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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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MRS W E PEARSON NOV 62
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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Dear Friends:

When our children were young, they had a favorite book which they enjoyed very much. I forget the author's name and the title, but it was a story about a family who never knew how to solve even the simplest of problems without the advice of their neighbor, "the lady from Philadelphia". I couldn't tell you how many times we read and re-read that book, and how the children laughed delightedly over the ridiculous situations in which those simple-minded people found themselves. My! how I would love to come across a copy of that old book. Although Mart has searched through many second-hand bookstores, he's never run across it.

Yesterday I needed her advice for I burned my hand removing a pie from the oven. She would have asked why I didn't use a holder and pull out the oven grate first. Queer, like the peculiar family, I didn't think of that! Burns must be a badge of my profession for I always manage to get a new one before the last one has disappeared.

At a meeting of friends recently, we were all asked to tell about the trips we had taken during the winter months. Of course, I had nothing to add to the conversation for we didn't leave town, but it was interesting to hear the high points of trips the others had taken. Some had gone by car, others went by train or plane, and one friend and her husband took a lengthy trip by bus which carried them over a great part of our country. They enjoyed this mode of travel—found it carefree and most comfortable. With the heavy traffic on the highways in many areas, driving a car can be most exhausting, especially for those who aren't so young anymore.

One word of advice when using public transportation: have your luggage well marked with your complete name and address, so if it should be left behind, it can easily be returned to you. This happens more often than one would imagine.

Our neighbors next door have returned from a six-months' visit with their daughters in Tucson, Arizona. We have lived as neighbors for over thirty-five years, have taken care of each other's children, pets, flowers and walks, and you couldn't ask for a better relationship than we've had

all these years. It's so nice to have them home again!

Today I finished a very beautiful cross-stitched skirt for my sister Jessie. She had bought it in a package, all stamped and ready to finish. The material is a lovely white poplin, stamped with a rose and leaf design which I embroidered in two shades of rose and green. My brother Henry's wife, Bertha, had ordered a skirt in the same pattern but stamped on dark blue-and-white checked gingham. She embroidered hers in white.

I think I'll lay my handwork aside during the summer months for I like to spend as much time out-of-doors as possible. Our days have been beautiful in recent weeks and after the shut-in winter we experienced, I've taken advantage of every nice day to sit in my favorite sheltered spot along the east side of the house to soak up some of the morning sun. Following my afternoon rest, I watch for Martin, our 14-year-old grandson, when he returns from school, and line him up for any garden work that I can't manage with my little pointed hoe. Martin has reached the age when he is most anxious to earn some money and has been delighted with his "garden job". He learns quickly and it wasn't long until he could identify weeds from flowers, transplant clumps of perennials and plant the annual seeds for me. The borders of some of our flower beds are outlined with brick, which is a good idea but every once in a while the grass has to be dug from around them. I've given up trying to tackle anything that can't be done with my little hoe, for once I tried to pull up something with my hands and tumbled out of my wheelchair!

By the time you read this our nephew, Philip Field, and his wife, Marie, will be on their way home from Nairobi, Kenya, Africa, where they have been for the past year. Their daughter will meet them in Washington, D. C. the first week in June. We hope that nothing will prevent their plans from being carried out for we are all anxious to see them and to hear their story of life in Africa. Our son Frederick spent several years in Egypt after he graduated from college, but life there was far different from that in Kenya, Africa.

Lucile just sent up Dorothy's letter for us to read and I see she hasn't

mentioned Kristin's recent honor. Mothers usually hesitate to tell about their children's accomplishments, but with Grandmothers it is different!

Recently, the literary edition of Northwest Missouri State College's campus newspaper, "Northwest Missourian", carried three of Kristin's poems. In the contest she won first place in one of the divisions. I thought that you friends would like to read her prize-winning poem.

DISCONTENT

This world is much too small for me—
There must be other worlds to see;
Beyond the knowledge of my mind
There must be other worlds to find.

There must be grander things to view,
And greater, better things to do;
Some other, higher goal to gain,
And progress to obtain.

Beyond the scope of dreams I hear
Adventure calling loud and clear,
Excitement waiting just for me;
There must be other worlds to see.

We have published some of Kristin's poems in the past and since she is constantly turning out new ones, we'll share others with you from time to time.

On June the 25th, Mart and I will be celebrating our 49th wedding anniversary. It hardly seems possible that we have only one more year to go before we will be celebrating our fifty years of marriage. The children are already making plans for a big reunion next summer so we won't be expecting visits this year from those who live some distance away.

We have no definite plans for the summer. It is likely that we will simply stay at home and enjoy life as it unfolds from day to day. Several friends and relatives are expected sometime during the summer and we'll be on hand to greet them as they arrive. Perhaps some short trips might be planned between those visits, but at this writing, there is nothing very definite on the horizon.

Sincerely,

Leanna

AS YOU GO

As you travel along in your daily toil
Keep love in your heart—in your eyes
a smile.

Give a word of cheer to those who are
blue;

A warm handclasp will help some, too;
A wave of the hand, a cheery "Good
Day"

To those you may meet, or pass by
the way—

As you travel along.

Start in the day with a word of pray-
er,

As the birds trill their notes to the
morning air.

Let your prayer be to God, like their
songs to Heaven,

Thankful for life and the blessings
given;

Thinking those thoughts that are right
and good,

Doing those deeds that you feel you
should—

As you travel along.

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

The birds set up such a lively conversation outside our bedroom window this morning that I gave up dropping back to sleep and decided to get up and accomplish something before breakfast. I had just brought in some rhubarb when Oliver and Martin came downstairs, so they ordered a rhubarb pie for dessert tonight. As soon as I finish this letter to you friends, I'll get out my rolling pin and hop to it.

As I mentioned some time ago, we plan to do something about a new back porch this summer. Although this headed our list for remodeling, we're still undecided about the entire project that we launched into the work on Martin's bedroom first.

As you will remember from my letter last month, the carpenters had arrived and when they finished we picked out new wallpaper and the paper-hangers got busy. The paper is a soft nutmeg brown with a little white fleck, so we had the woodwork painted white. (I was glad to turn this over to professional painters, for we tackled the woodwork ourselves the last time and it was anything but a good job!)

When we first mentioned carpeting Martin's room, he was very emphatic about wanting a bright color. After looking at rolls and rolls of cotton carpet, however, he chose a warm brown, reasoning that he wouldn't tire of brown, whereas he very likely would weary of a bright color. He thinks that he would like to have turquoise for the accent color since he has two lovely small Mexican hand-loomed rugs in that color hanging on the walls. When the bedspreads and curtains have to be replaced, we can pick up some additional turquoise there. Until then, he'll continue to use the ones he has.

Martin has a large collection of books for reading is one of his main hobbies and since he is constantly adding to his library, their storage is becoming somewhat of a problem. He likes to keep them all close at hand. His room is really not large enough to take care of more than one bookcase, so we solved the problem by adding shelves on one wall in his closet to take care of the overflow.

The men arrived just before lunch today to install the air conditioner—certainly an indication that hot weather is expected and we'll be needing it. Some people leave theirs in all winter, but we have ours taken out in the fall and stored in the basement. When it is brought up it is cleaned and oiled before installation. Had the air conditioner been hooked up, I'm certain that we would have had it on before now, for we've already had some hot days when a breath of cool air would have been appreciated.

Speaking of summer, the Shenandoah school system is again offering some summer classes. This year the courses will consist of Personal Typing, Spanish, Driver Training, High School English and Remedial Reading. I haven't heard yet as to whether enough have enrolled in each course to justify carrying it, but usually quite a number participate in this summer program. It is an ideal opportunity



We don't know of anyone who enjoys baking more than Mother (Leanna Driftmier), and hardly a week goes by but what she makes Dad's favorite yellow cake with coconut icing.

for students to earn additional credits and also to take courses that they can't work into the regular term.

A movement is underway in Shenandoah to build new tennis courts. Back in the '30's, tennis was the most popular sport in our town. As a matter of fact, as young people our spare time was spent at the tennis courts and Shenandoah produced a number of "stars" who participated in tennis meets around the country. The sport dwindled in popularity around the outbreak of World War II and the courts became neglected until they were unuseable. Now there is a local drive to raise funds to rebuild them and our youngsters will soon be active in the game which was so much enjoyed by their parents. Martin is already saving his money to buy a tennis racket.

This isn't all that Martin is trying to save money for since he must also earn his expenses for the fishing trip he will take with several of the church boys and the minister. If you read my letters last summer, you will remember that this is an annual outing. Since the group will be smaller this year, Oliver might join them and enjoy a little fishing also.

We hope that sometime during the summer we can drive to Mansfield, Missouri to visit Rocky Ridge Farm, the home of Laura Ingalls Wilder who wrote the "Little House" books. You have heard or read our references to these wonderful pioneer stories for children countless times and perhaps you, too, have read them and would be interested in her home which is fast becoming a literary shrine. In spite of the fact that the Association which has taken over the development and preservation of the Wilder home hasn't put out much publicity, it is fast gaining in popularity as a vacation stop. I understand that there has been some work going on with the building to make it fire-proof, etc. but

that it will be open again this summer when many thousands of visitors are expected. Perhaps your family as well as ours will be among them. A number of friends have written to us about the home and several newspaper clippings have arrived, all of them whetting our interest.

Speaking of something interesting, did you ever suddenly feel as if you were in another past period of your life? The other day I was walking down the alley to visit with Dad, who was burning trash, and looked down to spot a pretty piece of broken glass. The feeling that came over me was that of a certain summer day when I walked down that alley with a couple of little friends looking for pretty pieces of glass to use as tokens when we played hop-scotch. Later in the evening I was relating this experience to friends and they all reported that they had had similar experiences, so vivid that they actually felt transported back to some past period of their lives. It might be caused by the fragrance of a flower, the first smell of rain in the air, or, as with me, the sight of a piece of colored glass. It's strange what an impact an association can make on a person and how perfectly real it seems.

Before I jump up from the typewriter to start making those pies, I want to explain why there is no letter from Lucile in this issue. If you are within radio-listening range of our voices, you've heard me mention on several occasions that Lucile hasn't been feeling well. In recent weeks she has had a very severe pain in her back and hip, causing considerable suffering. Her first thought was that she had merely strained a muscle, but when it didn't wear away with time and bed-rest, it appeared that something more was involved so she consulted her doctor. As a result of x-rays

(Continued on page 18)

FATHERS, WE HONOR YOU

A Father-Son Banquet Program

By

Mabel Nair Brown

This program is planned in keeping with the space age—a theme that is certain to appeal to the boys as well as their fathers.

Decorations

Rocket boosters, space ships, planets and satellites made from construction paper, or poster paper, and set in styrofoam bases can be used as table centerpieces. Make others for wall decorations and small replicas of the same could be made for favors and nut cups. Peanut pixies, dressed as astronauts and used with the space ships for the table arrangements, would be cute conversation pieces.

Of course, you'll want space ships and planets suspended from the ceiling to lend more "atmosphere". Plastic foam balls in various sizes and decorated as planets could be formed into a most attractive mobile to whirl above the head table.

Program

Control Tower ----- Invocation
Prepare for Launching -- Welcome
Count Down ---- Song for Fathers
The Blast Off --- Toast to Fathers
Into Orbit ---- Response to Sons
Guided Missiles ---- Speaker or Skit

Song for Fathers: (This is sung to the familiar tune used for the "Mother" song.)

"F is for the family he's protecting;
A means adoration of them all.
T is for the treasury he's perfecting;
H is for the home that makes the call.
E is for the efforts that he's making;
R is for reliance through and through.
Taken all together they'll spell *Father*—

A name that stands for him who is true blue."

Toast to Fathers: "Here's to Fathers! We think that you're really out of this world. It is through your untiring efforts as the mainstays of the ground crew that we are finally launched into orbit after school days are over. All during our training years Dads have to count down to the last detail to see that we are fed, clothed and educated in spite of our occasional balking at rules and regulations.

"I'm sure that I speak for all the sons when I say that we only hope, after our successful launching, always to keep in close enough orbit so that our Father's ideals, controls, and visions may continue to inspire and guide us. Because these qualities in my father have meant so much to me, I would like to salute all of the fathers with this verse. May it be a challenge not only to the fathers of today, but also to those who will become the fathers of tomorrow.

"You have a son? Oh, teach his heart to be

As gentle as the early morning light,
As sturdy as a pine beside the sea,
As faithful as a star within the night.
Teach him to love the challenge of the long

Sun-lighted years when he will serve and share

The peace of silence and the joy of song,

The fellowship of Christ through holy prayer.

You have no son? Then find a boy who needs

The reassurance of your heart and hand.

Show him the upward-climbing path that leads

To glory-lighted fortresses that stand Impregnable, with flags of faith unfurled,

Priceless beyond all treasures of the world."

—Selected

Response to Sons:

"Take a pair of spindleshanks

Dangling from a tree,

A big toe bandaged with a bow,

A turned-up dungaree;

Take a mouth all smeared with jam,

A nose of second skin,

A shock of crew-cut, sun-bleached hair,

A corrugated shin.

Take a mind that can encompass

Rockets out in space,

But not a simple thing such as

Hanging clothes in place.

Add a heart of purest gold

With just enough alloy

Of pluck to prove his metal,

And you have—a boy!

—P. T. A. Magazine

"Boys come in assorted sizes weights and colors, but all boys have the same creed: to enjoy life to the utmost.

"Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around or jumping to. When you are busy and want to concentrate, a boy can make more noise than the blast-off of a space ship. When you want him to make a good impression, the intricate mechanism of his brain often fails to function. Then sometimes, out of the clear blue sky, he sails forth with the perfection desired—from long training combined with the wisdom of Solomon.

"Your son is a magical fellow—you can lock him out of your tie drawer, but you can't lock him out of your heart. He is wonderful! God bless him—your boy and mine!"

(At this time the speaker who is to address the group could be introduced, or you could present the following skit.)

GUIDED MISSILES

(A Skit)

By

Elsie M. Brownell

(This little skit needs no rehearsing, for it merely involves a narrator who reads her script and, at the appropriate time, various persons who cross the stage.)

"Fathers, today we honor you! You have been a great influence upon our lives. Like the training before the launching of an astronaut, you have been preparing us for our part in this world of tomorrow. We weren't very old before we realized that it was Mother who soothed us, cared for us and talked to us in that loving, coaxing way. (Father, carrying a baby, enters and crosses the platform while

the narrator continues.) But you were the fellow who pulled a toe, chuckled us under the chin, or playfully rolled us from side to side with your big hand and said, 'How's Daddy's little man?' You are a very special person. Why, when we were babies, our first words were 'Da Da'.

"As a toddler, I watched for your homecoming each day, taking uncertain steps out to meet you when you returned from work. (Second father with one or two toddlers walks across platform.) Then holding onto your finger, we'd walk into the house together. My growth seemed to be measured by the number of Dad's fingers my chubby little hands could enclose in their grasp.

(A pre-schooler enters with third father, taking long steps just like his dad's) "The ring of pride and tone of your voice as you told relatives and friends of my latest achievements made me want to please. Yes, I wanted to be just like you and began imitating you, first, by trying to wear your big shoes, then, with exaggerated strides, tried to take steps just as big as Daddy's.

(Enter a young schoolboy, carrying books.) "I grew and grew until the day finally came when I started to school and had my first little launching into the outside world. Everything was new and frightening, but I was a big boy now, and I wanted you to be proud of me. My lower lip may have quivered, but I didn't cry! Each day, as I went off to school, I pretended that I was just like Daddy going off to work for the day.

"I increased in wisdom, stature and knowledge. (A Junior Department boy enters, flexing the muscles in his arms.) My world was enlarging and I was beginning to spend more time with Dad. We began to exchange opinions and facts. I started bragging to my pals, proving all points beyond reasonable doubt with: 'My father says. . . ' and 'My father can. . . '

(A boy about Freshman age swaggers in and crosses the platform.) "I'm really growing up. Not only am I almost as tall as Dad, but I know practically as much as he does! He has some pretty old-fashioned ideas about things and if he'd just take a few lessons from me, I could teach him a thing or two! He doesn't seem to realize how lucky he is to have such a smart son.

(A young graduate enters.) "I've grown a lot these last few years—not especially in size, but certainly in maturity. Dad and I have a lot of man-to-man talks and swell times together. We're planning my future and I've asked Dad's advice several times in regards to my career. He has some pretty good ideas. You know, it's surprising how much our fathers know!

(A new father carrying a tiny infant enters.) "I'm a man now. With Dad I share the responsibility of manhood and fatherhood. (His father joins him so that there are three generations present.) Even though I'm a father and have a son who will be trying to follow in my footsteps, I need the counsel and guidance of my father as well as his encouragement.

(Continued on page 19)

FREDERICK BEGINS TO EASE INTO SUMMER ROUTINE

Dear Friends:

At last, it is the time of year when I can begin to take life a bit easier. From the first of September, when our church year begins, until the middle of May, the pressure of work is very great. During these months work seldom stops for a single day or night. But during May the load begins to ease and fewer hours are spent in conferences and committee meetings. This provides more time to do the kind of leisurely calling about the parish which I love so much to do. Then, in July and August the church is closed.

When people come from other areas of the country, I have to explain why it is that our church does not hold services and Sunday School during the summer months. We have two staff members on duty through that time—a minister to take care of any emergencies which might arise, and a secretary for financial matters. All the services are held in cooperation with two other large city churches. This is done because so many of the people leave the city for summer homes. A second reason is the poor ventilating facilities in our church. In a sanctuary which will seat 1,100 people, we have just about as much open window space as two of your bedrooms at home. Our enormous stained glass windows do not open! This makes for great discomfort in a Connecticut River Valley location where the summer heat and humidity compares favorably with the jungles of central Africa.

Our summer services, therefore, are held in a beautiful old colonial church with large, open window areas located just a few hundred feet from the river. Each of the cooperating clergymen takes his turn in the pulpit. We consider it a good congregation when 600 of the 4,500 members of the combined churches attend. Most of the 600 come from the nearby towns rather than from the city proper. The members who have gone to their summer homes attend the summer colony churches down on the Atlantic shore and I frequently see them there when I attend services away from the city. A Boy Scout camp across the lake from our summer cottage holds Sunday services and we frequently attend when the situation permits.

We'll be so glad to see summer again after a cold and raw winter. Late in the spring some of our friends down on the shore had a rough time of it with high tides and some very heavy surf. In fact, a member of my church was actually knocked down by an unusually high wave. It came up onto the beach so quickly she didn't have time to run away from it. She was rolled over and over. One knee cap was broken and the other leg was badly scratched.

The old Connecticut River has been carrying a great deal of water this spring, but so far we have had nothing to worry about in the way of a flood. The river here is about the size of the Missouri River at Omaha,



Frederick and Betty's daughter, Mary Leanna (on the right), attends Northfield School for Girls in Massachusetts. She is pictured here with her roommate, Debbie Epstein.

Nebraska. However, I think it is better behaved! It is a lovely river for boating, and some of our friends keep very nice boats not far from our house. Since we are away from Springfield most of the summer, we do not feel it advisable to invest in a river boat.

We do have a little sailboat which we keep at our summer home. It is called the *Sunfish* and has brought us more pleasure than any other single piece of recreational equipment we have for the family. It carries three passengers, is incredibly low in price and is a very fast little boat. It is made in Waterbury, Connecticut by Alcourt, Inc., if you are interested in obtaining more particulars. The *Sunfish* is the perfect boat for a small pond or lake and is safe enough for harbors and bays. I would not recommend it for ocean travel, however.

My wife, Betty, has breathed a sigh of relief now that I have had my fling with deep-fat frying. Last month a friend heard me mention an interest in cooking by this method and promptly gave me an automatic deep-fat fryer as a gift. With great enthusiasm I began experimenting. Some of the things I cooked came out very well; more of them did not! To make matters worse, the fryer managed to smell up the whole house. I installed a ventilating fan but the odor of frying fat still seemed to permeate everything. The plan now is to wait until I can find time to do the cooking out-of-doors. I am *determined* to master this type of cooking sooner or later, but for the time being I am *through* with it!

People are interesting but I frequently wonder why they do some of the things they do. For example, a beautiful residence for retired men is located not far from our church. Interestingly, it was the gift of a fine old Negro gentleman who left a fortune to be used to maintain a home for aged white men. The Georgian-type structure sits back from the street with wide, green lawns and lovely trees. Inside, it has air-conditioned dining rooms and lounges with all the comforts of home. It is one of the finest homes for men I have ever known. The only trouble is that not enough men can be found who want to live in it! Right now ten men are residents and it could easily care for thirty or forty. I just don't understand why it is so! I am sure that if I were an older man without a family

home of my own I would be *delighted* for a chance to live there.

When a man does enter this home he has care provided for the rest of his life. His every need is met and he is given spending money besides. Medical assistance is his without charge. Each man has a key and can come and go as he pleases. Unfortunately, not enough homeless men please to *come*!

Only a few blocks from our church in the other direction is a lovely home for older women. It is run just like a fine hotel with beautiful facilities, magnificent lounges and lovely gardens. Even though it is more popular with the women than the men's home is with the men, it could still accommodate a few more women. Frequently, I conduct chapel services for the ladies of the home and it is always a pleasure to visit there. This home also provides for every possible need and gives spending allowance to each resident.

Some months ago I was responsible for a lady gaining admission to the home. At first she did not want to go, but now that she is well settled she loves it. Recently she said, 'How glad I am that I came here. I haven't a care or a worry in the world! The food is good, the other ladies are so friendly, it is really home!'

Homes of this type are increasing across the country. At least, people are realizing the needs and desires of the older citizens and are building the kind of residences where happy retirement years can be enjoyed. Now we need to help people understand and appreciate the value and pleasure of living in such a place. Surely, God's hand is guiding us in this new approach to growing old.

Sincerely,

Frederick

FATHER'S DAY

The third Sunday in June is recognized as Father's Day. The movement was a tribute to William J. Smart, a G. A. R. veteran whose "Military Attitude of the Soul" prompted the inspiration. Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, his daughter, launched the movement in her home town, Spokane, Washington, as a tribute to her father who had reared his motherless group alone.

It was in 1910 that Mrs. Dodd drew up a petition addressed to the ministerial association of Spokane, urging such constructive teaching from the pulpit as would point out the importance of a father's place in the home, concerning the protection of womanhood and children, training of children, and safeguarding the marriage tie. Newspapers helped launch the movement, but for a time did not treat the subject seriously, intimating facetiously that father's main duty in life was to pay the bills and crank the car. After considerable misunderstanding about the date, the third Sunday in June was accepted and is now generally known as Father's Day.

MARY BETH WRITES OF AN EMERGENCY

Dear Friends:

The past eight weeks, since I last wrote you, have been so eventful that I hardly know where to begin. The typewriter is almost too slow to keep pace with the rapid thoughts which are attempting to race across the paper.

Since I did not write in May, let me skip back a bit over the weeks and tell you about one *wooly*, *wild* week this spring. Paul and I were planning to celebrate our birthdays and we were looking forward to a visit from my mother as part of the celebration. Donald had gone out of town on a schedule of customer calls. The only major plan for the week was a trip to the dentist with Katharine.

For almost a year we had known that surgery was eventually going to be performed on Katharine's mouth. She was unfortunate enough to inherit a large gap between her two front teeth. When I was small, I wore braces to pull my teeth together, but as soon as the braces were removed the teeth immediately went back to their former, widespread position. Although this never posed a large problem for me, I have nevertheless wished many, many times that I didn't have that large gap separating my front teeth. Therefore, when Katharine's baby teeth came in with a similar space and the dentist told us he was confident her permanent teeth would be the same way, I was quite disappointed.

When we moved to Milwaukee we consulted a new dentist who told us that a reasonably simple correction had been developed for this condition, but it involved minor surgery. On a routine six-month check, the dentist discovered the permanent teeth next to the widely separated front teeth were being forced completely out of line. He wanted to perform the surgery on her mouth immediately. An appointment was scheduled; we were sorry it came at a time when Don was out of town, for Katharine and I wanted his strong moral support!

The operation was performed in the dentist's office. I cannot do Katharine justice without telling you how grown-up she conducted herself; she was terribly brave! I was not allowed in the room with her until the operation was over. In fact, the dentist doesn't permit parents in the room until he is completely finished. This includes little ones like Paul and Adrienne and goes for routine examinations as well as surgery. He treats children just like grownups and makes no attempt to fool them concerning what he is going to do. He has far greater success when mothers are not around to fuss and stew. I can certainly testify to the success of his approach.

Katharine had two large Novocain injections, and two large incisions in her gum. She had an extremely sore mouth when the Novocain wore off, then she had to become accustomed to tightly wired bands which pulled the teeth into their new position.



This happy first-grader is Katharine Driftmier, elder daughter of Donald and Mary Beth.

The entire operation went far more smoothly than I had anticipated. Katharine proved to be calmer through the whole experience than I. What a relief it was when I could get back to the ordinary household tasks and swing into the birthday preparations.

Three days after Katharine's dental surgery she stayed home from school with a deep hacking cough. Paul was lazying around complaining of a tummy ache. Suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, Adrienne began to scream and cry.

I could not comfort the child with *anything*. She wasn't hungry for food, she didn't want a drink, her blanket was no comfort to her, my arms, which rank second in importance only to her beloved blanket, could offer no solace. When I finally forced her to submit to a thorough examination I found a large, frightening, bulging lump in her groin.

I phoned the doctor's office and managed to get an emergency appointment for the minute he came in from making his hospital rounds. I didn't have the foggiest notion what the lump was, but from Adrienne's screaming, it was obviously excruciatingly painful and needed to be seen by a doctor promptly.

Meanwhile, I was trying to find a sitter to stay with the other children. Since they were both sick I couldn't drag them with me. I phoned four sitters, one after another, only to find them unable to come. I then started phoning my neighbors, but one after another did not answer! I was nearly beside myself at this point. Adrienne was sitting on my lap screaming and writhing in pain and I didn't see how on earth I was going to drive the car to get her to the doctor even after I found a sitter.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I found a friend at home who was able to come right over. She sensed from the tone of my voice that I was close to hysterics so she put out an alarm to one of her neighbors and this friend *also* came and thoughtfully drove Adrienne and me to the doctor's office.

I want to mention that just before we left home the doctor phoned from the hospital to check more closely on the information his nurse had passed on to him. He indicated that I should hurry as rapidly as possible to his office. If the doctor was concerned enough to call me and tell me to hurry, there was undoubtedly great cause for concern, I reasoned, and I became more unnerved than ever.

To make a long story short, we arrived at the office where the doctor discovered that Adrienne had a strangulated, inguinal hernia. The only thing which saved her from immediate surgery was the fact that he was able to push the protruding mass back into place. He then made an appointment with a fine surgeon (the doctor himself is not a surgeon, much to my disappointment) and scheduled an hour when the operating room was available at Milwaukee Children's Hospital. This gave Don time to get back in town and Mother arrived, too, so she took over the care of the two children at home.

Many of you are undoubtedly acquainted with the facts concerning hernias in either adults or children, but for those who are in as blissful a state of ignorance as I was, let me tell you just a little bit about its importance in case it ever happens to your child. (Incidentally, it is very common in children.)

Some hernias are of scant importance; others, if not corrected, can quickly become intensely dangerous. This applies particularly to those in the groin. When a weak spot develops in the abdominal wall, a portion of the intestine can work its way through, either slowly or suddenly. If it becomes pinched off, or strangulated, it creates an emergency of the most dire sort which must be relieved without an instant's delay. This type of hernia can be easily repaired surgically, but correction cannot be put off for long without endangering the patient's life. It is also extremely painful—this I *know*!

So it was that on Paul's birthday we registered Adrienne in the hospital. On the following day, which was my birthday, we sat and suffered through major surgery with our baby—a birthday Don and I will not soon forget!

Thanks to the miracle of modern medicine, and I cannot begin to tell you what a miracle it was, we brought Adrienne home the *evening* of her surgery! The surgeon stitched up both sides of her tummy because, he said, if there is a tendency toward hernia on one side it is only a matter of time until the opposite side pops open.

The doctor, a gentleman named Dr. Sakaguchi, was a surgeon of the finest nature. Thanks to his skilled hands, Adrienne was up and walking the next morning. He told us not to worry about her going up and down stairs—any usual activity was permissible—but to hold down the jumping. She was back to her normal self immediately! Never once did she act as if she had been through an emergency operation! She was soon running and playing with Paul and Katharine (who

(Continued on page 18)

OF MEASLES AND BOOKS AND SUCH

By
Armada Swanson

Recently I read that one of the most gratifying ways of bringing the precious feeling of closeness to your family is through sharing the joys of reading with your children.

This past spring this particular family had a good deal of "closeness" because of son Jon's case of measles with its complications. He was an excellent patient, but time did get long and he was most appreciative if Dad or Mom would sit down and read to him.

One book that we enjoyed is that children's classic, *TOM SAWYER* by Mark Twain. The particular book that we have is a Read Aloud Wonder Book adapted by Edmund Collier. Each chapter is an attention-getter. After I had finished reading the book, Jon said, "When I get big I'm certainly going to read that book you have about Mark Twain (*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN* arranged and edited by Charles Neider.) Then seemed the perfect time for me to explain that many of the incidents in *TOM SAWYER* actually were patterned after Mark Twain's boyhood.

For instance, during the cholera days of '49, Mark Twain's mother asked him to take a teaspoon of pain-killer each day to ward off the sickness, but after tasting the terrible stuff, he fed it to the cracks in the floor! Then when the family cat, Peter, appeared, Mark Twain gave him some, and immediately that poor animal "went into orbit."

Yes, there *really* was a cave and Mark Twain *did* become lost in it. His last candle had burned down to almost nothing before he glimpsed the search party's lights.

I felt that these facts about the author made the book *TOM SAWYER* all the more interesting to us.

We also enjoyed a Little House book, *LITTLE TOWN ON THE PRAIRIE*, in which we felt great satisfaction that Laura's sister Mary did get to attend the College for the Blind at Vinton, Iowa. Dear uncomplaining Mary, who reminds me so much of my own dear friend by that name.

If you are looking for a book to teach manners to your children the painless way, get the book *IF EVERYBODY DID*, written and illustrated by Jo Ann Stover. The story shows that if one child picks flower buds, is mean to the cat, cries all the time, stomps and yells, and leaves toys on the stair, it would be a real catastrophe if everybody behaved similarly. This is the funniest book we've seen for a long time, and yet there is a real lesson in it.

After thoroughly enjoying the trip through the White House with the First Lady by way of television some time ago, I recalled a book with material on the subject, so off I went to our branch library. The title of the book is *THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS THIRTY-TWO FAMILIES* by Amy LaFollette Jensen. Published in 1958 by McGraw-Hill Book Co., this



Lynda Robinson, eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Robinson, Marshfield, Missouri, loves to read and when her twin sisters, Nancy and Karen, and baby brother, Paul, are just a wee bit older, she'll enjoy reading to them. I expect Lynda is already her mother's "right hand helper."

is a sort of "family album" of life in the White House. Profusely illustrated, it is crammed with interesting details, historical facts, and anecdotes. This is a large book (both in size and price!) but much worthwhile if you are interested in the history of our country.

Another book I found on the same subject is *IN AND OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE* by Ona Griffin Jeffries, published by Wilfred Funk, Inc., in 1960. This book is more on the social aspects of the presidential life, and includes pictures of the dinner services used in various administrations, as well as famous recipes and menus.

As we viewed the television program of the White House tour, and read these two books, my husband remarked, "It really makes a person want to see the historical treasures." Someday, perhaps, we can make such a trip.

PLAYLAND'S MAGIC BLANKETS

by
Enid Ehler

In the world of blankets I was called "Red". My coat was of the softest pile, so deep that tiny youngsters loved to bury their cheeks against me and wrap a corner of my silky red binding in their hands as they dozed off to sleep. I had a sister, "Rosy", the softest of bedspreads, whose twisted yarn curls nearly touched the floor. She was always on display when company arrived.

As the youngsters grew a bit older and graduated, in turn, from the baby crib to a large bed, we were called to active duty. Our sheen gradually wore away as we found ourselves being moved from one bed to another. Usually, one of the children was playing upon us; how they loved to pounce on our backs. One little girl even cut off one of Rosy's curls before her mother saw what was happening!

My patience was worn, my constitution patched and repatched. Rosy was

growing so thin that light could be seen through her in several places. We graduated from top covers to seconds, then to daily couch covers, wrap-around blankets for the children on cold car rides and baby covers to keep out the frosty air too frigid for baby's tiny nose. The inevitable finally happened—we were put back on the shelf.

But the children came to our rescue! Dragging us out of the deep, dark closet, they transformed us into *magic carpets*. In their playland we now became robes of great kings and queens and traveled to faraway lands in splendor. Tire sandpiles and plain boxes turned into fabulous couches and chairs when we covered them. Under the blossoming apple trees we were luxurious carpets for little toes to walk upon.

Fastened over a wire frame we transformed the children's coaster into a covered wagon or a stagecoach.

Sometimes the youngsters placed a number of chairs together in two rows and we provided roofs for any building they cared to create from log cabin to palace.

We were tied between two chairs and became hammocks for the doll babies. Firmly secured to one chair and held in place on the floor or ground, we became slides for dolls, stuffed toys and a tiny puppy.

Tossed over a clothesline and fastened down with big stones and bricks, we made excellent tents. Sometimes we were placed over the wooden yard fence and formed two-room tents so youngsters could play on both sides. At times this two-room arrangement became a postoffice and rock and stone mail or cornhusk postcards were slipped through holes and cracks in the fence.

In outdoor playrooms we were hung on tree branches for curtains or became partitions of stores, houses or offices. We covered boxes and odd shaped articles for a wierd outdoor menagerie or zoo. We turned several boxes, placed in a row, into a fashionable train. Sometimes we acted as sails on box boats.

With all these flights of fancy we continued to be practical, too. We were the foundation of many picnics, both indoors and out. We made a table out of a box or a rock. Folded together we provided soft cushions on rock chairs under the big fir tree. We caught millions of mulberries in our folds.

As we grew smaller our usefulness increased. Now we could be twisted around and around to become towering headdresses and turbans. Centered on a stick and carried aloft we made good-looking parasols. Wound in long, rope-like fashion we were the fanciest furs or handiest jackets that ever flapped around little shoulders. We provided short evening dresses for small girls; transformed active boys into Indian chiefs, princes and plain ghosts.

Finally, with worn and broken threads cut away, our few good remnants have now been sewn into doll covers, but we still are *magic blankets* enough to be folded, draped, wound and hung into the center of the children's activities.

SUGAR 'N' SPICE

(A kitchen shower for the bride)

By
Mabel Nair Brown

As in the poem, "sugar 'n' spice" is followed by "everything nice". That's just the way every hostess hopes her party will be and when it comes to a bridal shower, her imagination can go "all out" for as many frills as she has the time to prepare. Here are a few suggestions which have been used successfully.

Invitations

Use folders with a spice box sketched on the cover, or a miniature envelope containing such a common spice as cinnamon, might be stapled in one corner of a white correspondence card which carries the following invitation:

"Since..... is getting married, we thought it would be nice to have a special shower, so made it Sugar 'n' Spice.
Do plan to join the party—we're planning a wonderful time,
And bring a gift for the kitchen. Anything would be fine."
Date..... Time..... Hostess.....

Decorations

There is an endless variety of items one might use for centerpieces and decorations, from grocery baskets filled with food items and tied with the bride's chosen colors, to spice racks and vinegar cruets filled with fresh flowers. You might also wrap some grocery items with colored plastic and tied with ribbons to be used later as contest prizes. The ribbons could be extended to the light fixture giving the appearance of a shower of gifts.

Nut cups could be constructed from paper in the shape of spice boxes. When filled with mints, truly you would have your "sugar 'n' spice"

Games

Guess the Spice: On a small table place several numbered dishes containing various spices found in the cupboard. Each guest is given paper and pencil and must guess by feel ONLY what the spices are.

It's in the Paper: Clip any long wedding write-up from the local paper and for every descriptive word used in the article, write an adjective on a slip of paper. The funnier the adjectives, the better. For instance, use such words as *dizzy, sickening, horrid, crazy, stupid*, etc. The slips are passed out to the guests and then as the wedding account is read, the guests, in turn, supply the adjectives on their papers when the reader pauses for each descriptive word. You can be sure of laughs with this game as the bride is described as "wearing a gown of crazy, moth-eaten satin, trimmed with sickening embroidery and wearing a lazy, lop-sided veil."

Shopping for the Bride: Supply each guest with a magazine and scissors. (If not enough scissors are available, tearing would work out fine.) They are to choose pictures to fit the following titles of objects the bride would use in her new home. The categories might be something like these: most useful, most fun, most necessary, most likely to be used by the groom, the

TO A JUNE HUSBAND

Just being with you,
And knowing about you,
And saying a prayer for your care,
Fills my day with rejoicing
And my life has a glory to share.

There is a wholeness
And completeness to living,
With you at my side all the way,
Now I can never be lonely
For our love glorifies every day.

—Alice G. Harvey

longest lasting, best day-brightener, most welcome, most luxurious, best help for entertaining, most valuable and handiest. Let each one share her selections with the rest and then collect them into a scrapbook to present to the bride.

Pinning on the Groom's Boutonniere: As you might guess, this is a version of pinning the tail on the donkey. Cut out a large picture of a man from a poster, or draw one on a large sheet of paper. Fasten it to the wall or pin it to a sheet. Blindfold each guest in turn, move her around to confuse her a bit, and then let her try to pin a small paper flower on the groom's lapel.

Say it with Music: Let the song titles tell you what to put in the blanks. This game works best if there is a piano so that the songs could be played for the guests. However, the tunes could be hummed by someone with a "good ear."

"From far off (1) came a handsome (2) . He crossed the (3) and kept traveling until he came to a farm near the (4) . Here lived the lovely (5) . (6), the young man begged, but she only smiled and said, 'Perhaps on (7) . So he sang (8) while he kept his hopes high. He brought her some (9) and (10) and kept pleading , (11) ' for (12) . She finally said, 'We'll get married (13) . Of course, they did and left on their honeymoon on (14) . Now they are happy in (15) on the banks of the (16) . Once in a while they go cruising down the river for a ride (17) ."

Answers: 1. Oklahoma 2. Danny Boy 3. Beautiful Ohio 4. Old Mill Stream 5. Tammy 6. Let Me Call You Sweetheart 7. Some Enchanted Evening 8. Love's Old Sweet Song 9. Candy Kisses 10. Big Bouquet of Roses 11. Oh, Promise Me 12. I Love You Truly 13. In the Good Old Summer-time 14. A Slow Boat to China 15. A Shanty in Old Shantytown 16. Swanee River 17. On Moonlight Bay.

WE TAKE JUNE

By
Harverna Woodling

Welcome to June, the greenest, growing-est, "promising-est" month in the farmer's year.

June is black fields laced with small shining green corn. It is rows and rows of thick, fluffy, baby soybeans. It is oats and wheat heading out and forecasting a tawny golden future. It is the fragrance of mown

alfalfa, far better than any compound that Paris and New York have ever created.

June is hay balers eating greedily away. It is tractor drivers watching closely as they drive, to see that their rotary hoes or cultivators dislodge the weeds and leave the young crops.

June is fun and work and hurry. It is weeds growing faster than we can hoe and grass growing faster than we can mow, strawberries ripening faster than we can pick.

June is a bay horse named Boots looking over the yard fence early in the morning, searching for two little girls. June is Collie Tippy watching through open windows for those same two. It is kittens, Buffin and Muffin, napping under the forsythia bushes, and battle-scarred old warrior John hunting mice in the field across the road.

June is wrens in the sunlight and robins in the rain. June is blue morning light slanting down through the trees of the East Forest. It is a few lovely moments of deep peace as we sit in the green shade on the banks of old Parson Creek and watch the water flow effortlessly over the sand and rocks.

June is church on shining Sunday mornings. It is the sound of hymns and of the Bible read aloud. It is women with white earrings and men with light shirts; little girls with bouffant pastel dresses and little boys with bow ties and scratched knees, all of them bound in sudden poignant awareness of future glory even better than our June.

June is Vacation Bible School. It is Commencement Night with excited children and appreciative parents and friends. It is a tiny boy singing of the great "Fisserman" who casts his loving net in search of our souls. It is two small girls singing from their hearts that "Jesus loves me." It is all the boys and girls who have worked and played together. It is all the people who have helped them, and have themselves learned lessons in cooperation and brotherhood.

June is ice cream cones and pop and hard-fought ball games. It is fishermen, and it is boats on trailers traveling the highways bound for far waters.

June is sun dresses and sport shirts in store windows. It is young people in shorts and swim suits. It is parks crammed with picnickers, from the baby kicking on a blanket through all the generations to grandfather and grandmother. It is Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and 4-Hers eating sack lunches and learning archery, swimming, handicraft and good sportsmanship. It is the adults who believe strongly enough in our youth to accompany and help them.

June is a blend of growth, beauty and life. June is the month of red, red roses. It is glory in itself and foreteller of things to come.

June is more than a month to me. It is faith and hope and humility, For God fashioned roses, gift from above,
And framed them with June, His essence of love.

ABIGAIL IS BUSY WITH VARIOUS PROJECTS

Dear Friends

I've just come in from an early morning's session with the weeds in the back border. They have made phenomenal growth in recent days. Unfortunately, the fertilizer does just as much good for them as it does for the flowers!

The neighborhood is strangely quiet this morning in spite of the fact that the children are having vacation. The reason is that the younger ones are in the school auditorium watching "Dumbo", the Walt Disney movie. Our elementary school P-TA arranged to show the film and sell candy and popcorn as a possible fund-raising project for next year. Judging from the large turnout for both showings this morning, it appears to be a very promising project to replace the somewhat shopworn carnival. I think I mentioned before that attending a movie is a real treat for the children who are out here in our suburban area. There is no movie theatre anywhere near. The children rarely can convince their parents that a current film is worth driving a long distance.

Apparently, the producers and distributors of movies appropriate for young children that were made several years ago have now made them available at a reasonable rental fee. Few of the children have seen these films and even if they have, they are delighted to view them again. I believe the plan for next year is to sell tickets for a series of six or eight movies to be shown on Saturdays or vacation days. I thought perhaps that some of you who are members of "Ways and Means" committees might find a similar proposal appropriate if your community is lacking in good movies for young children.

Last evening I attended a most delightful program about Central City, Colorado. The lady who presented the program retired as a home economics teacher in the Denver schools a number of years ago. Since her "retirement" she has made a successful business of buying old homes in Central City, restoring them as authentically as possible, and then selling them for summer homes. She lives in Central City throughout the summer and during the opera season several of the girls who sing in the chorus live with her. This lady showed slides of the interiors of many homes that have found a second life there.

The speaker provided a special touch to a program about antiques which was most charming. She was dressed entirely in a costume of the 1890's—a magnificent black outfit that was originally intended to be her grandmother's funeral shroud!

She explained that when her grandmother was a young bride it was quite customary for women to make their funeral shrouds. These very-best outfits might be worn occasionally for important events, but the family was always reminded of their ultimate purpose. However, her grandmother had not anticipated that she would live past 100 years. When she died that clothing had long since been packed



As Abigail mentions in her letter, Alison loves animals, preferring this collection to dolls.

away in a trunk in the attic. It was many years later that her granddaughter eventually rediscovered the outfit, still in perfect condition.

The final day of school for Emily, Alison and Clark is June 8th. The two girls have both signed up for summer band which lasts eight weeks. Emily had hoped to enroll in a typing class in summer school but her camp schedule conflicted. It may be that both girls will spend more time cooking and sewing since they have completed their first few months in 4-H training.

Alison has found the beginning sewing required by 4-H to be something of a chore. But she has found the activities in her special 4-H project a real challenge and pleasure. For the past several weeks she has been engrossed in a dog-training project. We don't own a dog but our good friends next door very conveniently acquired "Mert" from the Dumb Friends' League at just the right moment. Mert is a young female of beagle-terrier mix.

The instructor is a remarkably skilled man. He has trained some of the "Lassies" and "Rin-tin-tins" so well known to children. Now that he has his own kennels here in Denver, he assists with the training of the dogs for the Denver K-9 Corps. He also rehabilitates problem dogs and trains show dogs.

Mert was very young to enter training for she was only five months old when the course began and the preferred age is two to three years. She has a lovely disposition even if her puppyish tendencies made her training considerably more difficult. Alison loves animals more than anything and was determined to make a success. Perhaps she figured she'd better because I was something less than enthusiastic about making the 20-mile round trips to the class at the fairgrounds every Saturday afternoon.

Emily has enjoyed the sewing a great deal. She has taken her first home economics course this semester and that, plus her age, has made sewing much easier. She has made a

skirt and blouse in school and a skirt here at home. These home economics students modeled their projects in a style show which they designed and wrote themselves. We also purchased harmonizing material which I intend to make into summer play clothes for her.

I hoped to get the sewing all out of the way before gardening started, but spring weather arrived earlier than anticipated and I made plans for a few too many sewing projects. As a result the sewing machine is still awaiting a rest, the gardening is never completed, of course, and the spring housecleaning looks as if it won't even be started until summer officially arrives.

Emily and Alison have both been studying Colorado history this semester. When "The Unsinkable Mollie Brown" stopped in Denver this year, I took the three children to see a matinee performance. Wayne and I had previously enjoyed it in New York last summer but I was entertained just as much the second time. We have owned the recording of the music for some time so the children knew every word of every song. This certainly adds a great deal to the enjoyment of any stage performance.

I expect there is almost as much written about Meredith Willson in Colorado as there is in his home state of Iowa. He is a very popular person in these parts. As a matter of fact he chose the name of a close Denver friend for the "villain", Mrs. McGlone, in the musical.

It is almost time for the "thundering herd" to arrive back at home. I had better head for the kitchen and round up our lunch.

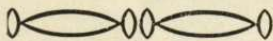
Sincerely,
Abigail

Look to this day, for yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision. But today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



DEVILED CRAB

(Elegant and rich luncheon dish.)

- 3 cups crab meat
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup thick cream sauce
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Remove pieces of shell or cartilage from crab meat, then add lemon juice. Saute onion and green pepper in butter until soft, but not brown. Combine all ingredients except final crumbs and the Parmesan cheese. Fill individual sea-food baking shells or shallow baking pan and sprinkle the top of the mixture with the bread crumbs and cheese which have been mixed together. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 minutes until crumbs are delicately browned and the mixture is heated through. Serves eight.

RICE ROYAL CASSEROLE

- 12 link sausages
- 1 small onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 green pepper, chopped
- 1 small can mushrooms (stems and pieces)
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup uncooked minute rice
- 1/2 cup shredded cheese

Cut sausages into small pieces, fry out and put aside. Drain off fat, reserving just a small amount to which the onion, green pepper and celery are added. Cook about 3 or 4 minutes and then add the mushrooms (including liquid), soup and Worcestershire sauce. Stir well, combine with rice, sausage and turn into a greased baking dish. Cover with shredded cheese and bake tightly covered in a 325 degree oven for a minimum of 30 minutes. Then uncover and brown slightly.

This was served at a big church luncheon and proved to be tremendously successful. For home use we baked it in two casseroles and found that it served six. (If red pepper is in season, add 1/2 cup along with the 1/2 cup chopped green pepper.) *Do not dilute soup.* The rice will be perfectly done with the amount of liquid given here.

JELLIED VEGETABLE SALAD

(Nice to make up the morning of a hot summer's day)

- 1 Tbls. or envelope of gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 tsp. salt.
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped raw carrot
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- Lettuce
- Mayonnaise

Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water for 5 minutes. Combine remaining water and vinegar, heat to boiling, pour over gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add chili sauce, lemon juice, salt and pepper; chill. When slightly thickened, fold in vegetables. Turn into square pan and chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on crisp lettuce and top with mayonnaise.

NO-FAIL CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup butter (one stick)
- 4 squares unsweetened baking chocolate
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 2 cups all purpose flour, unsifted
- 1/2 pint sour cream (one cup)
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Heat the water in a heavy kettle until boiling. Remove from heat and add butter and unsweetened chocolate. Stir until melted. Stir in the sugar. Add one egg at a time and beat well after each. Add the sour cream and the flavoring, stirring well, and then gently stir in the dry ingredients. Turn into a 9 x 13 greased and floured baking pan. Bake in a 350° oven for thirty-five minutes.

COFFEE BARS

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cold, strong coffee
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup nutmeats (optional, for you could substitute 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring)

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add eggs and butter flavoring and beat until fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients and add them to the creamed mixture alternately with the cold coffee and vanilla flavoring. Lastly add the nutmeats, if used. Pour into two greased 9 x 13-inch pans and bake for 25 to 30 minutes at 325 degrees. Makes about 48 bars. Frost with a powdered sugar icing, if desired.

ABIGAIL'S PIE CRUST MIX

- 8 cups sifted flour
 - 1 Tbls. salt
 - 2 1/4 cups shortening
- Sift together the flour and salt and then cut in the shortening until particles are the size of small peas. Keep in a covered glass jar. This does not need to be refrigerated.

When ready to make a pie use the following proportions:

For a 1-crust 9-inch pie, add 3 Tbls. water to 1 1/4 cups mix.

For a 2-crust 9-inch pie, add 5 Tbls. water to 2 1/2 cups mix.

Sprinkle the water by tablespoonfuls over mix, mixing lightly with a fork. Use only enough cold water to form pastry into a ball. Roll out onto a lightly floured cloth or board.

CHERRY PIE WITH STREUSSEL TOPPING

- 1 unbaked 9-in. pastry shell
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 cups (2 1-lb. cans) tart cherries, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- Streussel topping

Combine flour and sugar; toss lightly with cherries and flavorings. Place fruit mixture in pastry shell. Spread Streussel Topping over fruit. Bake 10 minutes in oven pre-heated to 400 degrees. Reduce heat to 325 and continue baking 40 to 50 minutes longer.

Streussel Topping

- 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1/3 cup flour
 - 1/3 cup instant non-fat dry milk
 - 3 tbls. butter
- Combine brown sugar, non-fat dry milk and flour; cut butter into flour mixture with pastry blender until mixture is mealy.

COOKIE JAR FILLER

- 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. hot water
- 1 cup nuts (if desired)
- 2 large packages chocolate bits
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift flour, soda, salt together. Put aside for a minute. In mixer, cream shortening, add sugars gradually until mixture is light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating after each. Add water and then the sifted dry ingredients gradually. Add nuts, chocolate chips and oatmeal. Stir well by hand and then add the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake in 375° oven for 8 minutes or more depending on how brown you like your cookies. This will make 150 cookies which will keep well for a long time provided your family doesn't gobble them up first.

CHICKEN FOR SUNDAY**WESTERN QUICKIE**

- 2 1/2 to 3-lb. frying chicken
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 medium sliced onion
- 1 sliced pimiento
- 1/2 cup water

Mix together the flour and paprika and flour the pieces of chicken. Fry until golden brown in the butter. Slice the onion and pimiento over the chicken, add, the water, cover tightly and simmer for about 45 minutes. Remove the chicken and make gravy from the drippings.

ALMOND-COCONUT CAKE

- 2 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 4 egg whites
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt three times. Cream the shortening, butter flavoring and one cup of sugar until light and fluffy. Beat the egg whites until frothy and gradually add the remaining 1/2 cup of sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Combine the milk, vanilla, almond and coconut flavorings. Add alternately with flour to the creamed mixture. Add the chopped almonds and beat well. Fold in the egg whites. Pour into three greased and waxed paper-lined 8-inch cake pans and bake in a 350 degree oven 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with your favorite white icing. Sprinkle with coconut if you desire.

HAMBURGER PIE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1 cup diced celery

Brown the meat in the shortening. Stir in the flour, salt, and pepper. Add tomato juice. Stir in the green pepper, onion, and celery. Bring to a boil. Pour into a 1 1/2-qt. baking dish and cover with the following pastry topping:

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2 Tbls. water

Mix the flour and salt. Cut in the shortening and sprinkle with water. Mix with a fork. Roll out on a lightly floured board into the correct size to fit your baking dish. Cut a few slits near the center. Place over the top of the meat mixture and flute just inside the edge of dish. Bake for 30 minutes in a 425 degree oven.

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 cans chili con carne
- 1 pkg. dehydrated onion soup
- 1 cup cheese grated
- 1 cup potato chips, crushed

Brown the ground beef in the 2 Tbls. shortening. Skim off any excess fat. Add the chili con carne and salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle in the dehydrated soup. Simmer until heated through and the onion soup is cooked. Add a little water if needed. About five minutes before serving, sprinkle the cheese over the top, cover with a tight lid and keep over very low heat while the cheese melts. Sprinkle the crushed potato chips over the top just before serving. This can also be made into an oven dish by putting the browned beef and chili con carne in a casserole, sprinkle the onion soup, cheese and crushed chips over the top and bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

POPPY SEED SNACKS*(Low Calorie)*

- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. poppy seeds

Combine the water, Sweetener and flavorings. Cream the shortening and combine the shortening, sifted dry ingredients and liquids. Knead in the poppy seeds. Chill the dough for several hours and then pinch off pieces of dough about the size of a walnut. Roll into a ball and then press in palm of hand until about the size of a half dollar. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet in a hot oven, 400 degrees, for 12 minutes, or until brown around the edge. Makes about 30.

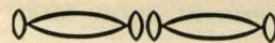
KENTUCKY SALAD

- 1 box lemon gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 or 3 sweet pickles, sliced or
- 1 Tbls. chopped pickle, drained
- 1/4 cup nutmeats

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Stir in the drained pineapple, the pickles which have been sliced in very thin strips (or the well-drained chopped pickle) and the nut meats. Chill in individual molds. Serve on a lettuce leaf and top with a small amount of mayonnaise. With crispy crackers this simple salad is delicious enough for company.

A SWEETENER HELP

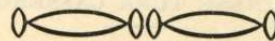
When making pudding from a lemon pudding mix, instead of using the 1/2 cup of sugar called for in the directions, use 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Serve it in sherbet glasses with a bit of coconut and a maraschino cherry on the top.

**THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN**

By
Frederick

Many of my *Kitchen-Klatter* friends live on farms, but as far as I know, only two of them are living on *cranberry farms*. If you happen to be a cranberry farmer, I wish you would let me know. It would be fun to learn that several cranberry farmers are on my list of *Kitchen-Klatter* friends.

Actually, cranberries make up a big part of the farm produce of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. As a result, we eat cranberries in a variety of ways all year round. It is a shame people so often limit cranberries to Thanksgiving time, for it is delicious with fowl or meat twelve months of the year. The next time you serve chicken or turkey, serve a nice cranberry ice in small glass dishes or little crystal cups. Serve it right along with the meat course as a side dish. As a matter of fact, we often serve it in place of a salad.

**CRANBERRY ICE**

- 1 quart cranberries
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 cups water

Cook the cranberries, raisins and 2 cups of water in a covered saucepan for 10 minutes. At the same time, cook the 2 cups of sugar and 2 cups of water together in another saucepan for 10 minutes. Put the cranberry-raisin mixture through a sieve. Add the sugar syrup to the mixture. Stir and put into a refrigerator tray and place in the freezer. When it begins to stiffen, take out and beat with an egg beater, then return to the freezer. When frozen to the desired consistency, serve in small glasses. This amount will serve 14.

If you want something on the same order as the above, but with a little smoother consistency and sweeter to the taste, try this recipe for a cranberry fluff. This was first served to us by a woman who is well known in this area as being Springfield's very best cook.

CRANBERRY FLUFF

- 22 large marshmallows
- 1 cup water
- 2 or 3 cloves
- 1 cup cranberry juice

Put marshmallows, cloves and water in a saucepan and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until the marshmallows are melted. Remove the cloves; add the cranberry juice. Cool mixture thoroughly and then pour into freezing tray and freeze. (No stirring necessary.) Cut in squares the size of ice cubes and serve in little glass dishes with the meat course. This will go well with any meat or poultry.

If any of you friends on a cranberry farm have any better recipes than these two, I would certainly like to have them.

SHRIMP CHOW MEIN

- 2 cups cooked shrimp
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- 1 cup celery, sliced
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 can bean sprouts, drained
- 1 can mushrooms, drained
- 2 can chow mein noodles

Cook and clean the shrimp or prepare canned shrimp. Heat the salad oil in a skillet. Add the onion and celery and cook until golden brown. Stir in the cream of mushroom soup. Combine the cornstarch, the cold water and soy sauce and add this to the onion mixture. Simmer and stir until it is the thickness of thin gravy. Add the mushrooms, bean sprouts and shrimp. Continue cooking, stirring lightly until heated through. Serve over hot chow mein noodles. This is a large recipe and should make eight generous servings.

CHINESE TUNA CASSEROLE

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 2 large slices Swiss cheese, torn into bits
- 2 7-oz. cans tuna
- 1 can bean sprouts, drained
- 1 can chow-mein noodles

Melt the butter and blend in the flour, salt and milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce boils for 1 minute. Stir in the evaporated milk, Swiss cheese, and tuna. In an 8-cup casserole, place layers of noodles, bean sprouts, and the tuna mixture. Repeat layers, sprinkling a few noodles over the last layer of the tuna mixture. Bake at 375 degrees for about 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

LUCILE'S RAISIN CREAM PIE

- 1 cup raisins, plumped in boiling water
- 2 cups sour cream
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Combine the cream, sugar and eggs and beat well. Add salt, flavorings and cinnamon, then raisins. Pour into a 9-inch unbaked pie shell and bake for about 1 hour at 325 degrees. The filling is done when an inserted knife comes out clean.

CHERRY TORTE

Shell:

Beat 3 egg whites with 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and pinch of salt until foamy. Gradually beat in 1 cup sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Stir in 1/2 cup fine soda cracker crumbs and 1 tsp. baking powder. Spread in greased 9-inch pie plate and bake in a 300 degree oven about 40 minutes. Cool.

Filling:

You can use a commercial cherry pie filling or make your own as follows:

Drain juice of No. 2 can tart cherries. Combine 3/4 cup juice, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Cherry flavoring, 1/4 cup sugar and heat to boiling. Add cherries and cook for 10 minutes. Mix 2 Tbls. cornstarch with a little remaining juice (or water) and add to hot mixture and cook, stirring, until thick. Cool. Whip 1 cup heavy cream; spread a layer of cream in shell, then add cherry filling and top with layer of whipped cream. Chill several hours before serving or let stand overnight. If you want to use only 1/2 cup whipping cream, omit the layer under the filling.

PEANUT BROWNIES

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped peanuts (You can buy these in cans.)

Melt the butter and add sugar; stir until dissolved. Cool ingredients slightly and beat in egg and vanilla. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Stir into butter mixture. Add chopped peanuts. Pour the batter into a lightly greased 8 x 8-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Cut into bars.

This is a bar cookie that is not only very simple to make but one that the entire family will enjoy.

SPICY BURNT SUGAR COOKIES

- 2/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup cold coffee
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs and all the flavorings and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with coffee to the creamed mixture. Add raisins and dates and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven approximately 10 minutes.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORING****The Finest You Can Buy**

Banana
Strawberry
Cherry
Orange

Raspberry
Pineapple
Blueberry
Lemon

Almond
Coconut
Black Walnut
Maple

Burnt Sugar
Butter
Mint
Vanilla

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

You need all 16 to turn out fine food and to save money. BUT this month we want to stress our wonderful **Kitchen-Klatter Fruit Flavorings**.

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

You'll save yourself real money and a lot of jangled nerves if you have **Kitchen-Klatter Fruit Flavorings** in your kitchen. They **always** taste the way fresh fruits should **taste**. Be **SURE** you buy a bottle of each so you can make your fruit recipes more elegant.

CAMP COOKING

By
Evelyn Birkby

Much can be said about the joys of camping, but if the work of cooking, cleaning, washing and putting away becomes a burden for the mother of the family, it may not seem like a *vacation*. While many short cuts can be found for making camping easier, the best solution is to train the family to share in the various needed tasks. Even a small child can get a little bucket of water, hand his dishes to Mother at the end of a meal (or dump paper plates into the garbage can) and help police up the camp site. And little children grow into big children who can take on more and more responsibilities pertaining to camp chores.

Probably the most welcome suggestions for such excursions come in the area of cooking. It has been our pleasure to camp for fifteen happy years in many state and national parks. We have pitched our tent in wilderness areas where *nothing* was available in the way of conveniences. We have had the luxury of elaborately outfitted parks which included hot and cold showers, tile washrooms and laundries. Some campgrounds had piles of firewood and excellent fireplaces while others had signs saying, "No Fires Allowed". But ways can be found to adapt to any situation gaily. From the neighbors and friends and from trial and error, we have gleaned many definite and convenient suggestions which have helped me with the planning and preparation of the meals which my hungry family has come to feel as an exciting part of camping.

Breakfasts are *always* hearty. We try to have a big pan of cooked cereal, pancakes or French toast for the main dish. With fruit juice, hot cocoa, eggs, and sometimes bacon, we can manage to get through until evening with only a light lunch.

Since we do a great deal of hiking, our favorite lunches are the kind we can carry easily; chunks of cheese, rolls, fresh fruit and a thermos of juice or milk. If we eat in camp we frequently have hot soup, if the day is cool, or the ever-present peanut butter sandwiches, if the day is warm.

We try to find the specialties of a locality and add them to our menus for variety and interest: big, plump, luscious blueberries in Northern Michigan, fat, juicy pasties in copper-mining country, cheeses in Wisconsin, fresh-water fish along the north shore of Lake Superior, Swedish and Norwegian breads in Minnesota and hush puppies in Arkansas.

The main meal of the day comes in the evening when we take time to build a big fire, if ground fires are permitted, or pull out the camp stove if they are not. I try to plan the menus in advance and bring as much of the food from home as possible, for many park stores have a small inventory and very high prices. We lean heavily on dehydrated foods and take as much canned meat, fruit and vegetables as we can carry. Dried fruits are excellent travelers, good to nibble



The Birkbys do a great deal of hiking when they are on a camping trip. Here, Jeffrey, Bob, Craig and Evelyn pause for a moment's rest on an old bridge.

on and can easily be stewed for a dessert.

Variation is the rule in campgrounds. I have walked near a row of tents as supper was being prepared and spotted canned Chinese chow mein, Italian spaghetti with meat sauce, mushrooms and steak and the loving preparation of Southern Creole coffee, thick enough to spoon instead of drink!

High up in the Rocky Mountains a campground is nestled beneath towering peaks and icy glaciers. It was here that a lady from Rockford, Illinois introduced me to her special camp supper. She browned one pound of ground beef in a little hot fat, stirred in one cup of water and two bouillon cubes and let it simmer. While this was cooking, she prepared a quantity of hot rice in the bottom of her double boiler and, at the same time, heated green peas in the top. When she served the plates she put on a fluffy mound of rice, spooned generous amounts of the meat and juice over it and then topped it with two spoonfuls of drained peas. With fresh fruit and cookies it made an excellent meal.

Along the shores of Lake Superior I sat and visited with the pretty red-haired mother of a brood of four equally red-headed boys. While her four and my three embryo Huck Finns lashed a log raft together, I asked her about her favorite camping menus. She is a firm believer in aluminum foil cookery: "Saves dishes and pans." Her favorite is the Tenderfoot Dinner: a square of heavy-duty aluminum foil, double thickness, is laid out for each member of the family. Into this she dices potatoes, carrots and onions. Small cubes of tender steak or tiny meat balls are added. Salt and pepper is sprinkled on and the edges of the foil folded over and sealed tightly. This envelope is laid on top of the grill, camp stove or right on the glowing coals of the campfire. Turned frequently and baked for 15 to 20 minutes, a fine meal is ready. Bis-

uits can be baked in the same kind of foil envelope. Puncture a tiny hole in the top so the steam can escape and bake just like the Tenderfoot Dinner, allowing about 15 minutes' cooking time. She also mentioned the tried-and-true method of wrapping potatoes, corn on the cob or cored and sweetened apples in individual squares of aluminum foil and baking them in hot coals.

The Coffee Can Casserole is another way of preparing such a dinner easily. Line the coffee can with aluminum foil. Put into the can a nice sized onion, a piece of steak or a hamburger patty and sliced potatoes. Carrots may be diced and added, also. Salt and pepper, put in a few chunks of butter, lay a piece of foil over the top and clamp on the lid. Let the fire burn down to coals, scoop out a hole and set the can down into it. You do not want to pack the coals around the can or the contents will burn. Leave an air space between the coals and the can, but mound them up so the heat will reach the top of the can. Cook for about 30 minutes for a very tasty meal.

A Kitchen-Klatter friend from Oxford, Iowa stopped by to see us while we were camped at Porcupine Mountain State Park in the Michigan Peninsula. Her favorite camping recipe evolves around a can of pork and beans—perennial favorite of those who eat outdoors. In her frying pan she cooked out the grease from two slices of bacon, then poured off all but two tablespoons of the grease. Into this she emptied the contents of a can of pork and beans, added two tablespoons of brown sugar and a little salt and pepper. When this was heated through, she crumbled the bacon on top and it was ready to serve.

This same friend frequently makes drop biscuits in her skillet using either biscuit mix or pancake flour. She greases the skillet, drops in the biscuits, covers it tightly while they bake. Served with a can of hot pork and gravy or beef and gravy, this makes a fine main meal. The canned meat and gravy can also be served over hot mashed potatoes made from the powdered potatoes. Creamed chipped beef is also excellent served over either the drop biscuits or the quickly prepared instant potatoes. Simply dilute a can of cream of celery soup with an equal part of milk, heat through and add the chipped beef.

A family from Detroit, Michigan arrived at the campground with a marvelous assortment of home-canned spaghetti sauces, Spanish rice mixtures and German sausages. Many, who are not so ambitious, could prepare equally interesting dishes by using canned products. Weiners sliced into coin-sized pieces can be added to a can of Spanish rice; browned ground beef can be stirred into a can of prepared spaghetti and tomato sauce for an easy goulash.

Simple desserts are the best and, although I use fresh, canned or stewed dried fruits with packaged cookies for most meals, a few specialties are fun. Toasted marshmallows placed on a cracker and topped with a square of

(Continued on page 18)

DOROTHY CONCLUDES THE ACCOUNT OF HER TRIP TO WASHINGTON

Dear Friends:

Last month I told you a few highlights of my trip to Washington, D. C., and promised to tell you more this month.

I was very anxious to meet Mary McGugin, a dear friend of Dessa Nelson whom I was visiting. Dessa had talked a great deal about Mary and what an interesting person she is, so I was delighted when she called and asked us to have lunch with her. We took the bus downtown because we could board it just a block from Dessa's apartment and get off right in front of the big store, Woodward and Lothrop's, where we were to meet Mary in the tea room on the seventh floor. This was much handier than my trying to drive Dessa's car in a strange city.

Since Mary had made arrangements to take the afternoon from her job in order to spend this time with us, we enjoyed a very leisurely luncheon complete with a fashion show! The show was in progress when we went in for lunch and perhaps you would enjoy hearing how it was handled.

There was no loud speaker blaring out descriptions of the outfits. Instead, the beautiful models walked slowly around among the tables, and if you saw something which particularly interested you, the girls happily stopped to let you take a closer look at the materials, ask the price, etc. I liked this arrangement because one could continue to carry on a conversation with luncheon partners without competition from a loud speaker, and still see all of the beautiful spring outfits as the models paraded past the table.

Dessa had been very anxious for me to see at least a small portion of the Smithsonian Institute, especially the gem section. Since it would take days and days to really cover the Smithsonian, and we had but a few hours to spend there, we decided to limit our tour to this one section.

The gem room was fascinating! I hadn't realized that there were so many different kinds of precious stones and jewels on display there. The center of attraction was the famous Hope diamond which is mounted in a gorgeous necklace. It is displayed on a black velvet cloth with a spot light shining on it. My! how it sparkled! You may be sure that there is always a guard standing beside the case.

To give you an idea how well this building is guarded, I must tell you a funny incident that happened. After lunch, Dessa bought a little gift for me to take home to Kristin. When we entered the building I was asked to check this small package and was given a metal tag containing a number. Since I was carrying a large purse literally jammed with this and that and the other, I decided that the tag might get lost among all of these contents. Rather than risk losing it, I put it inside of my glove. When we were ready to leave the building, I



When Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson came to address the magazine last month, Mother joined the girls at the office for coffee. While she was there, Margery took this picture.

stopped at guard's desk to pick up my package and the tag was not in my glove! It suddenly occurred to me what had happened to it: I had stopped on the second floor to make a phone call and when I took off my glove to dial the number, I must have left the tag in the phone booth. I explained this to the guard and said that I would go back after it. This, however, wasn't the procedure—he called the guard on the second floor and asked him to do the looking. He reported shortly that he had found the tag, much to my relief. I thought that now I could pick up my little package, but no, I had to present myself to the Captain of the Guards, who in turn called the guard on the second floor to confirm the finding before the package could be returned. By this time, you can be sure, I was sorry I hadn't put that tag into my purse to begin with! This incident certainly made me aware of the security measures that are given to the precious historical items in the Institute.

One thing that Frank was very anxious for me to do while I was in Washington was to call Mr. and Mrs. George Griffiths and their son Gerald. The Griffiths are close relatives of his brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, and good friends of the Johnson family. They usually make a trip to Iowa once a year and always stop by to see us. I called them soon after my arrival and they expressed hope that sometime during my visit I could see them. A date was arranged and Gerald came after me on his way home from work. The Griffiths have a new home in Alexandria and I was very pleased for the opportunity to see it. Mr. Griffiths had been very ill and only recently dismissed from the hospital, so after a brief visit, Gerald took me to dinner at a nearby restaurant before returning me to Dessa's apartment.

My train left Washington late in the afternoon and I was grateful that it was still daylight so I could see the beautiful countryside as we sped along beside the Potomac River. We pulled into Chicago the next morning at 8:30, and into Chariton at 4:30 in the afternoon. Frank and our dog,

Tinker, were at the station to meet me. Although I enjoyed every minute of my trip, it was wonderful to be home again.

Whenever it has been too wet for Frank to work in the fields, he's been busy putting new shingles on the house. We discovered with the first spring rains that the heavy snow and ice of this past winter had damaged the roof, causing a couple of leaks. Since the present shingles had been on the house for many, many years and roof leaks are so difficult to locate, we decided that the quickest and safest way to take care of them was to re-shingle the house. Since we're planning to do some papering this spring, I was most impatient to get the roof finished. Frank decided to tackle it himself with the help of one of the neighbors. Naturally, we want to be positive there are no more leaks before we go to the expense and work of papering. This has delayed my spring housecleaning considerably for there wasn't much that I could clean before putting on the new wallpaper.

It was wonderful to have Kristin home for spring vacation. She was anxious to be outside as much as possible, so we divided our time between working in the yard and getting some of her spring cottons ready to take back to school. Much to my consternation, I found that every skirt and dress, with only one exception, had to be shortened an inch. Of course, after being packed away all winter, they needed to be washed and ironed. We weren't able to finish all of them, but by working together on the project, we managed to have several ready to take back to school. I tackled the rest after she left and mailed them to her.

While I was still in a sewing mood, I made some new curtains for the pantry. Like many pantries in old houses, the shelves are not enclosed with doors. Since the walls are white, as well as the two refrigerators which stand in there, I decided to add some color and brightness to the room by hanging gay curtains in front of the shelves, with matching curtains for the one window. The material I used is cotton chambray with narrow stripes of blue, rose and yellow. They aren't the least bit fancy, but I'm enjoying the change.

Perhaps by the time I write next month, the papering will be finished, new drapes will be hung, and the general turmoil of spring housecleaning will be a dim recollection!

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LOOK UP

I saw a little muddy stream
That turned to fairest blue,
Because the surface caught the gleam

Of heaven's azure hue.
And so this life, whate'er it be,
Might turn to heaven fair,
If we would lift our eyes and see
The beauty everywhere.

—Author unknown

PICNICS—EXTRA SPECIAL

By
Alice G. Harvey

Picnics can become one of the most exciting parts of summer activities. It is not necessary to go long distances; a picnic can be fun right in your own back yard. Just to be out-of-doors is a change from ordinary routine. It does not have to be elaborate as to preparation; sandwiches and fruit will do. But a picnic should be a family affair with something special for everyone to do.

Once your family really gets into the spirit of outdoor pleasures, the opportunities are limitless. Friends of mine are an example of what I mean. For years they have been going on a picnic every week, all year around, no matter what the weather! Every aspect of nature is fascinating to them. They have learned to identify the different kinds of flowers, trees, birds and animals in their locality. It is a game for the children to learn about the world around them. They are interested in knowing about bugs, butterflies, toads and snakes. They carry specimens of leaves, stones and insects home for further study. Flowers entice them. They can tell the trees in both their winter and summer garb by the leaves or bark. When something new is discovered, everyone in the family is thrilled. Binoculars and a magnifying glass are as important to these outings as the food basket.

These picnics are often streamlined affairs—many times impromptu. The mother sees to it that the picnic basket is always kept prepared. Salt, pepper, sugar and the can opener are kept in the basket at all times. Picnic silver, paper plates, plastic food containers, napkins and a few canned foods, such as pork and beans and fruit, are packed in as soon as one picnic is concluded so all will be in readiness for the next.

My friend keeps plenty of fresh vegetables on hand in the refrigerator so she can toss together a salad at a moment's notice. Potato chips, packaged cookies, a jar of mustard and a bottle of catsup are kept together on a cupboard shelf so they can be quickly added to the menu.

If hiking is included on the agenda, the food is kept to a minimum so that it can be carried in pockets or small knapsacks. A "ditty bag", one of the drawstring-type bags made from heavy material such as denim, is useful for hikers to carry small lunches and then to use for the collection of treasures which they find along the way. (Old blue jeans or wash pants can be made into such a bag by cutting off a pant leg, stitching up one end and putting a drawstring through the other.) Everything from pine cones and rocks to the hard, seat-shaped shelf fungi can be carried satisfactorily in such a "ditty bag".

It is wonderful when the entire family can take time to enjoy the thrilling beauties of nature. Life is enriched, horizons enlarged and all become tuned to the great powers of the Universe.



Paul Driftmier had a belated birthday party but nevertheless it was a happy occasion. The young host has his back to the camera.

LINES TO A CHILD

Your eyes are blue as amaranthine
squills,
Dear little boy;
The honeyed cadence of your laughter
thrills
Me with such joy
That I have need of garnering stray
notes
Within my heart,
As they are fashioned by your baby
throat's
Amazing art.
Your hair is softer than the milk-
weed's down
That fairies use
To weave rich silken fabrics for a
gown—
For so I muse
As you come romping through my cot-
tage door
To teach me childhood's most entranc-
ing lore.

—Thelma Allinder

— Unknown

THE MEASURE OF THE SOUL

Out of the upward reaching heart of man have grown dreams and visions and ideals. Often man has used his skill to make his dreams come true. But however close to them he has approached, his upward reaching heart has gone on dreaming of things higher still, which he cannot attain.

From the nature of man's spirit we know that perfection is a goal that runs swiftly before us, but always evades us. While we struggle to grow, we live in imperfection. Our aspirations, though never attained, gauge and measure the quality of the soul more than all of its mistakes and failures.

Hence, to look out upon the astonishing universe with eyes unblinking and face unblanched; to ignore no truth and fear no facts; to build high hopes upon a firm foundation; to forgive without demanding apology; to keep affection in spite of misunderstanding; to set our thought upon the things of value, and spend our strength in the fulfilling of noble purposes; to reverence the good intentions of others rather than censure their errors; to be alert to nature's pageantry, though we dwell amid the city's clamor; to get the most out of life by right living, and give the most we can to the world; to be sincere, faithful to responsibility, cherishing honor above indulgence, and service above gain; to be guided in our conduct by the shining angel of Intelligence, and not by the gaunt spectre of Fear; to approach our last hour with the calm of a philosopher and the gentleness of a saint; to leave the world enriched by a treasury of kind deeds and a memory of love—this, let it be said, is an aspiration; an ideal worthy of man.

Spring House-Cleaning Not Finished Yet?



This package of **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** holds the answer to every single cleaning problem in your house where water can be used.

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

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

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

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

THE JOY OF GARDENING

By
Eva M. Schroeder

June is the month of happy brides, of the splendor of roses, and the beginning of outdoor living. The perennial border is coming into its own and a myriad of flowers have started to flaunt their beauty and perfume. June is truly the month to enjoy the fruits of spring labor.

Along with the pleasures a number of maintenance tasks must be attended to including that of pest control. The young of many scale insects hatch this month and are easiest controlled while still in the lymph stage. Use the 50% mulsifiable Malathion according to directions on the container.

Japanese beetles emerge from grubs in the soil. It is best to kill them while still in the soil by applying Chlordane at the rate of 10 lbs. to to each 1000 sq. ft. of surface. After the beetles emerge, reproduction takes place, thus multiplying the pesky things. It is difficult to control the beetles after they reach the adult stage except by persistent spraying of the foliage on which they feed. DDT is not recommended as a spray because lace bugs and spider mites are immune to it and they sometimes are as destructive as the beetles. Malathion or Lindane are recommended.

Have you added any new plants to the perennial border this spring? Now is a good time to invest a dollar or two in perennial flower seeds and grow your own seedlings. It is a challenge to get some of them to germinate but such an achievement when you do. Prepare a seed bed in some out-of-the-way spot where there is access to water and sow the perennials in rows. Be sure to mark each kind plainly as many perennials do not germinate the first season but will come up the following spring.

Easy kinds that I have grown are delphinium, coreopsis, pyrethrum (Painted daisy), columbine, Shasta daisies, gaillardia, penstemon, lupines, dianthus, Gloriosa daisies, and salvia. More difficult but so rewarding are lilies, iris, primrose, lychnis, hardy sweet pea, liatris, and phlox.

Reserve one end of the bed in which to plant biennials. Good ones to try



Almost any warm, sunny day will find Mother (Leanna Driftmier) outdoors with her handy little pointed hoe, digging up the weeds.

are sweet William, foxglove, Canterbury bells, and pansies. The secret of growing these seedlings successfully lies in careful soil preparation, constant moisture while the seeds are germinating and good culture after the seedlings have emerged. By this I mean keeping the weeds pulled, watering, feeding and shading the plants as needed. When they become overcrowded, wait until a moist cloudy day arrives, then transplant them to a nursery row. The young plants should be mulched in late fall with a thick layer of coarse straw or marsh hay.

Vacation your house plants in some protected spot outdoors where they will receive shade during the hottest part of each day. You must check their moisture needs regularly.

STAND-UP GARDENS

By
Maxine L. Sickels

There come a time in life when a weed down on the ground might as well be in China as far as being able to pull it is concerned. Flowers to examine and smell are just as inaccessible. Canes or casts, rheumatism or old age—it is all the same! But, love will find a way to solve many problems.

In the beginning this problem was solved with porch boxes on a south porch. The only remarkable thing about these porch boxes was the size for they stood almost table height, twelve inches wide at the top and nine inches deep. This much good soil allows for root depth and water retention. The first plants were house plants set outside for easier summer care. Last summer there were a few radishes, some lettuce, and one giant tomato plant nicely staked and tied. This was, indeed, a no-bend garden, and took care of the sun-loving plants.

Last summer's experiment was on the north side of the house where a rim of six-inch board was nailed around an old table. The shallow box was filled with good soil. Some of the shade-loving plants were left in their

pots and the pots were buried in this soil. Other plants were transplanted directly into the soil. By midsummer the table-top garden was a colorful bed of African violets, strawberry begonia, fuchsia, and babytears. The delightfulness of this experiment was increased by the number of people who exclaimed, "But you can't grow such things as African violets outdoors," while they stood by the table looking at the thriving plants! There was some question that they would live when their house-grown leaves turned brown and fell off, but soon new ones came out and the blossoms were brilliant. I might mention, also, that the outdoor-grown leaves did not dry up when the plants were brought into the house before the nights turned cold in the fall.

If you've felt that you could no longer enjoy tending gardens because of the inability to bend and stoop, why not plan some convenient stand-up gardens? There is still time!

GROWING HERBS IS PRACTICAL AND FUN!

by
Sue Shinn

The popularity of herb-cooking creates an interest in the plants themselves. Herb plants may be used to a good advantage in landscaping, adding beauty and fragrance besides being ornamental and unusual. They can be arranged in borders, rock gardens or in a "kitchen garden" as was the custom in colonial days.

Your herb garden may be a flower bed with a sage plant in the back or in the middle with other herb plants of your choosing in front and around it, not forgetting a clump or two of chives and a border of parsley. Other herbs to consider are thyme, sweet basil, marjoram and rosemary, to name a few of those most common and most readily available in seed or plants.

Herbs will grow in soil suitable for the growing of vegetables. Even the smallest herb garden will provide enjoyment, a conversation piece, a supply of herbs for your own use and for sharing with the neighbors. This is the time of year when many of you are planning your gardens and I do hope you will consider planting herbs.

GREEN TALK

The barn has opened wide its doors
To welcome summer in today—
The lightly perfumed, flowered hay.
All year, along the beams and floors
The easy fragrant talk will run
Of rabbits and green-nested lark,
Hawks on the sky and the curved arc
Of raiding bee, the warm deep sun.
It will mention men on red
Humming machines; then its talk will
slow
To wispy answers to cattle's low
Until its last sweet word is said.

—Helen Harrington

THE PERFECT WAY TO SAY "THANK YOU"

A gift subscription to Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is a tried and true way to tell the relatives and friends who entertained you how much their hospitality was appreciated.

We send gift cards to those who will be receiving Kitchen-Klatter every month, and we write on them by hand what you ask us to write.

Address your subscriptions (\$1.50 for 12 issues) to: Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa.

First thoughts are brilliant,
Second thoughts are wise.
He who runs on impulse,
Rarely wins a prize.

A LITTLE MORE CARE, PLEASE

By
Alice G. Harvey

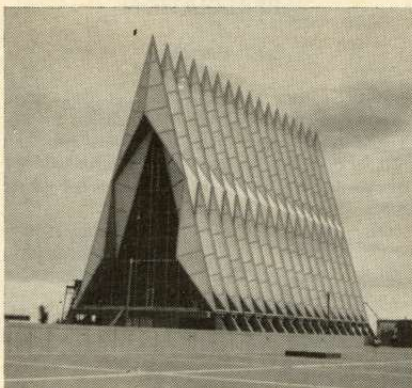
Most of us, at some time in our lives, have suffered from the carelessness of others. Who, as a small child, did not have a treasured doll broken or a mechanical train wrecked by a thoughtless playmate? Or, perhaps, you remember a book that was valued very highly which was loaned to a neighbor only to be returned showing finger marks and torn pages. Did you ever have a dress, a suit or a hat borrowed by a friend or another member of the family, only to show up later in a dirty or wrinkled condition? How resentful we become when others treat our possessions so thoughtlessly.

We need, however, to look at the other side of the picture. Have we always given the greatest care to the possessions of others when we use them? Of course, we do not intentionally harm property which does not belong to us, but by using it carelessly it often becomes marred.

This attitude of carelessness toward anything which is not our own is not as it should be. It may even lead to downright destruction, especially in the use of public property.

An excellent example is in of our Midwest states where there is a beautiful new state capital building. It is furnished with expensive woodwork and luxurious upholstery. Tourists, workers and lawmakers alike share the responsibility for the marks and mars, the scratches and cigarette burns which are in the carpet and upholstery, on the desks and chairs, in the halls and on the walls.

Can you think of any of the places you have seen on vacation trips which have been marred or actually defaced by thoughtless visitors? Perhaps you have looked deep into the gorgeous blue Morning-Glory pool in Yellowstone National Park and found the bottom cluttered with unsightly tin cans. Have you picnicked beside a



Many of you who have visited the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs will recognize this building, for it is the chapel at the Base. The modernistic design of the structure is most unusual and very beautiful.

rushing stream in a scenic mountain area only to find its rocky bottom covered with cast-off paper plates and milk cartons? Have you seen the pencil, crayon and paint defacing which seems to delight some people when they are traveling? Many of the great historical shrines and natural beauty spots around our nation need far more care and consideration from those of us who share their loveliness.

There is only one way to treat public property or the possessions of others: be as careful with it as if it were your very own! While vacation trips are being taken this summer, whether it be a long month away from routine or a one-day jaunt to a nearby state park, let us be thoughtful and guard religiously the treasures we see.

Look about you! Do you condemn someone else for the way he treats your possessions? Do you handle what belongs to others or to the general public with any more care? If not, how about a little attention to this serious problem?

Post this sign in your home, your office and your car:

A LITTLE MORE CARE, PLEASE

THE COMMONPLACE

By
Gladys Niece Templeton

The beautiful or commonplace things about us seldom fail to impress us as they do another from a totally different environment. While spending the winter in Arizona, we were impressed by the sajuara cacti which have been growing in that section of the desert for hundreds of years. While this is a spectacular sight to desert visitors it is rarely noticed by the desert dwellers.

The sajuara is a giant cacti, sometimes called Monument cacti. It has been known to grow to a height of 50' and has a columnar, woody trunk with a few candlebra-like branches. There are no leaves, however, large, white flowers appear along the ribs of the stem, followed by edible fruit.

Observing this unusual plant, one finds the fleshy arms, or branches, always grow from opposite sides of the trunk. This, we are told, enables the huge sajuara to keep its balance. In event a branch is torn off or diseased, the trunk at once puts forth another one, thus retaining its balance at all times.

Further observation brought forth other interesting facts one may well ponder. The longevity of this cacti is attributed to the fact that it absorbs its moisture during the cool hours of the night as a balm to its thirsty tissues. *One day at a time* it is enabled to withstand the intense heat of the desert. It endures the ravages of insects, rodents, storms, wounds, by constantly rebuilding the damaged portions.

Like a huge and beautiful sentinel this sajuara stands against time and man!

Have you tried new **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**? If not, you do not know how sparkling white your white clothes can be and how bright your colored clothes can look.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR KITCHEN-KLATTER NO CALORIE SWEETENER

in the
FLIP-TOP BOTTLE

No spills,
no mess.

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

Use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** on fresh fruits, summer drinks, for cooking and baking. (Save the cap-liners. They're good for wonderful premiums!)



APPRECIATION

By
Lula Lamme

When you step into a motel unit and note with pleasure that it is attractive, clean and comfortable, do you ever give a thought to what goes on to make it so? I *know*, for I've been behind the scenes.

Our daughter Jo and son-in-law Larry, with the aid of his parents, opened one of the new trailer-type motels in Nebraska last summer. My husband and I, accompanied by another daughter and her husband, drove out for a visit in the fall.

As a farm homemaker I was interested in the housekeeping details. I watched as Jo cleaned the rooms the first day, then did several myself. The procedure is as follows:

First, strip the bed and deposit sheets, pillow cases and soiled towels in a laundry cart. Make the bed with the center creases of the sheets placed *exactly* in the middle and all corners mitered. The top sheet is turned back over the top of the blanket. Fluff the pillows, then hold them firmly and crush against the wall for flatness. (I've decided this would be a good reducing aid!) Finally, put on the spread evenly, turning back and tucking up and over the pillows. In a motel room a *nice looking bed* is of prime importance.

Next, the bathroom bowl is cleaned with a brush and disinfectant and wiped with dry clean, cloths to insure against water spots. A band saying, "This unit sanitized for your protection," is slipped into place. The bathroom tub is cleaned and the floor is scrubbed and left to dry while the rug is vacuumed and furniture dusted. Ash trays and wastebaskets are emptied and cleaned, the mirror and vanity top polished, and the wash basin scoured. Cleaning finished, towels with contrasting washclothes are folded just right and hung. Individual soap is placed in dishes, drinking glasses in their sanitary sack placed on the shelf, ash trays returned and new book matches added. One final look around and the unit is closed until an occupant appears.

At first, cleaning these pretty little rooms seemed a lark, but after the fourth or fifth unit even *my* enthusiasm began to falter. We worked out a system for the remainder of our visit. Daughter Sue went first, stripping and making beds, followed by the laundry. I finished cleaning the units while Jo did her own necessary housework. This arrangement made it possible to shop, picnic and take interesting side trips to the Black Hills, Bad Lands and Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

Jo and her husband, functioning as a team, do most of the work required for their twelve-unit motel. Needless to say, they are very busy people. When they've been especially rushed, it has given them quite a lift when someone praised the motel. A few times they have found a note left on the vanity with the key. One such message, scribbled on a leaf torn from a small notebook, read: "From Indiana to California— thanks for a good

night's rest. My wife says, 'Good bed and first hot bath since we left home.' Accommodations, though small, are nice." Jo remarked, "The rest of that day's work was a breeze."

Appreciation is a good tonic for anyone. The world could use more of it. One thing I've learned from this experience: I'll never accept any lodging again with indifference. The next time *you* stay in a clean, neat motel, why not say a word of praise? I know you are paying for your accommodations, but a kind word doesn't cost a penny more and perhaps even *you* will feel better for having spoken it.

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

had fully recovered from their minor ailments) and worrying me sick for fear she would hurt her incisions. But she didn't!

A week following her operation, we went to the surgeon's office to have the tape removed. I want you to know that there is *not one* stitch mark on the surface. Not that it would matter at all if she had stitch marks on her tummy, but imagine the *skill* involved in sewing a person's skin without any stitch marks!

As you can see, we are terribly impressed with the surgeon and the Milwaukee Children's Hospital. The care was excellent; Adrienne received all the attention which could be desired. We were allowed to stay with her every minute except when she went up in the elevator to the operating room. We were so fortunate to get lined up with a fine hospital and an exceptional surgeon when we needed help so quickly. She received gold-plated care!

I've been growing more and more nervous when Don goes out of town. Events just seem to have a way of waiting to happen until he is gone. Even Don *himself* has announced that he hates to go away because he expects to be phoned home by another emergency.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

and examination, it was discovered that a disc is the culprit, causing pressure on the sciatic nerve. I can sympathize with her, certainly, for I have similar trouble with my back. Lucile is now equipped with back traction at home, as am I, and we hope that she responds to this form of treatment. It will be necessary to adjust to the limitations that one must impose upon himself in order to avoid recurrence. It is when one forgets the "don'ts" that he runs into trouble! They are hard lessons to learn when you are abounding with energy and since I've gone through the "initial course of study" in that respect and need traction less and less, perhaps I'll be able to help Lucile make her adjustment. It isn't easy to learn to "take it easy" and we need frequent reminders.

Sincerely,

Margery



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FOLDING PEDESTAL TABLES

Direct from factory saving to Churches, Schools, Clubs, Lodges and all organizations. **MONROE 1962 Folding Banquet Tables** are unmatched for quality, durability, convenience and handsome appearance. 94 models and sizes for every use. Write for prices, catalog.

FREE—BIG 1962 CATALOG

Color pictures. Full line **MONROE** tables, chairs, table and chair trucks, platform-risers, portable partitions. Write today!

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

CAMP COOKING—Concluded

milk chocolate is always welcome. Interesting variations can be made by spreading peanut butter on a soda cracker and topping it with a toasted marshmallow, or put a toasted marshmallow on a chocolate-covered graham cracker.

A family from Milwaukee camped beside us one night at the Ledges State Park near Boone, Iowa. For supper they prepared a dessert by combining a jar of strawberry preserves with enough water to make it pouring consistency and using it for a sauce over slices of angel food cake. The mother told us that they had experimented with different kinds of preserves and made sauces for puddings as well as cakes. For a sixteen-ounce jar of preserves she used about one-half cup of water.

Finding new and easy ways of fixing hearty outdoor meals can become an interesting hobby. Not only has it helped me in my camp cooking but, because of my questions and conversations about food with the fine people in parks around the country, I've made some very exciting and lasting friendships. If you do the same on your next outing, it is my guess that camp cooking will lead you into more than just satisfying hungry appetites.

AN HUMBLER HEART

Last night I fretted in the dark
The work I tried I had not done,
But my children laugh and play.
Someone's child can never run.

I frown that I must stay at home;
The commonplace is dull and drear,
But my children listen, learn.
Someone's child can never hear.

An hour I wailed, I am not rich
And I shall never famous be,
But my children look and watch.
Someone's child can never see.

Today I worried half the day;
I could not do that which I tried;
But I have my children with me.
And another's child has died.

—Harverna Woodling

"Little Ads"

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

August Ads due June 10
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The Driftmier Company
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CASH AND S & H GREEN STAMPS given for new and used goose and duck feathers. Top prices, S & H GREEN STAMPS, free tags, shipping instructions. Write today! On used feathers mail small sample. Northwestern Feather Co., 212 Scribner, N. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

GRAHAM FLOUR made with naturally grown clean grain, using only commercial stone burr mill in the mid-west. Also vitamins and imported health foods. Write for list. Brownville Mills, Brownville, Nebr.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD—Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free Information. Rose Industries, Heyworth Building, Chicago 2.

BE LUCKY—Carry a LUCKY BEAN imported from India. 2 Lucky Beans and plastic cases \$1.00 postpaid. Casimir Baran, 33-F, Willowdale Drive, Buffalo 24, New York.

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

SHELLED PECANS, Walnuts, Almonds, Brazils \$1.25 Pound! Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

ROLLING FORKS LUTHERAN Ladies Aid Cookbook, 350 homesteaded recipes—\$2.15. Postpaid. Mrs. Leonard Nelson, Starbuck, Minn.

CROCHET RUGS that look and wear like woven ones. Instructions \$1.00. Rugs, Circleville, Kansas.

LOVELY CERAMIC HEART pins, lockets, rosebud centers. \$1.50. Lilmurr's, 2567 Kessler, Lincoln, Nebraska.

BRIDES—white moire Bible—\$10.00. Luxurious nylon covers \$5.00. Berg's—Wiota, Iowa.

PRINT SUNBONNETS—\$1.50 postpaid. State color. Mrs. Andrew Mitchell, Atkins, Iowa.

BEGONIAS, COLEUS, others—10 rooted \$2.35. Postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

KNITTED AFGHANS, all wool, blue, orchid, green, wine, brown, each 3 shades from dark to light. 50 x 70, fringe on ends. \$60.00. Mrs. Geo. Laubenstein, 113 N. Lansing Avenue, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

NEW LOVELY 13½" metallic (12) pineapple doily—\$1.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

CROCHETED ECRU TABLECLOTH. Shining star pattern, 30 thread. 60 x 86—\$65.00. Quilt tops \$9.00 and \$11.00 each. Chella Parr, Humeston, Iowa.

LOVELY 42" PILLOWCASES—Rose insets \$5.00; 24" metallic T V flower like doily—\$2.50; 7 dish towels embroidered—\$3.50; Pineapple chair sets—\$5.00; Plastic ruffled doily—\$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

RUGS HAND WOVEN: Mail unprepared materials \$2.00 yd., already prepared \$1.25. SALE: rugs 27x54—\$3.00. Color preference. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa

8 BEAUTIFUL, LABELED IRIS—each different \$1.25. Mrs. Thomas, 306 North 10, Norfolk, Nebraska.

DREAM BOOK: 1000 dreams. Covers predictions, visions etc. \$1.00. George Tomisek, 3033 S. Homan, Chicago 23, Ill.

WANTED: 2 Good, used oak pulpit chairs. Write "Martha Circle", Nodaway, Iowa.

COMPLETE PLANS AND PROGRAM LEAFLETS: Mother's Day, Showers, Father's Day, anniversaries, holidays. \$1.00 each. Original poem, plus party helps for any special event. Send names, dates, interesting facts. \$5.00 Mabel Nair Brown, Ogden, Iowa.

TWO "WILL" FORMS and "Booklet on Wills", \$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

21 BIRTHDAY, Get Well or Assorted cards \$1.00. Gospel Supply, Stratford, Iowa.

A QUILT THAT IS quilted as you piece. FASCINATING new idea, direction only \$1.00. Quilting pattern included. M. Stovar, Circleville, Kans.

COFFEE CAKE Cook book for sale—50¢. Mrs. Fred Ager, Rt. 1, Dunkerton, Iowa.

PRETTY APRONS: Flying pockets, kitchen dandy or embroidery trim \$1.25. Gingham cross stitched, teakettles or roosters and hens—\$2.50. Woven Rugs—\$2.00 and up., Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

WILL MAKE crocheted doilies. Sheila Rokey, Argyle, Iowa.

It's Kitchen-Klatter Time!

These are the days we meet ourselves coming and going! Just the idea of having a peaceful cup of coffee and resting for 30 minutes while we folks at Kitchen-Klatter visit with you seems pretty fantastic in the face of all that has to be done.

But somehow work has a habit of waiting. And somehow we can get our second wind a little easier if we take a breather before the next big job is tackled.

So . . . pour yourself a cup of coffee and "set a little bit" while Kitchen-Klatter comes to you over the following 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.

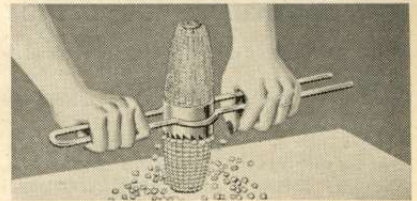
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

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.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.



STRIPS CORN FAST — \$1.95!

Corn strips right off any size cob when you use this marvelous all-steel Kernel Cutter. Prepare all the corn you want for freezing, canning, cooking, or creaming in minutes—cut a whole year's supply in an hour. Self-adjusting; Kernel Cutter trims off clean, whole kernels without crushing or mashing a one! Money-back guarantee. Only \$1.95, postpaid. Walter Drake, 2506 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 9, Colorado.

PEANUT PIXIES

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

GUIDED MISSILES—Concluded

He blazed the trail ahead that I might walk the path of fatherhood wisely.

(All who participated in the skit re-enter the stage and narrator continues.)

"Fathers of any age—for every age, we need your example and counsel; we need your prayers and patience. And remember—today, someone is following in your footsteps. You never outgrow your influence and you are never too old to be an inspiration. God bless you!"

ONCE UPON A TIME

In the village of Moan, in the valley of Groan, Miss Carrie A. Burden once lived all alone. She had driven away all her friends, so they say, by moaning and groaning and grumbling.

But one day she listened to a queer bird awhile: "You would be loved more if sometimes you'd smile." She was greatly astonished at what she had heard, but at length she decided to be like the bird.

So she smiled at the dog, and she smiled at the cat, and when people snubbed her she just smiled at that. Soon cheerfulness such a fixed habit became, she forgot all her grumbling, most of her pain.

It made a great change; soon back her friends came. It even led up to her changing her name! And by changing her name she acquired a new home; so she no longer lives in the village of Moan, but as Mistress D. Lightsome her days are now spent in diffusing good cheer on the Hill of Content.

TO A PARTICULAR YOUNG LADY

Child, though it costs us a pretty penny
We'll give you a wedding as good as any
With a silver slipper, a satin gown,
And people invited from all over town.
On your father's arm, dear, you shall come in
To petals strewn and violin
And voices singing perfect love;
Your little hand in its buttoned glove
Shall rest on a Bible of fine white leather,
And sixteen candles shall glow together,
Saluting the bowered, beautiful bride
Who is our darling, our joy and pride.
Child, we will do all that we can
To make you happy when you wed your man,
Entrusting to you the hardest part—
Finding one who will please your heart.

—Helen Harrington

OF POETRY, PIE AND PERHAPS A PROPOSAL

Sometimes I write poems
But no one will buy them
So I also bake pies.
Here, Sir, won't you try them?

You say they're delicious?
You think they are grand?
You're the luckiest fellow
In this whole big land?

And I am the prettiest
Maid, Mrs., or Miss?
Receipt for your payment?
A kiss for a kiss!

—Harverna Woodling

BRIDE-TO-BE

Shall she wear traditional satin
With a veil to frame her face?
Will she choose a seed pearl tiara
And grandmother's heirloom lace?

Will she want to be real modern,
Gowned in shimmery pastel blue?
Well, we've lots of time to think yet,
She's only half-past two!

—Unknown

THE WEDDING

With orange blossom stars in her bright hair,
Her slender body wrapped in fragile lace;
My daughter goes to meet her bridegroom there
Upon the altar steps. His handsome face
Holds reverence and awe that one so sweet
Should choose him for a mate. He takes her hand,
The music peals—their love is now complete,
I listen to the music flow
And suddenly my heart is singing, too.
They turn and smile and their young faces glow,
For life to them is beautiful and new.
The miracle of love has made them one,
And I am satisfied. I have a son.

—Author unknown



Whites are snowy . . .

Colors sparkle . . .

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