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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U S PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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—Photo by Strom





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

My very dear and very faithful friends:

This is the first time I have felt able to visit with you since the night in December when my personal world ended, and I have sat here for a long, long spell on a gray afternoon trying to think how I could possibly express to you what is so much in my heart these days.

I have decided now that I cannot really express what I feel, and thus I can only begin to visit with you and just put down as best I can the things that have crossed my mind so frequently.

The outpouring of concern and affection that came to me from so many, many of you friends has never ceased to astonish me. I think back to those first days after Russell died and I cannot imagine how people caught up in all the festive preparations for Christmas could possibly find time to sit down and write to me. I remember how Christmas used to be when Juliana was a little girl and we had all kinds of going back and forth with our families here in Shenandoah, and I'm afraid I wouldn't have made time for a letter to someone whom I had not met face to face. I will marvel, always, that hundreds of you *did* make time; and I know full well that these cards and letters were largely instrumental in carrying me through the first terrible weeks.

As all of you know who heard Frederick's beautiful tribute to Russell on the radio or read it in the magazine, there wasn't an instant's warning — there simply was no clue whatsoever that our life together was approaching its end so swiftly.

I look back now at one thing and realize that in the last ten days of Russell's life something happened that *could* have served as a warning — had I been in any way alarmed or anxious about his health. He said to me very abruptly one morning in early December that he wished very, very much to see

Juliana; in fact, he felt a tremendous need to see her. He said that he wished to leave at once — within the very hour, in fact, and that he would be gone only a few days. Now it is quite a long drive down to Albuquerque and it crossed my mind that never before had I known him to make this drive without staying at least two weeks to justify the trip. But he seemed most adamant about seeing Juliana at once, and within the hour he had departed.

He spent several days with her in Albuquerque and then went up to our home north of Santa Fe and she joined him for the weekend. I called them on Sunday and I could never recall, even as I talked, when they had both sounded so *happy*. Juliana had just finished fixing a fried chicken dinner and she told me in detail all that had been put on the table to go with it. Russell told me what a wonderful, wonderful visit he had had with Juliana and then said that he was leaving early on the following morning for he was most anxious to get back and see me. I hung up the phone and felt such great happiness — he was coming home very soon and both of them sounded so alive and relaxed and joyful.

Just about noon on the following Tuesday, Russell came in and I thought in the instant he first walked through the door that I had not seen him looking so well for years. After the extremely difficult ordeal with his dentures he seemed to be completely on the upgrade, he had gained weight that he badly needed to gain, and he was very tanned and totally *well* in appearance. I felt such a tremendous sense of relief . . . he had gotten home safely from the long drive, he had left Juliana feeling completely happy about her future, and he looked better than he had looked for years.

The next day he had much to see after at the office, but in the afternoon it was exceedingly dark and gloomy so he said that he would stay home with

me and make a big fireplace fire and just visit. This is exactly what we did. We just sat in the living room and talked and talked and enjoyed the fire and the snug sense of being safely at home while it looked so threatening outside. Late in the afternoon one of our oldest and dearest friends stopped by to visit with us, and then we had dinner at the usual time and played a new record that both of us had much anticipated hearing, and after this we went to bed.

The next morning I got up about six o'clock (we were always early risers) and plugged in the coffee pot and then went to Russell's room to tell him that the coffee was started and it was time to start the day. I found him. It was this simple. And this incredibly shocking.

I believe that Nature has a way of protecting us in such moments by blanking out countless details. I look back upon those first few days and I can remember some things vividly, and other things I cannot remember at all. I recall with awful clarity the dreadful moment when I had to telephone Juliana that her father was dead. After all, she had parted from him only a few days earlier when he seemed to be in wonderful health, and there simply was no preparation in any way for what I had to tell her. It was the hardest thing I have ever done.

In this crisis she couldn't get a single seat on any plane leaving Albuquerque, and thus twenty-four hours or more had to elapse before she could start home. I asked her to bring a friend with her, a good friend who had been here with us just in August. Somehow I shuddered at the thought of Juliana boarding that plane alone for the sad, sad trip home. I remember vividly bracing myself for her arrival because I did not wish to greet her in tears. I wanted her to remember this particular homecoming as all the homecomings of the past had been, so her arrival is crystal clear in my mind. But her departure was another thing entirely, and for a long time I couldn't figure out (without asking questions) just how she returned to Albuquerque after the memorial services for her father. This kind of blanking out is what I mean by Nature's way of protecting us.

Russell and I had made plans 'way back in early autumn to spend Christmas in New Mexico and had invited friends from here to spend part of the holidays with us, and also friends from Colorado . . . to say nothing of Santa Fe friends for Christmas dinner. On the

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## MARGERY DESCRIBES HER FIRST TRIP TO FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

Since writing to you last month, I've had the privilege of greeting spring twice — first in the deep south, and now in our own Midwest. It seems incredible to me *now* that I drove over 3,000 miles *alone*, but during the trip there was so much of interest to see that the miles simply dropped behind me almost without my realizing it.

Once the decision was made to drive to Florida, I'll admit that I began to have a few butterflies. On the atlas Florida looked mighty, mighty far away, but my husband, who has traveled thousands of miles alone, said that if I took one day at a time, always with a definite goal for the end of each day, the distance wouldn't seem so great. So, with Oliver's encouragement, I started out.

I drove south to Springfield, Missouri, and then southeast to Memphis, Tennessee. I'll not give you an account of this stretch, for I've covered this area on previous trips. But from Memphis on to Florida, I was in unfamiliar territory. Since I was driving alone, I stayed on main, well-traveled highways and stopped only in large cities. This seemed the wise thing to do.

How fascinating it is to see the countryside change and to look for points of interest! I stopped briefly at Holly Springs, Mississippi, a typical ante-bellum town which played an important part in the Civil War, for Grant had a supply depot there, and at Tupelo, where I stopped to see the Ackia Battleground National Monument. Here, in 1736, there was an important battle with the Chickasaw Indians. A well-known Civil War battlefield is nearby.

Columbus, also in Mississippi, is another interesting city. De Soto passed this way on his westward expedition in 1540. Like many of the southern cities, it is also blessed with many beautiful old ante-bellum homes which are open to the public during the April pilgrimage.

The countryside from Columbus to Montgomery, Alabama, was very picturesque. The highway was winding and hilly — a beautiful drive I would have enjoyed seeing more of Montgomery but being alone, it was necessary to limit my sight-seeing some.

I left Highway 82 south of Montgomery, near Troy, and drove over to Enterprise to visit the Sessions Company, home of School Day Peanut Butter which you friends hear about on our radio



How wonderful it was when Dad (M. H. Driftmier) could come home from the hospital, and doesn't he look well? He is show here with his nurse, Ruby Treese.

visits. After a visit in the offices, I asked to go through the factory so that I could see them filling the jars with peanut butter. That day they were putting up three-pound jars and I saw the procedure from the peanuts to loading the trucks with the finished product. This was an especially thrilling experience for me! I was given a cap to cover my hair, and I'm keeping it as a souvenir of my visit.

It is so reasonable to call long distance after the special rates go on after 9:00 in the evening, that I made it a point to keep in close touch with my family so they wouldn't worry about me. Oliver and Martin were expecting that I would be in Tallahassee, Florida, that evening, so I hurried on. Enroute there I went through Dothan, which had beautiful displays of magnolias, and Chattahoochee, which has a bird sanctuary. I believe that most of the robins in our Midwest had settled down in this area for their winter's stay, for northern Florida was swarming with our red-breasted friends!

It isn't necessary to go very deeply into Florida to learn first-hand what people mean by "Florida traffic". After leaving Tallahassee there were many more cars on the highways, but with good roads, there were no problems. My route took me through Gainesville, Leesburg, and Orlando. I stayed in Maitland, near Orlando, at the same motel where Mother and Dad stayed when they were in Florida. Although their last trip there was made eight years ago, Mrs. Staugler, of the El Rancho Motel, remembered them very well. I also got in touch with another friend of the folks, Mrs. Leon Ward, and had a nice visit with her.

It is always pleasant to know that there is "someone at the other end of the line" when you make a trip such as this, and in my case it was Kathryn Loonan Rorby, an old friend of the family. It had been years since I'd seen Kathryn and her two daughters, and I'd never met her husband, Noel. They were so hospitable and took such an interest in helping me see things of interest in the Winter Park area. There isn't time to report on all of them, so I'll just mention one which to me was one of the highlights of the entire trip.

Noel had to make some business calls at Cape Kennedy (I *still* think of it as Canaveral) and Cocoa Beach, and invited me to go along with him. What good fortune, for he was a perfect guide. Although we couldn't enter the base, Noel knew where to drive so we could get some good views. We saw the launching pads, and, with binoculars, could see a missile in one of them. A huge tracking ship was in the navy harbor close by and we wondered if it would be our luck to see some activity. Such luck was not ours except that we saw the ship leave the harbor, and with that missile sitting in readiness, it could have meant that something would happen before long.

One of the most impressive sights I have ever seen was the line-up of replicas of all the United States missiles in front of Patrick Air Force Base — Minute Man, Titan, Thor, Snark, Pershing, Polaris, Matador and Bomarc. How exciting! And passing the John F. Kennedy Space Center, and the beautiful motel where some of the astronauts lived! Yes, I was impressed; and how I wished that Oliver and Martin could have seen these things with me.

The next day I left this general area and headed south to see the famous Bok Tower (pictured on the cover) and Cypress Gardens. These are two lovely points of interest that are a must to see when one is in central Florida.

Bok Tower (often called the Singing Tower), and the Mountain Lake Sanctuary are the gifts of Edward William Bok to the American people. I wish that I could have caught the beauty

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### NOTICE

Word has just been received of the death of Harry Driftmier, brother of Martin H. Driftmier, following a long illness. He is survived by his wife, Edith, two sons, Harold and Robert, and three grandchildren. Uncle Harry and Aunt Edith had made their home in Glendale, California, for many years.



## In the Looking Glass

A Fashion "Folderol" Luncheon

by

Mabel Nair Brown

In spring a woman's fancy turns a speculative eye upon her wardrobe and her grooming practices. We study the fashion pages, try out the latest hair styles, and experiment with new cosmetics.

Why not capitalize on this interest by using a fashion-grooming luncheon for a spring money-raising project for your organization? Toss in gay and interesting decorations, add new twists to the show program, season with a generous dash of humor, and you'll no doubt come up with an event that might well become an annual affair — by popular request!

Suggestions given here are planned with a show-luncheon combination in mind, but these same details would work out equally well for an afternoon tea show or an evening's entertainment.

Let the advertising posters play up the "Alice in Styleland" idea. Decorate some posters with a large hand mirror. Cut the mirror shape from heavy posterboard in a pastel color. Glue a circle of aluminum foil to the "face" of the mirror. Tie a bow of ribbon to the handle. Staple the mirror to the poster and then letter on an ad to read something like this: "Take a peek through the looking glass of Alice in Styleland at the Fashion Folderol Luncheon on April (date) at (place). The time \_\_\_\_ . Admission \_\_\_\_".

Place mirrors at points of interest throughout the room. Use miniature hand mirrors, made as described above, with tiny clusters of flowers tied into the bows, for place favors. Miniature gloves, cut from felt scraps with pinkish shears, also make cute favors. Make a few running stitches with embroidery floss on the back of each glove for decoration. Join each pair of gloves with a ribbon bow and streamers.

Make exotic bird cage decorations to hang from ribbon streamers to add color to the "Styleland" setting. They are quickly made using two lacy plastic flowerpot holders (they are usually white) for each bird cage. Place the

plastic holders top to top and lace together with ribbon. Add ribbon loops and bows at the top and bottom. Fill the cages with sprays of greenery and flowers and let some costume jewelry "drip" gracefully from each bird cage to add sparkle. (NOTE: If you have made Christmas "lanterns" using coat hangers, you can use them as the bird cages for these decorations.)

Since this fashion show will also feature grooming aids, pretty cosmetic bottles and jars, as well as assorted costume jewelry and flower corsages will work in beautifully for table decorations. Lovely spring hats in "see through" plastic hatboxes, tied with bright ribbon bows would add atmosphere to "Styleland".

Nut cups can be boxes made of construction paper, decorated to resemble jewel chests or hatboxes. Another idea is "powder box" nut cups. Cut circles of cotton to make the puffs (or bags of small puffs in assorted pastel colors are inexpensively priced at variety stores). Fasten a tiny flower cluster, or bow of baby ribbon, to the center of each puff, then set on top of the nut cup, which has been covered with gold foil, or other paper to resemble a box of face powder.

Trees appropriate for "Styleland" room decorations are small tree branches anchored in large pots, filled with sand. Let each tree "blossom out" in flowers made from cleansing tissues.

In considering favors and door prizes for an event of this type, don't overlook the fact that oftentimes business firms, dress shops, and cosmetic houses (the latter through local representatives) will be glad to donate samples of lipstick, sachet, powder, etc., as part of their advertising. It never hurts to ask. Flower shops, too, will sometimes donate a plant or flowers, either for decoration or prizes — or both.

Programs may be printed in booklets made in fan shape, with real lace edging glued on, and a cluster of tiny

flowers, tied with ribbon, stapled to the handle.

A Strawberry Sundae Menu and Program is also attractive. The cover folder is cut from white construction paper in the shape of a tall sundae glass with ice cream heaped on top with a cherry, or berry, on top of that. The glass part is covered with green paper, the first "scoop" of ice cream is strawberry pink color with the top of the white folder peeking above the strawberry part to make the next layer. A bright cherry, or berry, is glued to the very top. On the green part which forms the glass for the sundae, write, "The Sweet Shoppe", "Styleland".

Local stores and dress shops are usually willing to loan garments, hats, jewelry, and other accessories to be worn in fashion shows. Of course those responsible for borrowing these things should be reliable persons who will see that everything is well taken care of and returned to the lender in A-1 condition! Most women enjoy a fashion show which features garments and accessories such as they might wear in their community, rather than extreme fashions and formal clothes which they would never be wearing. Do try to have some of the models be older women, some with matronly figures. Not everyone is a "perfect 36", you know!

In this show we are also stressing grooming aids, so perhaps a local beauty operator will come to demonstrate various hair styles and different types of make-up on various models.

A good narrator, or commentator, is vitally important if your show is to be a success, so give plenty of thought to selecting the right one for this. See that she knows even the minutest detail about each garment — the fabric, how to care for it, the styling details and the cut of the garment, and how and why any accessories are used. Every little tidbit added in the commentary makes the fashion show that much more enjoyable and helpful.

Humor, generously and artfully sprinkled throughout the commentary, can literally "make" the show. Beware of descriptive repetition and pet phrases. For example, one teen-age model's dress might be "date-bait", another have "beau-appeal", another be "party perfect", rather than a constant reference to them as "youthful", "teen-age frocks", etc.

Be sure all of the guests can hear the commentary, even if it means rounding up an amplifying system for the day. It is frustrating to attend a

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## ABIGAIL IS BUSY WITH SPRING HOUSECLEANING

Dear Friends:

Last year it seemed to me that the Lenten season would never end. Easter almost heralded the arrival of summer rather than spring. This year with Easter coming almost as early as possible, it seems as if the winter has been an unusually brief one. Frankly, I much prefer to have Easter early in the year.

I was reared in a home where fish was almost never served. An infrequent meal of canned salmon was about the extent of my father's tolerance for fish. In recent years the Episcopal Church has placed an increasing amount of emphasis upon abstaining from flesh meats at every meal on both Wednesdays and Fridays throughout Lent. Of course, Friday is always a fast day and four times each year there are Ember Days which add two more fast days to the particular week.

Wayne loves all types and kinds of fish but unfortunately I'm not that broad in my taste for it. My preference is very definitely for shellfish, and that is a very expensive preference.

The result of all this is that during Lent it seems to me as if I get a real workout preparing meatless meals which are not too costly and which every member of the family will eat. Yet, when I look back to the years of my childhood in the Midwest and realize what severe limitations housewives faced then when it came time to prepare meatless meals, I realize how lucky we are these days. Canned tuna, salmon, sardines, salted codfish, and macaroni and cheese are about the only foods I can remember eating then.

Life in this country has changed drastically in the past 25-30 years, and for me one of the greatest changes is in the variety of foods we eat nowadays. It is quite fabulous, to my way of thinking, to contemplate the cosmopolitan origins of all the food products available in today's supermarket. No one really has any business complaining about dreary and monotonous menus. Unlike our children, I didn't grow up eating such things as pizza, spaghetti, lasagna, chicken or shrimp chow mein, Chinese noodles, pilah, enchiladas, broccoli, brussels sprouts, six or seven different types of lettuce, and so on and so forth. In my youth either these products were unavailable in a small Iowa town or else we weren't adventurous enough to try them.



Abigail Driftmier, Wayne's wife, is an enthusiastic gardener, and manages her household duties so she can spend time out-of-doors.

Now, I'm not saying that we didn't eat good food when I was a child, or that all modern food developments are necessarily an improvement. We had delicious food in my home but we simply didn't have nearly as many different kinds of food as I am able to serve. And certainly I am a strong critic of the taste and texture qualities of many of the current pre-assembled and pre-cooked food items. They may be fast and easy to prepare, but they lack that special flavor that only an individual cook can give.

As far as I'm concerned, the modern day bake sale with its cakes and cookies that originate in attractive boxes is a far cry from the bake sale of the "good old days". I really resent buying something at a bake sale only to discover that there is nothing especially delicious or unique about it. The *Kitchen-Klatter* flavorings do

### SPRING FEVER

She gingerly brought out the old walnut chairs

From the stow-away closet behind the front stairs;

A can of fresh varnish, a length of new cloth,

Some tacks and a hammer . . . . at last she was off!

With this project accomplished she took a *long* look,

'Old paint is a challenge' insisted the book.

The tired living room, from ceiling to floor,

Now demands *complete* change for its springtime decor.

— Gladys Niece Templeton

wonders for improving the bland taste of the boxed cake mixes, but I have yet to discover anything that takes the place of *homemade* items.

As I write these words I can't help but think of one of our friends who says quite frankly that his mother was a terrible cook; that he didn't know what it was to enjoy food until he left home. Obviously, for anyone totally devoid of the ability to cook, the pre-mixed, dehydrated, canned and frozen modern-day prepared foods are a real blessing. But there are those, like myself, who permit these easy food items to lead us into indulging in unwarranted laziness in the kitchen.

Before I sat down to write this letter, I had been immersed in the activities associated with spring housecleaning. Such activity and looking in a mirror certainly can make me acutely aware of how rapidly time is passing. I don't particularly enjoy major housecleaning and getting through with it as soon as possible used to be my objective. I can remember that only a few years ago I used to dive in and keep at it almost unceasingly until every nook, cranny, curtain, window and wall was spotless simultaneously. Nowadays, it seems wiser for me to set the more leisurely pace of one day of scrubbing followed by a day of mild activity. My aching shoulders stay much happier under the new system. But it does seem as if the housecleaning goes on forever.

There were only two rooms in our home which really needed painting this year: the main bathroom and Clark's bedroom. The colors remained the same, making only one coat of paint adequate. This aspect of spring "clean-up-paint-up" time was accomplished very rapidly. Perhaps this summer we'll actually get around to the often-postponed chore of painting the trim on our house.

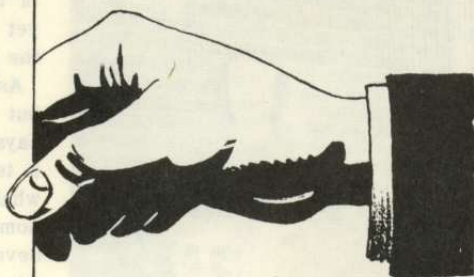
My goal is to get the inside chores all completed before garden and golf weather becomes an every day occurrence. One of my New Year's resolutions was to be certain in 1964 that the petunias got set out as early as possible. Last year, for a variety of reasons, I was very late accomplishing this. As a result, we cut our enjoyment of these colorful additions to the yard almost in half. Since our present plans call for staying right on the homefront throughout most of the summer, it would be rewarding to have the outside surroundings as attractive as possible.

Sincerely,  
Abigail



# Fifteen Steps to Kitchen Safety

by  
Joseph Arkin



According to the National Safety Council, an average of 11,000 people suffer disabling injuries in home accidents each *day* — and more accidents occur in the *kitchen* than in any other room of the house. On the bright side, no room offers more opportunity to do something about guarding family safety.

You can avoid having your kitchen become the "risk" room by taking these precautions, compiled and suggested by home safety experts.

1. *Electrical equipment.* Frayed cords and worn plugs are a major cause of kitchen fires, so check yours periodically. If you have small children have safety guards installed on unused outlets. Make sure you don't overload your circuits, for electrical fires are among the hardest to put out. (If the lights dim when you turn on an appliance, your circuits are probably overloaded.) And never plug a portable dishwasher into an outlet that is not grounded.

2. *Cupboard doors.* Close them immediately after use. An open cupboard door is too often the cause of a painful lump on the head.

3. *Towels.* Hang them away from the range to avoid fire.

4. *Fire extinguisher.* Keep a fire extinguisher far enough from the range so that you'll never have to brave flames to reach it. Be sure the extinguisher is the type that puts out fires from fat as well as the ordinary kind. Your best bet for the kitchen is a portable carbon dioxide or foam fire extinguisher.

5. *Floor.* Chipped, cracked or peeling floor coverings are unsafe as well as unsightly. New types of vinyl floor covering have textured surfaces which helps grip each step to prevent slips. Whatever kind of flooring you have, wipe up spills *immediately*. You, knowing the spill is there, may avoid slipping, but someone else entering the kitchen may not see it.

6. *Knives.* Gleaming knives are fascinating to little children; always store sharp knives in a high wall rack, beyond a child's reach. Never drop

knives in the dishwasher along with your tableware; wash and dry each knife separately, turning the sharp edge away from your hand. When cutting, always cut *away* from you.

7. *Pots and pans.* Don't let pot handles stick out over the stove. They are easily knocked over, and boiling food can cause severe skin burns. Keep potholders handy, too; a kitchen towel will protect your hand from heat, but a towel corner may touch the flame or burner. If a grease fire starts in a pan, smother it with a metal cover or pour generous amounts of salt or baking soda over the fire.

8. *The oven.* Most modern gas ovens light without matches, but if your oven does require a match, don't turn on the gas until the flame is there. Make sure the room is *well ventilated*. Remember to use safety matches, and store them out of children's reach.

9. *Seams.* Germs settle in cracks and crevices, so try to cover working areas with material containing as few seams as possible. Countertops, particularly, should be covered with material designed for this purpose (perhaps to match the floors). Use sheet floor covering, which is now available in 12 ft. widths, instead of tile, to avoid germ-catching seams. (Even sheet goods can be a do-it-yourself project — the new foam cushion type can be cut with scissors and installed without adhesives!) Even wall-floor seams can be eliminated by curving six-foot wide vinyl sheet goods up the wall. Called "coving", this eliminates a large germ-breeding area, is attractive, and makes cleaning easier. Cover wall crevices with plaster and paint, or use tape.

10. *Cleaning fluids.* Did you know that even *non-flammable* cleaning fluids are risky? They often give off poisonous fumes. No matter which type of fluid you use, be sure the room is well ventilated. When using acids or caustics, wear rubber gloves, a protective apron, and goggles if splashing is possible.

11. *Nails and hooks.* Avoid putting them up where they can hook passersby. And place them higher than your child's head — remember, your waist level may be his eye level.

12. *Step-ladder.* It lasts a lifetime, costs little to buy, and a small, sturdy step-ladder may save you a nasty fall. Place the step-ladder on a non-slippery floor. Be sure to lock the spreader. Once you have climbed, avoid that little extra stretch. Place the step-ladder in a position from which you can work comfortably without reaching. That way, you will feel — and be — more secure.

13. *Aerosol cans.* These will explode if they are punctured, and should not be thrown into incinerators.

14. *Dryer.* Never put articles containing foam rubber into a dryer — this could cause a fire. Don't use a combustible cleaning ingredient or solution in an automatic dryer or combination washer-dryer. (You may blow out the front of it!)

15. *Poisons.* The Poison Control Center verifies the fact that the kitchen is the most dangerous place in the home, since 34 per cent of all poisonings occur there. Under-sink cabinets may contain useful cleaning compounds and chemicals, which are anything *but* useful to a child. Keep lye, cleaning fluids, and insecticides under lock and key; bleach, ammonia, and other chemicals for the laundry should at least be kept out of reach.

Adhere to these fifteen precautions, say kitchen-safety experts, and you'll rate a "safe kitchen award" from your entire family!



## A BOY'S ESSAY ON ANATOMY

Your head is kind of round and hard, and your brains are in it, and your hair is on it. Your face is the front of your head where you eat and make faces. Your neck is what keeps your head out of your collar. It's hard to keep clean.

Your shoulders are sort of shelves where you hook your suspenders on them. Your stummick is something that if you don't eat often enough it hurts, and spinnage don't help it none.

Your spine is the long bone in your back that keeps you from folding up. Your back is always behind you no matter how quick you turn around!

Your arms you've got to have to pitch a ball with and also so you can reach the butter. Your fingers stick out of your hand so you can throw a curve and hold a pencil when you add up 'rithmetic.

Your legs is what, if you have not got two of, you can't get to first base — neither can your sister. . .

And that is all there is of you. Except what's inside — and I never saw that!



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that it will soon be time for field work to start. We had a wonderful winter weather-wise in our part of Iowa, with mild temperatures most of the time, and very few light snowfalls. What snow we did have didn't stay on the ground very long. In fact, the most snow I saw all winter was when I made a quick trip to Liberty, Missouri, the middle of February. They had a five-inch snow the night before I arrived there, and the whole town looked like a fairyland. Every tree and bush was piled high with wet snow, but it didn't last long after the sun came out.

Although many farmers feel we are much in need of moisture, it certainly has been easier to take care of the livestock this winter. We are fortunate in the fact that we have plenty of water for our cattle, for I know this has been a real problem for many of the farmers. I can't remember a time when the farm ponds have been so low.

Before the spring work starts Frank has some fencing he wants to get done so he can turn the cattle into the timber pasture. Recently he was able to buy a few acres of timberland that joins our farm, so he wants to tear out the old fence and put up all new wire on the new line. One of our neighbors is going to help him so it shouldn't take long.

A while back Frank took his tractor in and had it checked over so it would be in tip-top shape to start the field work. He said before he took it in that the brakes needed adjusting and the lights had to be fixed. I agreed with him about the brakes, but said that if they forgot about the lights it would be fine with me. A few days after they brought the tractor home we decided to drive to Shenandoah for a day's visit with the folks. Since we wanted to get an early start, it was necessary for Frank to get up before daylight to do his chores. After he was through and came back to the house he commented "It was mighty nice to have lights on the tractor again because I certainly needed them this morning". I had to back down and agree with him, but I still don't like to see lights far out in



Dorothy and Frank's son-in-law, Art Brase, is a very busy young man, for not only does he carry a full load of class work at the University of Wyoming, but he also works in the cafeteria.

the field at ten o'clock at night. A fourteen- or fifteen-hour day is plenty long enough! I know that many of you farm wives will agree with me a hundred percent.

While I'm on the subject of tractors, I read somewhere the other day that every tractor should have a first-aid kit in the tool box, and I wondered why I'd never thought of this before. I'm going to fix one right away.

I don't believe I've ever mentioned our cats. Frank is very proud of his "cat herd" of ten. People who come to our house are always a little overcome when they see so many cats, but since we've had them we haven't had any mice or rats on the farm to damage the stored corn. Our dog Tinker loves to catch mice and he used to have a lot of fun when he went with Frank to haul in a load of fodder because the mice would run out in every direction. But now Frank says he can pick up several shocks and never see a mouse.

The first person to open the backdoor in the morning is always Frank, and he has to go armed with a big pan of warm milk because the cats are all there waiting for him. It was quite a shock the other morning when he opened the door and there wasn't a cat in sight to stampede him. He couldn't imagine what had happened to them, and then he looked out by the yard gate and saw every cat up in the small elm tree. It was quite a sight! He looked around for an explanation and saw two strange hound dogs curled up in the corner of the porch out of the wind. Apparently they had been running in the timber all night and had lost their way. The cats were mighty happy when Frank chased the intruders out of the yard, and they

didn't waste much time jumping down out of the tree and scurrying to their breakfast.

Frank and I have had two very pleasant week-ends recently. Frank's cousin, Carl Johnson of Sioux City, has a son, John, who is a sophomore at Iowa State University in Ames. Last summer when John came to be a member of Kristin's wedding party, he became acquainted with Kristin's very dear friend, Patricia Walton, who was also a member of the wedding party. We were so pleased when John wrote to us to see if we were going to be at home on a particular Saturday, because if we were, he and Patty would like to drive down and spend the day with us. I immediately wrote suggesting that they spend the entire week-end with us. We have missed Kristin and Art so much that it was wonderful to have young people around the house again, and two such nice young people at that. John felt it was quite a treat to get away from his books and studying, and enjoyed being outside helping Frank. Patty and I were happy just to stay inside and visit. The only thing that marred the week-end was the fact that Kristin and Art couldn't be there with us.

A few weeks later John and Patty came for another week-end. Frank's sister Ruth and her husband came the same week-end from their home in Kansas City. The McDermotts are busy people and don't get to visit us very often, so when they do we always try to get all the Johnsons together for a family dinner. I invited them to our house on Saturday evening because I knew they would all like to have a visit with their cousin John.

It will soon be time to plant the vegetable gardens. A quick and easy way to clean up the garden tools at the end of the day is to push them up and down several times in a bucket of sand soaked with a little oil. A metal container with a lid is a good thing to store the sand in. We have several cans of this sort which we've saved. They date back to the days when the cold storage lockers used them to put the rendered lard in before they started using waxed cardboard containers. Through the years they've come in handy for many things.

Have you ever planned an April Fool party? A friend from Texas wrote about one she had, and it sounded like such fun I thought you might like to know what she did. "When the guests arrived, I had them go to the backdoor and back into the house. When I served my refreshments I served the dessert

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# "It Might As Well Be Spring"

by  
Virginia Thomas

Comes the springtime and spirits lift, hearts sing and — well, it's a time when entertaining just "comes naturally". Then, too, we like to express that "all's right with the world" feeling with our family, so we look for little touches we can add to give zest to everyday living. The gray days of winter are behind, "spring has sprung", so let's DO SOMETHING!

**WHEELBARROW FAVOR OR NUT CUP:** Put a colored soda straw through a "Life-Saver" wheel and then thread the soda straw handles through holes which you have punched in colored nut cups. Fill the wheelbarrow with candies and nuts, or with gay spring flowers.



**PEPPERMINT STICK CANDY PARTY:** Begin with place mats of white and trim with red-and-white striped border, or glue on a stick of candy made with red and white paper. For favors make peppermint stick umbrellas. Use stick candy for the handle and a small white paper doily, laced with red ribbon for the umbrella part. These may be placed beside the plate, or stuck in the nut cup.



**MR. AND MRS. PEPPERMINT STICK FAVORS** are easy to make. The "Mrs." wears a paper hat on her head (top of the stick) and a skirt of crepe paper, or a pretty material, around her "waist" and has pipe-cleaner arms twisted around the stick. Features are bits of paper, or chenille. The "Mr." has a

bow tie and "doffs" his hat by holding it in one hand. Several of these figures might be stuck into styrofoam covered with the Easter "grass" and used for a centerpiece.



**CHICK ROCKER NUT CUP:** Trace two chicks on yellow posterboard. Glue a chick to each side of a small box or nut cup (the chicks have no feet) and you will see that the little cup will rock. Children especially like these.



**FOR FUN:** Try a game of *Spring Bounce*: Lay a crepe paper streamer about five feet from one wall. The players line up behind the streamer at any distance from it they choose. One at a time, the players must roll a ball so that it hits the wall and bounces back, the game being to see whose ball stops closest to the streamer. It can be played for some time, with the first person getting five wins being the game winner.

**Active Anagrams:** Each player wears a large card tied around his neck. A large letter is printed upon each card, the letters used being those in words most commonly used. When the leader says "Go", each player tries to join other players to spell out words. When they have spelled a word they go to stand in front of the leader, who scores

a point for each player in the word. Then they separate and go to form words with other players. The winner is the person with the most points when the time is up.

**Spring Auction:** Give each player a sealed envelope which contains the picture of some household article. Place a value upon each article and write this amount upon the picture. Only the person who gets the picture is to know what the value is. Supply each player with 25 beans. Each bean represents five dollars. Each player auctions off his envelope. He may describe the article as clearly and enticingly as possible without telling what it is, or how much it is worth, trying to get the audience to bid up as high as possible. When the sale is over the winner is the one who has made the biggest profit. There will be many laughs when it is learned someone has sold a 15¢ box of toothpicks for \$100 or a \$75 chair for \$5.



## ON THE WINGS OF SPRING

A song to sing came riding down the hills of March  
To slide on greening feet into the lap of spring,  
Then thin, drenched echoes gallop through the budding plants  
As raptured birds recall their nesting memories.  
Aglow, the startling sunrise tears the sky apart,  
Seed planters break the bond of earth's restraining hand,  
And buried forces from the depths of hidden time  
Lure men to climb toward stars of unfulfilled desires.

— Alice G. Harvey

A word is such a lovely thing —  
It builds a song, for words can sing,  
And words go swiftly through the sky  
On shining wings, for words can fly.  
They paint the autumn flame and gold  
With colors fadeless, proud and bold.  
They paint the depth of trust that lies  
Within a dog's adoring eyes.  
They bring the thrill of spray and foam  
To sailing hearts who stay at home.  
The moon lies hidden by a hill —  
Words lay it on my window sill.  
Oh, words can talk across the years —  
Beyond the miles — above the fears —  
Down countless ages march and sing.  
A word is such a lovely thing.

—Author Unknown.



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Since last writing to you, Betty and I have had a five-day trip to Atlantic City, New Jersey. All of my life I've heard of the fabulous Atlantic City, but this was the first time either of us had been there. It is a resort city stretching along the south New Jersey shore for several miles. In some ways it is like a small Miami — not as extravagantly wealthy as Miami, not as large, and not as beautiful — with dozens and dozens of big hotels right on the beach.

I know that you have seen pictures of the famous Board Walk running for miles and miles along the beach, and I can tell you that it is actually like the pictures you have seen. I did not expect to find it quite as nice as it really is, and both Betty and I were delighted at the size and quality of the beach. You know, we have so many good beaches here in New England that we are quite critical of beaches anywhere. The one at Atlantic City can pass our most demanding tests for quality.

At this time of the year most of the big hotels there are closed, and the few that are open are catering to the conference business. We were there to attend a conference of our United Church of Christ. We were inspired by the many fine speeches and sermons we heard, and it was a joy to meet many of our old friends from all over this country, including Honolulu. We were in meetings of one kind or another from breakfast until late in the evening.

Our hotel room overlooked the ocean, and each morning we were there the sunrises were simply magnificent. I have never seen a sunrise look more like a sunset — deep reds and purples across the horizon for miles and miles. We could see the big ocean liners going toward or away from New York City on the South American routes. On two different days we saw more sea birds than we had ever before seen at one time. Literally thousands of gulls and smaller birds of many species were congregating on the water just off our hotel, and one afternoon they came up onto the beach by the hundreds. We couldn't see what had brought them there, for they did not seem to be feeding. We finally decided that their congregating like that was a sign of an approaching storm.

Down in Rhode Island in the summertime we always know there is going to be a storm by the way the gulls leave



Here is the new granddaughter, Heather Watkins, Aunt Jessie Shambaugh welcomed in California this winter. She is lovingly held by her sister Wendy.

the sea and fly inland. One night several years ago we were listening to a radio weather forecaster telling of the promise of good weather when I happened to look out the window and saw several sea gulls winging their way in over the lake. "Oh, no!", I said to the family, "we are going to get a storm! Just see the gulls out there on the lake." And sure enough, we did get a near hurricane. Ever since we have believed in the gulls as weather prophets.

Here in Springfield we had the good fortune of being on the list of cities that the cardinals chose as wintering spots. You know, the cardinals deserted New England some years ago, and only recently have they been coming back to us. Last winter a few stayed over instead of going South, and this year we had a few more. One handsome couple lived all winter in a tree near our house. How we did love to hear them sing in the morning, and after ever heavy winter storm we would wait impatiently to learn whether or not they had survived and were still with us. I don't know how it is out where you are, but here in Massachusetts a big effort has been made to get people to feed the birds in the wintertime. We get to see more of the birds than some others in the city because of our nearness to the park.

It is interesting to me how we keep thinking of ourselves as being good Massachusetts citizens with all the characteristics that normally are identified with such, when all of the time we live just a mile from the Connecticut state line. I have many church members who live in Connecticut and who drive into Massachusetts each

Sunday to attend church. Both states are beautiful states, inhabited with wonderfully friendly and gracious people, and I could be happy as a citizen of either. Through the park and over the hills a piece is a new state penitentiary for Connecticut, and one of these days I am going to pay it a visit. From pictures I've seen of it, the visit will be most worthwhile.

Just a few blocks from our house is a large prison that I drive by everyday. It is right down on the river bank, and I am so used to seeing it as I drive to and from the city each day that I forget the great quantity of human misery it contains. It is an old prison with dimly lighted cell blocks and a reputation for severity. My only personal contact with it is the occasional request I get to help some family whose breadwinner is incarcerated there.

Springfield is having a big urban renewal project in what used to be the worst slum section of the city. All that has been done to date is to knock down the old buildings. None of the new ones have been constructed. When I drive through that section of the city it is just as though I am driving through London after the war. For blocks and blocks it looks as though there had been a big bombing raid with hundreds of buildings destroyed. How fascinating it will be to see the new buildings go up! Our Metropolitan YMCA is planning to build a big structure there, and just today I learned that we are to have a new post office in that area.

Of course, whenever a slum section is torn down, there must be some arrangement made to house the people evicted from their dwellings. I have had to sit on several committees dealing with this problem, and know how difficult it is. We are in the process of building some large low-rent apartment houses in another section of the city, but many of the people do not want to live there. Until we can get some new government housing projects in the very areas where these slum dwellers used to live, we are going to have our problems.

I am the Vice President of a large Rescue Mission which takes care of the down-and-out male citizens of our town. On a cold night we may have as many as 100 men spending the night at the Rescue Mission. We give the men a bed and one meal free of charge each week, but for the other nights they stay at the Mission they must pay. Actually, the Welfare Department has to pay for most of them, but since I am

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## THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS ARE VERY BUSY WITH COMMUNITY AFFAIRS

Dear Friends:

My morning run to deliver the children to school is completed, and as Adrienne and I unbuckled our seat belts, I noticed how unbelievably dirty the inside of the car was — once again! I have tried vacuuming the car with the household vacuum, but it is so large and awkward that I gave that up as impractical. I've used a hand whisk broom, but these cars are built with such a drop down to the floor that it is impossible to sweep much up-and-out. I've taken the car through the new automatic car wash shops, but this doesn't last long, either. I guess we'll have to take one more deep breath and hope the last remains of winter slush and mud will soon be over.

Don has been attending a series of interesting meetings as the result of his appointment to a citizens' committee from our city of New Berlin to study and recommend solutions to the city's number one problem — school building needs. Last year's election on a proposed \$2,000,000 bond issue for the construction of a junior high school was soundly defeated. The school board then resorted to this committee of citizens to study the needs and arrive at some compromise suggestions. No small task, I might add.

Monday evenings for months have been devoted to this study, and their report will soon be due. The possibility of a new junior high by September 1964 is now out of the question, of course, and already there are more students than facilities. It will be interesting to see how the town will accept the proposals made by this group.

This move by our elected school board in appointing the committee seemed inspired to me. It is as if they said, "Since you did not accept the recommendations we made after nearly a year of study, we suggest that you propose an acceptable solution to this thorny problem". It seems good to appoint citizens to study civic problems and acquaint themselves with the disposition of their tax dollars. Too many people prefer to sit back and allow others to do their thinking, forgetting that the decisions of our elected officials concern each of us personally. Most meetings of the various town committees are open to the public, but too few are interested enough to attend.

My once-a-month meeting of the Scholarship Committee of New Berlin



Out come the raincoats for Katharine and Paul, children of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier. If they don't look too happy about the weather, it is because they'll miss going outdoors for recess.

is beginning the task of reading and weighing the various applications from the senior class. Various individuals and civic organizations have made generous contributions, and we now have \$2000 in the fund. This is a good start, but since these awards are made in one-year terms, we'll have to begin anew our search for donors as soon as this year's awards are presented.

As volunteer worker for our political party, and because this is an important year in the national election picture, I've kept the typewriter warm addressing meeting notices to the paid members in our ward. Our particular part of Waukesha County, Wisconsin, will elect a new congressman this year. I really mean *new*, too, because the district boundary was changed, and at present we have no elected representative in Washington. Our local club has invited the men who are running in the primary (held in May in Wisconsin) to speak to our group. These meetings are always open to the public, giving them an opportunity to hear all candidates' views on affairs that so affect our

### FROM LITTLE IDEAS . . . BIG PROJECTS HAVE GROWN

If you think you can't do very much and that little is of no value, think on these things:

A teakettle whistling on a stove was the beginning of the steam engine.

A spider web strung across a garden path suggested the suspension bridge.

A lantern swinging in a tower was the beginning of a pendulum.

An apple falling from a tree caused the discovery of the law of gravitation.

lives. Disappointingly enough, few come. This reminds me of Edmund Burke's oft-quoted statement: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

Yesterday, Sunday, was a totally fun day for our family. The adult choir which Don was invited to join sings at the 11 o'clock service, so we have switched the children from the 9:15 Sunday school classes to the later classes so that we can attend services with Don. This part of the day completed, we headed north to a suburb where the children would take part in their Children of the American Revolution meeting.

The meeting, itself, is run entirely by the children. A girl of fifteen conducts the meeting, and one of the children prepares a secretary's report. In this way they are learning the basics of conducting a meeting according to Roberts' *Rules of Order*. (This may strike you as unimportant, but I certainly wish that I had been exposed to some such training before I was called upon to give a report at a high school club meeting!) There still remains much behind-the-scene adult preparation.

Because C.A.R. is an organization devoted to teaching youngsters to understand their heritage, and hence appreciate their freedoms, I, as program chairman, had lined up a program appropriate to February. We secured as speaker Sumner Kernan, an off Broadway dancer, singer, and producer, who came to Milwaukee three years ago. He read Walt Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd", and "O Captain! My Captain!" He described the assassination of Lincoln against a background of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and the soft roll of drums.

He calls it his *Poetry Is Fun Program*. He demonstrated, with a delightful potpourri of verse, how we grow up with poetry from the earliest lullabies and comic verse to the wonders of Whitman. The children sat completely enchanted for 45 minutes. (This delighted me, naturally. What program chairman doesn't encounter moments of doubt about her selection for a meeting?)

As I look this over, it seems that in an attempt to tell you what we've been doing these long, cold days, I have succeeded mostly in doing what a friend of mine once described as, "He tooteth best who tooteth his own horn." If it sounds so to you, I do apologize, because such wasn't my intent at all.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*



## WE AREN'T SO MODERN

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Those of us who live in 1964 feel we are extremely modern in outlook, habit and practice. Television and radio bring important visitors into our presence. Book club selections and encyclopedias line our shelves with material with which to develop the mind. Tickets are sold to civic music programs and bustling Thespians plan little theater performances. Talent programs are produced on local and national levels. Supervised recreation and story hours are planned for children. Young people attend summer camps where physical fitness, nature appreciation and religious values are stressed. Conferences and retreats for adults give inspiration. One status symbol is the camper's tent or trailer. And pitching a tent beside others creates new friends in large numbers.

Did you know that every one of these facets of life, which we find so stimulating today, were included in a one-package program which swept across the United States like a prairie fire between 1880 and 1920, finally sputtering to a conclusion in 1930?

It all started in a most unpretentious manner. In 1874, a church group in Chautauqua, New York, planned a training session for Sunday school teachers. It was so popular that the following year the teachers who could not return and brought their families. Hotels filled up. Available rooms were rented. As the years passed and attendance grew, tents were set up to accommodate more visitors. Children's organized activities were added and secular and entertaining programs augmented the religious teaching. Reading and study groups were developed and plans taken home for year-around neighborhood meetings.

Such a popular movement was bound to grow, and soon it spread across the country. With it went the identifying name, "Chautauqua". At first, only the communities with permanent auditoriums could be served. Later, the idea of carrying a large meeting tent and providing smaller tents with camping equipment for rent created a moveable, self-contained unit. Now the smaller towns, if they desired, could also participate.

The Chautauqua came to many a Midwest community. The town would create an association, usually spearheaded by the ministers. This group sold tickets and guaranteed the success of the project. The quality of talent the community received depended



This scene took place in the Sidney, Iowa, city park in 1904. The large Chautauqua tent held over 2,500 people.

entirely on the amount of money raised!

The notable, the flamboyant, the religious, the musical, the artistic, the novel and the crusaders marched across the nation to appear in impressive numbers. The small community of Sidney, Iowa, had its share of headliners from the beginning of its annual Chautauqua in 1901. In the year 1904 (as reported by the local newspaper, *The Fremont County Herald*) musical numbers were presented by the Dunbar Male Quartette and Bell Ringers, and the Bryon Troubadours. Robert McIntyre, a native of Scotland, was advertised as a *Bricklayer-Preacher*. Alton Packard was an attraction of *sterling worth and unusual success, a humorist, artist, clever cartoonist, chalk talker, singer, reciter and fun maker!* Laurant, the magician, was touted as the most *novel, artistic and marvelous* attraction. His performance that summer included "The Palace of Mystery", "A Night in India", and "Magic of the Dark Ages"!

Besides these interesting personalities were: D. W. Robertson with Edison's Projectoscope showing *illustrated songs and real moving pictures*. "The Life of Christ", "The Great Train Robbery", and "Uncle Tom's Cabin", were three of the films projected. Honorable Lou J. Beauchamp was billed as the Laughing Philosopher who lectured from a wealth of experience including *childhood among the Indians and millions of miles of travel and adventure from the Palaces of Kings to Underground Dens of Heathen Criminals!*

When Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, hero of the Merrimac whose *capture, imprisonment and release* was "known to all", arrived in Sidney, the local band escorted him to the city park where an enthusiastic crowd waved flags in greeting.

The Sidney city park had been meticulously groomed by volunteer workers

for the ten-day session. The *Herald* advised that the grounds were *thoroughly cleaned* and nature's *carpet of green underfoot with boughs of shading trees overhead* made the "college in the woods" a perfect place to pitch a tent. *Excellent water* was available for humans and horses. A grocery store had a stand located in a convenient place for those who camped for the ten days and wanted to buy food supplies. Travis' dining tent, *screened and furnished with tables and chairs*, was prepared for those who wished to eat on the grounds.

Children's programs were the delight of the small fry. A Junior Supervisor (a college girl using the opportunity for summer employment) planned the morning play hours, staged relays and races, supervised nature hikes, arranged story hours and trained the youngsters in an elaborate, costumed pageant which was staged the final evening of the session. The emphasis of the children's work, according to the advertisement, included *honor, fairness, courage, clean living and physical fitness*.

Chautauqua gradually gave way to the motor car, the radio and the movies, but its glamour is still with us. Even now, revivals of those exciting days are being re-enacted. The Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Old Thresher's Reunion (see Nov. 1963 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* for a report of this event) held the first such program in their history last September 4th and 5th. Their authentic program under a spreading canvas tent included *Kryl's band* playing the "Anvil Chorus" (the local high school band), bell ringers, music, drama, religious studies and lectures. The Dawson family of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, exemplified the *Jubilee Singers*. Speakers who had really trod the Chautauqua boards, such as Edward Wright, presented humorous and dramatic speeches.

No, Chautauqua is not dead. It lives in Chautauqua, New York, where the program continues. It thrives in the University it created from the original literary classes, now supervised by the New York City College. It has grown in the continued emphasis on local book study clubs. It continues in the modern versions of the same type of fine programs and recreation which were developed to fill the needs of a people in the "horse-and-buggy days", but which come to us now through the modern miracles of the electronic tubes.

Take out your handkerchiefs, wherever you are, and join me in the Chautauqua salute. Wave them high in the air to honor a real American tradition.



**ASPARAGUS SUPREME**

This recipe was tested with frozen asparagus, but I suggest that you use fresh asparagus when it comes in season.

- 2 boxes frozen asparagus
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 4 Tbls. bread crumbs
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley

Cook the asparagus in salted water to which the sugar is added. Brown the crumbs in melted butter. Butter a casserole and spoon into it half of the sour cream. Sprinkle the cream with 1 Tbls. of the buttered crumbs. Arrange asparagus in an even layer and then top with remaining cream and crumbs. Sprinkle with paprika and parsley. Bake at 375 degrees for about 15 minutes, or until brown.

Serve this when you want a rich vegetable dish on your menu.

—Margery

**GLITTERING BAR COOKIES**

- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 lb. brown sugar
- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 lb. candy orange slices or gumdrops
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cut the orange slices or gumdrops into small pieces (use scissors dipped in cold water). Sift the flour and salt together and mix with the gumdrops and the nuts. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Spread into a well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees about 45 minutes. Remove from the oven, sprinkle powdered sugar over the top, and let cool in the pan. Cut into bars.

These make a wonderful cookie. They are colorful and taste very, very good!

**GOLDEN FLECKED SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 (3oz.) pkg. cream cheese (room temperature)
- 50 miniature marshmallows
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup finely grated carrots
- 1/2 cup chopped pecan meats
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in water; add cheese, flavorings and marshmallows. Stir until slightly thickened. Add crushed pineapple, grated carrots, pecan meats. Fold in whipped cream, or substitute 1/2 package commercial whip. Let set in 9-inch square pan until firm.

**HACIENDA HAMBURGER**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup diced American cheese
- 3/4 cup ripe olives, cut in big chunks
- 2 cups wide noodles, uncooked
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 1 cup water

Brown meat lightly in skillet. Add remaining ingredients. Stir. Cover tightly and bring mixture to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 20 to 30 minutes. Stir occasionally and add a little liquid if needed to prevent sticking.

**RASPBERRY FRUIT DRESSING**

- 2 Tbls. vanilla ice cream or ice milk
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Combine all the ingredients. Refrigerate until time to serve. Arrange various kinds of fresh and canned fruits on a salad plate. Top with the raspberry fruit dressing. This makes enough to use on two or three salads, but it may be increased to any amount you desire.

**UNUSUAL BAKED BEANS**

- 2 No. 2 1/2 cans pork and beans
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. instant coffee (dry measurement)
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 small onion, minced
- 4 to 6 strips of bacon

Cut 3 or 4 strips of bacon into small pieces. Fry out and add the minced onion and cook until tender. Combine the brown sugar, mustard, instant coffee and water in a small saucepan. Bring to a boil and stir to dissolve.

Put one can of the pork and beans in casserole; spoon the onion and bacon over them. Put the second can of beans on top of the onion and bacon layer. Pour the coffee mixture over all, but *do not stir*. Place 2 raw bacon strips over the top. Bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees, or until the beans are all bubbly and the bacon strips cooked through.

This is excellent to put in the oven with a roast which needs a low cooking temperature.

**FLORIDA LEMON-ORANGE CAKE**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk

Cream together shortening and sugar until mixture is like whipped cream. Add flavorings and well-beaten eggs. Sift together all dry ingredients and add alternately with the buttermilk. Turn into two 9-inch layer cake pans and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 30 minutes.

Use Lemon Filling between layers, and cover top and sides with boiled white frosting. An unusually delicate flavored, tender and refreshing-tasting cake.

*Lemon Filling:* Mix together 2 Tbls. cornstarch and 1/2 cup sugar; add 1/2 cup cold water and 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Cook in heavy pan over low heat, stirring constantly. Will get very thick quickly. Then add 1 Tbls. butter. Beat together 1 egg yolk, 3 Tbls. lemon juice and add to first mixture. Cook two more minutes, stirring briskly. Cool and then spread between layers.

This is an especially good cake.



**DOROTHY'S MINCE-CUSTARD PIE**

- 1 unbaked pie shell
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup mincemeat

Blend the dry ingredients and slowly add to the slightly beaten eggs. Add the flavorings and mincemeat and mix well. Pour into the pie shell and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake 30 minutes.

**BAKED PORK CHOPS**

- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 3/4 cup water
- Pork chops
- Salt and pepper

Salt and pepper the chops and put in a shallow pan. Combine brown sugar, catsup and water. Spoon over the chops. Bake at 350 degrees. Cover for the first half of the baking time (aluminum foil works nicely if the pan you use does not have a lid). Uncover for last half of baking time, turning the chops at least once. The thickness of the chops makes a difference in the time needed. A total of one hour is usual for thin chops. Increase the time another 30 minutes or more if needed for thick chops. When you think the meat is done, take out one chop and cut into the center to see if the meat is cooked through. It is essential that pork be *completely done* before eating!

This is such a simple way to prepare an exceptionally tasty meat. Tuck potatoes in the oven to bake, prepare a vegetable casserole and a tossed salad, add a baked custard and you'll have an excellent meal.

**ZIPPY GLAZED CARROTS**

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 cups sliced carrots, cooked and drained
- 1 Tbls. parsley, cut

Melt butter in skillet. Stir in brown sugar, mustard, flavoring and salt. Add cooked carrots; heat, stirring constantly, until carrots are nicely glazed, about 5 minutes. Sprinkle with the snipped parsley. Makes 4 servings.

**GLORIFIED RICE**

- 2 cups cooked rice, chilled to room temperature
  - 2 Tbls. sugar
  - Dash of salt
  - 1 can crushed pineapple (medium size)
  - 16 halved marshmallows
  - 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Mix together the rice, sugar, salt, pineapple and marshmallows. Fold in the whipped cream and chill. Serves 6.
- This is a good recipe in which to use the Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener in place of sugar.

**CLUB CHERRY DESSERT**

- 30 graham crackers, crushed
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cans pie cherries (or 1 quart home-canned cherries)
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 5 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- A few drops red food coloring
- 5 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar

Crush the graham crackers and combine with the 3/4 cup sugar, cinnamon, melted butter or margarine, and the butter flavoring. Reserve about 1/4 of this mixture to use on top; pat the rest into a 9- by 13-inch baking pan, or into two 9-inch pie pans.

Empty the pie cherries, juice and all, into a heavy saucepan. Mix in the 1 1/2 cups sugar, cornstarch, flavorings and food coloring. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Cool while you make the meringue.

Beat the egg whites and cream of tartar together until moist peaks form. Continue beating and add the 1 cup of sugar, a tablespoon at a time, until all is beaten in and the meringue is stiff. Spoon the cherry filling over the graham cracker crust. Top with the meringue, sealing the edges. Sprinkle the reserved crumb mixture over the top. Bake for 35 minutes in a 275 degree oven for a very delicious and beautiful dessert. This will cut into 12 to 15 generous servings and is excellent for club or church refreshments.

This recipe was given many years ago on *Kitchen-Klatter* but we have improved it with the fine new flavorings which we have developed since then. Do try it.

**UNUSUAL BAKED CORN CASSEROLE**

- 1 small onion, minced
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups whole-kernel corn, drained

Cook onion in butter for 5 minutes. Blend in flour, sugar and seasonings. Add milk and cook, stirring, until thickened. Gradually stir mixture into eggs. Add corn and mix well. Pour into 9-inch shallow pan. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 45 minutes, or until firm.

**CHERRY BARS**

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1/2 cup chopped nuts  
1/2 cup coconut  
1/2 cup maraschino cherries, cut fine

Combine first three ingredients and pat in a 9-inch square pan. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 minutes. Beat eggs; add sugar, flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together. Add flavorings and stir in nuts, coconut and cherries. Spread over first baked layer and return to oven and bake another 25 minutes. Cool and cut in bars.

**RASPBERRY TOPPING**

- 1 box raspberry gelatin
- 1 box frozen raspberries
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in the hot water. Stir in the frozen raspberries and the raspberry flavoring. Stir until the raspberries are thawed. Refrigerate until ready to use as a topping for ice cream, angel food or white cake. Using the full two cups of water plus the added juice from the frozen raspberries gives this just the right consistency for a sauce. Try it with different flavors of gelatin, frozen fruits and Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings.



**PEANUT BUTTER CUPCAKES**

- 1/3 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup milk

Beat the butter until soft and gradually beat in the 1 cup of brown sugar. Beat until light and fluffy, and then beat in the peanut butter. Combine the 2 eggs and the 1/2 cup brown sugar. Add the flavorings. Sift and measure out the flour and then resift with the salt and baking powder. Beat the egg mixture into the butter mixture. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Bake at 350 degrees in paper-lined muffin pans for 25 minutes. This will make about 20 cupcakes.

A simple powdered sugar-butter icing flavored with Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring is delicious on these cupcakes.

**NO-KNEAD YEAST BREAD**

- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 1/4 cup very warm water
- 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 egg

Scald the milk. Add sugar, salt and shortening and stir to dissolve. Pour into a mixing bowl and cool to lukewarm. While the milk cools, sprinkle the active dry yeast into very warm water; stir until dissolved. Add two cups of the flour to the cooled milk. Mix well, then beat until smooth. Stir in the dissolved yeast. Add egg and beat until smooth, about 2 minutes. Scrape the batter down from side of bowl, cover, and let rise until doubled. Stir it down and turn batter into a greased loaf pan. Let rise again until doubled. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes. Turn out onto a rack to cool.

You'll enjoy this bread just as it is given here, but it is also delicious with variations such as raisins with Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring added, or cinnamon and sugar with Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring, or dates with the addition of Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. Try them all!

**EXCELLENT PIE CRUST MIX**

- 6 cups flour
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 cups shortening (1lb.)
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder together in a bowl. (The flour need not be sifted first if you stir it well to loosen it.) Cut in the shortening. Cover and, if lard is used for the shortening, store in the refrigerator. If vegetable shortening is used, it may be stored on the cupboard shelf.

For each pie crust, combine 2 cups of the pie crust mix with 5 Tbls. water, or enough water to moisten.

This is so easy to make and store the recipe could easily be doubled if you make pies frequently. Or, if you like to make up a big batch of pie crust to freeze, make up the entire amount into the completed crusts and shape into individual pie pans (the aluminum ones are excellent) or shape into rounds the size for a pie pan, separate with waxed paper or freezer paper, lay on a cookie sheet in the freezer until frozen and slip the entire number into a large plastic bag. The frozen round can be slipped out of the bag as needed. It thaws in about 5 or 10 minutes. Lay the frozen circle on top of a pie pan and it will drop into the center as it thaws.

**DELICIOUS ESCALLOPED CHICKEN OR TURKEY**

- 8 slices bread
- 2 cups cut up chicken or turkey
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups milk
- Salt and pepper
- 1 can mushroom soup
- Cheese (cheddar is especially good in this recipe)

Take 4 slices of the bread and break into a 10x14-inch pan. Mix chicken, celery, onion and salad dressing together and spread on top of bread. Break up the other 4 slices of bread and put on top of mixture; add a little salt and pepper. Beat 3 eggs and 3 cups of milk together and pour over the bread. Cover with foil and place in refrigerator overnight. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Remove from oven, cover with a can of mushroom soup and dot with cheese. Return to oven for 15 minutes. Serves 14 to 15.

**ORANGE SALAD**

- 1 head lettuce
- 3 slices bacon
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup chopped green onions
- 4 medium oranges, peeled and cut into bite-size pieces
- 1/4 lb. swiss cheese, cut shoestring style

Tear lettuce into pieces and place in salad bowl. Fry bacon until crisp. Remove bacon from skillet. Stir lemon juice, sugar, salt and onion into bacon drippings and heat thoroughly. Just before serving, add hot dressing, bacon, orange pieces and cheese to lettuce. Toss lightly together and serve immediately.

**IN-THE-OVEN STEW**

- 2 lbs. cubed stewing beef
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can water
- 1 pkg. dry onion soup mix

Combine the soups and the water. Put the meat in a large casserole and pour the liquid mixture over it. Cover tightly. Bake at 325 degrees for 3 hours. Do not peek! Be sure the casserole is large enough to keep the bubbling juices from boiling over. This makes a fine amount of gravy. Serve over hot fluffy rice, mashed potatoes, Chinese noodles or hot toast. It is excellent to prepare on Sunday while you attend church and church school or for busy days.

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



## No Trip This Year

by

Irma Banks Bennett

Last night, I opened my favorite magazine and discovered something shocking. The gremlins are at it again!

Every year about this time, my husband and I come to a quiet, sane, unhurried conclusion. All this talk about good old Benjamin Franklin and his good old thrift begins to worm its way into our thoughts. We begin to make all kinds of grandiose resolutions, all for the betterment of the Bank Account of the Future.

This year — this year, we are made of sterner stuff. This year we will not go traipsing off on a vacation. We will not be lured away by visions of snow-capped mountains. No mysterious ghost town is going to whisper a secret invitation into our sober ears.

What if there is only one real rain forest remaining in our country? It will be there for a long time.

We'll save our pennies and then we can go anywhere. We'll even have time to walk some of the old pioneer trails. Maybe, someday, we could take an entire summer. I'll bet we could walk the Appalachian Trail if we had plenty of time!

No, sir! This summer, we are STAYING AT HOME!

It was fun, scraping together enough money to go to Colorado by bus that year we didn't have a car. Remember our first glimpse of the mountains, and how we kept squeezing our eyes shut, trying to see them? In the moonlight they looked just like clouds. Remember the mining engineer who fooled all of us with the welding compound? It looked more like gold than the real thing! It was fun seeing the gold camps Uncle Cliff used to talk about. Remember the cherry cider they make in Colorado?

We have plenty of places to think about without going anywhere. We can think about the blue mists rising in the Smokies and the laurel and rhododendron blooming by the roadside.

We can close our eyes and see the Cumberland Gap again and the dark, steep mountains where our own people once walked into a new and terrifying life.

We can think about Thomas Wolfe's own Asheville, and laugh about the wonderful fellow in Chattanooga who could flip two eggs over at once, and the sign over the garage in Tennessee, which read, "Fraud and Skinum".

We can think about going back to see the "Hermitage" the second time because we loved it so much. And we can think about the carts in Nashville

with the oranges piled in such perfect pyramids.

Remember the cairn in Wyoming for "Old Blue, the best cutting horse that ever lived"? And what about the conversation we had with the customs inspector on the way back from Canada? Surely we couldn't find another place as pretty as Grand Marais, nor water as blue as Lake Superior!

No, we can spend our vacation just thinking about places we have seen.

We have made up our minds. No wild horses could drag us to look at their island of dunes and storms and to contemplate their skeletoned wrecks. We no longer have our "itching feet". The gremlins can't tempt us.

I see another new magazine came today.

"Dear, haven't you always wanted to see the coast of Maine?"



*this is the  
thanks  
you get*

### "YOU'RE THE BEST COOK IN THE WORLD!"

Isn't that worth every bit of bother it took of fill that cooky jar? And aren't you glad you were extra-careful in the baking — and in the selection of the ingredients that went into those cookies?

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THE RECORD ROOM  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



The Junior-Senior Prom ranks "tops" on the thrill list of most teen-agers. No effort is too great, no plan too elaborate for these energetic youngsters to tackle when their turn comes on the prom committee!

Here we offer some "starter" ideas for this momentous event, knowing imagination and enthusiasm will take over from here.

**Around the World in Eighty Days** (or in - - - hours, however long your prom lasts): This is a theme keyed to the speed of modern transportation to every part of the globe. Here the glamour and allure of the Orient, the South Pacific, the Riviera, Paris, Hawaii, Morrocco, give the imagination full sway.

Huge travel posters, Japanese parasols, Hawaiian leis, tropical palm trees, pagodas, volcanoes, igloos — when it comes to decoration possibilities the world is your limit!

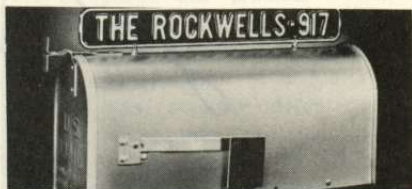
Let the entertainment take on an international flavor in song and dance numbers in costumes of far away places. Waitresses, doormen, and other key persons should be in costume, each representing a different country.

At the Soda Fountain can be a gay colorful prom with a peppermint stick "flavor", as you use red and white, or strawberry pink colors, and add some of the old-fashioned white ice cream tables and chairs for special effect.

If small tables are used, each one might have a white net cover over a red cloth. "Candy canes" cut from a striped fabric can be glued to the net skirt. Centerpieces for the tables could be imitations of giant ice cream sodas.

Musical notes and records, typical of the "juke box" crowd, would work in splendidly with this soda fountain theme.

**How the West Was Won** might not seem such a glamorous theme at first thought, yet it offers great possibilities for decorations that could be very picturesque — the chuck wagon, stage coach, the corral, tumbleweed, cacti, and sagebrush in addition to all the cowpuncher's regalia and equipment, to mention a few. The beautiful "squaw cloth" skirts and dresses would be beautiful for the waitresses to wear at such a banquet. Cowbells ringing, spurs a-jingling — doesn't it sound interesting?



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Dorothy Driftmier Johnson  
Route 1, Lucas, Iowa

The man who is all wrapped up in himself always finds fault with his surroundings.

### FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

Chairman of the Board of Welfare, I'm involved on that end of things, too. How grateful we are for this Rescue Mission, for if we did not have it, there would be no place but the jail for some of the derelicts. Most of them are the victims of alcohol and ignorance.

Betty has just been made a member of the Board of Directors of Chestnut Knoll, a beautiful home for aged women. It is an aristocratic colonial structure set amidst lovely gardens and trees behind an iron fence. The ladies who live there have nice private rooms, comfortable parlors, a big dining room where excellent food is served, and in case of illness, they have their own nursing home right on the grounds. Several of the ladies living at Chestnut Knoll are members of our church, and we are so happy that Betty will now be able to serve them in her new position on the Board of Directors.

No one is more aware of the problem of aging than is a minister. In the course of a single week I call on several aged people whose futures are

quite bleak. How I do wish that more of our aged people would take advantage of some of our fine homes for the aged. Once admitted to such a home, they are without another care — no more housecleaning to do, no more meals to cook, no more lawns to mow or walks to clear of snow.

When you read this Easter will be behind us and the summer ahead of us, and those of us in the church can take a new lease on life. Easter always does do something great for my soul. Sometimes I think that I just exist from one Easter to the next, always needing and always wanting the new surge of faith Easter brings. When I think of all the Christian Church has meant to the world, I include among its two greatest contributions the gifts of Christmas and Easter. How different our Western World would be without those two great days with all that they bring in the way of new hope and new joy. Whatever joy you felt this Easter, I hope it continues with you until next Christmas.

Sincerely,  
Frederick





## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

*Reading Is the Key* is the slogan for National Library Week (April 12-18). Yes, reading is the key if you wish to . . .

become better acquainted with our bird friends through Roger Tory Peterson's description of the species in *A Field Guide to the Birds*, with Eastern and Western editions.

commune with nature in Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*, with the message that man should simplify his life.

read of the inspiring work of Dr. Mary Verghese, who dedicated her life to God's work, in *Take My Hands*.

smile and weep with Suzanne, Bess Streeter Aldrich's beloved heroine in *Song of Years*, and become enthralled once again with her wonderful *Mother Mason, A Lantern in Her Hand*, and others — they deserve a whole column!

Did you ever think of the value of a library card? Through this card we can bring to our homes books worth thousands of dollars, certainly more than most people could afford to buy.

The aim of the library is to arouse our curiosity and provide books and materials for learning. All ages can seek knowledge. Perhaps your interest is non-fiction, or novels, or great works of literature, or hobby information, how-to ideas, or the proper etiquette, or reference material. It's all there.

Many libraries have paintings for loan by such artists as Rembrandt and Van Gogh. For a small charge the prints can be enjoyed in the home for a certain period of time. This service has stimulated art interest, as has the loaning of musical recordings aroused interest in opera, symphonies, and musical comedy favorites.

Under special services, blind persons can get books in Braille or special phonograph recordings called "talking books". Thirty libraries throughout the United States, selected by the Library of Congress, serve as lending centers. Your own library could provide you with the name of the proper distributing library for your region.

The Carnegie Free Public Library at "ye old home town" has been a constant source of pleasure to all who enter its doors. My nostalgic memories include the gracious librarian who taught me that an interesting book is a fine companion. What a rewarding life to present programs to study groups, look up countless reference

material, interest hundreds in reading, and help build a fine library.

Now, after 51 years of dedicated service, her motto in retirement could easily be:

*Books are a finer world within a world.*



## SINGING WORDS

A poet needs a quiet time  
To find the words that sing;  
An artist needs some quiet hours  
To paint the rainbow tints of spring.  
The one may sing, the other paint,  
Then learn to blend their works of art.  
While beauty guides the painter's brush  
The poet's song must reach the heart.

— Emma D. Babcock



# Oh! that Bleach!

Chances are, this young lady is "oh-ing that bleach" for one of two reasons:

It wasn't powerful enough to remove dingy grayness, or it was so harsh and strong it ruined the garment it bleached.

It used to be that those were the only two choices in bleaches: too mild or too strong. Then **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** came along! Hard-working enough to remove even stubborn stains, yet so gentle even dainty synthetics could be safely bleached. White things now bleach whiter, and colors stay fresh and new-looking an unbelievable time.

So don't "oh! that bleach!" Just pick up **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable, in

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

If the weather is the least bit co-operative, one can accomplish a great many garden tasks this month.

Check the perennial beds for winter-kill and remove mulch gradually from the more tender plants. Some are late sleepers such as platycodons and baptisia, and their planting sites should not be disturbed until really warm days arrive and they have had a chance to wake up and grow. Plant deciduous trees, shrubs and dormant roses this month. Late summer- and fall-blooming perennials may be dug and divided now but do not try to divide the spring bloomers, such as bleeding heart, Oriental poppies, painted daisies and columbine, or you will retard their flowering.

If you want a procession of gladiolus blooms over a long season, plant some corms as soon as you can work the ground readily. Three new glads have captured the All-America Award. They are *LaFrance*, *Blue Sapphire*, and *Snowsprite*. All three are available for planting this spring from suppliers across the country at a nominal price per corm.

*LaFrance* is a cool, pure pink of a shade known as "dawn pink". The petal edges are a slightly deeper shade of pink while the center of the flower is a clear creamy white. The intensely ruffled florets, of which 7 to 9 open at once, are of heavy substance with a frosty, glistening texture. This is a fine glad to grow for display at flower shows.

*Blue Sapphire* is a smooth light blue in color with a "cloud puff" throat of the miniature class. It grows about three and one-half feet tall with slender spikes, and round, slightly frilled florets. Six to seven of the 18-20 buds open at once. It is perfect for arranging purposes.

*Snowsprite* is as dainty and lacy as a snowflake. Also in the miniature class, 6 to 7 round, ruffled and recurved florets open at once on willowy, tapering spikes. The color is a sparkling white with a greenish tint in the throat.

*LaFrance* is a creation of Winston Roberts, Boise, Idaho, an internationally known hybridizer. This is his first All-America winner. *Blue Sapphire* and *Snowsprite* are originations of Carl Fisher, St. Charles, Minnesota. These two bring the grand total to eleven All-America winners for this gladiolus specialist.



Pictured are the 1964 All-America Gladiolus Selections. Left to right, they are *Snowsprite*, *LaFrance*, and *Blue Sapphire*.

## APRIL IS AN ARISTOCRAT

by  
Ellen Rebecca Fenn

April is proud, privileged and pre-eminent. She is a busy bee and a lady. She calms the skirts of Mad March; irons out all her corduroy ruffles; patches the almost hopeless rents and rescues the raveled remnants of a multitude of March's sins. She clears the muddy lane, then unrolls her soft-green calico carpet, thus erasing tread-worn imprints left by March's mad-hatter.

April waxes each bud, coaxes out every blossom, lures tulip cups and jonquil saucers for her festive table. Oh, she's an able hostess! In attempting to undo the idiosyncrasies of March, she turns on her electric blanket and dares him to reappear in search of a corner of her throne.

April is staid and dependable. In contrast to March and her ferocious philandering, she is mild and meek. As her charm grows on us, she begins to waltz instead of tangoing, spilling an assortment of teardrops out of an overcrowded apron pocket. She crams more than twenty-four hours into each day as she makes rash promises to kids and kites.

Her coiffure, piled high, leaves room for every nesting bird beside her diamond-studded crown. Yards of eyelet forsythia with scalloped hemline, generously caught with crocus buds, and held modestly into place by yellow daffodils, fashions her sweeping skirt.

April is a Queen! Bewitching, beguiling, pleasant and fashionable. Her warm generosity pulses in the throat as she kisses the cheek of every shrub

and tenders each bud with solicitude.

As she gently shakes the cradle of spring, arousing earth's sleeping beauties, she touches each with her magic wand. It is then her reputation shows through, satin-quilted and a full yard wide.

There is no doubt April reigns supreme! She catches more autographs than any other month of the year!

\*\*\*\*\*

## GARDEN CLUB

They learn the planting time  
For tulips, zinnias, and phlox,  
Anticipating flowering rows  
Along drab city blocks.

Each moment spent to beautify  
A tiny spot of land,  
Creates that sought-for loveliness  
Which Mother Nature planned.

— Gladys Niece Templeton

Have courage for the  
great sorrows of life,  
and patience for the small ones,  
and when you have laboriously  
accomplished your daily task,  
Go to sleep in peace,  
God is awake.

—Unknown.

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**LUCILE'S LETTER - Continued**

last day of Russell's life we had even started to do some preliminary packing, and we had discussed in detail how we wanted to decorate the house . . . just all kinds of details that are involved when you have an old-fashioned Christmas.

At first I thought I simply could not go to New Mexico and most certainly I could not see anyone, but Juliana called me and pleaded with me to join her and to see our dear friends and to have the kind of a Christmas that we had planned for so carefully. By this time I had cancelled all of the plans, so when I started out to get in touch with our friends I didn't really believe that any of them could join us and carry on; but to my surprise I found that not a one of them had made any further plans and consequently we could all be together as we had originally intended.

I don't remember many details about our drive to New Mexico, but I do remember that when we entered the house I was overwhelmed by all that Juliana had done to fix it up. She has inherited her father's wonderful gift for making the most commonplace object interesting and arresting, and even the kitchen had had her full attention. There was a beautiful big tree all decorated in the living room, another one in the dining room, and in my own bedroom there were lovely things that dated back for years and years — things we had brought out every Christmas season.

I think now that it was very wise for Juliana to plead with me to carry through with all of our original plans. Most certainly it was exactly what Russell would have wished, and it was a great comfort to me to be with friends who had understood him and thought of him with deep respect and affection.

After we left New Mexico we (and now by "we" I mean Myrt and I) went up to Denver, and there I had a second session with an orthopedic surgeon who scrutinized all the x-rays most carefully and finally gave me the "go ahead" signal to start the preliminary contacts with the surgical company in Denver. (These people make all kinds of braces and legs and what-have-you.) I had an opportunity to see Abigail, Wayne and the children, and this helped a great deal to dispel the feeling of utter dislocation that assailed me whenever I thought of being in Denver on such a sorry mission without Russell's comfort and support.

You will read this in late March and Spring will be at hand, so perhaps



A lovely arrangement at Lucile's home using three large mums.

these references to Christmas and the first trip to Denver may seem singularly untimely. But I have tried to tell you in some way exactly what happened, and I should go ahead and add that by the time you read this I will have made another trip to Denver and will be back in Iowa again.

It was the dream of Russell's life in his last few months to see me up on my feet again, and the realization that he would have stopped at nothing in the world to make this possible is the deep support I will have to sustain me through the ordeal that lies ahead. It is hard to learn to walk again. There is no easy way, no short cut. It is something that I must simply do — just plain do, and no one in this whole wide world can do it for me. I must do it alone.

I think that things will be easier when I am no longer so helpless physically, and when Spring comes and these dark winter days are behind us. I have found undescribable comfort in getting back to the microphone. It has seemed to me my lifeline with the world, my passport to human companionship and friendship. And when I think of the prayers that have been uttered in Juliana's behalf and in my behalf I feel most humble because I know that countless women have traveled down this road so unspeakably desolate and they have not had the great blessings that have come to me.

We are never prepared for Death. I have read dozens and dozens of letters from women who experienced the same violent shock that I experienced. I have had many, many more letters from women who knew what it was to sit by helplessly for months, for years, while a much loved husband struggled to live — and lost the struggle. These women said: "In spite of all the months to

get prepared, I just wasn't prepared when it happened." No, one is never prepared, one is never ready.

I find the late afternoons and the evenings the hardest. I can get up in the morning and busy myself right away and try to organize my thinking for that particular day. All of the responsibilities that Russell carried have fallen upon me and I have tried my best to concentrate and keep my attention focused on urgent matters at hand. The working day can be managed. But oh! the late afternoon, the twilight, the evening . . . these are hard, hard hours.

My family has stood behind me and been of tremendous help and comfort. Russell's family has stood behind me with letters. His only brother and sister are in California and his aged mother (Continued on next page)

**SPRING HOUSECLEANING****STARTED?**

While you're making slip covers, hemming new curtains, or polishing the silverware, enjoy the daily radio visit

with the **Kitchen-Klatter** family.

Helpful hints — new recipes — family news make up a part of our daily visit with you.

We can be heard Monday thru Saturday over the following stations:

<b>KVSH</b>	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
<b>KHAS</b>	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.
<b>KLIK</b>	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.
<b>KFEQ</b>	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.
<b>KOAM</b>	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
<b>KWPC</b>	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.
<b>KCFI</b>	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
<b>KSMN</b>	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A. M.



**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

is badly crippled with arthritis and cannot venture out from her home in Wisconsin. My friends have been wonderful, truly wonderful. They have kept me going when I hardly knew how to get from one hour to the next. One of my friends who has seen a vast amount of living wrote to me something that I pick up every night just before I turn off the light. She said:

"Life is very pressing and the times will not wait. You have had a marriage

any thinking woman would envy, Lucile, and a long apprenticeship to wisdom. Have faith in yourself."

I wish now, in turn, to pass these words on to those of you who are in the same position. They are very true words, for Life is pressing and the times will not wait.

There were many, many beautiful poems sent to me and I wish I might share them with you, but in concluding this letter I prefer to do something else. Russell and I shared a mutual feeling

for the third chapter of Ecclesiastes and I have turned to it again and again in these recent weeks, but his own great personal feeling was for these magnificent lines from the Gospel according to Saint John, and I wish to copy them and in this way to say good-bye to you and to thank you for all of your incredible kindness and goodness.

*"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*

*The same was in the beginning with God.*

*All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.*

*In him was life, and the life was the light of men.*

*And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.*

*There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.*

*The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the light, that all men through him might believe.*

*He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light.*

*That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.*

*He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.*

*He came unto his own, and his own received him not.*

*But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his Name:*

*Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.*

*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."*

Always your friend -

*P. Lucile*



Don't forget this important grocery-list item! **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** isn't just a kitchen helper; every room (and outside, too) has one job or more that seems to cry for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Bathtubs lose their rings, walls lose their fingerprints, dishes lose their grease when this fast-acting powder goes to work.

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**Does the work!**

### FRIENDSHIP

Time sifts our friendships and our friends

For time alone can be the test;  
And with the passing of the years  
We lose the false and keep the best.

And when beyond the distant hills  
The golden sun of life descends,  
We find God's greatest gift has been  
The love of true and faithful friends.

— Unknown

Wisdom is knowledge that has been cured in the brine of tears.

—Richard Armour



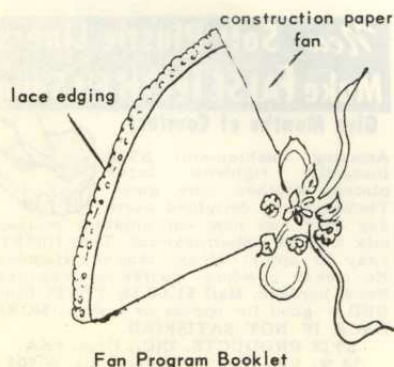
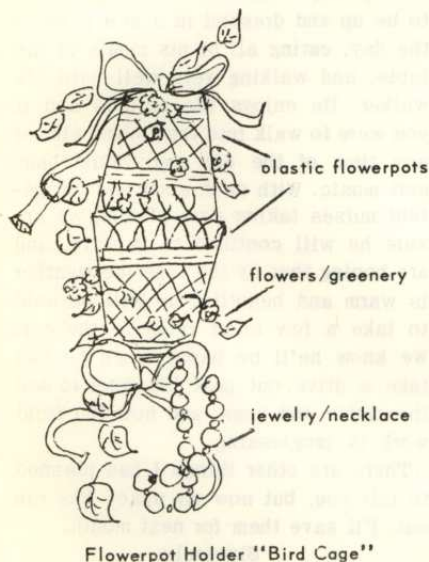
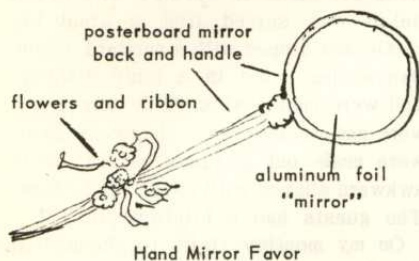
**LOOKING GLASS - Concluded**

show of this sort and not be able to hear a thing that is said!

*Litling music* is a must for a successful fashion show. Organ music seems to be perfect for this, so if no organ is in the auditorium where the show is to be held, perhaps there is an organ dealer near by who will put in an electric organ for the event. He will expect an acknowledgement of the same to be made in the program sheet.

In carrying out the ALICE IN STYLE-LAND idea, it would add to the fun if guests were greeted upon arrival by someone costumed as the Mad Hatter, or some other *Alice in Wonderland* character. Waitresses might wear costumes on this theme, too.

Below are sketches of some of the decorations described in this article.

**HIDDEN NOOK**

I have a secret path called Violet Lane,  
For springtime's blue profusion blossoms there.

It leads me to a mystery domain  
Which almost has a fairylandish air.  
Exotic silence is a backdrop for  
Soft murmur of a tiny waterfall.

Frail ferns grow lush; moss forms a velvet core

Of beauty in a haven shaped to call  
My errant thoughts from vistas far away.  
I need no gypsy yearnings in this nook  
Which holds such loveliness each balmy day

That it competes with choicest story book,

And any bird that trills a melody  
Becomes a warbling fluff of witchery!

— Thelma Allinder

**HELLO, APRIL**

Hello, sweet April,  
Come right in!  
Untie the bow of violets  
Under your chin;  
Slip off your bluebell bonnet;  
Let your sunlit locks fall  
To your shoulders, tell me all  
In your bright bluebird voice  
Where you have been and what you have seen?

I love your frock of fresh grass green  
And your gay robin egg corsage,  
And what do you carry in your hand?  
Is that  
An umbrella?  
I do hear a pitapat  
Of rain on the window  
Oh, dear, must you go?  
Oh, sweet April, I love you so!

— Mildred Bromley Grenier

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## MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

of the pink and gray marble in this magnificent structure, and the sweetness of the carillon bells as they played following the striking of the hour. The selection was "The Old Rugged Cross", and I'm not ashamed to say that I cried. There were many visitors that day, and while the bells were playing, people stopped where they stood, ceased talking, and with bowed heads listened to the hymn. It was a moving experience — one that I'll always remember.

The Cypress Gardens are familiar to most people now because of the popularity of water-skiing. Perhaps you've seen national and international

## COVER STORY

In the Mountain Lake Sanctuary near Lake Wales, Florida, stands magnificent Bok Tower. Many of you who have visited central Florida will recall having seen it. Margery took this picture when she visited this beautiful spot in February.

water-skiing competitions from the Gardens on television. Also, in past years, movies have been made at this scenic attraction. The flowers were blooming profusely, although they had not yet reached their height. Riding in a boat through the lagoons and canals, and later walking along the paths viewing this breath-taking scenery, I

could scarcely believe that I was still in this world!

It would take weeks and weeks to see all that one would like to see in the beautiful state of Florida, and being very limited in the amount of time I could spend, I had to make a choice. There is so much to see along the Atlantic Coast that I wouldn't have had time to see, that I decided it would be best to save that area for the future, and to confine my travels to central Florida. Therefore, I headed back north to visit Silver Springs. Next month I'll tell you about that interesting stop and the trip home.

Sincerely,

Margery



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## DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

first in all sizes of pots and pans, and used all sizes of spoons. The potato salad was served from a great big kettle and dipped with a mustard spoon. Sandwiches were in a large dishpan, and were made using whole slices and were not cut into fancy shapes. Napkins were made out of funny papers cut in awkward shapes with scalloped edges. The guests had a hilarious time."

On my monthly visits to Shenandoah I've been so pleased to see Dad making steady improvement. He is now able to be up and dressed in a suit most of the day, eating all of his meals at the table, and walking very well with his walker. He enjoys his records and if you were to walk into their home almost any time of the day you would hear soft music. With such good and competent nurses taking care of him, we are sure he will continue to improve, and are hoping that by the time the weather is warm and beautiful he will be able to take a few short rides in the car. We know he'll be happy when he can take a drive out past his farm to see the cattle and hogs, and how the field work is progressing.

There are other things I had planned to tell you, but now my space has run out. I'll save them for next month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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FLORAL BEAUTY IN ALL ROSE HISTORY!**

After years of research leading garden experts have finally developed this sensational new variety of rose **SMASHING SCARLET** that explodes with fresh bouquets of the most breathtakingly beautiful giant roses you have ever imagined, each and every day. Not just a mere scattering of puny button size roses, but massive displays of lush, giant roses each flower up to 5 inches across, each and every one a perfectly-formed masterpiece of beauty with velvety rich red petals and a fragrance that competes with the world's most exotic perfumes.

Two weeks from today, how would you like to grow in your very own garden what is undoubtedly the most sensational rose ever introduced in this country. A rose so desperate to bloom that in just **ONE SINGLE SEASON**, it actually produces over 11,000 giant rich red roses. A rose so incredibly prolific that you can take a scissors and snip off 5, 10 even 15 huge bouquets a day and you won't even notice they are missing. Yes, a super-blooming wonder plant that is so magnificent that your friends and neighbors will gasp with awe and astonishment as they watch this amazing plant burst forth each day, day after day, through May-June-July-August-September to give you over 11,000 Giant Red Roses.

**ONE OF THE FASTEST  
GROWING ROSES  
IN THE COUNTRY TODAY!  
SWEEPS ACROSS WALLS  
LIKE WILDFIRE!**

Yes, here is a plant with such amazing blooming power, with such a fantastic rate of growth, that in just a matter of months, it streaks skyward, up and up over trellises, walls, yes, it will actually smother your walls with the most fantastic display of giant red roses ever seen on the face of the earth... **THE SMASHING SCARLET** that can transform your home into the garden showplace of the neighborhood.

**THIS AMAZING ROSE  
IS SO HARDY, SO  
DESPERATE TO BLOOM  
IT ACTUALLY GROWS  
IN SUB-FREEZING  
TEMPERATURES!**

Here is a rose so strong, so hardy, a rose so fantastically robust, in other words a rose so eager to bloom that it can be planted in a sunny spot, good soil, bad soil, and with just a little care it will burst forth into a blaze of scarlet beauty smothered from top to bottom with giant red roses that are actually up to 5 inches across.



Here you see the beautiful **SMASHING SCARLET** (Superior Blaze) in all its crimson glory. Imagine! This living wall of beauty from just one single plant!

**HAVE A VERITABLE  
"ROSE FACTORY"  
RIGHT IN YOUR OWN  
BACK YARD!**

Yes, from just one single rosebush, you can create a floral garden paradise beyond your wildest dreams. With just a few feet of earth you can curtain a whole house wall, or breezeway with masses of roses, windows and doorways can be surrounded with garlands of giant blossoms... splash flaming color from plant root to rooftop. Your roses will sweep over the roofs of any ranch house, trail fountains of rich red roses from one side of your house to

the other... you'll have roses to screen the garage and climb up and over arbors and trellises... enough roses to sweep along fences and surround you in a fairyland of floral enchantment such as you have never dreamed possible.

**PLANT NOW FOR  
LIFETIME BEAUTY**

Plant several 30 feet apart along a fence and unbelievable as it may seem, the roses will meet, interlace and completely frame an average landscape with blazes of living color and beauty. Just one plant could easily transform your garage into a bower of roses. And can

you imagine the cascade of color and bloom when you trail one or two down a formerly hard to plant embankment or bare ugly retaining walls. Garden lovers who have already seen the **SMASHING SCARLET** have proclaimed it a floral miracle of all rose history.

**OUR SUPPLIES ARE  
STRICTLY LIMITED  
YOU MUST ACT NOW!**

Because the demand for this fantastic rose is so great and our supplies are so limited you must act now! If you want your garden to take top honors as the prettiest in town, fill out the no-risk coupon and rush your order today. Avoid being disappointed.

**GIANT BLOOMS UP TO  
5"  
ACROSS**



Illustration is approximately 1/2 the actual size of Smashing Scarlet roses.

**SMASHING  
SCARLET**

America's Most Fantastic  
Ever-Blooming  
Rose Spectacle!

### GUARANTEE

Because we are so sure that this **SMASHING SCARLET** will do all that we say and more each plant comes to you fully backed by this iron-clad 2-way guarantee. Yes, we are so sure that your **SMASHING SCARLET** will literally sweep across your walls like wildfire, climb up and over trellises, yes will actually give you 11,000 giant roses from just one single plant in just one single season, that if upon arrival you are not completely satisfied that here is a truly fine grade 2 year old field grown plant, simply return to us for a full refund... or as a second guarantee we will replace this plant any time within the next 2 years. What more of a guarantee could anyone want?

### MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

**CEDAR LANE NURSERY SALES, INC., DEPT. 120  
133 CEDAR LANE, TEANECK, N. J.**

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find payment in full for the number of Super-Blooming Rose Plants I have checked below. I understand that you fully guarantee each plant to grow and bloom as stated in your ad. I also understand that each rose plant is to be shipped with a complete Money Back Guarantee. If I am not completely satisfied you will refund my money at once, no questions asked.

- ☐ 1 Smashing Scarlet Rose Plant — Only \$2.00
- ☐ 3 Smashing Scarlet Rose Plants — Only \$5.00 (a savings of \$1.00)
- ☐ 7 Smashing Scarlet Rose Plants — Only \$10.00 (a savings of \$4.00)
- ☐ 15 Smashing Scarlet Rose Plants — Only \$20.00 (a savings of \$10.00)
- ☐ GARDENER'S SPECIAL — 40 PLANTS — \$50.00 ppp.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

C.O.D.'s accepted on orders of \$5.00 or more. Enclose \$1.00 deposit.

Because of the high cost of postage we do not recommend C.O.D. orders.