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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This morning I was looking for a certain recipe in a back issue of the magazine, and I came across that lovely little verse on Friendship, in the September issue of last year. As I read it again, I thought how perfectly it expresses my sentiments. I've been privileged to light little lamps of friendship in many places, from Massachusetts to California, and I do try to keep them from rusting, as it says in the little poem. That is why it is such a pleasure to greet my old friends by radio from time to time. I do so enjoy hearing from you in return.

We live in an old-fashioned house with four large upstairs bedrooms. Many times during this past winter and spring, they've all been occupied. It seemed like old times to have a family to cook for. Perhaps you are wondering who made up our family during this time. Besides Mart and me, we've had our nurse and helper, Ruby Treese, my sister Jessie, and occasionally one of our children.

By the time you receive this letter we're in hopes that my husband will be enjoying short trips in the car. He hasn't been out of the house, except for one warm morning spent on the front porch, since his long hospital stay. His nurse says that he can get out more once the weather has settled down and there is no risk of his catching cold. He is anxious to see the livestock on the farm and the new building projects that have gone up since he has been kept at home.

Many of you who come into Shenandoah on Highway 59 will want to stop at the large new garden center of the Henry Field Seed and Nursery Company. The building is very attractive and soon it will be surrounded by flowers and blooming shrubs.

We also have a large new post office building, capable of handling the incoming and outgoing mail of the ever-

growing industries of our city, a huge new supermarket, and the new educational building of the Methodist Church, as well as many new homes in the subdivisions on the edge of town. Perhaps we especially enjoy seeing these new activities because we are among the pioneers of our community. I often wonder what my father, who came to this prairie land after the Civil War, and my mother, who came as a bride and taught the first school in Shenandoah, would think of our town now!

I mentioned my sister Jessie being with us during the late winter and early spring. She had the misfortune to fall and break her right arm recently. She had gone back to her own home in Clarinda expecting to remain there, for it seemed that spring was really on the way, and she was eager to see her early spring bulbs come to life. But the second day after her return, she tripped on the sidewalk downtown and fell. We got word of it immediately and Margery drove over and brought her back to our house. An X-ray showed that a bone had been broken so her arm was put in a cast. We're so sorry that it had to be her right arm for she loves so to work in her yard, and this will curtail all garden work this spring.

In a previous letter I told you that I was making a tablecloth which I planned to keep for myself — at the family's insistence. However, when our son Donald was here for a short weekend visit and was giving us a detailed description of their new dining room outfit, I *knew* that the tablecloth *must* go to Mary Beth. Donald took it *only* after I promised that I would make myself another one immediately *and* keep it!

Right now Ruby, our nurse, and I are smocking dresses for her little granddaughters. Ruby is also knitting a little sweater for Lucile's Chihuahua. Little Jake weighs only three pounds, and

when the weather is cool he shivers and shakes unless he is wearing a sweater.

Sometimes Lucile comes to eat our evening meal with us and stay overnight. This is always a pleasant time for us and a comfort to her for she gets very lonely at times. Last night she called to say that she was bringing our supper with her for she had been testing some recipes all afternoon and couldn't possibly "do away" with them herself. These little visits give her nurse, Myrt, an opportunity to spend some time with her sister and mother.

We've had some nice family parties lately, for there have been birthdays to celebrate as well as Easter. Well, sometimes we have nothing to celebrate, but just get together with a potluck dinner. Mart loves to have the children around, and certainly it gives a variety to life for him. Things are really exciting when Howard and Mae bring their little granddaughter with them. It has been many years since we've had a baby around, and little Lisa is at the age where she tries to talk and responds readily to all the attention.

By the time you read this letter, I'll have attended the meeting honoring the new "Iowa Mother of the Year." This year Mrs. Hilda Weingart of Des Moines is to receive the award. All those women who have received this honor in the past will attend, as well as those who have had the honor of being nominated this year and in past years. Each mother will receive a beautiful scroll the evening of the banquet. There is a very close bond between us and this reunion is a regular house party for past Iowa Mothers.

When school is out we hope our son Donald and his family from Milwaukee will visit us. They haven't been here as a family for some time now. Don stops in occasionally when he is in Iowa on business, which is very nice, but we do get lonesome to see Mary Beth and the grandchildren.

Wayne, who lives in Denver, comes for a short visit every few months, but Frederick, in faraway Massachusetts, can't make the trip so often. However, he is able to stay for a longer visit when he does come.

So often I think of that verse "Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be. The last of life for which the first was planned - - - -" Raising a family of seven is a big undertaking, but we feel the joys our children bring us compensate many times over.

Sincerely,

Leanna

FREDERICKS LETTER IS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

You could never guess what I am waiting for as I write this letter! I am waiting for a photographer to come and take my picture. For many months one of the leading photographers here in this part of New England has been wanting to take a picture of me for an exhibition he plans to have this coming summer. It seems he is anxious to have in his exhibit a large photograph in color of some protestant clergyman, and for some reason or other he chose me! No doubt he will want to sell me a copy of the picture, but I have made no commitment, and I can't think of any good reason for me to have another photo of myself. I shall let you know how this comes out.

Once again I have been approached by some of our religious leaders in this community to lead a big, united effort against gambling. Several years ago I was chairman of a drive to keep out the race tracks, and now they want me to head up the fight against organized lotteries. Here in New England we had the shock of our lives recently when the state of New Hampshire voted to have a state lottery. There had not been a legal state lottery in this country since 1894 when the state of Louisiana scuttled its privately-run lottery. We did not think it could happen in staid, old, Puritan New England, but it has happened, and now we are afraid the disease will spread.

You see, we live just a few miles from New Hampshire, and even though there are laws forbidding the sale of lottery tickets here in our state, we know that efforts will be made to do so. The New Hampshire sweepstakes is certain to attract lawbreakers, and the chances are that many of them will make their headquarters in our city. It is a serious problem, and I suppose I shall consent to organize a drive to protect us from it. We are having troubles enough in this city without the additional burden of the shady promoters and underworld cousins who are always ready to break a few laws to make something like a lottery their special cup of tea.

Right now we are having a wave of thefts in our city. Of course we never dare to leave the doors of our house unlocked day or night, but now I am considering the installation of a burglar alarm system. Because of our church work, and because of the weeks we are away from the city in the summer, a good burglar alarm would give us



Betty Driftmier (center) enjoys entertaining groups from their church. This picture was taken when she and Frederick held an open house for college students.

some peace of mind. Just the other day I was reading that the nation-wide crime rate has increased an average of 10% a year since 1948 as compared to a population increase of less than 2% a year. Serious crimes in our own state have increased by 50% in the last three years! Many of our people are afraid to attend special services here at the church in the evening because of the crime situation.

How fortunate you people are who live in the rural areas and in the small towns. It is no wonder your children are such successful people! Look at the advantages they have! Here in the eastern cities we may have some cultural advantages that you do not have, but at least you have the advantage of living in areas where the people are more law-abiding, and, for the most part, more interested in the Church.

I don't know how you folks are doing economically, but out here in the Connecticut River Valley our farmers are prospering. The chief crop of this valley is shade-grown tobacco for the making of cigars. Now that so many people are afraid of the harmful effects of cigarettes, there is a big demand for cigars, and that demand means better prices for our local farmers. I don't suppose there is any farming in the world more costly than the growing of shade tobacco. How would you like to have the entire acreage of your farm under cheesecloth? That is what has to be done here. All of the tobacco — which, incidentally grows as high as a man's head — has to be grown under cheesecloth. That is where we get the shade, and oh! how hot it is on a warm sunny day underneath that cloth. Of course it is expensive, and every time

there is a bad storm, much of the cloth has to be replaced.

Have you ever observed how prosperity brings problems? With an increased demand for Connecticut Valley tobacco, there is an increased demand for migrant labor, and that means more and more Puerto Ricans are moving into the area. Now Puerto Ricans are fine people, but the trouble is they have no work once the tobacco is harvested. When the harvest is over, many of them have to come to us for welfare assistance. As you know, I am the Chairman of the Board of Public Welfare, and I have to approve the help given them.

For a long time I could not understand why Puerto Ricans would leave their beautiful island home to come here. I have been to Puerto Rico, and I think it is one of the most beautiful places in the world. Certainly it has a much nicer climate than we have in New England! The other day I learned why they come here. In Springfield we give to a mother with three children the sum of \$208 in our Public Welfare setup. That same mother and three children down in Puerto Rico would receive only \$16. In other words, when out of work and hungry a family could get several hundred per cent more relief aid here than it could get in Puerto Rico, and for most people that would be reason enough for coming.

One day this past week Betty and I attended a special meeting for ministers and their wives. The purpose of the meeting was to warn us about the dangers of giving so much time to the work of the Church that we neglected our own home. I sat there with a big smile on my face as I listened to one speaker describe the life of a busy minister. Everything he said was so true of me and my work here. But there was one point at which I differed radically from the ideas of the speaker. I don't think that anyone needs to feel sorry for the busy minister or his family. Of all the people in the world, I think that we of the Christian ministry are most blessed. Our life may be a hard one in many ways, and it is true that we work long, long hours, but we love our work, are happy in our work, and wouldn't trade our calling for that of any other.

Now ministers as a rule don't spend as much time with their families as do men in other professions, but there are many men who get to spend far less time with their families than do we. What about the traveling salesmen? What about the family doctors? And

(Continued on page 22)

Evolution of an Apron

(Mother-Daughter Banquet Program)

by
Tripp Lenhart



This Mother-Daughter banquet was held in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, for 240 guests. Several people were responsible for the final affair. The original idea came from the mother-in-law of one of the members. Her ideas were elaborated upon.

Table decorations carried out a domestic theme. Aprons of printed cloth covered the programs. Toy clotheslines held three of the same type of aprons pinned on with toy plastic clothespins. The flower arrangements down the center of the table were in cheese cartons covered with foil to represent wash-tubs. The nut cups were also covered with foil. In each nut cup "tub" was a cardboard washboard, the rubbing part of which was corrugated paper. The color came from the gay aprons.

Acknowledgments were made to the oldest mother, the youngest mother, etc. Aprons, naturally, were the awards.

Six tables and a metal cabinet (to hold the "props") were used for the skit. As each scene was completed, the "actress" carried out her own "props".

This skit required two practices; one with three of us going through it to determine what was needed; the second, with all who were to take part present.

SKIT

LEADER: We shall tell you about some of the aprons in the life of Mary Jones. Now Mary will look different in each scene, but in this modern day of liquid weight watching, wigs, cool, colorful, costly cosmetics that TV commercials tell us will change one's appearance overnight, plus extremely high heels and flat shoes, it is not too preposterous that this could be the same girl throughout.

There are many kinds of strings: heart strings, purse strings, strings of pearls, and strings of memories. But the most familiar to all of us are apron strings. We have known about them since we were tiny tots.

Scene 1 (Little girl apron. Small girl — toy rolling pin, clay dough, doll. Pretends to roll dough. As she walks off stage, feeds some to doll.)

Mary is four, and busily engaged in the serious business of making mud pies. The apron she is wearing is to protect her dress. Somehow the mud seems to fly in every direction. Oh, well, at least part of the dress will be clean.

I want to make mud pies today
And Mommy said, "All right,
But please put on this apron
So your dress stays clean and
bright!"

I have lots of dirt and some water,
Now I roll it in a ball.
I'll cook my dolly's favorite food,
And pretend she'll eat it all.

Scene 2 (Mother's apron. Nine years old — large bowl and spoon. Pretends to stir. As she walks off, dips finger in batter and licks it!)

Now Mary is nine, and has joined the 4-H Club cooking class. She loves to prepare food for the family. Sometimes cocoa and cinnamon toast — sometimes sandwiches. Today she's baking brownies, because they are Daddy's favorite dessert — and Mary's, too!

Now I'm really learning to cook.
Such an exciting experience!
Just see how I look
In the apron I borrowed from Mother!
It's really too big, but it covers me
best.

I'm sure any splatters will not soil
my dress.

I'll not worry much about the mess
In the apron I borrowed from Mother!

Scene 3 (No apron! Props are Cokes and potato chips on tray. Pantomimes actions as narrator reads.)

Sweet sixteen! Mary's having George and Betty, Tom and Jane, and, of course, Danny over for Cokes. My what? Please! I would never ever let the crowd see me in a rag like that! It took me two whole weeks to talk

Mother into buying me this dreamy dress, and I'd never ever think of spoiling the effect by covering it with an apron. Yuk! How could you even think of such a horrible, ghastly thing?

Scene 4 (Dainty apron. Props — china setting and silver, tablecloth. Arranges on table, stands back to admire.)

Mary has found her true love. Yes, she and Jim announced their engagement last week. She has invited Jim for dinner tonight, and everything must be just perfect. Let's see. Mother's good tablecloth, Mother's best china Mother's lovely silver, but *Mary's* apron! She's wearing:

One of the daintiest aprons we ever
did see!

There are sheer ones used for
serving tea,

With stitches and ruffles and lovely
laces,

Rickrack and even insertion in
places,

Frisly and fluffy — so please handle
with care.

A party isn't perfect without a
dainty apron to wear.

Scene 5 (Apron with terry cloth towel attached. Toaster, old cup, silver, place mat. Bride drops silver; then drops and breaks cup. Toaster pops up with burned toast, and she cries into the towel attached to apron.)

Mary and Jim are married. They have returned from their honeymoon to their apartment, which is furnished in Early Matrimonial. Mary is preparing their first breakfast, and she's wearing a serviceable apron.

Sometimes we put one on
To save a dress or skirt.

And then, again, we put one on
To cover up the dirt.

We use them for our heaviest
chores —

Washing windows and scrubbing
floors.

They're needed daily thru the years.
Occasionally we use them to dry
our tears!

Scene 6 (Terry cloth apron. Baby doll, baby food, bottle, silver. Mother dashes around during narration, ends giving bottle to baby.)

Mary and Jim are the proudest new parents in town. "Oh, my goodness! I'll never get Jim's dinner ready in time. If only I hadn't visited so long on the telephone with Mother! Wonder what I did with all my spare time be-

(Continued on page 21)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

With spring here another work year has begun for the farmers. I like to hear tractors working in the fields. Even though we wives can hear them all morning long as they plug away at the same rate of speed, pulling discs and plows, it is easy to tell when the men start home for dinner. They put the tractors into road gear and buzz right along. When I hear the tractor speed up, I know that Frank has left the field, and that by the time I get gravy made and dinner dished up, he will be home and ready to eat.

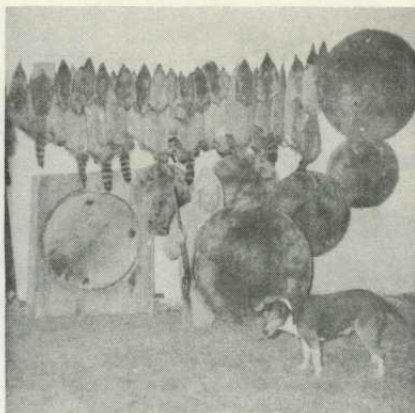
One day this spring Frank took his chain saw to help a neighbor cut down a big hedgerow that had been standing for many, many years. He said the trunks of the hedge were so large, and the branches so intertwined, that it was quite a job to get under it with the saw and be able to work. But the posts our neighbor got from this hedge will make a fence that will stand for years.

I don't believe I ever mentioned that last summer we sold our little house on the hill, with four acres of ground around it. The purchasers, people by the name of Halferty, have always lived in town, but their son loves the country and wants a pony. They wanted a house with enough land so that they could build a small barn. Mr. Halferty, who is a carpenter, has been remodeling the house. Frank and I stopped the other day to see what changes had been made.

What used to be our cellar, or cave, has been enlarged and finished as a good basement. Over this they have built a big bedroom with closet and a bathroom. The large kitchen has one entire wall of beautiful built-in cabinets and sink. They are laying new floors, and plan some other changes. He has done so much to improve the house that I could hardly believe it was the same place we called home for the first few years after we moved back from California.

Our dog Tinker, eight years old this summer, has never strayed from home. In fact, when Frank was outside, Tinker was always close by. Even when our other dogs roamed around and hunted all day and night, Tinker never joined them. Frank usually takes the dog in the car with him, because that animal does love to ride.

Recently Frank went to the Penningtons several times, where he was helping Roy with some work. Tinker, as usual, went along. One morning we



Before Frank sold his furs he hung them up outside so Dorothy could get a picture of them. Across the top are the muskrats; the next row underneath are raccoons; and the round ones are the beavers. These were all trapped within a quarter mile of the house on our own land.

couldn't find him anywhere, and were surprised when Roy drove up to the house in his Jeep pick-up with Tinker sitting in the seat beside him. The next morning he was gone again, so when Frank went to the mailbox, he drove over to Pennington's, and there was Tinker, wagging his tail and glad to see Frank and get another ride. (He got a good spanking before he got into the car.) The next day it was the same thing again, and we decided that he would continue to run off as long as he got the ride home. So Frank told Roy that the next time Tinker came over to get a switch, and use it, and send him home.

Sure enough, the next morning when Frank's back was turned, Tinker was off like a flash. We just waited, and it wasn't long before he came running around the house with his tail between his legs and his head down, so ashamed that he lay under the table and pouted all morning. (Roy later admitted that he didn't have the heart to switch the dog, so he picked up a switch, struck his boot with it, and told Tinker to go home. That was all that was needed.)

While we're on the subject of animals, Frank has seen more skunks than usual this year, and I've seen a good many of them along the highways. Skunks are known to be common carriers of rabies. When we first moved to the farm Frank heard a commotion among the horses in the pasture, and when he investigated he found a skunk biting one of them on the leg. Frank got bitten, too, and had to undergo the long and painful series of rabies shots. A veterinarian was called at once, and rabies shots were also

given to every animal in the pasture. Frank shot the skunk, of course, and when the head was tested, it was found to be rabid, so the shots were not in vain. So those of you who live on farms should warn your children of this danger. If they see a skunk among the farm animals, they should report it at once.

Since I last wrote, many of our Iowa friends have seen me give a pixie demonstration on television. I want to thank all of you who wrote me such nice letters about it. Mary Jane Chinn, who has an afternoon program daily on KRNT-TV in Des Moines, called to ask me if I could be on her program. She didn't know what peanut pixies were, but had had several requests for the demonstration from her viewers. Since I had made appearances on two Missouri stations, I thought I knew what these women wanted to see, and so I told her I would come prepared.

I took Frank's sister Bernie with me, because I thought she might be interested in seeing a television program produced. I wasn't nervous about the interview or being in front of cameras, but if I had been, Mary Jane Chinn, with her wonderful graciousness, would soon have put me at ease. My only fears were that I might not be able to make a good pixie. Sealing wax is such a hard substance that, in order to melt it enough, it must be held directly over a steady candle flame. Cameras moving back and forth create such a draft that the flame flickers and gives off little heat. Sometimes I have thought the wax would never melt! We spoke to the cameramen about this beforehand, and they were careful when they came in for closeups. It was the first time Frank had seen me make a pixie on television, and he thought they got some wonderful shots of the pixies.

A weekly feature of the Mary Jane Chinn show, called "The New You", interests me very much. On Monday a woman who wants a new and more flattering hair style is introduced. The next day she returns with her new hair-do, accompanied by the young man stylist, who explains how he cut and set the hair, and why it is the best style for her. I had watched the program the day before, so it was fun to be there when the woman returned with "The New You" look.

The same me has run out of space, so until next month —

Sincerely,

Dorothy

CLOWNING GRANDMAS

by

Willard and Elma Waltner

Instead of having time hang heavy on their hands, as is so often the case of older folks in retirement homes, three grandmothers living at Crowell Memorial Home in Blair, Nebraska, are so busy "clowning around" that they can hardly find enough hours in the day. The engaging clown dolls which the ladies make on an "assembly line" basis sell like hot cakes, to visitors at the home and to "friends of friends" who see them and order by mail. The dolls have gone to many states and even as far away as Germany. Small fry love to cuddle them and teen-agers use them as bed decorations.

The doll business was really started by Mrs. Lee who lived at the home some years ago. When she died, a Mrs. Thomas who had bought one of the dolls, took it apart to get the pattern and carried on the clown-making tradition. The dolls gained in popularity and when Mrs. Thomas died at the age of 91 it seemed a shame that the clowns would no longer be available, so the three ladies decided to work together on the venture.

All three help to choose the material to be used for the clown suits. Then Mrs. L. A. Leigh takes over and cuts out the parts for the dolls and runs up the seams on her portable sewing machine. Mrs. Elliott runs the "beauty parlor" department, embroidering the faces and coloring the cheeks with rouge. Mrs. Swain runs the "assembly department" and puts the dolls together, cleverly choosing the color combinations that seem to fit together best.

Friends donate all of the material except buckram which is used for stiffening the arms and shoulders. All sorts of gay prints are used to make the suits. The heads are made from nylon T-shirts. Nylon stockings, folded and stitched make the "legs" of the doll and odds and ends of donated yarn are made into pompoms for decoration.

Making the dolls is really a "labor of love", for the three busy ladies turn all of the profits over to the Home to be used in buying things which all may enjoy. A communion set has been purchased; carpeting has been put down in several rooms. And the latest improvement towards which the doll money is going is a pretty little piano which was recently installed in the reception hall. Rain hats and aprons are two other needlecraft items which the ladies make for sale, but the engaging little clowns are by far the "best-sellers".



— Photo by Waltner

Mrs. Leigh, left, Mrs. Swain and Mrs. Elliott are a busy trio, pooling their talents to make dozens of little clowns which find a ready market.

THE CROWN OF MOTHERHOOD

At the door of the Angel of Life there sounded a knocking — first very faint, then growing louder and more insistent. Opening the door, the Angel saw on the threshold a woman, pale with pain, but with a look of expectant joy in her eyes.

"I am here," she said triumphantly. "I have come for my child. Give it to me quickly, for it is a long journey and a hard one, and my strength may be exhausted before I return."

"Wait," said the Angel slowly. "Your child is here — a beautiful boy. But first you must pay me for him."

"Pay you?" faltered the woman. "But I have very little money and we shall need that for him."

"I have no use for money," answered the Angel, "but I must have a little of your Health, a great deal of your Time, some of your Peace of Mind, and at least half of your Heart."

Without hesitating, the woman handed him the things for which he asked, and the Angel turned away and returned with the child. The woman clasped him eagerly in her weak arms, then bravely set out for the land from which she came.

As she turned to go, the Angel placed on her head a crown. She turned in surprise.

"This is my gift to you," the Angel of Life said. "It is the Crown of Motherhood, which will recompense you for the things you have given up."

A PRAYER FOR GRACE IN GROWING OLD

Lord, Thou knowest better than I that I am growing older and will some day be old.

Keep me from getting talkative and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy; with my vast store of Wisdom it seems a pity not to use it at all—but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my many aches and pains. They are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as years go by. I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of other people's pains. Help me to endure them. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably sweet. Help me to extract all possible fun out of life. There are so many funny things around us, and I don't want to miss any of them.

May the Good God help us. Amen!

—Unknown



Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is the favorite reading material of thousands of homemakers. Join the friendly circle today. 12 issues for \$1.50, sent to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa.

MARY BETH AND DONALD WERE VERY IMPRESSED WITH A RECENT LECTURE

Dear Friends:

Since I wrote to you last we have reinstated our charge account at the local pharmacy after a delightfully inexpensive winter. I had been bragging to a neighbor that the children had not been sick at all and that did the trick!

Katharine began to complain of a sore throat one day and to be on the safe side, since her throat was quite red and inflamed, I kept her home from school. That move proved to be a cautious and smart one, I might add, because within two days she was broken out with Scarlet Fever. I consulted our Pediatrician and when he saw Katharine, and Adrienne, too, because she had been carrying a very sore throat also, he gave them starter shots of Penicillin and prescribed two weeks of oral Penicillin for all three children. This was to prevent very severe cases for the other children in the event they contracted the disease.

Katharine was put to bed for a week, but the second week she was allowed to dress and be up and about the house. Thus far she has had no bad after-effects from her illness. Paul was allowed to continue attending school. The doctor said that the findings connected with Scarlet Fever lately have disproven the theories preached 30 years ago. It is, in fact, extremely difficult to catch Scarlet Fever, therefore the complete quarantine of households with the disease is no longer followed.

My Mother came up by train from Indiana to help me out with our sick family. Donald had said that he would have to be out of town, and when I told my Mother that I had two sick children, another one to be readied for school as usual, and probably no husband to give me a lift after five o'clock, she took pity on me and came up to help. We had a nice visit despite having to practically sit on Katharine to keep her quiet and in bed after the first few days.

I must tell you about a fine lecture Don and I went to not long ago which has stayed with me so long that I think the message needs sharing. At this point in our country's history I feel all of you might likewise find it interesting reading.

During the Lenten Season our Congregational Church sponsored a series on the general theme *Religion In Today's World*. The first speaker was



Our brother Donald makes business trips into Iowa occasionally, and, when his schedule permits, he includes stops in Shenandoah to visit with Mother and Dad. Don is "the baby" of the family, but is the tallest - 6 feet 4 inches.

The Rev. Cletus Healy, S.J., of Marquette University High School in downtown Milwaukee. Father Healy, who told me later on the telephone that he came from Newton, Iowa, had chosen for the title of his talk, "Moral Principles Involved in Facing the Communist Threat".

He talked about our obligation to oppose Communism. To alert America to the threat, one must not only overcome the apathy that has long afflicted us, he must overcome the gnawing fear of ridicule reserved for those who deviate, in this direction, from the established pattern of wishful thinking.

He further stated, "Many conscientious religious-minded people are convinced that the way to achieve peace in the world is to pray for it. And, having prayed, they feel that they have fulfilled their responsibilities toward the international community.

"The great merit in their position is that they recognize and emphasize the need of Divine assistance. This is good. Our contest is unmistakably against the Father of Lies, the Prince of This World, and his minions. Nothing could be more imperative than Divine assistance. But from this it does not follow that prayer or even prayer and sacrifices *alone* are sufficient.

"Just as you cannot 'pray' bread on the table for the family, neither can you 'pray' effectively for world peace if you neglect your civic responsibilities in pursuing the conditions necessary for peace. You cannot discipline your children by merely praying for them. When a stick is called for, the prayers must be interrupted; duty sometimes obliges us to employ less delicate measures to achieve results.

"One's responsibilities cannot be

fulfilled by either natural or by supernatural means alone. We have to employ both - and this by Divine Design. Divine Providence has determined to use us as secondary instruments; it is our privilege to co-operate with God in working out our salvation and that of others. But it is not our privilege to abdicate that responsibility. Just as a parent might squander the riches he has inherited, so can we squander the rich Christian heritage of our posterity. But we cannot do so without serious fault.

"The experience of more prayerful nations than ours would strongly suggest that God has no intention of averting by miracle disasters democratic peoples bring upon themselves by the neglect of their civic responsibilities. Prayer and sacrifice are most urgently needed. But the prayer most needed is the prayer of a holy life, of a citizenry that practices all the virtues, especially that of legal justice.

"The miracle most urgently needed in America is widespread popular determination to fulfill our obligations, first to the peoples we have already surrendered to Communism and then to our own posterity whose political heritage is being lightly exposed to forfeiture.

"Only the responsible deserve to be free. If this awakening to our responsibilities does not come, we are not worth saving."

I have used direct quotes, as you can see, from Father Healy's publication, *The Truth About Communism*, with his permission. He writes it and then his classes in Political Science edit and publish it. It comes out six times a year. If any of you are interested in further reading from his publication, send your inquiries to: The Truth, Inc., 2450 W. Wells Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin.

I must go to the kitchen and fix supper. So until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

COVER STORY

We're happy to have this new picture of Mother, Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, to share with you on our cover this month. She is wearing the lovely blue lace dress which she bought to wear when she and Dad celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. As you'll recall, both Dad and Lucile were in the hospital when the day rolled around last June, so all plans for an Open House were cancelled.

ABIGAIL DESCRIBES A BRAND-NEW VACATION AREA IN COLORADO

Dear Friends:

The birds and dogs have the noise-making for the neighborhood all to themselves this lovely morning. They are taking full advantage of the opportunity as if they realized not many such weekdays remain before school is out. June 5th is the final day here. Anticipation of this climactic date doesn't seem to change a bit from one generation to the next. Our children await the last day of each school year just as eagerly as Wayne and I used to do when we were that age.

Emily will leave almost as soon as her vacation begins for our church's week-long summer conference for high school students. Immediately following this she will enroll in regular summer school. For the past three summers she has wanted to take typing. Each time there was a conflict on the schedule of activities which precluded her doing so. With time slipping away at the rate it is, we decided that this summer must be kept free for typing class. Including this course during the regular academic year is not practical. There are just too many other courses which aren't available in the summer that are more important. She also hopes to be accepted in the driver-training class. The combination of a very limited enrollment and a sixteenth birthday still several months in the future may prohibit her admittance to this class.

Alison and Clark will both be playing in summer bands. Clark did not choose to sign up for Little League Baseball this year; he seems to find football more to his liking. Perhaps this will be the summer when all three will give golf some attention. There will be swimming, of course, and undoubtedly Alison will do as much riding as possible. She was fortunate to find an opening in a riding class late this winter. This enabled her to receive lessons in English-style riding, and to begin jumping instruction.

She and her brother got together just before spring vacation to purchase a pup tent. They had visions of camping out every night that last week in March. Unfortunately, a typical, late, wet spring snowstorm disrupted those plans. They have been waiting eagerly for the summer vacation in order to catch up with lost time.

With these scheduled commitments our family plans for any vacation trips lasting more than a day will have to wait until August to materialize. I'm sure there are many of you who right



This corner of the library is Dad's favorite spot. While he is reading, Mother usually is sitting near him with her sewing. Magazine and handwork were set aside when Margery arrived with her camera.

now are giving long thoughts to summer plans. There are so many possibilities that at times it seems impossible to reach any kind of decision. One of the first choices to be made is whether to strike out for new sights or return to old favorites.

Lake Powell is a major brand-new vacation area in this general part of the country. Water storage in this huge development, formed by Glen Canyon Dam north of Page, Arizona, began last year. Unfortunately the lack of snowfall during the winters of 1963 and 1964 in the high Rockies, which drain into the Colorado River, have slowed the filling of this lake. Built primarily as an irrigation and power generating facility, most of us will know it for the water recreation it brings to this semi-arid country. Lake Powell now stretches about 135 miles up the Colorado River Canyon; its ultimate length is to be 186 miles with a 1900 mile shoreline.

Some controversy has developed because of the shortage of water and the subsequent lowering of Lake Mead, which is formed by Hoover Dam farther down the Colorado River. There are those who are convinced that Lake Mead should be restored to its average level before water is stored in Lake Powell. Others think equally strongly that the level of Lake Mead should be maintained only to the depth which permits proper use of the generating equipment and basic irrigation commitments, and that Lake Powell should receive all additional water. This would permit power generation to commence as soon as the equipment is installed.

This entire "Four-Corners" area has been virtually isolated from the general populace of this country. Now it is on the threshold of a tremendous development as a recreation area. New roads

are opening up the fantastic scenery that abounds all through this section. This is the country that Secretary of the Interior Udall hopes to see incorporated into a new national park called "Canyonlands".

To me the prospect of seeing this country while its development is still in the early stages is a most enticing one. But, then, this isn't the first time I've mentioned the lure of the Four-Corners areas.

Sometimes the places where you have been before change considerably. I know that many of you have, in years past, visited Mesa Verde National Park in the Colorado corner of this same Four-Corners area. It has become such a popular spot that the facilities there have been sorely overtaxed. Therefore an entire new section is being constructed to accommodate visitors, and will have its own group of restored ancient cliff-dwellings.

Closer to home for us is something brand-new in an old familiar setting that holds tremendous fascination for this "sidewalk superintendent". I'm referring to the construction of U. S. Interstate Highway 70 near Idaho Springs, Colorado, which is, in reality, the reconstruction of U. S. 6 and 40. It was only a couple of short years ago that this traffic bottleneck was widened from two lanes to four divided lanes just east of Idaho Springs. I don't remember the exact cost figure — only that it seemed astronomically high to this former flat-lander. I'm not implying that the cost was unjustifiably high. After all, even an ex-Iowan can see what a fantastic and expensive accomplishment it is to move considerable portions of solid rock mountains to make a broad, smooth, easy-to-drive highway. And certainly this section of highway is a tremendously vital link between the East and Midwest and the West Coast of our country.

This year we have the prospect of watching the section of highway west of Idaho Springs similarly widened. Occasionally there may be traffic delays, but we never mind them, for it is such a fascinating sight to see these natural obstacles overcome by men and machinery. And there is no admission fee for this challenging contest.

A few miles farther on another monumental project is in its early stages. There isn't space to tell about it this month. But perhaps if Summer, 1964, brings you to Colorado, you may also be tempted to do a little "sidewalk superintending" along the way.

Sincerely, Abigail

Love Affair With A Humming Bird

by
Marjorie Spiller Neagle

The moment the woman opened the door of her cottage, hours before anybody else was awake, the hummingbird darted from the place in the trumpet vine where he had been waiting. He lighted on the woman's white hair and, looking like a sparkling emerald and ruby ornament, rode triumphantly to the garden. There he perched on a fence post and watched as she went through her daily ritual of weeding her flowers.

Celia Thaxter, 19th century poetess, lived much of her life on the barren Isles of Shoals, ten miles off the Maine-New Hampshire coast. Out of the rocks she dug a place for a garden and brought soil for it from the mainland. Under her care it became so beautiful that famous artists painted it, and hundreds of people visited it each summer.

Mrs. Thaxter welcomed all who came, but none with more pleasure than the birds, and the hummingbird in particular. This one, unlike his fellows, never showed the slightest trace of fear of her, and would come so close to her that she could have touched him with her hand.

Sometimes he would fly with his companions to one of the other islands across the harbor, but he often returned ahead of them. If Mrs. Thaxter was working in the garden he would allow no other bird of his own size (and occasionally a larger one) inside the fence. If one attempted to snap at a fly or an aphid or take a sip of nectar, Mr. Hummingbird would dive at it like a small bomb and drive it away. Then he would return to his fence post and preen his feathers. Had he been a cock he would have crowed.

One night during the summer of 1894 a terrible storm swept in from the Atlantic, bringing with it a downpour that flattened nearly every flower in the garden. The next morning, as Mrs. Thaxter walked up and down between the rows of prostrate stalks, she saw something that made both her heart and feet stop still.

Across her path lay a tall poppy; and clinging to one of its seed pods was her hummingbird. His eyes were closed. He was rigid with cold.

Was he dead? He showed no signs of life as she pried open the stiff and tenacious claws. She held him gently, careful not to crush or even press his body. For a full twenty minutes she

blew her warm breath into the shut hollow of her hand where he lay, apparently dead. But just as she was about to give up her attempt to revive him she felt a little quiver pass through him. She breathed on him again, more closely. A few moments later she felt his weak fluttering pulse. Soon he stirred and moved his wings slightly.

She took a basket and lined it with cotton. Filling a tiny cup with a mixture of sugar and water she placed it in the basket and laid the bird on the warm fluff. His eyes remained closed but he slowly moved his head.

By this time the sun was pouring its warmth into the garden. Mrs. Thaxter carried the basket to a corner where a few undamaged flower stalks still stood and hung the basket among them. After a time her patient opened his eyes and looked about him. He dipped his beak into the sugary mixture and rewarded his friend with a faint chirp. She waited. He took another sip. Then suddenly he rose into the air, hung quivering over the flowers, then made a dive into a morning-glory cup for his breakfast of nectar.

"He was alive again," she said. "And he knew I had saved him."

Through the remainder of the summer the hummingbird stayed close beside her. As far as she could tell he never once left the confines of the garden. He would light on the blossoms as she picked them, or on her head, or her hands. At night he flew to the trumpet vine that covered the cottage piazza, and greeted Mrs. Thaxter when she came out in the morning.

In the fall the hummingbird flew away with the others. Not dreaming that she would ever see him or her island again, Mrs. Thaxter returned to her winter home on the mainland, "dreaming of happy summers yet to be".

That was nearly seventy years ago. The cottage was long ago destroyed by fire, and the garden by neglect. But every summer since that one other hummingbirds have come to the island to dip for nectar in the cups of the morning-glories that straggle over a gravestone marked with the single word, *Celia*.



IN PRAISE OF LILACS

by
Lula Lamme

Breathe deep the scent of lilacs,
now it's May,
And every wandering breeze wears
its perfume.
This is the very heart of spring
distilled;
There is no sweeter scent than lilac
bloom.

To paraphrase the recently popular song, when May arrives, you may "color me lilac". Lilacs are *beauty*. They are graceful; they are charming; they are clouds of glory. In all the array of blooms, lilacs are unique.

Lilacs are *spring*. When they bloom, one may finally dare believe that winter is past and gone. Like spring, they are never stingy. People speak of "one perfect rose"; lilacs are a profusion of perfection.

Lilacs are *fragrance*. When I smell lilacs, I am reminded of my childhood playhouse under our huge old bush, which, once each year, was drenched in perfume. I recall the lilac-decorated stage of my high school graduation exercises, and think of the many others who, doubtless, received their diplomas in the same aura of lilacs.

The Jesuit Fathers are said to have brought many of the first lilac bushes to America. They became a favorite in Colonial gardens, and are known to have been planted by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison in their home gardens. Longfellow wrote, "The lilacs are in bloom — and the birds are singing, singing, singing".

Lilacs are *remembrance*. Pioneer women carried lilac roots and cuttings across the weary miles to their new homes as reminders of beloved old homes. How tenderly they must have cared for those cuttings, and saved the precious water supply to nourish them. And when later springs arrived, and the lilacs bloomed, then, definitely, lilacs were remembrance.

Lilacs are *luck*. Years ago it was believed that they warded off evil. Is that why so many older houses have lilacs near the front door? Our present lilac bush is near the garden. On days

(Continued on page 22)



YOUR LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

It is raining today — a slow, soft drizzle — and very much like the morning in February when I left Winter Haven, Florida, and headed north for home. Under such circumstances the memories of that day flash back with vividness that I might not otherwise recall so easily. Certain weather conditions do that to me. Do they to you, too?

If you read my letter last month, you'll remember that I drove to Florida by myself, stopping enroute to see many places of interest. After a delightful visit with friends in Winter Park, I drove to Cyprus Gardens and Bok Tower. This month I would like to finish my account of the trip.

Highway 27 north is called Citrus Boulevard, and how appropriately it is named, because on both sides of the highway, for the most part, citrus groves stretch out as far as the eye can see. It was the time of year when the crop was being harvested and enormous trucks were being loaded in the groves. Some of these could be seen along the highway and had it not been for the rain, I would have had some pictures of this typical scene for you. However, the attempts I made weren't successful — just too dark and drizzly.

Silver Springs, Florida, was my destination, and I arrived in time to have lunch in the restaurant. It was interesting to learn that this was Florida's first tourist attraction. As early as 1870 travelers arrived by steamboat and stagecoach to vacation at the old resort hotel. Throughout the years it has been developed into a major attraction.

The water is so clear that riding in the famous glass-bottom boats you can see even very small objects on the bottom of the stream through 50 or 60 feet of water. Several springs flow into the stream which is called Silver River. It is here that a great deal of underwater photography for movies and television is made. As a matter of fact, when various objects on the floor of the stream were pointed out by the guide, I could recall having seen them in the television series, *Sea Hunt*.

One of the attractions there (and there are several things of interest to see) was the Aquatorium. I walked down the enclosed ramp into the water, and through the very thick glass walls could see many of the 36 varieties of fish. A feeding station attracts the fish so that visitors can have close-up views of them and take pictures.



Margery thought the children would enjoy seeing a picture of the porpoise leaping high out of the water to catch the fish.

Leaving Silver Springs, I drove to Gainesville and then west to Perry. Throughout this section one finds pine grown as a crop. The trees are planted in rows and look like fields of Christmas trees. I wondered about this as a business and it was a question in my mind not answered until I reached the Gulf Coast. After stopping at Port St. Joseph to see an early railroad display and a museum, I noticed a great amount of smoke billowing up in great beauty against the blue blue of the sky. And here was the answer to the pine question, for the smoke was coming from a huge paper mill. The piles of logs near the factory made a scene which looked for all the world like Northern Minnesota.

Past Tindall Air Force Base and on west to Panama City and Fort Walton Beach and beyond were the most beautiful white sandy beaches I've ever seen. Had I been dressed for it, I would have enjoyed getting into the sand! After I mentioned this lovely sand on the radio visit, a listener wrote that her niece lives in Fort Walton Beach and this sand nearly drives her wild — the children are always bringing it in on their clothes! Well, it's mighty pretty to look at and no wonder it is a temptation to children to wallow in it!

I love to see animals performing tricks, and I'm a great one to watch dogs and monkeys on television, so it had been a disappointment to me that I couldn't take the time to visit Marineland on the east coast. However, I did stop at the Gulforium and saw a few porpoises perform. One smart old fellow leaped over 20 feet to gently remove a fish held by the tail in the attendant's mouth. Now, I wouldn't want *that* job — not at all!

My route from Mobile, Alabama, on home was very nearly the same as the one we took a year ago, so I won't go

into much detail except for a few general observations.

One fact impressed me very much: Where there were industries in the small southern towns, a higher standard of living was very noticeable. I passed through some of the most pathetic little villages I had ever seen. But where there was a factory, and very often it was a branch of a large northern company, the houses were well-kept, the streets were clean, and the faces of the residents looked happier. Here were regular paychecks; here there was a future! When you see the depressed areas of our country, you wonder what — just what — can be done to solve this major problem.

Another observation, and I've been asked this by a number of friends, concerns the general disturbances that we've been reading about in the newspapers. And I've even been asked if I had any fears about traveling alone in this section of the country. I think I'll answer the last first. No, I had no qualms about making this trip alone. Never have I feared for my safety when I've driven alone, for I don't anticipate trouble! I remember a sermon my brother Frederick preached once in which he stressed that one should never *fear* — that one should focus his mind on *faith* and anticipate *the good* in this world.

As for general disturbances, I saw nothing at all. It is true, however, that I avoided city traffic when possible, so did not go through the hearts of many cities where there might have been unusual activity.

Now about things at home. Oliver's work takes him out of town on occasion, and when he is going to be gone over the noon hour, I often drop into the folks' house for lunch and to have a little visit with them. It has been only since my trip that I've been able to do this. While I was gone, Martin ate hot lunch at school, and enjoyed it so much that he has continued since my return. He has a nice well-balanced diet — a heartier meal than Oliver and I normally eat at noon, but which a growing boy needs — and he enjoys the companionship with his friends that this noon-hour arrangement provides. After school he is off to the public library to work on research papers before our evening meal, so that after our dinner he can devote his time to regularly assigned homework. At this age, parents don't see nearly enough of their children, but perhaps this is one of the most natural ways to "untie the apron strings".

Sincerely,
Margery



BLESSED IS THE HOME

A Program for Family Life Week

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: On the altar table place a large family Bible, opened to Proverbs 3. Place beside it a single tall lighted taper.

Call to Worship: "Happy is the home whose members seek a deeper unity through sharing truth and beauty, and love of children, and devotion to good. Their love shall be like an altar fire, burning in the temple of the Highest."

—Wood.

Hymn: "Happy the Home When God Is There", "Bless the Four Corners of This House", or other appropriate hymn of home.

Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures: Proverbs 3:1-18, read responsively by two designated persons.

Prayer: We come into Thy presence this hour, our Heavenly Father, to thank Thee for our homes, for our families, and for all Thy wonderful works for the children of men. We thank Thee for the gift of Jesus, our Savior, who taught us the prayer that, we, in turn, so lovingly teach our children: "Our Father", (conclude with the Lord's Prayer in unison).

Leader: Let us thank for these few moments on the home, on what makes a Christian home. How shall we teach a child to reach beyond himself to touch the stars, we who have kept our eyes on the mud? How shall we tell a child to dwell with honor, and live and die for truth, we who have lived a lie? How shall we say to the child, "The way of life is through the gate of love", we who give ourselves to hate? How shall we dare teach him prayer and turn him toward the way of faith, if we no longer pray? What makes a Christian home? What are some rules and guideposts we might follow?

Meditation: May I share with you some rules given us by the Committee on Home Responsibility of the National Conference on Juvenile Delinquency, who say it is a good home for the child if:

1. He is loved and wanted — and knows it.

2. He is allowed to grow by having not too much nor too little done for him.

3. He has some time and some space of his own.

4. He is part of the family, has fun with the family, and belongs.

5. His early mistakes and "badness" are understood as normal parts of growing up; he is corrected without being hurt, shamed, or confused.

6. His growing skills — walking, talking, reading, making things — are enjoyed and respected.

7. He plans with the family, and is given real ways to help and feel needed throughout childhood.

8. He has freedom that fits his age and his needs; he has responsibilities that fit his age, abilities, and freedom.

9. As he grows older, he knows his parents are doing the best they can; they know the same about him.

10. He feels that his parents care as much about him as they do about his brothers and sisters.

11. The family sticks together, and members help one another.

12. He is moderately, and consistently, disciplined from infancy, has limits set for his behavior, and is helped to take increasing responsibility.

Thus we see that home is more than just four walls; it is "where affection calls — filled with shrines the heart hath builded".

Leader: We have heard the rules for a good home, but is there more to a home than just being good? What do we need to make a home Christian?

Meditation: We need fathers like Abraham: *He will command his children and household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord!* (Gen. 18:19); and mothers like Hannah: *As long as he (her son) liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.* (I Sam. 1:28). We need a family who are like the Bereans: *They received the word with all the readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily.* (Acts 17:11).

I'd like to quote some of the "Beatitudes for Parents" by Naomi Gay:

"Blessed are you when your child sees beauty, love, and loyalty in you, for he will develop these characteristics.

"Blessed are you when your child can trust you, for he will live that others may trust him.

"Blessed are you who set a good example for your child, for with understanding and affection you give him a feeling of security in the faith and the ideals you stand for.

"Blessed are you when you trust in God for guidance, for faith in God will help you to mold a life of love and good will."

Leader: It seems that underlying all these rules of home and family is LOVE. What is the power of love in the home?

Meditation: (Read I Cor. 13:1-13). Home is a magic word, a beautiful word, and who can think of home without thinking of love? From Jesus's own lips men were told that love is

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Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

CHOCOLATE CHIP PECAN BARS

- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2/3 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Cream sugar with shortening. Add eggs and flavorings and beat until fluffy. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder and add to first mixture. Beat well. Add chocolate chips and pecans. Put batter into a 10x15 pan and bake at 350 degrees from 25 to 30 minutes.

You can get 42 squares out of this recipe and it's a mighty good one to have in your files.

CURRENT JELLY GLAZE

- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. currant jelly
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves

Beat ingredients together with a fork. Roast lamb or ham until almost done. The last 30 minutes of baking, spoon the currant glaze over the meat. Baste several times.

RAISIN CREAM PIE

- 1 baked pie shell
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup sweet or sour cream
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cook the raisins in enough water to cover. Beat together the cream, egg yolks, sugar and flour. Add to the raisins and cook until thick. Stir in the vanilla. Pour into a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made from the egg whites.

—Dorothy

ELEGANT APRICOT CAKE

This is a surprisingly delicious cake — much more moist and delicate than one would think when he glances over the ingredients.

- 1 cup dried apricot halves
- 1 1/3 cups water
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Boil apricots in water for 1 minute and then cool. Drain, measuring apricot liquid. Finely chop half the apricots and reserve remaining half for frosting.

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and soda. Stir soft margarine and then add flour mixture; add milk and stir until all flour is dampened. Beat 2 minutes at medium speed of electric mixer, or 300 strokes by hand.

Add eggs, flavorings, chopped apricots and 2 Tbls. apricot liquid. Beat 1 minute longer in mixer or 150 strokes by hand.

Pour batter into two 9-inch layer pans lined with waxed paper, greased and floured. Bake at 375 degrees from 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, put together with powdered sugar icing to which you have added 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring and the chopped apricots.

— Lucile

BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 2 pkg. chopped, frozen broccoli
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring, if margarine is used
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 cup shredded American cheese
- Bread crumbs
- Paprika

Partially cook the broccoli and drain. Melt butter, add flour, salt and milk. Cook, stirring until thickened. Remove from heat and slowly dribble in the beaten egg. Return to heat and cook for 1 minute. Add the cheese and stir. Pour over the partially cooked, drained broccoli. Pour into casserole. Top with bread crumbs, sprinkle with paprika, and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 to 40 minutes, until cooked through and lightly browned. Serves 6.

FROZEN PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1/2 pt. sweet whipping cream
 - 1/2 pt. dairy sour cream
 - 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 - 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained
 - 1/3 cup chopped maraschino cherries
 - 1/4 cup chopped walnuts
 - 2 medium-sized bananas, diced
- Whip the sweet cream; blend with sour cream, lemon juice, sugar, salt and pineapple flavoring. Fold in crushed pineapple, maraschino cherries, nuts and bananas. Spoon into muffin tins which have been lined with paper cups. Freeze until firm. They can then be placed in a large plastic bag to store. Remove and use as needed. Remove paper and serve on lettuce. Makes 12 to 14 individual salads. — Margery

TUNA BURGERS

- 1 6½-oz. can tuna, flaked
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 1 tsp. prepared horseradish mustard
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- Hamburger buns, halved

Drain tuna and combine with celery, onion and cheese. Add horseradish mustard and mayonnaise. Spread on buttered hamburger buns — clear out to edges of bun. Broil until hot and golden brown. Makes 6 to 8 burgers.

Canned salmon or crab could easily be substituted.

I tested this recipe during Lent. The children liked them so well they'll probably become regular fare at our house.

— Abigail

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup water

Combine all of the ingredients in a bowl and beat until smooth. Cut 2 or 3 large onions into 1/4-inch slices. Separate into rings. Dip in the batter; let drain slightly on a cake rack placed over a plate to catch the drippings. Fry in deep hot fat. Drain on paper towels. Serve hot.

This is the finest French Fried Onion batter I've ever discovered, and I've experimented for years. One caution: you'll spoil your family with their excellence and they'll request them frequently.

— Evelyn

UNUSUAL ROLLED ROAST

1 lb. each top round beef steak, veal steak and pork steak cut 1/4 inch thick (see below)

Salt and pepper

3 Tbls. chopped parsley

1 cup consomme

1/2 cup sliced celery

1 medium-sized sliced onion

4 whole cloves

(We can rarely buy veal in our local stores, so we had to settle for using 2 lbs. of beef steak and 1 lb. of pork steak. Both of these things are always available and the recipe is delicious prepared without the veal.)

Season meat with salt and pepper and sprinkle 2 Tbls. of parsley between the layers as you stack them. (Be sure to trim off fat so that the layers will be fairly uniform. Start with beef, then the middle layer of pork, and place third piece of beef on top.) Roll up meat and tie with string. Brown roll in hot fat in a heavy skillet. Then add consomme, the remaining Tbls. of parsley, celery, onion and cloves. Cover and bake in a 325 degree oven for at least 2 1/2 hours. Remove meat, thicken sauce to make gravy.

We've served this to guests twice in the last year and found that everyone enjoyed it very, very much. It is something that can "hold" in the oven and a welcome change from the usual beef steak or pork steak. Try to use all of the ingredients listed here for they all combine to make a deliciously flavored main dish.

—Lucile

DARK CHERRY SALAD

1 can pitted dark cherries

2 boxes dark cherry gelatin

1 large or 2 small bananas, sliced

1 cup cream, whipped

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Drain cherries; save juice. Dissolve 1 package cherry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water and add 3/4 cup of the cherry juice and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring. Let cool until it begins to thicken, then add the cherries and fold in the whipped cream. Pour in 9-inch square pan. Let set until firm, then dissolve the other package of gelatin in 1 cup boiling water, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring and 3/4 cup cold water or cherry juice. Let thicken a little. Slice bananas over first mixture and pour the plain gelatin over the bananas. Let set. Serves 9.

—Margery

BROWNIE MINT TORTE

3 egg whites

Dash of salt

3/4 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

3/4 cup fine chocolate wafer crumbs

1/2 cup chopped walnut meats

1 cup whipping cream

2 Tbls. powdered sugar

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

1 sq. unsweetened chocolate, shaved

Beat egg whites and salt until soft peaks form. Add the sugar, 1 Tbls. at a time, beating after each addition until glossy. Beat in vanilla. Fold in crumbs and nutmeats. Spread in buttered 9-inch pie pan, piling meringue high at sides. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 35 minutes. Let cool.

About 3 hours before serving, whip cream, fold in powdered sugar and the mint flavoring. Pile into chocolate shell and chill. Before serving, scatter curls of shaved chocolate over top. (Your vegetable peeler does a good job of shaving chocolate.)

This is not hard to fix and tastes like a lot more work than it really is.

CHERRY-GLAZED ROAST LOIN OF PORK

(This extremely delicious way to prepare pork was sent to us by a friend in Missouri who said that it was served when they were guests for Sunday dinner at Manhattan, Kansas. She was impressed by the way the men folks pitched into it — in fact, they actually raved about it!)

5 lb. pork loin

Salt to taste

1 #2 can of red sour cherries

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

10 whole cloves

1 clove garlic, minced

1/4 cup brown sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. dry mustard

2 tps. flour

3 Tbls. vinegar

Rub pork with salt. Drain cherries and reserve juice. Pour juice into roasting pan, add remaining ingredients and mix until smooth.

Place roast, fat side up, in pan with sauce. Roast in 325 degree oven, basting frequently with sauce until meat is well done. Add the cherries during the last 30 minutes and let them heat through. They will take on a nice glaze from the sauce.

(We served this to guests and didn't have a speck left!)

—Lucile

VERY GOOD BLUEBERRY DELIGHT

18 crushed graham crackers

1 stick of margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/4 cup sugar

Add butter flavoring to margarine and then combine the above ingredients and pat evenly into an 8-inch square buttered pan. Bake for 8 minutes at 375 degrees, or until lightly browned.

1 pkg. Dream Whip (prepare according to directions on box)

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese (room temperature)

1 cup powdered sugar

Combine above ingredients with electric mixer (if you have one) or cream together until completely smooth. Spread this into the graham cracker crust. Over it pour 1 can of prepared blueberry pie mix to which you have added 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring. Chill thoroughly and then cut into serving pieces.

This is not a complicated dessert and everyone who tastes it seems to enjoy it very much. Whipping cream can be substituted for the Dream Whip, of course, but calorie counters will be happy with the way the recipe is given here.

—Lucile

DELIGHTFUL SPRING PIE

1 pkg. lemon gelatin

1 cup boiling water

3 egg yolks

1/2 cup frozen limeade, undiluted

1/2 cup sugar

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

1/4 tsp. green food coloring

4 egg whites, beaten

1/2 cup sugar

Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the boiling water. Cool to lukewarm. Beat egg yolks lightly, add 1/2 cup sugar, limeade, mint flavoring and food coloring. Cook over very low heat (or in a double boiler), stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Remove from fire and stir into gelatin mixture. Cool until syrupy, but not firm. Beat the egg whites until moist peaks form. Beat in the other 1/2 cup sugar, a little at a time, until mixture stands in very firm peaks. Fold this meringue into the gelatin mixture. Pour into a baked and cooled pie shell. Refrigerate until firm.

This is delicious in a graham cracker or vanilla wafer crust. It makes a beautiful high, light, company-type pie. If the frozen limeade is not available, substitute frozen lemonade for an equally delicious pie.

—Evelyn

BAKED FRENCH FRIED POTATOES

Peel potatoes and cut into strips as for French fries. Dip each strip in melted butter and roll in fine cornflake crumbs. Place in a single layer on a cooky sheet, or in a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with salt. Bake in a 375 degree oven for about 45 minutes, or until done.

Dorothy prepares these often for Frank likes them so well.

EASY CHEESEY ONIONS

3 medium onions, sliced
1 can condensed Cheddar cheese soup

1/2 cup milk

Separate the onion slices into rings and place in a baking dish. Heat the cheese soup with the milk, blending until smooth. Pour over the onion rings and bake, uncovered, in a 375 degree oven for about 30 minutes.

UNUSUAL CARROT SALAD

3 carrots, grated
1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
1 can mandarin oranges, drained and cut in pieces
1 pkg. orange gelatin
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
Pinch of salt

Drain the pineapple and reserve juice. Beat egg; add sugar, pineapple juice, undissolved gelatin, salt and flavorings and bring mixture to a boil. Boil for 1 to 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Set aside to cool. Combine grated carrots, orange pieces and crushed pineapple. When dressing is cool, pour it over the carrot mixture. Chill in refrigerator until set. Serve on lettuce with a teaspoon of salad dressing and small orange section for garnish.

SUNDAY SKILLET DINNER

1 frying chicken, cut up
Seasoned salt
3 Tbls. margarine or drippings
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup water
2 cups frozen peas
2 cups frozen French fries

Sprinkle the chicken with salt and brown the pieces in the shortening which has been combined with the Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Remove the frozen peas and potatoes from the freezer and set aside while the chicken is browning. When it is nicely browned, combine the mushroom soup with the water and pour it over the chicken. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat (or turn the electric skillet to a simmer temperature); simmer about 15 minutes. Add a little more water if needed.

Remove the lid, push the chicken over to one side of the skillet. Make a row of the frozen peas down the center of the skillet, and a row of the French fries next to the peas. Sprinkle with salt. Cover and continue cooking until all the contents of the skillet are nicely done. This will take about 15 to 20 more minutes. Serve on hot plates directly from the skillet.

The meat and vegetables absorb practically all of the moisture and become deliciously flavored and moist. This makes a very fine Sunday dinner in one cooking skillet.



What made the party perfect? Why, the food, of course! The birthday girl's favorite cake. Plenty of ice cream. Milk drinks in as many flavors as there were guests. And everything made to perfection with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Versatile, dependable, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**: the extra touch that makes any cooking or baking a work of art. So inexpensive, so delicious, shouldn't you be sure you have all sixteen? Here they are:

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POTATO SOUP

by
Edith W. Harwood

It can't happen *only* to me! There *must* come a time in the life of every woman who responds to that title of "housewife" when, usually at about five forty-five of an afternoon, she stands with her back to the refrigerator in a fog of desperation, and thinks, or tries to think, of an "out" for a particular and immediate problem which is her sole responsibility. Upon her maneuvers in the solving of the problem, the well-being of others near and dear to her depends. The situation is critical. What will she do? What *can* she do?

At such a time my thoughts are apt to be an incoherent jumble. "Custer's Last Stand" flashes through my mind; "Horatius at the Bridge"; the "Bugler at Kracaw"; the "Dutch Boy with his finger in the dyke". (Old Mother Hubbard tries to worm her way in here, too, but I am in no mood for poor organizers. I give her short shrift.) Dare I make the comparison — assess my plight with that of these heroes of song and story with whom, at the moment, I feel a peculiar affinity?

Why not? There is Custer and Horatius and the Trumpeter and the Dutch Boy and *me*. Now I am quite aware that I should have said, "There am I." But William James allows us a whole group of satellite "me's", circulating at various distances about the central "I", like planets around a sun — so I stick to "me" — the-me-who-would-be-domestic, found oftenest in an atmosphere consisting wholly of hot water!

Take a look at all those heroes, and you will see that each one was pushed into a position where Fate said, "This is it — your back is to the wall — there is nobody except you now against the hordes who stampede the ramparts! What are you going to do about it? *You*, personally?"

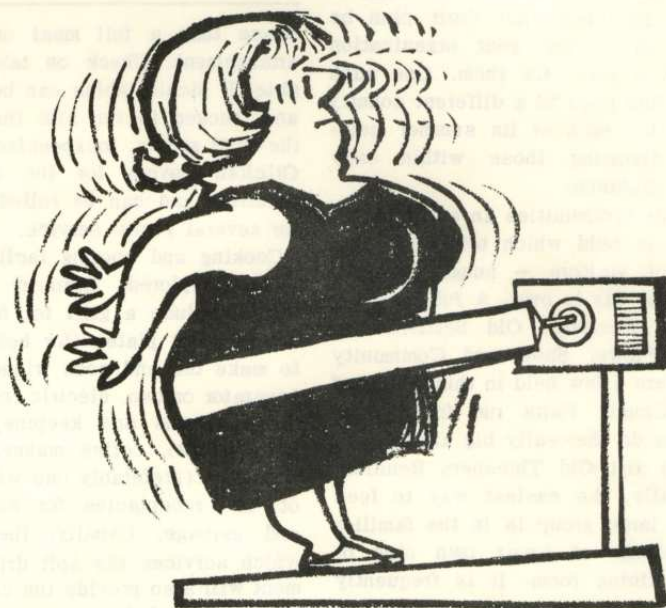
In my case, of course, my back is to the refrigerator, which does very well as a substitute wall. And the reason my back is to it is that I have already fronted it, only to find it empty; that is, empty of anything worthy to be called the makings of a meal. This meal is due to be served at a time roughly one half hour in the future — according to, or, at least, implicit in, an oral contract into which I entered a number of years before. Three quarters of a bottle of milk, a bit of butter, a dish of jelly, three slices of cheese, and four stalks of celery!!

What did my heroes in the days of old do? They used what they had at hand. The Bugler — his bugle (it wasn't his fault that the song was cut in two by a bullet); Custer — his third of an army (it wasn't his fault that he had been misinformed as to the strength of the enemy); Horatius — his spear, and for the infighting — his sword, and his ability to swim; the Dutch Boy — only his finger, his arm, and his determination. Two lost their lives trying; two came through in presumably good shape. Horatius was all right after a good night's rest, and the Dutch Boy's

arm was swollen for only a day or two. I decide to line up with the victors! I will use what I have at hand — and make it work!

I have to leap over a hazard unknown to the others in my company — a sense of guilt. *If* I had gone to the supermarket last evening instead of for a ride in the country; *if* I had gone to the grocery this morning instead of to my desk; *if* I had spent this afternoon in the kitchen instead of at the art exhibit, and afterward out for coffee, I would not be in this predicament. None

(Continued on page 20)



THERE'S AN EASIER WAY!

Don't knock yourself out trying to get rid of a few pounds. And don't starve yourself, either. Often, exercise just builds appetite — and crash diets lose their effect when the crash is over. To lose weight, to avoid gaining, the easy way is also the simple way: cut down calorie intake.

And you can do it without denying yourself the enjoyment of sweetened drinks and desserts: simply use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** instead of sugar! On cereals, in coffee, whenever a recipe calls for sugar, reach for the handy flip-top bottle of **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. A few shakes, and presto! Sweet and delicious, without a single calorie added!

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KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

HOORAY FOR CROWDS!

by
Evelyn Birkby

Hooray for the crowds, they can be the answer to a prayer!

Does your organization need to raise money? Find a crowd and feed them. Perhaps you are already tapping this source of income and feel that you are helping fill a need by feeding the hungry, but look around for *new* ways to utilize the talents traditionally devoted to homemaking.

For example, community service clubs do get weary of eating at the same place month after month. Suggest to the president that their plan be varied by having your organization prepare a meal for them. One such men's club goes to a different country church for each of its summer meetings, choosing those within easy driving distance.

In many communities an annual celebration is held which brings in hundreds of visitors — hungry visitors before the day is over. A Jubilee Day, Popcorn Festival, Old Settlers Reunion, Flower Show and Community Picnic are a few held in this corner of Iowa. County Fairs run for several days, as do the really big affairs like a rodeo and Old Threshers Reunion.

Naturally, the easiest way to feed such a large group is in the familiar surroundings of your own club or church dining room. It is frequently desirable, or necessary because of location, to take the food to the people rather than expecting the people to come to the food. The work involved in such a venture can best be started by careful thinking, planning and organizing.

The first consideration is to decide where to serve. Are any permanent buildings available near the location of the celebration? If you do find a building, can it be furnished adequately with chairs, tables and the equipment for serving food?

If nothing already established is available, the next step is to decide what you must have in the way of a covering, and this usually means a tent. The first year or two it would be best to rent from a tent and awning company. It just might be the group will not want to do this kind of project forever! If it becomes a yearly tradition, then investigate the possibility of buying a tent.

The location and size of the tent makes a difference in what you can serve. A short-order plan will require less room and fewer tables and counter



The tent crew for a church stand is getting the framework and canvas in place as one of the first steps in feeding a crowd. (This picture was taken at the Rodeo grounds, Sidney, Iowa.)

space than a full meal or cafeteria arrangement. Check on tables available. If picnic tables can be borrowed and trucked to the site they provide the most sturdy, inexpensive furniture. Oilcloth covers for the tables are practical and can be rolled and used for several years' service.

Cooking and cooling facilities need to be explored. Minimum equipment would include a grill for frying hamburgers, hot plates (for boiling water to make tea and cook wieners), a refrigerator or two, electric roasters (for baking beans and keeping sandwich fillings hot), coffee maker, iced tea container (preferably one with a spigot) and receptacles for waste paper and garbage. Usually, the company which services the soft drink department will also provide the coolers and ice chest needed.

Decide what to use for serving. Paper plates and plastic spoons and forks save dishwashing, but will they be adequate for the food served?

Through the years the Methodist Church stand at the Sidney, Iowa, Rodeo has evolved a simple, adequate, easy-to-serve menu with a minimum of work and a maximum amount of profit for the space available and the effort expended. They began with full dinners which included fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy. They tried plate lunches with a choice of several items which caused more confusion than the dinners. For several years, now, they have served the following efficient and very satisfactory menu:

Hot Chicken on a Bun (chickens purchased dressed one or two weeks before the Rodeo, stewed, meat taken from bone, broth thickened, combined with meat in large flat pans, covered with foil, frozen until time to put in electric roaster to heat and serve.) Hamburgers (made on grill at stand). Hot Dogs (boiled on hot plate at stand). Barbecued Hamburgers (prepared in

church kitchen). Church Cabbage Salad (made in church kitchen a day ahead and chilled until needed). Potato Salad (potatoes peeled, cooked and cooled the day before in the church kitchen and made into salad as needed). Corn on the Cob (boiled over hot plate at stand — a real delicacy for people who are not from the Midwest). Sliced Tomatoes. Cake. Pie (pies are all donated with a reserve of extra homemade unbaked ones kept in freezer along with rounds of crust which can be made up quickly with canned pie filling in case of emergency). Pop, Coffee, Iced Tea, and Milk.

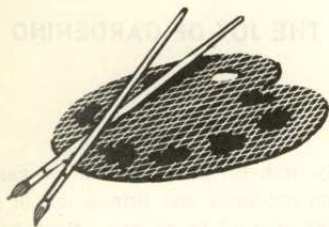
Donations should be encouraged wherever possible. For the menu given, the pies, cakes, corn, cabbage, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, cream, milk for cooking and green peppers are solicited. These contributions help tremendously to raise the profits to around 55% of the gross income.

A good working organization is essential. First comes a general chairman, a stand chairman for each meal, a kitchen chairman for day and, if possible, an evening kitchen chairman (the evening helpers are primarily working men and women who peel potatoes, make some salad, wash pots and pans and clean up the room), purchasing and order agent, laundry supervisor, maintenance man, solicitation chairman, cashiers, banker, early morning clean-up crew for the stand, and night boys to sleep in the tent to discourage rummaging. Waiters and waitresses are essential, of course, and need to be carefully spaced to avoid a glut at one time and a lack at another.

Do decide ahead of time as to the policy of workers eating. They can pay full price for everything they eat; this increases the profits, which is the purpose of the whole project! Some stands request half price of the help. Another church allows its helpers to eat free, feeling that this encourages volunteer workers to participate. Deciding before you start is essential.

Keep records! The amount of food purchased, where and from whom, the cost, the list of workers, etc., will help so much in analyzing efficiency and assisting with the following year's decisions.

When all the details are written down in one place they appear to add up to a tremendous amount of work, but many hands and good planning can lighten any load. Feeding the crowds provides opportunities for community service, close fellowship among those working together, and a chance to increase the treasury in one, big, short-term project.



Is Yours A Hobby-Happy House?

by

Joseph Arkin and Marian Orloff

The warning whistle blows, the headlights beam, there's a great cloud of smoke and round the hill bursts 'old 666' hauling refrigerated goods, coal and lumber. She shudders a bit, then comes to a grinding halt in front of the unloading platform of a station marked Smalltown, USA.

Dad and Junior, controlling an entire network of railroads, slap each other on the back and congratulate one another on a successful run. "Next week," Dad says grandly, "we'll get the cattle cars."

These two are not eccentric millionaires. They are father and nine-year-old son playing with their model railroad.

Mother, meanwhile, has been sitting at the dining room table painting a canvas she intends to put up in her hall. She never had an art lesson in her life but the picture coming to life under her brush gives her as much satisfaction as "The Lovers" must have given Picasso. In fact, it is "The Lovers" she is painting on her "paint-by-number" kit.

Daughter Mary, comfortably cross-legged on the living room couch, is weaving a bright colored waste-basket she's going to present to her best friend.

A spirit of warmth and camaraderie fills the house. It doesn't matter that they are not all working on the same project; they feel a similar joy in what they are each doing and in doing it "en famille".

This is a hobby-happy family and they are not unique. Their counterparts are spread all over the United States for Americans spend over \$400,000,000 annually on leisure-time handicrafts.

When Papa worked the ix-to-six shift and Mama spent every waking hour at the stove or sink, there was little time for the family to get together with a hobby. In those days, hobbies were for a select group lucky enough to have "time on their hands".

Today, it's a far different story. With the workweek down to 40 hours (and there is talk of cutting it to 35) most people have hobby hours to call their own.

Remember the time when the first warm Spring day saw the neighborhood boys sloshing around the park pond, chasing pollywogs?

Now, with Spring, a young boy's fancy turns to thoughts of his model schooner skimming lightly across the water. We all can't enjoy the pleasure of a full-sized craft of our own — but anyone can be a Sunday afternoon mariner.

A knot of grinning navigators kneel on the bank — scale-model sails billow in the April breeze. "Nelly III is taking the lead!" cheers an excited skipper. But "Bobby Jackson I" is close behind.

Boys and girls and their dads and mothers proudly carry a lovingly constructed sailboat or speedboat to the park pond — racing is the big event of the day. If you've never joined Sunday sailors, you've missed a great time!

In addition to the pleasure they bring, hobbies are learning tools. Dad and Junior's model railroad is a medium for learning the history of America's most colorful mode of transportation.

Those realistic railroads bring back the days the cross-country line was built — the days of John Henry and Casey Jones.

Why do the switches switch? What makes the locomotives puff smoke? Why does the whistle blow? Ask a model railroader. He'll explain the principles of electricity and construction that his trains have taught him.

But elaborate model railroads are not the only striking things in living rooms and hobby-happy households.

Thousands of hobbyists relax with handicrafts. Wall paintings, decorated toleware, mosaic tile tables, ceramic ashtrays, jewelry, basketry, leatherwork, and arresting artificial flower arrangements; these are the province of the handicraft hobbyist.

The women of the house usually take on handicrafts, and work painstakingly on projects for decorating the home or giving as gifts.

Woodburning is ideal as a gift. Any boy or girl can become skillful at etching designs in wood or cork.

Plastic models of birds, animals, pirates and knights can be made from kits, and will decorate desks, shelves, and bookcases.

There are hundreds of hobbies — one for almost every taste, from bird-watching to bird-making. Why not turn your family into a hobby-happy family? The family that plays together — stays together.



"The dessert I served at club yesterday? The girls gave the recipe on the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio visit."

Why don't you get the Kitchen-Klatter habit? We can be heard over the following stations each week-day morning.

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

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One lone candle shines afar —
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When love has set the light aflame,
Darkness can never be the same.

The light shines on with each new
year,
Strengthening faith, dispelling fear,
And I shall know the way to go
By this lone candle's steady glow.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

DANDELION SURPRISE

Wee fairies slipped in through our gate;
In gay, bright spots they strolled
Across our lawn, prim and sedate,
With parasols of twinkling gold.

This morning they were nowhere nigh.
Could thunder cloud, so bold and gruff,
Have frightened them? And, me, oh,
my,

Each one forgot her powder puff!

—Mildred B. Grenier



MONDAY MORNING JEWELS

Your weekly wash is so sparkling you wish you could hang it in the front yard. The white things are almost too bright to look at, and the colored things gleam and glow like jewelry. Even blouses with several birthdays look new and crisp.

You must be using Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach!

Because that's the one that bleaches everything that's washable. Bleaches them new-looking. Bleaches them sparkly. And bleaches them *safely*, because **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine. Even dainty synthetic materials are perfectly safe. No more costly "bleach rot" when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Try some soon — and see the difference.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

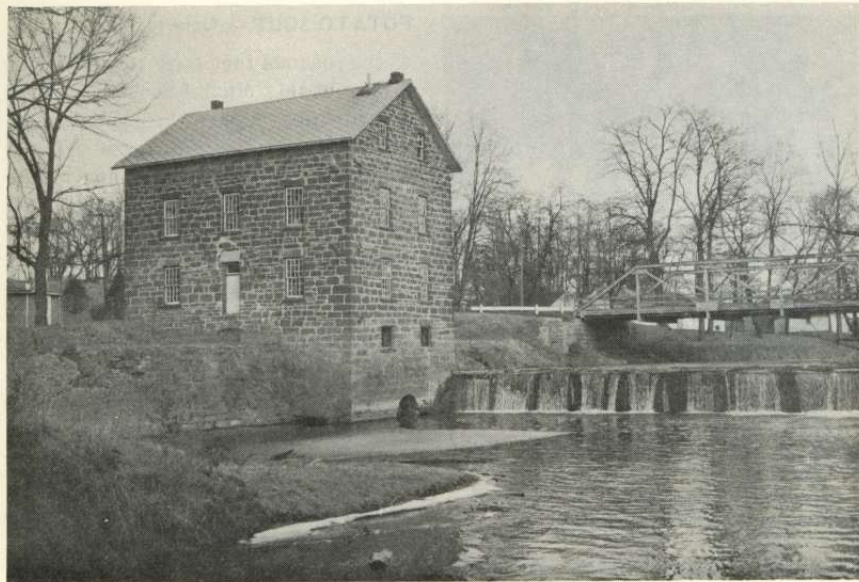
May ushers in a wealth of garden bloom outdoors and brings indoor gardening almost to an end. Most house plants can be moved outside near the end of the month to protected positions where they can remain until cool weather arrives in the fall. Be sure to water the plants as needed, feed them a dilute soluble plant food at regular intervals, and watch for insect pests.

Tie the foliage of narcissi that have finished blooming into neat bundles and leave to ripen naturally. This will assure good bulb growth and bud formation for next spring's flowers. Let tulip foliage die down by itself, and tuck pansy plants around the tulips or sow seeds of some of the hardier annuals. These will soon take over and hide the tulip foliage as it becomes unsightly.

This is the month when attention should be given to the vegetable garden. Sow the hardier vegetables, such as beets, carrots, spinach, peas, turnips, kohlrabi, and broccoli, during the early part of the month. More tender vegetables, such as sweet corn, bush beans, squash, cucumbers, and melons, can be planted near the middle of the month in most sections of the Midwest. Cover those first eggplants, pepper and tomato plants with paper tents to ward off frost.

It is always fun to try different vegetables. Have you ever grown the edible podded garden peas? They are truly delicious when picked and cooked like snap beans. The young pods are brittle, stringless, free of fiber, and have the flavor and sweetness of fresh green peas. I put a few pint boxes of them in the freezer and the family liked them fine. Pick the pods in the early morning while they are cool and crisp. Cut off the tips on both ends, and cut each pod in two or more pieces. Wash, then scald for three minutes in boiling water. Cool quickly in ice water, drain well, and pack in plastic bags. Freeze at once. If you like garden peas but dread the work of picking and shelling the pods, do try the edible podded sugar peas. Two good varieties are Mammoth Melting Sugar and Dwarf Gray Sugar. You will find the seed in most seed catalogues though I have never been able to buy any from seed racks in stores.





Unionville Mill at Morrison, Illinois

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"Rich in tradition, legend and lore, the covered bridges of the United States stand as a fitting monument to the skill, industry and resourcefulness of the early American engineers," writes Leslie C. Swanson in his book *Covered Bridges in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin*.

A *Kitchen-Klatter* reader who kindly welcomed us to our new home town has requested more information on this book which was mentioned briefly some time ago. She says their family, which includes four boys, takes to the road with their camper on weekends and vacations, as do many of you readers. They are particularly interested in historical landmarks including covered bridges.

Mr. Swanson, known for his historical writings, research, and Americana, says many theories have been advanced as an explanation of why bridges were covered, including protection for the traveler or enabling skittish horses to cross. Also, coverings protected the bridges from weather, which probably accounts for their long life. Bridges were even used as billboards or town bulletin boards.

Mr. Swanson lists four highlights in evaluating the usefulness of covered bridges. They include: practical use, historical landmarks, park sites, and a photographer's and artist's paradise. "An excursion to a covered bridge will bring you back to nature and away from the tension, din and tumult of the crowded cities and highways," writes the author.

Three chapters in the book are devoted to bridges in the three states, including the famous Wolfe bridge near Douglas and Gilson, Illinois, which spans the picturesque Spoon River immortalized by Edgar Lee Masters. Winterset, Iowa, in the heart of the Madison County covered bridges, "takes great pride in these well-preserved symbols of America's romantic past." The oldest and easternmost covered bridge in Iowa is the Delta span in Keokuk County, which attracts many visitors in the eastern part of the state. How I wish I could mention all the bridges of which the author writes! Of interest to Wisconsin readers is the covered bridge located near Cedarburg, just twenty miles north of Milwaukee.

Covered Bridges in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin can be obtained directly from the author, Leslie C. Swanson, P. O. Box #334, Moline, Illinois, at \$1.50. The companion book, *Old Mills in the Mid-West* (Illinois and Iowa) can also be obtained for \$1.50.

Of today's old mills, this historian writes, "The mills standing today are a lasting monument and fitting tribute to the pioneers who built them. They are a vital part in the building of the Middle West and establishing the area as the 'breadbasket' of the nation."

Chapters on the old mills in Illinois tell of the thirty known mills still in existence, of which two continue to function — the old Graue Mill at Hinsdale, and the Hartsburg and Hawksley Mill at North Aurora which turns out fine wood-working products.

The old Graue Mill at Hinsdale, Illinois, in the Chicago suburban area, attracts many visitors. The mill actually grinds corn and there is a miller

on duty who explains the workings of it.

Northeastern Iowa, referred to as "Little Switzerland", is the home of about half the mills still existing in the state. Motor Mill near Elkader is outstanding. Near Spillville, legend says the Spillville Mill and dam scene inspired the immortal Anton Dvorak in the composing of "Humoresque" when he visited the town in 1893.

The first mill authorized by the state assembly, Iowa's Pine Creek Mill, holds a special attraction to me. It is located in eastern Iowa on the Mississippi. When my husband and children ask what I'd like for Mother's Day, I'll say, "I've been reading about Pine Creek Mill in Wildcat Den State Park near Fairport. Do you suppose we could . . ."



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BLESSED IS THE HOME - Concluded

the greatest thing in the world. In this chapter of the Bible we find love and other qualities contrasted. Love is greater than eloquence, greater than prophecy, greater than mysteries, greater than faith, greater than sacrifice. We are told what love is. We might say that love has nine ingredients - Patience (suffereth long), Kindness (is kind), Generosity (envieth not), Humility (vaunteth not itself), Courtesy (doth not behave unseemly), Unselfishness (seeketh not her own), Good temper (not easily provoked), Guiltlessness (thinketh no evil), and Sincerity (rejoiceth in the truth). Finally, we learn that while all else in life can flee away, LOVE LASTS. Love must be the foundation of the Christian home.

Leader: In conclusion I think we agree with Mrs. Janie Starling, who once said, "We should build a home with a sound FOUNDATION of Christianity; WALLS of upright character; FLOORS of strong, honest morals, covered with thoughtful service; ROOF of ambition and high ideals; WINDOWS to look for the good in people, and the beauty in nature; DOORS of opportunity to treat all as we should like to be treated; CLOSETS for private conversation with God, and quiet aspiration



Frederick includes a sermon for the children of his congregation each Sunday morning, and at its conclusion the children leave the sanctuary for their church school classes. They pass in front of him, waving as they leave.

for others; VENTILATION for industries, and hobbies; LIGHTS of intelligence and cheer; and WARMTH from love of God and man."

"The family is like a book. The children are the leaves; the parents are the covers, that protective beauty give. LOVE is the golden clasp that bindeth up the trust. Oh, break it not, lest all the lives shall scatter and be lost."

Benediction: All join hands and sing the first verse of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds".

Closing prayer.

POTATO SOUP - Concluded

of the reasons that come to mind for my failure at this crucial hour are valid to myself, let alone the metaphorical hungry hordes whose steps may be heard on the front porch any minute now. The stove across the room waits patiently, silently. Nothing in its expression accuses me of the pot roast, the succulent veal chops, the roast chicken, the shepherd's pie, the jelly omelet, the Swiss steak that *might* be making the kitchen fragrant at this moment *if*, my conscience tells me to my face, I had only kept my mind where it ought to be and tended strictly to business.

Suddenly I have it! The thing I have at hand! Tonight is the night we shall have *potato soup*! Good, nourishing, delicious, hot potato soup (and woe to any member of the hungry horde who disputes a single savory adjective)! There are potatoes in the basement. Hurry. Peel, slice, on to boil. No onion! A little onion salt will do. The four stalks of celery I will fill with the cheese as an accompaniment. Celery seeds must go into the soup. How about a little dried parsley? This must be made carefully. Pour off the potato water, mash the potatoes fine, return the potato water with the milk and hold just below the boiling point. Just the right amount of salt - a dash of pepper - a smudge of browned butter floating on the surface at the last moment.

This is the night to set the table with the best dishes: Grandmother's big soup tureen and silver soup ladle; the lovely old Bavarian china soup bowls; the best silver. A few flowers float in a bowl; the stuffed celery and jelly repose in cut glass. A little candlelight, perhaps?

Isn't this wonderful - and jolly! We're having *Potato Soup* tonight! (Oh, *very* jolly. Never mind that the cook is out of breath.) No one except herself knows that her sword has vanquished the Etruscans, she has swum the Tiber, and her good right arm has held back the tides of the sea. *Nobody* knows it, except herself. And even she does not at the moment, flushed as she is with triumph, realize that this is not the last time. Unless she mends her ways she will have to do it over and over and over again. That's where the heroes had it all over her. They had to face the hordes but once.

Oh well! Everybody can't be a hero!

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Apron Skit - Continued

fore we had the baby? Spare time — there just aren't enough hours in the day anymore, although, goodness knows, the nights are plenty long since the baby has the colic. But he's so sweet when he's good — and he dearly loves his bath. I'm so glad to have this apron to wear when I bathe him. It keeps me dry, and he likes to snuggle in it, too.

Scene 7 (TV dinner. Instant coffee. Place mat, silver, one setting of dishes.)

Now Mary is involved in U. P. W. Association, Church School, and P. T. A. work. When she dashes home from one of these afternoon meetings, she hurriedly grabs the strings of

One of the newest aprons of the day —

It's made of plastic, so they say.
It's smooth and colorful and neat,
And as you know, it's hard to beat.
It feels like satin, with shimmer
and sheen —

Always looks new, and bright, and clean.

Just wipe it off, and you will find
No washing needed for this new kind.

When it's worn out, and has seen
its day,

It's ready, then, to be thrown away.

Scene 8 (Mother-Daughter dresses and aprons.)

Mary's youngest, a little girl, enjoys doing many things with her mother. They go shopping together, bake cookies together, sew together. I believe they are wearing their new look-alike aprons. Right now they are practicing the duet they will sing at the mother-daughter banquet. Let's listen...

DUET: "I Don't Want to Grow Up".

Scene 9 (Apron of ticking trimmed in red rickrack. Many loops to hold all tools, carry grass seed, etc.)

Mary is proud of her home and her garden. The children are in college and she finds more time to work in the yard. She uses a garden apron!

This is the apron that gets the most abuse.

It's made for the garden; it's like an old mule,

With two large sacks to carry garden tools.

The shovel, the rake, and several hoes,

Hammer and yardstick, to measure the rows,

A scratcher here to scratch out the weeds.

In the pocket we find an abundance of seeds.

So whether in spring, summer or fall
She really needs this apron, the Carry-All.

Scene 10 (A girl dressed in slacks, wearing B-B-Q apron and hat. Props — charcoal, charcoal starter and B-B-Q tools on tray.)

We haven't talked much about Jim, but he has been ever-present. He works hard and one of his favorite forms of relaxation is to put on his chef's apron and hat and barbecue supper in the back yard.

This apron is huge, with sayings funny,

To help to keep Father's disposition sunny —

A variety of pictures up and down the side

Amuse this cook — true and tried.

The large white cap with room to spare

Helps Dad to cook steaks well,
medium, and rare.

He keeps the family running to find his supplies.

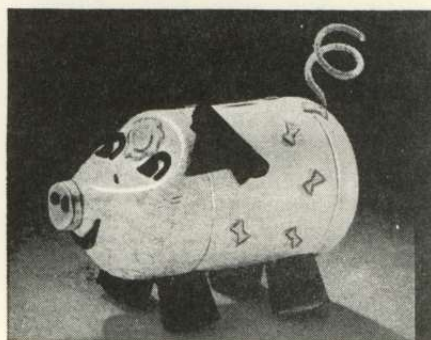
It's worthwhile, though, the results are so nice.

Let's salute the male cook, clever as he can be,

Delighted with his accomplishment,
but not half so much as we.

Scene 11 (Props — rocking chair, knitting basket. Grandmother sits and knits during narration. As the four-year-old who was in Scene 1 enters, pretending to cry, grandmother puts her on lap and wipes her tears.)

The years have passed. Mary has achieved the wonderful status of
(Continued on next page)



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IN PRAISE OF LILACS - Concluded

when it is bursting with bloom, and the wind is right, I'm lucky! Garden work was never so easy.

For anything so delicately lovely, lilacs are exceptionally hardy. When we lived near Green City, Missouri, each trip into town took us past what was once a homestead, where people must have lived, loved, laughed, and suffered. All that remained of that home was an old cellar, and a shabby lilac bush. Each time we passed I felt sad for those long-past days. Every spring that lilac bush, in spite of rough grazing by cattle, bravely put forth blossoms that, for a few days, at least, smelled as sweet as when loving hands had gathered them to perfume the home.

Left untended, lilacs have a tendency to form a thicket or hedge. I once saw such a hedge. We were in the market for a farm. The realtor showed us one where the buildings had been abandoned,

thinking that the value of the land might induce us to buy, even with the prospect of repairing the buildings. All along the north side of the large yard was a hedge of lilacs. It had grown high and wide. The thought of owning all those lilacs was a temptation, but better judgment ruled. As the men walked over the land, however, I stood and looked at that enormous hedge. I honestly think that if lilacs bloomed all summer, instead of the brief season they do, I would willingly have put up with the inconvenience of run-down buildings for the sake of all that bloom. It must be gorgeous!

My most pleasant memory of lilacs is what I call my "Year of the Lilacs". We live in northern Missouri. In that particular year we had occasion, in early spring, to make a trip to the southern part of the state when lilacs were in bloom there. Later our own lilacs bloomed, and were duly enjoyed. Still later our daughter graduated from Chadron State College in northwest Nebraska, and I attended her graduation-week activities. And, yes, again it was lilac time!

Since that memorable year I've had only one lilac time each spring, but the memory, like the fragrance of lilacs, lingers on.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

what about some of the good laymen and the good laywomen who are asked to do so much volunteer work for the Church? Just the other day one of our church women told me that she never got to see her family except at mealtime because she was always being asked to do something down at the church. I sometimes wonder if the Church isn't the worst offender when it comes to taking families out of their homes? I know that in the course of a single week my Betty attended 14 meetings of one kind or another, and did all of that while keeping a happy home.

In a few days I shall be leaving to spend a week in New York City. I am going there to attend a meeting of the Board of Directors of our United Church Board for World Ministries. Before leaving for the meeting I must read many application forms of persons who are asking for positions on the mission field. I never cease to be impressed at the quality of Christian dedication coming into the Lord's service. What a heavy responsibility it is to serve on the Personnel Committee which must employ our missionaries. As much as we need missionaries, we can't accept the services of all who apply.

And yet, when a person feels called of God to give his life in missionary service, how hard it is to be one of those to judge the correctness of the call.

This will be the first time I have been in New York for many months. Of course I have been through there many times, but not to stop for any length of time. When I get back I shall tell you all about it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

APRON SKIT - Concluded

grandmother. "I don't spoil my grandchildren: it's just that I can't bear to see them punished for something I know they didn't mean to do. I know little Billy didn't intend to break that lamp. I don't care. I never liked it very well anyway. Of course, little Susan doesn't like to go to bed when her parents want her to. I can't see why she couldn't stay up just a half hour longer. And why did Bobby's mother make such a fuss about his playing in the ink? Why, the little fellow had never seen ink before and, of course, he was curious. I can always move the desk over a few inches and the spot on the wallpaper will never show. It seems to me the children's parents are terribly strict — a lot more so than Jim and I were with our children!"

How the grandchildren love to visit Mary. Each of them loves to hear about

Grandma's Apron

"My grandma's apron is such fun; It's not a little frilly one. It's long and wide enough to be Of lots more use than folks can see.

If Grandma sees a speck of dirt, She puts that apron right to work, And when I sleep on Grandma's lap, She tucks it 'round me like a wrap. But when I need it most of all Is when I'm hurt or had a fall. Grandma picks one corner up And holds my chin as if a cup, Then wipes away each tear I cry On that old apron — then she'll sigh, And hug me tight until I smile. Oh! Grandma's apron is so worthwhile!"

CONCLUSION: Quartet, "Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again".

When a man does only what he must do, he will remain all his life in the rank and file.

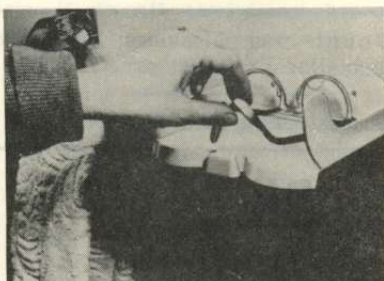
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May Poetry

MY SONG OF SPRING

Wealth or fame, I'll never find,
But joy I've found and peace of mind.
I've eyes to see my husband sow
The fields in spring where grain will
grow.

The children tuck their hands in mine;
We brush away all sense of time.

I feel the breeze upon my face,
And hear the creek's cold waters race
O'er rocks and stones on way down-
stream.

There's time to plan and time to dream.
The topaz sun in sapphire sky
And emerald grass where cattle lie,
Are nature's gifts and they abound
A day in spring the country 'round.

—Jean Dittmer



STORIED CHARM

The earth is emerald-flushed and
windy-gay,
And lilacs spill their fragrance gener-
ously

Across the sun-kissed countryside
today,
And robins add their cheery euphony.

Here is the beauty of a storied charm
I thought was hidden in my moss of
dreams

Of long ago when Mother's smile was
warm

And joyous as the blend of Nature's
themes.

—Thelma Allinder



AMERICAN MOTHER

What fairer soil is known on earth
Than that which nurtured us at birth —
American?

What dearer name in all the world
In whatever land, with flag unfurled,
Than Mother?

True honor to one who both can claim;
All honor to her who bears the name
American Mother!

—Pearl E. Brown



SUNDAY IN MAY

Sunny and fair as the Queen of the
May,

At her throat is a red velvet rose;
Mother Nature is her proudest today
Robed in Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

—Evelyn S. Cason

MOTHER'S LOVE

Her love is like an island
In life's ocean, vast and wide;
A peaceful, quiet shelter
From the wind and rain and tide.
'Tis bounded on the north with Hope
By Patience, on the west,
By tender Counsel on the south,
And on the east by Rest.
Above it like a beacon light
Shine Faith, and Truth, and Light
And through the changing scenes of life
I find a haven there.

— Unknown

MOTHER

"She riseth while it is yet night" —
Duty knows no hour,
And loving hands, no rest.
"She stretcheth her hand to the poor"—
To share her humble bread
And feed the hungry soul.
"She speaketh wisdom and love" —
Wisdom is in her mouth;
Kindness is her law.
"Give her of the fruit of her hands" —
The while her candle burns,
Before her sun is set.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



Goodbye FOAM

Everybody — scientists, conservationists, housewives, city officials — has been talking about the nuisance and danger of foam and soap residues in water. Foam in wells, tap water, streams, etc.

Now **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** has done something about it. For the first time, you can buy a biodegradable cleaner in your supermarket. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** destroys foam before it can leave a filmy scum on clothes, dishes, windows and glasses. And before it goes down the drain to clog sewers and septic tanks and poison streams and drinking water.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner still has the same high-power, instant cleaning action it's so famous for. It still does the best job, wherever and whenever you need deep cleaning. Still cuts grease and grime like magic. But the foam is gone. Get it at your grocer's. Get it soon. Remember:

You go through the motions...

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

Does the work!