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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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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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My Dear Friends:

This is a cloudy spring day—a little rain and a little sunshine. Buds are swelling on the lilac bushes and the perennial plants are pushing their tender shoots through the moist soil. Early in the spring I am always tempted to take my little pointed hoe and help them find the sunshine, but I've learned by experience that it is better to let them find their own way. The winter covering makes a satisfactory mulch later on.

It's interesting to observe how the love for all growing plants is handed down from one generation to another in the Field family. Our father, as many of you know, came to the Iowa prairies after the Civil War and spent his life as a farmer, selling vegetables and fruits from his gardens and making a beauty spot of our country home, Sunnyside. My brother Henry followed in his footsteps and through his seed catalogs and radio talks inspired people to beautify their yards. His son, Frank Field, now carries this inspiration on to this generation and with the aid of television, shows what nature has to offer us.

Many of you were inspired by my sister Helen's radio garden talks and her wonderful garden. She is followed by her daughter Gretchen Harshbarger, who is nationally known as a garden authority.

Our son Wayne carries on the tradition of the Field's interest in horticulture and is the manager of the W. W. Wilmore nurseries in Denver. We can trace this inheritance back to our father, who as a boy roamed the beautiful hills of New England, hunting the first flowers of spring.

In these months my thoughts go back to that farm home where we seven Field children were born. I cannot improve on this description written by my sister Susan as one of her contributions to the *Field Memory Book*.

"The square red brick house stood well back from the road with a wide

green lawn between. In front of the front door stood two tall evergreens, and between them started the path that ran, flower-bordered, all the way to the front gate. It had roses—pinks, thousand-leaved ones, and Royal George, and velvet, and nameless early red and yellow ones. The peonies were half way to the gate, just after you passed the tree honeysuckle, and at the end were two lilac bushes, one white and one purple. The annual flowers were in a bed to the right side of the lawn as you went in, and quite at the right edge was a fringe of wild plum trees and a crab apple tree, planted for their blossoms which went so well with the bluebells at their feet. The bluebells started from a root which Mother brought in her trunk when she came as a bride from Illinois. (I think there must have been a bit of horticultural passion in Mother's blood, too!)

"Under the crab apple tree were the early purple flags, too, and the ground ivy with the tiny blue flowers which came so delightfully early. Between the path and the flower bed stood a smoke bush; midway of the lawn and out closer to the fence was a flowering quince, a clump of tiger lilies, bridal wreath, flowering almond and the white rose bush.

"Balancing these on the other side of the path was a bed of early bulbs and down opposite the smoke bush, a little elm tree over which Father scolded us for straddling and running over such a little time ago, but which was taller than the house when I passed it last week.

"And now I come to the chiefest glory of our yard—the lilac hedge. It bordered the left side of the lawn, dividing it from the driveway. Its planting was an accident. It happened that one day, in late spring, Father passed the dump where surplus nursery stock was thrown when the season was over. His heart was touched by the buds opening impotently on the discarded bundles. He gathered them into his

wagon; they were still alive and longing for earth. He ploughed a furrow and stuck them in—and they rewarded him a thousand-fold. There was nothing like it in the country around. People came for miles to see it and its fragrance met you far up the road."

Yes, I can sit here now and smell the fragrance of the old lilac hedge at Sunnyside. On Sunday afternoons I used to take my Sunday School paper in hand and seek out my favorite spot under the hedge to read it.

The Field Memory Book is one of my most cherished possessions. As a surprise for our parents one Christmas, all seven of us wrote what we remembered most about our father and mother and life at home on Sunnyside Farm. Father wrote to us:

"My heart was touched and the tears ran down my cheeks as, proudly as any noble at a Christmas Festival, I placed the book on Mother's lap. All day we read and laughed and cried, but not for sorrow. The gates of memory were ajar and we went in and lived again all those strenuous, happy fifty years of life at Sunnyside Farm.

"We loved our book better than any earthly possession and Mother guarded it with jealous care. She christened it *The Memory Book* and now as we share it with our friends, it is in memory of her pure, lovely, happy life—a life that made the world a better place in which to live. It is in memory of that noble soul that made a man of your father and filled his life with love and happiness and still blesses and sustains him.

"I feel there is nothing in earth or Heaven more pure and holy than the soul of that woman who has made a home and reared children who rise up and call her blessed. Such a soul is the soul of Mother."

As Mother's Day approaches more than ever we think back on our lives as we lived them as children in our parents' loving care. How thankful we were that we put into words our feelings for our father and mother, and how much it meant to us to have Father's gentle, loving thoughts about Mother put into words.

We're busy making summer plans, but there isn't space to go into them now, so I'll save details until next month.

Sincerely,

Leanna

COVER PICTURE

To many of you, the face on the cover is a very familiar one. But to our brand-new readers, we introduce our mother, Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier (Leanna), pictured in the living room of the family home in Shenandoah, Iowa.

COMMENTS FROM LUCILE

There are times when I like to "get off" on a collection of things that aren't hooked together at all, just a hodge-podge of notions and ideas, so to speak, and this is one of the times when I want to put down some of these things that have been boiling up in my mind recently. I like a chance to air some of my notions because I don't know if I'm 'way off on my opinions and hopelessly out of step with the times, or if other women feel pretty much the same way and just haven't had a chance to speak up on the subject. The only way I have of knowing if I'm all alone or in a flock of company is by reading the letters that some of you will take time to write.

The first thing I want to mention is a piece of kitchen equipment called The Blender. Recently I read a most interesting article by a woman who obviously knows her way around the kitchen, and she said that the one thing she considered the most invaluable (aside from stove and things in this bracket) was her blender; she'd part with anything before she'd part with that blender. She told what all she did with it and also said that in her opinion it was the single most ill-put-to-use appliance available today. Women didn't know how to get the maximum service out of it and, said she, someday it would come into its own.

Well, this struck a raw nerve in my head because I've had a blender for about fourteen years and I consider it the most worthless thing that ever came into my kitchen. The only reason I give it cupboard space is because I can't bring myself to throw it away.

But an article like that sort of worries me and leaves me fretful, so I decided that I'd borrow a brand-new model from a friend and give it a fling. I figured that in fourteen years there'd been a lot done to improve it, and until I tried a new one I couldn't really know just what a blender would or would not do. Furthermore, I decided to give it a run on a specific job that the author praised very highly: pulverizing crackers or wafers or bread crumbs. She said it was priceless for this purpose.

So I set about to make a crumb crust with this blender to do all the work of crushing those graham crackers, and I can report that it took me at least ten times as long with the blender and those crumbs were ground to such a fine powder that it took twice as many wafers. I've turned out very few crumb crusts as poor as that one.

I really gave this blender a good workout on at least a half-dozen jobs and all I could think as I worried with it was how much faster and better I could do it by hand! Now am I one of



Martin Strom enjoyed some rousing games of checkers with his grandfather (Martin H. Driftmier) while his parents were on their trip this spring, and he found that he had some mighty stiff competition!

these women who doesn't have wits enough to get the maximum service out of it and am I going to be left wearing a big dunce cap on the day when the blender comes into its own, or just what is wrong anyway?

If you have a blender, I'd like to know how useful you find it. Is it your good old right hand or does it simply hog cupboard space? I'd really like to know.

The next thing up is the subject of carving. It seems to be the accepted idea that the man of the house carves the meat, and particularly when there is company--oh, *certainly* when there is company! We have a mental picture of the table all fixed up in splendor and everyone gathered around it in his best bib and tucker, and on every face there is a bright smile of expectancy and anticipation--all faces turned toward the head of the house who is standing with carving tools in hand and the splendid fowl or roast in front of him.

We see pictures like this all the time. We read about it. Every book on etiquette goes into careful detail about the whole set-up. And it all looks fine and sounds fine. BUT. . . in my opinion this is the most impractical and nerve-racking idea that's ever gained such solid footing. I've sat at many a table while the host carved away and everything got stone cold. By the time the last plate was served we had congealed gravy, lukewarm potatoes, and all the rest. Even the meat was cold! (And I might add that you don't know what cold food really is until you get into the clutches of a master carver who takes enormous pride in his skill and turns out a big production.)

I gave up on all this trouble at the table fully twenty years ago. We just cut the meat in the kitchen and let it go at that. This way we miss frayed tempers, drippings on the tablecloth--and the meat is HOT. I've had guests who said that it just didn't seem like Thanksgiving or Christmas unless the golden bird could be viewed intact, so for those guests we just run the bird around on a platter--rush it through the living room so they can look and sniff--and then hurry it back to the kitchen and get down to business. I like a handsome fowl or roast just as well as the next person, but if it has to be a choice between a big production and cold food, or the same meat cut up and good and hot, I'll take the latter every time.

In short, we don't go in for carving at our house. Do you?

Another thing that I think about and wonder about is this whole question of company. (I'm not referring now to family or relatives, near or distant, but to friends.) Recently I had coffee with a group of women, around twenty women ranging in age from the early twenties up to my age--early fifties! This question of having friends in for a meal came up somehow and I was astounded to hear that none of these women saw anyone casually, on the spur of the moment, so to speak, but that the rare times they had company it was planned for long in advance and tackled as a real project.

This is so very different from the way it was when Russell and I were first married years ago. We had a large circle of friends in the same financial throes and we were together very fre-

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Entertaining Is Gay in the Month of May



Luncheons and Showers

by

Mildred Dooley Cathcart

One can always find a good excuse for entertaining in the month of May. Along with spring house cleaning and the song of the first robin, there is an urge to polish the silver and bring out the best linens. And in May we have Mother's Day, the last day of school activities, Mother-Daughter parties, springtime luncheons, and special courtesies for the June bride.

The abundance of spring flowers and wild blossoms can add an "extravagant air" to your decorating scheme.

For a flowery invitation, cut a flower from a folded piece of colored construction paper. On the inside of this little flower booklet, print your invitation. On the outside of the booklet, make outlines to resemble petals and make yellow or appropriately colored centers for the blossom. These invitations will be a bit more elegant if you mount them on a small lace-paper doily.

For a centerpiece, what could be more appropriate than a low container holding a few branches of wild blossoms? Around the base of the centerpiece, place artificial grass with tiny violets or wild flowers peeping through. This centerpiece may be varied to suit the type of party. If you are entertaining for a bride-to-be, place one of Dorothy's little pixies on the branch and put a tiny wedding band in his arms. If you are entertaining for Mother's Day, secure the miniature type of doll-house plastic brooms, mops, or sweepers, and tie them with colored ribbons to the branches.

Tiny bunches of violets or other wild flowers pulled through a golden lace-paper doily and tied with ribbon may be used as place cards and as favors for each guest.

Another decorative conversation piece are little colonial ladies. To make these, cut the lady from very pale pink construction paper. Draw the head and waist then draw a semi-circle for the skirt. When the figure is cut out, staple the skirt in the back and this will make the lady stand alone. These should be about four inches high. Paint in the features and add a bit of yarn for the hair. Decorate the skirt with rows of lace, ruffles or crepe paper, or scraps of material. These colonial ladies are most color-

ful and will make fine souvenirs for your guests.

When you plan your refreshments you can carry out a flower scheme by decorating cup cakes or cookies with tiny frosting flowers. Open-faced sandwiches, or salads, can have tinted flowers made from colored cream cheese run through your cake decorator.

If you should want a game or two, a group of ladies might enjoy playing FROM SEEDS TO FLOWERS. Secure seeds of some twenty well known flowers, such as zinnias, marigolds, petunias, or four o'clocks. Put a few seeds in numbered dishes. Then give the players the names of the flowers and see who can match the greatest number correctly. And what could be a more suitable prize than packages of flower seeds or a box of bulbs!

Birds and springtime go together, so see how many birds can be found in the scrambled list.

1. Dire bulb (Bluebird)
2. I can lard (Cardinal)
3. Any car (Canary)
4. Row pars (Sparrow)
5. Tin ram (Martin)
6. Pars row (Sparrow)
7. Girl stan (Starling)
8. R new (Wren)
9. Hush tr (Thrush)
10. Eli oro (Oriole)

This next must be a "time" game. See who writes, in the least time, the names of ten flowers that contain proper names. You may include Daisy, Violet, Rose, Lily, Pansy, Iris, Sweet William, Rose of Sharon, Johnny Jump-up, Viola, Petunia.

Teas

by

Mabel Nair Brown

For a tea table centerpiece, when ice cream is on the menu, fashion a ribbon-festooned candle Maypole with ribbons leading to little nosegays. These nosegays can be little clusters of mock orange, violets, pansies—any garden flower available—tied with loops of ribbon, and perhaps a bit of net. Then encircle this arrangement with rainbow-colored May baskets, filled with three small scoops of different colored ice cream. The baskets are made by pasting doily ruffs (cut the center from lace paper doilies) onto the rim of paper serving dishes.

Stick candy Maypoles make pretty place favors. Simply cut small circles of cardboard and glue a circle to a very small paper doily. Then, using a thick powdered sugar icing, make a "blob" in which to stand the stick of peppermint candy. When icing has set firmly, tie short lengths of ribbons to top of candy Maypole. Glue other ends to edge of cardboard circle to form streamers of Maypole. To use these as name cards, also, make tiny pennants of white paper (upon which the name is written) to "fly" atop each Maypole.

Honor mothers at a Mother's Day party with a lei of flowers, Hawaiian style. What a lovely gesture it would be at some point in the afternoon, if each daughter were to place around the neck of her mother (or a guest whom she might be honoring on this occasion) a lei of pansies, lilacs, mock orange—any garden blossoms, or an assortment of blossoms.

Here's to the Graduate!

by

Virginia Thomas

It has become customary, in recent years, in more and more communities for the parents of the high school graduate to honor their senior with an informal reception following the commencement exercises.

In some instances where several of the graduates have the same circle of friends, and often times, many of the same relatives, the parents have combined efforts and held one large co-operative reception for their seniors. This is a fine thing to do, since it allows friends and relatives to share this happy occasion without needing to "divide" up their evening among several different homes. Time and expense are saved when the same decorations can be used for one large party.

Whether you are entertaining for a single graduate, or helping to plan a co-operative party, no doubt you are pondering the question of centerpiece, decorations, and refreshments for this thrilling event.

Probably the most popular form of this graduation party is the "open house" reception, with a tea table arranged with an appropriate centerpiece, punch bowl, mints and nuts, cake or cookies, and perhaps ice cream. Guests feel free to come for a short time to greet the graduate, have refreshments, see the gifts (if they are on display) and then go on to another similar party for another young friend, if they wish.

CENTERPIECES: How about tying it to the "Sitting on Top of the World" theme? If the senior has a mortar board to wear at the commencement, perhaps you can borrow it to place at a jaunty

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THE STROMS ENJOYED A TRIP SOUTH

Dear Friends:

No sooner had I written my letter to you last month when plans for our trip south began to crystalize. Since I had made preliminary preparations, it didn't take long to pack our suitcases and we were on our way. Oliver and I had both been working extremely hard at our respective jobs, so it was a bit hard to relax the first day out. It isn't easy to pick ourselves up out of busy routines and transform overnight into carefree travelers! The first day out is a period of adjustment, but once we are several hundred miles from home we begin to feel that we are actually on our way and relax.

We traveled Highways 71 and 13 to Springfield, Missouri, and then continued on Highway 65 to Vicksburg, Mississippi, our first goal. Naturally this stretch isn't made in one day—at least, not in our family! But I want to get on to the major points of interest on the trip, so I'll eliminate coffee stops, meal stops, and overnight stays unless they pertain directly to towns and historical facts that I want to tell you.

It is important to mention that under ordinary conditions spring would have been in full bloom in southern Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi. However, these sections of the country had experienced the most severe winter that anyone could remember and growing things had suffered. As a matter of fact, everything was running about a month or so behind schedule. Consequently we didn't see the flowers that we had hoped to see. People were putting in their home gardens, the grass was turning green, trees were budding, and only the very earliest of spring flowers were blooming—forsythia, jonquils, hyacinths, etc. These flowers were a welcome sight to us, however.

South of Little Rock we expected to see evidences of cotton fields for Pine Bluff, noted as the leading cotton market between Memphis and Dallas, was on our route. We thought that planting would have been started, not realizing that the weather had interfered. We did see some of last year's plants which had not been plowed up and enormous warehouses containing bales of cotton.

Driving southeast, we crossed the Mississippi River at Vicksburg. Oliver and I had read several books recently on the siege of this city during the War Between the States, (we noticed that in the south it is called that rather than the Civil War), and were most anxious to spend some time there.

As soon as we were located in our motel, we drove to the Visitors Infor-



The Iowa Monument at the National Military Park at Vicksburg, Miss. The dirt in the foreground is due to road construction.

mation Center. The kind hostess gave us a great deal of information and handed us a number of pamphlets pertaining to points of interest. Guides are always available and we decided that it might be well worth our while to invest in this service. How glad we were that we did, for we learned far more than we could ever have learned on our own! I earnestly recommend that you take advantage of such services when they are available. Before I go on, I would like to tell you about those advantages.

Our guide was a member of the Guides Association. These women, who are devoted to perpetuating the history of Vicksburg, must take tests and secure licenses to become guides. They hold regular meetings to keep abreast of new facts of history that have been uncovered and I'm confident that they are as familiar with Vicksburg and the siege that took place there as anyone could possibly be. When our guide learned that we were from Iowa, she first took us to see the Iowa monument on the battlegrounds and gave us a "blow-by-blow account" of the Iowa regiments' part in the battle. From our conversations I could tell that no matter from which state tourists had come, she could have given that state's part in the war. Her knowledge was amazing!

She also took us to see the remains of the earthworks and systems of trenches of the Confederate defenses, as well as outlines of the Federal approach trenches. We could see the remains of major forts, both Confederate and Federal. Gun placements and rifle-pits are still visible in many places. While one could view these things on his own, we had the advantage of hearing the account of the war and numerous little stories and incidents that took place amongst the soldiers.

From Fort Hill, at the northern end of the park, we viewed the Yazoo Canal which played such an important part. General Grant had tried various

means of taking Vicksburg by way of the river and one was his attempt to dig a canal which failed. After the war the old Mississippi changed her course on her own, and very near the spot where Grant had made his attempt.

The Illinois monument is probably the most beautiful in this National Military Park. It stands on a high elevation and the 47 steps one must climb to reach it represent the 47 days of the siege. Inside the monument, lining the walls, are the names on bronze of everyone from Illinois who had a part in this battle. Standing inside this magnificent structure, our guide told us stories about a number of the soldiers, and then located their names for us on the plaques.

One should also visit the Old Courthouse Museum in Vicksburg. We found it most interesting. It was built by slave labor in 1858, and it was on this building that General Grant ran up the Union flag following the Siege of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. Incidentally, our guide told us a story that I must tell you. She said that near the end of the siege, the newspaper was printed on wallpaper for lack of newsprint. In the last issue it gave the story that Grant said that he would eat his meal that night in Vicksburg. The Confederate General had replied that if he did, he would have to bring his own rabbit. There was practically no food left in the city, you see. Further in the paper appears the item that General Grant had arrived and had brought his rabbit. There is a replica of this famous Wallpaper Newspaper in the museum.

Another interesting item in the museum is a four-rocker chair, made by a Union Soldier and sent to a Rebel Soldier following the Vicksburg campaign. He drew the entire campaign on the chair and made a notation: "May God forgive, unite and bless us all."

This building was new when the siege took place and in all of the shelling of the city it received only one direct hit.

And speaking of the damages, one should also see McRaven, a beautiful antebellum home which is completely unchanged since the Civil War days. The tragic period of history is recorded in the hall and parlor walls by numerous shell marks. Many of the original furnishings are still in the home.

Another beautiful home to see in Vicksburg is Cedar Grove. Unfortunately, we didn't get to go through it for they were in the process of repairing damage following a small fire. However, we drove past it a number of times and admired it so much. At the time this plantation home was built

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DONALD AND MARY BETH WILL HAVE NEW NEIGHBORS

Dear Friends:

Katharine is rushing around this morning applying the last finishing touches to her hair before she streaks down the street toward Elmwood School. We're on that last homestretch before school will be out for the summer and it's not a minute too soon!

We've come to a point with Katharine's hair when we must decide whether to return to a short cut with bangs or suffer through the "sheep-dog stage" until it is long enough to braid. Katharine wants to have bangs again and although I prefer her hair short, I must confess that I'm not "scheduled-up" to putting in the pin curls every night! She has lots of natural curl in her hair but not enough to sustain the weight of her heavy locks, so I've been saddled with hair-pinning every evening before bedtime.

This summer is going to be an entirely different experience for us. A new home is going up directly across the street and although the ages of the children won't match the ages of our youngsters, we'll be happy to have four new ones in the neighborhood. Surveyors are working industriously in the vacant lot right beside our house, and these new owners hope to have their home finished by July. And the *biggest news* about them is that they have an eight-year-old daughter!

The house to the north of us has been sold and the new owners have a boy named Paul who is four years old, going on five. This is occasion for real celebration! This new Paul will be the first boy our Paul has had to play with, and won't we create some confusion when we call outside for our Pauls? It might be the *wrong* boy but at least we'll be bound to get an answer!

All together, I've counted 20 children in the neighborhood as opposed to five last summer. That will be quite a change.

This rapid growth of our neighborhood is a very accurate picture of the entire city of New Berlin. We recently had a Mayoral election in our city and let me add right here that it was strictly non-partisan. This was quite a startling fact for Don and me after having seen Mayoral elections and City Council elections carried out on a distinct political platform in Indiana. We were asked to serve on a committee in our voting ward to help with the campaign for the men of our choice. Because there are so many new residents in our ward, we decided to entertain the Mayor and the Alderman from our area. (Alderman is the same as City Councilman in most areas.) We also decided,



We promised a picture of the Wisconsin Driftmiers' new puppy, Elloise, and here she is sharing the spotlight with Adrienne, Paul and Katharine.

in an effort to stimulate a greater vote, to concentrate our invitations on the new people in the ward who probably didn't know the candidates.

Just to prove again what a small world this is, one of the couples whom we called, the McCowens, came from Clarinda, Iowa, and had heard about the Kitchen-Klatter Family. We were delighted to have them among the people who came to our house on the most *miserable* Saturday I've seen in many months! It rained all morning, and by noon such a thick, heavy fog settled down on us that navigation in an automobile was positively *risky*. But despite the weather, the McCowens and many other interested citizens came to our home for coffee and donuts, and became acquainted with the Mayor and our ward's Alderman.

This was a wonderfully interesting afternoon for us. Donald and I hadn't met the Mayor personally and it was very informative to visit with him.

Katharine's first piano recital is coming up in two weeks and she's sublimely confident about the whole prospect. I can remember the wretched cases of stage fright that enveloped me before each piano recital, but *not* so with this seven-year-old of ours. Naturally, I have no intention of telling her she should be feeling anything but confident! We are seeing to it that she plays for other people as often as possible in preparation for the recital. In fact, she is *more than willing* to oblige any newcomer with a performance. Brownie meetings are slowly turning into recitals as each piano student gives a quick performance of last week's lesson.

We're making plans for the trip to Shenandoah for the family reunion this

summer. It will be our first visit in almost three years. Let me hasten to add that Donald has been home for a quick visit or two, and the Senior Driftmiers have been here in this three-year period. We've (I'll be honest; it was I!) lacked courage to tackle a 600-mile trip with a small baby and all the associated paraphernalia. This trip we shall travel without diapers, baby bottles, cover-all plastic bibs, special satin-trimmed blankets which had to be dragged into and out of every restaurant along the way, and a thousand other things which traveling with small children involves. This visit should, in fact, be fun, and I'm looking forward to a vacation and a change of landscape for me and mine.

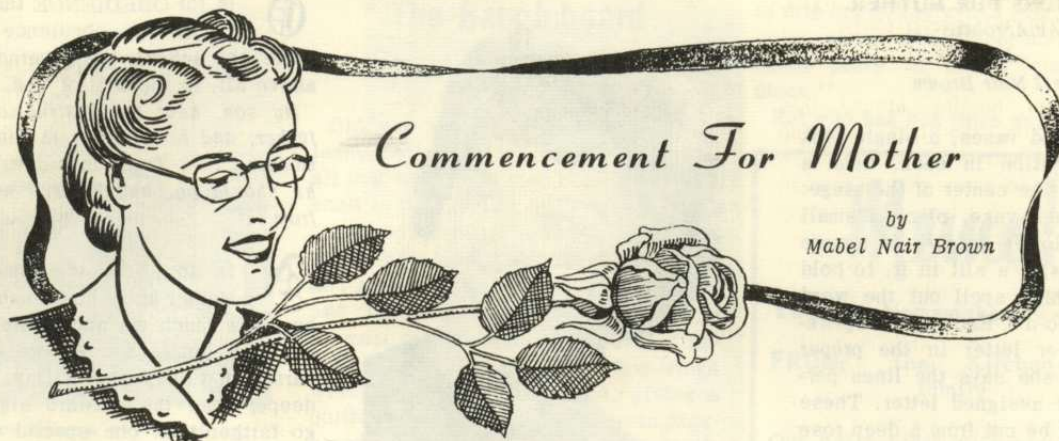
Our summer is shaping up to be a busy one. In June we'll go to Shenandoah; in July Katharine goes to Brownie Day Camp; in August we hope to find a quiet spot in northern Wisconsin where we can settle down with the children and enjoy our first vacation (not counting visits with our parents) since 1957. We finally got all the lawn in and the patio finished, and all the major projects that took precedence over our personal pleasures are completed. I can't tell you how excited I am to be looking forward to our plans for the summer.

I have a beautiful piece of white fish ready to bake for supper tonight. (I'll send along the recipe in case there is room for it in this issue.) I found this beautiful fresh fish at the little old-fashioned meat market where I shop. This market is another of the Milwaukee "finds" I've made.

Until next month.....

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



This skit is written as a take-off on a college commencement with Mother receiving a degree in every department. It is intended to strike a lighter vein as a change from the sentimental program which usually characterizes a Mother's Day observance. Too frequently they become sad rather than the happy occasions they should be.

Setting

Prepare the stage as for a commencement with baskets of flowers and, at the left side, place a small table upon which the "awards" and "degrees" are placed until presented by the "president" of the "college". At the right side, set up two screens with an opening between them which becomes the stage for the tableaux. As each tableau is finished, the mother receives a "degree" from President Soft Soap. Any others participating in the scene quietly step out of sight behind the screens.

The President's "mortar board" is an old-fashioned dust cap, and her "academic robe" is a large coverall apron. Of course she will wear horn-rimmed glasses and go through the exercises with exaggerated dignity. As each mother steps up to receive the "degree", President Soft Soap first places upon her head her "mortar board", which is a square potholder with a plastic spoon tied to it for a tassel.

Program

Narrator:

"They give degrees to everyone

These days for things that have been done,

And every new occasion brings
More Doctors of all kinds of things.
But there is Mother. While we go
For all this academic show,
She calmly works on through the
fuss,

And takes care of the rest of us.
It is high time, I think, don't you,
She had some recognition, too?

A Doctor's gown—at least cap, or hood,

Mother should have, she really should.

Doctor of Laws with purple hat?

Doctor of Literature? No, not that.

Doctor of Science? Doesn't fit!

Doctor of Miscellaneous—is that it?"

(President Soft Soap takes her place beside the table to the music of *Pomp and Circumstance*.)

Baby Sitter Degree: The scene shows a mother rocking baby to the music of *Brahm's Lullaby*. Then she steps over to receive her degree from President Soft Soap.

"For completing the prescribed course in the Science of Cuddling and Soothing under Professor Love-it, you are awarded this Baby Sitter's Degree." (Hands the mother a baby's pacifier.)

Librarian: Mother is reading a story to a small child and as she appears to finish one little book, the child hands her another. Mother is obviously trying to put an end to the reading session so she can get on with other tasks. Music: *Zippity Doo Da*, or any children's song.

"For excellent achievement in the Science of 'What's That and Why?', conducted by Professor Monotone, we are happy to give you this Librarian's Degree." (Hands her a box of throat lozenges.)

Dietitian: Mother sits at a table which is loaded with clippings of recipes, recipe file, cook books, etc. She studies grocery ad in newspaper, then looks into a purse from which she shakes a few coins. Music: *Yes, We Have No Bananas*.

"With deep pleasure from the Dip-and-Deal Department, taught by Professor Fill-up, I award you this Dietitian's Degree." (Gives the mother a can opener.)

Nurse: A mother and her tomboy daughter make up the scene. Mother is bandaging a stubbed toe and examines a black eye. Of course the child grimaces and tries to jerk away, etc. Mother ends the scene with a kiss "to

make it well". Music: Some sad chords and then some light and skipping music.

"For her untiring efforts in the Rescue Department supervised by Professor Kiss-and-make-well, we are happy to award this Degree in Nursing." (Presents a box of bandages and bottle of antiseptic.)

Lawyer: Mother attempts to settle an argument between two belligerent little girls who are struggling over possession of some toy. Music: *I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard*.

"From the Fuss-and-Fume Department, directed by Professor Referee, we present this Degree in Law." (Gives catcher's mask and protector.)

Detective: Mother catches the cookie jar "sneak thief" in the act, turns the child over her knee for spanking, and then ends up by giving her a handful of cookies. Music: Theme song from *Dragnet*.

"From the Who-Dunnit Department under Professor Eyes-in-the-back-of-her-head, we are proud to present this Detective's Degree." (Hands her a mouse trap.)

Psychologist: The scene shows a mother striving to sooth an upset teenager who goes through an exaggerated pantomime of being disgusted to the point of tears over her hair and her dress. She is obviously not satisfied with her appearance. Music: Any hit tune of the teen-age crowd.

"For her term of hard labor in the Sneaker-and-Twist Department, we proudly present this Degree in Psychology and Counseling." (Hands her a bottle of aspirin.)

Child Development: A mother and children are shown with a picnic basket, ball and bat, etc.; or act out any scene depicting a mother playing with her children. Music: *My Mom* or *That Little Girl of Mine*.

"From the Palsy-walsy Department taught by Professor Kidding, you are
(Continued on page 22)

CARNATIONS FOR MOTHER

An Acrostic

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Place nine bud vases, a single pink or white carnation in each, upon a small table in the center of the stage. In front of each vase, place a small needlepoint flower holder, or square of styrofoam with a slit in it, to hold the letters which spell out the word "C-a-r-n-a-t-i-o-n". Each of the speakers places her letter in the proper holder before she says the lines pertaining to her assigned letter. These letters should be cut from a deep rose shade of heavy poster paper. Twine greenery around the base of vases and holders.

Each speaker returns to her place in the audience after speaking.

Leader: She keeps the hearth-fire burning, holds the home together, makes a little sanctuary of love and faith and comfort for her family in the midst of a hectic, turbulent world. And always the light of her guidance, and the tenderness of her caring, and the warmth of her presence, make bright the lives of those she calls her own. "There's a center to each home from which all joys must start--the center of the home? It is a mother's heart." If all the flowers of Mother's Day could speak, what would they say? Let us hear, and ponder, the message the CARNATIONS would give us today. Let them speak to us of her whom we honor this day.

C (first speaker): is for the COURAGE instilled in us by Mother--the courage to be brave in the face of adversity, the courage to change what can be changed, and to accept that which cannot.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

A is for the ADORING LOVE she gives the tiny baby entrusted to her care. "Two worn little shoes with a hole in the toe. And why have I saved them? Well--all mothers know. There's nothing so sweet as a baby's worn shoe, and the patter of little steps following you."

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.

R is for the RESPONSIBILITY assumed by this mother of ours--for our nurture and growth, our faith, our ideals, she shirked not one hour.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, and faith.



Sharon Brown graduates from high school this month. She is a daughter of Mabel and Dale Brown, Ogden, Iowa.

N is for the NOBLE thoughts Mother implanted in our youthful minds; inspiring us to set high goals, to strive toward high ideals, to be worthy of those who trust us, to be true to ourselves and to God, and to be friends to all mankind.

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

A is for ASSURANCE so firm and so strong, binding us to Mother all of life long; for the assurance that whatever, wherever, we may be, Mother's prayers follow you, follow me.

Seek ye the Lord while He is near. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.

T stands for TENDER, for TIRELESS. Tender, tireless, and patient, Mother guides, with a gentle hand, her flock along the way, never failing to care--to understand.

Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not . . . A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine.

I is for INTEREST that a mother shows in all that concerns her child all his life long--interest in his baby fears, his fun, his dreams, his accomplishments. Yes, even the failures and discouragements are shared by Mother.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest . . . whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things.

O is for OBEDIENCE that Mother taught us--obedience to the home, the school, the government, and above all, to the will of God.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother . . . Train up a child the way he should go, and he will not depart from it.

N is for NOW--the time to let Mother know how much we love her; how much we appreciate all that she has taught us. As we wear the carnation this Mother's Day, let's go deeper than the outward sign. Let's go farther than one special day. Let Mother's Day mark the beginning of a "mother" year--a year to offer her, not one day, but every day, our love, our deference, our care, our interest, and our prayers.

"For her who knows the grandeur of love and sacrifice,
For her whose hands have shaped the destinies of men,
For her whose heart has dreamed the dreams which create beauty everywhere,
For her whose reverent worshipping a thousand shrines has fashioned,
For all this, and oh, so much more that words cannot tell,
We wear a carnation for Mother."

BEATITUDES FOR WOMEN

Blessed is she whose daily tasks are a labor of love, for her willing hands and happy heart translate duty into privilege and her labor becomes a service to God and all mankind.

Blessed is she who opens the door to welcome both stranger and well-loved friend, for gracious hospitality is a test of brotherly love.

Blessed is she who mends stockings and toys and broken hearts, for her understanding is a balm to humanity.

Blessed is she who scours and scrubs, for well she knows that cleanliness is one expression of Godliness.

Blessed is she whom children love, for the love of a child is to be valued more than fortune or fame.

Blessed is she who sings at her work, for music lightens the heaviest load and brightens the dullest chore.

Blessed is she who dusts away doubt and fear and sweeps out the cobwebs of confusion, for her faith will triumph over adversity.

Blessed is she who serves laughter and smiles with every meal, for her buoyancy of spirit is an aid to mental and physical digestion.

Blessed is she who preserves the sanctity of the Christain home, for hers is a sacred trust that crowns her with dignity.

—Anonymous

ABIGAIL'S LETTER IS VERY INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

This year when the first day of Spring rolled around I felt just plain smug. My spring house cleaning was all done. I couldn't really feel smug very long, however, for I knew then that by the time Summer was officially ushered in, many areas of the house would have long since lost that immaculate look. I'm really not that eager a house-cleaner. It's just that this year we decided to add carpeting. This decision precipitated considerable painting and from that point on, it was a simple matter to clean the remaining portions of the house.

When we moved into this house we owned nothing in the way of floor covering except a few small throw rugs. We would have liked then to have installed wall-to-wall carpeting. But with the expenses of moving and getting settled in a new home, the cost was prohibitive so Wayne and I decided to buy rugs for the living and dining rooms. It was our intention that when these rugs started to show wear, we would have them moved into two of the bedrooms. Their size was sufficient to enable them to be installed in these latter rooms as carpeting.

This past winter those rugs seemed to disintegrate overnight. We knew if we were ever to salvage them for the bedrooms, we couldn't delay a month longer. The old rugs were a dark green. We had tired of this color so the new carpeting is a gold and white tweed. Once we had ordered the new carpeting there were exactly two weeks in which to paint the living room, dining room, front hall, bedroom hall, our bedroom and the girls' bedroom. Unfortunately, we had a number of previous engagements for this same time period so that it became a real scramble to complete the painting. But there is nothing like a deadline to make you work long and hard and we managed to finish on time.

Our bedroom is painted a grey-green that blends in nicely with the green of the old rug now freshly shampooed. Emily and Alison have a very bright shade of gold on their walls—we now refer to their room as Fort Knox. The remaining portions, which are the areas where the new carpeting is installed, are painted a very light shade of beige; it really looks off-white.

This new light and cheerful color in the carpeting has certainly brightened up our house. So far, it has been much easier to keep clean-looking than the dark green. Our furniture is all dark wood so it shows up more effectively now. We just hope the nylon will be able to do a better job of taking the heavy traffic than the wool has. Only time will give us the answer to that.



Abigail has mentioned the Wilmore Nurseries' new garden center in previous letters. This picture shows some of the new buildings.

Once the growing season gets underway I devote many more hours to house-keeping our yard than I do to the actual house itself. As a matter of fact, most household activities just plain get neglected when there is competition from gardening, golf and the mountains. I have always felt a powerful lure for the out-of-doors in the West. Already I'm developing my usual summer wanderlust!

Certainly some of you must have plans to drive to Grand Canyon and perhaps on to Southern California this summer. A brand-new highway was completed last fall which opens not only a shorter route, but one that covers country not frequented before by many tourists. I'm referring to the Navajo Trail Highway which goes from Cortez, Colorado, through the Arizona towns of Tees Nos Pos, Mexican Water, Kayenta, Tuba City and Cameron to Flagstaff. This highway is so new that it is shown on very few highway maps. But it is possible to find the approximate route it follows by tracing the primitive or unimproved roads it replaces on most highway maps for Arizona. Prior to the completion of this paved highway, it was virtually impossible to reach the Four-Corners point where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona join—the only such geographic union in the United States.

Much of this highway was built under contracts let by the Navajo Indian Tribe since it traverses their reservation. Wayne and I have not been over this route, but last January the Wilmores used it when they drove to California. They reported the road was very fine but accommodations then were extremely limited. The only motel open below Cortez and in northern Arizona was at Kayenta. It was new and modern and I'm sure there will be several more constructed this summer.

Directly north of Kayenta, on a road extending up into Utah, is the magnificent Monument Valley. Most of us have seen these spectacular formations only in movies. Also, a few miles west of Tuba City, it is possible to turn north on Highway 89 to Page, Arizona, where

the enormous Glen Canyon Dam is nearing completion. This dam will create huge new Lake Powell. In a few years it is expected that this new dam and lake will provide recreational facilities comparable to those of Hoover Dam and Lake Mead.

From Glen Canyon Dam it is not many miles on alternate Highway 89 to the turnoff for the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Some day our family hopes to visit the North Rim. Our good friends next door much prefer it to the South Rim. It is considerably higher in altitude, making it cooler in summer, and, in addition, has been considerably less crowded. They reported the drive through the Kaibab National Forest especially beautiful.

Of course, once the North Rim of the Grand Canyon is reached, you are practically next door to Bryce and Zion National Parks. It's a fortunate thing that I don't have a car parked outside. Just sitting here writing about these alluring places makes me want to start out right now to see each and every one of them.

Our own family's plans for the summer are quite indefinite at this point. We are planning a brief trip to Iowa in June. But any other travel plans will have to wait to be made. Perhaps next month will find the course of events for the summer shaping up.

Sincerely,

Abigail

Some people pass through this
wonderful world

And never look up at the sky.

It's nothing to them that the lark sings
there

While the great white clouds sail by.

It's nothing to them that millions of
stars

Weave a silver web at night.

They do not know of the hush that falls
When the dawn gives birth to light.

Oh, pity the people with all your heart,
Who never look up at the sky.

So many beautiful sights they miss
As the pageant of God goes by.

CERAMICS-PLUS

by

Hallie M. Barrow

Have you always thought of ceramics as a hobby just for a woman wanting knick-knacks for home decorations? Mrs. Rex Orr, Cameron, Mo., who holds ceramics classes in her basement workshop, says one reason ceramics is such a fast growing hobby is the fact that it reaches many different classes of people.

First, it serves as a creative outlet for older folks, both men and women. She introduces to us her prize pupil, Mrs. Molly Wines, age 81, of Hamilton, Mo. When we asked Mrs. Wines who brought her each week, she replied, "I drive my own car!" Mrs. Orr adds that Mrs. Wines' driving her own car now is even more remarkable because of her accident a year ago.

She was working at her table in the basement studio when she saw a big black water bug skittering towards her. She jumped up quickly to kill it—probably too quickly, for she stumbled and fell. She didn't think she was hurt badly, and insisted on driving her car home. Several days later Mrs. Wines consulted a physician, who said she had a broken hip, and she was hospitalized for three months. Everyone predicted that this would end many of her former activities. But in no time at all she was driving her car again, and resumed her ceramic lessons. She said that one thing that kept her courage up was her determination to attend her ceramics classes again.

Incidentally, the class, who adore Mrs. Wines for her happy disposition, wondered how best to handle the bug situation in their basement workshop. A very simple expedient solved their problem perfectly. They brought in a small toad! In the past year, the toad has doubled in size and keeps the classroom free of bugs—even to the hordes of box-elder bugs which gather in clusters on the basement walls in the fall season of the year.

Mrs. Orr encourages older folks to take up this art, and is planning to start classes for older women from nearby rest homes. She has classes in the evening for employed women. Perhaps the largest class of women she is reaching are the rural women in the three adjoining counties. In this section the women are too far away from the larger cities to enjoy such art work. Mrs. Orr has given many afternoon programs to the extension clubs. Many of these clubs have studied or are studying, flower arranging. For this they need containers, bowls of various sizes, and accessories. So making these at the ceramics class fits in with their flower study.



We visited a class just before Christmas and snapped this picture of Mrs. Allen Doak, Osborn, Mo. on the left, making ceramic holders for facial tissues. In the middle is Mrs. Ruby Cowell, Osborn, Mo., finishing 24 pairs of ceramic earrings with holiday decorations. At the right is the jolly Mrs. Wines, making candle holders of two dark green leaves, held together with a gold socket, to hold red Christmas candles.

Mrs. Orr says her happiest pupils come from schools for retarded, or backward, children, especially teenagers who so often feel left out of most regular school activities. Often young folks who make very little progress in books are talented along this line. When Mrs. Orr praises their finished work, they are radiantly happy. It is a masterpiece to them. Mrs. Orr adds that ceramics is a new therapy now being used at mental institutions, and has been a big help in restoring normalcy in many cases.

Little wonder that it is a hobby growing so fast that it ranks in the high brackets of creative arts. If you love beauty in china and decorations, and if you could visit Mrs. Orr's show room with its hundreds of attractive articles, you, too, would wish to practice this art.

Announcing

Our new *Kitchen-Klatter* book of inspiration for Mother's Day and complete plans for many Mother-Daughter banquets and programs.

This is a big collection of the best of such material which has appeared in our magazine over the years — all together in book form.

The price? Imagine!

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TRIBUTE TO AN OLD TEACHER

by

Alice G. Harvey

For sixty years she had taught school—in the country and in a small midwestern town, all within a radius of ten miles. And now she was dead. As fame and fortune went she had collected none, but she will have a monument in the memory and hearts of the hundreds of students whom she helped. Because of her, many men and women today are leading useful and happy lives. Yet, for them she never did anything spectacular. Often she simply sat down quietly and talked to them—inspired them to do their best, when often that best was a terrific effort.

With the dumb, the stupid and the slow she had infinite patience and love and always a smile of encouragement. How much that pat on the back or the arm around the shoulder of an unhappy child meant!

And with the bright and exceptional student she was equally adept—keeping them busy with extra work, bringing in outside material at her own expense to give them a broader view of life. She had a large library of her own beyond what the school supplied, and she put it to good use.

Perhaps one of her hardest tasks was to deal with a boy who insisted on spending his recesses reading the encyclopedias instead of playing. When she was through with him, he had a better sense of social conduct and today is a popular university professor.

Governors, teachers and statesmen have come from her classroom, all a little more refined—a little better for having been under her kindly influence. She had her training in the old school of thoroughness and never departed from it.

Her greatest joy came from hearing of the success of some of her former pupils. She had taught through three wars and during those times wrote to as many of her students as possible.

Her first meager salary of \$22.50 a month went to help bolster the family income. And she helped many nieces and nephews through the years, not only materially and financially but with encouragement, humor and inspiration.

She was my staunch friend, and as she takes her place in that small town cemetery, many others mourn her passing. *Over sixty years a teacher!* Not a glamorous record as measured by the accumulation of money. But it is a wonderful record in human relationship, a wonderful record of promoting high ideals, a wonderful record of thorough teaching of the simple and basic elements of learning, habits of industry, of leading others up that road of knowledge.

FREDERICK LEAVES ON ANOTHER PREACHING MISSION

Dear Friends:

In a few hours Betty and I shall be flying to Bermuda for a ten-day visit with the families of the United States Air Force. I have been invited to do in Bermuda what I did for seven of our large air stations in Europe just a little over a year ago. On Sunday I preach three times in the main chapel, and then I preach in one of the chapels each evening during the week. The daylight hours will be spent visiting with the men and their families, speaking over the radio and television facilities on the island, and I hope getting in a little sunbathing on the beach.

When Major Trapp, the senior American chaplain at the air station, wrote and asked me to do this for the Air Force he mentioned that he knew all about me because his wife took the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. Actually this did not surprise me in the least, for when I was with the Air Force in Europe I met many men whose wives take the magazine regularly.

Our plan now is to drive our car to the Springfield airport and leave it there until our return. We fly to New York early in the morning and then at 10:30 take a plane from there for Bermuda. Our actual flight time from New York to Bermuda will be less than two hours. It will be Betty's first flight by Jet, and she's quite excited about it.

My! how aviation has changed in recent years. The other evening I got out some old books on Bermuda and was showing my son David the pictures of familiar Bermuda scenes. Many of you will remember that Betty and I lived in Bermuda for a year when I was a Navy Chaplain. Among the pictures were some of the big Clipper planes that I once flew in to Bermuda. The plane had a lovely dining room, a large gallery with two chefs, a card room, etc. Those old planes may have been slow in comparison with the modern ones, but I must say that they did have conveniences. It was so nice to sit at a comfortable table and to be served a meal by a regular waiter. That particular plane even had staterooms and a honeymoon suite.

Believe it or not, we have a skunk problem at our house. The other night I woke up thinking that there must be a skunk right under my bed. The odor was so penetratingly strong! Actually, the skunk was under the front porch and the wind was blowing the scent through a crack in the foundation and right into the automatic humidifying system air intake. Of course the scent of the skunk was blown through the whole house in no time at all. It was



Frederick takes the young people of his church on frequent outings. Here you see him at a steak fry.

bad enough the first night, but unfortunately, the skunk likes it under the porch and shows no signs of making an early departure. If any of you have any ideas about getting rid of such an unwelcome visitor, I wish you would write and tell me. This happened to us once before about five years ago.

Mother nature put on a little show to help make up for the skunk problem. We have had dozens and dozens of Evening Grosbeaks flying about our yard and that of our neighbor. This is the first spring we have had any around here, and to have them in such quantity is really delightful. Of course the big attraction is the bird food, and how they do eat it. The Evening Grosbeak is a dusky yellow color with large white wing patches. They are about the size of a Starling, and, as a matter of fact, they have had to drive off the Starlings so they could get at the bird food.

We have wild ducks around here like some people have sparrows. The wild ducks know that they are safe in the park, and every day of the week many children and adults go to the park just to feed the ducks. As a result, the ducks just stay right here all year long. They know a good thing when they see it, and free food is to their liking. Actually, wild animals adjust very quickly to lazy food habits, and once they have been given free food and lodging, they refuse to look for it the hard way. It is really most entertaining to see the wild ducks walking in a long column through one of the residential neighborhoods close to the park. They have no fear of anything, and yet some of them were just as wild as they could be last fall when they stopped by the park on their way south from Canada.

You folks who are planning to make a trip through New England this summer are going to see our famous maple sugar products on sale at every market, gasoline station, and restaurant. This past season was a good one for all the maple sugar farmers. The sap was a

little sweeter this year than last, and that means a really good quality of sirup. A few weeks ago when the last of the run was being taken just before shutting off for this season, some of the young people in my church went up into Berkshire Hills for a "sugaring off party". They had lots of fun helping the farmer bring in the buckets of sap, pouring it into the big evaporator tanks, and then feeding the big wood fires to get the right amount of boil.

Do you know what we must have for a good sap season? We must have warm, thawing days, and cold, freezing nights. It is the alternate melting and freezing that keeps the sap running, and the more it runs, the better the season. The State of Vermont, a few miles to the north of us, is the chief state around here for maple sirup. Of course, New York boasts a lot about its sirup, but I can tell you that Vermont sirup is better. Actually, some of our Massachusetts sirup is just about as good as it comes. It all depends upon the particular farm, and the particular quality of the trees.

I love this time of year with all of its promise of a beautiful summer in the weeks ahead. Quite often after supper I take a walk down to the corner of the block where I can look out across the Connecticut River, on across the densely settled valley to the rolling Berkshire Hills beyond. The sun sets behind the Berkshires, and at this time of the year the sunsets are always lovely. The Berkshire hills go up from the valley to about 3,200 feet at their highest point. We have to drive through the hills to get to the Hudson River Valley beyond, and on a nice day in the spring or in the summer it is a lovely drive. There are many fine summer hotels and good camps for young people all through the Berkshires. Our David goes to a big Boy Scout Camp high in the hills where several streams come together to form a perfect lake for boating and swimming.

I keep promising the family that someday I shall take them on a vagabond trip following all the little side roads that run off through the Berkshire Hills in every direction. But for now, I just have enough time to walk down to the corner and look at them. Isn't that the way it usually is? The people who live right in the heart of such magnificent scenic country never find the time to really enjoy it. If you should come out to see our lovely Berkshires, be sure to stop in and tell us about them.

And now we're going to have some quiet music on the phonograph. We've certainly enjoyed that fine new record by the Mormon choir that was mentioned in the magazine in March.

Sincerely,
Frederick



VERY GOOD BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Enough ribs (country style) to serve 6 generously

Salt - pepper to taste
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 8 oz. can tomato sauce
1/2 cup commercial chili sauce
1/4 cup water
2 tsp. vinegar
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Very few drops liquid smoke

Combine all ingredients, aside from ribs, in saucepan and bring to a boil. Pour over ribs that have been spread out in a roaster and place in a 200 degree oven. At the end of one hour, turn ribs so that every portion of the meat is covered with sauce and increase temperature to 350 degrees for an hour. If time permits, turn ribs several times during last hour.

Suggestions: Country style spareribs are much easier to serve if the butcher separates them from the heavy bone that "holds them together". This will also enable you to trim off every bit of fat. And they are flat in the roaster, when separated, and absorb much more of the sauce.

Use liquid smoke with *extreme caution*. A very few drops will do the job.

These barbecued ribs along with twice-baked potatoes and a big green salad makes for very good eating.

PEPPERMINT CANDY DESSERT

2 cups whipping cream
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 lb. marshmallows, cut in small pieces
1/2 lb. peppermint stick candy, crushed
1 lb. butter cookies

Whip the cream, adding the vanilla flavoring to it. Add the marshmallows and crushed candy. Crumble the butter cookies and place a layer of them in a buttered pan. Then add the whipped cream mixture. Top with more crumbs. This should stand in the refrigerator over night. Serve with whipped cream.

MOVING DAY POTATO SOUP

4 cups potatoes, peeled and cubed
2 medium onions, sliced
3/4 cups water
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. garlic salt
1/4 tsp. oregano
A dash of pepper
3 cups milk
1/4 cup margarine
A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the water, potatoes, onions and seasonings in a saucepan. Simmer until the potatoes are tender; mash slightly and add the milk, margarine and flavoring. The potatoes should thicken the soup slightly. Serve hot with crumbled bacon and crisp crackers.

—Evelyn

SPICY APPLESAUCE COOKIES

1 3/4 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. cloves
1 cup applesauce
1 tsp. soda
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 egg
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup bran flakes cereal

Mix the shortening with the sugar, flavorings and egg until creamy. Sift together the flour, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves. Stir the soda into the applesauce. Add the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternately with the applesauce. Fold in the raisins and bran flakes. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Makes about three dozen.

Note: The applesauce fizzes when the soda is added to it, so be sure to put it into a bowl which will allow for this.

SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

(This exceptionally delicious apple pie bears repeating, and particularly at the present season when it's not always easy to come across extra good apples for pie.)

2 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

2 cups apples, finely chopped
Sift together dry ingredients and add egg, cream and vanilla. Beat well and then add apples. When thoroughly mixed pour into 9-inch unbaked pie shell and place in a 400 degree oven for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Remove pie, turn oven back up to 400 degrees, and sprinkle this topping over the pie:

Combine 1/3 cup sugar, 1/3 cup flour, a pinch of salt, 1 tsp. cinnamon. Cut into these dry ingredients 1/4 cup butter. Sprinkle this mixture over pie and return to 400 degree oven for 10 minutes.

People who don't like apple pie (there *are* such people, brother Frederick included) enjoy this, and people who won't eat sour cream pie enjoy this, so you have the field covered when you bake this pie!

HOMEMADE MAYONNAISE

1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. paprika
Dash of red pepper
1 tsp. prepared mustard
2 egg yolks
2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
2 Tbls. red wine vinegar
2 cups salad oil

Mix dry ingredients with prepared mustard; add egg yolks and beat well. Add vinegars to egg yolk mixture and when thoroughly combined, add oil, very slowly at first. Continue adding oil, until all 2 cups are in. Beat the entire time, and let's *hope* you have an electric mixer for this job!

(We'd forgotten how good homemade mayonnaise tastes until I ran out of the commercial variety and whipped this up so I could go ahead and make a salad!)

—Lucile

SWEET SCHOOL DAY SPREAD

1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
1/2 cup raisins, ground
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 Tbls. honey

Combine all the ingredients. Spread on bread for a delicious sandwich filling.

CHEF'S DELIGHT CHICKEN DISH

- 1 pkg. frozen broccoli or asparagus, cooked
- Sliced chicken or turkey, cooked
- 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup, undiluted
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Paprika

Heat the oven to 350 degrees. Arrange the cooked broccoli or asparagus and the cooked sliced chicken in layers in individual baking dishes. Combine the soup with the remaining ingredients. Pour over the casserole and sprinkle the top with paprika. Bake 20 minutes, or until hot and bubbly.

EVELYN'S BEST DOUGHNUTS

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. shortening, melted
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat eggs and sugar together. Add the cooled shortening. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk and flavoring. If you roll out your doughnuts and cut them with a cutter, add enough milk to make of rolling consistency. Cut out the doughnuts or drop from maker into deep, hot fat. Brown a few minutes on each side. Remove from the hot fat, drain and sugar or frost with a thin powdered sugar frosting.

APPLESAUCE COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup thick unsweetened applesauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream the sugar and shortening. Add the egg, flavorings and applesauce. Sift all of the dry ingredients and add. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased baking sheets and bake at 350 degrees until light brown in color.

This is a moist cookie that keeps well.

CRAB LOUIS SALAD

- 1 small head lettuce
- 3 6½-oz. cans crab meat
- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- Chopped chives
- Shred lettuce on six salad plates.
- Drain and separate crab meat placing one-half of each can on top of lettuce.
- Rice the hard-cooked eggs over crab meat and sprinkle with chopped chives.
- Spoon dressing generously over crab meat.

Dressing

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1/4 cup chopped, stuffed green olives
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. capers
- Few grains salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- Combine all ingredients and chill thoroughly.

—Abigail

FILLING FOR NUT BREAD SANDWICHES

- 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1/4 cup chopped raisins

BAKED WHITEFISH WITH STUFFING

Preheat the oven to 450 degrees. Oil or grease rack of roasting pan; place 2 or 3 slices of salt pork or bacon on it. The fish is placed on these slices.

Remove head of fish, wash inside and out, salt inside of fish and then fill with stuffing. Hold edges of fish together with toothpicks or lace shut with basting pins and string.

Stuffing

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. scraped onion
- Few grains cayenne pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. chopped pickle
- Melt butter in saucepan; mix into it the crumbs, seasonings and onion. Stir until crumbs are slightly browned. Remove from heat and add parsley and pickles to the buttered crumbs.

Place fish, uncovered, in oven. Sear for 30 minutes, then remove from oven, sprinkle the fish with salt and pour 1 cupful boiling water into the pan and cover it. Lower oven temperature to 275 degrees and continue baking for 3 to 5 hours, until fish is well done. The length of baking time depends on the size and weight of fish.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- 1/4 cup margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- Pineapple slices, drained
- Maraschino cherries, drained
- Nuts, if desired
- 1 pkg. white cake mix, or your favorite cake recipe
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Combine the melted margarine, butter and maple flavorings and brown sugar. Spread over the bottom of a lightly greased 9-by-13-inch cake pan. Arrange pineapple slices, cherries and nuts over the sugar mixture. Beat up a white cake mix, or use your own white cake recipe for the batter, adding 1/2 tsp. of the Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring. Spoon the batter over the fruit layer in the cake pan until the pan is about 2/3 full. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes. (The time would be less if you are making a smaller cake.) Remove from the oven; let stand for 5 minutes. Turn upside down on a plate. Serve warm with whipped cream.

GOLDEN NUGGET CASSEROLE

- 2 cups carrots, diced and cooked
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 Tbls. onion, minced
- 1/3 cup cheese, grated
- 1 can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs, buttered

While the carrots are cooking in salted water, melt the butter, stir in the flour until smooth, add the salt and milk and continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Into this white sauce stir all the ingredients, including the drained carrots, *except* for the cracker crumbs. Put in a greased casserole and sprinkle the buttered cracker crumbs over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Serves 8.

MINT MAYONNAISE

- 4 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- A dash of salt
- 4 Tbls. cream, whipped
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

A few drops of green food coloring. Combine all of the ingredients. Blend well and serve on fruit. The cream could be used plain, but it does make a fluffier, lighter dressing if it is whipped first.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

Two days ago I had a family that did not particularly care for cooked carrots; today they are asking for more! Quite by accident I learned of a way to prepare carrots that is so simple, and the final result is so good!

Kitchen-Klatter Carrots

- 6 or 8 medium-sized carrots
- 1/2 cup of water
- 1/2 cup of orange juice
- 4 Tbls. of butter
- 3 Tbls. of sugar
- 1 Tbls. of Kitchen-Klatter
Burnt Sugar Flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. of salt

Wash and scrape carrots for boiling. I usually cut them into at least two pieces. Put all the ingredients into the pan and cook until tender.

There seems to be no end to the things you can do with chicken, and I, for one, never tire of trying something different. The other day I ate some chicken that was different from anything I had ever had before, and it really was delicious. I practically had to threaten the cook to get the recipe, but here it is.

Easy Baked Parmesan Chicken

- 2 cups toasted bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Dash garlic powder
- 1/4 lb. butter, melted
- 1 broiler-fryer chicken

Cut chicken for frying and then dip in butter. Roll buttered pieces in the crumbs to which you have added all the other ingredients. Place in a single layer in a shallow baking dish, skin side up. Do not turn. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours. (Of course, you know that you can buy the Parmesan cheese already grated.)

Special

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PIE

(Don't jump over this simply because St. Patrick's Day has passed. It's an extraordinarily delicious and handsome pie that would be wonderful eating on any occasion, but is made-to-order for any occasion when you want a pale green to carry through some color scheme. Don't try to whip up this one on the run. It takes time.)

- 1 9-inch crumb crust
- 1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 cups milk
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint
flavoring

Melt chocolate over hot water. Dissolve gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Scald milk in double boiler. Mix together the sugar, cornstarch and salt and stir slowly into milk, stirring constantly. Cook until it coats a silver spoon. Then remove a portion of this custard and stir into the beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler to cook 3 minutes longer, and then add the dissolved gelatin and stir well. Divide custard into two portions. In one half add the melted chocolate and mint flavoring, stir thoroughly, and then spoon into the crumb crust. Place in refrigerator to get firm.

Second Layer

- 4 egg whites
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup sugar

When remaining half of custard is cool, fold into it the egg whites that have been beaten until stiff. (Cream of tartar should be added when the whites are frothy, and then the sugar should be added slowly just as if you were making a meringue.) This layer will be very fluffy and white. Spread it carefully over the chocolate layer and return to refrigerator until just before you are ready to serve it.

At this time, whip one cup of heavy cream until it is stiff, adding to it carefully 2 Tbls. granulated sugar, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring, and a very few drops of green food coloring. Pile whipped cream over pie.

A quickly made decoration for any pie with a whipped cream topping is to run a potato peeler down the side of any bar chocolate. Just a few tiny curls of chocolate scattered over the top will give it an extra-fancy look.

—Lucile

MAPLE

WHEN....

It's "sugaring-off" time in New England, when the drip, drip, drip of sap in buckets means spring is on the way. Most of us don't have real sugar-maples to tap (or oranges to pick or coconuts to open). But we don't need them; not with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** on our shelves. For these real-tasting flavorings never cook out, never bake out—always add the right delicious touch to puddings, desserts, salads. Sixteen to choose from:

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

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If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Jumbo 8-ounce Vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage.



OF DISHES AND MEMORIES

by
Harverna Woodling



Look up there on your shelves, Ma'am. What do you keep there besides dishes? Memories, maybe? I'm sure you do. If you are a new homemaker, they are bright and shiny new memories of first lovely days or months, some perhaps just of yesterday. If you are an experienced homemaker, many of those memories shine like the dishes to which they belong. They are dear with the glow of the years.

We keep memories with our dishes, too—memories of nice people and happy times.

One treasured dish is a bowl of frosty green glass. The edges are irregularly scalloped in points and the whole dish resembles the flower imprinted in the bottom.

Some twenty years ago, my husband and I had as a neighbor a lady named Mrs. Brehm, a wonderful, gallant, industrious woman who was newly-widowed. She was at that time in her 70's and very capable and independent. Her son-in-law farmed her land but she lived alone and took care of her cows and chickens. Often she walked by our house on the way to visit a daughter who lived about two miles from her. Once arrived, she helped with any task on hand while they visited, and then walked home again in the evening. Many a fine visit we had with her either in her home, or in ours, as she often stopped in. She had reared a sizeable family, had a lively sense of humor, and was interesting, and interested in her neighbors and in the world.

The green dish? That was a gift she brought us when she returned from visiting a son in another state. My husband and I had cared for her animals in her absence. She has been gone for some years now, but we use the dish often and remember our good neighbor happily.

A carved, clear glass cream pitcher and sugar bowl set occupies another space on our shelf and in our memories. They were given to me at a Christmas program when I was teaching in a rural school some sixteen years ago. An elderly lady, Mrs. Arnold, who lived with her husband close to the school-house, gave them to me as a surprise. She told me that she had owned them for thirty years and hoped I would accept them and use them. Although they *have* been used on our table many times since, we have another use for the small straight pitcher which we think would please Mrs. Arnold. She

loved flowers and her yard showed the magic of her green thumb. In the spring-time, my two daughters pick the wild violets that bloom down the old creek road. When they bring in the great handfuls of purple beauty, Mrs. Arnold's little pitcher is first to be filled and given the favorite place on the kitchen window sill.

A third memory belongs to a little pickle dish. It, too, is used often, usually with a reminiscent chuckle. An intriguing, red-haired boy, who was my fifth grade pupil the year before I was married, gave me that dish. When he presented it, he wrinkled up his nose and remarked very seriously, "Here, Teacher. I hope you like this. I was going to get a bigger one but it costa dime and this one was a nickel." Well, bless that little boy of days gone by! Never has a pickle dish been used oftener or more fondly.

A large, green pottery pitcher is another school-teaching memento. The third grader who gave it to me is a father of two now. Many a glass of cold, cold lemonade and iced tea have been poured from that pitcher.

A small, red, glass bowl with an encircling flower design, came to me on a birthday. I often fill it with jelly or jam, but it was given full of delicious divinity candy, the gift of my sister-in-law who makes the best divinity that ever was.

A perfect gift this past Christmas came from our eleven-year-old Dale. It is a small tan pottery pitcher with red and blue flowers and one green leaf painted on one side. We take water to the table in it now, but we are visualizing our little pitcher filled with firecracker zinnias in the summertime. This will be the beginning of another memory, perhaps.

Through the past several years, our own family and other friends have added often to our stock of dishes and memories. There are the coffee mugs, another Christmas gift; the lovely, bright red cookie jar, gift from my mother-in-law; the glass that has printed on it "The Golden Gate City, San Francisco, Cal.," and pictures to match.

And, oh, there are so many more!

Do your dishes hold memories, too?

BUYER MAID CHAUFFEUR WOMAN
 COOK CLEANING SCRUBWOMAN
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WHICH WILL YOU BE TODAY?

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YOU GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS...

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DOES THE WORK!

MAKING-DO IS FUN!

By
Evelyn Birkby

Several of my friends who have recently built or bought new homes were in a position where they could buy a complete set of new furnishings, drapes and accessories. This, no doubt, has great advantages. However, we were not able to have *both* a new house and new furnishings, which could have been frustrating, I suppose, but it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. While trying to use ingenuity and imagination where old things were concerned, we've come up with some *different* accessories and have a homey, friendly atmosphere.

We've haunted auction sales and secondhand stores. We've bought remnants and bargain-basement specials. We've looked with a critical eye at our old furniture and equipment to see how they could be re-covered, repainted and renovated into the necessary *perkiness* for new surroundings.

Some of our finds have been tremendously successful. The mirror in the small washroom between the kitchen and the bedroom, for example. This undoubtedly started life on top of a dresser. Its wide, wooden frame comes to a peak at the top with a metal bracket to use for hanging. Below the framed mirror are two narrow drawers with white porcelain knobs. (One knob was broken and is now in the process of being replaced.) By the time this mirror reached us, the frame was coated with years of varnish and grime. It took several scrubblings with *Kitchen-Klatter Kleener* and a good deal of work with sandpaper before we finally got down to the beautiful wood and the *gleaming* brass of the top bracket! By staining and giving it three coats of the satin plastic which we are using on the woodwork (Flecto Varathan) we now have a mirror that is different and lifts the tiny washroom out of the ordinary.

On one side of the mirror is an expandable wooden rack on which towels are hung; on the other are three Kodachrome enlargements of pictures taken at our favorite vacation spots. Above the mirror is a round, globe light which hangs out from the wall just a little on a brass *arm*. On the wall opposite the mirror we are hanging little Hopi Indian Kachina dolls to add brightness and a touch of whimsy. (After all, in an Early American house one can't get *much* earlier than Indian handcraft!)

Another mirror which proved very satisfactory is in the main bathroom. It came from the auction sale of a dear old friend of ours. For years this mir-



This is the lovely antique that Evelyn refinished for the small powder room off the kitchen. Isn't it charming? We hope to have more pictures of Evelyn's home soon.

ror with its four metal "horns" hung at the bottom of her stairs serving as a hat and coat rack. We treated the wood just as we had the other antique mirror, rubbing and scrubbing until it was down to the fine wood. The stain was clear and pretty on this one, so we did not have to give it another coat. With the plastic and a good waxing, a spray of gold paint for the chain and rings from which it hangs, the mirror went up on the wall over the counter in the bathroom. The "horns" now hold brightly colored towels in fine fashion.

Yes, that mirror is a conversation piece. So is the butter churn in the living room. We fixed the old pump organ with new textured material over the air grills in front, a fresh coat of linseed oil over the original oak wood, and set on top the little china doll which my mother received for her birthday 73 years ago. Beside the organ was one of those vacant corners too small for a piece of furniture but too large to leave empty. My secondhand-store butter churn, complete with the fine lid and dasher kindly sent by *Kitchen-Klatter* friends, fills the space

MAKE YOUR HOUSE A HOME

Remember...

A large house can be a small home...
and a small house can be a large home...

A rich house can be a poor home...
and a poor house can be a rich home...

A warm house can be a cold home...
and a cold house can be a warm home...

Make your home large, though it be small in size...

Make it rich, though it be poor in gold...

Make it warm, though it be void of heat...

In brief, make your house a home.

perfectly. The handles were rusted and unsightly and the lid slightly chipped, so I enameled both these parts black. (Many people contend that old articles should be *left* old looking and not painted. I agree, if they look *attractively* old. If something is rusted or chipped or drab looking, I *paint it!*)

As I said, that churn has been a conversation piece. One person commented, "What is *that* doing here, it belongs in the kitchen--doesn't it?" Another stated, "Well, I'd never think of putting a churn *there!*" A third friend said, "I like that old churn by the pump organ, they just *go together.*" It has been interesting to get such open expressions of such varied opinions. I like the churn beside the organ so it will probably stay.

Black enamel was used also on our old iron kettle. It has served its time as a flower planter and as a magazine rack. Now, with a fresh coat of gleaming paint, it stands proudly on the fireplace hearth, firmly holding fine sticks of wood in preparation for a fire. Someday we hope to get an old-fashioned black fire set to go on the other side of the hearth.

It has been so much fun fixing up the mantelpiece. I like to change it from week to week. Right now it is holding a piece of wind-sculpture we brought home a number of years ago from the top of a mountain. The silvered, wind-twisted wood has prongs, angles and sharp branches which give an entirely different appearance from the ocean-type driftwood with its smooth areas. On the tiny prongs I have fastened a few brightly colored imitation birds. A philodendron winds green leaves among the branches. A small ceramic bunny peeks out of one side and a fuzzy-tailed squirrel from the other. This arrangement may sound like something which would appeal especially to children — and they do like it — but I enjoy the gay colors and rugged lines as much as they do.

We sanded and refinished several old bookcases, using a satin enamel the same color as the walls of the room in which we planned to use them. In my study is the old, sturdy, three-shelf, oak bookcase which my father used for many years in his pastor's study. It was beyond sanding and varnishing. The painted shelves look very nice against the pink wall and blend in much as they would if they were built in.

Fixing up these familiar belongings and the new-old acquisitions has been, and is, one of the most interesting aspects of our new home, and we are not nearly finished. But, as one friend wrote, "Don't be in too big a hurry to get everything done—for then all the fun is over." Maybe she is right.



The old courthouse at Vicksburg, Mississippi, which houses an outstanding museum.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

in the early 1800's, there was nothing between it and the Mississippi River, and a beautiful lawn and gardens extended to the river banks. It suffered some damage from Federal gunboats as they passed the shore batteries on their way downstream. Cedar Grove was purchased by the Vicksburg Little Theatre Guild a few years ago when plans to purchase portions of the grounds for commercial purposes were made known. It was in an excellent state of preservation and is now being restored to its original grandeur. I saw pictures of the interior and the furnishings are perfectly beautiful. It was a disappointment to learn that it was temporarily closed while we were there.

One of the most delightful meals we ate on our trip was enjoyed at the Old Southern Tea Room, "Deep South Cooking at Its Best", in Vicksburg. The decor of the dining room was charming and we sensed the gracious hospitality the moment we stepped inside the door. I don't know when I hovered so over a dinner menu, but it was so *hard* to decide which to choose from the entrees. Just listen to these and see if you wouldn't find it difficult to make a selection: Famous Plantation Dinner, Old Fashioned Country Dinner, Southern Stuffed Baked Ham with Jelly Apple (a recipe over 100 years old!), Oysters Johnny Reb, Aunt Alberta's Chicken Pie Dinner, Creole Shrimp on Rice, Trout Amandine (Filet of Trout broiled in lemon butter and served with toasted almonds, New Orleans Style), Special Seafood Dinner. The desserts were equally intriguing! I came away with a few choice recipes which I will share with you friends in the future.

Our next stop was Natchez and I'll share our experiences there next month. Until then.....

Sincerely,
Margery

The Bangleboard

by
Oneita Fisher

Did you have a "bangleboard"? At least that's what we called the catch-all that was suspended below our clock shelf in the kitchen.

Our bangleboard was a length of white pine about twenty inches long and a foot wide. It was lightly padded and covered with calico or cretonne in a small print design. By means of upholstery tacks, hook-like hog rings were attached to the board, giving a quilted effect. Hog rings were in staggered rows two or three inches apart. Has any appliance ever been more useful, or of simpler design?

Where did this utilitarian piece get its name? When I was young, I assumed it was because the whole thing "bangled" against the wall when you bumped it. Now, I imagine they were so named because they were intended to hold milady's "baubles, bangles, and beads." Regardless of the historical origin of the name, I still prefer my interpretation. And how it did bangle! No wonder, though, when you think of all the objects that bangled there.

First, the scissors. It seemed to be the only place you could put the scissors and be sure of finding them later. The hooks made convenient holders for anything small that had a handle or an opening. We seldom locked anything on the farm but if we did, the key was hung on the bangleboard. So were "found" articles, like bracelets or skate keys, or hair ribbons and barretts.

Papers could be spindled on the hooks or pinned to the padding. Receipts and bills were filed there temporarily; so were new recipes copied at club meeting or over the party-line. Newspaper clippings might hang there indefinitely, or until the next house cleaning sent them to the cob basket with other kindling.

The padded portion served as a pin cushion, for straight pins, safety pins, hat pins and needles. When you were in a hurry, you nearly always could find a needle, threaded and ready to go. The thread might be the wrong color but in an emergency, who cared if a white button was sewn on with black thread? You might even find a suitable button impaled on a hog ring hook.

Many things that once populated bangleboards now live in desk drawers, on bulletin boards, or in filing cabinets. The crammed-full, often unsightly catchall bangleboards have disappeared. Maybe they're gone forever.

On the other hand, that bright scrap

of drip-dry cotton would make a spot of color above the telephone. It, too, might prove to be a "conversation piece."

But who has hog rings any more?

Memo!

TO: All Homemakers

FROM: The Kitchen-Klatter family

Our daily visit with you can be heard over the following stations Monday thru Saturday:

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.
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

May is a glorious month, so enjoy it to the fullest!

If you planted hyacinths, narcissi, tulips and other spring flowering bulbs *last fall*, they should be giving a lavish display *now*. If you neglected to plant any, make a resolution to do so come fall. *Keep a Garden Notebook!* It will help you to plan for a better garden next year. Jot down the blooming dates, planting dates, sources of seeds and plants whenever possible.

Now is the time to get after weeds when they are small. Cultivation also helps the vegetables and flowers get off to a fast start. Oftentimes folks ask which is the best weed killer to use in the vegetable and flower garden. My answer is always the same: "There-is-no-such-thing!" Weed killers are *so potent* and must be handled with *such extreme caution*, that I think it is much safer to destroy weeds the hard way—by hoeing or pulling by hand. If there is the slightest breeze when a weed-killer spray is applied, the drifting fumes can kill tender plants at an unbelievable distance from where the application is being made. I think they are fine to use on lawns and perhaps in farmer's fields where large areas of weeds must be eradicated,

but in a small garden, *never*.

Make cuttings of your favorite chrysanthemums and root them in a plastic-covered propagation box (easily made from a fruit crate filled with damp sphagnum moss). After the cuttings have rooted, line them out in a garden row and keep the tops pinched back until mid-July so that they will form nice bushy plants. You can move them easily by taking a ball of soil with the roots to wherever a spot of color is needed in the fall garden.

This is the best time to plant perennial seeds in cold frames or some protected spot in the garden. Germination is usually good because moisture and temperature are usually right in May and the plants will get a full season of growth before cold weather arrives.

It seems to me that May is also the month when insect pests hold their annual conventions! Almost every shade tree, ornamental, flower and vegetable is attacked by some leaf-feeding pest this month. Do you suppose they take "leaf samples" during the day and then report on them at an evening meet? In any case the gardener should have the proper sprayer or dust gun and a supply of the right ammunition on hand to wage war against them. Always keep such supplies out of the reach of children and pets and use them with *extreme caution*.

LUCILE'S COMMENTS — Concluded

quently on a spur of the moment basis. Someone fixed chili or spaghetti (anything that could be stretched to the nth degree!) and someone else fixed salad and someone else fixed dessert; the unmarried men and women always hauled in rolls and butter and relishes. Everyone contributed something and we had perfectly wonderful times without it being a burden to anyone. No one planned meals long in advance or wrecked the budget trying to put on a fancy collection of food or tried to fix up an unusual and stunning centerpiece. We just got together and shared what we had.

(I should add too that all of us were working women and we lived in Minneapolis.)

When I tell young people these things today they look at me as if I were recounting meals shared around a covered wagon on the far prairies! They say that they don't do anything like this at all and they have a whole list of reasons why it's impossible. Too hard to get together. Husbands too tired or wives too tired. Too hard to "get ready" for company. Everything simply seems to be too hard! I've heard this in different places and from different types of people, so I don't know now if I just happened to "hit" an unusual situation or if this is more or less the picture of social life today. In my own experience I can say that we entertain very, very little today compared to what we did when we were younger, and I'm wondering too if this is because we are older and there is less energy for entertaining, or if we're the exception and others are forging ahead just as they have always done?

I'd much appreciate hearing your own experiences on this subject. My favorite reading is still your letters (how I love a thick letter crammed with comments of all kinds!), and if you take a notion to write about any of these things I've mentioned it would certainly be of great interest to me. I'd like to know if I have much company in these viewpoints!

Lucile

PRECARIOUS BALANCE

The status seeker, you must know, Soon finds he has no place to go. For upward, he must daily fight To keep himself in constant sight; And downward pathways mean, to him, Annihilation, sure and grim. He's sadly pinned right in the middle, Longs to flame, but has to fiddle.

—Vivian Baumgartner

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COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Since Mother's Day falls in May, I wish to honor my own Mother and thank her for instilling in me a love for antiques, be it an old washstand picked up at a sale and carefully refinished, or an iron kettle filled with red geraniums, or a prized set of Tea-Leaf dishes gracing the dining room cupboard.

Thanks, too, for a beautiful flower garden complete with hundreds of glowing tulips in a May breeze, and for the "Flower Garden" quilt on my bed which reminds me of her patience in letting little fingers try their hand at quilting.

My gift to Mother will be a book. Won't I have a fine choice because of her various interests?

Since the revival of crewel work in this country, you may be interested in *Crewel Embroidery* by Erica Wilson. (Scribner, \$6.50) Included is a history of crewel work as well as practical suggestions and instructions for things to make. Simplicity of instructions will be appreciated by needlework fans.

How to Make Children's Furniture and Play Equipment by Mario Dal Fabbro is a new book just published by McGraw-Hill Book Co. (\$6.50). Here are some 60 projects to help create a more pleasant place in which children may live and play. Included are sections on baby furniture, beds, room improvers, desks, storage units and play equipment. There are sketches of each complete work as well as detailed instructions. A do-it-yourself handyman could gain real pleasure from this book. Keep out of the reach of children—they'll want Daddy to make everything in the book!

The Points of My Compass by E. B. White (Harper and Row, \$4) is a blend



Mrs. Swanson's mother, Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Humboldt, Iowa.

of humor and wisdom. In the foreword of the book, Mr. White points out that the center of his compass was his midtown Manhattan office. "Letters from the East" are from his Maine home. "Letters from the West" are from the West Side of New York.

The essays include a visit from Hurricane Edna, a fascinating discussion on the wood-burning black iron stove in the kitchen versus the modern electric stove, interesting thoughts on the United Nations, fallout, railroad service in Maine, and his love for a 1949 green DeSoto sedan with a busted fender.

Mr. White says *The Peterkin Papers*, which he has been reading to his grandson, is a perfect fable for these times. He recalled that Mrs. Peterkin poured herself a cup of coffee and put salt in it instead of sugar, which

created a major crisis. The family called the chemist who put in various acids, but it tasted no better. Finally, the lady from Philadelphia (I thought of the Kitchen-Klatter family as I read this!) suggested that Mrs. Peterkin brew herself a fresh cup of coffee. Mr. White's feeling is the world's brew is bitter today, but he wonders whether there is another cup of coffee in the pot.

The world was saddened earlier this year with the death of Robert Frost, America's most-honored poet. A four-time Pulitzer Prize winner, he worked in comparative obscurity until age 40, and not until later years did he reach full prominence. His friend, Carl Sandburg, said he was not merely a great poet, but also a beloved person.

His last collection of poems, *In The Clearing* (Holt, \$4), is a worthy addition to his works. Included is his poem "The Gift Outright" which he recited at the inauguration in January, 1961.

A collection of favorite Frost poems for young people is *You Come Too*. A favorite poem of many is "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" and is found in his book *The Road Not Taken* published by Holt in 1951.

What better tribute to Robert Frost than the words of our President: "His death impoverishes us all; but he has bequeathed his nation a body of imperishable verse from which Americans will forever gain joy and understanding. He has promises to keep, and miles to go and now he sleeps."



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YOUR BABY NEEDS YOUR SMILE

By
Evelyn Witter

Through the woes and wonders of caring for our two babies, I've learned that the most accessible and least expensive bit of equipment every mother has is the most useful. I'm referring to her smile. A mother's smile can perform miracles for her baby. It's a most absorbent tear-drier, an excellent hurt-healer, an efficient appetite-stimulator, a progress-encourager, a security-builder and disposition-molder.

When Jimmy was learning to crawl, how exasperated he used to get at his own lack of coordination! He just lay there and cried. I felt so sorry for him!

"Hey!" my husband said one day, coming in on such a scene unexpectedly. "Look at the tension on your face. No wonder Jimmy's crying!" I took a glance at the mirror over my desk. My deep frown was *anything* but helpful-looking.

That's when I first realized how much more helpful a smile would be. The next time Jimmy's attempts at crawling were futile (realizing a frown downed him as much as his own lack of skill did) I smiled encouragingly. He was quick to sense my spirit of "Just keep trying". The tears stopped and he "kept on trying".

And haven't you seen a toddler run to his mother after a fall or bump or a pinched finger, and display his hurt anxiously? After a calm but sympathetic examination let the mother smile and kiss the hurt part, and a "miraculous" healing takes place. Let her fuss and fume over the child -- the hurt goes on hurting and the child goes on crying.

I learned early in the life of my second baby that a smile is the best introducer to new foods. The first time I opened a jar of strained spinach it looked most unappealing to me, and I guess I just let my face go. When I offered it to Louise she turned her head away even though she had not tasted it. The next time I tried a smile! With her eyes on my face, Louise accepted the food and as I went on smiling, she went on eating!

With a smile I helped encourage Louise's progress in toilet habits, in talking habits, in learning how to button a button and in many other essential skills.

A smile can give your baby that all-important feeling of security, too. When a baby is uncertain of his world he is unhappy all over. So when he finds himself in some new situation or in a new place, a friendly smile from mother helps give him the reassurance he needs. I know from experience that a visit to a strange home, a doctor's office, a crowded department store can



Kerry Lee Cathcart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cathcart of Centerville, Iowa, is another lovely high school graduate this May.

seriously befuddle his little world. The first time I took Jimmy to a children's party, the milling youngsters, the extra attention he was getting confused him terribly. When a pat and a big reassuring smile from me transmitted the feeling that everything was really all right, he began to enjoy himself!

Perhaps the most important reason for smiling at children is that it helps to mold their whole personalities into sunny, pleasing ones. Setting an example by having a pleasant expression teaches them the "pleasant look" habit. They absorb the important vitamins of well-being from the sunlight around them.

But remember one thing: if your smile doesn't get immediate results, don't give up. A smile, like the rays of the sun, does the most good after it soaks in.

OVER MOONBEAM PATHS

The yesterdays return to give delight—
Clear-channeled over moonbeam paths
tonight.

They offer beauty to my dream-stirred
heart,

And circle me till they become a part
Of blessed challenges from Wisdom's
love,

Sent from His ageless Throne as if a
dove

Flew over childhood's still remembered
lanes

To bring soft echoes of old hymn-
refrains.

The Lord seems very near this quiet
hour,

And I can feel the wonder of His power,
For I was taught of God's reality

When as a child I knelt at Mother's
knee.

—Thelma Allinder

AND THE CHILDREN LED THEM

by
Evelyn Witter

Laurence Whiteside, a neighbor of mine, worked for years to improve the quality of his dairy herd. His barns were immaculate and his herd of cows constantly improved under his care—but he was not doing well financially.

He tried selling his milk to wholesalers, but lost money. Then he tried selling milk retail at the farm, offering richer milk at lower prices than customers paid in town six miles away. He did a little better by this method, but still his returns were not in proportion to the time and money he had invested. People would rather have their milk delivered to their doors than drive out to the farm for better milk at a lower price.

Then Whiteside noticed that the children of his town customers were fascinated with the animal life on the farm. The parents usually forbade the children to go into the barns, pens, and feed lots, or to run helter-skelter over the farm. Whiteside was sorry about this. He loved children; to him it did not seem right that such wholesome, natural interest should be thwarted. Surely the youngsters should have an opportunity to learn by satisfying their natural curiosity.

So he made a corral, with a wide board all around the top for adequate seating. He painted the corral fence attractively in red and white. Then he selected two animals of each kind (not unlike Noah); two donkeys, two sheep, two hogs, two goats, and two calves.

More and more townspeople with children began patronizing the Whiteside dairy. "It is such an interesting place for children!" they said.

Now at almost any hour of the day you can see children perched on the corral fence, wide-eyed and delighted, enjoying the animals. Whiteside is usually available to answer juvenile questions about the livestock. He seems never to tire of the same questions calling for the same answers; in fact, his broad smiles attest that he enjoys this part of his "work".

How is business? Whiteside has had to add five helpers to his staff, and profits are satisfactory.

"Suffer the little children—to come unto me," the Master of living said long ago. Because a modern dairy farmer feels the same way, he is now enjoying the pleasure of daily association with children—and a satisfactory flow of cash into his till.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

No one can give faith unless he has faith. It is the persuaded who persuade.

ENTERTAINING — Concluded

angle atop a world globe to use in the centerpiece. Lacking the real thing, you can easily make one from construction paper, with a picture to look at as a guide. The senior's diploma and class flower might be placed at the base of the globe. If nut cups are to be used, miniature mortar boards, of construction paper, in the appropriate color, could be made to place on top each nut cup.

If the school has a favorite mascot, perhaps you would like to use it some-way in the center arrangement.

Certainly, it would be hard to find a lovelier arrangement, especially for the "sweet girl graduate", than one using the class flower in a low arrangement, with some nylon net tufts in the class colors, and with the diploma placed beside it. The net tufts are simply squares of net (about 7 inches) which are caught up in the middle, and a short length of pipe cleaner or florist's wire twisted around it. Fluffed out, these little tufts may be inserted among the flowers in a bouquet, or placed among the greenery encircling the base of an arrangement, to carry out a desired color scheme.

THE CAREER THEME: If the graduate has already decided upon a definite profession or career, then perhaps you would like to work that idea out in the centerpiece: for example, a nursing career could be indicated by a doll dressed in a nurse's uniform, accented with "tools of the trade"—thermometer, pill box, etc. For one planning a teaching profession, how about a miniature cardboard school house, an old fashioned slate with a big red apple, and a few school books stacked beside it? Beautician, engineer, farmer, doctor—whatever the planned career, you can come up with a clever centerpiece with a little imagination. Don't forget the toy counter offers endless possibilities when you are hunting materials for such a centerpiece.

For other decoration ideas, consider the class motto, which might be printed on a large scroll to be placed on the wall back of the refreshment table; or silhouettes of the head and bust of a senior wearing a mortar board, to be used as "stand-ups" in the centerpiece. The class song, the class picture, or a cardboard replica of the school building, are all interesting possibilities to consider using for the decorations.

For something a bit "different" as a conversation piece, why not arrange an attractive display of the school pictures your child has had taken each year from kindergarten through senior?

**A KIND OLD TREE**

by
Sue Reed

There's a line in a popular song that goes; "Linger in the shade of a kind old tree." I wonder how many thousands of students have lingered in the shade of the majestic old oak that stands on the campus of Rutgers University that inspired Joyce Kilmer to write his famous poem, "Trees". I'm sure that all who have known that venerable old tree love it as much as he did.

In almost everyone's life there is a tree comparable to Kilmer Oak. It may be one remembered from childhood that you climbed or that held your rope swing on one of its sturdy branches and never let you down. Or maybe it was a mulberry tree that bore big juicy berries that made your tongue purple

when you ate them. Or perhaps it is one that stands at the corner of your house today and provides cooling shade on a torrid summer day, or a lovely evergreen that enhances the beauty of your home.

The best loved tree in our neighborhood is a motherly old elm that the children love to climb. Its branches hold them like a mother's loving arms. In the years that it has stood there several generations of children have scampered among its branches. As fast as one generation of children grows up another comes along and "Mother" elm is right there ready to clasp them to her heart.

Her lower branches are devoid of leaves and bark and are as smooth and shiny as a polished floor from all the little bodies that have scooted and crawled over them.

With a little trimming and shaping "Mother" elm could easily be the most handsome tree in the neighborhood but no one would dream of cutting any of the limbs. It would be like depriving a mother of her arms so she couldn't hold her babies. I believe that tree loves the children as much as they love it and it would wither away and die if it couldn't have them in its arms.

Our town has many beautiful trees and as I travel the streets and observe their loveliness I can agree with Joyce Kilmer that "Only God can make a tree."

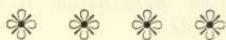
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COMMENCEMENT - Concluded

awarded this degree in Child Development." (Hands her a can of fish bait, jumping rope, or other toy suitable to children's age.)

Home Management: Mother is shown loaded down with all the tools of her trade—vacuum cleaner, dust cloth, soap, etc. with the look upon her face of a general marching into battle. Music: *Just Before the Battle, Mother.*

"From the Jack-of-all-trades Department under the direction of Dr. Elbow Grease, comes this degree with a certificate of Distinction for the prescribed course in Home Management." (Hands her a box of Kitchen-Klatter Kleener.)

Baker: A mother, dressed in big white apron and a baker's cap, is mixing something in a large bowl. Youngsters standing by surreptitiously stick in fingers to get a taste or two. Music:

If I'd Knew You Were Comin' I'd 'a' Baked a Cake.

Human Relations: Husband and wife are shown pouring over a budget book, or she can seem to be "talking him down" on some question. It ends happily in the holding of hands and smiles. Music: *I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad.*

"From the Rolling Pin-to-Kisses Department, under the guidance of Professor Co-op, is given this Helpmate award in Human Relations." (Gives a package of candy kisses.)

Romance: Scene shows a bride and her mother, with the mother adjusting the veil as wedding music is played or sung.

"From the Hearts-and-Flowers Department under the excellent direction of Professor Dan Cupid, we award this Degree in Romance to the greatest cupid of them all." (Hands her a bow and arrow.)

More years don't lead to idle chatter—

Greying hair signifies grey matter. Though your shoulders stoop, if your thoughts are true, The world still needs the likes of you.

The longer you live, the more you know,

So come on, give out, let your wisdom show!

Though your joints may creak, if you've the will to do,

The world sure can use the likes of you.

So forget those glasses and store-bought teeth.

Ignore the wrinkles and the joints that creak.

Bring to the world all you've learned that's true

And the world will never stop needing you.

—Adopted from poem by unknown author

Special Notes

This commencement idea might well be used as an entire theme and program for a Mother-Daughter banquet.

One could top each nut cup with a miniature construction-paper mortar board. The program booklet could read like a commencement program, or it might be patterned after an old-fashioned diploma, rolled and tied with a ribbon.

The evening's program would carry out the commencement exercise idea beginning with the Invocation, then Special Music. The Speaker's Address could be someone reading "Beatitudes for Women" or the "Carnation Acrostic" found in this issue. This tableau could conclude the evening's entertainment.

EARLY SETTLERS

They nicknamed plants as good friends would:

Blackeyed susan and nimblewill,
Poorjo, growing where nothing else could
And proud blacksamson to claim a hill.

The trail seemed shorter because these grew;

Curlycup, purpletop, windmillweed,
Snow-on-the-mountain cooled the view
And broomgrass answered a settler's need.

"We picked them for you," prairie children said
And gave, with love, great wild bouquets
To calloused hands that know the red
Enduring texture of prairie ways.

—Oneita Fisher
(By written permission of Writers' Notes & Quotes)

Narrator:

"A mother is expertly fashioned
Of truly marvelous stuff:
Velvet for cuddling babies,
Iron, when the going gets tough;
Rubber for stretching the pennies,
And sponge, for absorbing tears;
Lace for datings and dreamings
Of brief adolescent years;
Close-knit for holding young secrets,
Frayed, now and then by life's pain;
Porous for coaxing in sunshine,
Water repellent for rain!"

—Selected

"Now we come to that part of our commencement exercises when we give the graduate degrees for advanced study. Once again, here is President Soft Soap."

Grandmother: The final scene shows a grandmother with grandchildren gathered about her. Music: *Mighty Lak a Rose.*

"For having completed your thesis entitled 'Now I've Seen Everything', and for having done the prescribed work in the I've-Had-It Department, we now award you this Doctorate in Wisdom." (Hands her yarn and knitting needles.)

At this point in the program a corsage or a single rose might be presented to all the grandmothers present.

Narrator:

"You're not washed up when your hair turns grey,
And wrinkles no cause for deep dismay.
Tho' your teeth are false, if your heart is true,
The world still has great need of you.

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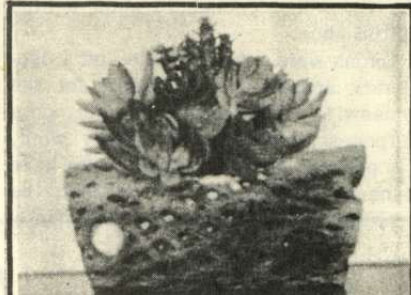
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HOW THE DAYS OF THE WEEK WERE NAMED

The seven days of the week received their names from gods and goddesses of ancient mythology:

Sunday was named for or consecrated to the sun god.

Monday was sacred to the moon god.

Tuesday was the day of Tiw, a Norse war god.

Wednesday and Thursday were named for Woden and Thor, the Norse gods of supremacy and thunder respectively.

Friday comes from Freya, the Scandinavian goddess of marriage.

And Saturday was the day sacred to Saturn.

REMEMBER GRANDMA'S APRON?

by
Mollie Dowdle

Prowling through an old trunk of pictures which was stored away in one of my mother's upstairs bedrooms the other day, I was intrigued by the long voluminous aprons, worn by so many women of by-gone years. Some of them appeared to be white, while others were patterned with the small calico designs of that time. They reached almost to the hem of the long full skirts, which were lifted a trifle off the floor—just enough to show a high button shoe.

Aprons were a fashionable and a necessary article of clothing for the housewife and were used for more purposes than anything milady wore.

A pioneer woman could no more have managed without her apron than the

modern females of now-a-days could do without their jeans and pedal pushers.

It's uses were legion.

A potholder wasn't necessary in olden times because all grandma had to do was lift up the folds of her apron, catch her hands under its folds, and scoot the pans around in the coals of an open fireplace and later on her wood cook stove. To pour coffee from a hot pot she merely wrapped her apron around the handle.

She could brush the crumbs from the table with her apron, or conveniently flick the dust off the rocking chair if she saw company coming.

She would tuck up its folds, put the corn for the chickens into it, and then gather the eggs without letting it down again. If a baby chick needed to be brought inside and warmed up it was carried in her apron.

A bucket wasn't necessary and was

seldom used for a trip to the orchard to gather fruit because her apron served the purpose. And who would ever have considered picking a mess of string beans in a container other than a looped-up apron? They would be brought inside, then scattered out over grandma's lap while she prepared them for a meal.

A timid child could find a haven of refuge under a mother's apron. It was a good place for a cry-baby—a sanctuary when grandpa popped the razor strap.

In cold weather the apron could easily be untied and wrapped around grandma's shoulders or used to cover a sleeping child in her lap. Or if she was in the field and a sudden shower came up, she just used the apron to cover her head from the rain.

Her apron was a signal for grandpa to come for his meals or when he was needed at the house. When the pioneer women were crossing the country in covered wagons, and there were people wounded in a battle with the Indians, the big aprons were the first things torn into strips and used for bandages.

Her precious keepsakes were wrapped in her aprons and carefully stowed inside the wagons for the trip. It could be used for a flag of truce in time of battle, or folded and placed under a child's sleeping head.

At night she could take it off and wrap it around the warming pan that was tucked between the cold sheets on a bed.

The story I like best about the big aprons is this one. When a baby sister was less than a week old we had to flee for our lives from an intense camp fire that burned all of our homes and possessions and took the lives of five men. A kind neighbor tucked the six-pound infant into her apron and firmly fastened the folds under the wide band. There it nestled without a whimper while she took two small children by the hand and escaped to safety over a rough mountain trail.

Many are the treasured memories of a grandma's apron.

(Reprinted from the
Skagit Valley Herald)

THE LOVELY MONTH OF MAY

Maytime is a gay time,
The month of children and flowers;
Maytime is a young time,
The month of lovely hours.

May is the time to ride horses,
The time to swing in a swing;
The time to pick wild flowers,
And find favorite songs to sing.

May is a happy month to me.
May is wonderful. Don't you agree?
—Harvena Woodling



CURTAIN TIME

Curtain-washing time, that is. Time to take down those smoke-dulled, winter-weary curtains and try to get some spring-fresh brightness back into them. And, again this year, your best helper will be **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. White or colored, your curtains will sparkle like new when **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** goes into your wash water. And more important, their lives won't be shortened. Unlike harsh liquid bleaches, **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no chlorine. Even the new synthetics have nothing to fear: if they're washable, they're bleachable in

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