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Kitchen-Klatter[®]

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Mart has opened the front door to let the fresh morning air come in and I'm sitting at the dining room table looking out of the big window toward the hills south of us. Where there used to be farm activity—green fields of corn, or cattle grazing—there are now rows and rows of lovely new homes. It is in this location that my nephew, Frank Field, lives, and near their home, a new Emmanuel Lutheran church is to be built. Shenandoah is expanding toward the south, mainly, although there are many new homes encircling the town. (I was going to say "city", but prefer to think that Shenandoah is still classified as a "town".)

Well, spring finally came, at last, as we knew it would! I don't know when I've ever been so glad to see the last of the snow melt, and now I can spend part of my days with my little pointed hoe in hand. Because so much help is required in the thousands of acres of nursery fields around Shenandoah, it is difficult to find men to help with home gardens. Our fourteen-year-old grandson, Martin, is a real help and although they have a large yard and lots of work for him to do at home, Oliver and Margery share him with us.

We've missed our nearest neighbors, the Alexanders, this winter and early spring for they've been in Tucson, Arizona since fall. Both of their married daughters live there and they were fortunate to find a nice apartment for their parents quite near their homes. A number of Shenandoahans have vacationed in Arizona this past winter and Eltora writes that hardly a week has gone by but what they've planned a picnic or trip to one of the many tourist attractions in the vicinity with someone from "the home town".

My sister Jessie spent the winter in San Mateo, California with her daughter Ruth and her family. Since traffic is so congested in San Francisco, rather than have Ruth battle traffic with youngsters in the car, they planned bus trips around the city. These were the regularly conducted tours which included the points of interest that any visitor would want to see.

Jessie returned home by plane and Howard and Mae drove up to the airport in Omaha to meet her. She stayed

overnight with us before continuing the 20 miles to her home in Clarinda. We knew how eager she was to hurry on, so we didn't insist on a longer visit to hear all of the details about her winter's stay. Instead, we drove over after her later in the week, after she'd had a chance to settle down and organize her house and garden. Jessie's hobby is her flower garden and yard, so she was most anxious to see how things had fared through this hard winter we experienced in the Midwest.

I told you in a previous letter that Jessie had visited our niece, Jean Field Johnson (our brother Sol's daughter), and her husband in Proberta, California. Proberta is a very small town in the northern part of the state. Jean and Harvey operate a general store which also contains the post office. Jean is the newly elected postmistress, a job she enjoys very much. She is also very interested in young people and when she saw the need for religious education for the youngsters of the town, she organized a Sunday School.

While I'm on family news, I must bring you up to date on Philip Field (brother Henry's son) and his wife, Marie, who are now in government service in Africa. They reported that there were severe floods in Nairobi which is near heavy jungles where hunters from all over the world come to shoot big game. Efforts were being made to save the wild life for a number of obvious reasons, not the least being that game-hunting brings tourists to that part of Africa—important for economic reasons. Philip and Marie are hoping for leave to return to the United States for a few months this summer. Their daughter, who attends college in California, will meet them in Washington, D.C. and after a short visit there, they'll come to Iowa. It is their hope that they can visit all of their relatives which, if accomplished, will take them clear across the country.

As I finished the above paragraph, my husband's brother, Bert Driftmier, who lives in Clarinda, Iowa, stopped by the house. We hadn't seen him for several weeks so I asked him to stay for dinner. Bert lives alone since his wife passed away and eats most of his meals out, so I knew that he would appreciate some home-cooked food. I

put an extra potato in the oven, fried some fish, cooked asparagus, and for a salad, filled canned pear halves with cottage cheese and placed them on shredded lettuce. Oh yes, since the oven was hot, I made some baking powder biscuits. We had a good visit and now that the dishes are done, I'm back to finish my visit with you.

Since this is the 100th Anniversary of the Civil War, we've enjoyed reading the book "Reveille in Washington" by Margaret Leech. It covers the period from 1860 to 1865 and deals with the war as seen from inside the city of Washington. I read this thrilling book when it was first published and have enjoyed it even more as I read it again. See if your public library has a copy and if so, read it, for I'm sure you'll find it as interesting as Mart and I have.

May is the month of birthdays in our family—Russell, Lucile, Frederick, Dorothy, Abigail, Mae and her daughter, Donna (We're a large family and my memory isn't what it used to be, so I hope I've remembered all of them!) — so we have a continuous round of family get-togethers during the month of May. When most of the family were at home, we had to stretch out the table to its maximum length, but now that the children are scattered across the country, it isn't necessary.

This year, Mother's Day falls on May 13th, our daughter Dorothy's birthday. If the weather cooperates, we hope to spend it with her. By that time, the woods should be blue with timber phlox and violets, but with the changeable weather we are having this spring, I'd better not plan too much on the wild flowers! One spring, Frank managed to load me on the wagon and take me for a trip through the timber. It was one of my most pleasant experiences!

I thought that you friends would enjoy this lovely verse that came in the mail. It is so timely for this season.

QUEEN OF THE SPRING

The Queen of Spring is the apple tree
In a frothy gown of crisp pink lace,
A bit of green for accessory
And wide spread skirts that reach for space.

Each May she is a debutante
Who dances with the wind, the while
The painted butterflies come flaunt
An added bit of dash and style.

The fuzzy bumble-bee's bass
Provides the rhythm for a band;
The cricket fiddles in proper place;
Woodpecker on the drum is grand.

The honey-bee sips eagerly
Of nectar served a la cafetiere;
Then winds spin petals crazily—
So "Vive la Reine" till another year.

— Eugene G. O'Brien

Mart is reading in the library so I'll join him now and put a few more stitches in the quilt I'm working on these days.

Sincerely,

Leanna

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Last month I took you on the first lap of the trip we made to Mexico to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary, and while I wrote that letter I had a sensation of acute dismay when I thought of the vast amount of things I wanted to report on in detail . . . and the stark reality of space that could be used for such a report.

This month I feel even more dismayed! Instead of growing a little dim with the passage of time, (our usual experience where trips are concerned), I find that every single experience we had in Mexico becomes more vivid, and what it comes down to is that I could write an honest-to-goodness book about that trip! How to boil all of this down to fit a limited amount of space and still be realistic and helpful to people who have their sights set on a trip to Mexico—well, you can see why I feel dismayed.

Although I accounted for our trip as far as Durango, I would like to skip past our actual day-by-day progress for the time being and discuss first what seems to me the single most important thing to consider: what do you truly want to experience in a trip to Mexico?

If you want to hit the high spots and be able to say, "Oh yes, we've seen so and so, and we've been to so and so," then you can fly to Mexico City (3 hours and 20 minutes by jet from Chicago!) and get a guide and be shown the sights. You will be surrounded the entire time by your fellow Americans. Your entire trip, for all practical purposes, will be comparable to visiting a museum. At no point will you stray from a given "run" with a couple of hours for this and a couple of hours for that. And although I've said that you can expect this if you take a plane to Mexico, it is also what you can expect if you join a group tour that covers ground by *any* kind of transportation, or if you drive your own car and stay on the route that will enable you to cover a tremendous amount of country in a very short period of time.

This is one kind of a trip to Mexico and perhaps it is the kind that will satisfy your eagerness to see something of another country.

But if you have a great curiosity about *people* and how they live their daily lives, then you must think about another kind of a trip. And such a trip is much more complicated than the "museum" variety that I first mentioned.

For one thing, I hope that no one who spends a few hours in any border city or town is under the impression that he has gotten a picture of Mexico or the Mexican people. This is comparable only to a foreigner's impression that he has gotten a picture of the United States by visiting New York or San Francisco. And if we know that this would be a totally inadequate and erroneous picture, then I can only say that a picture of Mexico gained by a short visit to any border city is much more erroneous. One must travel far beyond the border to



A view of Taxco, Mexico showing the beautiful Borda cathedral in the background.

see the Mexican way of life.

Two factors, Time and what might be called family circumstances, will control the kind of a trip in which you have an opportunity to see how Mexicans live their daily lives. If you have very little Time, then you can take a plane to Mexico City and from there go by bus to the place where you wish to make your headquarters. There are more buses in Mexico than you can possibly imagine! They run all the time and they go *everywhere*. Just to give you an idea, I'll mention the fact that our town of Shenandoah has about four or five buses arriving in it over a period of 24 hours. If Shenandoah were in Mexico, it would have 24 buses arriving in 24 hours! This means that you can strike out from the town where you make your headquarters and see a tremendous amount of the adjoining countryside, as well as a tremendous number of Mexicans. The Mexican people seem to be constantly in transit—they are forever on the move.

Family circumstances cover so many things! If you have small children, I earnestly hope that you don't try to cover a staggering amount of country. We saw so many exhausted children with even more exhausted and harried parents that I couldn't imagine what happiness any of them could be getting from their trip. (All of them had thousands of miles behind them, and when I thought of the thousands of miles to be covered on the return trip I could feel my heart actually sinking!) We delude ourselves too if we think that children under junior high school age "get a lot" out of such a trip. They don't.

By far the best way to travel in Mexico for a non-museum type of trip is with your own car. And at this point I wish you would get out a recent map of Mexico (preferably the A.A.A. map) and see for yourself the problems in a vacation that can last only two weeks.

Everything in Mexico leads to Mexico City, its capital. (In our country we can almost say that *nothing* leads to Washington, D.C., but in contrast, the whole life and activity of Mexico is funneled into Mexico City.) Mexico City is one of the five largest cities in the world, and is jammed with traffic

that no one could hope to describe unless he had been through it. You will be spotted instantly as a tourist even if you're on foot and haven't license plates to betray you, and you will be considered fair bait for all of the shabby rookings that people get when they're in a place where tourists are the most important source of bread and butter. This is the only place in Mexico where you would do well to stay with your fellow countrymen on a given "run" and not venture off on your own. (Young boys in Mexico who want to hitch-hike around their country discover very quickly that it's hard to get a ride if they say they're from Mexico City!) There are many things to see in Mexico City and you can see them, but you won't get a true picture of the daily life led by the Mexican people; and you'll pay a lot for the picture you do get.

Since everything funnels into Mexico City, I would like to suggest that you get a guide on the outskirts and simply hire him to get into your car and direct you through the city. You'll have no trouble finding a guide for there are many of them on the highways as you approach Mexico City and they speak enough English to enable you to explain exactly what you want and how much you'll pay for their services. You can manage the traffic all right if you have a guide to tell you exactly where to go. It's trying to manage traffic and finding the right turns on your own that leads to such grief.

In the two weeks of vacation that I am using as a basis for the non-museum type of trip, you can cross the border at Laredo and pick up 85, the big new highway that runs down the country to Monterrey, a bustling industrial city. At this point you can do one of two things: take highway 40 to Saltillo and then go on to Mexico City by highway 57; or stay on highway 85 into Mexico City. Both highways are heavily traveled, and both of them permit you to cover a lot of miles in a reasonable amount of time. On the outskirts of Mexico City you can get a guide, as I mentioned, and pick up (on the other side of the city) the new toll road, number 95, that goes to Cuernavaca and on to the turn-off that takes you to Taxco.

Of all the places that we saw in Mexico, Taxco gave us the most complete and wonderful picture of the Mexican people and their daily life. It is a town of approximately 22,000 people and it is built on the side of a very steep mountain. There is only a handful of streets where one can drive a car and you know in very short order why this town of 22,000 people has less than 75 privately owned cars; it is much easier to walk. But at the same time, it is still the perfect place for people with physical handicaps who cannot walk. And the explanation for this is the fact that right in the heart of the town stands the great Borda cathedral with a perfectly flat plaza in front of it. This entire plaza (we'd call it the courthouse square in our country) is ringed with benches, and you can sit there and watch the entire life of the town pass before you.

(Continued on page 22)

BONNETS AND HOODS

A Mother-Daughter Banquet

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Decorations

The theme can be introduced into the decorations cleverly by using various types of bonnets, hats and hoods to represent the different stages of growth such as: babyhood, girlhood, young womanhood, etc. In the center of one table might be a dainty, frilly, baby bonnet surrounded by bright blocks and rattles. Another could be centered with one of the children's caps with a whirligig ornament on top. This could also include toys which primary schoolgirls enjoy: dolls, jumping ropes, skates and the like. A teen-age sailor hat covered with crazy slogans could center a table along with teen-age gadgets. A fashionable hat, used with pretty gloves, purse, perfume bottles and other young lady luxuries, can decorate another table. A wedding veil could be used as a centerpiece along with a wedding memory book, a large wedding portrait, a simulated bride's bouquet with rice or confetti scattered about.

For adorable place favors, make tiny hats and bonnets from scraps of material. If you use nutcups, these miniature hoods can be set on the top of each nutcup. A cupcake can be "glued" to a big round sugar cookie using powdered sugar frosting, then frosted and trimmed to look like a big picture hat.

Cut the program booklet covers from pastel-colored construction paper in the shape of a bonnet. Put on ties and trims of narrow ribbon. Add a dainty ruffle of narrow lace around the brim. Menu names can be cleverly adapted from childhood games and treats. For example: Marbles (peas), Jawbreakers (rolls), Hopscotch (jelly), Mumbletypeg (meat), Fruit Basket Upset (dessert).

Program

Salute to Mothers:

"She gave the best years of her life with joy for me,
And robbed herself with loving heart,
unintendingly.

For me, with willing hands, she toiled
from day to day.

For me, she prayed when headstrong
youth would have its way.

Her gentle arms, my cradle once, are
weary now;

And time has set the seal of care
upon her brow.

And, though no other eyes than mine
their meaning trace,

I read my history in the lines of her
dear face.

And, mid His gems, who showers gifts
as shining sands,

I count her days as pearls that fall
from His kind hands."

(— Author unknown)

Tribute to Daughters:

"She's an imp, an elf, an angel, too;
A clown and a mimic of all you do.
Just when you think, 'What an adorable squirt!'

She turns tomboy, building roads in
the dirt.

All too soon she's into her teens

In Dad's old shirt and disreputable
jeans.

Suddenly, she latches onto Mom's
perfume,

Earrings and nylons—she sighs at the
moon.

Prom, Graduation—hearts bursting
with pride.

College, Career girl—then a dewey
young bride.

Charming, audacious—a loveable
pal;

She's everything special—so precious,
my gal!"

Toastmistress: "Now, we ask you to
join us as we go through some of our
days, past and present."

Babyhood:

"There's nothing like a baby's smile
or like a baby's crowing.

There's nothing brings such happiness
as watching baby growing.

And so, no news is happier news,
and nothing nicer, is it,

Than hearing that the good old
stork has paid a friend a visit?

"With this little jingle, I introduce
you to babyhood with a solo,
'*Brahm's Lullaby*.'" (If you want to
illustrate with a living picture, a
young mother and her baby may pose
as the solo is being sung.)

Childhood: "Teeter-totter, bread and
water! Weren't teeter-totter days fun?
Can you remember the last time you
rode up and down on one? Here is
the very essence of childhood as two
lovely girls bring us their version of
'*I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard*.'"
(Two schoolgirls sing this or a similar
children's song. If room permits, use
a small *real* teeter-totter, or the girls
could pantomime going up and down.)

Girlhood:

"Pigtails and freckles, wiry and
lean,

Grimy hands, baseball, tomboy in
jeans;

Ponytail, lipstick, eyes with a gleam,
Petticoats, parties, young lady
supreme.

And can you believe it? One
birthday between!

"That is the transition from child-
hood to girlhood. Our girls' sextette
will take us in song to this happy
age." (A popular or semi-classical
number can be used; then have them
really liven up the party with a current
hit number.)

Womanhood: (Toastmistress quotes
Elizabeth Browning's "*How I Love
Thee*", or another appropriate poem
for a bride, and then introduces a solo-
ist to sing one of the favorite wedding
songs. Someone may pose as a bride
in a wedding gown or use children
dressed up as a bridal couple for a
real hit.)

Motherhood:

"When someone new, with blandish
a-plenty

Murmurs, 'Don't tell me *you* have a
daughter of *twenty*!'"

Such flattery brings an enchanting
glow,

But what the heart sings is, 'I know
I know!'

"But who cares what the mirrors
say when there are many joys of
motherhood to hold forever in one's
heart! We will now hear the song to
motherhood." (Soloist sings one of
the popular "*Mother*" songs.)

Grandmotherhood: "I love this verse
which tells of the way a grandmother
feels when her granddaughter has left
after a happy visit.

"My house is spic and span again
since baby went away;

No fingerprints upon the panes, no
noisy indoor play.

Her new sandbox leers empty; the
dolly she adores

Is sprawling in the corner on the
floor.

The choo-choo train that charmed
her so,

Stands silent on the track,

And I am wishing it were time for
grandma's baby to come back."

(As this poem is being read, have a
grandmother pose in a small rocker
as she knits or sews. If you want a
closing tableau, all those who have
been in the program could gather
around "Grandma".)

Neighborhood: (This is the time for
special recognitions. Dainty corsages
of spring flowers could be presented
to the mother with the prettiest hat,
the mother with the sweetest smile,
the daughter with the fanciest hair-
do, etc.)

Closing Devotions

Leader: " 'For this child I prayed,
and the Lord has granted me my peti-
tion which I made to Him; Therefore,
I have lent him to the Lord, as long
as he lives he is lent to the Lord. And
they worshiped the Lord there.' (I
Samuel I:27, 28)

"We are told that the Hebrews be-
lieved that when God wanted any
great things to be done, He first pre-
pared a noble woman and then placed
a child in her arms to be trained for
that leadership.

"God planned that the children of
Israel were to be led into the promised
land, so he entrusted the motherhood
of Moses to one of the daughters of
Levi. Again Israel needed a leader and
so the baby Samuel was given to Han-
nah, who nourished him spiritually on
steadfast faith and prayer.

"For the baby Jesus, God chose
Mary for the sweetness, the gentle-
ness, the beauty of her character.
God's care and blessings still are given
to Christian mothers everywhere who
seek to bring up their children in love
and devotion to His teachings.

"The story is told of a mother and
her daughter who went for a walk
along a rather deserted country path.
The mother fell and hurt her ankle
so she could not walk. The daughter
started back to get help with her
mother's warning to watch out for
an old well near an empty cabin. Lat-
ter, when the daughter returned with
help, the mother asked her how she
had gotten along on the way back. The
girl replied, 'Just fine, Mother, and do
you know how I kept away from the
well? I just followed your tracks!'

"As mothers *today* and as the
mothers of *tomorrow*, let us be ever
mindful of the kind of tracks we are
making for others to follow."

Prayer: "Our gracious, loving Fa-
ther, do be near each one of us in our
daily living. Be our guide and then
help us to be worthy guides to those
who would follow in our footsteps,
that we might all better serve Thee.
In Christ's name we pray. Amen."

THE STROMS HAVE STARTED SOME REMODELING

Dear Friends:

One thing I'll say for a gloomy, rainy day such as this: it spurs you on to do some job that has been put off. This morning, after the dishes were done, the beds made, and the radio broadcast was over, I dug out all of the snapshots that have accumulated over a period of several months and put them safely into our family photograph albums. We *try* to keep the albums up to date so that pictures won't be misplaced or lost.

Since I didn't write a letter to you last month, there is a great deal of catching up to do. As many of you know, two trips that I had planned for this winter didn't materialize and the one I finally took *almost* fell through, too.

Wayne and Abigail had been urging me to visit them so I finally planned my work so that I would be free to go. This was pretty risky business for the Midwest was hit by one snowstorm after another, but checking the forecasts carefully, Oliver assured me that I would have favorable conditions for driving to Denver. I packed my suitcase once again and the moment I said "goodby" to our radio listeners, I rushed home to load the car. Well! I found Oliver ill with the flu! It looked as if, once again, a trip would have to be cancelled. However, in an hour he was much better and it appeared that he had the type of flu that lasts only a day, so I continued on my way.

I drove to Lincoln and then on to Hastings where I had arranged to call on radio station KHAS. I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. John Powell, the manager, as well as some of the office personnel.

For a number of years I have wanted to see the Willa Cather Memorial in Red Cloud. Many of our friends in that area of Nebraska have mentioned it in their letters. This seemed to be just the opportunity for a stop there, so early the next morning I drove south to Red Cloud. It was a disappointment to find that the building was being remodeled and wouldn't be open for several months. Perhaps you who live in that vicinity can let us know when visitors can be received.

In our travels west, we have never taken route 36 across northern Kansas. When one must make good time, this, I had been told, is the "fastest highway". Indeed it was! I had figured on staying overnight in western Kansas but it was still early after I had driven through Norton, Oberlin, Atwood and reached Saint Francis. (I hadn't taken the time change into consideration!) It looked as if it would be possible to drive on into Denver by evening.

In Denver, Highway 36 is Colfax Avenue. I was familiar with this street for I had shopped with Abigail on Colfax in their neighborhood. I drove until the stores looked familiar and then stopped to call for directions. They were much surprised to hear my voice for, after all, my arrival wasn't expected until sometime the next morn-



Sometime ago, Margery Strom started a collection of cups and saucers which has now grown to include antique plates and other interesting items. A few are displayed on her Welsh buffet.

ing. Abigail said that it would be much simpler to drive over and guide me home, which is just what she did.

The weather in Denver that week was beautiful! Abigail gave you some of the particulars of my visit in her letter last month, so I'll just wind it up by saying that I was entertained handsomely, as always, and left with the usual eagerness to return as soon as possible.

I don't know what possessed me on the Friday noon of my visit, but suddenly I was overwhelmed with the feeling that I should be starting back to Iowa. Call it intuition if you please, but I announced at noon that the weather was *bound* to change, and while it was still nice I had better get under way. This was very wise, for I was *just ahead* of a severe storm all the way home. As a matter-of-fact, Oliver feared that I hadn't yet left Denver and when he heard the weather reports, he was afraid that I would never get through. It was a great relief to him when I opened the door and called out "I'm home!" I *should* have telephoned enroute sparing him that anxiety and *will* the next time I'm off on a little jaunt by myself in the wintertime.

Martin came down with the chicken pox not long after my short vacation. How he had escaped all through grade school we'll never know, for every year chicken pox raged through the classrooms. He had a very severe case and was out of school for two full weeks. A lengthy absence from high school presents problems far greater than absence in the lower grades and catching up is "painful"! It is difficult enough to keep up regularly assigned homework, let alone catch up on back assignments.

There is a bright spot looming up for Martin, however. The carpenters arrived this morning to start the re-

novation of his bedroom. This is something he has been anticipating for quite some time and now that the work has started, his spirits have risen. Our home is very old—built around 1898—and when a room is tackled, it doesn't mean simply paint and paper. The plaster is in such poor condition that we decided to proceed as we did with our own bedroom a couple of years ago. Sheet rock will be applied to all the wall surfaces. In our room the walls were papered without first applying a sealer coat. We only learned recently that paper couldn't be steamed off easily under these conditions and had we known this earlier, we would have had a sealer coat applied. We doubt that we will ever accumulate such layers and layers of wallpaper that it would have to be steamed off, but decided that it would be wiser to use the sealer before papering Martin's room.

Our upstairs floors are *not* pretty. As we can, we are covering them. We have been using cotton carpet in the bedrooms thus far, and so will choose a gay cotton for Martin's room, also. In my opinion, it will be much easier to take care of the upstairs when there are no bare floors. Some of you may differ with me, but those of you who have weak backs will agree that it is easier to run a vacuum cleaner than wax, polish and dust bare floors.

We have delayed this action on Martin's bedroom until now because of his age. We knew that after going to this expense, he would *have* to take care of it. If you're familiar with boys and their activities, you must surely know exactly what I'm talking about! We feel that Martin now has enough respect for the appearance of his room that he will appreciate the improvements.

Now that we've experienced some
(Continued on page 21)

DOROTHY REPORTS ON A SHORT TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Friends:

Spring finally arrived after the longest and hardest winter I can ever remember. Floods came with the first warm days as everyone expected they would. The ice jam at our bridge was so big that the county men had to come out with a dragline to move ice to let the water through and loosen it so chunks could move on with the current.

In many sections of the Midwest, farm wives are hearing the hum of tractors in the fields, but in this vicinity some farmers had to pick last year's corn crop before they could start spring plowing. Frank is glad now that he was able to do some plowing last fall with the exception of the field that still had corn unpicked. (That piece of ground he planned to seed down, anyway.)

I was fortunate to miss the last real sub-zero temperatures of the season for I was on a short trip to Washington, D. C. at that time. The weather there was balmy and spring-like, but two days after my departure they experienced the worst storm of the year. I was lucky all the way around, wasn't I?

My trip to Washington was planned rather hurriedly although Frank had been urging me to take it for several months. Our very dearest friend, Dessa Nelson, had been ill for a long time and we both thought that I should spend a few days with her but there never seemed to be a time when I felt free to go. Finally, we decided that if I was going to make the trip before spring work started, it had better be soon. I boarded the train in Chariton a week after we set the date.

Imagine my surprise when I walked down the aisle looking for a seat to see Lucile! She had known that I was taking that particular train but I didn't know that *she* was! She expected me to be terribly surprised and I didn't let her down—I was practically speechless! We are both so busy when I'm in Shenandoah, we scarcely see each other long enough to have a *real good visit*, so the six hours we had together between Chariton and Chicago were thoroughly enjoyed. Only once before, we recollected, had we ever eaten dinner together on a diner. All-in-all, my trip to Chicago was far more entertaining and pleasant than I had anticipated.

It was necessary to change trains in Chicago, leaving the Burlington and boarding the Baltimore and Ohio. The ticket agent had informed me that I would have an hour to get from the Union Station to Grand Central Station if my train into Chicago was on time. He assured me that the train I was taking was never over five minutes late. When I reminded him that it was already running 15 minutes late, he said that they would make up that time before reaching Chicago. He was very wrong!

The nearer we came to Chicago, the more worried I became. I could see that we were going to be a half hour late. I wasn't reassured when the conductor told me that although the sta-



Dorothy Johnson was in Shenandoah when the Arne Karhus of Worthington, Minn. stopped by the office. Mrs. Karhu and Dorothy stepped outside for this picture.

tions were only five blocks apart, the streets were all one-way and, in heavy traffic, it would probably take a half hour to reach the other station. He said that he would do everything he could for me and wrote a note to the dispatcher stating that he had a passenger for Washington on the B. & O. The minute the train stopped he told me to pick up my luggage and *run* to the taxi stand. It was impossible to run carrying one large bag and two small ones, but I moved as fast as I could through the station for what surely must have been the equivalent of a city block. By the time I reached the taxi stand, I thought my arms were going to break off and I was almost in a state of collapse! I shouted to the driver that I had to make a 10:15 train at Grand Central, and did he think he could possibly make it in time. He said, "Relax, lady, it only takes four minutes to get there." After all that worry and hurry, it was 10:30 before the train pulled out of the station. I wondered if the dispatcher *really* had been able to "do something" and the train was actually waiting for "the passenger from the Burlington"!

Dessa's apartment is located in the Buckingham section of Arlington, Virginia. There is a complete shopping section only a half-block away which is very handy since she is no longer able to drive her car. I arrived on Friday, and on Sunday her son and granddaughter came over in the afternoon to take us for a long drive. We saw the Arlington Cemetery and the Iwo Jima Monument, Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, Washington Monument, the Pentagon, Capitol, White House, and the big new State Department building which had been constructed since I was in the city three years ago. I'm sure we passed every government building and embassy in Washington, as well as all of the colleges and universities. Since I had done the driving three years ago and had to keep my mind on the traffic, I really hadn't seen anything, so this ride with someone else at the wheel was thoroughly enjoyed.

The next night Dessa's daughter-in-law took us for another drive so we could see the lighting on the Memorials and their beautiful reflections in the Potomac River.

The first morning I was there, I received quite a start when I looked into the kitchen and saw a squirrel sitting in the window. Dessa says they come to see her several times a day begging for peanuts. She keeps a good supply on hand and feeds her little visitors regularly. They usually feed from the window sill but will also take peanuts right out of her hand, then scurry back to the bush nearby to eat them. I told Dessa that it was a good thing our little dog Tinker wasn't there for the squirrels would have driven him wild!

With the exception of three rainy days, the weather was very nice and we were able to take short walks around the neighborhood. When it was raining, other things were planned. One of the rainy evenings we were invited to have dinner with Dessa's son and his family. Their beautiful new home is situated on a small lake in Falls Church, Virginia. Mary, their housekeeper, is Italian and she had prepared the best fried chicken I have ever eaten. She spends the week-ends with Dessa, helping her with her work, so we had a chance to become better acquainted. Not only is she a very fine cook, but she is excellent company for Dessa.

There is much more to tell you about the trip but space is limited so I'll save it for my next letter.

Until then, sincerely,

Dorothy

UPWARD TOWARD THE SUN

Insistent on the breath of song,
There pushes upward all along
The crust of earth;
Tiny, gentle, growing things,
Compelled as though by Nature's
song.

All seeds burst forth at just this
time;

The scheme of life is now in rhyme
For their birth—
Blade and branch, bud and flower
Obey that spring command to climb.
— Alice G. Harvey

NOTE FROM LUCILE

After my letter in the February issue in which I mentioned things I didn't like (or did like) about our remodeled kitchen, I was simply snowed under with letters asking for further details. I couldn't begin to get them answered—a fact that I faced when the pile toppled over in only four or five days, and still the inquiries kept coming.

I could see that the only way I'd ever get those letters answered was to write it all up and get it printed, so that's exactly what I did. If you want my reasons for not liking wall ovens, surface burners, etc. etc., you can send a dime to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia., and ask for the kitchen letter. The girls at the office will be glad to address an envelope to you, put on 4¢ postage and fire it off.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY IDEAS

Springtime and Junior-Senior tanquets and proms arrive hand in hand. This is, indeed, an exciting time in the lives of these young people. More and more, the banquets are being served in restaurants and hotels which have rooms for such service. But many communities still use the school gymnasium for both the dinner and the prom following. Either way, the decorations and theme lend a gala air to the events.

When the plans are being made, it is most important that everyone in the class has a chance to help. It creates a sense of belonging and importance which is essential, and it also lightens the load for any one person or committee. We have all known a chairman who carried so much of the decision and load himself that it robbed everyone else of pleasure in a project. These occasions are meant to be *fun* and working out the details *as a class* will provide far more enjoyment than having just a few participate.

The following are a few *tried and true* ideas which we hope will give you some help in planning your own theme.

Fairyland: All kinds of silver and white and tinsel Christmas ornaments can be used to make a real fairyland. (Give your local merchants a warning so they will have time to dig back in their storerooms for packed merchandise.) White thread can be put through a starch solution and then pulled through Epsom salts to make it sparkle. This thread can be draped and criss-crossed for a misty, sparkling effect. Place cards can be made like fairy wands with silver stars glued to small sticks. The name is then written across the face of each star. Delicate pastel colors blend with silver in table decorations. Nutcups in dainty flower shapes in pastel colors look lovely. A large mirror in the center of each table can hold a fairy arrangement made with large silver balls, lacy paper doilies, green ferns and tinsel—just the setting in which a tiny fairy can hide.

Rainbow: This is one of the most colorful themes upon which to build a setting. A huge rainbow can be fastened to one wall of the room using pieces of heavy cardboard. Cover this with crepe paper to simulate a very realistic rainbow. At each end of the arch, place a big kettle which has been painted gold. Small rainbows can be made for table centerpieces. Make these of firm cardboard, paint with the proper colors, and stand them up by stitching the ends into needle flower holders. Hide the holders with flowers, foliage or small gold pots. Nutcups can be tiny pots of gold. The program can easily follow the idea with such titles as: *Calm After the Storm*, *Search for the Pot of Gold*, *True Treasures*, or use the words to the song "Somewhere Over the Rainbow".

County Fair: This theme if fun, gay, lighthearted and easy to put together. Decorations can go from balloons, midway posters, concession booths and displays of "prize" vegetables and fruits to posters presenting contest

winners, such as the baby health contest (showing baby pictures of the class members being honored!) Table decorations could be "prize" fruits and vegetables arranged in straw hats and tied with red bandannas, or blue-ribbon flower arrangements with appropriate ribbons fastened to them. Prize ribbons can also be used as table or wall decorations. (If yours is a community with 4-H participants, use *real* prize-winning ribbons.) Place cards may look like entry tags or entrance tickets and amphitheater programs for the menu and program will carry out the theme. Program titles might include: *G. and Champion*, *Prize Winners*, *Cornbelt Chorus*, *Blue Ribbon Class*, *Rural Rhythm*.

Musical: This theme is a charming one and is especially appropriate if your school is one which emphasizes its music departments. Decorate the walls with musical notes, music staves, huge phonograph records and colorful record jackets. Cut huge notes from heavy cardboard and suspend them from the ceiling by invisible threads. Black strips of paper running lengthwise of the table can represent the lines of the staff. Center the tables with phonograph records and then arrange toy instruments upon them for the centerpieces. A place-card music stand can be made with wire or a pipe-cleaner base holding a sheet of paper lined to look like music and glued to the top. The name can be written like notes on this "music". The program and menu can be made to resemble a piece of music or a songbook. Use musical terms for the food: *Treble Clef* (fruit cocktail), *Bass Clef* (creamed chicken), etc. For the program, use such terms as: *Drawing the Staff*, *Learning the Notes*, *Scale Practice*, *Grand Finale*. The toastmaster could be the musical director and call on the different features of the program as a conductor calls on various members of his orchestra.

Windows of the World: This is a round-the-world theme which has unlimited possibilities. Dolls and flags of different countries could be featured. Each table could be decorated to represent a different country: *Switzerland*, with a small mountain and mountain climber; *Scotland*, with a Scotch doll in kilts carrying bagpipes; *Japan*, with a pagoda surrounded by tiny colorful parasols; *Mexico*, with hats and baskets, small straw horses and bright miniature serapes. Travel posters of faraway countries could be woven into the decorations. The place cards could be luggage tags; the nutcups, tiny suitcases; the programs, a sheaf of airplane tickets with each section of the program represented by one ticket.

Circus: With all the fine circus acts on television, this theme is right in style. A big-top appearance can be made by hanging crepe paper streamers from a central point in the ceiling and running them out to various points on the side walls. Decorate one main door to serve as the entrance to the circus tent. Set up side-show posters in the corners of the room. Have a talented student draw huge pictures of circus animals on paper and fasten them to the walls with

brown gummed tape, glued on to look like cage bars. Merry-go-round centerpieces can be made. A cute place card and favor is made by using a doughnut for a tiny merry-go-round platform. Insert a small stick of candy into a marshmallow and tuck this into the center of the doughnut. Fasten animal crackers to the doughnut with a little icing. Put a small construction-paper canopy on the top of each stick of candy. Stick a toothpick in front of each animal to resemble the straight rods used on a merry-go-round. Food could be called by such names as: *Cotton Candy*, *Pink Lemonade*, *Ringling's Favorite*, *Acrobatic Specialty*, *Tumblers' Triumph*.

Southern Plantation: This makes a lovely, romantic setting for a banquet and prom. Treat the room as though it were a southern veranda. If possible, use card tables instead of long tables. Use candles on each table and as many flowers as possible. Bring in any flowering plants, potted palms, bushes and greenery (real or artificial), that are available to give a lush, green appearance. Individual cotton bales can be made for decorations and, if you attach a tiny card with the name, can also serve as place cards. Spirituals, folk songs and Stephen Foster melodies are ideal to use in various ways on the program. Use the names of typical southern places on the menu: *Mobile fruit cocktail*, *Natchez potatoes*, *Birmingham chicken*, etc.

Evening in Orbit: What more appropriate theme for this year than one emphasizing space! Kristin Johnson sent us this description of such a banquet:

"The theme of the Chariton banquet and prom last spring was *Evening in Orbit*. The decorations were quite simple, but the effect was truly heavenly. Dark blue crepe paper was sprinkled with silver stars and twisted across the gym ceiling and then down to the floor. Painted and glittered cardboard cutouts in the shape of comets, spaceships, flying saucers, satellites and stars were hung on strings from the ceiling. The gym was divided by two large rockets constructed from stove pipes and covered with silver paper. One section was reserved for eating and one for dancing. The band was seated in a satellite which the Junior boys had built of lumber and which the Junior girls had covered with crepe paper. The food for the banquet was prepared by the mothers and the Juniors. The menu consisted of *Comet Cocktail* (mixed fruit), *Rocket Fuel* (milk), *Solar System* (beef steak), *Milky Way Galaxy* (potatoes), *Meteoric Vegetable* (mixed carrots and peas), *Satellite Salad* (lime gelatin and cottage cheese), *Flying Saucers* (cherry tarts) and *Shooting Stars* (nutcups)."

OF GREAT PRICE

The pearl is a jewel
Compounded of a wound
Of humble origin;
Unlike the diamond . . .
Created in the fiery pressures
Of the earth.

— Gladys Niece Templeton

FREDERICK'S SCHEDULE SOUNDS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

I am sitting here in my office, at the close of another very busy day, writing this letter to you. Do you realize that some of you have been reading my letters for the past *twenty-three* years? That's right! I first began to have letters in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* back in 1939 and I have been writing them at rather regular intervals ever since.

Yesterday was a very busy day. At our early service here in the church I preached on the subject, "When Anger is a Sin". Later in the morning I drove up to Williston Academy, one of the fine eastern preparatory schools for boys, and preached on "Sailing Can Teach You About God". Then at four o'clock in the afternoon I preached the sermon at a large meeting of church people from many denominations and spoke on the subject, "The Faith We Need". At six-thirty in the evening I gave a talk to the young people of my church entitled, "What it Means to be a Missionary". Three sermons and a talk in one day are quite a strain and I was glad when the day was over.

Today is Monday and I spent all of this morning counseling with people here in my church study and this afternoon presiding at the meeting of the City Board of Public Welfare. Any job which deals with the poor and needy is a heartbreaking job and this Board of Welfare work is no exception. Each year the costs go up and up, the case load goes up and up, and the number of qualified staff persons goes down and down. In recent years there has been a large influx of persons into our community from the deep South and Puerto Rico, and a great many of them need welfare assistance just as soon as they arrive in town.

It is very difficult to administer welfare in such a way that everyone is satisfied. The taxpayers want to cut the costs of welfare but, at the same time, the moment any cuts are made in the budget we are criticized for not doing enough for the poor. It is the old story, everyone wants good government but no one wants to pay for it!

One day last week a letter arrived from a radio listener which said that while she belonged to a church she never attends. She wanted me to write and tell her that it is all right to stay away from church provided there are some good radio or television services available. Of course, I did not write that! I told her that she should go to church.

Sincerely, I do hope all of you *Kitchen-Klatter* friends are good church people. Times have been pretty hard for many of you lately—personal problems, business troubles, how to pay the bills, struggle with school work, or perhaps, someone has failed to return your love and you are brokehearted. You are not meant to carry all of this alone; no one can. Why not get help? The church can help you. We are not holier than other people,



The Reverend Frederick Driftmire devotes a great deal of time to counseling members of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts. The boy shown with him here might be seeking advice on a personal problem or assistance with plans for an upcoming youth meeting.

just a family helping each other because we know where to find help and want to share it. Our religion doesn't do away with troubles, but it does discover the power to face them—even to turn them into good. Strength and new life is readily available for you.

We have a rather interesting church situation here. The one we call Old First Church is the Congregational Church on the Green down in the very heart of the business district. It is the mother church of most of the other Congregational churches in the city. Next month this fine old church will be 325 years old! They are going to have a big celebration and I have been asked to be one of the speakers at the banquet. My particular task is to bring greetings from one of the many daughter churches. The church of which I am the minister started from the mother church back in 1842, so next Sunday we celebrate our 120th birthday. Up the street from our church is another Congregational church of 1,700 members which is the daughter of our church. Actually, this church also has a granddaughter, for the church we founded has now founded another in the suburbs. This wonderful pattern of sharing and reaching out to help others is repeated in many cities around our country.

At the main service next Sunday morning something special is being planned for the children; there will be a birthday cake representing the 120 years of the church. Then a big birthday present will be rolled into the front of the sanctuary. One of the good church ladies has given a large, multi-colored spotlight for use in the dramatic department. It is a handsome and most useful piece of equipment. We plan to have it beautifully wrapped so the children will realize it is really a birthday present. When the youngsters march out of the church and into their church-school classes they will each be given a piece of the cake.

I had lunch today with some doctor friends who were busily engaged in a hot dispute about the treatment of new mothers. There is a widespread practice of rousing them out of their hospital beds and sending them packing when the baby is four or five days

old. The table conversation this noon leads me to believe that some of the doctors now think that the *old idea* of keeping the mother in the hospital for a week or ten days is a good idea after all. In this way they would receive more rest and recuperative care and be better able to handle matters when they got home.

Do you suppose this swing back will include a change about post-operative care? When I had surgery in 1941 I was kept in bed for two weeks with a simple appendectomy. Today they have a patient walking around the room on the first day and on his way home by the third or fourth day! It wouldn't surprise me a bit if that whole procedure were reversed in a year or so. I have known many excellent doctors but I have never known one who did not, on occasion, change his mind.

Tomorrow I have calls to make on twenty of our church members who are hospitalized. Such visits are seldom very long but they do show the patients that their church cares for them and is concerned about their well being. While I have learned to keep secrets and to hold much in reserve I never permit myself to tell a lie to anyone who is sick. If they ask, "Do you think I am going to get well?", I truthfully answer, "Well, that is what we are all working and hoping for. If your determination has anything to do with it, you are bound to recover."

It was a lovely spring day today and I already find myself making summer plans. We shall be at the cottage in the Rhode Island woods for about seven weeks. Then we take ten of our church young people with us to the Argyle Lodge in Nova Scotia for one week and a group of ten of our church leaders to the same beautiful location for a second week. This is a wonderful way to combine inspiration with planning the work for the coming church year.

Sincerely,

Frederick

When you cannot pray as you would, pray as you can. —Dean Goulburn

JUST A QUILT

By
Lydia Ehler

It's just a quilt—an old-fashioned one, but beautiful. How colorful it is with its tiny patches that look like autumn leaves. It took many long hours of labor, indeed, until such a quilt was completed.

Almost every woman or girl, at one time or another, has had the urge to make a quilt, and many have the proud results in their bedrooms for all to see. Or perhaps they are in hopechests, brought out occasionally for friends to admire.

Quilt-making is an art, a simple art, that lends itself to many pleasant interludes. Quilting provides wonderful pick-up work between household chores as one listens to the radio or chats with friends. There is pride in the fine stitching of the many patterns so suggestive of the life and times of our grandmothers.

Refinements of the craft of quilting during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries leaned toward intricate and artistic variations of the quilting-stitch pattern. Today, in Britain, in cottages on farms where the craft is still followed, these same areas use the traditional patterns their grandmothers stitched. Here the housewife was the keeper of the quilting frame and designs. When daily chores were finished, the mother of the family ordered the frame set up and in the long English twilight, or even by candlelight, taught the growing girls the craft she had learned from her mother when she was young.

Each daughter had a task before her—she must quilt the coverlets to use on the beds in her home when she was married. The goal was "a baker's dozen"—thirteen quilts for her wedding chest. Each quilt was different and sentiment was deeply rooted in them. How their fingers flew as they dreamed of the days when they would have homes of their own! An old verse—crude, but meaningful—can still be heard among the English folk: "At your quilting, maids, don't dally. Quilt quick if you would marry. A maid who is quiltless at twenty-one, never shall greet her bridal-sun."

Carried over from Old World tradition were many of the customs of the young girls, preparing in advance the quilts for the home she would have when she married.

Most of the eighteenth century quilts were square for the beds of that period were wider than those of the present day. Many were made of four blocks measuring thirty-six inches square to which was added an eighteen-inch border, making the finished quilt one hundred and eight inches square. They were so elaborate that years were spent in the making and quilting. No wonder they are cherished as precious heirlooms and occupy honored places in homes and museums.

The gradual westward movement across the continent began in the very earliest time. People from New England moved into western Massachusetts and along the valley of the Mohawk River in New York. But packed



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) has lost count of the number of quilts she has made, but each one of her seven children is the proud owner of at least one or two, and several others were made for gifts. No two were alike and a number of them were patterns mentioned in this article. Currently, she is working on one of Colonial design which is very unusual.

securely within the chests and boxes were the cherished quilts and quilting patterns of the New England housewives. In those quilts can be seen the good years when patches were cut from scraps of Mother's French challis or bits of Father's best suit. In stark contrast, in the same quilt can be found coarse calico or sacking, dyed with homemade dye.

Later came the great movement westward and there in the wide open spaces these pioneers settled down for a while, built cabins and homesteads and again set up the quilting frames. The women were often joined by neighbors. Loaded rifles balanced against the frames as they quilted, with one ear tuned for the sound of a lumbering bear, thieving fox, or a marauding Indian.

Life was bound up in work. The rise in popularity of social events, such as quilting bees, knit the community together. Visiting just for social intercourse was not tolerated in their severe lives, but groups of women from farms miles apart gathered to busy themselves about the quilting frame. It helped to assuage the natural loneliness of the women while the men worked in distant fields and the children attended school miles away.

The names of quilts are interesting. Many of the earliest ones contained the word "cross" in them for they were an intensely religious people. Some of these are "Maltese Cross", "Royal Cross", "Roman Cross", "Red Cross" and "Crown Cross". The Bible also aided in the naming of a number of patterns, such as "Job's Troubles", "Job's Tears", "Garden of Eden", "Joseph's Coat", "King David's Crown", and "Jacob's Ladder", which is an all-over pattern and possibly the most striking of these having Bible names. One of the very interesting old quilts was called "Scriptural Quilt", each block having a large white square in the center on which a scripture quotation or an old adage of high moral value was embroidered in turkey-red cotton.

These were followed by "Oakleaf", "Sun Quilt", "Log Cabin", "Crosses and Losses", "Love Apples", "Vine of

Friendship", and "Hozanna" (or the "Palm"—a patch of pre-Revolutionary origin in Maine). There was the "Bridal Stairway", "Shoo-Fly", "Texas Tears", "Kansas Dug-out", "Odd Fellows Patch"—all reflected the ever-westward movement of the pioneer settlers which had much to do with the changing of quilt pattern names.

Then came the patterns named for flowers: "White Rose", "Daisy Chain", "Meadow Daisy", "Modernistic Trumpet Vine", "Spice Pink", "Scotch Thistle", "Mountain Pink", and "Friendship Dahlia".

Then there was the "Bride's Quilt", each block made by a friend and inscribed with her name. The "Album" Quilt, each block made by a member of the congregation with her name embroidered on it, which, when set together and quilted by the women, was presented to the Circuit-rider's wife. The revival of making "Quotation" quilts has been welcomed by many quilt fans.

In our grandmothers' day, some of the quilts were too fine for common use and were brought out to use as counterpanes when very special guests were entertained—the circuit-riding minister or the presiding elder being the ones most honored. But anything so intimately bound up in the history of a country will re-appear from time to time in popularity. The present revival began about 1915, but was submerged by knitting during the first World War. Later the interest was renewed and more quilts are pieced today in the cities and on the farms than at any previous time in the history of America. These new ones have the charm of Colonial times. Manufacturers of cotton prints revived many of the early designs and prints to the delight of every quilter. Today it is the "old-fashioned quilt" that is the "new-fashioned quilt". We admire the crude coloring and lack of color harmony in our precious heirlooms as we do in primitive art of any time or people. There is no touch so modern in the present-day bedroom as a lovely old patchwork quilt of Grandmother's. It is the priceless relic of bygone days.

The whole country is "quilt conscious"! Quilt shows receive glowing headlines. Magazines are featuring quilt patterns and there is increasing interest in this marvelous homecraft. Quilts and coverlets make a beautiful, fascinating hobby and if you are interested in starting a collection, do plan to visit the fairs where quilts are on display. Many of the larger fairs will bring together as many as six hundred or more—such a bewildering scene that one cannot take in all the beautiful detail. You will find every type pattern and design as well as fabrics, for quilts are an excellent means of self-expression. Two people given the same kind of pieces will do something different with it—perhaps a "Nine-patch" for one, while the other might make a "Wild Goose Chase" or "Turkey-tracks". Like our grandmother used to say, "There is a heap more in the cuttin' and sewin' than there is in the calico." Piecing a quilt is like living a life.

Remember, it isn't "just a quilt"—it's a real art!

WAY BACK WHEN—

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

THE FAIRY TALE OF TOMMY TINKER

This fairy tale you'll soon be told
Of little Tommy Tinker
Is just as true as those of old;
Sing ho! for Tommy Tinker;
It happened once upon a day,
When guardian angels slumbering
lay,
A boy child slipped from heaven away,
Their darling Tommy Tinker.
His little rosy feet were bare,
This truant Tommy Tinker,
No cap was on his sunny hair
But what cared Tommy Tinker;
For something called those errant feet
Right to the very town and street
Where lived the bright-eyed lady
sweet

Who wanted Tommy Tinker.
He whispered "Mamma" at the door,
Dear little Tommy Tinker!
No one had called her that before,
Wise little Tommy Tinker!
But quick she answered to the name,
And then a "Papa" did the same.
And oh, but they were glad he came
And so was Tommy Tinker.

(This poem was written by Leanna's sister, Helen Field Fischer, many, many years ago.)

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

YOUR CHILDREN AND MINE

I wonder if we do a better job of raising the younger members of our families than we did the older ones. Did we learn by experience that certain theories we practiced on No. 1 and No. 2 did not have the results desired and No. 3 and No. 4 were spared those methods of child training? Most of us will admit that we have learned by experience. The things that worried us most in the older children are apt to be overlooked in the younger ones. Most of us entered upon the duties of motherhood, knowing nothing of child psychology or child training, and poor little No. 1 had to be our "experiment station".

Teaching school is one of the best trainings for motherhood, and the subjects studied in Normal Training schools are a constant source of help to a young mother.

NOT A SHOWER, A DOWNPOUR

(From Leanna's Letter)

"Not of water but of cards and letters! This was the result of my request for you to write and tell me how long you have listened to Kitchen-Klatter. I found many have listened since my first broadcast, over eleven years ago, in April, 1925, I believe. I don't exactly remember. I was reminded of the time Donnie fell in the tar and Margy used glue for toothpaste



Donald Paul was just a little fellow not quite four years old when his mother (Leanna Driftmier) started broadcasting about thirty-six years ago. He usually went with his mother to the radio station and many of our longtime friends still recall hearing his young voice in the background while she conducted her radio visits.

(by mistake) and of the birthday parties I used to have in the studio on Saturday afternoons.

"It doesn't seem I have been on the air practically every day for eleven years until someone writes that they started listening to me when a girl at home, and now their little boy is in the sixth grade.

"These cards and letters have been a real help to me—just as though my battery has been recharged and is due to run another ten years.

"I have been asked where our two sons, Frederick and Wayne, are going to college. Frederick is a sophomore and Wayne is a freshman at Tarkio College, a United Presbyterian school in northwest Missouri. The boys are working for part of their expenses at the school and on Saturdays they both clerk. Wayne is specializing in science and Frederick in speech. I expect they will both teach, for a while at least. They should have a tendency toward that profession for all four of my husband's sisters were teachers and all five of the Field sisters and Henry taught school."

THE THREE MAID SERVANTS

Hearing that a farmer's wife wanted a maid servant, three girls came to her house seeking work. "Now", said her husband, "I will show you how to choose a good servant." He placed a broom across the path leading to the farmhouse doors and he and his wife watched the girls as they came along.

The first girl kicked the broom aside, and the farmer said: "She's an idle lass and won't bend her back." The second girl skipped over the broom. "She won't do", said the farmer. "She'll skip her work."

The third girl picked up the broom and put it in a corner out of the way, and the farmer said, "That's the girl for me, she is careful and tidy and hard-working."

MAY POETRY

MOTHER

She smiled while washing dishes
With gentle, loving hands;
Or hummed the quaint old folk tunes
Which came from other lands.
She cut and patched expertly
On garments past their day;
The task made little difference,
But this was Mother's way.

She wove and stitched each strand of
thread
Into those treasured clothes,
And taught us happy thankfulness,
Which lightens tasks and grows.
— Glayds Niece Templeton

I REMEMBER

My Mother cherished homey things
That made up daily life;
Stray dogs and cats that came her
way
Found refuge from their strife.

The neighbors brought their joys and
woes
For her cheerful aid;
To all she gave her thoughtful care,
And many friendships made.

She lived her quiet, cheerful life
In common, helpful ways,
But deeply touched all persons
Who filled her busy days.

An ardent, overflowing love
Met our every call;
To those who shared her daily life
She gave the most of all.
— Alice G. Harvey

ELEVEN CUPS

My mother's Haviland china cups are
placed
Upon a cupboard shelf; no lustered
side
Is decked with roses, but my love has
traced
Fair pictures that I share with tender
pride,
For when these precious heirloom
cups are viewed,
They conjure scenes of lasting mem-
ory
From days of youth, when friendships
were renewed
With guests who shared our hospi-
tality.

Eleven cups . . . how chaste and
frangible
They are, and yet how strong through
sentiment!
No other cups can be as beautiful
As these for which my long-dead
mother spent
Her frugal savings that her eyes
might know
Patrician things; her heart, posses-
sion's glow!

—Thelma Allinder

Friendships do not happen
In this busy world we know;
They come to us as special gifts
Because God wills it so!

IF YOU'RE PLANNING A COLORADO VACATION, READ THIS

Dear Friends,

Isn't it heartening to know that spring is here, summer lies just ahead and we'll never have to go through this particular past winter again? Here in Denver, we are likely to have snow in May but at least we're fairly sure it won't stay on the ground long. However, to the skiers and those responsible for our water supply, this has been one of the finest winters within memory.

Last December, when the wintry weather loomed endlessly, a neighbor and I decided it would be a fine idea to get some exercise. Every possible week-day morning at 9:30 we got together at one of our homes to follow a half-hour's exercise program on television. This was usually followed by another half-hour coffee break. The exercising got lost in the Christmas rush but after the holidays we resumed. We both agree that those few minutes each day have done us a world of good. When spring arrived and we took to outdoor activities, neither of us was plagued with the usual sore, stiff and aching muscles.

This spring I have had a wonderfully bright and colorful border to enjoy while standing at the kitchen sink. Last fall we cut out the sod along the side fences and managed to plant the wonderful spring-flowering bulbs along the north side. Due to the very early fall snows, the south border didn't get planted but we don't see that side from our main windows. As soon as the danger of a late snow is gone, I'll have a big job in filling up that border with annuals. We plant mostly white alyssum and pink petunias since both thrive in our soil and climate. We would like to vary the planting with marigolds but, unfortunately, our dear friend next door is extremely allergic to them.

I'm particularly anxious to get the yard in good shape this spring and early summer because when late summer arrives, we're heading for the mountains and camping. Last summer we saw very little of Colorado and we're all "champing at the bit" to get going this year. We took advantage of the pre-season sale of camping equipment to add to our supplies.

Our perennially leaking plastic air mattresses have been replaced with fine quality cotton-covered rubber air mattresses. Our lungs will be supplanted with an air pump. (Believe me, it takes some doing to blow up five air mattresses at an altitude of 10 or 11 thousand feet!) And last, but not least, we'll be using iron tent stakes instead of breaking up wooden stakes by pounding them in and around the rock.

Because of the press of business, Wayne won't be able, in all probability, to take the 3 or 4 consecutive days we prefer for a camping trip until late summer. However, I'm sure we'll get in several one-day trips earlier. I don't like to repeat myself but every year we get so many requests for suggestions on what to see in



Clark Driftmier has shown a talent for music so piano lessons have been started.

Colorado that it seems wise to reiterate a few possibilities. Many of you are familiar with the sights of our area but others will be viewing them for the first time this coming summer. It is for this latter group that I have the following suggestions.

We consider that for the most beautiful and spectacular one-day trip out of Denver, nothing can top the circle trip from Denver through Granby, Estes Park and back. This trip has been selected for all the nurserymen and their families to take while they are here attending the national convention next July. As a matter of fact, the convention has been extended one extra day just to permit this particular drive. These people will be traveling by bus because there are so many of them, but your own family car can make it just as easily.

You will see the great gold mining operations that once clustered around Idaho Springs before traversing the Continental Divide on Berthoud Pass, site of a very popular development for winter sports. Perhaps you will want to ride the ski lift for an even more thrilling view. Beyond Granby, the mountain peaks are set off by water—Grand Lake, Granby Reservoir and Shadow Mountain Lake. While these latter two lakes have become a welcome addition for boating and fishing, their primary function is that of providing water for the thirsty arid sections east of the mountains.

Here, Rocky Mountain National Park is entered and, shortly after, the highway climbs the Continental Divide again to cross over Milner Pass. This section of U.S. 34 is called "Trail Ridge Road" and eleven miles are above timberline. From the village of Estes Park, there are alternate choices for the return trip to Denver. One route follows Big Thompson Canyon down to Loveland; the other route through Lyons.

A second day's trip could take you to Colorado Springs, a popular base for many vacationers. Among the attractions are the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, the Will Rogers Shrine, the Garden of the Gods, and the United States Air Force Academy just north of the

city. The controversial chapel at the academy is scheduled for the completion of interior work this summer and you may be able to tour it. Even if it isn't open, you can watch the noon parade to the mess hall and there is an afternoon program at the academy planetarium.

Ascent of Pike's Peak can be made by automobile, bus or cog railroad. If time allows, an interesting side trip can be made to the historic mining towns of Cripple Creek and Victor on the back side of Pike's Peak.

A third possibility would be a drive to Leadville. This trip passes through several great mining areas of the past and present. Idaho Springs had gold, Georgetown was known as "The Silver Queen" and nowadays, Climax is the scene of a gigantic mining operation for molybdenum. Loveland Pass is also bordered with ski areas. As you pass through what remains of the town of Dillon, give it a good look for it will shortly be obscured with the water of a huge reservoir.

For sightseeing of a shorter duration, here are only a few suggestions. Red Rocks Theatre, Buffalo Bill's Museum and the Mother Cabrini Shrine are all located close to Denver on Lookout Mountain near Golden. Blackhawk and Central City are practically a "must" in Colorado. The Opera House in Central City will present opera in July and a Broadway play in August. The drive up Boulder Canyon from Boulder to Nederland is always lovely. And last, but certainly not least, there is the drive to the summit of Mt. Evans for a view of the world from more than 14,000 feet.

How many of you who are parents of school-age children have found the nights on your May calender filled with end-of-the-year activities and performances? So far, we have only listened to Clark and all the other second, third and fourth graders from Reed Street School in their vocal music concert, "Disney's Travels in Fantasy".

Ahead on the calender is a vocal concert by the fifth and sixth grades (Alison's group) entitled "Sing Along with Reed Street School." This will be followed by an instrumental concert for the elementary school and then an instrumental concert by the junior high music students (Emily's group). Also on the May horizon will be the elementary school art and science fairs and the field days for athletic prowess.

I must admit that it is most pleasant to listen to the contemporary and popular music sung by the younger children. I put in so many years singing "Do Ye Ken John Peel" and "My Old Kentucky Home", and I have sat through so many concerts where the same old songs were sung by our children, that I find it refreshing to hear anything different for a change.

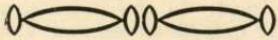
The silk dress, about which I was so apprehensive, went together with no difficulty. New spring dresses for Emily and Alison followed. Next on the sewing agenda will be summer play clothes for them. Now would be a good time to get started!

Sincerely,
Abigail

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



Recipes For Entertaining

BLUEBERRY CRUNCH

1 can blueberry pie filling mix, (or make your own by thickening a can of blueberries with cornstarch and adding a little Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring.)

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup quick-cooking oatmeal
- 1/3 cup butter

Put the pie filling in a buttered 8-inch pan. Combine the dry ingredients and cut in the butter. Sprinkle over filling and bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

LEMON PIE

- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups of boiling water
- 1 1/2 or 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Mix sugar, salt, cornstarch and vinegar and slowly stir in the boiling water. Cook until clear. Add butter, beaten egg yolks, and Kitchen-Klatter Lemon flavoring. Pour into a baked 9-inch crust. Top with meringue and brown.

VERY GOOD CHOCOLATE COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Cream shortening with sugar; add egg, flavorings and beat vigorously. Stir in melted chocolate that has been allowed to cool to lukewarm. Sift dry ingredients together and add to chocolate mixture alternately with the sour cream. Lastly, add the nuts. Drop from teaspoon on greased cookie sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 10 minutes. When cool, cover tops with rich powdered sugar icing. An unusually good drop cookie.

APRICOT FRENCH PASTRY

- 2 1/3 cups crushed vanilla wafers (see below)
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine (If you are using vanilla wafers, this is the small size box. If graham crackers are used, measure amount given above.)

Mix together the crushed crumbs and sugar, and then add melted butter or margarine and mix thoroughly. Butter the bottom and sides of a glass baking dish, 8 x 11, and pat crumbs firmly into place. (This will not require entire amount of crumb mixture.) Bake in a 450 degree oven for 7 or 8 minutes, or until lightly browned. Remove and cool.

- 1 cup butter
- 2 1/3 cups powdered sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1 No. 2 1/2 can apricots
1 cup whipping cream
3 Tbls. powdered sugar
Very few drops of almond flavoring
Turn apricots into sieve and drain very thoroughly. Snip apricots into small pieces—you should have one full cup.

Cream together the butter and powdered sugar—measure sugar first and then sift into butter. When mixture is like whipped cream, add the eggs, one at a time, beating vigorously; add almond flavoring. Spread this mixture evenly into the crumb crust and stand in the refrigerator until firm. Then spread apricots evenly over the mixture and scatter crumbs over fruit. Whip cream until stiff, adding 3 Tbls. powdered sugar and very few drops of almond flavoring. Spread over dessert and use remaining crumbs to scatter on top. Refrigerate at least 8 hours before serving—this actually improves on the second day. Cut into squares—will serve twelve generously and is so elegant it looks and tastes like fine French pastry.

HONEY-ALMOND BARS

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups quick-cooking oatmeal
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds

Cream the shortening, butter flavoring, sugar and honey until light and fluffy. Add the egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients and add to the creamed mixture. Add the oatmeal, vanilla and almond flavorings and nuts. Spread in a greased pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, cut into bars. These are good whether served plain, frosted, or just sprinkled with powdered sugar.

CHERRY CLOUD CAKE DESSERT

- 1 10" angel food cake
- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- 1/3 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar

With a sharp knife, cut through cake twice so you have a total of three layers, equal in size. (If you are using an angel food cake made at home, either a mix or "from scratch", be sure to add 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring to batter.)

Dissolve gelatine in cherry juice, and when completely dissolved, place the small bowl or cup containing it in a pan of very hot water so that gelatine will become a liquid. Drain chopped cherries and let stand on paper towel to absorb all moisture.

Whip cream until almost stiff, add powdered sugar, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring, 2 Tbls. liquidified gelatine and beat until stiff. Lastly fold in the chopped cherries. This is the filling to be used between layers of cake, so it should be divided into equal portions. When cake has been reassembled with filling (there should be none on the top layer) put in the refrigerator to allow filling to become firm.

To frost the top of the cake and sides, beat an additional cup of cream, add to it 2 Tbls. powdered sugar and 2 remaining Tbls. liquidified gelatine. When cake is completely covered, let it stand in refrigerator until ready to serve. This dessert is beautiful in appearance and delicious to the last crumb. Idea for club refreshments since it can be prepared in the morning.

COME-AND-CUT-AGAIN COFFEE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 pint commercial sour cream

Topping

- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the shortening, sugar and vanilla thoroughly. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift the flour, baking powder and soda and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream, blending in a 10-inch tube pan which has been greased and lined on the bottom with waxed paper.

Cream the ingredients for the topping together. Sprinkle one-half the mixture evenly over batter in the pan. Cover with remaining batter, then sprinkle on the remaining topping. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 50 minutes.

Special Recipes For Tastier Meals

DEVEILED CRAB

(An 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 tsp. catsup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder

And for the topping:

- 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 those for topping. Fill individual sea-food baking shells or shallow baking pan and sprinkle with the two ingredients for the topping which have been mixed together.

Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes until crumbs are delicately browned and the mixture is thoroughly heated through. Serves eight.

KANSAS GLAZED CARROTS

Melt 3 Tbls. butter in a saucepan. Add 3 Tbls. chopped onion and 1 Tbls. chopped parsley. Cook for about 5 minutes. Add 8 or 9 medium-sized carrots cut into 1 or 1 1/2-inch pieces. Add 1 can beef consomme soup and a dash of nutmeg. Cover and cook over medium heat for about 25 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking for about 20 more minutes, until carrots are tender and the sauce has thickened to form a glaze. Serves 4.

A REALLY SPECIAL TUNA DISH

- 1 recipe single pastry
- 1 pkg. frozen succotash, cooked and drained (9-oz. size)
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 9 1/4-oz. can tuna, flaked
- 1/2 lb. American cheese, grated
- 1 2-oz. jar pimiento, chopped

Roll the pastry into a 10 by 14-inch rectangle and place it on an ungreased cookie sheet. Mix the remaining ingredients for the filling and place it in the center of the dough, lengthwise. Cut strips, one inch wide, along each side of the pastry, up almost to the filling. Bring the strips to the center top and pinch together gently. Bake at 450 degrees for 30 minutes. Serve with mushroom sauce.

This recipe was created by Lucile's very dear friend in Chicago and is truly a most delicious dish. Your family will enjoy it, of course, but remember it when you are trying to think of something special to serve at a luncheon when company is going to be entertained. We promise you that it will make a hit!

MOLDED LIME VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 - 1/2 cup cold water
 - 1/2 cup boiling water
 - 1 6-oz. can frozen concentrated limeade
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. Tabasco
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 - 3/4 cup finely chopped celery
 - 3/4 cup finely chopped cucumber
 - 3/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- Sprinkle gelatin over cold water to soften. Dissolve in the boiling water and stir in the thawed frozen limeade concentrate, salt and Tabasco. Cream the mayonnaise and cream cheese and add. Blend thoroughly. (If you add only a little of the liquid at a time and stir well with each addition, it will go together quite easily.) Refrigerate mixture until partially firm. Then, add the chopped vegetables and return until firm. This is very attractive when made in individual salad molds and turned out onto shredded lettuce.

HAMBURGER AND PUFFS

- 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
 - 2 Tbls. shortening
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. pepper
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 - 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- Brown the hamburger and onions in the shortening, then add remaining ingredients and simmer for 1/2 hour. While this mixture is simmering, make the puffs, then, while the puffs are hot, slice top off of each puff and fill with the hamburger mixture, replacing the top and spooning a little additional mixture over it.

PUFFS

- 1 cup boiling water
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup white cornmeal
 - 3/4 cup flour, sifted
 - 4 eggs
- Melt the butter in the boiling water. Add the dry ingredients and cook, stirring, until the dough forms a ball. Remove from heat and stir in the eggs, one at a time, blending each in well. Drop by tablespoon on greased baking sheet two inches apart. This will make 9 large puffs.

RICE MEDLEY

- 1 cup uncooked rice
 - 1 lb. ground beef
 - 1 small onion, chopped
 - 2 cups water
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 small can tomato paste
- Fry the ground beef and the onion until light brown. Pour the uncooked rice into a greased casserole, add the meat mixture and then pour the water over all. Sprinkle with salt and then spread the tomato paste over the top. Bake in a 400 degree oven for about 1 hour.

RHUBARB CRUNCH

- Crumb Topping:
- 1 cup sifted flour
 - 3/4 cup uncooked rolled oats
 - 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 - 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine (If using margarine, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)

- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- Fruit Mixture:
- 4 cups diced rhubarb
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 - 1 cup water
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla (or orange or strawberry) flavoring.

Put half the crumb mixture in the bottom of a 9-inch square pan. Add a layer of the rhubarb. Mix together the sugar, cornstarch, water and vanilla and cook until thick and clear. Pour over the rhubarb, cover with remaining crumb mixture and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Serve warm, plain or with light cream.

RHUBARB SALAD

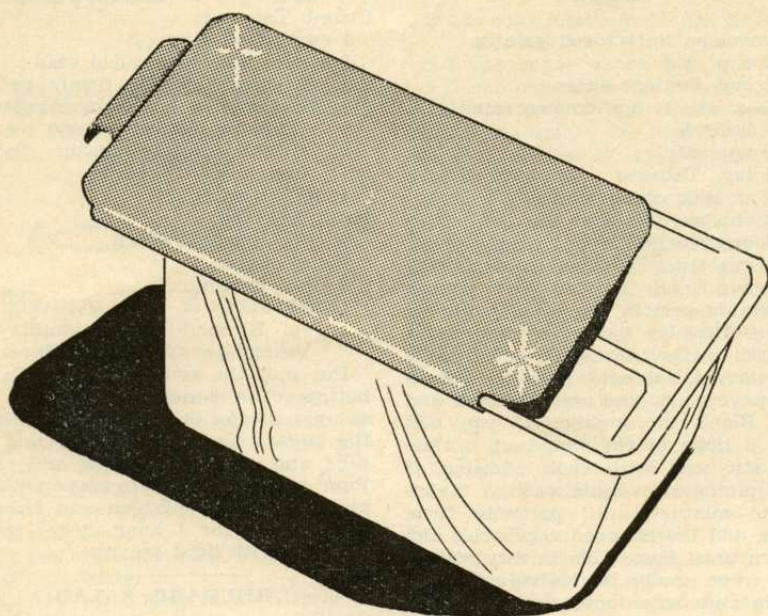
- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 - 1 cup rhubarb sauce
 - 2 cups chopped apple
 - 1/2 to 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in the boiling water and add the flavoring and rhubarb sauce. When the mixture starts to congeal, add the chopped apple and nutmeats.

RHUBARB ROSY SWIRLS

- Dice nice rosy red rhubarb quite fine to make 3 cups. Make a biscuit dough by combining:
- 2 1/4 cups flour
 - 4 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 2/3 cup milk
 - 1/3 cup rich cream
- Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Then add milk and cream gradually to make a stiff batter. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly; then roll 1/4-inch thick. Arrange rhubarb over it. Roll as for a jelly roll and cut in 1 1/2-inch slices.
- Make a thin syrup by combining 1 1/2 cups of sugar, 1 1/4 cups water and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. Pour the hot syrup in baking dish. Arrange rhubarb rolls (or swirls) in the syrup, side by side. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in hot oven until nicely browned. Serve warm with cream.
- A few drops of red food coloring added to the syrup will tint it a delicate pink.

EASY FRUIT SALAD

- 1 cup dairy sour cream
 - 1/4 lb. marshmallows (14-16), cut into quarters
- Mix and let stand for several hours. Add: 1 can drained fruit cocktail
- 1 can diced pineapple, or mandarin oranges
- Let these ingredients stand overnight or at least for 6 hours, then add 2 or 3 sliced bananas before serving.



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And don't forget to send for your bake-and-loaf pan right away!

Cookie Jar Fillers

COCOA MINT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1 cup plus 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour, sifted
- 6 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the shortening and sugar until light. Add the egg and mint flavoring and continue beating until fluffy. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the egg mixture. Blend thoroughly. Form into long rolls, wrap in wax paper and chill in the refrigerator for several hours. Slice and place the cookies on a lightly greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

ORANGE CRISPIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour

Cream shortening until light and then gradually add the salt and sugar and continue beating until creamy. Add egg and flavorings and beat well. Stir in the flour. Drop rounded teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until edges are lightly browned. Let stand a minute or two before removing from sheets.

You can use a wide assortment of the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings in this recipe. You will find that substituting the cherry flavoring for the orange and adding a few drops of the almond flavoring makes a delicious cookie, for instance.

COCONUT-OATMEAL CRISPS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed well in cup
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 2 cups quick oats
- 2 ounces coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts, if desired

Sift dry ingredients. Cream the shortening with sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and flavorings and mix well. Add oats and sifted dry ingredients. Stir in coconut and nuts. Mix well. Roll dough into balls the size of a walnut and bake on a greased cookie sheet for 10 to 15 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes about 72 cookies.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

Do you ever have to feed a large group of young people? That is a frequent order here at South Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Just last Sunday we had nearly fifty boys and girls in one of the church dining rooms, and what a good time they had. They were hungry and you should have seen the way they returned for seconds and thirds on the Barbecued Meat Balls. If you want a sure-fire recipe for feeding fifty young people, try this one.

BARBECUED MEAT BALLS (Feeds Fifty)

- 8 lbs. ground beef
- 2 1/2 qts. soft bread crumbs.
- 1 lb. nonfat dry milk
- 6 eggs
- 1 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 3/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 1/2 tsp. Monosodium Glutamate

These ingredients should be mixed well and made into small balls. Put in shallow baking dishes and then make the following sauce.

BARBECUE SAUCE

- 1 lemon, sliced fine
- 4 small onions, chopped
- 1 1/2 Tbls. chili powder
- 1/4 cup celery seed
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 3 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 4 cups catsup
- 1 1/2 qts. water
- 1 tsp. Tabasco sauce

Combine all of these ingredients. Pour over the meat balls and then bake in a slow (325) oven for 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Here is another meat recipe which we use frequently. It requires less work and is almost as popular with the young people as the meat balls.

HAM LOAF

(Serves from 45 to 50)

- 8 lbs. cured ham, ground
- 4 lbs. fresh veal, ground
- 1 1/4 qts. fine bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 lb. nonfat dry milk
- 10 eggs, beaten
- 5 cups tomato juice

Mix ham and veal together. Add crumbs, salt, pepper, mustard and nonfat dry milk. Then add beaten eggs and tomato juice. Blend thoroughly and put in baking pans and bake for 1 1/2 hours at 325 degrees.

CRICKET-CONCERT

Each cricket draws a little bow
Across a mystic violin,
And flowers smile beneath the moon,
To nod approval of their din.

The fireflies, darting here and there,
Have background music for their play,
And lantern-lighting far and near
To monotone in roundelay!

— Thelma Allinder



Whatever Paul and Katharine Driftmier see behind the wall, it must be interesting!

"WHAT'RE ORANGE CRATES?"

by
Betty J. Stevens

Last Saturday my son popped the time-honored question, "Hey, Mom, what can I do now?"

"Surely you can think of something to do."

"Nope, I can't. What did you do all the time when you were little?"

"We usually got out the orange crates," I said without even thinking.

"What're orange crates?"

"Oh, come on now, you know what orange crates are!" and then it hit me! You poor, dear, underprivileged child! Do you know they don't make orange crates anymore?

How does one describe an orange crate? It was only a rough slated box, divided in the middle. Oranges, of course, were shipped in it! But that's not what an orange crate was at all.

It was really a—well, where shall I start? An orange crate was a wonderful lemonade stand under a shady tree. You put the open side toward you and the middle divide made a handy shelf for extra sugar and the fruit jar lid which served as the cash register. It wasn't very sanitary, what with all the customers drinking out of one glass, but if you haven't tasted lemonade so cold it makes your tonsils shiver and served from the top of an orange crate, you don't know what real lemonade is.

It seems like little girls don't play house much anymore, and it's no wonder. What would they use for furniture? In my neighborhood our playhouse was between the lilac bushes, and our furniture was built around orange crates. One orange crate set on end with a large board on the top was the table. An orange crate sideways on two cement blocks became the stove. This created the first double oven I ever saw, and oh, the pastries that came out of it! My favorite was chocolate mud pie with whipped soap meringue. I can see it now!

The chairs were orange crates sawed off just above the divide with one side remaining for the back. My

adjustment to Sunday School was considerably eased when I found that same styled chair, brightly enameled, around the nursery table.

Orange crates end to end across the back yard made a wonderful train with room for a host of passengers. When we tired of that, we turned them over, ran a short piece of rope through the slats for reins, and the yard was transformed into a rodeo arena full of bucking broncos. A crate with a board held down by a large stone was perfect as a cage for freshly captured rabbits or pigeons until more permanent housing could be arranged.

There was no limit to the activities boys could create with the wood from disassembled orange crates. It made siding for clubhouses, cross pieces for kites and boats for sailing on the creek.

If there were any special jump-type chairs for babies in my day I never knew of them. The babies in our neighborhood were put out to air in clean orange crates with toys placed where they could play with them. The crate seemed to be the right size for a baby just able to support his back.

Crates served mothers in other ways, too. Set side by side on the back porch they were filled with over-shoes and old newspapers. When the shelves in the basement fruit room overflowed with canned goods, orange crates held the surplus. And, someplace in most homes, was an orange crate with a gathered skirt and an oilcloth top doing duty as a fern stand.

When we were a little older, a cousin built my sister and me a darling blue dressing table. It was a smooth piece of white pine, supported on each end by an orange crate. A drawer was fastened in between. He also built an orange crate chair, painted it the same blue, and skirted both pieces of furniture with blue and white checked gingham. We found the set in our room as a surprise when we came home from school, and the sight of it made us both decide that heaven could wait.

No, they don't make orange crates anymore. What a pity.

My child realized I had left him and regressed to the time of lemonade stands and playhouses in the lilac bushes. "Gee," he said, turning on his color TV, "You sure were lucky." I really was, wasn't I?

COVER STORY

When this picture arrived from Donald and Mary Beth (Driftmier), we decided that it would make a nice cover for our May issue. It seemed to carry a Mother's Day message all its own.

Now that Katharine is learning to read, she's a big help when bedtime stories for Paul and Adrienne are in order, and was so good to help when her little sister was recuperating from emergency surgery recently. Yes, that's why there is no letter from Mary Beth in this issue. She'll give you the details when she writes next month, but we're happy to report that Adrienne "snapped right back" and is just as active as ever.

WHEN CHILDREN STAY INDOORS

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

When children must stay indoors because of illness or inclement weather, they will be much happier and your nerves will be less frayed if you have an answer to the proverbial, "What can we do now?"

Mosaic designs are much in vogue and are most interesting but quite expensive to use freely. Have you ever tried substituting *egg shell mosaics*? Save your egg shells for several days and then let the children paint them various colors with finger paints, water colors or Easter egg dyes. Next, have them draw a large bold design on heavy paper. Holiday designs such as Easter bunnies, Christmas trees or spring flowers are especially suitable. Break the egg shells into small pieces and glue the appropriate colors on the picture. For example, if you are making a tree, glue on tiny bits of green egg shell until the entire tree is covered. Older children will be able to work with smaller pieces of shells and with more colors, thus making colorful and intricate looking designs.

An amusing pastime for older youngsters is *oil painting* with old wax crayons. Remove the paper from the crayons. Again, start with a picture drawn on a heavy sheet of paper. Light a candle and hold the crayon over the flame until it is slightly melted. Paint the picture with the softened color. As soon as the crayon hardens, hold it over the flame again. It will be necessary to heat the color often. A picture colored with melted wax looks like an oil painting.

Modeling clay is fun and the home-made type is quite suitable. Combine one cup flour, one-half cup salt, three teaspoons alum and enough water to hold the mixture together so it becomes the right consistency for molding.

Papier-mache is good for hours of creative activity. Shred newspapers very fine and add enough water to soak the paper. Mix in enough wall-paper paste to make the mixture adhesive. My daughter likes to make animals, especially horses. To make an animal, roll a folded newspaper to form the body. Next, roll two more pieces and lay over the back to form the legs. Tie with heavy string to hold the papers firm, shaping until they make a "likely looking critter". Now, pat on the papier-mache, building up and filling in until the animal is molded. It will take considerable time for the animal to dry thoroughly and then it may be painted.

I think most any mother would enjoy a papier-mache *flower pot* such as a local group of junior high school children made for Christmas gifts. A tin can formed the basis of a tree stump. The can was covered with papier-mache which was then ridged with a fork to resemble bark. Next, more mache was added at the base and extended like roots of an old stump. When dry, the stump was painted brown and finally given a coat of clear varnish or shellac.

A common spring *clothespin* can become a nice gift item. Enamel the



Kerry Lee and Jean Marie are the two charming young daughters of Mildred and John Cathcart, of Centerville, Iowa.

pin in a gay color and while wet add a bit of glitter. Or, when dry, glue on sequins or sets from old costume jewelry for a glamorous effect. These may be used to clip letters or hold recipes. Dad might appreciate a less fancy one for his end-of-the-month bills. Clothespins painted and personalized with a child's name are fine for clipping overshoes together.

Pine cones can be transformed into numerous things. Secured to a cardboard with a rubber band the cone becomes the body of a turkey. Enamelled or gilded, cones become gay holiday decorations. Best of all, we like to fill a few cones with peanut butter and hang them from a tree limb for the birds. These tiny feeding stations near a window give much entertainment to the entire family.

Oatmeal cartons or various shaped *small boxes* are fun to decorate. Bright colored stickers may be used to cover the boxes. Paste on the seals from different angles and then outline each with black paint or crayon. If no seals are available, use bright pictures from magazines. Completed large boxes may be used for yarn, buttons, or other storage. Smaller boxes are nice for holding bobby pins, paper clips and stamps.

Most children like scrapbooks and enjoy searching through old magazines and papers for pictures, jokes or whatever appeals to them. Pasted into attractive books these make not only a fine indoor activity, but a way in which children can make a gift to take to the children's ward of a hospital.

Right now the fad seems to be the beautiful macaroni jewelry boxes. Buy the shell (or other fancy shaped) macaroni. Glue onto a one-pound coffee tin until the can is entirely covered. Make three legs to glue to the bottom of the can by cutting off straight clothespins just at the divided part. Put the round head down and glue the flat, cut edge to the can. Paint or gilt so all the macaroni and legs are well coated. These cans are most unusual and expensive looking when completed.

Next time the children have to stay indoors, be prepared! Reach for the paste, scissors and paint!

MOTHERS

by
Oneita Fisher

As a topic, "mothers" lends itself to "precious" writing—to flowery words and sugary phrases. But taken objectively, mothers are probably the most practical, efficient and enduring creations on earth. Paradoxically, they may be the most impractical, inefficient and unending creatures imaginable.

A mother may be engineer, skipper, pilot, driver, mule-skinner or shepherd, whichever will assure the safety of the priceless cargo she calls "family."

A mother hears a pin before it drops, sees danger before it draws too near, routs trouble before it becomes entrenched.

A mother can do what can't be done, make something out of nothing, resist the irresistible and move the immovable. She can do a day's work before breakfast when she hasn't the strength to refuse a child's foolish request. She makes pennies do the work of dollars and adds to the comfort and well-being of her family by subtracting from her own.

Mothers like the bony pieces of chicken, the burnt pieces of toast, the smallest pieces of cake. They like to hoe the longest rows, cut the widest swathes, carry the heaviest loads. They like to buy baby dolls, BB guns, pink formals and letter sweaters. They like to wear last year's coat, get up at dawn, iron millions of ruffles, chaperone slumber parties and nurse invalids.

A mother knows how to be young with youth, old with the aged. She is alternately rich and poor, strong and helpless. She is respected, feared, admired, loved, and sometimes, for a fleeting moment, hated, but whatever the emotional daily weather may be, the climate is predictable and eternal—loving.

We seldom tell our mothers the things that are in our hearts. Perhaps we sense their vulnerability and know that, in spite of their strength and courage and unselfishness, they are easily overcome by sentiment, whether it be obviously or subtly displayed. The great mystery is that mothers know they are loved, just as they know about sugar cookies, Band-aids, puppies, Christmas wishes and broken hearts without ever being told.

It is a mother's privilege to have children, her right to love them, her duty to let them go. Three phases: have them, love them, let them go. And the last is the most difficult of all.

MY TWO-YEAR-OLD

My two-year-old has dimpled cheeks
And tousled, golden hair.
Her eyes, wide-open, search and find
The unknown, everywhere.

Her nimble feet now follow me
About the house each day.
I trust my own may ever lead
Her on the upward way.

— Effie Crawford

DO YOU NEED A LIBRARY?

by
Evelyn Birkby

A growing number of hospitals, retirement homes and churches are discovering a need for a library upon their premises. No matter how fine a library a city may have, it may be very difficult for some people to get out and utilize its facilities. Having a reading room or book shelf right within the home or hospital may make it possible for many people to obtain books to help pass away the long hours. Many churches are finding a library invaluable to provide the specialized reference books needed for their activities.

Also, it is a rare community, no matter how small, that could not use a library to advantage. If you live in a town which has no reading facilities of any kind, just how can you get such a project started? In many communities a far-sighted women's club will spark the idea. It honestly can take just three or four interested individuals to start things rolling.

For a community project, start with either a sponsoring club or several interested people and set up a library committee. The mayor of the town, for instance, could appoint such a committee. Decide upon a place which is as centrally located as possible where bookshelves can be placed. Some towns use a city hall. In one town I know a lady near the business district opened up a spare room which had an outside entrance. This space was used as a library until it outgrew the small room and had to move to larger quarters.

Such a project can take off by meeting with the town council and the mayor to get approval and support. If they will underwrite the idea with even a very small tax levy it will give security to the project. The committee should then send a representative to each club in the community to arouse interest and ask for donations. Some counties provide funds for aid to libraries, so the committee should investigate to find out if such help is available in their locality.

Back in 1939 one small community of 763 people started a public library in just the fashion I have described. They used a house-to-house canvass to solicit funds, books and equipment. The drive netted some three hundred books, \$23.47 and a few odd pieces of furniture. They held a tag day and made \$17.53 with which they purchased a few new books and started several magazine subscriptions. With this small beginning they opened their new venture in a room over the city hall. Interested club members served as librarians and the project was underway. By the time a new bank building was erected in this community the library had outgrown its quarters and was ready for a real home of its own. Rooms were built in the new bank so the library is now just two steps off the street. It has wonderful lighting facilities, is attractively arranged and convenient. Many men of the community avail themselves of the reading service which is a real feather in its cap! The library is open each af-



Many churches already have established fine libraries, not only for adults, but also for the children. A fine example of this is the children's section in the library at South Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, which is shown here.

ternoon from 3 to 5 and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9. They now have a paid librarian. With 6,000 volumes, 40 current magazines, area newspapers and 900 cards issued to borrowers, this library has far outgrown the dreams of those who helped with its humble beginning. It shows what can happen when a community gets behind such a worthwhile project.

As you can see from this story, the basic needs may be donated, a few necessities purchased and a room in which to place books and you have ingredients to start a library. Once the library rooms are opened and staffed with volunteer workers two lines of effort can be taken: first—publicity, second—interest everyone possible in the project. Put up posters announcing the library hours, run a poster contest with the school children, send the local newspaper items about something of interest and write up a column about books as they become available.

Have as many of the community groups to underwrite the project as possible. Obtain donations of so much per month instead of just a flat amount. Perhaps you could stress that a club give the cost of one book per month. An added incentive might be to use bookplates giving the name of the club as donor.

Our church library started very simply, one evening, when the Commission of Education discussed the need for one. A committee was appointed and the church board was approached for financial assistance. They voted one hundred dollars. Three unfinished bookcases, a dozen book ends, envelopes and cards, an ink stamp with the name of the church, glue, a small file to use in checking the books in and out, a package of publicity posters and a metal index

file for a permanent record were purchased. One of the most-used rooms in the church was chosen and one corner appropriated for the new project. A secondhand library table and two chairs completed the arrangement. Now all we needed were books!

Publicity was sent out announcing the new library and giving the names of the book committee. This group screened all of the books which were donated. Great care needs to be taken not to fill up the shelves of any library with useless, space-consuming books. It is far better to have twelve books which are being read than two hundred books which stand on the shelves! If it is understood from the beginning that the book committee has authority to decide which books shall be placed in the library it may save hard feelings later on.

The church publishing house sent on request, a wealth of material with suggestions and a recommended book list. We appointed a librarian and supplied her with an accession record book into which she wrote the name, date and price of all books purchased. She catalogues, prepares and places each book on the shelf as it is received. Grouping of books was kept simple: Worship, Family Life, Fiction, True-Life Stories, Children, Youth, Race Relations, Activities, Recreation, Bible, Religious Education. One section has developed for the Women's Society reading books and another (which is growing rapidly) of memorial gift books.

The church board now has a standing amount of five dollars a month for books. This is sent in a book order each quarter; it is surprising the number of fine books which can be purchased for fifteen dollars. Memorial

(Continued on page 23)

PATTERN FOR LIVING

(About five years ago we printed the plans for a Mother's Day observance which proved so popular that we think it b.a.s repeating for our new friends.)

From a friend in Wichita, Kansas came one of the most unique and interesting things I've ever seen for a Mother's Day affair, and I'd like to describe it in detail. For one thing, you'll need one of those big pattern books that are found in stores where yardage and patterns are sold. As a rule it pays to know someone in that department, for if you ask to have the old book when the new books have arrived, you'll get it.

Now the programs were contained in a plain white envelope just about the size of a regular pattern envelope; you could buy these at any print shop or stationer's store. In large letters at the top these words had been printed: ALL STYLES 1957 (yours would be 1962, of course). In smaller type at the right was printed: *Pattern For Living*.

Pasted on the front was a charming looking young mother and beside her a little girl; these had been cut out carefully from the pattern book and pasted on very neatly. Running down the side of the envelope were these words: *Mother and Daughter* dessert.

On the other side appeared the following; and the pattern number, of course, was the date of the affair. No. 5-8-57 *Pattern For Living* Mother and Daughter Style All Sizes

Material Required:

Love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance. Gal. 5:22,23.

Notions needed:

Elasticity, vanity, sense of humor, interfacing of forbearance, lip zipper, backbone stiffening.

Measurements:

How wide is your understanding?
How long is your patience?
How deep is your love?

The envelope contained an instruction sheet and this was what one saw when he took it out.

IMPORTANT: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path".

PLANNING THE LAYOUT: "Let all things be done decently and in order." Cor. 14:40.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CUTTING: "Cut out all unkind criticism, gossip, fault finding."

SEAM ALLOWANCE: Give others the benefit of the doubt. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." I Samuel 16:17.

LIP ZIPPER: "Lord, fill my mouth with proper stuff and nudge me when I've said enough."

FACING THE TASK: "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works."

FINISHING DETAILS: "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." II Timothy 4:7.

When this sheet was opened it contained drawings of typical pattern pieces such as you see with every pattern. These were numbered and to give you an idea I'll describe a few.

Number 1 was shaped like a collar and read: Piano Solo "The Wood Nymph's Harp" by Dana Coopridge. Number 2 was shaped like a sleeve and read: Mother-Daughter Look-Alike Fashion Parade; Yvonne Clark M. C. Number 8 was shaped like a belt and read: Dessert Prepared and served by Priscilla Circle. Number 11 was a short puffed sleeve and read: Recognition of Oldest Mother, Youngest Mother, Youngest Grandmother, mother of Youngest Daughter.

The largest piece was a circular skirt (number 9) and it contained the following words headed with LET'S ALL SING.

Stack up the dishes in the kitchen sink, and Smile, girls, smile. Now that we've had enough to eat and drink, Smile, girls, that's the style; What's the use of washing them, It's hardly worth the while, so—Stack up the dishes in the kitchen sink and smile, girls, smile.

There are smiles in Mississippi,

There are smiles in Idaho,
And you'll find them down in dear old Georgia

And in every part of Ohio!
There are miles of smiles in Minnesota
And in Michigan and Tennessee,
But the smiles you get in sunny Kansas

Make you feel that's the place to be.

Just a song at twilight
As the sun sinks low,

And the friends we've met here

Make our glad hearts glow,

Happy hearts now singing,

In our memories long

Will remain the hours

Spent here in song

Spent here in joyful song.

The friend who sent this material said: "Our church secretary did the printing and three of us the rest. They really were quite a lot of work, but we felt well worth it. We made 100 and had 140 reservations, so couldn't give them to the smaller children.

"We had the first part in the sanctuary and then went downstairs for the dessert and rest of the program. We had a pineapple icebox dessert and on top was a little hat made with a pastel mint wafer. For the crown they used a tiny gumdrop with a ribbon around it and a tiny paper flower stuck where the ribbon ends crossed. It was all very nice."

Many people wouldn't have the help of a church secretary and in this case you'd simply have to type out the material given here and paste it on. The various pattern pieces that contain program information would have to be drawn with pen and ink.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

May baskets are gentle reminders, my dear,

Of your gracious living, your kindness and cheer;

They speak tenderly in their silent way—

"You are a choice lady . . . a Queen of May Day."

— Gladys Niece Templeton

GIVE HER KITCHEN-KLATTER THIS

MOTHER'S DAY

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

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

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

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

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

Address your letters to:

Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa

WILD FLOWER WANDERINGS

By
Elizabeth Clark

I have always liked wild flowers. My mother attests to the fact that my first bouquet was a few Red Clover blooms clutched in a childish hand. Later on, I can remember endeavoring to pick *all* the Dandelion blooms in our large lawn—a job never ending, though I filled and refilled a toy wash-tub with the blooms.

It was a distinct thrill when a few brave Violets and Spring Beauties bloomed in the close of our rural school which, in those days, was early in April. Some of these Violets, both blue and yellow, were moved to the house and now, years later, give forth solid masses of color along our garden fence each Spring.

While riding my horse some miles to high school, I found a certain type of Willow whose limbs were very pliable and almost unbreakable. These made excellent switches to urge a reluctant horse over culverts that seemed to hold strange and foreboding monsters. Imagine my pleasure when Spring arrived and the switch-bearing tree blossomed out in lovely, silky gray catkins—a wild Pussy Willow! A road project has almost wiped out the pussy-bearing Willows, but I have managed to root out two limbs that are now blooming-sized bushes and growing in a low spot in our yard.

Walks to a nearby ditch have yielded many treasured wild flowers—Columbine, Wild Ferns, Sweet William, and Solomon's Seal, all easily transplanted. This same ditch has the somewhat rare (in this locality) Wahoo shrub, with its beautiful satin maroon leaves in the Fall and its bittersweet-like, star-shaped fruits of rosy red for the birds' enjoyment in early winter. I transplanted a shoot from a Wahoo bush. It has adapted itself to a very shady location and is a thriving tree-like shrub of ten or twelve feet.

A roadside bank adjoining our farm furnishes Alum Root, a very near relative of the tame Coralbells. The Alum Root has nearly evergreen rosettes of geranium-like leaves which are very decorative in the shaded portion of a rock garden.

The sunny side of this same road-bank yields the beautiful violet-blue Spiderworts. I have massed these on a clay incline on the south side of our house. Heat and drouth do not harm them as their native habitat is usually along a clay roadbank or railway right-of-way. I am now seeking the quite rare white Spiderwort, as well as the purplish-tinged specimens.

A sunny slope along our timber road is alive with masses of the bright magenta-colored Oxalis for a few days each Spring. These have larger blooms than the common yellow Oxalis. They must be planted where the tiny bulbs will not be disturbed during their lengthy dormant season and I have transplanted some with moderate success.

When I learned to drive a car, new fields of exploration were available. I could go to the timberland that furnished the purple Wild Larkspur, Red-bud trees, and many other species not

ODE TO A DANDELION

Oh! Dandelion blooming here and there,
Plucked and pinned in my child's hair;
Dandelion chains 'round neck and wrist,
Abundance of blooms in each small fist;
"You're only a weed", say the older and wise,
But your beauty reflects in little brown eyes.
God, alone, in Heaven could see
A child's need for a flower like thee.
— Jean Dittmer

growing on our homeplace.

High on a wooded hillside I found Wild Geranium (or Cranesbill). These transplanted easily in the shade of the Redbud tree which "shelters" many of my wild flowers.

My wild flower missions don't stop with the end of Spring. Later on, the delicate blue Wild Iris may be found along a certain highway's drainage areas. This will grow at home for you if you can provide a place to keep its feet wet!

Summer's heat brings an abundance of Black-eyed Susans, Butterfly Weed and white Penstemons which are readily available in so many places.

Perhaps my favorite of all wild flowers is the August-blooming Gayfeather or its very close kin, the Blazing Star. The magenta-purple spikes of Gayfeather adapt beautifully in arrangements of garden flowers, especially white Glads. I have been sought out by total strangers who inquire as to the name and source of this striking flower which I've used in arrangements displayed in flower shows.

The Blazing Star has star-shaped purplish blossoms which spread up and down the bloom stalk vertically and like its sister plant, Gayfeather, it blooms from the *top down*! These plants are becoming very scarce, and I am thankful for all that are transplanted to the safety of my flower beds where they grow much taller than they do along the roadbanks.

Fall brings a comparative newcomer to our area, as many highways are bordered with the clear-blue Chickory which blooms very early in the mornings, resting during the heat of the day. Wild Asters in different shades of lavender and purple are also easy to locate.

It is well to make notes of *exact* locations of desired specimens (or to mark them in some manner), so when you return at the proper planting season, you can locate them without difficulty. When it took the third trip of parking and scrounging along the side of a busy highway in order to locate and dig up some plants I *'had'* to have, I decided henceforth to bear in mind or write down their exact location. It is well, also, to select small-sized trees or shrubs for transplanting as it is *much* easier to dig a small tree and there is less root breakage.

I find wild flowers not only a satisfying hobby, but also a challenge. It is a valuable form of conserving certain types of rare varieties from al-

most complete extinction. Some specimens I have never been able to locate for they exist in very limited areas, I'm told, but "Seek and you shall find". *Someday*, perhaps I *will*!

THE JOY OF GARDENING

By
Eva M. Schroeder

May is the month when gardening activities are at their height all over the Midwest. It is time to fertilize perennials, prepare the soil for the major planting operations, and to listen to birdsong. It is time to plan and plant, to take the lawn ornaments out of storage, to clean and fill the pool. It is also time to feast the eyes on an apple tree in full bloom and to enjoy the fullness of spring.

When apple blossoms start to fall you can plant the first sowings of sweet corn, snap beans, lima beans, cucumbers, melons, and squash. Second plantings of beets, carrots, lettuce and other vegetables that are best grown from repeated sowings should be made.

Annuals such as portulacas, sweet alyssum, nasturtiums, and phlox Drummondii are best sown where they are to grow. Calendulas, marigolds, zinnias and asters may be sown thickly in a seed bed and transplanted to their flowering locations later when they are big enough to handle. Plants of snapdragons, petunias and others that were started early indoors can be set in their outdoor places. Be sure to give them protection from the wind and sun for a few days until they become established.

One of the best ways that I know of to get a newly transplanted seedling off to a good start is to invert an empty clay pot over it for the first week. Try this on some plant that is hopelessly wilted. If you will peek under the pot a few hours later you will find the plant upright and sturdy. If you don't have too many clay pots on hand, you can substitute the large-sized tin cans.

Wait until the soil is warm to set out dahlias and other tuberous and bulbous plants such as fancy-leaved caladiums, cannas, tigridias, tuberoses, and elephant's ears. Plant gladiolus corms at two-week intervals until the first of July unless you run out of bulbs as I usually do long before this time.

Don't move your house plants directly from indoors to the garden unless you don't mind sun and wind-burned foliage. Set them on an open porch or screened-in section for a few days until they become accustomed to the change.

Pests and diseases seem to appear right along with the first balmy weather and a gardener must be ready to wage war against them. Cut worms, slugs, caterpillars, beetles and other chewing insects can do a depressing amount of damage in a short time. The best time to spray or dust is in the early morning hours or the cool of the evening. Be sure to use all spray and dusting preparations as directed on the packages and *keep them out of the reach of children*.

HOUSE- CLEANING HELP



But here's a more-dependable helper: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner!** From front stoop to back porch, from bathroom to basement, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is your one best helper for spring cleaning (and year 'round, too!).

Deep, deep cleaning is as easy as "wiping up" when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**: the hard-working cleaner that dissolves instantly into a soft-water solution even in hardest water. And one going-over does the job, too . . . it never leaves scum or froth to rinse or wash away.

For all your cleaning, all over the house, you can't go wrong with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Remember:

You go through the motions . . .

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner does the work.



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We decided, long ago, that we'd never put our name on a bleach that wasn't absolutely safe. Safe for baby's diapers; safe for delicate fabrics; safe for all synthetics, white or colored. And we searched and experimented until we came up with a bleach so safe . . . for all washables . . . that we put the word right in the name: **Kitchen-Klatter SAFETY Bleach**.

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We know it's safe! We make it!
Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

THE PONIES IN SHETLAND ISLES

By
Hallie M. Barrow

If it's true that horses, too, prefer "to die in the harness", then Trigger was happy. Trigger, a thirteen-year-old Shetland pony, died in the harness recently after eight years of hard work in the New Black Diamond coal mine near Melbourne, Missouri. Poor Trigger came in contact with a live wire some 300 feet back in a tunnel at a depth of 140 feet.

This was a tragedy to the eleven men employed at the mine for not only had a much-loved pet, with whom they had worked daily, been taken, but the mine was forced to halt operations. About 25 tons of coal per day were produced at this mine and Trigger was the only means for moving carts of coal from the veins to the shaft. The narrow confines of the tunnels limit the size of the pack animal to 40 inches in height. It was almost a week before another pony of the right size and temperament could be obtained to take faithful Trigger's place.

Very few Shetland ponies are worked in mines in this country. They are mostly purchased for pets and pleasure. The exact reverse is true in the bleak Shetland Isles, the native home of the small ponies, for almost without exception all ponies there work hard in the mines or haul peat from the fields to be used as fuel by the small farmers. The ponies are never stabled and in slack seasons are turned out to fend for themselves.

The Shetland Isles are a group of about 120 islands some hundred miles off the north coast of Scotland. They are separated from the mainland by rough and dangerous seas. Most of the islands are uninhabited, merely affording very sparse pasturage for the ponies. There are no trees or shrubs, the surface being mostly rock formations with peat and decayed vegetable matter in the basins which have a light covering of soil. Only heather and very scanty grass can grow. The ponies live where the pasturage is far too poor to support cattle. The climate is severe, too, and in this bleak existence, the sturdy little ponies grub out a meager living, even heading for the shore to eat seaweed if grass becomes scarce.

In its island home, the Shetland is the draft horse in miniature. For their size, they are the most wonderful weight carriers in the world and give maximum horse power in the smallest compass. In the coal mines they often travel upwards of thirty miles a day, drawing a load of 1200 to 1400 pounds on the rails. They are as sure-footed as mules and as patient as donkeys. These mine ponies are the least pampered of any of our domestic animals. If pampered by good pastures and warm stables, they lose their diminutive size in a few generations and tend to become larger ponies.

The theory that deprivations and poor grazing may account for the small size is proved somewhat by the bands of wild ponies in our own country.
(Continued on next page)

try. When we were in Florida we made several trips to isolated islands along the coast to see the wild pony herds. It was impossible to get near them but with the aid of field glasses, we could see that they were small, shaggy creatures. The story there is that these small wild ponies are descended from horses left by the early Spaniards. Through the years they have become stunted due to the conditions under which they live. Some bands of wild, small ponies can also be seen on the islands off the coast of Virginia.

Weight for weight according to inch for inch of height, the Shetlands can hold out against the horse world. In Scotland they tell of a sports' promoter who issued an open challenge that his Clydesdale and Flemish draft horses would meet all comers in a test of strength proportional to their weights. One challenger kept his entry a secret. At the last moment he entered the arena followed by what looked like a huge dog. It turned out to be a Shetland pony and he won the contest easily!

MOTHER

The young mother set her foot on the path of life.

"Is the way long?" she asked.

And her Guide said, "Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of life. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young mother cried: "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and storm, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Oh, Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come," and the mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, "A little patience, and we are there." And so the children climbed, and when they reached the top, they said, "We could not have done it without you, Mother." And the mother, when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars, and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength."

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the mother said, "Look up. Lift your eyes to the Light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them

beyond the darkness. And that night the mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their mother, and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them."

And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates." And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, "We can not see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a Living Presence."

— Temple Bailey.

LITANY OF LOVE

Thank you, Mother, for the light of my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my life, my being, for love unmeasured, for your hand that led me, your voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me.

Thank you, Mother, for your smile in the morning, your kiss at night, your tears and the songs you sang, the prayers you said and the nights you watched. Forgive me for the joys I took from you, for the worry I caused you, for the toil, the hours, the days and the years.

For the times I hurt you, caresses I did not give, for my pride in youth and my neglect, Mother, forgive me. And may the peace and the joy that passes all understanding be yours, Mother, forever and ever.

— Adapted

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

days of spring weather (at last!) our thoughts have turned to the out-of-doors. Every evening when Oliver arrives home from work, it is a little while after I hear the car door slam before he comes into the house. I know that he is taking a turn around the yard to inspect the growth of bulbs and checking bare spots in the grass where new seed was planted.

We've been trying to decide whether or not to remove the clothes lines in the backyard. Since I have automatic laundry equipment, the lines are seldom used—only for periodic airing of clothing, drapes, etc. Of course, I would miss the lines for this purpose if they were gone, but the bulk of the time they stand unused. Perhaps the answer would be to replace them with a small removable circular line which wouldn't take nearly the space that the old lines consume.



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It's Kitchen-Klatter Time!

We don't claim to be experts on any particular subject, but our 30-minute radio visit gives us a chance to be good neighbors. Listen each weekday morning over one of 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.

The rain has let up a little now so I can run down to the folks' house. Mother called this noon to tell me that she had located an antique plate she had been looking for to add to the collection on our Welsh buffet.

Sincerely,

Margery

RAVE

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MOTHER'S DAY

In 1908 Miss Jarvis of Philadelphia, observed the first Mother's Day in memory of her own mother. Believing that others shared her feelings she began a nation-wide movement to have the day observed. She struck a responsive chord in nearly every heart. Little by little the idea grew. The Congress of the United States set apart the day by a formal act, and the President recommended its observance.



Behind many walls along the streets in Mexico are lovely courtyards and gardens.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

Taxis are incredibly cheap—I believe we paid 13¢ to go from our hotel to the plaza.

Taxco has not been "Americanized" in any way. It is a National monument and not one stone can be taken down or put up without permission from the Federal government. They wish to preserve this very old and very beautiful town "for the ages" and in our day and age it is a great privilege to be in a place that is wholly unique and Timeless.

One very important thing about Taxco is the fact that tourists are incidental—they come and go but the daily life of that town is not dependent upon them. Taxco is the silver mining capital of the world and we were told that approximately 10,000 of its residents are connected with the silver industry. This means that the town has a solid payroll, that only a very few people depend upon tourists for their bread and butter. Prices are geared to the daily life of Taxco residents and you're not considered fair bait.

(Like all places of any size, there is one famous hotel that caters to rich tourists where prices are high. We didn't stay there. We stayed at Los Arcos, about two blocks from the plaza, and paid less for three terrific meals a day, plus a room with twin beds, private bath and a wonderful big private porch, than we have to spend for one night of lodging at a reasonably priced motel in our country. I've never eaten more wonderful food in more beautiful surroundings, and I wish to mention Los Arcos by name because we were treated so graciously—as if we were old and dear friends in a private home.)

When you get ready to leave Taxco (and you'll leave with real regret) you can get road instructions that permit you to by-pass Mexico City, a great time-saver. Of course you can leave the country by retracing your route,

but most of us want to see as much as possible of a new country and we hate to go back over the same road. There is so much highway construction going on in Mexico that I don't want to give all the various routes by which one can reach number 57, the Central American highway, but I do hope you can spare enough time to take 57 for a portion of the return trip.

One of the most fascinating towns we've ever set foot in is Guanajuato—pronounced Wanawhato. It is about 20 miles from highway 57 and totally impossible to describe. I can only say that it is fabulous and let it go at that. Right on the highway are two other towns that struck us as wonderfully interesting: Aguascalientes and Zacatecas. Beyond these towns lies Durango and you can turn northeast there on highway 40 and angle back over to Monterrey.

This entire trip that I have outlined could be managed by bus, and their first class buses in Mexico are exactly like the best ones in our country and cost just a fraction of what we pay. With your own car you have more freedom, of course, but you must allow plenty of time to cover distances in all sections where your map shows many towns and villages. Mountains won't slow you down (those are by far the finest highways in Mexico!), but people and wandering livestock will cut your driving time very sharply. This, however, is the true Mexico and the very things that "hold you up" are the things that enable you to understand another country and another way of life as nothing else in this world could enable you to do.

If any of you weigh the differences between the two types of trips that I've mentioned and decide to forego the guided tour high spots, I'll be most interested in hearing from you. At an earlier time it would not have occurred to me to draw such a sharp line of distinction between the two, but I've talked to so many people who had just one blurred sensation of a whole trip done on a split-second schedule, that it seemed to me a down-to-earth report on what to expect wouldn't be amiss. There are few things more disappointing than a trip that leaves one feeling somehow cheated and let down. We save for it so long—we look forward to it for so long! And more and more we are finding ourselves in a place far from home that looks very much like what we left, and completely worn out from trying to see far too much in a very short span of time.

I don't know that my recent experiences will be helpful in steering you away from the kind of a trip that could prove to be very disappointing, but I hope that my realistic suggestions will be of genuine assistance to someone.

Oh yes—we got the wrong caption under the picture on page 4 in last month's issue of Kitchen-Klatter. That was a view of Taxco—not Durango.

Always your friend —

Pucile

"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.

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WINDOW BOX plants. 10 different rooted slips \$2.35, postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

BEAUTIFUL RUGS, all new material, cut bias, and crocheted with carpet warp. Hand made. Write for information. Mrs. Geo Goetz, Rt. 1, Wesley, Iowa.

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

GOLD METALLIC WHEAT 20" doilies \$5.00. Plastic ruffled doilies \$3.50. 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.50. 42" pillow slips with roses and edge \$5.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

APRONS, cross stitched \$3.00; dainty prints \$1.25. Postpaid. Ruth Springer, 1301 Elm, Marysville, Kansas.

RUG WEAVING \$1.25 yd. APRONS—cotton \$1.00; 6 for \$5.00; smocked gingham \$1.75; cross stitched peafowl, grapes, or pansies \$3.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

FOR SALE: Methodist Cookbook. Over 700 tested recipes. \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. J. C. Sterrett, 711 N. Lakeshore Drive, Lake City, Minnesota.

6 LARGE EMBROIDERED dish towels—\$4.25; gingham cross stitched aprons—\$2.50; 21" crocheted doilies—\$3.00; crocheted pot holders—pr. \$1.50. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

SHELLED PECANS, Walnuts, Brazils, Cashews, Almonds, Filberts, Red Pistachionuts, Sassafras, Maplesugar \$1.25 Pound. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

EYE EXERCISES: Beneficial to eyes that burn, itch, pain, blink, or crossed. \$1.00. George Tomisek, 3033 S. Homan, Chicago 23, Ill.

MAKE MONEY weaving rugs at home for neighbors on \$89.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Loom Works, Dept. 7, Boonville, N. Y.

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

21 BIRTHDAY cards \$1.25. Bear 2118 Burt St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

WANTED: A good used rug loom. Hazel King, Wiota, Iowa.

FASHIONS IN FOODS, party recipe book. Price: 50¢. Ardyce Samp, Flandreau, South Dakota.

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

DAINTY tatted edged linen hankies—\$1.25 each. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

DESSERT COOK BOOK for sale 50¢. Mrs. Fred Ager, Rt. 1, Dunkerton, Iowa.

ATTRACTIVE METALLIC wheat-pineapple doily (14½") \$2.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

HANDPAINTED—Hen and rooster dish towels \$1.25 pair. Elaborately crocheted butterfly corner and edge linen hankies—75¢. Georgie Ingham, Beverly, Kansas.

COM-LETE PLANS AND PROGRAM LEAF-LETS, 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.

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CROSS-STITCHED aprons—\$2.00. Quilt tops \$9.00. Embroidered pillow slips crochet edge \$3.50. Wool afghans made to order. Mary Wirth, Newton, Iowa. R. 4.

CROCHETED 12" pansy doily \$1.35. Also doilies, chair sets, etc. Will do your crochet work also. Rita Herms, Brainard, Nebr.

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PRETTY PRACTICAL HALF APRONS \$1.25. Embroidered pillow cases \$2.50. Everyday pot holders 10¢. 7 embroidered dish towels \$3.50. Mrs. George Kiral, Geddes, South Dakota.

LOVELY 42" WHITE PILLOW slips embroidered roses pansy with edge or hem—\$5.00. 7 dish towels—\$3.50. Will also take orders. Marie Ledebuhr, 118½ Walnut St., Winona, Minn.

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Everyone who sees these gay little fellows falls in love with them! They're unique—clever as can be to perch on plants or a table centerpiece, to add the unexpected and charming touch when you're wrapping a gift package, or to use for favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming ONLY—12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely hand-made, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

\$1.00 BUYS BAG OF ALL WHITE COTTON REMNANTS, postpaid. Organdy, Muslin, Net, Rep, Bias Binding, PLUS BONUS 24 Buttons. Erlichman 7KE Gamewood Levittown, Pennsylvania.

LEANNA'S

TULIP GARDEN QUILT

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

NEED A LIBRARY?—Concluded

books are increasing in number, various groups in the church purchase study or reference books for different purposes and then place the books in the library and individuals frequently purchase a book, decide others should share it also, and donate it to the library.

We try to keep a balance of subject matter—not too many books of any one subject or type. A list of recommended books is always kept on hand so a choice is available any time someone is interested in buying a book.

Publicity is of prime importance: announcements in the bulletin, reviews presented to church groups, references made to books from the pulpit, posters, library emphasis week, exhibits and displays and, best of all enthusiastic readers who tell others of books they enjoyed reading.

This library is set up on the honor system. Periodically the librarian goes through the card file and phones anyone who has had a book out an unusually long time. Naturally, some books may disappear with this technique, but we feel it is better to have books in a convenient, open spot where people will be able to get to them easily rather than have them locked away. (A larger city library which can have a librarian on duty whenever a group meets might find it more feasible to have a room which can be locked.) The primary point is to have the books readily available when people need or want them.

Basically, a nursing home, hospital or retirement home library can be started in exactly the same way. When books stay in the same building (like a hospital) the check out system can be kept very simple. A notebook in which the residents can write the date, title of the book and their name is all that is needed. When the book is returned they simply cross out their name. A permanent index file is always advisable, even for a very small library, so that a complete record is kept of the books owned.

Reading is both fun and important to our mental growth. If a home, church or community near you is in need of a library, take these ideas to heart and get one started. It is an exciting, worthwhile project.

No bitter taste. No aftertaste. Not a single calorie! Just the fresh sweet natural taste you are looking for. The right taste is yours with **KITCHEN-KLATTER SWEETENER**.

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting at least a few drops on yourself.

NOW! A Flowering Shade Tree That Grows Roof-High In Just One Single Season!

Presenting the Pride of Great Britain — "The Ailanthus" — A Fantastic Super-Growing Variety That In Just One Single Season Grows Higher Than Even a Full-Grown Japanese Red Maple Tree — That in Just One Single Season Grows Higher Than Even The Highly Prized Flowering Dogwood — Yes, Actually Soars Roof-High In Only A Few Months' Time!

In fact, it grows so fast, so quick you can literally measure the difference in height from day to day!

Who says you have to spend \$20, \$30 or \$50 for a shade tree? — And who says you have to spend a lifetime growing it? Forget those foolish notions. Because this year you are going to grow THE MOST INCREDIBLE SHADE TREE ON THIS PLANET... one that will reach up and touch the roof of your house ALL IN JUST ONE SINGLE SEASON!... its branches decked out in lavish bouquets of glorious flowers.

That's right, thanks to this miracle of nature, you are going to take any spot in your garden, on your front lawn, next to your patio or alongside your driveway... and in just a few months time you are going to see that barren, sun-beaten patch suddenly bathed in the cool shadows of a majestic-looking tree. Yes, a majestic-looking shade tree that surges skyward with such fantastic speed that you can actually take a ruler and measure the difference in height each and every day... up to 10, 12 or even 15 feet of towering beauty in a single season.

Honestly, there's just nothing else like it in nature. And remember — this magnificent tower-tall variety is not just merely another shade tree... but a flowering sky-scraper that at this very moment is adding indescribable beauty to state parkways, botanical gardens, million-dollar estates — why even planted by the French Government along the elegant tree-lined boulevards of Paris!

GROWS MORE IN ONE WEEK THAN MOST TREES GROW IN AN ENTIRE YEAR! DEFIES DISEASE... LAUGHS AT INSECTS... AND GROWS IN ANY SOIL!

That's right! Because nature has blessed this super-hardy variety with such incredible growing power... because nature has given this towering shade tree the astonishing ability to thrive and grow in virtually any soil... why even sand or gravel... and because this miracle-tree is practically immune to all insects and disease, it means that now you can grow a towering roof-high showpiece IN JUST A FEW MONTHS TIME... and without spraying, without dusting, without pruning or cutting... without even giving it more than a few moments of care. Just think what this means:

Capital Nurseries Sales Co. Inc., Mail Order Division, Dept. 733, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Here it is! Ailanthus... a magnificent super-growing, super-flowering variety... that grows into a full-size shade tree faster and quicker than any other kind of tree ever grown in this country before. In fact, the spectacular, flowering beauty you see pictured here is really only a "baby in the tree-world" — only a few years old! — yet it already stands higher and wider than many trees that are 10 or even 15 years older!

PLANT NOW! GROW A TOWERING, HEAVILY-BRANCHED TREE BY THIS SUMMER!

It means that if you plant just one Ailanthus today, in just a few short months you'll be rewarded with a majestic-looking tree standing in the middle of your lawn, beautifying your garden and increasing the value of your entire home. It means that if you plant them next to your patio, your patio will be shaded and cool all summer long for years and years to come. It means that if you plant one on each side of your driveway, you'll see these twin towering showpieces form the most graceful natural archway you ever laid eyes on... because this amazing shade tree thrives in any soil, grows in virtually any weather... and literally surges skyward foot after foot, season after season, no matter what the conditions may be!

USED BY PROFESSIONAL LANDSCAPERS... IT'S GUARANTEED TO BEAUTIFY AND INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS

Every home-owner knows that trees increase the value of your property. The more trees you have the more valuable your property. That's why growing a tree is like growing money. Only there's one trouble:

As you know, it takes 5 to 10 years for most trees to grow to a respectable size and even worse, during those 5 or 10 years, you have to nurse and baby these other varieties along. But this year, thanks to Ailanthus, instead of slaving half a lifetime... you are actually going to grow a huge, towering tree, just as high and just as tall as the one you see on this page, all in a single season. And remember... Ailanthus' almost unbelievable growing power has been demonstrated in the New York Botanical Gardens... on State Parkways... why even on the grounds of libraries, schools and hundreds of other public buildings. Therefore every statement you have read on this page is not just a dream or a hope or a theory, but a well established scientific fact that has been proven over and over again before we offered this amazing tree to the public on this special trial offer.

So if you would like to see a luxurious flowering shade tree standing in the middle of your garden by the end of the summer... if you would like to drive down your driveway under graceful flower-laden branches that form majestic archways of beauty... if you would like to grow a towering showpiece that leaps roof high in one season and that adds dollar after dollar of value to your home and property, each and every year... In other words, if you are interested in taking advantage of the most amazing garden offer in the past 50 years, and you are willing to spare the 5 or 10 minutes it takes to plant this miracle of nature... then you owe it to yourself to take advantage of the no-risk trial offer below! Remember, all you risk is the few moments it takes to fill out the coupon, and you have a lifetime of towering beauty and elegance to gain!

Now, the price of these super-growing shade trees on this special introductory offer is not the \$15 or \$20 apiece you might expect... but a mere \$3.98. Think of it! Just \$3.98 for this magnificent flowering beauty that will reward you with a soaring tower of beauty just a few short months after you put it in the ground.

SUPPLIES ARE GOING FAST — THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS. ACT NOW!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Yes, if your miracle shade tree doesn't grow to roof-high size or more the first season... and up to 60 by maturity... if it doesn't soar higher than an elm, taller than the stately mountain ash, wider than a maple tree... if it doesn't grow so fast that you can actually measure the difference week to week... your money will be refunded — no questions asked. But supplies are limited... our growers cannot guarantee another collection of trees until 1964... so ACT NOW!



Capital Nurseries Sales Co. Inc., MAIL ORDER DIVISION, Dept. 733, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush me immediately the number of trees I have checked below for which I will pay postman the amount indicated plus C.O.D. and postage. I understand that you fully guarantee each tree I order to grow and beautify my home just as you have stated, or you will refund my money at once, no questions asked.

- ☐ 1 Ailanthus Treeonly \$3.98
 - ☐ 2 Ailanthus Treesonly \$6.98 (a savings of \$1.00)
 - ☐ 4 Ailanthus Treesonly \$10.00 (a savings of \$4.00)
- Sorry, but no more than 4 trees per customer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

- ☐ SAVE MORE: Enclose cash, check or money order with your order and
- ☐ we pay all C.O.D. and postage charges. A savings of approximately 56c.