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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

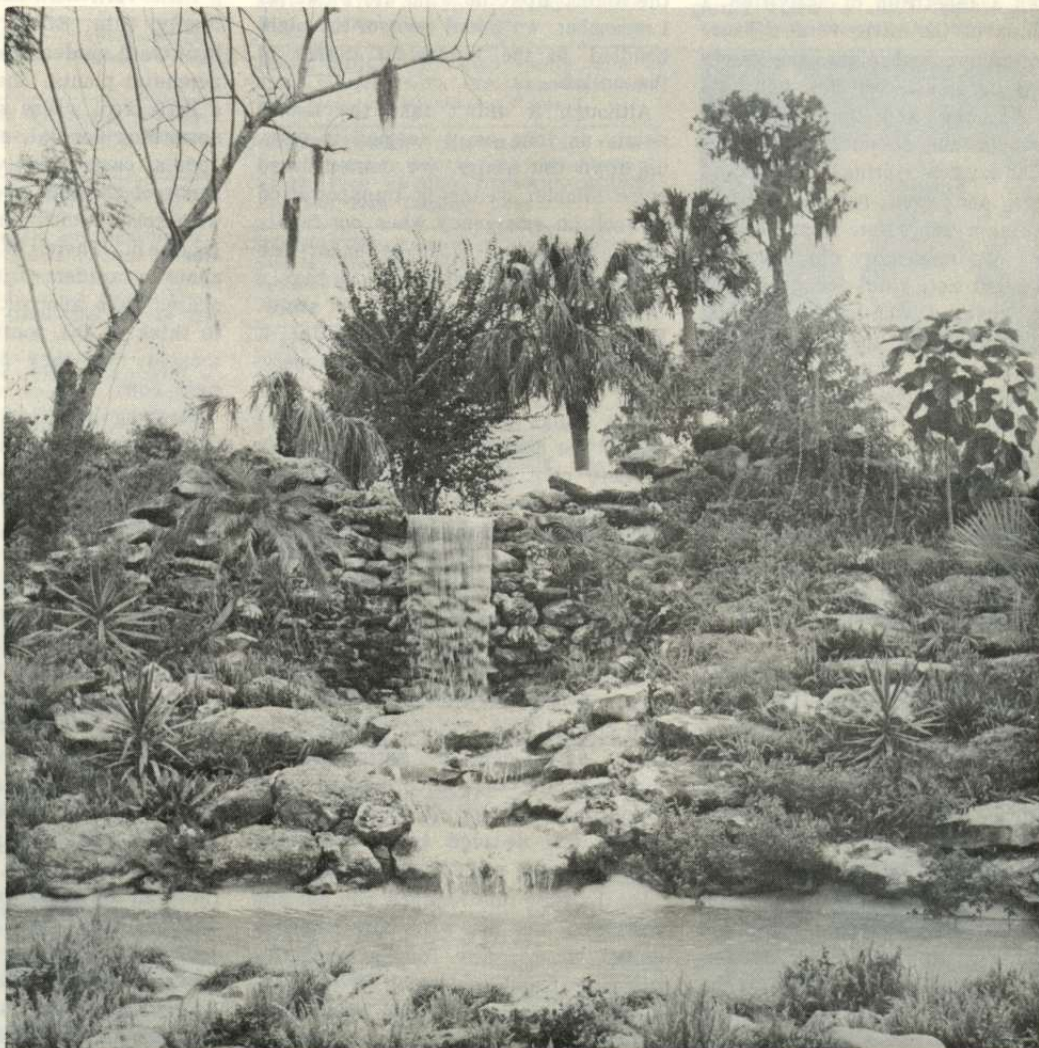
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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

My dear Friends:

Do you know what I do before writing my letter to you? I turn to the last issue of the magazine and read what I wrote, for it seems such a short time between months and the days between are often a repetition of activities. I often think of the little verse "Forenoon, afternoon and night, the empty song repeats itself, yet this is life." I can assure you there is some monotony in our schedule of living, but each day also brings unexpected pleasures and time passes rapidly.

Our spring weather here in southwestern Iowa has been very unpredictable with rain and more rain, and cool damp days. My husband, who had for the past year eagerly awaited the time when he could again make trips down to the *Kitchen-Klatter* offices, felt that settled weather was a *long time coming*.

A number of times tornado clouds danced all around us but the closest one came was when the little community of Yorktown, less than ten miles from Shenandoah, was almost completely destroyed. We weren't aware that such violence was taking place until it was over.

We had another close call soon after when residents were warned by radio that a tornado had been sighted five miles west of Shenandoah, and that everyone should seek places of safety. We didn't have our radio on at the time, but Howard and Margery, two of our children who live nearby, heard it and in a matter of minutes rushed to our home. Our cellar steps are steep and long, but with Howard, Oliver, Martin, Margery, Dorothy (who was here at the time) and Mart's nurse, Ruby Treese, to help, Mart and I were quickly carried to the basement where we stayed until the radio announced that the tornado had passed west and north of us.

It had been many years since a storm had sent us to the basement, and while we "sat out" this one we recalled

other times in the past when we had to run for the basement. The most vivid recollection of all of us took place when our children were quite young. That time a storm hit in the middle of the night and all the church bells rang the alarm. How the wind did blow! As I remember, we spent most of the night huddled in the southwest corner of the cellar.

Although it didn't take the family nearly as long as it seemed to carry us down the stairs, we contemplated some simpler means of transportation in such an emergency when our family might not be so close at hand. One idea we came up with was to have a child's slide beside the flight of steps. Ruby could place it in a matter of moments and Mart and I could slippety-slide right to the bottom!

Two things I accomplished while I was in the basement: I lined up Martin to help give it a *thorough* cleaning, and I found a box of old kitchen utensils that had been carted down there which contained a few gadgets that I decided I wanted taken back to the kitchen! So *some good* was accomplished!

Heavy rains came in the days following the storms, but the water level in this area was so low that no one felt like complaining. Almost overnight the trees leafed out, the spring flowers bloomed, and the yards became lush green carpets. It was as if Mother Nature had decided to do what she could to make amends for her tantrum!

By the time this reaches you our son Frederick and his wife will have returned home safely from a wonderful trip to England and Wales. It came as a real surprise to them to be sent by the Springfield, Massachusetts, Rotary Club as ambassadors of good will. Frederick just telephoned the news and I'm not sure of the details, but he'll probably tell you all about it in his letter next month.

I told you last month that I hoped to

attend the Iowa Mothers House Party in Des Moines when the Iowa Mother of 1964, Mrs. Hilda Weingart, received her award from Governor Hughes. This annual meeting is always a very happy occasion, and this one was especially nice. Each year an American Mother is chosen from among the 50 State Mothers and the candidates from the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. It was of such interest to the group to learn at this meeting that other countries around the world are beginning to do something of this nature, so the plan might develop into something on the international level. It will be interesting to watch the development in the future.

My sister Jessie has her broken arm out of the sling now and is again able to work in her flower garden. When Margery and I went to Des Moines we took Jessie with us so she could have a little visit with her son Bill and his family. Ella, Bill's wife, has a large back yard garden where she is raising perennial plants. She had been saving a little spot where she hoped to plant something special, and that something special came along with us, for in the trunk of the car we had a flat filled with some choice plants from Jessie's garden. There is a warm feeling about a garden that contains plants shared from another. I've been trying to think of the poetic lines with that thought, but they don't come to me right now.

Speaking of Ella's perennial plants reminds me of Ruth Field Seehawer, my brother Henry Field's daughter who lives in Appleton, Wisconsin. She has developed a thriving business in perennial plants and has quite an acreage under cultivation. Sometime when we visit our son Donald in Milwaukee, I hope we can drive on to visit her. All of Henry's children are living, and as far as I know there have been no deaths among his grandchildren.

Just as when we were children and saved the frosting on the cake until last, I've kept the best news for the end of my letter. Mart and I are great-grandparents again, for we've just received word that Kristin and Art have a little baby son, Andrew Wade. We hope that they'll be able to make the trip back to Iowa this summer for we're so anxious to see the baby. We expect the first pictures of little Andrew soon, but I've held up the presses as long as I dare so can't wait for them. We'll try to have one for you next month.

Sincerely,

Leanna

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

My Good Friends:

A few minutes ago when I sat down to this desk I had to shove Jake out of the chair and he looked at me with such an aggrieved expression on his face that I took time to get him settled down elsewhere.

I don't believe that I've mentioned Jake for quite a spell, so I'll explain that he is my tiny deer-type Chihuahua that Russell and I bought when he was around five months old. Some Chihuahuas get rather sizable, but not Jakey-boy; he was two years old on April 19th and thus was full-grown at that time — and still weighed just around four pounds.

I have found him a great source of entertainment, amusement and yes, comfort too, since Russell died. He is an astonishingly intelligent and alert little dog, and he actually seems to understand most of what is said to him. Some phrases such as: "Shall we go in the car?" will wrench him right up out of what had seemed to be the heaviest kind of sleep. Instantly he is up and racing to the door. We spell some things, but he's even gotten on to the spelling; so all in all, I wouldn't call Jakey-boy dull of wit.

After Russell died, he went through a profound personality change that lasted about two months or a little more. Russell had always played with him a great deal and paid a lot of attention to him, and when he was no longer here to do this, Jake went into what we would call acute melancholia if we were discussing a human being. From a lively whirlwind of eager anticipation he turned into a completely quiet and withdrawn little dog. He trotted constantly to Russell's room searching for him. Each time he came out and then curled up in a corner of whatever room I might be in and did not budge for hours . . . nor did he pay any attention to things that went on around him. I had always heard that dogs grieved for their masters, but Jake is the first dog we had ever had and thus I had not watched this and could only take other people's word for it. He lost his appetite and seemed like a totally different dog, so I'm sure that in his own way he experienced shock and sorrow.

Now he begins to seem more like his former self, although he still trots into Russell's former room and comes out looking confused and disappointed. We've noticed also that he doesn't roam around outside the way he used to do. Everyone always marveled that we



On almost every Sunday afternoon Mother can be found at the dining room table writing letters to members of the family, relatives and countless friends.

allowed such a tiny little dog to have the freedom of being outdoors, but he seemed to have such a wonderful time that we simply decided when we first got him that we would have to run the chance that he might get struck by a car. He used to be gone long enough to worry us, but since Russell died he has been at home all of the time and we never need to go out and call and eventually feel fretful about his absence.

Those of you who read "Woman's Day" probably noticed the color section devoted to the most popular breeds of dogs in our country. Some of those breeds I can never recall seeing, but one of them, the Bedlington Terrier, I saw only once and it gave me a genuine start. I didn't feel that the picture of this breed really did it justice, for the Bedlington Terrier that I saw a good twenty-five years ago in Minneapolis looked more like a lamb than an actual lamb! Not really, of course, since a lamb is a lamb, but we saw this dog romping on the lawn in front of a nice house and thought instantly that somehow those people had acquired a lamb for a pet. I've never seen one from that day to this, but I've never forgotten it.

The last time Russell and I were in Mexico we saw a dog that we had never before heard about: the Prince Charles Spaniel. Have any of you ever seen one? We were sitting in the courtyard of a hotel having lunch (Jake was leashed to the leg of a chair since in those big open courtyards there is no restriction against dogs, providing they stay in one place) when an American woman came walking through carrying the most beautiful spaniel we had ever seen — quite a small dog with enormous, melting brown eyes.

She spoke to us so we replied, of course, and then we asked her what kind of a dog she had and she explained that it was a Prince Charles Spaniel.

When we told her that we had never seen one before, had never even heard of one before, she asked us if we remembered seeing portraits done in the 17th and 18th centuries in England where so frequently a spaniel would be lying in the foreground in front of the children of the family? Instantly we both remembered such portraits, and she said: "Well, those dogs were Prince Charles Spaniels." And I must say that the one she was carrying looked just exactly like the ones we recalled seeing in portraits dating back to that period.

One final note about that encounter in the Mexican courtyard: her handsome spaniel was named Jake! We had never before run into a dog named Jake, so this surprised us and amused us.

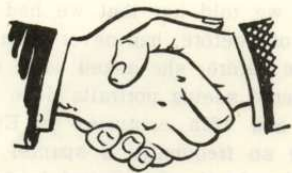
As far as I know, Juliana will be going to summer school all through this coming summer at the University of New Mexico. By changing her major to the School of Education she lost quite a spell of time since some of her courses will not apply to her degree; and then too, there are so many required courses that *must* be taken before she can get her degree. It looks now as if she must go to summer school this coming semester, then all next year and the following semester. Had she dreamed that it would take such a period of time to get her degree she would not have changed her major when she entered her junior year.

I think that college is a great problem to all parents these days. Not many young people actually know what they wish to major in when they enter as freshmen, and thus they take various classes that will not apply to getting their degree when they decide upon their major. Juliana tells me that most students at the University will not be able to get their degrees in the straight four years that was standard for decade after decade. Most of them must put in at least one session of summer school, and in countless cases it is a lot more than one session.

Switching schools is also something to be thought about at great length. It seems that students lose a substantial number of their credits if they take a notion to change schools — only by remaining where they started can they avoid this loss. I'm finding out all of these things as Juliana winds up her third year in college, so if any of you can glean any help from my experience, I'm glad of it.

College has gotten so frightfully expensive that I just don't know how any parents can keep more than one

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HAND IN HAND

A Father-Son Banquet

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Sometimes, when planning for a father-son banquet, it is something of a challenge to find a theme and decorations that are definitely masculine, but the "Hand in Hand" theme has been proved to "fill the bill".

Table Decorations: One idea for a centerpiece would be to arrange cut flowers in a shallow container placed on a large baseball glove. Upon a wide runner of crepe paper down the center of the table place different kinds of men's and boys' gloves — mittens, chore gloves, old-fashioned flannel husking gloves, etc.

Someone with artistic know-how might make large "praying hands" stand-ups to place in the center of low flower arrangements on the tables.

Nut Cups might be decorated with "stand-up" praying hands cut from construction paper (choose a color to match other decorations), cutting them with an attached band which can be stapled around the cup.

Another idea would be to make miniature baseball gloves from brown plastic cloth, or crepe paper, and place a nut cup on the glove to give the "caught-by-the-catcher" idea.

If there is an amateur artist among your organization, ask him to draw a sketch showing a child's hand clasped in that of a man, to use on the cover of the program booklets. Staple the booklets at the top so that they can be made to stand, A-line fashion, at each place, and thus become a part of the table decorations.

Wall Decorations can be oversized drawings of hands in action — hands holding a fishing pole, hands holding a paddle, hands holding a Bible, hands folded in prayer, and hands holding various tools — to name a few. How about some wall "samplers" reading "All HANDS on deck", "Many HANDS make light work", or "What hast thou in thy HAND?"

Scripture verses using the word "hands" might be used as fill-ins on program pages, and for wall samplers.

PROGRAM IDEAS

THE CARPENTER'S HANDS

If it were possible to find
One thing He wrought, like plow or spade,
The world would surely haste to see,
And thrill to touch the things He made.

And if today there were one house
In that far land of Galilee,
That Christ had built with His own hands,
How very precious it would be!

Those blessed hands that carved a yoke,
Or fixed a broken wheel,
Reached out to all in kindness
With power to bless and heal.

And now the force of His great love
Still lingers with us day and night;
And all about us everywhere
We see the glory of His light!

And though no house, or plow, or yoke
Is left for us to see today,
We have the promise of His HAND
To help and guide us on our way.

—Selected

From the Scriptures:

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not; I will help thee. (Isaiah 41:13)

Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. (Proverbs 3:27)

Let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth. (Ephesians 4:28)

I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting. (I Timothy 2:8)

SALUTE TO FATHER'S HANDS

HANDS that help to build a house
And keep it fast and true;
HANDS that lead the way to God
And bring another, too.

Those are a Christian father's hands!

"I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day.
And as my fingers pressed it still
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past;
That bit of clay was hard at last.
The form I gave it still it bore
And I could change it nevermore.

I took a piece of human clay
And gently formed it day by day
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore,
And I could change it nevermore."
—Anonymous

Never underestimate the power in a father's hand! May it ever be molding for the good.

The home is the bulwark of our lives, of America. Give us, then, courageous, well-informed Christian fathers, that with them we may always walk *hand in hand*, knowing we will always be led in the paths of honesty, helpfulness, and love.

"I want to grasp the *hand* of the man who has been through it all and seen,

Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread, and stuck to the world machine;

Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn, and thirsted, and starved, and felt

The sting and the bite and the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt;

Who was tempted and fell, and got up again, has gone on trusty and true,

With God supreme in his manly heart, and his courage burning anew."

—Author Unknown

THAT is the man we are so proud to call "Dad"!

THAT'S MY BOY!

Salute to Sons

Yelling and running, tousled heads sunning, robbers and G-men, make-believe gunning — that's Sonny.

Splinters and scratches, wild wrestling matches, bread box and cookie jars, eating whole batches — my son, natch!

Coasting and cheering, stand-up steering; building a doghouse, tools disappearing — that's my boy! Dear him!

Swimmin' a pleasure, shoes without measure, holes in the backyard, digging for treasure — love that kid, oh sure — that's my boy!

Building air castles to the sky, piling whipped cream on cherry pie, pals together, he and I — sure, he's the apple of my eye — he's my boy!

If you wish to close with a candle-lighting service, make an arrangement of five candles, with flowers, and if desired, make gold letters to spell "H-A-N-D-S", placing one letter in front of each candle. Select five persons to give a brief meditation for each

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FREDERICK IS BUSY WITH INTERESTING ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Just to give you an idea of what a minister's day is like, I want to share with you my schedule for today:

- 7:30 — breakfast
- 8:30 — leave house for church
- 9:00 — write *Kitchen-Klatter* letter
- 10:00 — prepare Sunday calendar for printer
- 11:00 — conference at Council of Churches
- 12:00 — entertain 20 ministers for lunch
- 2:00 — counseling session in study
- 3:00 — conference at city hall with the mayor
- 4:00 — call on the sick
- 4:30 — call on the sick
- 5:00 — call on the sick
- 6:30 — dinner with Literary Club
- 9:00 — Boston Symphony Concert
- 11:30 — to bed

Perhaps you are wondering what I do with all my spare time? Well, while my car is stopped at a red traffic light, I read the newspaper, and once a week I go to the barber for a haircut. In all seriousness I must say that sometimes I wonder if there is such a thing as "spare time". The schedule that I have given you for today is not quite as full as most days, and so you can see why I look forward to the summer vacation. I am told that many clergymen take off one day a week for a bit of rest and change, but I never do that. I know I should, but if I did, it would mean giving up some of the many things I feel have to be done — things that could not be done without a full seven-day week. Three days of the week I teach for a couple of hours at American International College, and I certainly couldn't do that and still take off time for some other recreation. Teaching is my "fun time", and the joy I get from helping young people to learn is all the recreation I need.

About this time of the year I get a longing to see the Middle West again. I love to see the miles and miles of green fields with all the promise of good crops to come. Of course, we have green fields here in New England, but they are not like the farm lands of the great plains states. I think I must be something like a salmon. You know how the salmon return to the river where they were born at regular intervals? Well, that is the way I am about Iowa. Every now and then something down deep inside me turns toward home, and I am restless until I can go there. Long ago I decided not to make



David Driftmier, son of Betty and Frederick, will be fourteen this summer, so he'll be depending upon his bike for transportation for a few more years.

my permanent home in the Middle West, but still I cannot get the "corn out of my blood". I am just a farm boy at heart!

You will note that the appointment schedule for today includes a luncheon for twenty ministers. Every two years our church takes its turn as host for the Congregational Ministers' Club of this city, and today is the day. Since my church women have had a very, very busy spring season with several extra luncheons and dinners to serve, we decided to entertain the ministers at a private dining club across the street from the church. There, in a lovely dining room, we can be served a fine luncheon for a reasonable cost, and we won't have to get a "team" of women in to cook and serve. As a matter of fact, our church uses that club a great deal for small luncheon meetings of one kind or another. Not long ago we had a party there to entertain some missionaries from Ceylon.

I want to tell you about those missionaries. They were not Americans who had been working in Ceylon; they were natives of Ceylon who had been brought to Massachusetts by our church conference to serve as missionaries to us. You know, there are no Christians in this world who are stronger in their faith and more dedicated to the work of the Church, than are the Christians of the newer churches out in the non-Christian areas of the world. It was good for us to have our Ceylonese friends here. They spoke to us in the morning service, and then met with our Missionary Committee in the afternoon. We all feel much stronger for having had them with us. They have now returned to their native land, and I hope that someday we shall be able to visit them there.

You would never guess what I am going to do in a couple of weeks! I am

to serve as a judge in a contest of "water diviners". Out here in New England they are called "dowsers". It all came about this way; one of our college professors wrote an article in the paper saying that he thought dowsers — men who find underground water sources with a forked stick — are nothing more than fakers or frauds! This caused a great stir in dowsing circles, and the professor was challenged to prove his point or retract it. The upshot of the matter was the arranging of a contest. If the dowsers can actually do what they say they can do, the professor will pay them \$100. I am to be one of three judges, and I was chosen because of the fact that I am perfectly neutral in this matter. My mind is open, and if the dowsers are able to find water with a forked stick, I shall declare them the winners.

David is more anxious than usual for the summer vacation period. He has a new boat. Last summer I went fishing with a friend who had a lovely little run-a-bout with an outboard motor. At the time I admired his boat very much, and said that if it were ever for sale, I would be interested in it. While on his way to church last winter, that friend had a heart attack and died. His estate sold the boat to me for only half of its real value, and at last David will have the kind of boat he has been wanting for a long, long time. My one worry is that my injury-weakened back will not be strong enough to lift the heavy motor off and on the boat. With the boat there is a nice little trailer for pulling it behind the car, and one of these warm spring days we plan to launch it in the Connecticut River for a little fishing. When we leave for the cottage on the lake in Rhode Island, we shall take it with us. Perhaps next month I can show you a picture of it.

This will be one summer when I shall be happy to be away from Springfield. They are planning to widen the street in front of our church, and that will make traffic most difficult. In addition, we are planning to add more area to our church parking lot, tearing down another old house, and that will make things noisy and dirty around here. In addition to all that, they are putting up a large new insurance building just a block from the church, and all day long the trucks and derricks go pounding back and forth past my office windows. The quiet of the woods will seem restful for a change.

When I get to the woods, my first prayer is one of gratitude for the beauty of nature, and my second prayer

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Flowers and Frills for the Bride

by
Mabel Nair Brown



WEDDINGS — HAPPINESS — STARDUST — even the words seem to carry a bit of the magic and glow that surround every happy bride. That's the reason her friends are delighted to share her joy by having a bridal shower. Thus everyone gets in on the fun! For such a happy occasion, one feels the extra frills are well worthwhile, so let's see how we'll entertain for this year's bride.

DECORATIONS:

For an unusual, but lovely, floral centerpiece arrangement, make a funnel "hourglass". Join two large funnels by pushing the spout ends together, one inside the other. One funnel top becomes the base and the other the container for the flowers and candle arrangement. Cover the whole with aluminum foil or florist's foil in one of the bride's colors. (Most florists will sell small sheets of this colored foil very reasonably.) Use modeling clay to plug the hole in the top funnel and to anchor a tall candle (also in one of the bride's colors). Arrange flowers and trailing greenery in the funnel container. Tie a ribbon bow (in a color to match the candle or flowers) around the center of the funnel holder.

It would be attractive to make nosegay corsages (insert the stems of the flowers through a white paper doily) and lay them in a circle around the base of the "hourglass". Later these corsages might be given to the honoree, her mother, and special guests.

For a *Hearts and Flowers* arrangement, cut a large heart from heavy posterboard. Cut out the center, leaving about a two-inch rim. Cover the heart with foil, or crepe paper, in an appropriate color. Cut lace paper doilies in half and glue them around the outside edge of the heart to form a lacy frill. Place the heart over a low bowl and fill the bowl with flowers and greenery.

Another idea for a tea table, or a luncheon table, starting with the basic cardboard heart above, is to fasten clusters of small flowers and greenery to the heart wreath until the heart rim is completely covered, leaving

just the doily frill showing. Place the heart on a needle-point holder to make it stand upright, and arrange a cluster of flowers to hide the holder. A small white wedding bell, or a dime store wedding ring, might be suspended on white satin ribbon to hang in the open center of the heart. For a luncheon, ribbon streamers could run from the heart wreath centerpiece out to a small nosegay corsage at each place setting.

How about a little PEANUT PIXIE bride (glue on a wisp of net for a veil) at the ends of the streamers on the above arrangement? Of course, each little pixie bride will hold a bridal posy in her hand!

A *Bride's Lei*, instead of the usual corsage, might be different for your honored guest. Just fasten your loveliest garden blossoms to a "rope" of ribbon, and place it around her neck at the beginning of the afternoon's entertainment.

Heart decorations are always pretty for a bridal shower. Make heart "kissing rings" by bending heavy chenille-covered wire into heart shape (most stationery stores or novelty shops carry this wire), and fasten two of these together to form the kissing ring. Tie a cluster of flowers with a fluff of net at the bottom of the ring and then suspend it from a doorway, above a tea table, or from a light fixture. By placing it on a needle-point holder it can be used as a centerpiece, placing an arrangement of flowers inside the kissing ring, with a few sprays trailing out on the table.

Ask each guest to bring a potholder, in heart-shape, or the hostess might arrange to make them all alike and give them as her gift. Pin the heart-shaped holders to the overhang of the tablecloth on the table. At the close of the party present the holders to the bride.

NUTCUPS AND SUCH:

What could be more appropriate than a *Dustpan* nut cup? From construction paper cut out a dustpan, complete with handle. Then cut out the "top" section which is like the first one minus handle

and 3/4-inch shorter. Using yarn in a contrasting color, sew the top section to the bottom, leaving the top edge open to form the pocket which holds the candies. Use a matching crayon to make the "running stitches" on the upper edges. Decorate the front of the dustpan with a little flower cut from a nursery catalog.

Candelabrum Favor: Candelabra are significant of many wedding services. Make miniature favors by twisting two pipe cleaners together for about three or four inches. Spread the two at the top, slanting to make the candelabrum shape. Use another length of pipe cleaner to twist across this top piece, at the same time winding it around tiny birthday candles to form a three- or five-piece candelabrum. Heavier wire might be strong enough to support even the traditional seven candles.

An *Apron Shower* is a lovely way for a small family group or a few friends to honor a new bride. She is sure to get a nice supply of practical, unusual, and pretty party aprons. Ask each guest to slip a favorite kitchen gadget, or a potholder, into the pocket of each apron.

For the bride who has had several miscellaneous showers, give a *Dressing Table Shower* (gifts of her favorite cosmetics, shampoo, cleansing tissues, etc.). To display and present gifts, have them brought unwrapped and then set them out upon a table which has had a sheet, or some sheer material, draped around it like a dressing table skirt. Place some of your prettiest garden roses in empty perfume or pretty cologne bottles and set among the gifts on the table.

Make an unusual favor for this party by making hand-mirrors for each guest. Cut the shape of a hand-mirror from heavy cardboard or posterboard in one of the bride's colors. The face of the mirror is a circle of foil glued on. For a special touch have snapshot prints of the bride made, cut them out, and glue the picture of the bride's face on the "face" of each mirror, as if it were reflected there. This mirror idea might well be used on the invitations, too.

On the *Hour Shower* is a new idea in most communities, I think. Each guest is given a certain hour of the day and is told to bring a gift which the bride would be most likely to use at that hour. Mid-morning might mean "coffee break" equipment, nighttime — bed linens, mealtime — dishes, etc.

Decorations can be clock faces worked out in a variety of ways. A floral centerpiece that would be strikingly beautiful can be made by covering

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MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

Today I must make a sign for the front door which reads, "Please use the side door". Some robins chose the ledge just above our main entrance for their nest, and they worked so hard on it that we haven't the heart to tear it down! I've read newspaper items about the rerouting of traffic, delaying of construction projects, and all kinds of accounts concerning the protection of our little nesting feathered friends, but this is the first situation of this sort that we've had around our home. If we're very careful perhaps the robins can successfully raise their young.

Our neighbors, the Alexanders, have arrived home at last! This is the longest stay they've made at Tucson where their two daughters live, and when we heard how late they would be coming back, we neighbors pitched in and cleaned up their flower beds, pruned the roses and mowed the lawn. We had everything spic and span around the yard — a big welcoming home surprise for them!

My yard responsibility each spring is eradicating the dandelions. Morning and evening I was out with my little dandelion digger, and after going over our yard, I moved on down the street to the Alexander's yard, and then on to the folks' yard. We have them pretty well cleaned out now, but it is a never-ending job each spring to keep them under control. Perhaps you are thinking that I should know of an *easier* way, but I *enjoy* doing it this way — it's my exercise!

Martin takes care of the mowing, and gardening falls to Oliver. This spring we planted some forsythia, a collection of roses, as well as perennials and annuals. Martin helps with the weeding as he has time, but these closing weeks of school have kept him busy with extra activities, and he hasn't been of much help yet. He'll make up for it in the weeks ahead.

One of the high spots for Martin this spring was participating in the Y.M.C.A. Youth in Government Model Legislature program at the Statehouse in Des Moines. Over 200 youths from over the state met in a two-day session to act on bills that they themselves drew up in their various committees. It was a marvelous experience, and Martin felt that he gained a great deal of knowledge about state government.

The state music contest for large groups was held the next weekend. Martin sings in the mixed chorus and the boys' glee club, and was pleased



When Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson came to Shenandoah last month to address the magazines, she ran up to Margery's house to dash off a letter to her daughter Kristin. Out came the camera and Margery took this picture of her.

that both received number one ratings. It was fun to hear his report when he arrived home, for it brought back memories of my high school days and contests. I, too, enjoyed singing and am happy that Martin has chosen music as his extra-curricular activity.

One of the nicest events in Shenandoah in May is the May breakfast put on by the women of the Baptist church. This was the 59th year that they've held this money-raising affair and the citizens of our town wouldn't think of missing it. The women have invested in elaborate decorations which can be used each year. On the tables were beautiful arrangements of spring flowers in attractive containers, and assorted pastel-colored napkins. The menu consisted of fruit juice, scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon, hot biscuits with jelly, and coffee. Many employees of business concerns reserved tables and ate together before going to work. Our employees do this and look forward to the occasion every year.

Our church holds its annual business meeting in May and the meeting is preceded with a dinner honoring our senior boys and girls and their parents. This is a very special event in our church life for many of the young people will be going on to college or leaving our home town for other reasons. We know that we won't be seeing as much of them in the future, so it is almost a farewell to them. Although it is supposed to be a happy occasion, it is, in a way, a bit sad, too, for we'll miss seeing these fine young people every Sunday.

This coming year I've been asked to serve again as chairman of the altar committee. We'll all have a church responsibility for Oliver will continue ushering, and Martin has been elected

to the music committee. This is Martin's first church job outside of the youth group, and he was very thrilled to be given an assignment. It is his job to help select the choir anthems, put them in the folders on Sunday mornings, and run errands for the choir director. He takes his work very seriously.

On a lighter vein I would like to tell you about the program at a club meeting recently. All the meetings were given names of television shows this year, and we were eager for the May meeting titled "Queen for a Day", knowing that we would be in for a lot of fun. A box had been made to resemble a TV set, and five candidates for queen were escorted behind the box. Instead of giving the story of her plight, one was already prepared for her in advance. They were very entertaining for they were fantastic wishes. At the climax of the program Mother, one of the candidates "from the audience", was voted "Queen for the Day". Out paraded the "assistants" with a velvet "robe" (an old velvet drape), a huge bouquet of "roses" (a branch of lilacs), and a "crown" made of paper. A big to-do followed with picture-taking, prizes (pictures of items from magazines) and lots of congratulations. It was a lot of fun and would entertain any group if you are lacking for a "fun program" sometime in the future.

I would like to call your attention to two things in this issue. One is the list of stations over which you hear our *Kitchen-Klatter* radio visits. All of the times listed are Central Standard Time. Some areas have adopted Daylight Saving Time this year, so you might be hearing the program at a different time through this period.

The other item which I would like to mention is the Party Book advertised in this issue. We felt that we had answered a real need when we printed our Mother-Daughter Banquet Book; your letters concerning it were heartwarming. Many of you suggested that a book on parties would be very helpful to you, also. We have been working quite some time on this new publication and at last it is ready for mailing. Now you know what I've been doing in my spare time!

Sincerely,
Margery

COVER STORY

Many of you who have visited the Cypress Gardens near Winter Haven, Florida, will remember seeing this little picturesque waterfall. When Margery visited the Gardens in late winter, she took this picture to share with you.



Car Game for Safer Children

by
Joseph Arkin

You suddenly feel a warm blob between neck and collar. "Mommy," wails Junior indignantly, "Daddy has my gum!"

Between gritted teeth, you implore your son to remove the offending object — and suddenly you wish that you had decided to follow the hucksters advice *to fly now and pay later*. Or better yet, just stayed quietly at home.

Vacation trips that begin in high spirits can end in frayed tempers. You've only been in the car an hour, and already the little "Indians" in the back seat are getting restless. It isn't more than five minutes since you stopped at a roadside stand and bought nearly everything in sight, and now we hear the cry, "Daddy, stop, and let's get something to eat."

Watching the scenery unroll, counting cows, waving to other motorists, have already lost their charm for the energetic youngsters. Susie chants at two-minute intervals — "Are we there yet? Are we there yet? Are we there yet?" Between wails, she pouts and then lapses into brooding silence.

The youngsters are suffering from a minor affliction called Tot's Travel Plague. Cooped up in the car, they're bored, fidgety — and they need some fun to keep them occupied. Since they see so much looking out of car windows, it is only natural for them to be interested in drawing what they see. Here's a brand-new notion for keeping little ones out of mischief in the back seat. Let them draw their way to safety.

You can supply the children with a box of crayons and large sheets of drawing paper clipped to a board. They'll keep busy for hours. Or a cookie sheet can be used as a lap tray. The rounded edge will prevent crayons from rolling off the tray. And this is a good chance to teach your youngsters elementary safety rules. Explain to them that you want them to observe as many safety factors as they can, and then draw them in color. If you offer a small prize for the best picture, it will keep the pint-sized Rembrandts busy for hours.

Chances are they will start with the most colorful safety equipment, the stop light. They draw them, and then they remember that red means stop, green means go, and yellow stands for caution.

Point out the octagonal yellow stop sign. Watch the yellow crayon come out; the signs take shape on paper. And there are many other signs they can copy: a rectangular sign carries important information such as speed rules; diamond-shaped signs warn of dangers ahead, and so on.

At an intersection, show them the policeman dealing with the traffic, and the hand signals that control the flow of cars. He's too complicated for a realistic study, but the children can draw funny little stick figures, with the correct hand signals. Tell them that the upraised hand means for a car to stop, the motion with the index finger for the car to go, etc.

They'll love to draw the "curve" signs. There are many different ones. Show them the signs, point out that the "S"-shaped sign denotes an "S" curve, and so on. Pretty soon they'll watch for them with anticipation to see if, each time, the curve *does* follow the sign's indication!

The youngsters can watch out for children on bikes, become aware of bicycle safety rules. And their awareness will make you feel easier when they ride their own bikes. The children should ride their bikes facing oncoming cars on country roads and highways. If they keep their backs toward traffic, they can't see the cars about to pass. On city streets they should ride with the traffic. Once they draw the scene, it's a graphic lesson on *why* the wrong way is dangerous.

They can learn a lesson in creativity now, too. Teach them that they needn't stick to realistic color. If a boy on a bike is wearing a brown shirt but the picture needs color, they can take "artistic license", and give him the brightest of red shirts. It's the picture that counts, not the realism of its representation.

Pretty soon the children will be spotting accident hazards themselves. They'll show Mommy a picture of a little boy running out into the street to get a ball, perhaps, and the looming auto. Once they draw it and see the danger on paper, they won't be so likely to be careless themselves.

If you're driving at night, Junior will probably come up with a hair-raising picture of a car, invisible except for the brilliant yellow glare that results when a driver doesn't dim his lights.

You can also teach children the importance of neatness by taking along paper bags for refuse. Have the children decorate the bags with their crayons. They could even print "litter bag" across the face of it. Remember, more than 40 states now have control laws with fines from \$10.00 to \$1,000.00 for throwing rubbish out of car windows!

Children can get so absorbed in their creative work they won't realize they've been on the road for hours. When you arrive at your destination, collect the brilliantly colored crayon drawings. Paste them into notebooks for the children; let them serve as safety reminders. If your youngsters are as creative as most, you'll have an amusing gallery of drawings that you'll enjoy browsing through yourself, from time to time.

Don't let Happy Motoring turn to Unhappy Muttering. Let the kids draw their way to safety!

GARDEN COMPANIONS

The dewdrops are a sparkling, fragile dower
Upon the spider's web, hung vine to vine,
To drape the warmly-scented garden-bower;
For morning-glories do not spurn to twine
And lift their trumpets in a muted song
To greet the early sunshine's mellow glow.
Their wordless music gently floats along
Upon the routes such rhapsodies should go.
But soon frail jewels yield to dewdrop lore
And morning-glories close each trumpet bloom,
And only leaves adorn the arbor door
While pastel-colored roses lend perfume.
But when tomorrow dawns, they will be using
Their chansonettes of Heaven's choosing!

—Thelma Allinder

IT'S BIRTHDAY TIME FOR THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

I've just finished emptying a multitude of grocery sacks and filling the canned goods shelf and the freezer section of the refrigerator. The refrigerator requires a master engineer to squeeze a week's supply of meats into it. It was bought ten years ago when there were just two of us to buy supplies for, and obviously we've outgrown it.

Is it possible that Donald and I have been married for ten years? When I stop to consider that we bought our refrigerator, washer, and dryer all within a few month's time of each other, I realize that they have been in active service these same ten years. I get a little panicky, wondering if they will all decide at once that they have served us long and well enough. Such appliances have only a certain length of time that they can be expected to give efficient service, and we've already gone three years beyond the average on *all* of them.

But back to the grocery shopping! I can't think of one single household task that gives me greater satisfaction than buying and putting away a week's supply of food. Tonight, because one of Katharine's school friends is coming to stay overnight, we're having charcoal-grilled hamburgers from the handy little kitchen grill that the builders of this house included in their plans. We usually eat hamburger while it is fresh rather than freeze it. And I honestly believe that the children would eat hamburgers seven times a week.

We've passed a couple more birthday anniversaries in our household. Our big ol' Paul is a real, for-sure six-years-old. Now he is finally as old as he has looked for quite some time. He has entered a thoroughly irritating stage, and I was relieved to hear a friend mention that her son, too, was going through the same pains of growth!

For weeks prior to his birthday he speculated on what he would receive for presents. It grew beyond the point of the ridiculous. Every waking thought seemed to be concentrated on all the presents that were to arrive for him. After some ten days of this I decided that, distasteful as it might be, some corrective measures needed to be taken. I, too, had a birthday coming. In fact, my birthday was the day after his, so I took a lesson from the wise old lady in the story book, Mrs. Piggles-Wiggle. I began to bombard him with inquiries about what he was going to



When Mary Beth, Donald's wife, sent this picture she said, "I'm not always in an apron scrubbing and cooking! Occasionally I dress up and attend a luncheon meeting of one of the civic organizations I work with."

buy *me* for *my* birthday. When he began a typical conversation centered on his birthday or his cake, I would turn the conversation to *my* presents and *my* cake.

Because the children were on spring vacation from school, we all went to Anderson, Indiana, for these birthdays. My mother took Paul to the local variety store to purchase a present for his mother's birthday. And, even though his birthday cake wasn't entirely eaten, we thought it wise to have a birthday cake for mamma, too, to emphasize that other birthdays besides his own were important. We'll see next year if we have succeeded in leading him to more out-going thoughts.

Speaking of birthdays, Katharine and Adrienne will celebrate their birthdays in June, but before then we'll have a trip to Shenandoah. The older two are out of school on the thirteenth of June, and within a day or two we're going out for a year-late visit with the Driftmiers. Our plans last year were cancelled at the last minute, so this visit to Grandmother and Grandfather Driftmier has been a long time coming for the children. When I think how weary the children get of the 300-mile trip to my mother's in Indiana, I rather dread the thought of "how much farther is it" repeated every ten miles on a trip that is more than twice the distance!

Katharine's birthday comes after we're back from the Iowa trip, and we've worked out a surprise for her that should please her exceedingly. We had promised her a bicycle when she

was mature enough to handle one with safety for herself and consideration for automobile drivers, or when she was ten years old, whichever came first. Well, she is going to be only nine, but we believe that she is trustworthy enough to restrict herself to those streets which she is told to remain on, and stay away from those which are off-limits. But, most important, she seems mature enough to recognize the element of danger where a car and a bicycle are involved. We believe she can be a safe bike rider. Now we're hunting for a used medium-sized bicycle. Spills and scratches are inevitable, and it seems too bad to have a new bike battered in the learning process.

I can still remember watching my nephew Denny riding down the sloping driveway at his home on his beautiful, shiny new bicycle, weaving crazily down the street into a neighbor's yard, through their shrubbery, and crashing to the ground in a scratched heap. A "pre-scratched" model is a good kind to learn on, so this is our plan. Then, when we have a next big birthday, she can look forward to a *new* bicycle.

Katharine's company is here now and the girls are anxious to start off on some project, so I'll have to bring this to a close.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

OUR FAVORITE ISLAND

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is fortunate, indeed, that I married a man with whom I would like to be stranded on a deserted island. One usually thinks such an event is far from reality in this modern day and Midwest location, but let me inform you, it can happen!

Robert had found Presque Isle, a part of the Porcupine Mountain State Park on the Michigan Peninsula, several years ago. (For more on the way he discovered this enchanted spot, read "Exploring Lake Superior Country" in the July, 1962, *Kitchen-Klatter*.) It is a beautiful, triangular piece of land bounded on one side by the swirling, tamarack-brown waters of the Presque Isle River, on another by a lagoon with rocky shelves and mysterious pools, green and dark and deep, and on a third side by the great expanse of Lake Superior's clear, fresh inland sea.

Since it was necessary to pack every bit of gear some one-half mile or more up hills and down, across a suspension bridge stretched over the rapids of the river, and through a tree-covered path on the island proper, few people bothered to use this location for camping. Hiking groups, families intent on swimming or picnicking, fishermen desirous of trying their luck at the mouth of the river, used the trails and beaches and expanses of water. But when evening came and the sun began to go down in the western reaches of Lake Superior, these "visitors" vanished. Our island became as deserted as the far reaches of the wilderness which surrounded it on the land side, or the lake which stretched away to the north where it met the shores of Canada.

We had no business going on this trip last summer at all! We did not have time for a vacation, even a short one; too many things needed time and attention at home: the new house was ready for a second coat of paint, the trees and yard were not finished, and the driveway was not complete. But more than any of these things, we desperately needed to get away together and find that we were still a family!

It may seem strange to state that people can live together in the same house and still not know each other very well. Through the months the house was being built it took all precedence over *everything* else. We had to give it priority for the long-range good of the family, but our patient



Bob, Craig, and Jeff Birkby have camped with their parents since they were old enough to toddle. Their favorite camp site is the location you see here, with the green tent under the tall trees on Presque Isle. The boys are preparing the knapsack for a hike back into the wilderness bordering Lake Superior.

long-suffering children finally pricked our conscience! No, they didn't say a word, but we realized that they needed our complete attention and the knowledge that we still loved them. They were, after all, more important than any second coat of paint, tree plantings or lane.

All of our goals were achieved. The quiet, ever-changing water of the great lake unwound our frazzled nerves in just the manner God must have intended the beauties of nature to do. We left our worries, decisions and problems far, far away. We found new aspect of personality, new joys in being together, unnoticed signs of growth and even a problem or two in our beloved children. And, in working, playing, hiking, swimming, eating and camping together, we drew closer to God and closer to each other than we had been for a long, long time.

It takes eyes to see the wonders of this great world of ours, and Robert is the perfect companion for such jaunts. If it had not been for his discerning alertness we would not have seen a large mule deer bounding through the forest, a mother bear and two good-sized cubs ambling across the path far ahead, thimbleberry bushes loaded with tart, red berries, a gorgeous maroon and gold woodlands butterfly perched on a billion-year-old slab of volcanic rock, a tiny pool holding myriads of wiggling brown tadpoles, animal footprints of various sizes, a small green snake sunning on a fallen log, and the flutter of swift yellow wings high in a giant evergreen tree.

Life goes along at a relaxed, comfortable pace on an island. I found myself busy, nevertheless. Marshmallows had to be pushed onto sticks, chocolate bars had to be divided and put on

crackers to make five *s'mores*, great quantities of food had to be cooked, sand and ashes and wet bathing suits and damp socks and soiled jeans and misplaced pajamas and fishing worms had to be accepted as a normal part of life.

I would insist that I was not interested in even *one more hike*, and then, when all the rest of the family began to walk away and go up an interesting wilderness trail, I would decide to heck-with-sore-muscles, who wants to sit alone for hours and hours, and go along! I would tell the smaller boys that they had enough rocks to pave a patio and the station wagon could not possibly hold them all, and then help them lug their sacks of stones along the trail back to the mainland.

I spent a great deal of time watching the pioneering instinct rear its head as Bob and Jeff and Craig commandeered driftwood chunks — great big pieces — and developed them into rafts. Waving gaily I would ask them where they were headed — Canada perhaps, or canoe trails of the fur traders, or to explore the coast for copper mines? And then I would watch like a hawk to be sure they did not stray beyond the safety limits.

I would fall into my sleeping bag at night so tired that any thought of just a thin canvas tent wall between us and some twenty miles of wilderness did not matter one bit!

Strangely enough, the wildest and most uncomfortable parts of the trip seemed to be the most exciting to retell after our return home. Looking back, we were grateful for them *all*!

The last day of our stay on the island, we folded and packed and lugged our equipment and treasures along the wooded path, across the suspension bridge stretched over the rapids of the river, up the hills and down until we managed to get everything and everybody back to the station wagon.

It was on a weekend, so the ranger was in residence (during the week he was away tending to things someplace else!). When we stopped for a final picture of our disheveled campers, we also paused long enough for a short visit. He informed us that new roads are being constructed into the area and soon a parking lot, new campground and overlook will be located on the west side of Presque Isle River.

All of these improvements, of course, will make the location accessible to more people. But we were sad as we drove away. Our personal, private wilderness island will not be rustic and secluded much longer.

THE VERSATILE MOTH CRYSTAL

by
Edith G. Pierce

For a long time we thought that paradichlorbenzol (moth crystals) was for the moths. Of late years, we've found it's "for the birds", too, along with bats, rabbits, and coons. So far, we have not tried it for keeping the dogs away from the evergreens, but it just might work.

At any rate we've found so many uses for the sparkling, but odoriferous, crystals that whenever one of the drug stores in our vicinity advertises a "one cent sale", we hie ourselves right down and purchase a supply at half price.

We formerly used the stuff only once or twice a year for fumigating the closets. By using the crystal-loaded vacuum cleaner placed inside the closet with the door closed, we were able to generate a gas that fairly "took your head off", if one were inquisitive enough to poke a nose inside. We were quite certain that no insect survived the treatment.

But some years ago we got fed up with having a bevy of bats return every spring to invade our attic through some tiny hole that no human could find. We placed a shoe box lid on the attic floor and poured about half a pound of paradichlorbenzol in it. Result? We have never seen nor heard another bat there, although we repeated this only once, the following spring.

Our next discovery resulted from trying to discourage sparrows from building nests on a wide ledge that is over our front door. (What a mess they made, scattering sticks and straw all over the front porch! We didn't dare sit out there!) Tearing the nests down did no good, so we reasoned that if the bats disliked the smell of the crystals, perhaps the sparrows did, too. A handful scattered along the ledge was all that was necessary. No more nest-building there.

Last summer a family of barn swallows attempted their mortar and plaster job, also inside the front porch, but along the front, where there was no ledge to hold the crystals. Hunting up a plastic bag which had contained vegetables and had several dozen small holes cut in it, we placed some of the crystals inside, and thumbtacked it to the porch where the swallows were concentrating their mud. WOW! What a racket! They probably called us every vile name in swallow language, but they finally went elsewhere to build.



When company drops in to call on the folks, Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) likes to use her fine china dishes which she keeps in the breakfast in the dining room.

Before this happened, we had discouraged birds from roosting over the car by placing some crystals in a tin can and hanging it from the garage rafters. Birds seem to be creatures of habit, for after they had thus been frightened away, they did not return, even after the stuff had evaporated.

Moles are said to take themselves elsewhere if moth balls are dropped into their runs, and moth crystals accomplish the same results.

When the nice, tender little shoots of lettuce, peas, and beets are only an inch or so high, then is the time for all good little rabbits to come to the aid (?) of the gardener, and nibble 'em off. But nary a one will venture into the garden if a few handfuls of paradichlorbenzol are scattered up and down the rows.

Ever have raccoons in the sweet corn patch? They can ruin it in a night or two, but they won't come near if there are moth crystals scattered around. If it is quite a large planting, it might be a bit expensive to crystallize the whole plot, but if one can determine the route the raccoons are taking to get in, and scatter the crystals in this area first, that may end the invasion. Both rabbits and coons are clean little animals, and avoid anything with a strong odor.

Have you noticed some holes in the bark of your peach trees, not far above the ground? These are caused by the peach borer, which can kill a tree. The remedy is to cram as many as possible of the crystals into the holes, and cover with a thick mud pack. Paradichlorbenzol kills borers promptly.

A few years ago a swarm of bees settled in an unused chimney and showed no sign of leaving. Opening up the stovepipe hole leading into the chimney, we pasted a piece of heavy paper over it, and then inserted the hose of the vacuum cleaner, which

was loaded with moth crystals. The paper was necessary, because at the first attack of the gas, the bees started coming down the chimney and would all have been out in the room. We were soon rid of them.

This same method is said to be efficient in driving out small obnoxious animals, such as woodchucks, skunks, civits, etc., which sometimes try to take up their abodes under a porch, or building, or even get into basements. They are not likely to return after getting their lungs full of gas.

Our next experiment with the moth crystals is going to be to try out some plastic bags of it hung in some vines and shrubs, where sparrows have a penchant for congregating. We're tired of their chatter and their filth.

Wonder how soon there will be another one cent sale!

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM RECITED AND REALIZED

One of England's leading actors was banqueted not long ago. During the after-dinner ceremonies, the actor was asked to recite for the pleasure of the guests. He consented and asked if there was anything special anyone in the audience would like to hear.

There was a moment's pause, and then an old clergyman spoke up. "Could you, sir," he said, "recite the twenty-third Psalm?"

A strange look came over the actor's face, but he was speechless for only a moment. "I can, sir — and I will, on one condition, and that is that after I have recited, you, my friend, will do the same."

"I?" replied the surprised clergyman, "but I am not an elocutionist. However, if you wish, I will do so."

Impressively the great actor began the Psalm, holding the audience spell-bound. As he finished, a great burst of applause broke from the guests.

After the applause had ceased, the old clergyman arose. The audience sat in intense silence. The Psalm was recited, and when it was done, there was not the slightest ripple of applause, but those in the audience whose eyes were yet dry had their heads bowed.

The great actor, with hand on the shoulder of the old clergyman, his voice trembling, exclaimed, "I reached your hearts; I know the twenty-third Psalm. This man knows the Shepherd."



Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

SPICY DATE DROP COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 4 Tbls. sour cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 4 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Mix together in order given and drop from spoon onto greased cooky sheet. Bake for 10 minutes, or until lightly browned, at 375 degrees.

GREEK COOKIES

(A very rich, non-sweet cooky that is served on all special occasions in Greece.)

- 1 cup butter
- 4 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup ground nuts

Cream together the butter, sugar and egg yolk until mixture is very fluffy and smooth. Add vanilla. Gradually work in flour. Add nuts and continue kneading until nuts are thoroughly absorbed in dough. Pinch off small amounts at a time and form into small half-moon shapes on cookie sheet. Bake in a 325 degree oven until just slightly browned. While hot, roll in additional powdered sugar.

Even though this is a very rich cooky, I mailed a box to Juliana and she reported that they came through in fine shape — I'd expected to hear they were in small pieces. The next time you entertain and want to serve cookies, I hope you'll try this.

— Lucile

ROAST LOIN OF PORK WITH PRUNES

(This is the kind of a recipe that I think most of us are inclined to shy away from unless we have someone's word that it is truly delicious and very successful. I studied it for quite a long spell before I decided to order the loin roast and give it a try. I can guarantee that it is absolutely wonderful. I would particularly recommend it to people who go in strong for cooking outdoors and want something different and unusual in the meat line.)

- 1 6½- to 7½-lb. loin of pork
- 1/2 lb. large pitted prunes
- 1 cup of water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Salt and pepper

Ask your butcher to cut through the meaty portion of the roast, making cuts about 2 inches apart. Also ask him to crack the bones.

Soak the prunes overnight in the water to which the Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring has been added. When ready to prepare roast, stuff 2 or 3 prunes in each pocket. Then tie the whole loin firmly with heavy string. (This will keep the prunes in shape while the roast is cooking.)

Roast at 350 degrees until thoroughly done, basting from time to time with the liquid in which you soaked the prunes.

This is an unorthodox way to handle a pork loin roast, but it has a most tempting and delicious flavor.

— Lucile

CHEF'S WILTED LETTUCE SALAD

- 4 to 6 slices of bacon
- 4 to 6 cups torn salad greens
- 3 hard cooked eggs
- 3 green onions and tops
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Tbls. water
- 2 Tbls. chopped ripe olives

Cook bacon until crisp; drain. Save 4 Tbls. of bacon drippings in pan. Place greens in salad bowl. Chop eggs and arrange on greens. Slice onions and fry lightly in bacon drippings. Add vinegar, sugar, water and Worcestershire sauce. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour hot dressing over greens, crumble bacon on top, sprinkle with the chopped ripe olives and toss.

With fresh new leaf lettuce on hand, be sure you try this recipe. The combination of ingredients listed here produced the best wilted lettuce I've ever tasted in my life.

— Lucile

BROCCOLI - CORN CASSEROLE

- 1 can cream style corn
- 1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup thin cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. Tabasco sauce

Cook broccoli a short time; drain off liquid. Combine remaining ingredients. Alternate layers of broccoli and corn mixture in greased casserole. Sprinkle corn layers with paprika. Bake for 40 minutes at 325 degrees.

—Margery

FREEZING BERRIES WITH SWEETENER

Prepare the berries by washing and discarding any spoiled fruit. Stem if needed. Drain on absorbent paper. Measure in a mixing bowl. For each cup of berries, combine 1 Tbls. of water and 1/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Be sure this is well mixed and then gently stir it into the berries so that each one is coated. Pack into freezer containers, seal and freeze.

Blueberries, raspberries, blackberries or any other of the sweet berries may be prepared in this manner. Some cooks like to add ascorbic acid to their strawberries as they feel it gives a brighter red color to the frozen fruit. Add 1/4 tsp. of ascorbic acid to each 1/2 cup of water used with strawberries. With the 2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, this would be just right for 8 cups of prepared strawberries.

GARNET SALAD

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 1/4 cups hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/4 cup currant jelly
- 1 pkg. frozen raspberries

Dissolve the gelatin in the 1 1/4 cups hot water. Beat in the currant jelly and the flavoring. Add the frozen raspberries and stir to thaw and break apart. This will start the gelatin to congealing. Turn into 8-inch square pan or a pretty mold. Chill. Unmold on lettuce leaf. Top with a light mayonnaise when ready to serve.

MINT-MALLOW SAUCE

- 1 pt. marshmallow creme
- 2 Tbls. warm water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- A few drops green food coloring

Combine all of the ingredients. Blend until smooth and creamy. Serve as a topping for ice cream, fruit, and chocolate, spice or white cake. This makes a delicious *hurry-up-quick* emergency topping to serve unexpected guests.

RHUBARB CREAM PIE

2 cups sliced rhubarb
 2/3 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
 1 Tbls. water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring
 1/8 tsp. red food coloring
 9-inch unbaked pastry-lined pan

Cream Filling and Meringue

1 1/2 cups milk
 3/4 cup sugar
 3 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 eggs, separated
 1/8 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup sugar
 Mix together the rhubarb, the 2/3 cup sugar, the 2 Tbls. flour, and nutmeg. Combine water, flavoring and food coloring and mix with the fruit. Turn into the pastry-lined pan and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for 40 minutes, or until rhubarb is tender. (Carefully stir with a fork several times during baking to prevent top of rhubarb from drying out.) Cool.

Meanwhile, in the top of a double boiler, heat milk. Mix together the 3/4 cup sugar, flour, and 1/2 tsp. salt; stir into the hot milk, and stirring, cook until thickened. Beat egg yolks slightly and stir in part of the hot milk mixture; add egg yolks to filling, place over hot water until eggs are cooked. Cool.

Spread cooled cream filling over the rhubarb layer. Beat egg whites with the 1/8 tsp. salt until stiff; gradually beat in the 1/4 cup sugar. Spread meringue over cream filling. Place the pie in a moderate oven (350 degrees) and bake for 15 minutes, or until meringue is golden brown.

PRETTY PEAS FOR 1964

1/2 cup water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 2 cloves garlic
 4 large lettuce leaves
 2 tsp. sugar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Pepper to taste
 3 pkgs. frozen peas or 4 cups fresh peas

Combine the water, butter flavoring, garlic buds, lettuce leaves, sugar, salt and pepper. Simmer 3 to 5 minutes to combine flavors. Add the peas and simmer until tender. If fresh peas are used, more water may be needed. Remove garlic buds and lettuce leaves. Serve hot. This recipe is a generous amount to serve 8. A few drops of *Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener* may be substituted for the sugar.

MARY BETH'S GLAZED HAM LOAF

1 3/4 lbs. ground ham
 3/4 lb. ground pork
 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
 1/3 cup finely chopped onion
 2 eggs, beaten
 1 cup milk
 1/3 cup catsup
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 3 Tbls. vinegar
 2 tsp. dry mustard

Combine ham, pork, crumbs, onion, eggs, milk, and catsup. Mix well. Shape into a loaf in a lightly greased baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Combine brown sugar, vinegar, and mustard in a saucepan. Bring to a rolling boil. Spoon a third of the glaze over the loaf and return to the oven for 30 minutes, spooning the remaining glaze over the loaf at 10 minute intervals.

PEACHES ALASKA

(We served this on the platter the last time we had a ham, and it was exceptionally attractive in appearance — and also tasted very good. It makes a nice change from the pickled peaches we so often fall back on when we have ham.)

6 well drained peach halves
 1 16-oz. can canned cranberry
 sauce
 2 egg whites
 3 Tbls. sugar

Place peaches in a shallow pan and fill the center of each with cranberry sauce. Beat egg whites until frothy, gradually add sugar and continue to beat until stiff but not dry. Pile meringue over peaches and bake for 15 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Serve warm. (One peach half should be allowed for each person.)

VERY TASTY OVEN DISH

1 lb. cubed stewing beef
 1 1/3 cups beef broth
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 cup onion, chopped
 Salt and pepper
 1 cup of instant rice
 Small pieces of soft American
 cheese

Cover cubed beef with water and boil until tender. Drain off 1 1/3 cups of the beef broth and to it add the Worcestershire sauce and onion and bring it to a boil. Add the meat and instant rice and turn into a casserole. Dot the top with small pieces of soft American cheese and put in a 350 degree oven until cheese is bubbly and brown. This is easy to fix and a nice change from the hamburger casseroles we all make so often.

TWO FAMOUS CAKES

Every year we add many, many new readers to our *Kitchen-Klatter* circle, and every year we receive many requests for recipes that have appeared in days gone by.

Recently there have been a lot of requests for these two cakes, probably the most popular cakes we've ever shared with you.

Anniversary Cake

2 cups sugar
 1 cup butter
 1 cup milk
 3 1/2 cups cake flour
 5 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 7 egg whites
 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the butter and sugar until the mixture is as smooth as whipped cream. Sift flour and then measure. Sift again with baking powder and salt added. Add alternately to creamed butter and sugar with the 1 cup of milk. Beat egg whites until stiff. Add vanilla to them. Then fold very gently into cake batter. Turn into three greased and floured 8-inch layer pans and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 25 minutes.

We think that the one perfect icing for this beauty is the classic boiled icing.

Southern Favorite Cake

3/4 cup butter
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 2 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1 cup strong cold coffee
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple
 flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
 flavoring
 5 egg whites, beaten stiff

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. (Possibly another kind of shortening could be used but I've stuck with butter.) Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with coffee, beating well after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the three flavorings have been added. Turn into two 9-inch layer pans and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

This cake with a rich caramel frosting is guaranteed to make your reputation as a superb baker. Be sure you take it to the family reunion coming up if you want to stir up a real sensation.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

This absolutely elegant Date and Banana Cream Pie truly deserves a little bit of extra attention. I'll include with it a perfectly wonderful meringue that seems to be foolproof. All in all, this combination of a pie filling, plus the meringue, should give you something to lean heavily upon if you're searching for something just a little out of the ordinary.

Date and Banana Cream Pie

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 eggs, separated

- 1 1/2 cups sliced, pitted dates
- 1 banana (if you have one at hand)
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

In the top of a double boiler, combine sugar, salt and flour; blend in milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until thickened. Blend some of the hot mixture with the 3 beaten egg yolks, then return to pan and cook 1 or 2 minutes more. Remove from heat, stir in flavorings and dates. Let cool slightly.

Pour about half of the mixture into the pie shell. If you have one banana at hand, slice it and put on top of the first layer. Fill pie shell with remaining mixture. Set aside to cool completely.

NOTE: If you're busy in the kitchen with other jobs, I'd suggest making this filling in the top of a double boiler. If you are going to the kitchen simply to make this pie and nothing else, use a heavy pan, low heat and stir constantly. It cuts down on the preparation time considerably, but you must watch it sharp for this type of filling scorches very easily.

If you have Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring in the house you can most certainly go ahead and make up this pie, even though you haven't a single fresh banana at hand.

Foolproof Meringue

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 3 egg whites
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Dissolve cornstarch in cold water and then add the boiling water. Cook until clear, stirring constantly. (This goes very fast because there is so little liquid involved.) Put aside to cool.

Beat egg whites until thick, then gradually add the sugar, the pinch of salt and vanilla flavoring. Beat until peaks form. Carefully fold in the cornstarch mixture, pile on pie (literally!) and bake at 375 degrees until lightly browned.

If directions for this are followed carefully, I don't know how it would be possible to have a failure. I'm convinced this is the recipe for many of the very handsome pies I've seen at various places . . . and wondered how in the world such a high, beautiful meringue had been managed.

— Lucile

is
today
the
day?



Isn't today the ideal time to *do* something about losing a few pounds? We don't mean a "crash diet" — they're no fun, and somehow the pounds always seem to come right back when the crash is over.

Instead, do it the easy, continuing way: eat fewer starches, and substitute **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** for sugar. It's so easy to use in anything you want to sweeten: cereals, coffee, desserts. And it adds a natural sweet taste; never bitter, never artificial tasting. But, best of all, it never, never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use.

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To speak wisely may not always be easy, but to speak ill requires only silence.

Interesting Historical Facts About Bread

by
Erma Reynolds

Bread is one of the most ancient forms of food with calcined remains of bread made from coarsely-ground grain being found in cave dwellings of the Stone Age.

The ancient Egyptians were excellent breadmakers. Bakers had such an important status in the Egyptian community that baking furnaces were built in the temples, and the bakers were put on a par with the priests.

To the Egyptians goes the credit for discovering the art of leavening bread, with the breadmakers kneading their dough by treading it as they did their grapes for wine.

In ancient Rome bakers had to bake their name into each loaf of bread they turned out. The baked-in signature enabled the authorities to track down and punish any baker who delivered short weight or adulterated his baked goods.

No less than 62 varieties of bread were turned out at the same time. This included bread for the poor, which was doled out gratis in times of want, bread for the middle classes, and bread for the important senators and wealthy folk whose superior loaves were often given the names of dishes they were served with.

The first book of any kind written on the subject of baking was the work of a Greek named Chrysippus, and was titled, "Treatise on the Art of Bread-Making".

Until 1302, bakers in London were not allowed to sell bread in their own bakeries, but had to vend it on Bread Street, the market place for the city's bread.

A bakery in the Middle Ages consisted of a brick oven erected in the center of every village. Here bread was baked for the villagers who had to pay a fee to their feudal lord for the use of the oven.

In these early days bakers were punished with a heavy fine if they were

caught giving underweight measure in their loaves of bread. To avoid this severe penalty they usually took the precaution of giving their customer a 13th loaf called "vantage loaf". Hence the expression "baker's dozen".

In this country a law governing the baking of bread was passed in 1656 in New Amsterdam, obliging bakers to bake coarse and white bread twice a week, both for Christians and Indians. Price of an eight-pound coarse loaf was regulated at 14 stuyvers.



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MY PAL

Though she's a grown-up lady
And I am only five,
We have better times together
Than any two alive.

She's always very busy.
So almost every day
I help her dust and make the beds
So she and I can play.

We bake a batch of cookies,
Or go for a long walk;
But sometimes we don't do a thing
But talk and talk and talk.

I have a lot of playmates
Who're more my age, that's so;
But Mother is a lot more fun
Than any child I know.

— Author Unknown

Which Way is East?

by
Irma Banks Bennett

Do you get lost on the way to the supermarket? Can you find the boys' section in the department store? Does the sun have a way of coming up in the north in some towns where you visit?

If you and your spouse have argued up and down the highways of the country about which direction you are going, brother and sister, move over. You are not alone!

For years, my husband and I disagreed about which direction a certain bridge ran. To tell the truth, when I crossed it one way, I was going east, but when I came back, I was going north.

We finally bought a compass which immediately spoiled all the fun. My better-half was right, of course, and he has been a little smug about it ever since, I think. Besides, I miss those "discussions". Came the day when we traded the jalopy for another car and the compass wouldn't fit on the new one. So it's back again to the same lively conversations!

The other day a friend and I went to the country to visit a woman's flower garden. Somewhere on the way I turned a corner twice, I guess, for when we got there, the house faced the north instead of the east and somebody had



Mary Leanna, 16-year-old daughter of Betty and Frederick Driftmier.

moved the TV tower completely out of the county. The sun looked a little strange in the southern sky at three in the afternoon, too.

We got home because of two fortunate things. My friend was not lost and there was only one way to get back.

Last summer we drove to California, and since we had no compass, it was pure luck that we got there instead of New York.

I don't know why it is, but people like us usually like to explore. We decided to take a look at a ghost town in Nevada. The ghost town was not on the map, so we asked the man at the motel about the road.

"Turn off the highway at the first gravel road," the man directed, "and

follow the main road for ten miles. Then turn west. Drive west about three miles and you will come to a crossroad. Turn north here and follow this road. It will take you to the old town. You can't miss it."

Well, we were feeling a little overconfident, I suppose, because we had come all the way from Illinois without getting lost once. So, we wrote the directions that the man had given us and started out. My husband drove and I checked the directions which failed to show the rocks and holes and places where you'd just as soon be somewhere else.

The carbeganto get hot and it seemed as if we had driven a hundred miles instead of fifteen. I've never said much about it, but there were a few things said about whose idea this little jaunt was. Anyway, we sat there in the car for two hours and you just can't see us discussing foreign affairs and the price of butter all that time, can you?

Just as we were beginning to get really scared, here came a pickup truck carrying water-filled oil barrels. If we had been smart, we would have turned around and gone back then, but no, we wanted to see that ghost town. So we asked directions from the truck driver. Well, the truck driver told us that we had made a wrong turn at the beginning but that we could get there anyway by taking a short cut. Now, if you have tried a "short cut" out West, you know what can happen to you, but we were innocent as two lambs on their way to slaughter.

"Just go ahead the way you are going," the truck driver explained. "When you come to the next crossroad, turn to the west. Then turn north at the next corner. This will be the road you should have been on. The old town is straight ahead. You can't miss it."

But we could miss it. An hour later, bedraggled, dirty, thirsty and tired, we began to recognize landmarks we had seen earlier from the other side. Another half-hour and we were back to the highway. Yes, we had turned east instead of west.

So you see, there's just no use telling people like us to go east or west, north or south. With us, you might just as well say, "You can't get there from here."

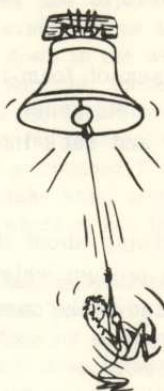


TRUE TALE

Five senses we take
as a matter of course.

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"common and horse".

— Fay Blodgett Shores



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Traveling Hat-Trimmers

by

Nadine Mills Coleman

Just about everyone, in the little river town where I lived, eagerly awaited the arrival of the hat-trimmer at West's Store a few weeks in advance of the peak season each spring. Little doll-mothers knew there would be free scraps of silks and ribbons for making tiny clothes and hats; and real mothers were expectant of choice leavings of satins and velvets for their crazy quilts and feather-stitched sofa pillows. Red-necked farm boys, and young professional men alike, drove about in shiny, undercut buggies for a first sight of Miss Ila, our trimmer.

Shopkeepers throughout the county competed for the expert services of this beautiful woman, and rumor had it that West's paid her *more than \$20 a week*. But Mrs. West, herself, was always close-mouthed about the matter.

I dearly loved Miss Ila, and so did my doll, for Nellie liked the feel of silk on her little kid back.

After all these years I can still hear the soft swishings of the trimmer's black Panama skirt with its green taffeta petticoat. Oh, how elegantly she rustled, and smelled, and looked. Hers was a truly beautiful face, with soft brown eyes, and she had, in addition, a gentle voice.

Like an artist Miss Ila would study a woman, and then design a hat to complement face, figure, and personality. A round-faced dumpling of a woman needing height would be given perky bows, or maybe bird wings with an upward sweep. Thin, tense, wiry souls would sail forth with headgear bedecked with trailing plumage and chiffon veilings. But the roly-poly ladies, poor things, were denied all but the plainest of sailor hats with the plainest of veils. Mature women with silvery hair, the ones who gave the impression of lingering in a bracket just a notch below the angels, Miss Ila called "the girls", and she could make them feel almost young again with hats of soft pastel shades sweeping gently from their white hair.

But it was for women who had to make an old hat do that the trimmer worked her greatest magic. Like Mama. Year after year she would take the old trimming from my mother's hat, then brush, steam, and recolor the hat with a high-smelling dye. A new creation would emerge from her fingers that

would make Mama gasp in admiration and unbelief. One Easter Miss Ila trimmed her hat with artificial cherries, and the next with a bunch of grapes, or a big shiny ribbon bow. When the hat was placed at the "just-right" angle, the trimmer had another worshipper at her feet.

Designing hats for the sweet sixteens was Miss Ila's specialty, and on Sundays the churchyard blossomed with her handiwork. A miss with turned up nose would get a poke bonnet trimmed with pansies and satin streamers. Tall, willowy girls, like Miss Ila herself, appeared in large picture hats of horsehair braid sprinkled with tiny rosebuds, ferns, and forget-me-nots.

The last time I remember seeing Miss Ila she was riding down Main Street with a young doctor whom she later

Just a Memory

married, and she smiled down at me from beneath a wide leghorn straw hat. It was trimmed with a single red poppy that matched the color of her cheeks.

Itinerant hat-trimmers no longer go about the country during the winter and summer seasons. Today there are special hats for all seasons, mid-seasons, and between seasons. There are dress hats, travel hats, sport headgear, wispy affairs, all-flower affairs, fur hats, suburban berets, wig hats, and pillboxes. They come from somewhere in large cartons, and the one who trimmed them will never be around to help the buyer choose something to flatter herself.

The traveling hat-trimmer is gone, but the memory of Miss Ila lingers on.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING



by
Eva M. Schroeder

Even in the northern sections most tender plants can be set outdoors this month. This includes house plants and such bedding plants as lantanas, begonias, and tender annuals that were started inside. You can also plant tropical water lilies and other aquatics in the outdoor pool.

Before you put your house plants out for the summer, give them a good grooming. Take out the top inch of soil in the pots and replace it with good compost. Prune the plants so they have a neat, compact shape, clean off all dead flowers, and stake those that need it. Always place house plants in a protected spot so the wind can not whip them. Give those which require sun a place where they will get it, and those needing shade, a shady location.

A gardening acquaintance who is most successful growing house plants spends a whole day just making her plants comfortable for the summer. She digs trenches about two inches deeper than the pots, and fills in the bottom with a layer of wood ashes to discourage earthworms from entering the pots through their drainage holes. Then she positions the pots containing her plants in the trench, allowing ample room between each one for the plant to develop. The space between the pots is filled in with damp sawdust. "I used to buy unmilled sphagnum moss for this purpose," she said, "but I've acquired too many plants and the moss became too costly. The sawdust works nicely as it is easily tamped in around the pots and holds moisture very well."

Don't forget to plant some tender summer-flowering bulbs such as Tigridias, Ismenes, and tuberose. And this is an excellent time to plant dahlias and the last gladiolus corms.

June is a good time to sow biennial flower seeds and those perennials which grow readily from seeds. Biennials include foxgloves, pinks, lunaria, Canterbury bells, English daisies and forget-me-nots. Perennials to raise from seeds are columbines, Geums, delphiniums, candytuft, alyssum saxatile, Stokesias, Lynchnis, violas, Achillea, lupines and Heuchera. The soil should be of good quality and

TIME ENOUGH

by
Bessie J. Megee

"If only there were an extra hour in my day!" is a familiar cry. Most frequently it is the busy homemaker explaining that reading best sellers, keeping up with news and editorials, answering letters, doing the mending, even attending to little grooming touches, fall into the "No Time!" file.

But, **TIME IS SOMETHING WE CAN MAKE** once we decide what we want most. We find minutes to spare when:

We busy ourselves with nail care, hair curlers and creams while Junior dawdles happily in the bathtub, safe under corner-of-an-eye vigil.

We take pen and paper — and envelopes already stamped — to the self-service laundry, and get that long-overdue message off to a friend or relative as we sit out the wash-dry process.

We keep the mending basket in the kitchen and sew on a button or apply a patch while the pot boils.

We carry the newspaper along to scan while we wait to chauffeur the children home from lessons.

We keep a gift drawer of toys and games for parties. A towel set, a baby garment or a fancy gadget may save a special errand when shower invitations come up.

We double the recipe for anything and everything that takes to freezing. Today's cooking spree can be tomorrow's meal saver — with **TIME** left over.

And — the one I like best of all — We turn off the old-old TV movie and read a **NEW-NEW** book!

SKANTY SKIRTS

Material in the U.S.A.

Is overstocked, newspapers say. Let's hope this country soon diverts Some more of it to women's skirts.

—Gladise Kelly

finely worked, and if heavy, should have sand and peat moss added to a depth of four inches. Partial shade and uniform moisture are helps to good germination.

Delphiniums should be in bloom toward the latter part of the month. Watch for cyclamen mites (indicated by blackened, distorted leaves near the base of the clumps) and spray with a good miticide. I have used Kelthane and Aramite with good success. Once you have these pests in the garden you must carry out a regular spraying program.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

If you are a lover of antiques, you could probably "write a book" about your collecting adventures.

One particular experience of mine almost ended disastrously. Some years ago Mother and I were returning from the railway express office where we had picked up two new goblets for my collection. Traveling along the gravel road on our way home, I became lost in admiration for the Paneled Grape goblets. We headed for the deep ditch, but Mother turned the car, and my attention, back to the road. Thereafter I drove safely, but we still refer to the place as the "goblet road".

A search for a book on antiques turned up *A Fortune in the Junk Pile* (Crown Publishers, \$5.95) by Dorothy Jenkins. This is a guide to valuable antiques that may be hidden in attic or cellar and is designed to help you discover unknown treasures.

The author says that antiques command more attention than ever before, but many people cannot recognize valuables that may be in their own homes. She suggests visiting antique shops, attending auctions, viewing restored homes, and attending displays by collectors as enabling a person to recognize and evaluate antiques.

Miss Jenkins advises that books are probably the easiest way to aid in identification of antiques.

For those who cannot identify a crazy quilt or an antimacassar, a Lincoln rocker or a Windsor rocker, a hutch or a highboy, Holland's tin-glazed earthenware called Delft or Italy's tin-glazed earthenware called Majolica, then here is the guide for you on these and many more objects.

And if you've been wondering if that berry bowl you picked up at a farm sale is really cut glass, this book states, according to Dorothy Daniel, expert on American cut glass, that four tests are based on ring, sparkle, sharpness, and weight. Pieces of cut glass ring like a bell when struck lightly with the fingers. That recalls Mother touching Aunt Anna's gorgeous berry bowl and the resounding ring as she remarked in awe, "Cut glass!"

That old flatiron your grandmother used on Tuesdays to take care of the weekly ironing often serves as a door-stop or bookend today. Did you know that the numeral impressed on the upper surface of the iron indicated its weight in pounds? Even reproductions of these irons sell for a fancy price in gift stores today.



Armada Swanson, who writes the column "Come, Read With Me", is very interested in antiques.

Miss Jenkins describes antiques, pointing out the characteristics needed for identification and showing how to recognize imitations. Items covered include furniture, glass, china, clocks, lamps, silver, pottery, books, and photographs.

Over 300 photographs show hundreds of collector's items. About one third of these photographs were taken in Miss Jenkins' own home, which is furnished with many antiques inherited from relatives.

Now excuse me, please, while I check on the markings of the washbowl and pitcher set which was given me recently. Perhaps Miss Jenkins' book can give me some interesting details regarding the set which once graced a Victorian bedroom.

BRIDAL SHOWER - Concluded

a large flat plate completely with red roses. Mark the hours with white flowers. The hands could also be in white, made from posterboard covered with foil.

Bridal Door Swag: To greet the guests upon arrival, decorate the front door with a bridal veil made of a wisp of white net and lily-of-the-valley sprays.

GAMES

ALPHABET SHOWER: Give each guest a sheet of construction paper, a toothpick, and a handful of alphabet macaroni. The object of the game is to see who can form the most words from her macaroni in a given length of time. The words must be the name of some object the bride will use in her kitchen, or they could be names of things she'll take on her honeymoon, the names of foods she'll need in her kitchen, etc.

HAVE A HEART: Before party time make a large red cloth heart and in it place several kitchen articles, such as a bottle opener, measuring spoons,

salt shaker, cookie cutter, etc. Sew the opening shut. Give each player a pencil and paper and allow each one to feel the heart for a few seconds and then pass it along to the next in line. Each player makes a list of what she thinks she has felt inside the heart. The player with most nearly correct list wins.

BUYING THE FURNITURE: Divide the group into two sides. Have a table for each side and upon the table place a pair of scissors and identical magazines, or newspapers. Each side is given a list of furniture to buy for the bride. At the leader's signal to start, the first player on each side must find an ad for the first item on the list, clip it, refold the paper, and place the ad on the table. Then the second player does the same for the second article on the list. The first team to have found an ad for every item, and have the items in order across the table, wins. The hostess will want to be sure there is an ad for each item listed in the papers used.

BRIDE'S BUYING TRIP: Every bride should know the brand names of household items. Players try to identify object from trade name:

1. Cannon (towels)
2. Wm. Rogers (silverware)
3. Morton's (salt)
4. Bayer (aspirin)
5. Pequot (sheets)
6. Arm and Hammer (soda)
7. Bermuda (onions)
8. Dresden (plates)
9. Haviland (china)
10. Sunbeam (iron)
11. Lane (cedar chest)
12. Yale (lock)
13. Perfection (stove)
14. Navel (oranges)
15. Gruen (watch)

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ANNIVERSARY

This I thought when we first were wed:
That love is moonlight on a rose;
Love is poetry, never prose.
Love is the star at the top of the tree;
Love is the fire inside of me.

And this was true. Yet now I see
Love is the grass and the daily bread.
Love's a tree's roots and its leaves
turned red.

Love is the music in somber rain.
Love is the peace that follows pain.

— (From a church paper)

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

If there's one thing I hate, it's
Wasting Time!!

Now, *just a minute*. Really, I'm
Engaged most conscientiously.
I'm Contemplating Life, you see.
Reading, before, 'midst magazines
stacked?

I was Sorting Them Out

. . . . for a minute sidetracked!!

Leafing through albums, as slow as
I please?

Just boning up on my Memories.

Enjoying a view, composing a rhyme?
I'm privately occupied, not

Wasting Time!

— Betty Schaffer

Why That Wedding Custom?

by

Virginia Thomas

June is a lovely month here in the Midwest, but have you ever wondered how it came to be the favorite month for weddings? Why does the dewy-eyed bride, whether she becomes engaged in a blizzard or in midsummer, defer her wedding day until June? Have brides always worn white? How did throwing old shoes get into the act? Perhaps you'll find the answers to these and other questions about wedding traditions as interesting as I did.

June is the favorite wedding month in our land, in England, and many other countries, but May is the favorite month in Switzerland. It is July in Scotland, December in New Zealand, September in Belgium, and in Germany brides prefer October. Would you have guessed that the least popular months are January and August?

The choice of June dates back to early English history. England has a cold and foggy climate, as you know, but June, when the gardens are ablaze with color, is a lovely time for a wedding. Since it was natural for wedding flowers to come from the garden, and roses were beautiful in England in June, roses became the traditional flowers for the bride.

The tradition of orange blossoms goes back to the time when the impatient bridegrooms, returning from the Crusades, brought them for their brides. During the time of Queen Elizabeth I the orange blossoms yielded to rosemary and gilded wheat. The rosemary was a symbol of wisdom, love, and loyalty; the wheat was the symbol of fertility. Modern times have revived the use of orange blossoms. The throwing of rice, a variant of the use of the wheat as symbolic of fertility, dates back to the time of the Druids.

The throwing of the bridal bouquet started in France, although it was a garter that the bride threw in the 14th century. Later timid brides threw their bouquets instead, as an omen of luck to whoever caught it. Today's bride tosses her bouquet with the idea that the lucky girl catching it will be the next bride.

In Arabia only men attend the weddings. The bride, with female relatives, awaits the groom at her home, and is represented at the wedding by a male proxy.

In Holland the wedding party drives around the community in flower-bedecked carriages or cars, handing out

sweets to children along the way. (I wish we'd decorate our bridal couples' cars with flowers instead of scrawled wisecracks!)

In medieval times the bride wore red, but when Anne of Brittany married Louis XII she chose to wear white, a symbol of purity and modesty, and started a tradition. In Bombay, India, a red powder is thrown on the snowy clothes of the bridal party until all are garbed in red from head to foot.

The custom of throwing old shoes at the bridal couple has a venerable history, going back in Egyptian history, and Biblical days, when the father of the bride gave his daughter's shoe (sandal) to the groom to mark the handing over of authority to the new husband. With the Anglo-Saxons it was customary for the father to rap the bride smartly on the head with the shoe so that she'd be sure to notice the exchange! Maybe it's better to tie the shoes to the car bumper!

The use of the ring dates back to the middle ages, some say, when a ring was usually given at the time of the betrothal and placed on the bride's right hand by the groom-to-be. Then, during the wedding ceremony, the groom would move it to her left hand, sliding it on each finger in turn, beginning with the thumb, and saying, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." With the "Amen" it reached the fourth finger of the left hand, and there it stays to this day. The ring is the symbol of eternity.

The custom of the ring bearer started in this same period. Since pages were a sign of proper taste in a wealthy household, they helped with many of the wedding tasks. Eventually the small boy, carrying the ring on a white satin pillow, became a symbol of lifelong union.

The veil goes back to the Greek and Roman "flammeum", a yellow veil that completely covered the bride, says one story, while another says it goes back even farther, to China.

Ushers and best men date back to medieval days, when the bridegroom would call on his best friends to help him *capture* and kidnap the bride!



Wealthy people miss one of life's greatest thrills — paying the last installment.

FATHER-SON BANQUET - Concluded

letter (each one begins by reading a scripture verse containing the word "hand") and continuing as indicated.

H - Hands that **HELP** us, **uPHOLD** us, **HEED** our call for assistance.

A - Hands that **ASSURE** us, that **ABOLISH** our problems, **ANSWER** our questions.

N - Hands that **NEED** us to follow, to care; **NOBLE** hands, hands that **NURTURE** us.

D - Hands that **DIRECT** us, that **DO** for us from infancy throughout our days, **DREAMS** they have for our hands to fulfill.

S - Hands that **SERVE** us, **SHELTER** us, hands that **STRENGTHEN** us all of our days.

Song: "Hand in Hand" sung to tune of "My God and I".

"My Dad and I will walk life's road together, Hand in hand, we'll travel side by side; Then when the trials of life besiege, and try us; We'll go to meet them bravely, hand in hand."

Other music to use might be "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands", "In the Hollow of God's Hand", "The Touch of His Hand on Mine", or paraphrase the song "Side by Side" and use the words "Hand in Hand".

Benediction: Lord, behold these fathers and sons here assembled. We thank Thee for this fellowship together, for the love that unites us, for the peace that is ours this night. Give to us the courage, the inspiration, and the will to go forth cheerfully, hand in hand, to meet whatever task Thou hast set before us. Amen.

(NOTE: If you are having a guest speaker, be sure to let him know the theme so that he can center his remarks around it; or you might wish to ask four persons to give brief talks on these four subjects: 1. Hands that work for us; 2. Hands that pray for us; 3. Hands that lead us; 4. Hands that guide us.)

THE CHALLENGE

Grandchildren are a challenge, you'll agree,
But I've vowed mine won't outstrip me.
They bandy their questions this way and that,
From "Why is a cow?" to "Where's my hat?"
While I sit in their midst amused, bemused,
Flexing mental muscles long unused.

-Lula Lamme

**FATHER - THAT WONDERFUL MAN
AROUND THE HOUSE**

A father is someone who is forced to endure childbirth without an anaesthetic.

A father is someone who growls when he feels good and laughs very loud when he is scared half to death.

A father is sometimes accused of giving too much time to his business when the little ones are growing up.

A father never feels entirely worthy of the worship in a child's eye. He works too hard to try and smooth the rough places in the road for those of his own who will follow him.

Fathers are what give daughters away to other men who aren't nearly good enough, so they will have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's.

Fathers march away each day to face weariness, work and monotony. They don't always quite win the fight, but they never give up.

A father knows that a single accident can deprive him of one or more of his faculties and thereby reduce his earning power. On his well-being depend the feeling of security and the necessities of life for all members of his family.

Father is a mighty important man and no family picture is complete without him. *Let's be sure that father stays in the picture!*

JUNE DAWN

I slipped out to the garden early;
The daisies' eyes were closed. And who

Made the fairies weep last night, weep pearly

Drops of dainty diamond dew?

The sun rose in a little while,
Spread out his hands, cried, "What is this?"

He dried the dew-tears with a smile,
Awoke the flowers with a warm June kiss.

- Mildred B. Grenier

THE LAWN

A velvet lawn brings glows of pride,
Reward for all our labors -

But better still is grass worn thin
On paths between good neighbors.

-Bessie J. Magee

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WORDS HAVE POWER

- A CARELESS word may kindle strife,
- A CRUEL word may wreck a life,
- A BITTER word may hate instill,
- A BRUTAL word may smite and kill,
- A GRACIOUS word may smooth the way,
- A JOYOUS word may light the day,
- A TIMELY word may lessen stress,
- A LOVING word may heal and bless.

Pity the man who thinks he has said his best word, had his best thought, done his best deed.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

child on any campus. (Juliana has friends who have two or three brothers and sisters also in college.) It used to be possible to "work your way through college" but the demands are now so heavy and the pressure of class-work is so severe that very few young people can hold down any kind of a job and still keep up good grades. It's a great blessing that scholarships are available, and I only wish that many, many more were available.

Since I last wrote to you I have done something that gave me great gratification and, I hope, gave many other people gratification. During National Library Week in April I asked the residents of our community, if they were interested, to come to our home and see the collection of art objects that Russell had collected over the last twenty-seven years.

The reason behind this was simple: our wonderful local library had meant so much to Russell, Juliana and to me, that I wished to do something for it during National Library Week to express my appreciation. Russell used to say that he hadn't actually been born in the Duluth Public Library, but he grew up in it; and I, in turn, could say the same thing about our Shenandoah library. After we came here to live in 1946 it was almost our second home and we spent endless hours within its walls, very happy and profitable hours.

When we lose people infinitely dear to us we must all make decisions, and they are extremely personal in nature and must be respected as such. Juliana and I both felt that we preferred to have any memorial gifts sent to our home town library, and both of us were overwhelmed by the gifts that were sent to our library. With such a severely limited budget, these gifts enabled the Library Board to purchase beautiful books that otherwise never could have been managed. It seemed to us a fitting memorial to Russell.

This was why I wished to do something, in turn, to show our appreciation for the wonderful way these memorial funds had been managed, and thus it came to us (Juliana and I were in constant correspondence about this) that perhaps our fellow citizens in our home town would enjoy seeing the art objects that Russell had collected over so many years.

We had such a fitful, extremely undependable April here in southwestern Iowa that we were fearful we might have a constant downpour on the scheduled day. But good fortune was

with us and aside from one violent clap of thunder right at noon, the day turned off most pleasantly and gave people an opportunity to arrive here without dashing under heavy rainstorms. Mother came down to greet people with me and I remember it as an extremely happy day when I had a chance to see people whom I had not seen for a long time. My only regret is that Juliana could not be here, too, for she would have found comfort and gratification in sitting beside her grandmother and her mother to chat with long time acquaintances and friends.

I'm sure that all of us take our libraries for granted. I'll never forget how shocked I was to go to a town about twice the size of Shenandoah and to find that they didn't have a library. I just couldn't believe it! To me, this was just like finding that none of the streets were paved; how could it possibly be that a town of at least 10,000 people didn't have a public library? Well, the Carnegie libraries have opened untold worlds to untold people, and I only wish that the men and the women who worked to get a Carnegie library some sixty years ago could know today how tremendously worthwhile their efforts proved to be.

It seems to me that I have used more than my allotted space, so now I must close and leave room for the other people who have something to say in this issue.

I wish to thank you once again for your incredibly heart-warming letters and cards. I have not found as yet that things are any easier, but your messages have given me consolation and courage.

Always most faithfully

P. Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

is one of gratitude for the gift of silence. Until I am out on the lake in my little sailboat, I forget how lovely silence is! Here in the city we live in a constant din. Always there is the flow of traffic with at least one police or ambulance or fire siren every hour. Then there is the roar of the big jet planes flying over the city day and night. Even in the office with the windows closed I hear all of this along with the sounds of electric fans, typewriters, and several telephones. You who live in the country must count among your most priceless gifts, the gift of quiet. How I envy you! Remember to thank God for it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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HAPPY FATHER'S DAY

By
Harverna Woodling

Father's Day is almost here.

Here's to Father, sweet and dear!

We all know *that* is poor verse and sticky sentiment since the simple fact of fatherhood hardly entitles a man to praise. And, of course, there are fathers and fathers—some good, some bad, and some rather in-betweenish.

But Father's Day is coming and we know a father who:

Makes swings for his two daughters,
affectionately called the Helpful Two.
Goes fishing with them.

Is glad they are interested in base-

ball but please don't ask *too* many questions until the game is over.

Likes for them to drive the tractor occasionally—a highly desirable job.

Appreciates their interest in and help with the farm animals and tells them and other folks, too.

Will help them care for Pony Boots and her handsome son, Bay Diamond, when help is really needed, but urges them to be independent and self-reliant.

Helps light and blow out birthday candles.

Is interested in school activities and grade cards.

Will go to PTA when lightly persuaded.

Likes to attend church with his family.

Will help stem strawberries or snap beans when Mother and the Helpful Two *really* need aid.

Satisfactorily admires wild flower bouquets.

Laughs a lot and scowls a little.

Those are a few of the reasons that a Father's Day card at our house will say, "Loved and admired by the whole family".

And we should like to add,

Short or tall,

Slim or fat,

A little homely,

Or handsome as *that*!

Here's to Fathers, kind and fine,

The one at your house and the one at mine!

THERE MAY BE A SCALPING . . .



or maybe mother knows all about the paint job and approves. Anyway, sooner or later these wild westerners are going to demand food.

Whatever you come up with — pie, cake, cookies or gelatin dessert — you can add an extra surprise flavor by making it better with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Sixteen to choose from: some spicy, some rich, some tangy with real-fruit goodness. Here they are: **Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Almond, Burnt Sugar, Maple, Coconut, Raspberry, Black Walnut, Pineapple, Mint, Vanilla, Strawberry, Banana, Blueberry, and Butter.**

All are wonderfully good, and wonderfully inexpensive. And all are available at your grocer's. Try them soon. All sixteen. The cowboys and Indians will appreciate it.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles.

Jumbo 8-oz. Vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage.