHO--"

By

Esther Grace Sigsbee

For many years my husband and I have been operating under the illusion that we were pretty ordinary sort of folks. Not so virtuous as some, nor so wicked as others. Poorer than many people, but richer than a few. Not so smart as lots of people, but still bright enough to come in out of the rain. But recently we are beginning to feel we are not so average after all. In fact, from the remarks of the young people at our house we gather that we are absolutely unique as parents!

For example, according to our 13 year old, we are the only parents in town who do not approve of young girls wearing 3-inch French heeled shoes.

I'm told that I'm the only mother any place around who does not let her children stay up for the late TV movie, especially if they've just turned 11 years old.

At our house, we have the only father in the whole United States of America who has a son past 16 who does not yet have his driver's license.

I am the only mother who cooks for supper the very same dish the kids had for school hot lunch.

We are the only set of parents who do not have a money tree in the back yard to be plucked at each and every financial emergency.

I am the only mother of any child in the whole fifth grade who does not visit school at least once a month.

We are the only parents any place who make their daughter spend her own money, earned by baby-sitting, if she wants to buy a new skirt which she doesn't really need.

I am the only laundress around who irons creases in Ivy League pants so that it makes her son look bowlegged. I am also the only one who manages to leave just the shirt my son has to wear tomorrow in the clothes basket when I get only half my ironing done.

I am the only parent in the whole wide world who yells, "Quit your fighting," when the kids are beating each other over the head. I don't seem to get the idea that they are not quarreling—merely settling an issue by discussion.

I am the only mother of our youngsters' acquaintance who wears sloppy, beat-up slacks, no lipstick and a bird nest hair-do around the house. However, this observation was counter-acted somewhat recently when I was all dressed up to go out. One of our kids remarked, "Gee, Mom, you look nice. I'll bet you'll be the prettiest lady at the party!" But she added, "—the prettiest lady over 40, I mean."

I am the only mother in town who does not have a pie, two kinds of cake and four dozen cookies, all home-made, on hand all of the time for snack purposes. I am the only mother who habitually runs out of peanut butter.

I am the only fashion-minded female who doesn't think it is a major disgrace for our daughter to wear the same outfit on Thursday as she did



Our cover for February, 1959 was exactly this same family group, not one person more or less, and we took it out for the photographer to consult so he could place everyone in exactly the same position. Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier of Shenandoah, Ia.) are seated in the middle. On the floor in front of them are Clark Driftmier (Denver, Colo.), Martin Strom (Shenandoah) and Alison and Emily Driftmier, both of Denver. Seated on the arm of Mother's chair is Abigail (Mrs. Wayne Driftmier) Denver; and on the arm of Dad's chair is Donna (Nenneman) El Cajon, Calif. Donna was our bride in June, 1959. Standing are Russell and Lucile (Driftmier) Verness, Shenandoah; Margery (Driftmier) Strom and her husband, Oliver, both of Shenandoah; Juliana Verness, Shenandoah; Wayne Driftmier, Denver; Mae and Howard Driftmier, Shenandoah; Kristin and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson, Lucas, Ia. We know there is nothing as confusing as big family groups if you don't know the people! No one can figure out how we'd ever add the nine members missing from this group.

on Monday.

We are the only parents who expect their children to empty waste-baskets, wash dishes regularly and clean their own rooms whether or not there is something more interesting to do, or else they do not get their weekly allowance. In fact, we are the only set of parents who pay their children less than \$2.50 per child as a weekly stipend.

I am the only mother who puts father's undershirts and socks in son Bill's drawers, and who puts Bill's undershirts and socks in father's drawers. (I should be able to tell them apart. Bill's are always the most expensive ones.)

We are the only set of parents who do not realize that times have changed since we were young. Girls like to have boy friends, nowadays; dates cost a guy money; and there are lots of important things to be discussed over the telephone.

I am the only mother who objects to such reasonable requests as the loan to her daughters of her hairbrush, her hand lotion, her light-colored lipstick, and her one good blouse, and who, in turn, expects to borrow occasionally her daughter's hair rinse, the comb that was mine in the first place, extra bobby pins, and my only decent blouse that will go with her blue skirt.

I am the only mother in town who can't pin up her own hair because the daughters are using every last one of the bobby pins.

Although we are just becoming enlightened about our unique qualities as parents, we have known for a long time that we have far from average children. They are undoubtedly the orneriest, most exasperating, best-looking, most perplexing, most completely adorable offspring anywhere!

The funny thing about it is, we have yet to meet a single set of other parents who didn't feel that they had the very same sort of children!

OWNERSHIP

Who owns this land?

The man who puts a fence around it
rim?

Who turns the sod in spring,
Who reaps the harvest given him?
I like to think that he is but

A holder in his time
Of deeds and warranties—that birds
Who seek a warmer clime
When snow has covered northland
wastes

Hold prior claim to it,
That deer which come to forage grain,
And butterflies that flit
Among the flowers, and bees that
hum,

And all small things that roam
On these wide acres, know that they
Can call this land their home.

—Catherine E. Berry

You have to help others. It is the way you pay the rent for your room on earth.

DOROTHY TELLS YOU ABOUT HER SECOND TV EXPERIENCE

Dear Friends:

It would certainly be wonderful if I could sit here at my typewriter tonight and start this letter by saying that Frank had been in the field plowing all day, which is what he ordinarily would be doing at this time of year. But instead of that I will have to say that we are still wading through mud almost up to our knees. This has been the worst winter and spring that I can ever remember, and I know that everyone who lives east of the Rocky Mountains will agree with my statement.

It will be the first year since we started farming that we are going to have to pick a field of last year's corn before we can start on this year's crop. And when I made a trip to Columbia, Missouri I found that we weren't the only ones. At that time there was still heavy snow on the ground and I saw many fields of corn with the ears hanging on the stalks just above the snow.

Heavy snows such as we had all winter are hard on everyone but I always feel especially sorry for the farm men (and women) who have to haul feed to livestock. I know Frank spent hours scooping snow drifts so that he could get the tractor through to a haystack, only to have it snow again that night so that he had it all to do over again the next day. It took all morning to get the morning chores done and all afternoon to get the evening chores done. Personally, summer can't come too soon to suit me. If we have a nice hot and dry summer here in Lucas County, Iowa I don't think you will hear one word of complaint from the Johnson household!

I mentioned in one of my letters a few months ago that I had made a pleated skirt for Kristin which she liked very much and I have had many letters from friends who wanted to know just how it was pleated.

A couple of years ago Frank's sister Ruth gave Kristin a turquoise blue corduroy skirt she dearly loved and she wore it and wore it until it was practically in shreds, so when I said I would make her a couple of new corduroy skirts this year she asked me to make them just exactly like the old blue one. I used three yards (approximately) of pinwale corduroy and had the lines going around the skirt rather than up and down. It fastened in the back, so there was only one seam in the skirt and that was in the middle of the back.

I folded the three yards in the middle and made a box pleat three inches wide, with the material I folded underneath the pleat just touching in the center. On either side of the box pleat I made three knife pleats that measured three-fourths of an inch on the top side but the lap over on the back side was about one and a half inches. Next comes a knife pleat two inches wide on top, then three more knife pleats three-fourths of an inch wide, then another one two inches wide,

then the smaller pleats again. When you get to the center of the back your knife pleats will have to be an inch and a half wide so that when they meet in the center it will measure three inches, the same as your box pleat in the front. Of course how much material you lap over on the back of your pleat will depend entirely on your waist measurement. This will give you the general idea and you will have to work it out for yourself to fit your own girl. By pleating it in this way you can get all the fullness the girls like and still it is not bulky around the waist.

This is the first opportunity I have had to tell you about my wonderful trip to Columbia, Missouri and my appearance with Esther Griswold on her afternoon show "Of Interest to Women" over KOMU-TV. I had such a delightful time that I'm going to start right at the beginning and tell you all about it.

When Esther first asked me to be on the show with her I was very happy and excited about it. I am very fond of her and I knew it was going to be a lot of fun to be on the show with her, and in addition to this I anticipated my first trip to Columbia. The weather had been terrible but I thought surely by the last of March I wouldn't have to worry about snow and icy roads. However, just a week before I was to go, Iowa and Missouri had the worst blizzard of the year so I decided I had better not plan to drive, but to go by train and bus so that I would be sure to get there. About this time I began to get nervous and apprehensive about the trip for I had just a half-hour to make connections from the train to the bus, and if the train was late I just plain wouldn't get to Columbia in time. I knew that I *had* to be there even if I had to go by dog sled because Esther had told her audience I would be there on that date and I couldn't let her down.

It wasn't until I was all settled in my hotel room that I began to relax for the first time in days! I called Esther immediately so she would know I was safely in town and she was very relieved, especially since it was quite late in the evening and they had thought that my bus was due in much earlier. She told me to call her as soon as I got up in the morning and they would come after me.

We had a wonderful visit over our coffee. I had never seen Esther's show, so she told me all about it and what she wanted me to do. Before lunch she took me out to the studio, which is several miles from the Columbia city limits, so I could meet some of the people who produce the show such as the cameramen, etc. Esther had a lot of work to do before show time (3:30) so her husband, Glenn Griswold, who is the station manager, took me back to town for lunch. Esther had told me to be sure and be back there by 2:00 because some of our Kitchen-Klatter friends were coming out to meet me and wanted to get home again in time to watch the show on TV.

When I returned there were several

women waiting and Esther and I had a real good time visiting with them. Then Esther invited them to come into the Studio and see her kitchen and living room.

When the show started at 3:30 Esther and I sat in her studio living room and just visited. We talked about the Kitchen-Klatter program, Mother, Lucile, Margery and the entire family. Judy, the college girl who helps Esther, was on next with all the various club and church announcements, and when she got through Esther and I were in the kitchen. Esther bakes something every day and that day she made the Bavarian Mint pie which had been the Recipe of the Month in the March issue of this magazine.

When we were through in the kitchen, Esther and Judy went back to the living room and did the part of the show that is a very popular feature. Judy gets on the floor and does exercises to music while Esther counts for her. Many women do the exercises with Judy right in their own homes. Next, I sat at Esther's desk and made a Peanut Pixie. Following this the cameras again went to the kitchen where a young man from Chicago named Don Davis demonstrated how to prepare different economy cuts of meat, and I found this very interesting. The program closed with Esther and me again in the living room visiting. The entire hour went so fast that Esther and I laughed and said we hadn't begun to cover all the things we had planned to talk about. It was lots of fun and we hope we can do it again sometime.

My bus home left so late at night that Esther and Glenn insisted I spend the night with them and take the first bus out in the morning. I arrived in Kansas City about noon and spent the rest of the day and that night with Frank's sister, Ruth McDermott, and took the train home the next morning.

It was such an interesting trip in every way that it took me a long time to fill in all the details for Frank and Kristin. Esther would like to have an affair of some kind when the weather is dependable and hopes that Mother, Lucile, Margery and I can all be with her to meet our friends in that area around Columbia. We all think this would be a lot of fun—in fact, a pretty exciting outing, when you come right down to it, so maybe it can be managed.

Now I must get busy and try and clean up mud from the back porch, and since I've done this so many times and it seems such a pointless job, I don't have any enthusiasm for it. But I'm going to have more tracked in if I don't get busy, so I must cover my typewriter and say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy

Dear Lord, three things I pray:
To see Thee more clearly,
Love Thee more dearly,
Follow Thee more nearly,
Day by day.

Amen

GARDEN NOTES

By
Russell



Mr. and Mrs. Donald Driftmier and their two children, Katharine and Paul of Anderson, Indiana. (This is the first picture we've shown you of Mary Beth since she had a radically different "hair-do".)

Iris and peonies form the bridge between spring and summer in the flower garden. The period of their bloom is usually from mid-May through early June, and I say "usually" because this year we can expect almost anything in the Midwest because of our late season with its heavy snows.

Unless the weather in May goes haywire too and everything blooms at once, there will still be a period after the bloom of spring flowering bulbs but before the advent of roses and summer perennials, when the garden will be dull unless you have a good collection of iris and peonies.

The first iris that I planted twelve years ago were gifts from Mother Driftmier and Aunt Helen Fischer. They were roots from some of their favorites and they still bloom every year in our garden. I planted them carefully and they flourished, but I was not aware of what a mess I could make by not being careful with the colors.

After juggling them about through the years and adding other iris that interested me, I've come to the conclusion that if iris are to show off to their very best and give you maximum pleasure, it is extremely important to keep together the varieties that are approximately the same in color. There are exceptions, of course, and I will mention them.

Shades of tan, buff, orange and brown blend beautifully together. Purple and lavender colors compliment rather than detract, and all of the shades of blue are handsome if placed together in a group.

Snow-white iris and clear yellow make up a favorite combination of mine, and to this I add a few yellow-and-white bi-colored varieties for novelty. This is one of the exceptions to my personal planting rules. The other exception is my belief that iris of very unusual color or form must be by itself. Such varieties can be used as accent plants in the flower border or near some choice evergreen or shrub where they will show off to advantage.

If your iris have gotten out of hand in quantity or color mixture, the best time to tackle them is when they have about finished blooming. This way you can dig the plants while there is some color left on the blooming stalk that will guide you while you work out your new color combination.

After you have prepared the new location and the plants are ready to be re-set, trim off the entire stalk of bloom, cut back the foliage in a fan shape about six inches long, and trim off any dead part of the heavy root (or rhizome, as it is properly called). This part of the root should be just below the surface, but dig the hole deep enough so the fibrous roots can be spread out down into the earth. Don't water them too much through the summer or they will rot. By autumn the plants will have re-established themselves and should bloom beautifully the next early summer.

There are countless types of iris and an endless assortment of hybridized varieties on the market today. If it is a flower of genuine interest to you, the blooming season can be extended from very early spring when the tiny dwarf iris bloom, through May and June when the tall-bearded iris are at their peak, and then on through July with the Siberian and tall Spuria iris.

The latter has been used for a good many years at the back of my garden near the pool. It flowers in shades of blue, yellow and white, and has magnificent foliage up to five feet in height that remains fresh and green until frost—if I can keep the grasshoppers away.

Peonies are about the most rewarding of all perennials. They are stunning plants used as a low hedge, fine in the border and, if handled correctly, an outstanding "specimen" standing by themselves in the lawn.

The most spectacular peonies are the tree types—actually a shrub form. I am fortunate enough to have some of this kind that were given to me by Aunt Bertha Field. They are expensive compared to other varieties, but if you want a highly unusual shrub for your lawn, you'll find them well worth saving for.

Once established, the tree peony grows very rapidly and is a prodigious bloomer. The plant is attractive all summer after the exotic blooms have faded, and the twiggy branches are interesting against winter snow. I do think it only fair to warn you that such a peony is a space hog, so be sure you plant it where it will have ample room to develop without dwarfing the things around it.

There is one other perennial that I depend upon in this short period between seasons and that is Sweet Rocket. It blooms in shades of violet and lavender as well as white, the flowers are very fragrant and resemble phlox in form, but are borne loosely on the two-foot stems.

It's true that Sweet Rocket self-sows easily and can be a nuisance but they pull out easily too, so I find it well worth the bother. If the flowers are removed before they go to seed, another display of fine bloom will reward you for your effort in late June or early July.

I have no idea what shape our garden will be in this year. I had hoped to have our fence repaired and extended in March, but that month ar-

rived with three to four feet of snow that piled up further in mid-month, and by the end of March there were still great drifts that buried the back part of the garden.

In years gone by we've had a carpet of crocus in bloom by March 16th, but this year those crocus were buried under at least four feet of snow and ice on March 16th. Long after all the snow and ice had melted everywhere else, there were still drifts against the wall at the back of the garden. At the time I am writing this it is far too muddy to step off the walk and do anything, so I've no idea what shape our garden will be in by May.

At any rate, if any of you are driving in this direction you are more than welcome to stop and see what there is to see, for better or for worse. And I'd like to add that if you stop by on a blistering day when the thermometer is close to 100, or over, just try and visualize that garden the way it was for weeks when one great drift of snow buried all the hedges and even covered the sun dial. That may make you feel just a little cooler.

TO MOTHER

When I was a careless little girl
With turbulent spirit and hair a-curl,
The thing that kept me good all day
And made me work instead of play,
Was the thought of what she would
do and say

When she talked with me at the close
of day,
And I showed my work to Mother.

Today, when the work of my hands
was sought,
And loving homage by friends was
brought,
Their praise seemed little and far
away,
My heart was heavy instead of gay,
And tears rained down at the close of
day,
For I could not show it to Mother.

But I took up my tasks with courage
new,
I can live my life so sweet and true
That my heart will be glad and my
skies will be blue;
And then, when the boys have to
manhood grown,
And my harvests are gathered, where
love was sown,
I can slip away, and with raptures
sweet
Lay all of my treasures at her feet,
And the joy in my heart will be
complete,
When I show my life to Mother.

—Martha Field Eaton

A number of times we have printed this beautiful verse written by Aunt Martha, but once again we print it for our new readers because it expresses so clearly the emotions that all of us feel when the tumult of the day's activities is over . . . and we are alone with our thoughts.

The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never changes; it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters become enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all. —

MARGERY ACCOUNTS FOR THE STROM FAMILY

Dear Friends:

Do you think it will ever dry up underfoot? I can never remember so much moisture in the ground for so long a time. Certainly washday for throw rugs comes around more frequently than it ever has before, and I agree with all you friends who say that we got our Kitchen-Klatter Kleener on the market just in the nick of time!

A country friend of mine says that I don't know what mud really is, that at least I am able to get around on sidewalks. She's right. I can sympathize with her these days for she has her husband and several hired men to clean up after, and this makes for a great deal more traffic through her back door than I have. (They're not coming in from sidewalks either!)

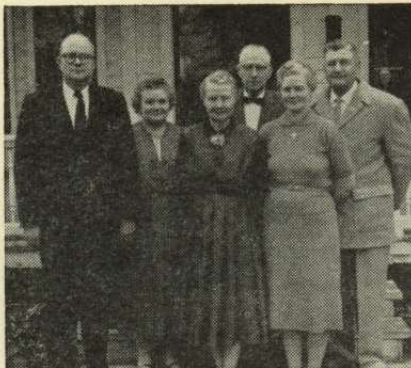
The picture on this page was taken on Oliver's birthday last December. (It wasn't as mild a day as the picture might indicate—it was just too far to tramp upstairs and get wraps.) We try to snap a few pictures when we have family get-togethers, so I took out my camera and asked everyone to step outdoors for a few shots. There are nine brothers and sisters in Oliver's family, so the ones you see here are only those who live in our immediate vicinity.

From time to time I've had letters from people asking me to write something about the Strom family, and since we have a recent snapshot of some of them, this seems a good chance to cover the main details.

In many, many ways the Strom family is typical of countless Swedish families who uprooted themselves and came to this country for a better chance. Oliver's Grandfather Strom, a native of Smolan, one of the southern provinces of Sweden, made this big decision in 1869 when he and his wife, also a girl of Smolan, weighed the opportunities to be had in the United States and concluded that they and their five children would be better off by leaving Sweden.

They settled in Andover, Illinois and it was there that Oliver's father, August Strom, as well as two other children, were born. But word came back to Andover from farther west that Iowa would be a better place to settle down, so when August was four years old the family moved to Page County, Iowa and bought land where other Swedish families were locating. Those were rugged years and August's father and mother worked side by side to build a new home—in pioneer country the women had to help with the field work in addition to caring for a good-sized family.

August Strom, Oliver's father, married a Swedish girl whose father was twenty-four years old when he came to Knoxville, Illinois from Blekinge, Sweden. He married in Knoxville (in this age of jet travel it seems strange to realize that his young bride had come to this country by sailing vessel when she was seven years old!) and established his home, but word came to him also of the land farther west



This group seems so small and easy to account for after the one on page 7! Oliver Strom is at the left, and his three sisters are Helen Strom Jandreau, Florence Strom Youngberg and Margaret Strom Anderson. Behind them are Oliver's only two brothers, Elmer and Wendell Strom. Margery has told you about Oliver's family in this letter.

so he took his family to Page County, Iowa. Thus it happened that the Stroms and the Petersons became good friends who attended the same church and enjoyed the same social gatherings. Their children grew up together, and in 1896 August Strom married Lena Peterson and established his own home on a farm he purchased that was one mile from his parents' home. On this farm all ten of the Strom children were born—Oliver is the youngest of the children.

The family was very saddened at the early death of their mother. Oliver was still a baby when his mother became ill and after a number of years of poor health she passed away. It was a blessing that there were older sisters who could care for the younger children, and by all working together they managed very well. In 1928 Oliver's father retired—he purchased a home in Essex (only a few miles from Shenandoah) and lived there comfortably until his death in 1949. It was this house, incidentally, that Oliver and I moved into when we were first married—a big white house with a front porch and so very typical of the houses retired farmers felt at home in when they moved to town back in the twenties.

In this big family of ten Strom children there were only three boys: Wendell, Elmer and Oliver. Wendell and Elmer both farm east of Essex—Wendell and his wife Florens on the "home place" and Elmer and his wife Vinah only a short distance from them. This is a very convenient arrangement for they can help each other when an extra pair of hands is needed.

Helen and her husband, Norman Jandreau, live on the farm that adjoins Elmer's, but they do not farm it. Norman is a feed salesman and Helen is a registered nurse who is frequently called for private duty. It suits their preferences to live in the country rather than in town and by living on the farm that adjoins Elmer's, they are close to members of the family.

Florence and her husband, Emil Youngberg, farmed for many years but retired to Shenandoah to make their home. Florence taught school before her marriage.

Oliver's other sister, Margaret, who lives in this vicinity, is a very busy woman. She and her husband, Delbert Anderson, have a nice home not very far from us, and now that their three children are old enough to do a good job of looking after themselves, Margaret is one of the Kitchen-Klatter staff and spends most of her time working on the files that carry your names for this magazine. Delbert is with a feed milling company here in Shenandoah.

Oliver's other four sisters, Viola, Laura, Nina and Emma, all live quite some distance away but we try to see each other every year or two.

Viola and her husband, Dr. Carl Anderson, live near Elgin, Illinois in the home where Carl was reared. Although he is a busy dentist he finds time (with help, of course) to feed cattle and operate the farm.

I've mentioned Oliver's sister Laura in my letters several times because she has taken some of our summer trips with us and comes frequently to visit. She is a registered nurse in a large Chicago hospital.

Nina and her husband, Robert Lester, live in Rockford, Illinois where Robert has an insurance claims office. Nina is also a registered nurse—in fact, the three sisters who are nurses took their training together in Chicago.

Emma is married to a minister, Reverend Elder Anderson. If you were reading Kitchen-Klatter several years ago you may remember that Oliver and I were very happy that he could leave his ministerial duties in Minneapolis to perform our marriage ceremony. Emma teaches Bible School many hours each week. Oliver and I have had some delightful visits in their home in Minneapolis.

So you see, Oliver comes from a large family and with all the aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews they have endless stories to tell when we get together on special occasions. Many of these stories are centered around the little country school that all of the children attended. This school was only a mile from home so the children were expected to do chores both morning and evening. They well recall that there was quite a scramble to pack all the lunches each morning and get the chores done—usually they had to run fast to get to school on time.

But returning home from school in late afternoon was another thing. Their Aunt Selma lived halfway between school and home and it was a special delight to the children (and probably to Aunt Selma too) to stop in for some big fat sugar or molasses cookies to munch on while they covered the remaining half-mile.

When they arrived home they found their chores written out on slips of paper, and each child drew to see what his particular job would be. This is much the way we seven Driftmier children managed our work, and I can't think of a better way to keep a big household organized and clipping along.

Last month I prepared some special
(Continued on page 21)

KRISTIN WRITES ABOUT HER "FAVORITES"

Dear Friends:

I hope some of you won't be too disappointed, but instead of rambling on about what I've been doing lately, I'm going to make this letter a more personal one and tell you about some of the things I especially like. I decided to do this because of the number of requests I have received from people who want to know more of my "favorites."

I believe that letters are similar to conversations, so I will try to tell you things about myself that perhaps you might ask if we were to sit in the same room and talk together.

To begin with, my favorite colors are pink, blue and green. As some of you know, my room at home is done in blue, and I decorated my room at Aunt Edna's in very soft shades of pink and green.

I have a lot of favorite foods. Some of the ones I like best include fresh strawberry shortcake made with homemade biscuits and topped with thick cream (not a bit fattening!), shrimp, macaroni and cheese, chow mein, and coconut macaroons. I consider Aunt Lucile's Bavarian Mint pie the most delicious pie I have ever tasted. (This recipe was in the March issue of Kitchen-Klatter.)

When it comes to my favorite books, I have so many that it would be impossible for me to list every one of them. However, the three books I enjoyed most while I was growing up were "Heidi," "Bright April," and "Little Women." In my opinion, every girl should have a chance to read these three books while she is young.

The meadow lark is my favorite bird. Some of the flowers that I like best include roses, lilacs, pansies and violets. I don't have much preference in trees—I like them all, but elm trees are especially nice.

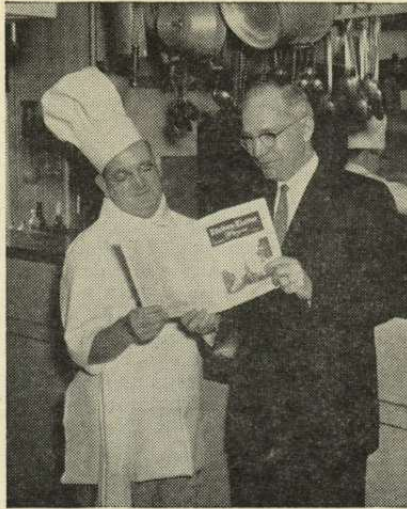
Of course I would really be omitting something if I neglected to tell you how much I love music and my preferences in this field. My favorite singers are Dinah Shore, Nat King Cole, and Johnny Mathis. Besides hymns, some of my favorite songs are "Moon-glow," "A Blossom Falls," "Deep Purple," "All the Things You Are," and "It's Not For Me to Say." I could listen all day to classical music such as Beethoven's "Concerto in D" and his "Moonlight Sonata." I am also partial to anything composed by Chopin, Brahms, and Bach. Strauss waltzes I have always enjoyed very much.

These are just a few of the things I like, and I hope you have enjoyed finding out a little more about me in this letter.

Sincerely,

Kristin

Material things do not last. But spiritual blessings are eternal and no circumstances or person can take them away from us.



We note that Frederick and William Cutler are holding a copy of Kitchen-Klatter, so we can only hope that this famous chef found a recipe to his liking.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

One of the most noted chefs in New England is William M. Cutler, Head Chef of the famous Colony Club of Springfield, Massachusetts.

It just so happens that Mr. Cutler is a personal friend of mine and a man who has given me many good tips on cooking. If I were to tell you about all of his rare and excitingly different food creations, it would take every page of this magazine and then some. But Chef Cutler is best known for his ability to take a very common, ordinary dish and with a little bit of this and a little bit of that turn it into an epicurean delight.

How many times have you cooked plain old garden-style zucchini in the plain old-fashioned way of boiling it with a bit of butter added for flavor? Well, let me tell you how Chef Cutler prepares it at the Colony Club.

First of all, he picks out several standard size zucchinis (about the size of a cucumber). He washes them, cuts off the tip ends, and then splits them once down the center. Leaving the pretty green skin on, he places these zucchini halves in a baking pan skin down, with just a little water in the bottom of the pan. Using a pastry brush, he brushes the top (open side) of each piece with melted butter, sprinkles each piece with grated Parmesan cheese, and then bakes the lot for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. That, my friends, is Zucchini Parmesan, a Cutler creation worthy of the highest award in anyone's kitchen.

My tip for this month is so simple that I actually wonder about mentioning it! I do mention it because I know that there are some of you who don't now observe it. It has to do with the preparation of fresh grapefruit and oranges. When I lived in Egypt I ate in a faculty dining room at the American College in Assiut where each morning we had the finest and tastiest grapefruit I have ever eaten in my life. One day I asked the Egyptian

cook about it and he told me that the secret lay in the time of its preparation.

Always the fruit was prepared the night before—washed, cut, seeded, and liberally sprinkled with sugar. Citrus fruit should *always* be sugared several hours before it is to be served. Try this tip just once, and you never again will go back to your old way of doing it.

GET TOUGH?

Many people are permanently convinced that we should get very, very tough with juvenile delinquents. Many other people feel uneasily that getting tough is not the most effective way to handle juvenile delinquents. Yet from time to time there comes a feeling of exasperation and fretful impatience and even the warmest-hearted adult thinks to himself: maybe we *should* get tough.

The next time we find ourselves exasperated and impatient, we might do well to remember exactly two facts. These facts come from the experience of George Edwards, Chief Justice of the Michigan Supreme Court, who sat for four years facing thousands of young people in the Juvenile Court in Wayne County (Detroit).

These are the facts:

"I found that almost without exception these children of our fourth largest city had known harsh and brutal punishment all their lives. They had been beaten with ironing cords, rubber hose, hit with two-by-fours, beer and whisky bottles. To most of them, brutal punishment is what you expect from adults. If harsh punishment could cure, these children should have been the best—rather than the worst—children in Wayne County."

"In one year we had more than 5,000 boys admitted to detention for delinquency, but there were fewer than 500 visits by all the fathers of those 5,000 boys."

Get tough?

No child of God should be beaten with ironing cords, rubber hose, two-by-fours, beer and whisky bottles.

No child of God should have a parent who cared so little that he never appeared when his child got into trouble.

Get tough?

Look at your own children tonight, the children whom you would defend to the very death were anyone to beat them as other children have been beaten. Look at your own children tonight, the children whom you would crawl over broken glass to defend if they were to be arrested and held by the police.

There are thousands of children who have never known, and will never know, what it would mean to have such parents.

Remember this. Remember this the next time you suddenly decide in exasperation and impatience that maybe the best way to handle juvenile delinquents is to GET TOUGH.

True humanity . . . consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

MARY BETH'S RHUBARB CUSTARD PIE

Maybe almost all of you have this recipe on hand, but it's one of our real favorites and I like to surprise Donald with it when he gets home from a week on the road.

- 1 1/4 cups rhubarb, cut in thin pieces
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 eggs, separated
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. butter

Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry and fill pan with the rhubarb. Combine slightly beaten egg yolks with sugar, flour and salt and add gradually to milk that has been heated in top part of double boiler. (As always, with such a filling, first pour a small amount of hot milk into the egg mixture and then combine the whole thing.) Add butter. When custard coats spoon, pour over rhubarb. Bake for 20 minutes at 425 degrees and then reduce heat to 325 and continue baking an additional 25 minutes.

When cool, cover with a meringue made by beating 3 egg whites, adding 6 Tbls. sugar when whites are stiff, and spreading to the edges of the pie. Bake in 425 oven for 6 or 7 minutes or until lightly browned.

(NOTE: People who cannot eat rhubarb "straight" because it seems to have too much acid, can frequently eat this custard-type pie without ill effects.)

DELICIOUS SALMON FONDUE

When you have a can of salmon in the house and want to make something a bit different, try this. It calls for ingredients you are very likely to have on hand.

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups flaked salmon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. finely minced onion
- (Or 1 tsp. of onion salt)

3 eggs, separated

Pour milk over the bread crumbs and let stand until it has all been absorbed. Add flaked salmon, seasonings, melted butter, lemon juice, minced onion and well-beaten egg yolks. Mix lightly. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 45 minutes. It is done when lightly browned and firm to the touch in the center. Serve at once. Oh yes, this should serve 6.—Dorothy

BUTTERMILK - SODA BISCUITS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup buttermilk

Sift flour and measure. Then add to it the soda, baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add shortening to the buttermilk and add this to the dry ingredients. Stir lightly until it forms a soft dough. Turn onto a well-floured board and knead 12 to 15 times. Roll out to one inch thickness and cut. Butter the tops and place in about a 450 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes, or until brown. Try sticking a few pecans or black walnuts into the biscuits or place a bit of grated cheese mixed with margarine over the top.

Evelyn says: "When we made a weekend trip to the Ozarks last fall we ran into these biscuits at a little restaurant in Monett, Mo. The cook gave us the recipe and they are really wonderful."

KANSAS GOULASH

Take enough ground beef for your family and brown in a small amount of fat along with 1 medium onion, chopped. While this is browning cook enough macaroni for your family. When tender, drain and mix well with the browned meat and onion. (If much fat cooks out, spoon this off before adding the macaroni.) Salt and pepper to taste and add 1 can of tomato sauce. Place in a baking dish (a loaf pan works nicely) and top with 3 or 4 slices of American cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

—From a radio friend in
Overland Park, Kansas

EVELYN'S PIE-IN-A-SKILLET

This recipe was given to me by a neighboring camper as we sat beside the St. Croix river at Interstate Park, Minnesota. The name is really misleading, for it is just the filling that is made in the skillet. The pie itself is baked in the conventional way.

(For Butterscotch or Chocolate Pie)

- 1/3 stick of butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 2 slightly beaten egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Melt the butter in a skillet, then stir in the flour carefully. When smooth, remove from fire and add the sugar, milk, egg yolks and flavorings. Return to fire and cook, stirring constantly, until consistency of custard. Pour into a baked pie crust, top with a meringue and bake.

For chocolate pie use white sugar instead of brown and add 2 Tbls. of cocoa when you put in the sugar.

RHUBARB CRUMBLE PUDDING

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 4 cups fresh rhubarb cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Sift together the flour, salt, cinnamon and 1/2 cup sugar. Cut in the butter or margarine until the mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle half of this mixture evenly over the bottom of an 8-inch square pan and press down firmly. Mix together the rhubarb, lemon flavoring, 1 cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Spread evenly over the flour mixture in the pan. Sprinkle remaining flour mixture evenly over the rhubarb. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve warm with cream. This makes about six servings.

Dorothy says: "We've had wonderful rhubarb this spring and my family asks me to make 'that pudding' at least once a week."

POWDERED MILK COCOA

- 2 qts. milk made up with powdered milk according to directions
- 5 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 to 2/3 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup whole milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Blend cocoa, sugar, salt and 1 cup of the powdered milk, heated. Stir well, then add the rest of the milk. Remove from fire and add 1 cup of whole milk and the flavorings. This can also be made up with other milk, but many people are using powdered milk these days.

COMPANY HAM IN SOUR CREAM

The friend who sent this recipe said that she ate it at a luncheon and that everyone present clamored for the recipe. The next day, the hostess typed up copies of the recipe and sent it to her guests.

I served this over rice and Oliver commented that he thought it would be just as delicious on potato or cooked noodles.

- 1 cup cooked ham, diced
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 tsp. flour
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 small can mushrooms, chopped fine

Melt butter, add diced ham and chopped onion and cook until the onion is tender but not brown. Sprinkle with flour and then gradually stir in the sour cream. Add the mushrooms and cook over very low heat, stirring, until mixture thickens. (This will take only 2 or 3 minutes.) Serve over rice, potato or noodles. Enough for 3 or 4 people and yes, it is rich! —Margery

VARIATIONS FOR HAMBURGERS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup chopped ripe olives
- 1/4 cup shredded sharp cheese
- Salt and pepper

Make your hamburger patties large, about 5-inches in diameter, and very thin. Spread on top one spoonful each of chopped ripe olives and sharp grated cheese. Fold over the hamburger patty like a pocketbook and press edges together to seal in the olives and cheese. Brown well on both sides and serve with buns. This is one of our favorite variations of plain hamburgers.

Another change we like is to fill the hamburger pocketbook with chopped *stuffed* olives and a little grated onion. A piece of tomato is good too. Sometimes I just make them sandwich fashion when I want good, big hearty hamburgers. I make 2 very thin patties with one of these fillings, seal the edges and fry on both sides.

I like to vary my sauces too. We use plain catsup the bulk of the time, but we vary this with my home-made barbecue sauce. It is easy to vary your sauces with a little imagination. Take a simple barbecue sauce and then be adventurous with a few additional ingredients. Chopped bacon is good, as well as green pepper; sometimes a little horseradish or sometimes a little garlic will give you a welcome taste change.

PORK SUPREME

- 1/2 cup rice
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1 lb. boneless pork, diced
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 cups tomato juice

Brown the rice lightly in margarine. Remove rice from skillet and brown the pork and the onion. Add rice and remaining ingredients. Cover and cook slowly for 1 hour, stirring occasionally. For cooked left-over roast and cooked rice, prepare just as given, browning together the cooked rice, the cooked diced pork and the onion. Then add the rest of the ingredients and simmer, stirring often, until well heated and the flavors are blended.

OVEN-BAKED CARROTS

If you've been looking for a new way to prepare cooked carrots, then you MUST try these. They are simply delicious!

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 cups peeled, shredded carrots
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup water

Melt butter in a skillet, add the chopped onion and sauté for about 3 minutes. Stir in the shredded carrots, and then turn into a casserole; sprinkle with salt, sugar and water. Cover the dish and bake in a 350 degree oven until tender—about 40 minutes.

CRABMEAT CASSEROLE

A few weeks ago Wayne arrived home for lunch with a very unexpected and very welcome gift—a case of fancy canned crabmeat. One of the wholesalers on the West Coast had sent it along with a shipment of nursery stock, and for us it was a luxurious and rare treat. Several cans have been put away for hot summer days when crabmeat salad will taste so refreshing, but we've used several cans already for this delicious dish.

- 2 6-oz. cans crabmeat
- 1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs
- 3/4 cup finely chopped celery
- 3/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of cayenne pepper
- 2/3 cup melted butter
- 1/4 cup cream

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly. Place in buttered casserole and bake 30-40 minutes in 350 degree oven. This is rich and elegant eating—and a fine main dish for company. I only wish all of you had a case of crabmeat given to you—if you like crab! —Abigail

APPLE DESSERT

- 4 cups apples
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1 slightly beaten egg
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Pare and slice apples until you have 4 cups. Heat thoroughly with just a little water until apples are soft and limp, but not mushy. Drain off any liquid and add the sugar and cinnamon. Pour and spread out in an 8 x 8-inch square glass baking dish. Set aside while making the topping.

Cream butter with sugar, vanilla and slightly beaten egg. Beat well. Add flour sifted with baking powder and stir into egg mixture until well blended. Spread evenly over apples in pan and bake for about 20 to 25 minutes at 400 degrees, or until golden brown. Serve with whipped cream, plain cream or ice cream.

MAPLE CREAM DESSERT

Soak 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Boil 1 cup maple syrup for 5 minutes. Add soaked gelatin to syrup and let cool. Add 3 egg whites beaten stiff and 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, folded in lightly. Let stand in refrigerator for several hours to set.

This is a very simple dessert and so delicious. Make up the maple syrup using our maple Kitchen-Klatter flavoring. This is the kind of dessert that you could do a lot of experimenting with using plain sugar syrup flavored with our wide variety of Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.—Margery

CIRCLE MEETING DESSERT

- 3 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 8-ounce angel food cake

Mix flour and sugar together, add the milk and the slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook slowly over very low fire until slightly thickened. Dissolve the gelatin in the cold water and add to the custard. Stir until dissolved. Cool and add the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Fold in the well-beaten egg whites. Break angel food cake into small pieces, place the bits in a 10 x 14-inch pan, and pour the custard over the cake pieces. Mix well. Chill. Before serving, pour over it thickened cherries to which you have added 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring, or thickened strawberries or red raspberries. (A few drops of our Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring gives a *real* boost to frozen strawberries.)

This is a very light dessert and excellent to serve if you have quite a few "weight-watchers" in your group. For those who don't have a weight problem, a dab of whipped cream over the fruit is a delicious addition.

FROSTED GRAPE SALAD

- 2 boxes lemon gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar, less 1 Tbls.
- 1 small can frozen grape juice concentrate
- 3 grape juice cans of water
- 1 small can crushed, drained pineapple
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Place the grape juice in a dish and measure out the three cans of water in saucepan. Bring this water to a boil and dissolve gelatin in it. Add the frozen juice and cool. When the gelatin is beginning to set, add the crushed pineapple, chopped celery, lemon juice and nutmeats. Pour into a 9-inch square pan and chill until completely set. Frost with 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened slightly. Return to refrigerator for a short period of time before serving.

SMOKY CHEESE SAUCE

- 1 cup evaporated milk (or top milk)
- 1 5-oz. jar of smoky cheese (see below)

Heat milk and stir in the cheese until it is smooth and melted. (It should be thin enough to pour.) Very delicious over baked potatoes.

Borden's Smoky cheese is fine for this, but if you have milder brands on hand, add some crumbled bacon and not more than 2 or 3 drops of liquid smoke.

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.

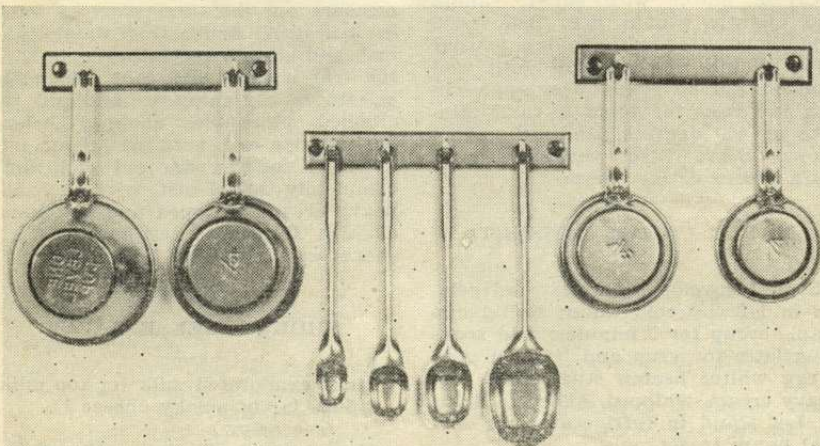
Even the hardest water turns to soft water when **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is used, but never, never will your hands feel "burned".

Look for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** today. Buy it! And save every box top for the kind of wonderful premiums you've come to expect from the Kitchen-Klatter Family.

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.

SOME REMARKS ABOUT PREMIUMS

In this issue you will see two different premiums that are absolutely wonderful bargains. We've been asked many, many times how in the world we can offer things at such prices, and since we don't hold to the idea that business details are mysterious and hush-hush secrets, we'd like to tell you folks exactly how we do it.

But first and foremost, this has to be said: in spite of the endless work involved, we get solid pleasure out of making it possible for so many people to have things that they just couldn't have under other conditions.

There's a limit to how far money can be stretched—and these days we get to the limit real fast. By the time we've taken care of the most pressing obligations there's not much chance of getting the things we hanker after and need. And we're not thinking now about mink coats and impressive jewelry or anything else that seems equally remote from the world most of us live in. We're simply thinking about such things as the two premiums offered in this issue—they're small, useful things but my! what a lift we can get from them as we go about our daily work.

Now the search for premiums goes on day in and day out, year in and year out. We have a third eye in our heads that is always on the lookout for good premiums, and a third ear that is always listening for suggestions and news about something that might be worth looking into.

Salesmen come in, salesmen from all over the country, and we look at their lines and study every single thing they can offer. Most of the time we have to sigh and say "no" . . . just not an item in all the collection that strikes us as being really useful and good. Then, since we've had to say "no" we feel compelled to spend more time just visiting, and in case this strikes you as peculiar I'd like to explain that we think salesmen have a pretty rough road to hoe and we don't want them to leave us feeling blue and discouraged because they couldn't offer us what we needed. We'd hate to climb in the car and start down that lonely highway with an abrupt "NO" ringing in our ears. So we treat people the way we'd like to be treated.

But once in a while, like lightning out of the blue, we see something that strikes us as being a real good premium—and then the endless work begins.

If every single detail involved with every single premium was put down in black and white, it would take pages and pages! You have no idea how many letters are written, how many telephone calls are made. And so much of this is necessary because we don't handle premiums the way most people handle premiums. It is virtually customary for most manufacturers to mail out premiums right from their own plants, but there is an additional charge for this and that one figure can make all the difference in what we are able to offer.

(Continued on next page)

We mail out all of our premiums right from home base here in Shenandoah. We're on deck anyway and can all pitch in to get them ready to go to the postoffice—extra people don't have to be hired to work on those premiums. Every single one of us can move from what we're doing to get back and help see that all these packages are addressed and started on their way to you. (If anyone wants to see some frantic activity, just stop by when we're closing out a premium! That's really something!)

Now we've accounted for one very important figure—labor. As soon as the company knows we're going to do all the work ourselves, they look at the picture again and mull it over. But even though one expense has been cut and their figure has changed accordingly, there are still two grim facts to study: a mailing carton and postage. No matter where the mailing is done, there must still be a heavy cardboard box in which to ship the premium out to you, and there must still be an allowance for postage.

We can't do a thing about the postage—and the company that makes the premiums can't do anything about it either. Both of us are downright helpless where postage is concerned. (And I might add that these postal increases, such as the one that went into effect on February 1st, make it harder and harder to offer good premiums.)

But if postage is beyond our powers, the cardboard carton is something to work on. Sometimes the company we're dealing with offers to supply the mailing carton, and then it's up to us to see if we can order them from a box company at a better price. All of this means more letters. And more letters. And finally we can look at enough figures to know exactly what to do.

At this point we've settled all that needs settling and now we're down to the one great burning issue: how big an order must we place to get the very lowest possible price? Each manufacturing company has its various "breaking points" where costs change and those changes have to do with figures that run into quantities of thousands—not just a gross or two. Unless we order in tremendous quantity we can't get the cost down, and our one great goal from the outset has been to *get the cost down*; we've pared every conceivable expense and our only hope now of being able to offer the premium is to buy in such a large amount that the manufacturer will give us his very lowest price.

But what if this premium doesn't appeal to folks? What are we going to do if all our decisions are wrong? How can we possibly order such an enormous quantity to get the lowest possible price—and then find ourselves stuck with them?

We thresh this over and over. We wrestle with it—when we should be sleeping. We remind ourselves that the world isn't going to end if we make a mistake. We say firmly, "Well, a hundred years from now . . ."

But all the time we know that a



Denver, Colorado also had a long winter completely off the usual pattern—nothing to compare to our worst-hit sections in the Midwest, but definitely different. Emily and Alison both thought they'd never see the day when they could get out their bikes, put on summer clothes and start out for a good ride.

huge truck will be grinding into the alley by our office with a MOUNTAIN of premiums on it, and those premiums must be paid for—and there's a staggering amount of money involved. For people who would drive out of their road to miss Las Vegas, every single premium is a nerve-wracking gamble!

Believe me, we welcome your suggestions for premiums. Countless numbers of you have sent suggestions and we appreciate them. When you think about things you'd like to have at absolute bedrock cost, please bear in mind that they shouldn't be heavy (since postage is such a big expense) and they shouldn't be fragile. If things are fragile they call for very heavy wrapping—and there goes more expense. And if they're odd-shaped, they call for specially made mailing cartons—another big expense.

Practically everything that's manufactured today is available almost everywhere. Once in a while we can line up something that *isn't* widely available, but most of the time it's a question of paring down every possible expense and ordering in such huge quantity that you can get a real bargain. And that's where the nerve-wracking risks come in.

But anyway, we wanted you to get a picture of the way we manage to offer the kind of premiums we offer. It's a lot of work from beginning to end, and if you ever wonder what we're so busy about we could say "premiums" and be right 99 times out of 100.

Yet with all the work involved, all the letters and phone calls and discussions, there's a lot of gratification in it. Our policy of not making one cent on premiums, of cutting every possible cost, of all of us pitching in to get them mailed out, gives us a chance to offer things that most folks would have to think about wistfully and then pass up if they had to pay what is usually charged.

We've been able to give thousands of women something they wouldn't have had otherwise, and we've answered many thousands of gift problems. The facts we've given you are the explanation as to "how we do it" and we're going to keep right on searching for other wonderful bargains. Every suggestion you have to make will be more than welcome.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

trouble so many of our friends had. So much serious damage has also been done to roofs, gutters and outside walls that probably the men who do this kind of work will be swamped when they can get started.

David is now back in school full time and getting along fine. All of our other grandchildren have managed to stay well and we are fortunate—some types of flu have kept children and grown-ups in bed for weeks. Many of our friends locally had long hospital sieges and are just now beginning to feel really well.

It looks as if we'll miss a real spring this year and just go right into summer. It is hard on the farmers to be so badly held up in getting into their fields, but if we had had a sudden warm spell while our heavy snow was on the ground it would have resulted in serious flooding around Shenandoah. There could still be trouble of this kind for so far 1960 has been extremely abnormal, but right now we feel pretty lucky that the temperature didn't climb into the sixties or seventies while we had such deep, deep snow on the ground. So many, many of our friends in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and other parts of Iowa had terrible damage from floods. We surely sympathize with all of them.

The other day I went through some Christmas cards I'd saved and this one particular message from a friend in Fontanelle, Iowa meant so much to me that I expect to put it in a box where I am keeping things for the children and grandchildren. I don't know that I deserve the kind things she has said, but it somehow sums up the way I feel about all the years that have passed since I first sat down in front of a microphone when my brother, Henry Field, was a pioneer in radio.

"Dear Leanna: Many years have rolled over our heads since first we started listening to Henry's, Helen's and your visits, and somehow it made all of you a part of our pattern. It's surprising how many times a solution to our daily problems comes through memory of a shared experience in our daily pilgrimages. Those who have gone on seem to have left for their children a mantle of respect for the value of continuity which encompasses appreciation for the past, responsibility for the present, and an unwavering hope for the future."

I treasure this message and I am sure that someday my grandchildren will treasure it also.

With warmest wishes to you for a happy May, I am always

Your friend . . .

Leanna

Out of winter's darkness
Into the marvelous light
Of earth's most radiant morning
Come blossoms dearly bright!
And over all the wonder,
Fulfilling every need,
Come children's voices singing,
"The Lord is risen indeed."

—Jane Merchant

MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET— Concluded

cuddles us, teaches us, plays with us, loves us—and spans us too for our very own good!

"Then we grow older and the close walls of home spread out and release us into the world. The day comes when we go far from home, far from the daily watchfulness and companionship, but oh! what peace and joy fills our heart when we walk once again through the door of home and find mother waiting.

"Each of us thinks that ours is the most wonderful mother in the whole wide world because she is the one who shares all our interests, our joys and our problems. She tries in every way to keep up with all of our 'growing pains'—and keeping up with any daughter's 'growing pains' in this day and age can keep any Mama jumping!

"But we salute you, our modern mothers who do keep up and try to understand the world in which we live. We admit it takes quite a mother to keep up and keep young in heart these days . . . and secretly we wonder if we'll ever be able to do half as good a job when our own daughters need us to grow with them!

"We never seem to be able to find just the right words to express how we feel about our mothers, but writers never stop trying. And so we'd like to share with you a tribute that is titled "Mother's Day."

She mended a doll and the washing waited.

The dust lay thick while a fish hook was baited.

When Injuns attacked, her dinner burned up.

She provided a bed for a straying pup.

A two year old helped with the cookie dough.

Her ironing dried out while she romped in the snow.

Her neighbors whispered to one another—

But her children laughed and ADORED their mother.

"I'd like to close with this poem that is titled simply "Mother."

God sought to give the sweetest thing in His Almighty power

To earth; and deeply pondering what it should be, one hour

Of fondest joy and love of heart outweighing every other,

He moved the gates of heaven apart and gave to earth a mother!

TOASTMISTRESS: (Announces at this point a musical number such as "Songs My Mother Taught Me" or something else equally appropriate. At the conclusion of the music she speaks.)

"Blessed is she whose daily tasks are a labor of love for she translates duty into privilege. Blessed is she who mends stockings and toys and broken hearts, for her understanding is a balm to humanity. Blessed is she who serves laughter and smiles at every meal, for she shall be blessed for goodness. Blessed is she who preserves the sanctity of the Christian home, for hers is a sacred trust that crowns her dignity."

"We are now happy to have -----



Alison and Emily Driftmier—and oh! how we wish this could be in color. (These are the dresses with English smocking made by Mabel Schoff, Stewartville, Mo.)

----- give the response for the mothers."

RESPONSE: "I am privileged to speak on behalf of the mothers who are here tonight. We do thank you for your moving tributes to us, but we do feel most unworthy.

"Probably each of us is recalling secretly the countless times our halo has slipped—like that of the Littlest Angel in the Christmas story! It's been said many times that there is never a dull moment with a child in the house, but I'd like to go farther and say that there is never a moment, gay or dull, when a mother is not setting an example in the house!

"Yes, setting an example, establishing a pattern for a way of life—this is a mother's task. A mother simply cannot be like little Nancy who had behaved very well while company was at her house, but when the guests had gone, mother asked Nancy to help put things away. Pretty soon there was a lot of noise and racket near the linen closet.

"Stop that noise, Nancy," her mother said. "What's become of your company manners?"

"I'm putting them away with the guest towels," was the reply.

"Believe me, we mothers cannot put our good intentions away with the guest towels! Mothers must be constantly loving, kind, patient, tolerant and understanding—at least they must be constantly STRIVING to hold fast to these virtues in the midst of all the confusion and distractions and misunderstandings and heartaches that are so much a part of everyday living.

"Fortunate is the mother who learns very early that in our Heavenly Father she will find the strength to meet every crisis. Our human weaknesses betray us. We come so soon upon the overwhelming truth that by ourselves we are helpless, and in our helpless-

ness we can only say: 'Let Thy holy counsel lead me, Let Thy light shine before me, that they may not stumble over thoughtless word or deed of mine.'

"But daughters dear! how rewarding are the joys of motherhood! Only when you have your own child can you understand the happiness that parents share when their baby first smiles or speaks his first word. What thrill is ours as we watch your mind seek to know and understand God's world and your fellowmen.

"What fun it has been to share with you the funny, silly things that happen in every family! How can we ever forget how your brother primped for his first date, the time I wore my skirt to town wrong side out, the day your Dad drove 50 miles to fish—and then discovered we'd forgotten to put his lunch in the car! And will we ever forget the day we both decided to try the new hair-do that looked so wonderful in the magazine, and mine swooped when it should have swirled!

"Yes, daughters, we've built a bridge—a bridge of dreams that only you and I can see. It spans across the miles and years, along the road of memory. We've built a bridge—a bridge of dreams that belongs to us alone, where we linger side by side sharing joys we both have known."

TOASTMISTRESS: (Announces a musical number. Following this it would be a nice shift in mood to have a humorous song or a musical reading. If your committee in charge wishes to have as many people participate as possible, this would be the time to have a series of poems read or a short playful skit. The two predominate toasts to the mothers and to the daughters have been completed, and there is now room for all that you wish to do in the line of a program.) At the conclusion of this portion, the toastmistress speaks:

"Certainly we cannot forget our beloved grandmothers! After all, there would be very few of us here tonight if it weren't for them! Is there ever a place quite as special as grandma's kitchen? Is there ever a refuge quite as comforting as grandma herself when everything's gone wrong at home and mama is cross?

"Those of us who have known and cherished all the special things about grandma and her house will echo the words of ----- as she gives a toast to our grandmothers."

TOAST TO GRANDMOTHERS: "I have read the mother verses telling of her nature good. Why not write sometimes of Grandma and her double motherhood? She, the mother of the mothers and fathers of the race; mother to the mother's babies, surely she must have a place in the hearts of all the people—be she wrinkled, old and gray, or the dear Grandma so youthful seen upon our streets today! So I dedicate my piece to Grandma, bless her dear old-fashioned heart! May she get the love we owe her ere the time for us to part. Grandma's time for praise is shorter than her daughter's, wouldn't you say? So let's give a toast to Grandma! God bless you, dear, today."

(Continued on next page)

At this point it will add a great deal to your program if you follow a musical number with the presentation of corsages. These need not be expensive and elaborate corsages—in fact, if any flowers of any variety are in bloom, a few people who are gifted with making up attractive nosegays or corsages can produce them in comparatively short time.

Background music should be used as the Toastmistress presents these flowers to the oldest grandmother present, the grandmother with the largest number of grandchildren, the grandmother who traveled the greatest distance to attend, and the largest generation group in attendance. Frequently young mothers take their babies in baskets to such an affair, and it would be gay to present a single rosebud to the youngest child present.

Hearty fun is welcome at any affair of this kind and a series of joke "gifts" will produce much laughter. For instance: to the harried young mother of several pre-school youngsters, present a big box gift-wrapped that will contain, when she opens it in front of the interested crowd, a long white envelope. When this is opened she will find a ticket that reads: "First Class, One Way, Destination: the Moon."

To the mother of several boys present a gift-wrapped box that contains a big assortment of hopelessly tattered jeans with a card that reads: "Just in case you run out of patching." To a teen-ager present an empty giant-size box of detergent, elaborately gift-wrapped, with an attached card that reads: "You are granted the rare privilege of washing dishes every night for the next six months."

Every group will be able to think of particularly suitable "gifts" for a number of those who are present. Everyone watches gleefully while boxes are unwrapped and all the merriment that results more than makes up for the work involved in preparing the gifts.

When this "fun portion" of the program is over, a musical number somewhat serious in nature should be given. Then in conclusion the Toastmistress speaks:

TOASTMISTRESS: "God's care and blessing still rest upon godly mothers, mothers who seek diligently to bring up children in love and harmony, in devotion to Him and to His will.

"Oh wonderful day of motherhood! Thy love to all abound. Beside the cross once Mary stood, again let love be crowned. O God, our Father, bless this day, enrich its golden store of wonderful mother love, and may Thy children Thee adore. Amen."

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.

COVER PICTURE

Surely there are many, many people who will be able to place this scene in their mind's eye when I say that it is in Lester Park, Duluth, Minnesota.

Duluth has countless travelers passing through it during the summer months, and probably there are a lot of you folks who have unpacked your picnic lunch in this particular park that is so close to the main highway that runs along Lake Superior.

Russell snapped this picture last October when he was in Duluth, and although he always has his camera with him and takes many pictures, this certain picture was extra-special to him because it represented so much of his childhood. He was born in Duluth and lived there until he was nine years old. Lester Park was only a stone's throw from his family's home in Lakeside, and he spent endless hours in it from early spring until every inch of Duluth was held fast in the savage grip of winter.

It had been many, many years since Russell was in Duluth and he was fully prepared to find that not one single thing still looked the same. After all, most places in our country change so much that if anyone returns to them after a long absence, it's hard to find a single familiar thing. (Someone once said that most Americans were lucky if they ever went up the same staircase a dozen times!)

He was prepared to find that nothing was the same, so you can imagine his astonishment when he found that nothing had changed! The same houses still stood on all those streets

he once knew so well and they all looked the same. He drove by the house where he used to live and saw that all the shrubs and trees his father had planted so long ago were still right there. Even a wooden footbridge he used to run over hadn't been torn down! And Lester Park, the most favorite spot of his childhood and the scene of numberless happy family picnics, looked exactly the way he had always remembered it.

Only one thing was really different: the streetcar was gone. He said that Lakeside used to seem far, far from the downtown section of Duluth and it was a real adventure to board the streetcar with his Grandmother Verness and his parents to make that long journey from their home in Lakeside. He said that the long journey seemed like a short journey in the fall of 1959, and the streetcar was gone; but otherwise Lakeside had been totally untouched by Time.

If you go through Duluth in the summer months ahead, keep an eye out for Lester Park right off the main highway. It will be a fine place for the children to run and explore, and it will be equally fine to give the grown-ups a lovely place to rest and have a picnic lunch. And you might remember, if you cross the charming little bridge, that it looked exactly the same way almost forty years ago!

—Lucile

Our moon fills; our grass greens; our daffodils bloom; our catbird trills. The calving was easy; twin lambs nurse; and 13 new pigs! Help us to see that out of pain comes forth peace; out of storm, calm; out of fierce thunderheads, the blessed rain.

GIVE HER KITCHEN-KLATTER THIS MOTHER'S DAY

Your mother would appreciate getting her own copy of Kitchen-Klatter every month.

Your daughter would be equally grateful to start building up her own file of Kitchen-Klatter.

A long-time reader once said that anyone who wore skirts needed Kitchen-Klatter!

Every year we are touched by the gift subscriptions sent by younger women to the old friends whom their mothers loved. "Mother would do this if she were still with us," we read over and over again. "Now I am taking care of it so her friends will know that I haven't forgotten them."

We are happy to send gift cards to the people who are to receive Kitchen-Klatter as a gift from you. And we're glad to write on them (by hand, of course) the message that you ask us to write.

Kitchen-Klatter is \$1.50 per year and is published once a month.

Address your letters to:

Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa

WORD FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

Donald has packed his bag and started out in the white company car again this morning for the third week in a row. He's trying to get out and make calls on all of his customers before the due date on our baby gets any closer. We're hoping that we can arrange with the stork to have him make his call here when Donald is home some weekend, and then the following week while I'm in the hospital he can take some vacation time and look after the children.

I don't know if I've ever told you or not but Donald covers quite a large territory selling lighting equipment for tractors, and as a result of the nature of this product many of his customers are in Iowa. This week he is making calls in Aurora, Illinois; Cedar Rapids, Waterloo and Charles City, Iowa; Minneapolis, Minnesota and Racine, Wisconsin. Last week he was in Springfield, Illinois and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In addition to the points in Iowa that I mentioned there are several others, but I'll confess that at the moment I can't recall their names. He is able to pick up Kitchen-Klatter on the car radio while he is driving through Iowa and Minnesota, so even though we can't get the broadcast here in Anderson we can keep up with the family activities when Donald is in Iowa.

While I am on the subject of traveling I want to tell you about our trip to Shenandoah. Donald and I both felt that it would be too difficult to try to drive the car over those 600 long miles from Anderson to Shenandoah with two very active children. After investigating train schedules we agreed that it would be best to drive to Chicago, leave the car there in storage and from there go on by the Burlington Zephyr. This really proved to be a very satisfactory way to travel.

We had our arms so full of kids and blankets and portable potty chairs that there wasn't one inch left to carry a packed lunch, and as a result, Daddy treated us all to a meal in the diner and then cokes and sandwiches from the porter later in the evening. Katharine was tickled to be eating on a train and was thrilled with every mile of the train ride. Paul behaved admirably! He was so awed with everything that was going on around him that he was too absorbed to get into mischief.

We had a lovely visit with everyone in Shenandoah. We didn't expect to get to Lucas to visit with Dorothy so when the train stopped in Chariton for ten minutes there stood Dorothy and Kristin waiting to snatch a visit with us! Donald whisked the children out on to the platform and we all talked rapidly. As it worked out they were able to drive to Shenandoah before we had to go back home and we had a nice long chance to visit.

I made a concerted effort to see that the children got a nap every afternoon just like they do at home, but when



Paul and Katharine Driftmier playing in the box that Mary Beth told you about—the "toy" they prefer to everything else. Behind them is a mural wall paper, a fact we want to make clear in case you think there's a window above Paul's head and you're looking outside.

evening came we forgot about conventional bedtimes. We visited with Margery and Howard and Lucile in their homes and because the occasion to visit with these Aunties and Uncles comes so seldom for Katharine we didn't worry about bedtime. Since it was also Paul's first meeting with most of his relatives there was lots of getting acquainted to do.

The visit with Mother and Dad Driftmier was very restful for me. Although we got up early every morning she always had breakfast ready and waiting. It certainly was a big treat to sit down to someone else's cooking!

We had several nice visits with Margery and Oliver and were able to see for ourselves the redecorating that she has been telling you about in her letters.

We had never seen Howard's and Mae's new house and spent a very nice evening visiting with them and admiring the beautiful furniture Howard has made. There were lots of pieces that he had completed since we last visited them and I was absolutely amazed. Donald and I have only two good pieces of furniture and they don't begin to compare in workmanship and beautiful styling with the furniture that Howard has made.

Because Lucile now has the most room to spread out and accommodate all the family, we gathered at her home for a family dinner. Katharine and Paul, Kristin, Martin and Juliana all ate in the kitchen where there would be no harm done if something was spilled on the floor. The rest of the family ate at Lucile's amply large table which was extended to accommodate ten of us. I must tell you that I don't know when I have ever eaten a more delicious dinner. Lucile rightly deserves to be passing along all the wonderful recipes that we read in Kitchen-Klatter magazine because she is a superb cook.

We were fortunate enough to obtain reservations on the Vista-Dome Zephyr for the trip home and this was a special treat for me because I had never

had much opportunity to view the Iowa countryside. We sat in the Vista-Dome section for many hundreds of miles and Katharine and Paul could watch the diesel engine almost as well as if they were sitting in the engine.

I have never seen it fall that a vacation, regardless of how short, always makes home seem so good to come back to! I've had a lot of enthusiasm for digging into my housework, and am trying to find time to get the kitchen cabinets rearranged to make room for the boxes of baby cereal and jars of baby food that will be demanding space before long. However, it is a temptation to let this one job go until the last two weeks of May when Juliana will be here to entertain the children for me. Every time I get settled to rearrange the pan section of the cabinets I have Paul running all over the house with the pans so perhaps if I can wait until Juliana gets here I won't have so much trouble. We are surely looking forward to her arrival for her help will mean so much in that time just before our new baby arrives.

With Donald out of town so much recently I have had many long evenings to fill and I've managed to read several fine books. One book that I just finished and which I want to recommend to those of you with children of any age is published by the Crowell Company, written by Blanche Carrier and the name of it is "Integrity for Tomorrow's Adults." I cannot recommend this book highly enough! It was written for parents who are concerned with present conditions under which we are rearing these precious youngsters of ours. The theme of this book is that a child needs more than biological, sociological and educational benefits in order to become a secure individual and an asset to his generation. Dr. Carrier makes it clear that in the course of spiritual growth nothing replaces the parent, for "the parent makes or breaks the child."

This is such a recently published book that I was not able to get it at our library. I found it at a book store for \$3.00 but it was well worth every cent. It is not only a good guide for bringing up children but it is a splendid chart by which to grade ourselves as parents and citizens.

I must close now and go dig the sewing machine out of the closet and start on my mending again.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

To let friendship die away by negligence and silence is certainly not wise. It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

There's another thing I'd like to make clear while I'm sitting right here in my cluttered cubbyhole and it's this: I know that some of you radio listeners feel real put out because we say from time to time that we just can't send copies of recipes, or write a 30 minute speech, or plan parties of every conceivable description—or do this or do that. It's not that we're *unwilling* (and it's a shame the printers can't set that word in red ink to make it stand out) but it's simply that there aren't enough hands. There are so few of us, you understand, to take care of EVERYTHING.

We can't afford to have more hands. But even if we could, I wouldn't want them. How in the world could we visit with you folks on the radio every day and feel that we were actually right in very close touch with you if we had a big secret staff behind scenes looking after all these requests I've mentioned? We couldn't. It would spoil the whole thing for us.

And how could I get out this magazine every month if I had another secret crew behind scenes putting a polished gloss on everything? I couldn't. This would spoil it for me. I've had my attention called to misspelled words and awkward sentences and mistakes of every kind under the sun. I regret them. I wish they had not happened. But I wouldn't feel the same about Kitchen-Klatter if there were crackerjack experts lurking behind the scenes to catch all these mistakes, so the next time you feel exasperated about something please remember that there is only a tiny handful of people trying to look after everything and that we just do the best we can.

Dorothy said she had a wonderful time down at Columbia, Mo. when she appeared on Esther Griswold's TV show. I had a hankering to make that trip with her (not to be anywhere near TV cameras, you understand) but simply couldn't round up my work to be out of town. One of these days I'm going to fly the coop! I don't know where I'm going, but I'm going *somewhere*! And I can guarantee that the *somewhere*, wherever it may be, isn't going to be reached by a jet plane or any other kind of a plane. I think planes are fine if you're in a hurry or there's an emergency or if you just simply want to be on a plane, but I dearly love to poke along the countryside and see towns and go into small cafes for coffee and talk to people. You certainly can't do that when you're on a plane!

One of these days Mother Verness will be arriving—she said she went back and forth something like the birds. Only a small portion of our house was finished when she last visited us, so there will be a lot for her to get caught up on when she arrives. For several years now she has kept pretty close to a pattern of spending the winter months with her only daughter in California and the summer months with her son Richard and his family in Minneapolis. For sheer contrast you couldn't do much better

than Minneapolis and California!

At least once each day I hear someone say that since this winter was such a mean one we'd better all hope that we're not headed for a summer such as we had in 1936. Oh dear! I remember that summer vividly and if there's anything we don't need it's a repetition of it.

I don't know what kind of a day it's going to be when you take this magazine out of your mailbox, but I HOPE it's bright and golden and beautiful . . . and that all is well in your world.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile



The four people, dimly seen, are Russell, Juliana and Lucile Verness, and Kristin Johnson. We were traveling an ENORMOUS super-highway near Boston, and suddenly saw this barren spot where we could actually turn off and have a picnic lunch AND hang up the damp towels. A bumper-to-bumper mass of cars and trucks passed only a few feet from us—it was the least private picnic anyone has ever had.



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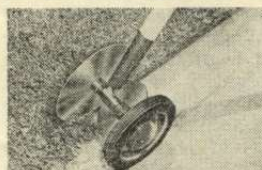
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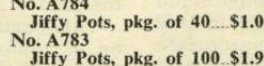
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OUR COLORADO DRIFTMINNERS ARE THINKING ABOUT DOING SOME CAMPING THIS SUMMER

Dear Friends,

As I write this letter, I am sitting at the kitchen table and enjoying the mountain view in my kitchen—not from the kitchen.

Wayne received as a gift a beautiful enlarged photograph of Echo Lake with Mt. Evans in the background, and there simply didn't seem to be a very good spot in any of the other rooms to hang it. My desire to live in a house with a genuine mountain view becomes more overwhelming with each passing week, but since this day is a long way off, it seemed only sensible to hang this picture where it could be enjoyed most frequently.

Wayne has two photographic scenes of Colorado hanging in his office so he was more than willing to have the picture of Echo Lake and Mt. Evans hung where I do most of my work. On the other longer kitchen wall hang two reproductions of paintings by Doris Lee, "Apple Pickers" and "Corn Pickers." A glance at these recalls memories of familiar scenes of our Midwestern years.

We have many pictures hung throughout our house. In fact, probably it gives the appearance of a gallery to many who enter. Our living room pictures are all quite powerful, somber and modern in feeling. (I have seen more than one surprised appraisal of our selection!) The explanation is that I like pictures that say something and say it in a dramatic, positive manner. There is only one landscape in our house, a Van Gogh that sings out the brilliant color of ripening wheat in a broad valley rimmed by low hills. Even though it was painted of the countryside in France, it is the same scene I remember from my childhood in the broad Missouri River valley around Onawa, Iowa.

During the recent bitterly long winter we often found ourselves reminiscing about our past summer's experiences. The trip that made the most lasting and romantic impression was the one we made to pan gold. It was inevitable, I suppose, that our family should be bitten by the gold-panning bug. Anyone who is so fascinated with ghost towns and mining camps could hardly escape the disease. And in 1959 was there any way more appropriate to commemorate the centennial of gold discovery in Colorado?

The impetus for this gold panning expedition came following one of our church services. Last August our church had a beautiful outdoor communion service in a little clearing just above the West Chicago Creek campground. (This is located on the road from Idaho Springs to Mt. Evans.) Before our Vicar entered the ministry he worked in the famous Camp Bird mine near his hometown of Ouray, and thus he was well equipped to give us a demonstration of panning gold after we had finished our picnic lunch.

Gold is heavier than all the other



No doubt many of you have studied this old hand-built car in the Museum of the Lee County Historical Society, Keokuk, Ia. Martin Strom obligingly clambered into the seat so his dad could snap this picture.

substances that surround it. The basic principle is to wash out all foreign material until only the gold clings to the bottom of the pan. It is really a very simple process and that is why thousands of people converged on Colorado 100 years ago. The one difficulty, and it is an enormous difficulty, is that it takes quantities of sand to yield an ounce of gold. This is why almost all of the fortune-seekers of the past century ended with slogans such as "Pikes Peak and Busted" for their mottoes.

When Vicar Magee found he had aroused our curiosity, he offered to loan us one of his gold pans for an outing. He has a fine collection of minerals and Wayne looked them over carefully. Gold is difficult for a rank amateur to identify when he first looks at it. What glitters like gold to a greenhorn is actually iron pyrite or "fools' gold." Gold sometimes occurs in conjunction with pyrite but it does not glitter in its natural state. The Vicar told us that some of the best panning ground was to be found around an old stamp mill, preferably one quite inaccessible so that it had not been worked over by other present-day amateur panners. Fortunately, we have a friend who told us that we were welcome to just such a place on his family's ranch.

This particular mill was located high on a mountainside between Central City and Nederland. In contrast to most of the old stamp mills quite a bit of the machinery remained and this is probably due to the fact that its inaccessibility made it too difficult to haul this machinery down for scrap iron during the Second World War. How we managed to get our car up and down that "road" without puncturing the oil pan remains a mystery. Our friend later told us that he doesn't even attempt to get up there in his jeep—he goes by horseback!

We found plenty of black sand under the old sluice boxes, but we couldn't find the source of water originally used by the mill, and since we had

only our drinking water we couldn't wash much sand that day. We kept hoping to get back there last summer but other trips came along instead. But if our winter plans materialize, some warm summer day will find us trying our luck again at panning a few grains of gold.

A number of months ago I told you about our trip back up behind Georgetown to the ghost town of Waldorf. Perhaps you will recall I mentioned that this road forked and that we took the right hand road to find Waldorf. Juliana was visiting us the day of the church service in the mountains, so when we finished there at noon we decided that the perfectly gorgeous weather would give us a fine opportunity to take the other fork of this particular road and travel over Guanella Pass to Grant.

Although this road is shown on most highway maps it has no number. Two of our church members had been over it and they reported that without a jeep it would be best to drive from Georgetown to Grant, rather than the reverse. The grade on the southern side is quite steep near the summit and cars must go slowly to avoid the high centers and rocks.

There are many lakes and streams off this road and we came across great numbers of fishermen and campers. At the summit of the pass a sign indicated the trail to Squaretop Lakes a mile and a half away. All of us were in the mood for a hike so we parked the car and headed out across the tundra towards a small glacier.

Unfortunately, Wayne and Clark both had on leather-soled shoes which make for very slippery walking on such terrain. Clark soon tired and the rest of us were more than a little wearied by the exertion at this altitude. So we stopped, rested and turned back about a quarter of a mile short of our goal. A party of fishermen came along smiling with success and reported that it was mighty pretty up there, but we were too tired to go on.

We noticed a considerable amount of lumbering activity as we came down the south side of Guanella Pass. Also, as the road nears Grant it improves greatly and there are several camp sites. As we turned out on to highway 285 it did seem terribly broad and smooth and we were grateful for the easy drive back to Denver.

While Juliana visited us last summer we made it a point to drive up to Boulder so she could see the campus of the University of Colorado. She loves the West and this beautiful campus certainly appealed to her—as it does to most people. Our only trip to date to the summit of Pike's Peak was also included during her stay in our home. However, this was not particularly successful; rain, fog and snow completely obscured the view throughout the top half of our drive. We drove our own car up the toll highway although it is possible to travel by either sightseeing bus up this same road or else take the cog railroad up the front side of Pike's Peak.

Our family has many minor plans

(Continued on next page)

for the coming summer—particular places we hope to see again and fresh roads and trails to try out for the first time. However, the children and I have one main goal to accomplish before the summer is over: we want to try out camping. We have spent the past two years chipping away at Wayne's strong resistance to this idea. Since he is the only one in our family who has ever done any camping, he has been able to be pretty firm in his description of the discomforts associated with the same. However, the one weak point in his stand is that all of his camping was done many years ago as a Boy Scout. The neighbors and I have been ganging up to give him strong sales talks on the tremendous improvements made in camping equipment in recent years, and we think he has just about reached the point where he will be willing to try two or three days of camping—if only to prove to me through experience that I really wouldn't like it at all!

It is possible to rent some types of camping equipment quite reasonably here in Denver. This seems to me the sensible thing to do until we learn whether or not we will want to repeat the experience. Of course one camping trip will hardly be a fair test, for undoubtedly we will commit every mistake any one ever thought of who went camping for the first time. And I predict right now that it will rain the entire time without let-up.

The children are just now arriving home from school. I have promised them that this would be the day when they could buy new summer-weight play shoes, so I had better get myself organized for the shopping expedition.

Sincerely yours,
Abigail

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

party games for you, but the month before I mentioned in my letter that we were expecting Laura for a visit. Well, she was held up leaving Chicago because of a siege of flu—and then ran smack into it out here. I must say that it was comforting to have a nurse on deck—certainly something not available to everyone! The two of us bought tablecloths to cross-stitch so we enjoyed our handwork as we visited together.

I started a set of dish towels with the odds and ends of thread that were left-over from the tablecloth, but now I have put them aside because I want to smock a new dress for Katharine. When she was here she wore one of the dresses I had smocked for her and I was amazed to see that she had almost outgrown it. That dress (plus others I made at the same time) looked so big to me when I worked on it that I actually had visions of Mary Beth saving them for Katharine to wear when she started to school! I guess I had just forgotten how fast little girls can grow. Now I have material on hand and am anxious to get started on some new ones.

My sewing machine was out of adjustment for several months but is in good working order now. The week after the repair man was here I made some cafe curtains out of a white muslin sheet to match my muslin bed-

skirt. They are trimmed with small white ball fringe. I found a sheet very quick and easy to use as well as economical. I have seen some bedrooms decorated with the colored, striped and printed sheets that were most attractive. One of my friends has lovely living room draw drapes of pink sheets that she said took only a few hours to make by using the new pleater tape. This may give some of you ideas for redecorating one of these days.

The painting jobs I had lined up have received some attention. Martin's chest of drawers was the first to be tackled. It is always a temptation for me to rush through something like this because the preliminary work is not *my* idea of fun. However, I removed the hardware, sanded carefully, and applied a base coat before the final coat of blue. The results were rewarding for it looks downright nice! Oliver was surprised that I could turn out such a neat piece of work.

The kitchen table and chairs look shiny and clean after their fresh coat of paint and as soon as the weather is settled I plan to paint the back porch. We have linoleum on the porch floor and it looks as if it survived the winter in spite of the leaks when the late winter snows thawed.

Since most of our friends have acquired station wagons and have found them a great aid in cutting the expense of vacations, we Stroms have joined the Station Wagon Brigade! We found an exceptional buy on a slightly used one that we couldn't resist, and now we hope to buy an air mattress and do some "Wagon Camping" this summer. Part of our vacation will be taken up with a convention Oliver hopes to attend in Colorado, but we will have some time afterwards to do a little roaming in that vicinity before returning home.

This letter has had frequent interruptions as I am turning out an enormous washing today. I've been up and down as loads finished their cycles and now I must don my overshoes and PLOW out to the clotheslines.

Sincerely,

Margery

MY DREAMS

I do not crave that every wish I make,
That every dream I dream may be fulfilled.
Enough that I shall have the power to dream,
That in my dreams my heartaches may be stilled.

So often does success evade my path;
My earthly plans so often fail, it seems,
No matter if in dreams I claim success,
God make me not afraid to dream my dreams!

The struggle for existence may be dull, but the struggle for the existence of others is one of the happiest of all hobbies.

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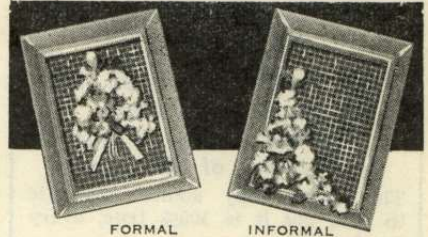
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FORMULAS FOR PLAY

By

Deleta Landphair

"Mom, what can I do now?"

How many times have you heard that on rainy days, or chicken-pox days, or any of those other days which force you to share long house-bound hours with discontented youngsters? The fact that they are sick and tired of their usual toys and activities isn't their fault or even yours, but that doesn't help to brighten a gloomy atmosphere. At these times almost any mother would give her right arm to supply something a little new, different and *quiet* for entertainment! Here are a few such ideas and recipes that, for the most part, call for ingredients found in most homes.

All youngsters love clay and these directions call only for ingredients that won't harm a curious child who decides to take a nibble. Make this clay in several different colors by adding drops of food coloring to separate portions of the dough. Stir together 1 cup flour, 1/2 cup salt, 3 teaspoons alum with enough water to make the clay pliable without becoming sticky. Store the clay in small capped jars. If it becomes dry or crumbly, knead in a few drops of water to make it pliable again.

Fingerpaint, inexpensive enough for even a three year old to smear into artistic masterpieces, can be made by adding vegetable food coloring to separate small jars of thick liquid starch. (This starch can be the type sold as a liquid or the kind which must be cooked at home.) The back of remnant wallpaper rolls makes an almost unending supply of paper for your ambitious fingerpainter.

A good library paste that comes in handy for grown-ups as well as the youngsters is this one made of 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 Tbls. alum and 4 cups water. Place these ingredients over a burner and stir constantly until clear and thick. Add 30 drops of oil of cloves. (All drugstores stock it.) Pour into jars and keep covered. This is one paste that smells good too.

The tail end of a shut-in afternoon can be the most wearing period of all, so no matter what you may have had in mind to cook for supper, change your menu to include potatoes. There is a good reason for this. A nice big potato and a box of kitchen matches, plus tiny scraps of material and common pins, can keep school age children busily occupied for a full hour. The matches become legs, the scraps put on the potato with pins become the face, a hat, and even clothing—there are endless possibilities and children are quick to seize upon them. When it's time to start supper, those interesting potatoes can be peeled and put into the kettle, so there's no waste at all.

There is just as much authority in the family today as there ever was—but now the children exercise it!

Find The Birds

Spring is here and so are the birds! In each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a well-known bird. See if you can find them. The first one to uncover all ten birds should certainly win a prize.

1. This is not the particular kind that I bought.
2. Do you see a gleam in her eye?
3. Don, the baseball star, lingered after the game.
4. The pigs wallowed in the mud behind the barn.
5. Yesterday's thaw killed our chances for sledding.
6. Now, let me see what I can do.
7. Not more than an hour ago I saw her on the street.
8. This transmitter sends out microwaves.
9. Do you think that Fred started all this?
10. I feel an aching throb in my arm.

Answers

1. lark
2. eagle
3. starling
4. swallow
5. hawk
6. owl
7. heron
8. crow
9. red-start
10. robin.

Plate Toss

No, don't use the china, use paper plates! Place a bushel basket 10 feet away from the contestant. Each person is given 10 paper plates and has 10 attempts to see how many he can land safely in the basket.

Ten-Scent Game

Cover ten pop bottles with a different color crepe paper. Each bottle contains something of a distinct odor. Each player writes on his paper what he thinks each bottle contains. Some suggestions are: 1. Red—bleach 2. Green—sour milk 3. Purple—perfume 4. Orange—ammonia 5. Blue—vanilla 6. Black—rubbing alcohol 7. White—hair tonic 8. Lavender—vinegar 9. Yellow—shampoo 10. Brown—smelling salts.

Map Quiz

On a large map of the United States, cover the name of each state with a piece of paper containing a number. See if everyone can identify all of the states. You may surprise yourself!

My Zoo

"I have a zoo. What shall I put into it?" The players in turn must answer with an animal, bird or reptile beginning with the letters of the alphabet in sequence. For instance, the first player answers "antelope," the second, "buffalo," etc. If someone can't supply an answer he drops out of the game. This game could also be played with names of flowers and titled "My Flower Garden." The question asked would then be, "I have a flower garden. What shall I plant in it?"

Progress is always the product of fresh thinking, and much of it thinking which to practical men bears the semblance of dreaming.

It's a great pity that things weren't so arranged that an empty head, like an empty stomach, would not let its owner rest until he put something in it.

NEW



Announcing ALL NEW

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Kitchen committees, social groups, attention! Direct - from - factory prices—discounts to 40%—terms. Churches, Schools, Clubs, Lodges and all organizations. Our new **MONROE 1960 FOLD-KING FOLDING BANQUET TABLES** are unmatched for quality, durability, convenience and handsome appearance. New completely automatic lock on pedestals and legs.

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It costs nothing to get all the details. Simply write your name and address and "FREE" on a postcard and mail it to:

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You will receive by return mail free handy mailer envelopes to use in sending in your film and all details. Write today—join the thousands getting Free Film!

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

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ALGEBRA PROBLEMS—15 different solutions 20¢. Write Creech, 463 Campfield Ave., Hartford 14, Conn.

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ELASTIC STOCKING WEARERS for good news write Goff's, 1349 Morrison, Madison, Wisconsin.

BEAUTIFUL life-like artificial corsages. Looks and smells like nature's own. Orchids, Gardenias and Roses. Only \$2.00 post paid. Order today. Salyer's Gift's, 118 East Brown Avenue, Carey, Ohio.

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MAKE YOUR WILL! Two Will forms \$1.00. National, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, California.

CUTE rubber stuffed puppies, assorted colors, 7 inches tall, \$2.00 each. Mrs. Ray Delaney, 1751 Front Street, Blair, Nebraska.

WASHCLOTH SLIPPERS—crocheted edge, ribbon bow, \$1.10 pair. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Missouri.

TATTING for handkerchiefs, 60¢. Hair pin or tatted edging for 42" pillow cases \$1.25 pair. Mrs. William Allen, Corydon, Iowa.

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A RAINBOW OF LITTLE FLOWER CANDLES, pastel colors, to float in your loveliest arrangements for luncheons and dinners. Order 1 doz. for the bridal shower you give and another doz. as a gift to the bride. Handmade. Sparkling tops. Assorted rainbow colors or 1 doz. of any color. No orders accepted for less than 1 doz. \$1.00 per doz., pp. Order from: Mrs. Doris Engdahl, 5016 North 48th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

GOLD EDGE crocheted plastic ruffled doilies; foam 3-rose centerpiece; foam stuffed bed dolls. Mrs. Clifford Blazek, Rural Route 3, Creston, Iowa.

LYMOFF SAFELY REMOVES LIME FROM teakettles, double broilers, steam irons, etc. without scouring (not a soap), \$1.00 postpaid. LYMOFF COMPANY, 1674 Juliet Street, St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

DOILY SET—Trellis Design large 11", two 5½", \$2.00. Mrs. Lawrence Wrage, Gladbrook, Iowa.

APRONS—\$1.00. Elnora Straub, Paullina, Iowa.

HANDWOVEN RUGS—I'll prepare your materials \$2.00 yd. You prepare \$1.25. SALE—rugs 27x54, \$2.50; 36", \$1.50. Guaranteed. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

FOX TERRIER AND MANCHESTER PUPS—pure bred, medium and small type, beauties. Mary Knowles, Adel, Iowa. Phone.

ELEGANT—inch-edged linen hankies 90¢ each; 2—\$1.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

PRETTY APRONS—80 square percale. Half aprons, \$1.00; Bib, embroidered trim, \$1.25; Cobbler, \$1.50. Mrs. Nanny Danielson, 417 Grattan, Topeka, Kansas.

LOVELY crocheted baskets, \$2.50. 42" pillow slips embroidered, white and colored, \$3.50. 22"—7 Rose T V Doily, \$3.00. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.00. Beautiful chair sets, \$5.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

BIRTHDAY CARDS—21—\$1.00; Lady's surprise package—\$1.25; plump lady's aprons—\$1.35 up to waist 28, Bear, 2118 Burt Street, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

CROCHETED, Hairpin pillow slip edgings 42"—\$1.00 pair. All my last year ads are still good—any colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

COLORFUL CROSS STITCH GINGHAM APRONS, \$3.00. Pretty smocked gingham aprons, \$1.75. Variety cotton aprons, \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

BEGONIAS or mixed houseplant slips, some rare, rooted, labeled, 10 for \$2.00 plus 35¢ postage. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS—45 RPM—4 for 1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

ROSE CORSAGES for all occasions. Beautifully handmade from ribbon. State colors—\$1.50. Mrs. George Nunn, 2050 Hoffman Rd., Salem, Oregon.

If all of us had more patience, the doctors would have fewer patients.

LET'S FACE IT!

We sure had a long hard winter in most parts of our Midwest. What with battering snowstorms, one after another, we had a good chance to find out what the old-timers meant when they talked about cabin fever.

When you're down with cabin fever it's a lot easier to find time for letters, to order things you've heard about on Kitchen-Klatter and to look in the stores for products we recommend.

BUT . . . just let Spring come jumping at us and then how different things will be!

We hope you won't let us down when all that work rares up in your path. Radio time never goes up and down in price — stays just the same in summer and winter. If we didn't have your loyal support the year around, we'd never be able to visit with you during the winter.

It meant a lot to us to be in touch with you during our long, hard winter — eased our own case of cabin fever. If we helped just a little bit to ease your cabin fever, then please don't forget us when Spring rolls around.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

Here are the stations where you can tune in our Kitchen-Klatter program:

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

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

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

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

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

MOTHER'S BREAD

There's the fragrance of the lily and the perfume of the rose, And the whiff of honeysuckle makes you want to sniff your nose, But there's not the smell of one of them, when everything is said, Can compare with Mother's kitchen after she's been baking bread. Now when I'm coming home from school and the sun is shining hot, And I come in glum and weary, discontented with my lot— Then like drooping flowers are refreshed from showers overhead, Is my weary spirit freshened by the smell of Mother's bread. And my lagging footsteps quicken as I hear the supper call, Smiling then I say to Mother: "It's a good world after all!" And I know the only reason that to this conclusion led Was the smell of Mother's kitchen after she'd been baking bread!



See Column at right for details.

WE THINK THIS GETS IT SAID!

March 15, 1960
8225 Castelar Street,
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Friends:

I think your Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings are the best ever and I'm so glad someone has taken the interest and time and gone to the expense of putting our everyday flavors into such a superior quality flavoring and bottled it so real and fresh-tasting that it's a pleasure to use them.

I have all of them and like them very much.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Vernon Hinders

Frankly, we'll just say that we can't think of anyway to improve upon Mrs. Hinders' honest comments, so . . .

BUY KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS AT YOUR GROCERS

Banana	Coconut
Strawberry	Maple
Cherry	Burnt Sugar
Orange	Black Walnut
Lemon	Mint
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Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)	

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

ANOTHER MARVELOUS PREMIUM!

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

Here are the facts:

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

The **Spatula** is a real jewel—has a 5½-inch blade with one edge serrated to cut through **anything** without crumbling it. The handle, 3 and ¾ inches long, matches the handle of the paring knife—they both look like walnut.

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

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

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

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

Here is the statement of the guarantee:

This Cattaraugus "New Self-Sharpening" knife is guaranteed to be perfect in materials and workmanship. It is guaranteed to stay sharp without sharpening for a period of two years. Should this knife be found imperfect or become dull when used for the purpose for which it was intended within a period of two years from date of purchase, it may be returned for repair or replacement without charge except for postage and handling costs.