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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

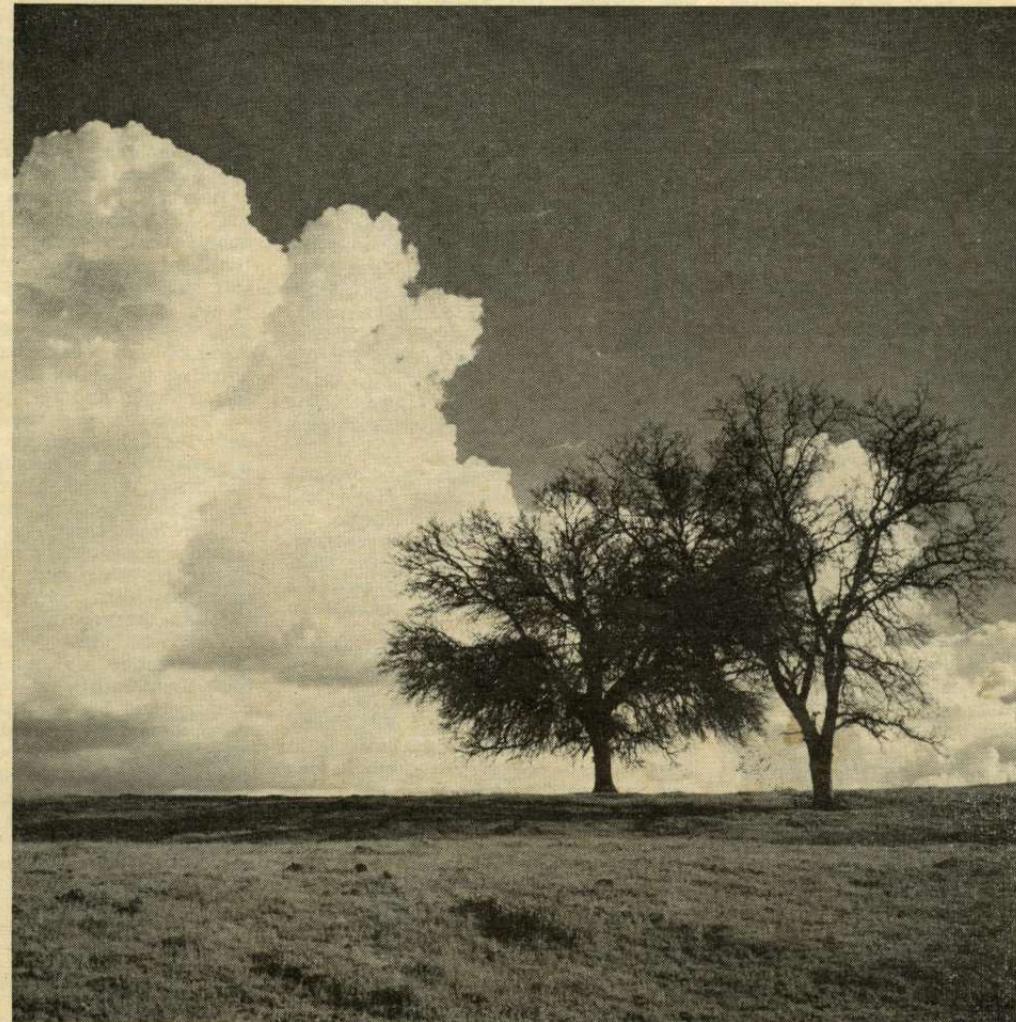
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 26

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NUMBER 3



— H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

"The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping fields and highways
With a silence deep and white."

I've always appreciated James Russell Lowell's beautiful description of the outdoors after a snowfall. You've heard me quote it many times. In the Midwest we wouldn't want a winter without snow, but this winter we folks in Southern Iowa and in many other parts of the country have had more than enough to make us appreciate its beauty!

Our son Donald and his family are experiencing their first full winter in Wisconsin and they wrote after the first snow fell that they didn't expect to see the ground until spring. Their prediction could have stood in Iowa this year.

As many of you know, Mart and I were planning to leave for California early in December but his having to spend several weeks in the hospital with a heart condition changed our plans. We hoped to leave after his recovery but with continuous snowstorms and icy highways, we decided that it really wasn't safe to start out at all. Even though we've been completely shut in for weeks at a time, we've been comfortable right here at home. Martin, Margery and Oliver's son, passes our house going to and from high school and drops in several times a day to see if we need his assistance with anything and our children have been just as thoughtful.

I'm sorry I couldn't be on the radio more often this winter but for weeks at a time I wasn't able to leave the house. Our garage had drifts four feet deep heaped around it. We had a tractor equipped with a big shovel remove the snow once but it soon filled in again. When one is house-bound letters from friends are a great comfort and I've enjoyed hearing from you this winter.

One thing that we have particularly enjoyed is watching the birds around our new bird feeder. This was a Christmas gift and we placed it where it would be plainly visible from our library windows for that is where we spend a good part of our days. We have a large Audubon bird book and it is interesting to try to identify the different species.

We also enjoy watching the squir-

rels which are so plentiful in our neighborhood. They may still have some of their winter's stores but they seem appreciative of surprise "handouts", too.

I'm glad that my sister, Jessie Shambaugh, is with her daughter Ruth and her family in San Mateo, California, out of the ice and snow. She writes: "The weather is like October in Iowa—70 to 75 degrees much of the time. Being so near the Pacific Ocean must add ozone to the air for it smells so fresh and pure. The air is so clear that I'm able to see the bay and the lovely blue hills beyond.

Bob and Ruth have planted a new pyracanthus hedge on one edge of the living room patio. This patio is quite private. The living room wall is mostly glass from floor to ceiling and the children's playground equipment is on that side of the house. This way Ruth can keep an eye on the children without having to go outdoors if her housework keeps her inside. Having so many big windows seems to bring the beautiful outdoors inside. The grass is green and edged with daisies. It is lovely!"

Jessie spent a week-end with our brother Henry's daughter Hope and her family in Oakland, California, recently. Hope and Leo have three sons. Two of them are teachers in the Oakland schools. The other son and his wife teach in a mission school in Africa.

We had short surprise visits from two of our sons this winter. Donald's work brings him to Eastern Iowa occasionally and on a recent stop there, he found that there would be time to drive over to see us. Although it was just an overnight trip, we were grateful for the chance to visit.

Wayne stopped enroute to attend nursery conventions in Kansas City and Des Moines and a meeting in Chicago. He was afraid that lack of time would prevent him from going on to Milwaukee to see Donald and Mary Beth, whom he hadn't seen for several years. However, his plane was grounded by poor weather conditions just long enough to give him time for a brief visit with them. It is too bad that families are so frequently separated by distance and lead such busy lives that it is difficult to see one another except upon rare occasions. Families with small children find it

hard to travel. When Donald was here he said that it will be *wonderful* when the children are old enough to enjoy trips.

My afghan blocks will soon be ready to set together. There are only 22 left to make and that doesn't seem like many when I look at the ones I've already finished. It was laid aside for a while when I ran out of one of the colors so while waiting for the re-order, I started an applique quilt. It is going to be lovely and I'll confess that it was hard to lay it down once I started on it. However, the afghan will soon be finished and then I can put the crochet hook away and pick up the embroidery needle again.

This is a pattern that I worked out myself using tulips in the design. Dorothy is going to have copies of this pattern to sell, so perhaps some of you will like to order one and we can make our quilt tops together.

You should see what Martin and I are doing on Saturday afternoons. When I told him how much I enjoyed painting china around forty years ago, he suggested that I might like to paint some pictures by number. For Christmas he surprised me with a kit which contained several landscapes and the necessary brushes and paints. Every Saturday afternoon he joins me for a painting session. It's lots of fun, although I find that my hand is not as steady as it was some forty years ago!

My husband is on a weight-reduction diet since his illness and there are a number of foods on his "forbidden list". With my love for baking pies and cookies, cakes and home-made breads, it's hard to control myself when I go into the kitchen to get a meal. We're eating more stewed fruits in place of rich desserts and vegetable stews instead of rich roasts, but it is very rewarding to see him lose the unnecessary pounds and feel so much better.

I know that you, too, find it hard to wait for balmy spring days. There is a protected corner in our yard where the wind doesn't blow and the sun shines brightly. You may be sure that I'll be out there as soon as the weather permits. My earliest bulbs are planted in this spot and it won't be too long until they'll come peeping through the ground.

You will miss your usual letter from Lucile this month. Their trip took them into some very interesting country and I know that you are just as anxious for a complete account of it as we are. Had it been possible to write it up for this issue, she would have done so, but there were printing deadlines to meet and it couldn't be managed. You'll hear all about their vacation in the next issue.

Sincerely,

THIS I KNOW

There is a viewless, cloistered room
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the
throne

My soul can enter in and pray.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE DENVER DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

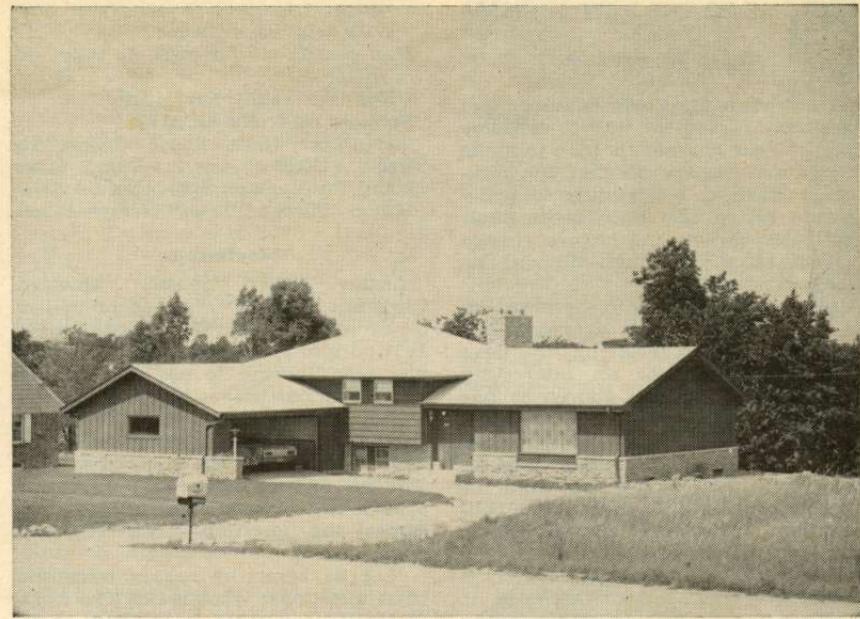
Since I didn't write a letter for the February issue, there are a number of subjects to bring up to date. As a matter of fact, it is necessary to go back as far as Christmas!

As usual, Denver was presented with lovely balmy weather—such a pleasant day, in fact, that the neighborhood children put their new outdoor play equipment into use. Our good friends next door were with us as we sat down for Christmas dinner. They were spending their first Christmas without either of their children at home, so we were happy to provide them with companionship to assuage their loneliness. Well, after dinner Clark disappeared down the block to join friends in testing a new trampoline that Santa had left. He walked in an hour or so later mentioning that he had quit because he had hurt his wrist. We didn't pay much attention for he didn't appear to be in any great pain. He had a very restless night, however, and the next day I noticed that he wasn't using his wrist very much. I checked again and saw that it was slightly swollen, so decided it might be sprained. I took him to our doctor to see if it should be bound and he took one glance and said that the bone was broken. X-rays confirmed his diagnosis. Two minutes later the broken bone was set and the cast was being applied. The cast extended from above the elbow down past the first joints of the fingers so it meant a six-weeks' respite from piano-practicing. I certainly learned that an injury doesn't have to look serious to be serious. And I also learned just how much dirt an eight-year-old boy can accumulate on a cast in six-weeks' time—even in the winter!

And winter it certainly has been since early January. Wayne left early in that month for a trip to the Midwest. A few days after his departure the children and I found our work cut out for us in contending with many inches of snow in bitterly cold weather.

On his trip Wayne spent a couple of days with his family in Shenandoah. He was extremely pleased to find Dad looking so well after his illness. From there he went on to speak at nursery conventions in Kansas City and Des Moines. By the time he reached Chicago for another meeting he was getting mighty anxious to return home and the children and I were equally eager to have him back with us again. A heavy snowstorm grounded all planes in Chicago so, unable to fly back to Denver, he boarded a train for Milwaukee to spend the night with Donald and Mary Beth. It had been several years since he had seen them and this unexpected visit provided him with his first opportunity to meet Paul and Adrienne. By noon the following day, weather cleared so that he could return to Denver.

As I've mentioned before, winter is a favorite time to sew and several



Many of you have asked for a picture of Donald and Mary Beth's new home. In the January issue you saw only a part of it so we asked Donald to send this one which was taken last fall. Abigail tells in her letter of Wayne's unexpected visit with his brother.

items have been completed since I wrote my January letter. Shortly before Christmas I decided I should venture into sewing material other than cotton. Bravely (perhaps foolishly) I purchased an expensive pure silk—one of those beautiful muted watercolor prints. I need a dress suitable for the rather formal afternoon tea and reception which will be my major responsibility at the forthcoming nursery convention being held in Denver next summer.

After spending a considerable sum for the material, pattern and trimmings, I began losing my nerve about cutting into it. Then, I remembered that one of the department stores was having a special sale of holiday fabrics. I figured that it might be wise to try out a variation of the pattern with less expensive material. Most of the bolts of yardgoods didn't hold much appeal for me but finally a beautiful emerald green caught my eye. I've always had a yen for a "Christmas dress" and this was a chance to make one for dollars less than the price of an inexpensive ready-made one. The green dress was finished without difficulty and was fun to wear to the holiday social events.

Next on the list was a party dress for Emily. The material was a bright apricot taffeta with a delicate woven-in design of flowers in lighter and darker shades of the same color. As Christmas gifts, Emily received two pieces of cotton. One was a butterfly print in the new "citrus" shades of warm pink, lemon yellow and avocado green from which I made a dress. The other was a bright plaid in orange, green and blue which I made into a jumper. Fortunately, there was enough of the plaid left to make a pleated skirt for Alison.

In the meantime the lovely silk waits patiently. As soon as this letter is on its way to the printer, I intend to tackle it. One of my expert sewing

friends doesn't like to use a pattern a second time. I do and often re-use dress patterns for I'm a mighty slow seamstress the first time through a pattern. I try to be extremely careful and accurate throughout each step of laying out and cutting the material, marking, pinning, basting, stitching and pressing each individual dart and seam. The second time through, I can move along much more rapidly, for I know what I'm about.

In January Wayne became a licensed lay reader for the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Colorado. He needed a cassock for serving in this capacity and since our little church didn't own one that fit even vaguely, he asked me if I thought I could make him one. For comfort and long wear the material should be a very light weight, hard-finish wool. I couldn't find suitable material to begin with and, although I appreciated his confidence in my ability, I decided such tailoring was beyond my capacity. Wayne ended by buying one.

There are many small Episcopal churches, in the mountain areas particularly, without full-time ministers, and it is in these situations which Wayne will try to be of service. A lay reader assists the minister although on occasion he may lead an entire service.

Since not many are familiar with this particular program of activity, perhaps I could give you a few additional details later. Right now I'd better hustle to the kitchen and think about dinner. Appetites have zoomed with the cold and snow.

Sincerely,
Abigail

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow strong or we grow weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.

WELCOME TO THE NEW MINISTER

by

Mabel Nair Brown

A reception for a new minister and his family is a lovely way to welcome them to your church. Do plan to make it informal enough so that the newcomers have an opportunity to really become better acquainted with their new congregation and have a chance to visit for a few moments with as many as possible.

Introduce the guests to the members as they arrive. After everyone has gone through the receiving line have a short program or an interesting game or two. In our church it has become customary to hold an old-fashioned *pound shower* in conjunction with the minister's reception. It is always more fun if you can think of some unusual way to present the contributions to such a shower rather than just piling them on a table.

This year, as the members arrived at our reception, someone met them at the door and slipped their *pound* gifts into another room. The committee had borrowed grocery carts from a local supermarket. These were gaily decorated with crepe paper and then wheeled in at the time of presentation. It made quite an impressive *parade* and the master of ceremonies was ready with a few jokes for the presentation. Following the giving of these gifts the minister was given an opportunity to say a few words.

DEVOTIONS FOR A RECEPTION FOR A NEW MINISTER

Setting

Place a large lighted candle on a small table and arrange six candleholders in a semicircle in front of it. Cut large letters to spell "C-H-R-I-S-T" from heavy cardboard and cover with gold paper. Place each letter on a needle point flower holder. A bit of greenery will hide the holders. Each of the six persons representing the different phases of the work of the church carry a candle which is lighted from the large candle and placed in a holder at the designated time in the worship service. Each of these people remains in his place in the room until his turn to come forward; after his part he returns to his seat. Have a soloist sing the verses of the different hymns. The soloist sits near the piano and rises to face the audience for each hymn.

Call to Worship

(Music of the hymn played softly—"Holy Holy Holy")

Leader:

"Ahead of us lies a new church year

It is ours to spend

In wisdom or in foolishness

Until its very end.

We can use it, if we wish,

To approach a worthy goal

And by the way we serve our God

Find a blessing for each soul.

Or, we can choose to let it pass,

Another year along the way,

With nothing much accomplished

By what we do or say.

Yes, we can drift along—

Sort of lean against the fence—

Or, we can make a better world,

better friends
With true benevolence.

This year is all our own—to take—or
give.

But it is really ours just
Because God lets us live!

Scripture: (Soft music, "Close to Thee") : Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 and verse 11 and Philippians 3:13-14 and 4:8.

Solo: "Close to Thee," Verses 1 and
2.

Meditation

Leader: (Soft music, "Onward Christian Soldiers") "Ahead of us lies a new church year. What a challenge! It is ours to spend. I wonder, how will you and I choose to use this coming year? Will our prayer be *Close to Thee* and our theme song *Onward Christian Soldiers*? I'm sure that each one of us has in his heart the hope that this will be one of the best years our church has ever known. Immediately comes the question—'How can we make it so?'

"Let us begin by asking ourselves these questions: what is the *true work* of the church, what is *my part* in it, what makes a church *strong*?"

Solo: "The Church's One Foundation," verse 1. (Music continues softly)

Leader: "The church was established as the instrument for carrying on Jesus' work in the world. We are His hands, His feet, His voice. A church is only as strong, as *big* as are its members who *work* in it. The lighted candle here represents Christ, the Head, the Leader. He has shown us the *Way*. He has given us the *mission*. Ours should be the *will to do*. Let us consider the work of our church, the various fields in which we can grow in wisdom, in truth and in stature, as Jesus did.

(Have appropriate hymns played softly throughout this candlelighting part of the service.)

Leader: (As the new minister comes forward to light the 1st candle). "Jesus said, 'Go therefore, and make disciples of all nations.' These words are the *great commission*—they are the *marching orders* of a *living, active, growing* church. It is this candle we ask our new minister to light, the candle which represents the most important mission of our church—helping men, women, young people and children know Christ and to love and serve Him.

"You will notice that this great commission doesn't just say to win members for the church. No indeed. We are to *teach* them and make disciples of all that they may know and serve Christ. We cannot start too young to study the teachings of Jesus until they become the basis of our thoughts and actions. We are never *too old* to learn, either! (A church school teacher accompanied by two of her class steps forward to light the 2nd candle.) Our next candle is lighted by a faithful church school teacher who, with her two pupils, represents a great teaching ministry.

"Our third important mission is to encourage Christians to meet regularly in worship and to provide worship services which are meaningful and inspirational from the moment we enter the sanctuary to pray until we leave to serve. Group worship brings warmth

and spiritual blessings to those who participate and music is a cherished part of it. (A member of the Senior Choir, accompanied by a member of the Junior Choir, lights the 3rd candle.) These two members of our choirs remind us of the important part music plays in our worship services. They have a great mission!

"A church can be a living, growing church only as long as it constantly strives to provide opportunities for service to all its members. It must unite the talents, the energies, the resources and enable everyone to serve mankind more effectively. (President of the women's organization lights the 4th candle.) The fourth candle is lighted for the women's groups, the church board, the various commissions and committees whose members can be, if they will, a powerful force to help our church move forward this coming year.

"How often Jesus stressed the thought, 'Love one another, as I have loved you.' Opportunities for Christian fellowship strengthen a church. Surely this begins with the very young and continues on through the golden years. (Representative of the church youth groups lights the 5th candle.) It is fitting that a member of our youth group lights the fifth candle for *Christian fellowship*.

"But the true church of Christ cannot grow within our own four walls. The only real ministry is one that is world-wide and binds together all races and all nations. If we are genuinely Christian we will overcome any barriers and proclaim God's message to *all* men. (The chairman of the church board lights the 6th candle.) Our sixth candle is lighted for the radiant light of *Christian Brotherhood*. As we see it glow, let us be reminded again of the mission work, the benevolences and community service which lie beyond the boundaries of our local organization.

"We now see six glowing candles representing the great work and its challenge to us at the beginning of this church year. They remind us that it takes all of us to make the light of our church radiate through the world. Just as we have seen our candlelighters come from all parts of this room and return again to their places, so, as Christians, we must turn to the church for our spiritual leadership and guidance and then *go out to serve*.

Closing

Solo: "Are Ye Able," 1st verse. (Piano continues to play this hymn softly through closing prayer.)

Prayer: "Our Father, we thank Thee for our church and for the encouragement, the inspiration, the meaning it gives to our lives. We thank Thee for these important missions to do. Grant us Thy love and Thy guidance as we meet the challenges before us this coming year. Give Thy special blessing on our new minister and his family as they come to share Thy work with us. Move us, as we see these lighted candles, to rededicate ourselves to Christian service. May our lives be glowing lights here, right where we live, for Thee. In Christ's name we pray. Amen."

FREDERICK'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

While waiting here at the church for David's Boy Scout Troop meeting to end I shall write you this letter. The Boy Scouts are having a wonderful time running back and forth in the recreation room right over my office. Every now and then I fear a piece of the office plaster will fall to the floor. Writing to you will keep my mind off of that.

A few hours ago I returned to town from a trip to Rhode Island. I had gone down to the shore for a quick visit with my father-in-law about some hi-fidelity sound equipment he wants me to help install in his house. While there I went on over to the beach where we swim in the summer and saw the most amazing sight. Stuck high and dry on the rocks only a few hundred feet from the bath-houses was a large Norwegian freighter. During a violent storm last Sunday night the ship was driven off course and onto the rocks. All of the crew and the small son of the ship's captain were taken of safely by the Coast Guard, and now efforts are being made to save the vessel.

Interesting enough, the ship carried enormous rolls of paper — newsprint very similar to the paper you now hold in your hand. Before the ship can be pulled off the rocks it will be necessary to take much of the paper out of the holds and placed on large barges that are being brought up Long Island Sound from New York.

It isn't too often that we have shipwrecks around here; I suppose we have one wreck a year. All of us who live near the water a part or all of the year are very conscious of the danger that seamen must face in these New England coastal waters. Every Sunday I remember the men at sea in my pastoral prayers.

Next Friday night I entertain one of my favorite clubs. It is a literary club made up of about fourteen men. Every two weeks we meet in the home of one of the members where we have a fine dinner and then listen to a paper read by the host. I am going to read a paper on the subject of the Auca Indians of Ecuador. Perhaps you have read the accounts of the five missionaries who were murdered by the Auca Indians. I hope all of you will read the magnificent new book entitled "The Savage, My Kinsman," written by Elisabeth Elliott, the wife of one of the murdered men. Whatever your religious denomination, whatever your opinions about missionaries, get this book and read it! After doing so you will never be the same. I just hope that I shall be able to convey to my friends in the club something of the tragically wonderful spirit of Mrs. Elliott.

Let me tell you about two gifts made to our church this past week. One of the gifts was a large, three story frame house with a big piece of land in one of the older sections of town. The neighborhood is not now one of the best, although at one time it was the most elite and aristocratic in Springfield. Today all of the big



Betty Driftmier is a typical friendly minister's wife who is always ready with coffee when members of the church drop by.

homes in this section have been made into rooming houses or nursing homes. The property will be sold and the money invested. The income will serve as a perpetual pledge for the lady who willed us this house.

The other gift was a larger house with three acres of land located right in the heart of the city. The church was given the property with the stipulation that the house would be maintained without any major changes in exterior design. It is a masterpiece of pre-Civil War architecture which the owners wanted, and most of the city would like, to see preserved. It would make an ideal parsonage with its big parlors, recreation rooms, several bedrooms and bathrooms, but our church cannot accept it because of the high cost of heating, taxes, garden and lawn upkeep, and the household help to take care of it. Right now we are anxiously trying to think of some worthy organization that could accept the gift and maintain it as a beautiful home. How we would love to live in it!

More and more frequently we read about some good family giving its property to a church. Perhaps some of you reading this letter may decide to leave your house, some property or other assets to your church in your will. Remembering the church in such a way makes your influence continue in a most worthwhile way.

Radio broadcasting seems to run in this family. You probably listen to some of the Driftmiers out in the Middle West, and if you live in the Connecticut River Valley of New England you may listen to me each Sunday morning. Now my eleven-year-old David has gone into the broadcasting business. One of his little friends has been given a small broadcasting set that reaches only the houses in a two block radius. David is vice president and advertising manager for the company. He wanted our church to buy a \$10.00 ad as a means of increasing our Sunday morning attendance. I have promised that the church will buy the advertising in return for his radio company making a \$10.00 contribution to the church. Tonight he was not certain that he wanted our account!

Two of David's friends have bought advertising for an "Art Company". The boys claim to do original paintings for a small fee. David is a bit

skeptical and has asked one of the so-called artists to come over to our house tomorrow and prove his ability by painting a picture of our dog. David says: "I don't want to ruin the reputation of our broadcasting company by advertising cheap products!" Oh to be young again!

Here in Springfield our young people have opportunities not every young person can have. Two of our local colleges specialize in the education of foreign students. Springfield College has students studying here who have literally come from all over the world. In addition, the American International College specializes in the education of foreign students with a traditional emphasis upon the education of French Canadians.

Last Sunday night our church youth groups were privileged to hear a talk by a young man from Samoa. He is the son of Samoans who left their native island to go as missionaries to some of the other South Pacific Islands. The young people were delighted with his speech and with his songs and dancing.

Young men from Iraq, New Zealand and Nigeria were the guests of our church women last Monday night. Each one of the boys told of the religious life of his country and then answered questions from the floor. Yesterday another group of church women heard a fascinating illustrated lecture on Russia. Having been to Russia myself, I was very interested in the subject. It was the best lecture on the country I have ever heard! If any of you in the New York-New England area want a good program for your church or club try to get Miss Teresa Kirby of Springfield, Massachusetts. She is tops!

Let me share with you a note left on my desk this past week by a little old lady now in her 90th year: "It takes courage to live—courage and strength and hope and humor. And courage and strength and hope and humor have to be bought and paid for with pain and work and prayers and tears." I like that!

Sincerely,

Fredrick

LINES TO A HUSBAND

Tall pines, beside our house, are
whispering
Beneath the gray
Of pre-dawn skies: like giants beck-
oning
To coming day.
Soon I will hear pure spates of
melodies
From feathered throats
Of choristers within the cloistered
trees.
Those descant notes
Will float upon the fragrant, ambient
air
In silvery abundance we may share.
Your strength restored
By slumber, you will bid your tasks
commence;
Your heart be light; your nerves no
longer tense!

—Thelma Allinder

A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Have you had enough of winter weather? Yesterday morning when we got up it was twenty below zero, but sometime during the night warm air passed through and when we got up this morning it was twenty above zero. We were feeling much encouraged, but that didn't last long for by the middle of the morning more cold air moved in and the thermometer has been going back down ever since. (Frank just told me that it is ten below!)

We have a small oil burner in the bathroom which we light when it is terribly cold. Tonight for some reason it wouldn't light so we decided that it needed to be taken apart and cleaned. After we had the fuel line all blown out and the stove put back together, it still wouldn't burn. I gave up and decided to get out my typewriter and write to you friends. Frank, however, has more perseverance than I have and stayed with the stove. His patience paid off for he just came into the kitchen where I'm typing to announce that the stove is burning beautifully. Now, if the temperature continues to drop tonight, we'll have the additional heat from the little burner.

The Driftmier family was saddened recently by the death of an old family friend, Mrs. Flora Clabaugh, who celebrated her 99th birthday last November. Her funeral services were held near Shenandoah at Gravity, Iowa. In the February 1960 issue of the magazine we printed a picture of Mrs. Clabaugh and her daughter, Mrs. Dessa Nelson, taken with Mother and Dad when we visited Dessa and her mother in Washington, D. C.

We were sorry for the occasion that brought Dessa and her son, E. L. Nelson, back to Iowa, but it did provide an opportunity to visit with them. Dessa has been my dearest friend for many years. My first real job was that of Society Editor for the Shenandoah Gazette, of which Dessa was editor. She was very patient with my poor attempts at writing and was always ready to help.

Dessa is Kristin's godmother and, although they have always corresponded, this was the first time they had seen each other since Kristin was just a little girl. I was so happy that they were able to have an hour together before Kristin took the bus back to Maryville. I know this meeting meant a great deal to Kristin because as soon as she got back to school she started typing up a collection of things she has written and when she came home between semesters, she put them together in book form to mail to Dessa.

When Kristin finished her last mid-year test, she caught a ride to Kansas City with friends and spent the first few vacation days with Frank's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McDermott. The five remaining days were spent at home and what busy, happy days they were! Early mornings and late afternoons she spent outside helping her Dad with the chores, and in between times we baked cookies, made pixies, played



Margery took this picture of her sister, Dorothy Johnson, with the new camera she mentions in her letter on page 9.

piano duets, started sewing some new spring clothes and just generally had such a wonderful time that those five days simply flew!

We have such an accumulation of snow that it takes Frank all day just to do the chores and keep the woodpile replenished. He had a severe case of the flu and still isn't feeling up to par. Everyone we have talked to who has had this particular virus says that it took an unusually long time to regain their strength. This has been the situation with Frank, also. Kristin and I are keeping our fingers crossed and so far we've escaped "the bug".

With so much deep snow on the ground (and getting deeper every week!) we're fearful of what the spring thaws might do to us. We could very well have the worst flood we've ever experienced. When Kristin was home she jokingly asked her dad what the odds were for a wet spring around here, and also, if he had started building his ark? Since there is nothing we can do about it, I guess the best thing to do is joke about it! However, it is a serious worry for we still have corn standing in the fields on the bottom ground. We aren't the only ones in this situation for on my monthly trips to Shenandoah by train I see acres and acres of corn standing in deep snow.

Many of you farm wives have told me that your husbands always read my letters because they are interested in comparing crop conditions in our area with yours. Since weather is the principal factor in determining whether we have good crops or poor, I thought you might be interested in the precipitation statistics for Lucas County as reported by the U. S. Weather Bureau station at Chariton.

Precipitation for the twelve months ending Dec. 31, 1961, came to a record 49.57 inches—more than six inches greater than the amount registered in 1959, the previous record-holder. The total is 20 inches above normal. Lucas County had 44 inches of rain in 1959,

and the heaviest amount in any one month was in May, when over nine inches were recorded. You will recall that this was the year that we couldn't plant until June. We were late harvesting our crops that year because the corn wasn't dry enough to crib.

This year was just the opposite. Frank was able to get his corn and beans in early and everything looked good for an early harvest. Then in September we had 14.62 inches of rain. It is surprising that *any* crops were harvested. With another three inches in October and five and a half inches in November, the ground was thoroughly saturated. Before the ground had a chance to freeze, along came the big snowstorms.

We have many readers in the Dakotas and other northern areas of the Midwest who suffered extreme crop damage the past year because of the lack of precipitation, and we are not unaware of this. We only wish we could have sent some of our moisture to them in exchange for some of their hot, dry weather.

It will soon be time to think about spring housecleaning. I shouldn't say "think" about it because I've been doing that for several weeks now. What I meant to say was that it would soon be time to "dig in" and get it done! While I've had time these cold days when we've been "snowed in" I've started cleaning out drawers. I wonder if *everyone* accumulates as many things as I do! When I'm sorting, I can't for the life of me remember why I saved some things. I must take after my father in this respect for he has a reputation for finding it hard to throw things away.

Kristin is even more of a saver than I. When she was home she decided that it was high time she did a little tossing, too. Her saving also includes personal letters which she tucks away until she runs out of storage space. When she decided to burn them, as you might have guessed, she just had to reread them first! Reading and burning letters was the extent of her spring housecleaning on this last visit.

We will definitely have to do some papering and painting this year, as well as replace slip covers and drapes in the living room. I haven't arrived at any decisions as to colors, patterns or fabrics as yet. It takes me a long time to make up my mind just what I want. Perhaps when you send your pixie orders you can give me some suggestions.

There is just time to dash off a line to Kristin before bedtime so I must close.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Need ideas for club programs, church meetings, parties, devotions? Kitchen-Klatter Magazine will help you solve these problems and many more. If you are not a subscriber, send in your \$1.50, today.

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SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

by

Gwladys Herberte

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, is a very beautiful city with a magnificent harbor and fine beaches which extend all along the coast. I was born there in a lovely home with views of the ocean and harbor on either side. Until the age of three I enjoyed the existence of a normal baby, then illness suddenly struck and deprived me of my sight.

My parents were young, very much in love, and life had been perfect for them until this happened to me, their only child. It seemed to them that life had lost much of its sweetness. A bright future had been planned for me, but being sensible people they resolved to do the best they could with my physical limitations.

In every way, except for my blindness, I was a healthy, normal child, with all the will to play and enjoy myself. I have always been proud of my parents for they did not spoil me as they very well could have done; if I was naughty, which must have occurred often, I was punished and my faults pointed out. Thus it was not so difficult, when at the age of seven I was sent away to boarding school for the blind, to take my place with other children.

After the first homesickness had worn off I was happy at school. Very soon after my arrival I formed a friendship which turned out to be one of the deepest attachments and greatest joys of my life. I made friends with another blind girl named Gyp. We became inseparable. By her example she taught me to become independent and gave me courage to attempt feats of daring, such as riding a horse bareback. Oh, the innumerable, delightful escapades I enjoyed with her! Her family of brothers and sisters "adopted" me and I was no longer a lonely, only child. Even now, so many years later, my heart warms just remembering those days we all spent together in such happy companionship.

Gyp and I made up our minds very early in our friendship that we were not going to grow up BLIND blind people! We were going to do, to the best of our ability, *all* the things sighted people did. We took part in the activities Gyp's sisters followed—we swam, we danced, we played all the games we could, and we imitated other girls in the way of dress and actions. In many instances people did not even realize our handicap.

Gyp and I studied under a fine master who trained us to play the piano. As we grew older we became known for our duets all over New South Wales, Australia. Our music brought us great pleasure, but even more, it gave me the opportunity to meet a young man, Roy Herberte, who was a fine violinist and had a glorious baritone voice. He asked me to accompany him in both these pursuits. We became interested in each other and fell in love. Never did a girl have a more devoted lover, and afterwards a husband, than he was to me. He would often tell me that his sight was my



This picture of Mrs. Herberte was taken in an Australian zoo. The Koala bear she is holding is native only to Australia.

sight; he did, indeed, almost make me forget that I could not see. His patience, infinite tenderness and understanding of all my problems were surely heaven-sent and did so much to bring happiness into my life.

God blessed our marriage with one baby, a sweet precious, little girl. She inherited our interest in music and at a very early age showed promise as a singer. Gwen became the star of our home; we were all three knit strongly in a great love.

Naturally I had many hurdles to overcome as a wife and mother, the ones common to all homemakers and the special situations created by my blindness. What a triumph it was, for instance, the first time I bathed my baby. My mother had insisted on doing this for me, but one day, just as she was commencing, she was called away for a moment and I quietly took over. When she returned the baby was bathed and dressed! From then on I never allowed *anyone* else to perform this service.

Early in my cooking experience I reached one barrier I thought I would *never* be able to overcome. I would stand aside while someone else lifted the baking dish out of the oven and turned the roast and the potatoes for me. This annoyed me exceedingly, so one day I decided that, whatever the consequences, I would do this task myself. Trembling I lifted the smoking-hot baking dish from the oven, set it down and cautiously turned the meat over. Gently I felt with a spoon for each potato and rotated it in the broth. Then I lifted the dish and returned it to the oven. No one will ever know the *thrill* and *sense of achievement* I felt! I had undertaken and conquered what seemed to be the most difficult part of my cooking and I had not spilled one drop of boiling fat! I never had a tremor afterwards when performing this and other difficult tasks around the stove.

Another day, returning home from an outing, I rushed into the kitchen and reached into the cupboard for the

rice which was needed for dinner preparations. Just as I was ready to shake it into the boiling water I discovered that what had felt like rice was really birdseed. They *really* do feel a great deal alike. How many times we laughed about my *almost* cooking birdseed for dinner!

Once in the middle of the winter we had a terrific storm which put out all the lights. When my husband returned home from work he was delighted to find that he was the only husband in the neighborhood whose dinner was all ready for him to sit down and eat! The other wives met their men bewailing the fact that they had no lights by which to cook. I was used to cooking meals in the darkness, so had no difficulty. *Everything* has its compensations.

When our daughter was a lovely girl of nineteen she fell in love with a young American soldier who was visiting Australia with the U. S. Army. When he asked for permission to marry her we knew we had a terrific decision to make, but conquering our own selfish feelings, we gave our consent to the marriage and their subsequent return to the United States.

I had always hoped that my husband and I would come to America after he retired from business life, but such was not to be. He died at the end of 1956, and my grief might have engulfed me except that a few days after the blow fell a telephone call came across the Pacific Ocean from my daughter and her husband begging me to dispose of my interests in Sydney, Australia and come and make my home with them in Sidney, Iowa.

By the end of 1957 I was on a plane speeding to my loved ones. Oh, the marvelous welcome I received! After the first rapture of meeting and getting acquainted with my three sweet granddaughters, I began to turn my attention to finding some place for my interests here.

There is plenty of work for me to do. I accompany Gwen at the piano for her solo work and play for church group meetings. I enjoy helping in the kitchen when church dinners are being prepared for I can chop onions, peel vegetables, beat eggs, dry dishes, etc. as efficiently as anyone (so they say). This gives me a sense of equality with the sighted women around me; it is fun to join in their gay chatter and feel one of them.

Soon after my arrival in America I found that the blind people of Iowa did not have a library of their own, having to send to Illinois for all their reading matter. About this time I met Mr. Kenneth Jernigan, who had just taken over the directorship of the Iowa Commission for the Blind. Mr. Jernigan is himself blind and a wonderful inspiration and example to all who know him. It was due to him and Mrs. Dorothy Kirsner, a wonderful volunteer worker, that I became absorbed in doing my small part in their great work. After a great deal of effort by many people we now have our own library for the blind in the state of Iowa.

The Commission undertakes to train
(Continued on page 18)

A LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

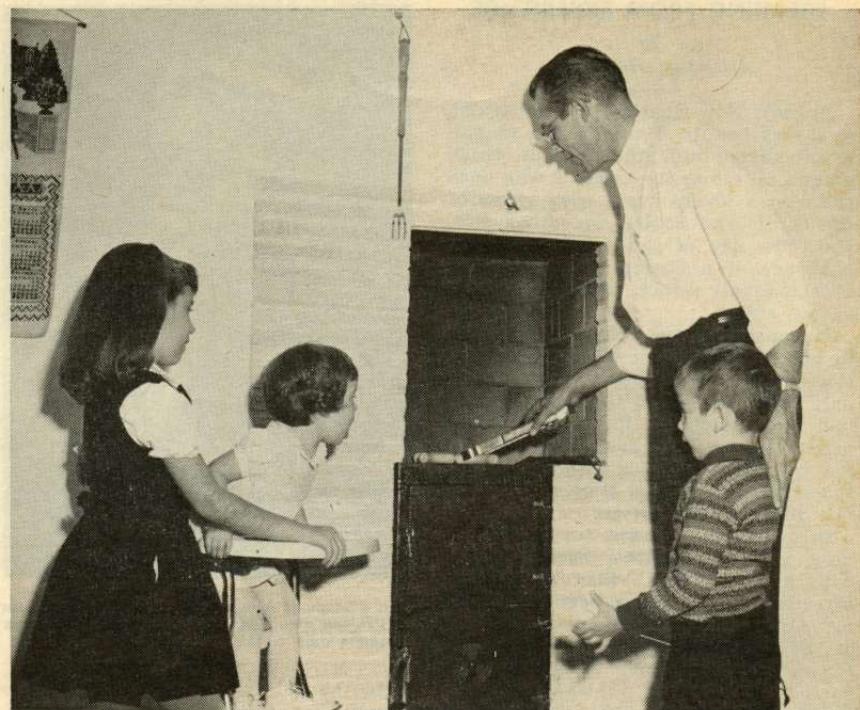
I've just finished putting away the contents of three huge grocery sacks and I found once again that despite a complete list I have *overbought!* And all because I was a little on the hungry side. I managed to buy everything on the list and then some extras, too. Invariably when I go shopping quite close to mealtime I end up with more than I need. Fortunately these are mostly staples and canned goods. Considering this one hundred per cent winter-type weather we've been having it's a good idea to have a backlog of food on hand, anyway, in case of snowstorms.

I think two or three times before I bundle Adrienne and Paul into the car with me. I wouldn't enjoy walking to a phone for assistance if I had car trouble but if I had to struggle with little tykes, it would be even less desirable. Our six-year-old car still operates magnificently, but with all the snow and sub-zero temperatures we've been having I doubt that even a newer car would be entirely dependable. So when it gets too cold and too snowy I get out my sweater-pack of yarn and knit rather than braving the elements.

To those of you who read this in Iowa or other states accustomed to heavy winters, my wide-eyed awe at this deep snow probably seems slightly ridiculous. Remember, please, our old home in central Indiana seldom had enough cold weather to freeze the pond at the Conservation Club. A toboggan was unheard of! Well, I'm properly impressed with a Wisconsin winter; thus far I've found it quite enjoyable. I'm one of those fortunate few who doesn't have to shovel or drive a snowplow or get into the thick of it when snow flutters down hour after hour. I find great pleasure at night in turning on the back yard floodlight and sitting by the thermometer doors to watch the snow drift down or blast past (depending on the wind). We've had perfectly gorgeous snow sculptures on both the front and back yards made by the wind as it whipped around the corners of the house.

Needless to say, the children are *enchanted* with the weather. A standing rule at school states that *no* child will be allowed to stay inside at recess time because of cold or snow—unless, of course, by a doctor's permit—until the temperature goes below zero. The thinking is that children will usually go outside to play the minute they get home, so the teachers shouldn't be denied their few rest periods. Considering the fact that this type of weather goes on here from mid-December until nearly May, the teacher's *could* be subjected to many months of undiluted nervous strain.

Since we are so close to Whitnall Park, which in summer beckons with beautiful flowers and picnic spots, and in winter offers excellent sledding, tobogganing, saucerizing, skiing and ice skating, we decided to invest in ice skates this season and encourage the two biggest children to skate. I say "we" with reservation. I think up these ambitious programs and then give



Donald Driftmier tries his hand barbecuing meat for dinner on the charcoal broiler in their kitchen. His children, Katharine, Adrienne and Paul, are the interested spectators.

them to Don to execute. I've never been on skates and since he knows how to keep himself upright on this beautiful white stuff he's *far* more qualified as an instructor than I.

Adrienne and I stayed in the warming house next to the ice pond and watched while Paul made his initial trip out onto the ice. Don decided Paul could learn on the single blade figure skate—putting him on double runner skates would simply put off the moment when he would have to get accustomed to single blade—and it proved to be a wise decision. Paul was a mighty uneasy young man when he walked down the snowy path to the ice, but, with Don there to hang on to and Katharine to show him the basic motions, it wasn't too long before he gained self-confidence.

The following day we went back and Paul was even better. He shows distinct promise of being a passable skater before the season is over. He thoroughly enjoyed the two ice skating experiences and is anxious to go back again soon.

One of the local newspapers sponsors a series of skiing lessons each winter at the local parks. These lessons are highly successful so perhaps by the time Katharine is eight she and Paul and Adrienne will know how to skate well and the skiing will come along quite naturally.

It seems strange, but distinctly logical, that Paul should learn to stand alone and upright on ice skates and yet be unable to manipulate six steps between the levels of our house. One evening last week he came hopping and jumping down the steps in his usual manner but, unlike his usual manner, he *slipped*. In an effort to catch himself he swung into the wall and bumped his mouth severely. You can guess the balance of this tale. His two upper front teeth are still trying

to tighten back into their original moorings, but for all practical purposes they are dead. I talked with the dentist immediately after it happened and he was sure from the amount of bleeding that was present that the tooth roots had hemorrhaged. If we're lucky, however, they will stay put and remain white. Otherwise, they may turn dark and possibly be complicated by infection. This makes three of Paul's four upper front teeth that are dead. I told the doctor that I was already a member of the club when he welcomed me into the ranks of those parents with children who knock their teeth into insensibility. I hope this boy will get his bangs and bumps over before his permanent teeth begin to come forth. But I'm not going to bet any money on such a phenomenon.

I simply can't get used to such frequent calamities. My sister Marjorie and I *never* knocked out teeth or fell and cut our heads open as this son of mine is doing. But I guess it is simply the difference between boys and girls.

When Wayne was here he said the same thing about their Clark. I'm sure Abigail has told about Clark breaking his arm. To Mother Driftmier's knowledge this is the first major bone break in two generations of children.

How happy we were when we received a long distance call from Wayne that he was in Chicago. There was quite a snowstorm starting and his plane back to Denver was grounded so he came up to Milwaukee for an overnight visit with us.

This was the first time Don and Wayne had seen each other for four or five years and the first time he had seen the little ones. We had such a nice visit. By the time Wayne's train arrived in downtown Milwaukee the

(Continued on page 18)

YOUR MONTHLY LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

I'm just back from taking Martin to the orthodontist for some tightening on his braces. It seems that we've been looking at his mouth full of wires forever, when actually it has been only a little over a year. We'll all be glad when he looks normal again, and I don't believe he has much longer to go. Those of you who have gone through this teeth-straightening business know exactly how we feel but aren't we grateful for the wonderful techniques used today for correcting this problem?

When Mary Beth wrote about Paul's accident when he knocked his front teeth loose, I wrote right back to tell her that she had a sympathetic listener at this end because Martin knocked not only his baby teeth loose on several occasions, but also his permanent teeth. Thus far they are still intact but as with Paul, it is a question as to how long they will remain.

While I'm speaking of Martin, I must also tell you that he seems to be following the footsteps of his Driftmier uncles in their love of singing. At the beginning of the school year most any of the class who wanted to join the Freshman chorus were permitted to do so. At mid-year they had further try-outs to see who was qualified to remain and Martin was delighted that he passed the test and may continue with the group. They are currently working on selections for the annual spring concert.

I've given the family cause for a lot of laughs lately and the reason is that I've taken up photography quite seriously. I've always enjoyed snapping the usual pictures on vacations and special occasions, but have never taken indoor shots. Now I have a fine new camera, complete with flash equipment, and have nearly driven the family (and the dog) wild with my picture-taking. There has been considerable joking because *it takes me so long!* Not being accustomed to all the gadgets, I find my subjects beginning to weary of posing while I try to remember what I'm supposed to adjust. More than once I've had to start all over because I "left my spot" and forgot to re-focus the camera. That is my most frequent error—so frequent, in fact, that just before I snap a picture, they shout "Are we still in focus?" The camera was a much-appreciated gift and I'm going to receive a lot of pleasure from it.

A number of you have been asking for table graces. We've used a number of different ones through the years but here are two which we use quite regularly: "Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this food which lies before us, and ask Thy blessing upon it. Amen." And, "Heavenly Father, for these and all Thy gifts, we give Thee thanks. Bless our homes, watch over our loved ones, and bless this food that it may strengthen us for Thy sake. Amen."

Both originated in our home and I can't tell you just when or by whom. We just realized one day that we were repeating the same words.

The Stroms are now eating at a new kitchen table. We looked and looked and looked until we found *exactly* what we wanted. Our final choice was a maple table with four chairs in the Hitchcock style. The table has a formica top so it is very practical for kitchen use. After eating from an "old beat-up set" for a number of years, we're thrilled with the new outfit.

You know how it is when you add something new to a room—the old begins to look even older! Right now the kitchen walls look "sorrier" than they did before we bought the dinette set so I have an idea that we'll be going through some re-papering around here whether I feel ready for it or not. I'm never really ready to be torn up, but then I guess no one ever is!

I suppose it's a mistake to decide definitely what you want because then it is harder to be satisfied. Usually the color I want, whether it be wallpaper or a new dress, is *last year's* color—not what they are showing *this* year. Well, I don't know if blue is THE fashionable color right now, but that is what I would like to have in my kitchen.

The den needs a face-lifting, also, for that is the most lived-in room in the house. We have a joke about the crack that has been inching itself down the south wall. We covered it nicely with a small picture, then resorted to a good-sized map, and now it is beyond the point where it can be hidden at all! As a matter-of-fact, in Oliver's opinion we should start with the den. Martin has other ideas and says that a powder blue bedroom wasn't so bad when he was younger, "But, Mother, not now!" I suppose we'll take care of all three rooms and perhaps before we have some genuine spring weather—good "open-up-the-windows" weather—we'll have gotten our heads together over the wallpaper books.

We have all been very excited over the arrival of a darling little baby girl in the neighborhood. There hasn't been a new baby in our block for a number of years and it will be quite a change to see a baby buggy on the sidewalks again. The telephones have been busy these days—"Call me the next time she's awake," and "How did you get through the night?"

I have bought material to smock a dress for little Sarah and will start on it as soon as I finish the dress I'm working on for Katharine. (Dorothy insists the dress will be too small, so I'm waiting for Mary Beth to send Katharine's new measurements. If I have misjudged the size, Mary Beth can put it away until Adrienne grows into it.) I had planned to make new curtains for the den next, but since it is very likely that we will re-paper that room, I'll smock the dress for the new baby instead.

This past month Oliver and I took our turn serving the young people at their Sunday evening meeting. Martin chose the menu for he knew what had been served previously. His selection was "Sloppy Joes". The rest of the menu consisted of potato chips, carrot and celery sticks, pickles, chocolate chip cookies and pop—typical teenage

(Continued on page 18)

TRIPOLI ITCH

Go fetch me a weathered old house,
Its chimney a thing dead cold,
Every window daubered,
The floors green with mould.
Then fetch me spring and a brand
new broom,
Soft soap and tripoli.
My skirt's pinned up for shoe top ease,
Not a soul about but me,
With every room sun-sweetened,
My knuckles raw and sore,
I'll lay a fire of faggots
And latch the plankin door.
When night comes out yonder
I'll set me down to dream,
All the while a honin'
For another house to clean.
— Annie Parish Slankard

SPRING PROMISE

by
Harverna Woodling

Last November we planted a gift—a gift of potential beauty. A good friend gave us a box of spring bulbs: daffodils and narcissi. So out into the yard we went, Almost-Seven and I. We dug deep into the black, mellow, moist ground still warm from the recent sunshine. The wind was damp, auguring no good for farm work, but promising swift rooting for spring beauty.

And spring came—at long, long last. Winter held on desperately but finally the miracle happened. The snow melted unbelievably fast; the hills ran with water; old Parson Creek came out of its bank; the small pasture stream overflowed the road close to the bridge. That was the day the bulbs came through the ground, the bulbs which had lain so quietly all winter. Later they will bloom, fulfilling their promise. But the first day, the day they came up to life and light, they, and all the spring world, made us consciously thankful for *life*. It was not the season of Thanksgiving, but how could there be a greater time for thankfulness than the springtime?

Spring is not the accepted season for good resolutions but it is a wonderful time for new beginnings. There is new growth, new color, new beauty, new strivings all around us. The grass is vibrant; the trees are a misty, tender green; the wild flowers are alive again; the sky is a vivid blue. Even the rain promises warmth and growth instead of chill and dreary cold.

So can we try to replenish and re-beautify our lives in this most wonderful season. We should find renewed purpose in life. We ought to say, "Thank you, Lord. I'm going to be more useful and more thankful and maybe I can do something to make someone else more thankful. I am deeply grateful for what I have but I am going to try to create more. I am going to try to develop more and have more and be more and give more—more beauty, more service, more satisfaction, more love."

A very small thing, so small and commonplace as a sincerely kind word, can give a bright lift to a day, impetus to a hope. And, perhaps, if we have a little more trust and more faith in God, all the rest will work out.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter
Family**SAUSAGE-MACARONI CASSEROLE**

4 ounces macaroni
1 lb. pork sausage
1/4 cup sausage drippings
1/3 cup chopped onion
1/3 cup chopped green pepper
3 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups milk
1 1/2 cups shredded American cheese
Buttered bread crumbs.

Add 2 tsp. salt and macaroni to 3 cups boiling water and boil rapidly for 2 minutes. Cover, remove from heat and let stand 10 minutes. Brown sausage and reserve 1/4 cup drippings. Pour drippings into a saucepan, add onion, pepper and cook for 5 minutes. Stir in flour and salt. Add milk gradually and cook until thickened. Remove sauce from heat, cool slightly. Rinse macaroni with hot water and drain. Add cheese to sauce, stirring until melted and blended. Drain meat and arrange a layer in the bottom of a 1 1/2-quart casserole, greased. Cover with a layer of macaroni. Repeat until all is used. Pour cheese sauce over casserole. Sprinkle with crumbs and paprika. Bake at 350 degrees about 20 minutes. Serves 4 generously.

MARGERY'S 24-HOUR SALAD

3 cups Royal Ann cherries, halved and pitted
2 cups diced pineapple
2 cans mandarin oranges
2 1/2 cups tiny marshmallows
1/2 cup blanched almonds
Drain all of the fruit and mix with marshmallows and almonds. Let stand while preparing the dressing.

Dressing

2 eggs
2 Tbls. sugar
1/4 cup cream
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup whipping cream

Beat the eggs and gradually add the sugar, 1/4 cup cream and lemon juice. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick. Cool. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream which has been whipped. Fold into fruit mixture very gently. Chill for 24 hours before serving in lettuce cups.

BROCCOLI-RICE CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked rice
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 8-oz. jar Cheese Whiz
1 pkg. frozen broccoli

Soft bread crumbs for top

Pour boiling water over the frozen broccoli to separate it. Combine all ingredients, saving the bread crumbs for sprinkling over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

BAKED HOMINY WITH CHEESE

3 Tbls. butter
6 Tbls. flour
1 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
2 cups milk
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 tsp. grated onion
1/2 lb. American cheese, grated
2 No. 2 cans hominy, drained
1/3 cup dry bread crumbs

Melt the butter in a heavy skillet. Stir in the flour and seasonings and stir until smooth and well blended. Gradually add the milk and continue to cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Stir in the Worcestershire sauce, onion and cheese. Put the drained hominy in a greased casserole. Pour the cheese sauce over the hominy. Sprinkle the bread crumbs on top. Dot with butter or sprinkle with a little grated cheese. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

BLUEBERRY SYRUP

1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup white corn syrup
1/2 cup water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
4 drops red food coloring
4 drops blue food coloring

Combine the sugar, corn syrup and water. Boil for three minutes. Remove from the fire and stir in the blueberry flavoring and the coloring. Serve hot over pancakes, waffles or French toast for a delightful treat. This recipe may be varied by using any of the Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings with the coloring which goes with the fruit. Many fine restaurants use this type of syrup; now you can make it in your own home.

FAVORITE BEEF STEW

2 lbs. stewing beef
2 Tbls. shortening
4 cups boiling water
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 medium onion, sliced
1 bay leaf
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. sugar
A dash of allspice
1/2 tsp. paprika
Carrots
Onions
White potatoes

Brown the meat in hot shortening. Add the water, Worcestershire sauce, sliced onion, bay leaf and seasonings. Simmer, tightly covered, for about two hours, stirring occasionally. When the meat is tender, remove the bay leaf and add enough carrots, onions and potatoes for your family. Add more salt and water if needed. Cover and continue cooking until the vegetables are tender, about 30 minutes. Remove the meat and vegetables. Allow the stew liquid to cool enough for the fat to come to the surface. Skim off as much of the fat as possible. Thicken the remaining liquid to the desired consistency. Return the meat and vegetables to the gravy and serve piping hot.

SOUR CREAM WHITE CAKE

3 egg whites
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup cold water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups flour
1/4 tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Whip the cream until thick, then fold egg whites into the cream. Add water and vanilla. Sift sugar, flour, soda and baking powder together three times, then add all at once to the cream mixture. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

EASY PENUCHE FROSTING

1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 Tbls. milk
About 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Melt butter in saucepan. Add brown sugar and boil over low heat for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in milk and bring to boil. Cool to lukewarm. Gradually add powdered sugar. Beat until thick enough to spread; add maple flavoring and frost cake. If desired, 1/2 cup nuts and coconut can be sprinkled on top.

BANANA TOPPING

2 mashed bananas
1/2 cup powdered sugar
1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

1 1/2 cups whipping cream, whipped
Mash the bananas well with a fork, then add powdered sugar, pineapple, flavoring, and beat well until blended. Whip the cream and fold in the banana mixture. Serve over cake. Delicious!

CUCUMBER CROWN SALAD

1 medium sized cucumber
1 pkg. lime gelatin
1 1/2 cups hot water
A dash of salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 tsp. vinegar
1 cup dairy sour cream

Cut enough slices from the washed and peeled cucumber to line the bottom of a ring mold. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Stir in the salt, flavoring and vinegar. Spoon just enough of the gelatin into the mold to cover the cucumbers. Set in refrigerator to chill. Blend the sour cream into the remaining gelatin and chill until syrupy. Chop the remaining cucumber into tiny cubes and fold into the creamy gelatin mixture. Spoon this over the clear gelatin in the ring mold. Chill until firm, unmold and serve.

This is an exceptionally fine dinner salad as it makes a perfect complement to chicken, roasts, sea foods or meat loaf. A tuna or chicken salad could be piled into the center of the ring molded "crown" to make a beautiful buffet dish.

GRAPEFRUIT SNOW

(A Sweetener Recipe)

1 No. 2 can grapefruit sections, drained juice from grapefruit sections
 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
 2 eggs, separated
 1 tbs. cornstarch
 1 cup milk
 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 A dash of salt

Drain the juice from the grapefruit sections into a cup. Add enough water to make one cup of liquid. Soften the gelatin in cold water. Heat the juice and dissolve the softened gelatin in the hot juice. Add the Sweetener. Chill until the mixture begins to thicken. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Beat the gelatin mixture into the egg whites. Turn into a bowl and chill.

To make the custard: Beat the egg yolks. Combine the cornstarch with a little of the cold milk and combine with the egg yolks, the 3/4 tsp. of Sweetener, the dash of salt and the remaining milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Add the flavoring. Cool, then spoon over the gelatin mixture. Top with the grapefruit sections.

This is a *delicious* dessert. For an even lower calorie count, skinned milk may be used in the custard. Various fruits and flavorings may be used to vary this in interesting ways. The custard is an *excellent* recipe in itself — especially valuable for those on a strict diet.

LEMON REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

(Sugarless!)

1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 1/2 Tbs. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
 1 egg
 1 Tbs. water
 1 Tbs. lemon juice
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Coconut flavoring
 1/2 cup shredded dry coconut
 1 2/3 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the shortening, sweetener, egg, water, lemon juice and flavorings. Beat until thoroughly blended. Mix in coconut. Sift dry ingredients and add, mixing thoroughly. Form dough into a roll, wrap in wax paper or aluminum foil and chill until firm. Cut into thin slices and bake on a lightly greased cookie sheet at 400 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes, depending upon the thickness of the slices. The cookies are done when they are lightly browned.

Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener—the No-Calorie Sweetener that really tastes **RIGHT!**

CHICKEN A LA KING WITH CURRIED RICE

1 1/3 cups chicken broth
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 1/2 cup chopped celery
 2 Tbs. chopped onion
 1/4 cup nonfat dry milk
 3 Tbs. flour
 1/3 cup chicken broth
 2 cups diced cooked chicken
 1 pimiento, cut in strips
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Combine chicken broth, green pepper, celery and onion in a saucepan. Cook until the vegetables are tender. Blend together the dry milk, flour and 1/3 cup chicken broth. Stir into the vegetable mixture. Cook until thickened. Add chicken, pimiento and seasonings. Heat through and then serve over curried rice.

Curried Rice

2 cups chicken broth
 2 cups minute rice
 1 tsp. curry powder
 1 tsp. minced onion
 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine all ingredients except minute rice in saucepan and bring to a boil. Stir in rice, cover, and remove from heat for 5 minutes. Fluff with a fork and serve with Chicken a la King.

If you have leftover stewed chicken in the house, this recipe is a real "quickie" and it doesn't taste like most quickly prepared recipes. If your family adores the flavor of curry powder, you might want to add more.

NUTTY SPROUTS

1/2 cup sliced or slivered almonds
 1/8 tsp. leaf thyme
 2 Tbs. butter or margarine
 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
 2 10. oz. pkgs. frozen Brussel sprouts (fresh may be used, also)

Cook the Brussel sprouts in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Put a saucepan over very low heat, melt the butter and stir in the almonds and crushed thyme. When the almonds are light brown, stir in the soup. Heat, stirring occasionally. Combine with the cooked, drained Brussel sprouts, heat for a few minutes and serve. This amount will serve 4 to 6.

ICE CREAM DESSERT

2 1/2 cups Rice Chex
 1/2 cup fine soft flaky coconut
 1/2 cup nuts
 2/3 cup brown sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/2 cup butter

Crush the Rice Chex and mix with the coconut, nuts, brown sugar and coconut flavoring. (The best way to mix in the flavoring, is to blend it with the brown sugar.) Crumble with the butter. Place half of this mixture in the bottom of an 8 x 12-inch pan. Cut 1/2 gallon of vanilla ice cream to fit in the pan. Top with remaining crumbs. Freeze. Cut into squares to serve. Serves 10 generously.

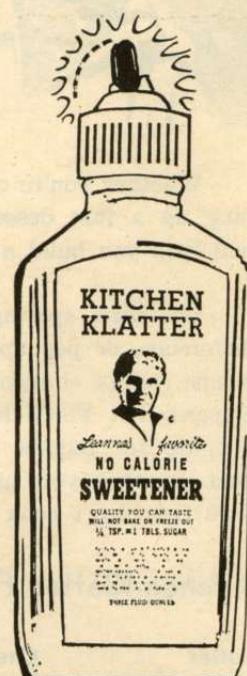
Slimming's Easy With Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener

in the

FLIP-TOP BOTTLE

Pounds melt away when you use Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. This no-calorie diet aid is easy to use, easy to measure, too. Just flip the dispenser and shake out the sweet, colorless liquid. No spills, no mess.

But the clever lid is only the beginning: it's what's inside that makes the difference. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener never leaves an artificial or bitter after-taste. It satisfies your hunger for sweets, never adds an ounce to your weight. Use Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener on cereal, in drinks, when you cook or bake. 3 handy sizes: 3-ounce, 6-ounce and economical pint bottles.



ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

If he doesn't have it he can get it for you fast.

MOCHA BROWNIE BARS

3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
 2 Tbls. instant coffee
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 1/2 tsps. salt
 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 2 cups granulated sugar
 4 eggs, unbeaten
 1 cup chopped nuts
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Blend the melted chocolate with instant coffee and cool. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortenings with sugar. Add eggs and beat until well blended. Stir in chocolate mixture, then add flour mixture. Add nutmeats and flavorings and mix well. Bake in a well greased and floured 9 x 13-inch pan, at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Roll squares in powdered sugar or frost.

**RICH CUSTARD FILLING
FOR CREAM PUFFS**

1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 6 Tbls. flour
 2 cups rich milk or light cream
 4 egg yolks
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In a saucepan, put the sugar, salt and flour and mix together. Stir in the milk and then cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until it boils. Boil for only 1 minute, then remove from heat. Stir a little into the beaten egg yolks and then blend into the hot mixture in the saucepan. Bring to the boiling point, remove from heat, and cool. Add the vanilla flavoring. Fill cream puffs and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

For a delicious variation of this custard filling, add a little melted chocolate and 1 1/2 tsp. instant coffee or 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.

For a cherry filling, I frequently add 1/2 cup chopped cherries with 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring.

For an orange filling, add a few slices of Mandarin oranges to the filling with 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
 Frederick

What do you do with Christmas cheese when it already is the month of March? If Santa Clause brought to your house as much cheese as he brought to the Driftmiers in Springfield, you understand the question. Cheese doesn't keep forever and it is time to use up whatever cheese is left around. This is what I am going to make for supper Saturday night:

CHEESE SCALLOPS

1/2 lb. American cheese
 2 eggs
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. paprika
 1 1/2 cups milk

Cut the cheese in 1/2-inch cubes and divide among 4 individual custard cups. Combine dry ingredients. Add slightly beaten eggs. Add milk and pour over the cheese. Set in pan containing 1/2 inch hot water. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from oven and let stand 5 minutes before turning out on a hot plate.

This coming Wednesday night the men of my church are going to put on a supper. The women are not invited so the whole affair will have a masculine touch. One of our leading surgeons will be the head chef, but assisting him will be one of our men who *actually* is the chef of a famous restaurant. It will be interesting to note *which* of the men *really* commands the kitchen staff. The main dish will be Chicken Parisienne. Here is the recipe cut down to size just for you and your guests. (As you read this, imagine how much more will be needed to feed 100 men.)

CHICKEN PARISIENNE

4 or 5 slices chicken per person
 1 large bunch of asparagus (or 1 large box of frozen asparagus)
 1/2 lb. mushrooms
 1/4 lb. snappy cheese
 3 Tbls. butter
 3 Tbls. flour
 2 cups milk (part cream)
 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 Salt and paprika

Saute the mushrooms for 5 minutes in butter. Blend flour and milk and then add to mushrooms. When thickened, add cheese cut in small pieces. Salt and add Worcestershire sauce. Stir until the cheese is melted. Cook the asparagus in salted water until tender.

Place sliced chicken on plate. Over chicken put 6 drained stalks of asparagus per person. Cover with the mushroom-cheese sauce. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve piping hot.



**A Hint of Mint
A Breath of Almond
Or a Big Fat
Splash of Cherry!**

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Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

Butter	Cherry	Raspberry	Black Walnut
Blueberry	Orange	Coconut	Mint
Banana	Lemon	Maple	Pineapple
Strawberry	Almond	Burnt Sugar	Vanilla*

*Vanilla comes in economical jumbo 8-ounce bottles as well as the regular 3-ounce size. You save much more when you buy the economy size. Look for it at your grocer's.

IT'S MARCH IN MY VALLEY

by

Enid Ehler

Suddenly, one magic hour, spring draws her curtain open wide. For a few fleeting days we revel in the joy of having a sneak preview of the true spring that will most certainly arrive soon. Then, just as quickly, March glances at the calendar and realizes how numbered her cold days are becoming. Stamping her foot thunderously and with a lightning flash, she tosses huge puffy snow layers over the countryside in evident protest. Again we find cold wintry days clutching their gray cloud coats tightly around their shoulders.

Yesterday the roof tops had casually removed their tall white hats in warm anticipation of spring. Today winter came from out of nowhere and impatiently placed a fashionable snow *pillbox* back over the bare shingles. Hanging eaves again sport icy scarfs trimmed with crystal pendants and bushy white eyebrows arch over frosty-eyed barn windows. Our pleasure comes from enjoying the beauty of it, knowing that *now it can't last long!*

With a fling of paint and paste brush, spring is being papered and painted throughout our home. The stepladder is in the bedroom, wallpaper is stacked on the porch table and the big roaster full of paste is on the kitchen table. Windows are curtainless, light fixtures have been removed and the air is filled with an odd conglomeration of the odors of cleaning and wet, pasty wallpaper. Fresh flowers dance across the newly papered walls heedless of the rain, snow or sleet that may be on the outside of their wooden backbones.

No matter what kind of a day we are having the youngsters seem to make the most of it. The other day our boy was busy with paper, scissors and glue. Before we knew what had happened he had crowned his father and me king and queen, his pal-sized sister and pint-sized sister became princess' and, of course, he was a prince. All at once our house *did* seem like a palace (at least a *tiny* corner of one), especially while we all wore our crowns! A question did come to my mind though: do queens wear their crowns while washing dishes?

I just had a horrible moment of apprehension! Our son, just home from school, was removing his jacket a bit too carefully.

"Mom," he casually remarked, "Last night I found an egg outdoors and put it in my pocket. Forgot to give it to you and it's been in there all day."

"Oh, no!" I said, clutching my head. A surveying eye was cast in the direction of the pocket bulge. Yes, it certainly did look like an egg!

Our seven year old looked like he was demonstrating a new exercise as he angled around, twisting like a pretzel and reaching for the egg which had slid precariously through the hole in his pocket and was back in the middle of the jacket lining. Why, oh why, hadn't I patched that pocket when I noticed the tear last week?

All this time I was repeating, "Be careful, oh be careful. Everything will be a mess if that egg is so much as cracked in the lining of your jacket." I wonder why I didn't dash to the rescue and grab that egg with a gentle hand right away. Little boys certainly have anything but a light touch.

But the egg was being inched closer and closer to the pocket and at last came the wonderful words, "Here it is, Mom." Surely it *couldn't* be unbroken! But it *was* in one piece . . . a red *plastic* egg. It was a remnant of last Easter which had been played with in clay and water and finally tucked into the sand pile by small sister's hand. Our boy just tossed his head back and had a real happy, hearty boy laugh.

I sat down and sighed, "I *certainly* thought it was a *real* egg!"

"Oh, *Mom!*" and the laughter continued. Another unforgettable experience for me.

A family with energetic youngsters is always coming up with a new and unexpected problem. Our five year old had bounced up and down through snowdrifts *without* buckling her overshoes and we did not discover the slush left inside her boots until ten minutes before bus time. Quickly we tipped the overshoes over and, yes, *poured* the water out and down the drain. I certainly wondered how they would *ever* get dry in time. The day was so cold it would have been miserable to wear soaked overshoe linings on the long bus ride to school. We held the boots upright over the floor furnace trying to let as much warm air inside as possible. The youngest pre-schooler asked what the noise was as the drips sizzled on the hot furnace. I was plenty close to the sizzling point myself!

Then I thought of the hair dryer. Rushing to the bedroom I grabbed the dryer and ran back to the kitchen with three youngsters close behind, all three asking, "What are you going to do, Mom?"

A glance at the clock revealed only minutes to do the job but I plugged in the dryer, turned it to *hot* and blew those overshoes dry in the last precious minutes before bus time.

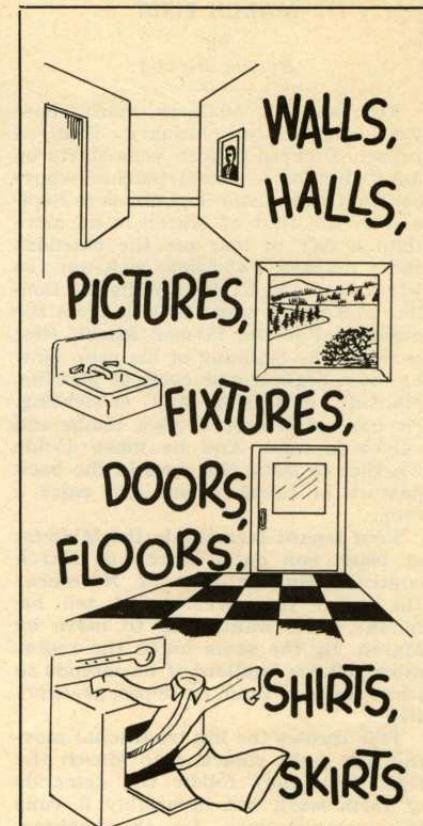
Some people have coffee breaks. Mothers are glad to have *incident* breaks; pauses between problems—problems which often seem so gigantic at the moment but as time rolls on they gather up giggles and laughs like magnets.

THAT CLOSET AGAIN!

Cleaning out the closet:
Tennis balls and rackets,
Hangers, boxes, curtain rods,
Old irons, shoes and jackets . . .

Hang them on the furniture,
The handle of the door;
Let the mighty overflow
Pile up on the floor . . .

Now bring order, *some way* . . . !
The easiest, past a doubt;
Put the things from the room *in* the
closet,
Leave the things from the closet *out*!
— Helen Harrington



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Your grocer has **Kitchen-Klatter** **Kleaner**, or can get it if you ask him. Remember:

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Motions . . .

Kitchen-Klatter **Kleaner**
Does The Work!

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MARCH FIRST

by

Evelyn Birkby

For many a business man whose year begins on January first, a preacher whose church year starts on June first or a school teacher whose contract runs from September to September, the first of March is no more than a day to tear off the calendar sheet marked *February*, look out the window to see if the weather is lion-like and pull a sheaf of bills from the mailbox. For the farmer March first is really the beginning of his year. Now he must begin a new cycle of plowing, planting, fertilizing and cultivating. He has a new crop of pigs, lambs and calves to tend. And he must decide whether to leave the cows in the back pasture or break it out and raise a crop.

Most tenant farmers, in the Midwest at least, run on a March to March contract. By the first of November (in Iowa) the owner must tell his tenant if he wants him to move by March. By the same token the renter must tell his landlord if he intends to leave for new (and, he hopes, greener) fields.

This throws the big traditional moving day right smack onto March the first. This may follow the demands of farm work but invariably it runs into complications, for the packing, loading and hauling which are needed for such an undertaking must be done with winter still much in evidence. Farm lanes are not noted for permanent surfacing nor March for clement weather. How many truck loads of furniture have been pulled through mud or sleet or rain? How many tractors, cultivators and corn pickers have been lugged or trucked through ruts to get to a new place of endeavor?

It would be interesting to know how many families are moving this year under such circumstances. When you realize the great number of farms which are rented it is easy to see that the shift *could* be tremendous.

Whether those with farm sales are more or less fortunate is surely a matter of opinion. Sometimes I think a farm sale would eliminate a lot of the packing and carrying which must be done. On the other hand, wouldn't it be terribly difficult to see the coffee table which was the first Christmas gift for a new bride from her husband go to the highest bidder?

It may be rationalizing, but it does help to emphasize the disagreeable aspects of a place when moving. It certainly makes it easier, psychologically, to leave when the cold wind is whistling around the farm house and the temperature is below zero than when the hills gleam green and gold. It is better to concentrate on the unpleasantness of mud and snow and ice than to dwell on the fun of coasting with happy children down a particular long hill or swaying high on a big load of August hay as it comes lumbering in from a far field. So it really is best to look at the inconvenient and the uncomfortable and plan to take the happy times right along with you.

When we moved from the farm south of Farragut to our present home



Many an Iowa country road looks like this when March first rolls around. The road runs south of the Birkby home near Sidney, Iowa, and meanders off into the hills and hollows of the Missouri Bluffs.

near Sidney, Iowa, it was on the traditional March first date. While the chill winds blew we packed books, summer clothes, vases, the broken lamp which would surely get fixed *someday*, fruit jars (empty and full), bags of potatoes, furniture, toys and bedding. Last of all we put the in-season and good clothes into a huge box reserved just for that purpose. We did not know until the box was unpacked at our new home that young Bob, fearful his sturdy pet might be left behind, had tucked the black barn cat into the box of clothing. *Thank goodness* we had only sixteen miles to go. The cat, and the clothes, came through in tolerable shape.

As I packed I marked each box as to room or location in which it was to be placed in our new home: *basement, kitchen, back porch, bathroom, boys' room, etc.* When the dust had settled and I began the process of unpacking, I discovered the box marked "living room" was in the basement, the one marked "kitchen" was in the living room and the one marked "bathroom" was nowhere to be found! This is easier to understand (we are literate people) when I explain that we moved in our pickup, did all the work ourselves and took many trips to get the task completed. By the time the final trips were made our only desire was to get everything under the roof regardless of location.

Robert gave me very good advice. "Just do one room at a time. Don't go on to the next until the first one is *all* unpacked and in order." Unfortunately, Jeffrey, who was an active one-year-old, did not understand this direction. While I was putting books on the shelves in the living room he wandered into the dining room and started pulling sheets, which belonged in the bedroom, out of a box. Into the bedroom went the sheets. Into the living room went Jeffrey. Seemingly, the activity there again proved dull and Jeffrey wandered into the kitchen.

"Mama," Bob yelled. "Jeffrey's in the laundry things. He's dumping starch all over the floor."

Into the living room went Jeffrey. Unfortunately, I had just finished washing the woodwork and he immediately discovered the low window sills. His added starchy touch was all I needed!

The last straw that day came, however, just as I finished getting the

living room looking livable! A knock came at the door and two men walked in. "We are here to patch the plaster cracks so you can paint the walls." Down came the pictures, out came the nails, the furniture was pushed to the middle of the floor, the curtains were folded and put back in their box. The men efficiently proceeded to fill up the cracks. I left the room muttering to myself, "One room at a time, indeed!"

When we moved we brought along some lovely gifts from our "old" friends. The neighborhood club to which I had belonged gave me a shining crystal dish. It was made to hold nuts, candy and lemon peel. Little did the club members know that it also holds picnics, secret-pals, club meeting fun, worthwhile projects and serving at farm sales. But most of all it holds the friends who were always near when we needed them: when the car wouldn't start; when someone was sick; when the cow got into the wrong field. No, we didn't leave any of our good friends, they came right along with us in that pretty dish.

We were given a beautiful lamp by the country church where we had been members. Such memorable times come to mind each time I look at that lamp: the Sunday school programs; the cold wintry day we plowed through the snow to work on curtains for the sanctuary; the times we painted and cleaned, ate and studied, worshipped and prayed; the day our precious little girl was buried and the day our wonderful second baby boy was baptized. The lamp holds these and many more noteworthy incidents tucked between its pretty globes.

Moving day may look like a simple matter of putting furniture and jars and rugs and clothes (and maybe a cat or dog) into a truck, but it was not that simple for us. We tucked in several hills, a winding creek, the sight of a little girl in pigtails running down a hill, the picture of a little boy helping his daddy put up hay, comforting companionship, helping hands, courageous neighborliness and understanding. That pickup was bulging with things no one knew about but us. And, to top it all off, we rolled up the long country lane with a few cottonwood trees inside and brought that along, too!

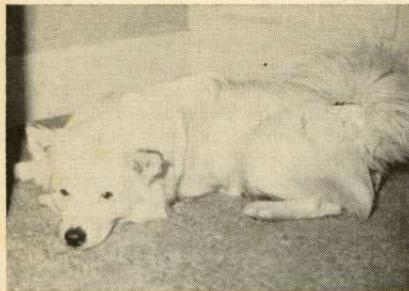
If you are moving this March the first I can say "I know just what you are going through. Good luck!"

MARCH FIRST

It is not quite time
For the secret clock to chime
"SPRING!" The stubborn weld
Of snow and ice has held
Earth and sky too long
To be broken by a song!

But give us one more snow,
A scowling cloud, a blow,
And Winter will be done!
Small fingertips of sun
Will part the grey for blue
And let a wild goose through!

— Helen Harrington



Nickie, pet of the Oliver Strom family, looks rather sad because he was chased off of the davenport in the living room.

DOGS WE HAVE BELONGED TO

by

Elaine Derendinger

In all the years we've lived in the country we've never had to go out to beg or buy a dog. They just come, apparently from nowhere. I do have a sneaking suspicion that people dump unwanted dogs on our road because it is alive with kids and they know kids won't let go of dogs! So they are given to us. Did I say "given"? "Forced" would be a much better word!

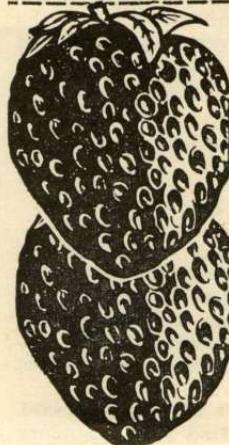
I have forgotten the name of the first dog that adopted us. He really belonged to the neighbors, was black and white and fluffy and cute. At least I thought he was cute until the day I decided to display my collection of cacti on the porch. This cute dog came over and ate most of my prize "boxing glove" cactus — spines and all. He must have stayed with us instead of his owners simply because our yard was not as neat as theirs; I've yet to see a dog that craves neatness!

In those days — with only one child — I would often put her in a stroller and walk across the bridge to town. On one of these walks, in spite of my unfriendly attitude, a handsome German shepherd followed us home. He was a nice dog so I wasn't too unhappy when no one advertised for him in the lost-and-found. I was all set to keep him but when we went to town again several weeks later he followed us back! He absolutely refused to wait for us on the sidewalk but went into stores and rumaged around, much to the dismay of the managers. When it was time to go home I saw him being friendly with a man who seemed to know him well. When we walked past he didn't give us so much as a wag of the tail! He evidently only wanted (and got) a free vacation away from the hard pavements of town.

Lobo (named for McKinley Kantor's book of the same name) was a really loveable dog. He was in our yard one day — big, black and sleek, with reddish eyes. He was very well-mannered in the house. My husband hates dogs in the house, but then, he isn't always at home! Lobo stayed several weeks, then was gone as mysteriously as he had come. I can't write a single reason for loving him; he was just my dog, that's all.

Next to arrive was the Brown Hound, one of a long line of dumped dogs. Actually, he was adopted by a

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6 FT. TALL!



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- GIANT FRUIT MANY LARGE AS PLUMS!

A Dream Come True; Climbing Strawberries in Your Own Garden! The More You Eat; The More You'll Want to Grow.

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And it's the one perfect way to help ease the heavy loneliness that so many people feel today.

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neighbor, but I got in the habit of whistling when lonely and he got in the habit of coming. He was a typical hound; long sad ears, limpid brown eyes, cold nose and when you gave him even one pat he'd flop around in a frenzy of delight. Then another neighbor borrowed him for hunting purposes. At the sound of the first shot he started running and, as far as we know, he is running still.

We were without a dog for awhile but, since boys simply cannot be raised without dogs, we took a shepherd pup offered us. The boys called him Nipper because he "nipped". He was a darling ball of fur and it was nice for once to have a dog of our own choice! Well, he had hardly grown a hair before a series of strays began to arrive — all of dubious breeds. But what do you say when boys insist one dog alone is a lonely dog and, after

all, they will care for them! Nipper had the habit of howling when a fire whistle or siren was heard. It was a spine-chilling sound.

We also have Booger, a pleasant police dog. He really belongs to a man across the road, but we have him! He's affectionate but still retains his independence. He's very generous and wants us to have simply everything in the neighborhood; overshoes, **WELCOME** mats, the neighbor's dish-clothes, ironing cords and more kinds of brushes than I knew existed. We'll either have to start a lost-and-found department or open our own second-hand shop! He loves to come in and sit on the bed by the cat, holding one paw protectively (?) over her. He's always smiling, one ear up and one ear down. I do hope he outgrows the habit of eating my flowers! I hope we belong to him for a long, long time.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

By

Eva M. Schroeder

Many gardeners who start seeds indoors early in the spring have trouble with damping-off, a soil-borne disease caused by fungi. The parasites usually grow near the surface and enter the plant where it emerges from the soil. Excessive moisture in the soil and air invites the fungus growth and seedling losses are high under these conditions. The tiny plants wither at the base of the stem and soon die.

To avoid the trouble as much as possible plant all seed in one of the sterile planting mediums available at most seed counters and from your mail order nurseries. There are three equally good starting mediums sold under various brand names and the one you choose is a matter of preference. I start all my seedlings in milled sphagnum moss as it is organic in nature and makes a good "humusy" mulch to use later in the pansy bed and perennial border.

Many gardeners prefer vermiculite, a feather-weight expanded material made from micaceous ore. A third starting medium, called perlite, is a light-weight inorganic material prepared from volcanic ash by crushing and then subjecting to great heat. These last two make fine ventilating materials to lighten heavy clay soils as they will not break down and decay.

Planting mediums resist water at first but once they start absorbing it, they can hold many times their weight and you don't need to add more water for long periods of time. To get the mediums to "take" water, try this method. Place the medium you wish to use in a large bowl or pan and pour a quantity of warm water over it. Let stand for a period of time, or if in a hurry knead and mix with the hands. Gently press out the excess water when you spread the mixture in the seed flats or containers. The medium should be evenly moist and kept as light and airy in structure as possible. Smooth the surface and you are ready to plant the seed.

Fine seed such as petunia, snapdragon, salpiglossis, etc., should be sown thinly over the surface and pressed gently into the medium. Do not cover this seed. Larger seed should be covered lightly with a thin layer of dry medium and the surface firmed. Place a pane of window glass

or a sheet of clear plastic over the flat or containers and set them in a warm situation out of direct sunlight until germination takes place. If excess moisture condenses under the glass or plastic cover, raise or prop it up slightly to let in air. After the seedlings are up, remove the cover entirely.

EVERYONE'S PROBLEM

By

Blance Shipley

"Oh, Mommy, my farm washed away," sobbed my little boy one morning after one of those torrential rains which seem to come at least once a year. He was so miserable that I cuddled him up a moment to comfort him.

"Surely it wasn't all gone," I said. "Didn't you even find your boundary lines?" Now that was small comfort!

"But Mommy, what good are boundary lines if you don't have any dirt?" And he started sobbing again. Even a very little boy knows that a farm is more than fences and fence posts.

This incident started me thinking about conservation. The loss of his farm was of major importance to this small boy but how many adults have the greater worry about the many real farms that wash down the Mississippi River each year. That river carries an annual load of 3240 square miles of one-inch-thick silt!

Have you ever seen a raging flooded river yanking great hunks of good black topsoil from your own fields? I have had that very painful experience. When my husband and I were first married and moved to our Missouri farm I had never seen a river at flood stage. To calm my anxiety about the Grand River bayous near our back door, my father-in-law said, "Now stop your worrying. That river has not been out of its banks since the new channel was cut fifteen years ago." He was such a comforting soul that I put out of my mind the thought of the river ever flooding our farm. My husband and I went for happy strolls along its banks and it became my friend.

Imagine, then, my horror and mental anguish when we returned from a day of shopping in St. Joseph to find our farm submerged in swirling flood waters. Only a tiny knoll where the house and one barn stood had escaped its ravages. In true tradition of my kind, I made my way along the raised path, pushed into the house,

and cried.

Two times since that day the river has covered our farm. Why, we asked ourselves each time, had such a disheartening event happened—because of the flash rainstorms or cloudbursts? That, of course, is one reason for floods in uncommon places, but those who study such matters tell us that it is due to poor, ignorant or careless farming practices which produce poor water and soil conservation.

I know now that conservation no longer remains a vital problem to the individual alone. I can stand on my back porch and visualize in my mind's eye all the good soil washing from the hundreds of farms, large and small, and heading relentlessly toward the Gulf of Mexico as though it was a God-given duty. But God certainly did not plan for us to use good topsoil in this way!

When groups throughout the drainage area of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers and their tributaries meet to discuss flood control and the launching of better farm conservation programs as a means of solving this particular problem, it becomes evident that conservation is vital, not only to our farm and our neighbors, but to the nation as a whole.

This problem, then, is not limited just to the Midwest, as many of you who live in different parts of the country know. We have traveled out in western states where the walls of red colored rock seemed to catch, hold and magnify the blazing heat. Not a single blade of plant growth could be seen on the red sandy earth. I saw children trying to drink, prone, from a small rusty-looking water hole. It had never occurred to me before that the need for water and soil is a problem concerning little children, too.

In the southern parts of our country the high temperatures and great rainfall create acidity in the soil. Many essential elements are lost by leaching. Thousands of acres which once grew cotton and tobacco are now abandoned because of depletion and erosion. Conservationists believe that many of the south's economic difficulties stem from the need for water and soil care.

Conservation, I now realize, is a very real problem to everyone. I easily helped my little boy make a new farm. We simply hauled in a few cans full of dirt. But it is not that easy to build a new farm for myself or my neighbor. Like the great scientist, George Washington Carver, we must take God through Nature and work on His side, conscientiously.

RIGHT OR WRONG?

How can I tell you what is right
Or tell you what is wrong?
For that which is for me quite right,
May be for you quite wrong.

And when I try to do the right
It often turns out wrong—
But if you know the thing that's right,
Then you must know what's wrong.

So search the soul for what is right
And search for what is wrong;
And if one strives to do the right
One can not go far wrong.

— Eugenie G. O'Brian

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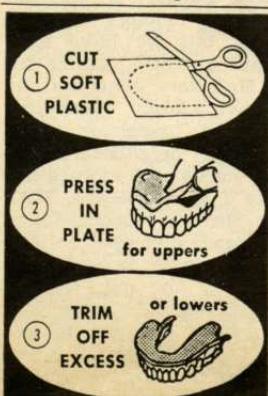
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COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Do come in! It has been a long chilly day, but one sure way to banish the cold and keep March winds outside is to curl up with a good book. Between the pages are friends who will share the cozy warmth of the room and return many a day to enrich your memory.

Today, for instance, "Mrs. Daffodil" and I have been visiting. You know Mrs. Daffodil—she is the gal who sent two checks to pay for the new refrigerator (she forgot about sending the first one but the company was kind enough to return the second!). She also spent all her time helping and cooking for the new maid when she should have been typing manuscripts. This is a delightful book by Gladys Tabor which I located after reading "Stillmeadow Sampler" and her other Stillmeadow (the name of her home) books. What a joy to walk with her as she communes with nature, gives the cockers tender, loving care and writes of her common-sense philosophy.

Reading aloud is one of our favorite pastimes. Right now Laura Wilder's "Little House" books are being enjoyed. We have given part of the series as a birthday present to Jon, our seven-year-old. How his eyes sparkle when we read about the Indians camping so close to the Wilders and wolves howling around the cabin which had only a blanket for a door! After reading "The Long Winter" I wished that we might share our roast beef, mashed potatoes and brown gravy dinner with Laura. Her poor hands grew tired from twisting hay to burn so they could keep warm and from grinding wheat in the coffee mill to make brown bread. Such a book makes us appreciate the good living we have today.

The maple bookcase in our living room receives more attention than the television set, thank goodness! One day Jon took Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" from the shelf and began reading it, from time to time giving me bits of information. Since he showed his interest in reading about the great American President, we found a "Discovery" book about Lin-

coln more on a seven-year-old reading level. The book fascinated Jon, especially the part about Abe carrying a hot potato to school to keep his hands warm in winter, then eating the potato for his lunch!

My sister is getting her little Annette started on a fine library. When some special occasion comes along (such as a birthday) a book is purchased. My niece will have a fine collection by the time she grows up. "Abe Lincoln's Other Mother", which is the story of Sarah Bush Lincoln, and "Box Car Children" are already on her shelves. And, incidentally, can you imagine four children living in an old boxcar and getting along very well?

"Journey into Summer" by Edwin Way Teale was given recently as a book review at a Garden Club meeting and now that book of nature is a must as a present for my mother. Teale's "Autumn Across America" is equally interesting.

While browsing through the bookstore recently I noticed a copy of "A Change and A Parting" by Yambara and Bodine of Iowa City, Iowa. It is a new book about the Amana Colonies published by the Iowa University Press. I hope that our public library will soon have it and I may decide to buy a copy for myself so I can enjoy it for years.

Books can save an embarrassing moment, I can testify! One evening I put the children in the tub then went onto the back porch on a quick errand. I soon heard anxious little voices calling me. I tore into the house and there at the front door stood my small daughter with a bath towel wrapped around her tiny form saying "Hi" to the minister and his wife. Nothing to do but laugh! Finally, with the children settled down in pajamas and robes with their books, the minister's wife noticed the children's copy of "The Cat in the Hat" by Dr. Seuss. She asked if we had read "Green Eggs and Ham" by the same author. Since she is a grandmother with eight grandchildren she knew how much youngsters enjoy the rhyming books of Dr. Seuss. Our discussion helped me to relax and the visit proved to be wonderful. Oh, yes, my children have now become acquainted with "Green Eggs and Ham".



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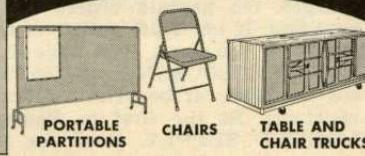
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MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

children had been put to bed so we had several hours to visit undisturbed.

However, the next morning the children were all up at 6:30 and Katharine and Paul could hardly contain themselves until their Uncle Wayne came out of his bedroom. We pushed another chair up to the already close quarters at the table and he enjoyed a typical morning breakfast complete with spilled milk. It had been ten days since Wayne had been home with his own children, so I made the comment that he should feel quite at home since something had been spilled.

I couldn't figure out for several weeks why there was such a sudden rash of spilled milk, or juice or whatever. We had gone quite a long time without such accidents but all at once they began happening at every meal. Then I realized who the culprit was — our newest member at the table, Adrienne! We were forced into including her at our table after her first taste of eating with the grownups in Anderson. My sister invited everyone to her house for a holiday meal and as her baby equipment has been discarded she no longer had a highchair for Adrienne. We padded up the bottom of a regular chair and Adrienne attained a much sought-after status. It was as though she had come of age. When we arrived back in Hales Corners she was not about to accept her former status and there was no peace in the kitchen until we moved our plates over enough to accommodate her little divided dish. Now her long boarding-house reach allows her to help herself to more food when she's ready and this causes the milk to get spilled. None of us are too anxious to sit next to her because of her gooey, sticky hands. It isn't safe to sit across from her either because of upset tumblers! I frequently get the distinct feeling that I've been through some of this before.

My pressure cooker is cooling in the kitchen and I must go out and start fixing one of my favorite dishes — cooked beef tongue. Tomorrow I'll put it to soak in a pickling brine along with sliced onions. The children and

I shall have a feast all week. We have to do this on the weeks when Don is out of town because he is squeamish about foods with a "name", as he calls them. However, I was brought up on delightful and delicious German dishes and I want the children to learn to enjoy them, too. Don says there is a subversive fifth column at work while he is away because we have a rule that everyone eats what is on the table and when the rest of us love tongue, what will he do?

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Speaking From Experience—Con'd

students for college courses and text books are urgently needed. I am an efficient Braillist and transcribe text books myself as well as teach those desiring to do this work. Sighted helpers are needed especially to transcribe school books.

If anyone is interested in more information about this work it would be a great joy to me to supply help on this subject. I can be reached with a post card or letter addressed to me at Box 176, Sidney, Iowa.

My life is so satisfying and full of rewarding pleasure in the projects I have found and, speaking from experience, I know that sightlessness is only one type of problem which, like so many others, can be coped with successfully. Acceptance, determination and a spirit of expectation are needed. I keep wondering what I can find to conquer next!

A PRAYER

I thank thee, Lord, for the gift of health

Instead of beauty, fame or wealth;
And may I use it as a trust
To do for you the things I must.

— Eugenie G. O'Brien

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

fare! The supper is always served in the church dining room preceding the meeting and program which are held upstairs. This gives the parents a chance to clean up the kitchen by the time the children adjourn.

While the Vernesses were on vacation, we offered to look after their cat, Sacafrass. They hadn't been gone many days when I noticed that Old Frass wasn't very well. I watched him for a few days and then decided he should have some medical attention. They discovered a very severe ear infection and although treatment was started right away, he didn't survive. Poor Old Frass was just too old to battle such an illness. He was such a pet that it wasn't easy to give the sad news to Lucile and Russell and we left it up to them to tell Julian. We'll all miss that huge black cat for he had been a "fixture" in the neighborhood for many years.

Speaking of pets, our dog, Nickie, is at my feet begging for his meal for the day so I'll stop right now and take care of him.

Sincerely,

Margery

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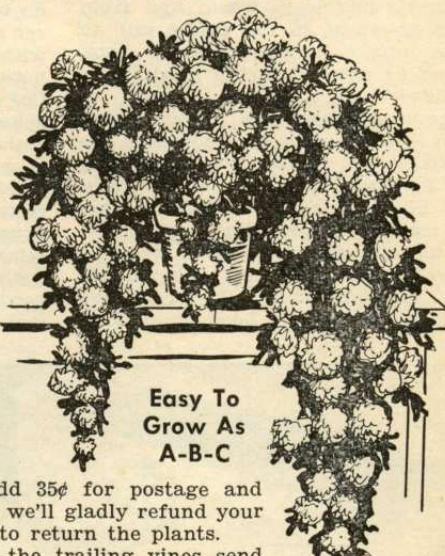
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LEANNA'S

TULIP GARDEN QUILT

At your request Mother and I have prepared the pattern and directions for another one of her beautiful applique quilts—the Tulip Garden. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

IT'S TIME FOR

KITCHEN-KLATTER!

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

We hope that you can get acquainted with our Kitchen-Klatter Family over one of these stations:

KSMN Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

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

KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

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

KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

ST. PATRICK FUN

How about a good St. Patrick party for March? Green paper shamrocks or pipes make good invitations. Decorations can be simply made with green and white crepe paper cut into streamers and draped around the room. Shamrocks in various sizes can be fastened to walls and curtains.

Irish Potato Golf: As the guests arrive, start them immediately playing an indoor golf game. The holes are dishes, bowls and pans (all unbreakable), the balls are small potatoes and the clubs are spoons. Each hole is numbered and, as the players start, each is given a score card and pencil. The object of the game is to toss the potato from one dish to another with as few "strokes" as possible. The one completing nine holes in the fewest strokes wins. The cleverest prize for this game would be a pencil shaped like a golf club.

Blarney Stone: Place a clean stone about the size of an egg in the center of a small table. Blindfold the guests one at a time and have them find the Blarney Stone and kiss it. If you prohibit the use of hands it adds greatly to the fun. If they fail to kiss the stone collect a forfeit.

Forfeits: Many games which require forfeits fall flat because the judge can't think of enough interesting ways to have the players "pay". Here are some ideas.

1. Rub the top of your head with one hand and pat the chest with the other at the same time.

2. Eat a doughnut suspended on a string without using your hands.

3. Imitate a book agent opening a sale.

4. Sit on an upended block or milk bottle, extend your feet, cross them and thread a needle.

5. Sing "Mary Had a Little Lamb" in the style of grand opera.

6. Give a one minute oration using only the letters of the alphabet.

7. Place one hand where the other cannot reach it. (On your elbow.)

8. For two persons: walk blindfolded from opposite sides of the room and shake hands. Blindfolded, feed each other crackers with a spoon.

Lakes of Old Erin: Cut irregular-shaped lakes from large sheets of green paper and place them at intervals on the floor. As the pianist plays, the guests march in a line around the room, each player with his right hand on the left shoulder of the person standing in front of him. The music stops suddenly and all those standing on "lakes" are eliminated. The others continue until only one person is left. "The Campbells Are Coming" is a good musical choice for this march. The prize could be a bottle of green colored water, "straight from the lakes of Ireland."

Paddy's Irish Stew: One guest is blindfolded and stands in the center of a circle made by the other players. He is the "cook". Using a large wooden spoon, he goes through the motions of stirring, then stops and points to one of the players in the circle and asks, "What does my stew need?" The player at whom he has pointed must name some article which can go into

a stew, using a complete sentence to answer, such as "Your stew needs pepper." The "cook" tries to identify the speaker. If the "cook" guesses correctly the player takes his place, otherwise the cook tries again.

Walking to Cork: Stretch a long cord across the room at floor level. Give a player a pair of field glasses. He must look through the *large* end of the glasses and "walk to Cork" on the string.

Green Romance: Many groups enjoy paper and pencil games. This one fits right in with the theme of the party since each answer is the name of something which is green. This poem is best copied on separate sheets of paper and trimmed with shamrock decorations.

"He met her at the country club beneath a spreading (tree)."

Beside a brook, where drooped the (ferns), as graceful as could be,

The old gray rocks were decked with (moss), like velvet rich and rare, And oh, she was a charming girl, and sweet beyond compare!

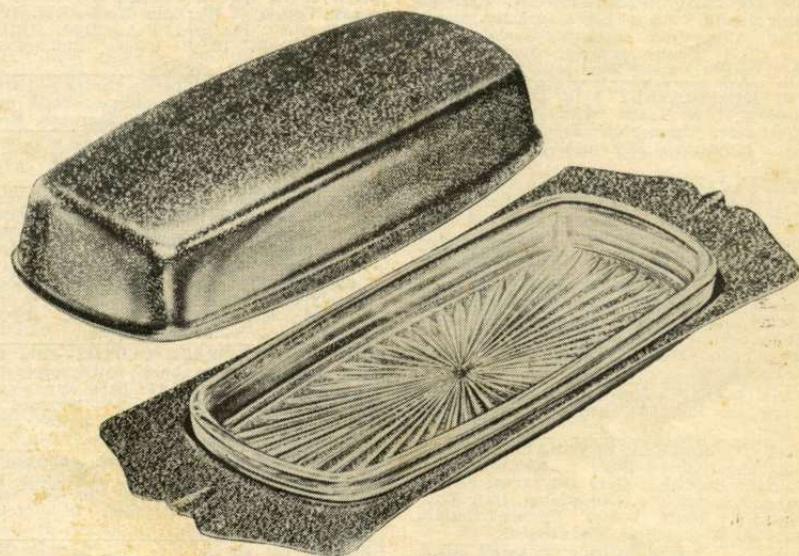
She wore a modish sporting suit, the color of a (leaf), Her ring displayed an (emerald) of price beyond belief.

And round her lovely throat was wound a necklace very neat, Of Chinese (jade), and thus she made her costume quite complete.

They went to play upon the (links), then sought the clubhouse nigh. They ordered (lettuce) sandwiches, and some (goose) berry pie.

To pay the check a (greenback) next from out his purse he drew, Then as they strolled across the (grass) he told his love so true.

When she chose the wedding date, 'twas natural to say That she'd consent to be his bride upon (St. Patrick's) Day!"



BIG NEWS from Kitchen-Klatter Bleach!

Here's the latest premium from **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, and we think it's the finest yet. It's a most attractive three-piece butter dish, finished in beautiful crinkled copper-tone. It keeps butter spreading soft in the refrigerator, always ready to serve. The roomy top and graceful base have the lustrous gleam of copper, and the attractive starburst dish will grace any table.

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