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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

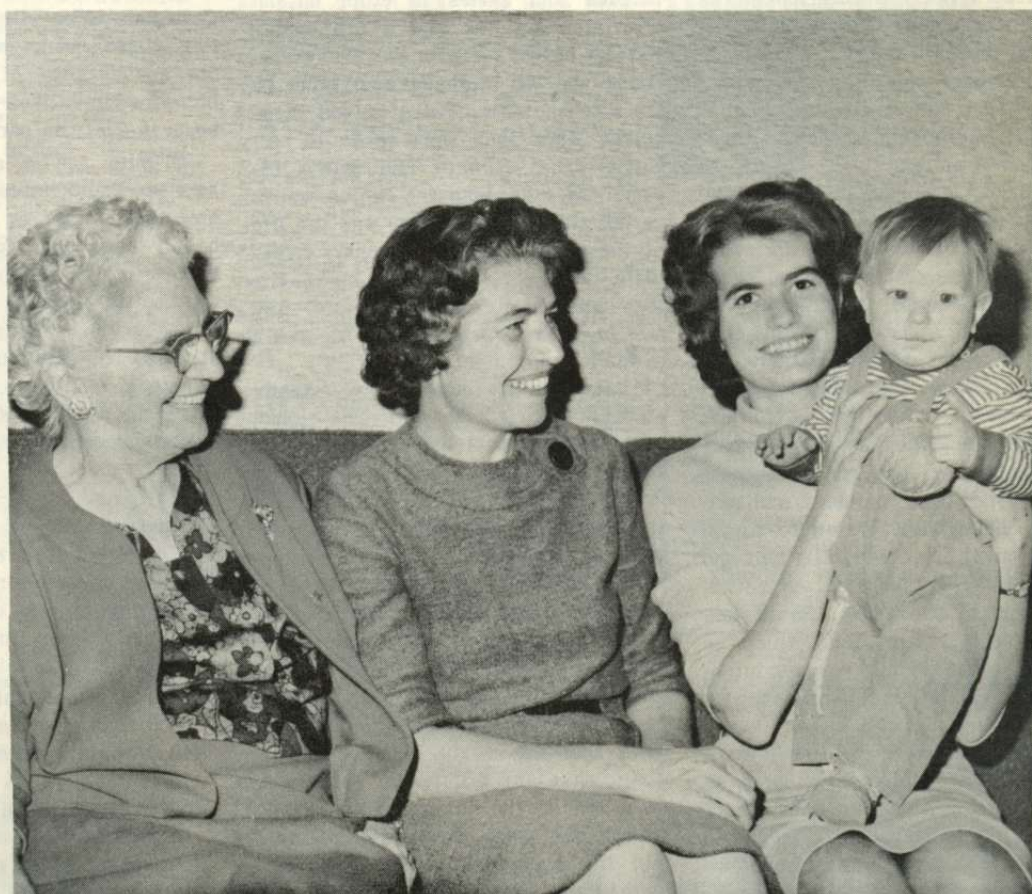
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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FEBRUARY, 1965

NUMBER 2



- Photo by Strom

### *Four generations in the Driftmier Family*

Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, great-grandmother,  
Mrs. Frank Johnson, grandmother, and  
Mrs. Arthur Brase, mother of little Andrew.





# 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:

It's funny how some months seem long and others short. December, with its 31 days, seems like the shortest month of the year, for Christmas comes before we have all our plans for it completed. January seems longer, for after the excitement of the holidays we have that let-down feeling. Then along comes February, the shortest month of the year! Soon winter will be behind us and we'll be looking ahead for those first signs of spring.

Mart spent Christmas in the hospital last year, so it was a special blessing that he could be beside the Christmas tree this year. Our grandson Martin made a good Santa, handing out the presents on Christmas Eve to the members of the family who had gathered for the gift exchange. One thing we forgot to put under the tree—a gun for Howard, our eldest son. When he was growing up he wanted a real gun, but there being several little brothers and sisters in the family, we were afraid someone might be accidentally hurt and his wish was never fulfilled. As a joke, all through the years, Santa has brought him a "pop gun" which he generously gave to his younger brothers! This was the first Christmas we forgot the gun.

Our son Wayne ordered a lovely poinsettia with seven blooms as large as dinner plates, a bloom for each of our children. It was pretty for a long time after Christmas. And another plant we enjoyed was a red "Paradise" amaryllis. I ordered it in November. The advertisement promised that it would bloom by Christmas, and sure enough it had four very large red blooms which lasted through the holidays.

Again, I want to thank you for the lovely cards. After the New Year, we read them again and enjoyed the personal letters and pictures enclosed. Some people look on Christmas cards as commercializing Christmas, but I,

for one, enjoy hearing from friends, some of whom write only at this time of year.

On New Year's Day we invited as many of the family as wanted to, to spend the day with us and watch the parades and games in color on our television set. We had a full house! Margery helped me with the food preparation and we arranged everything on the kitchen table. Folks helped themselves when they were ready to eat. Little Lisa, Howard and Mae's 14-month-old granddaughter (which makes us her great-grandparents) was the life of the party. She is a dainty, lively little girl who danced around on her tiptoes whenever there was music. And how she did love the bands! All in all, it was a happy time.

I have almost finished the "granny afghan" I started last fall. The blocks were nearly completed when I laid it aside to work on Christmas gifts. Now it has come back out of my workbasket and I'm putting it together. Let me suggest to beginners never to change crochet hooks in the middle of the job! The hook I started with broke and instead of waiting until someone could purchase another one for me, I continued with one which happened to be just a wee bit smaller. I couldn't believe that the slight change in size would make any difference, but it did. As a result, I'm having to steam and stretch and press the blocks before I join the squares together. Live and learn! Ruby, Mart's nurse, is making an afghan of variegated yarn in red, green and yellow. The blocks are set together in black. It is very attractive. Perhaps I'll make one like it later.

Since I wrote last we've had a visit from my brother Sol who lives in California. He is resident manager of a large Boy Scout camp high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He has worked with Scouts almost since the year of their organization. Many of the boys are sons

and grandsons of those he trained in Scout work years ago. Although Sol is past 80, he hates to think of giving up work with "his boys".

Sol has had many hobbies during his lifetime and his latest is enthusiastically shared by his wife Mary. They have become true "rock hounds". His garage has been converted to a workshop but he plans to construct a little building behind their home to house his tools and rock treasures. During the summer he has classes in rock-polishing for the Boy Scouts who come to the camp.

Some of you may remember the time years ago when Sol brought a little mountain lion with him on a visit to Iowa. When our boys told their friends that we had a mountain lion in our bathtub, they wouldn't believe it. That is, not until they were invited in to look at it!

My sister Jessie planned to go to California to be with her daughter Ruth this winter, but as yet is still in Iowa. She spends some of her time with us, but of course likes to be in her own home in Clarinda part of the time.

I'm sure Lucile and Margery have kept you radio listeners informed as to how their father is coming along. He hasn't been able to be outside this winter, of course, but is looking forward to warmer days when he can have rides in the car again. His favorite drive is out past our farm to see the livestock. The permanent pasture lies along the highway, so he can see the cattle grazing as we pass in smooth comfort. Yes, we'll be happy to see spring again.

Margery was in a few minutes ago with our mail. How we look forward to this time of day, for always there are letters from old and dear friends. It reminds me of lines from a favorite verse by W. B. Sprague which say:

"Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made,

And the things which in common we share;

We want to live on not because of ourselves,

But because of the people who care;  
It's the giving and doing for somebody else —

On that all life's splendor depends.  
And the joy of the world, when you've summed it up,

Is found in the making of friends."

Whether you're an old friend or a new friend, we'd love to hear from you.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*



## FROM THE MAILBASKET

*Each day's mail brings interesting items which we try to share with you on our radio visits. There are innumerable requests for copies of many of the things we read. Naturally, it isn't possible to take care of all of your requests for our time is limited. This month we are printing some of them for you.*

—Margery

### SO WHY WERE THEY CALLED "THE GOOD OLD DAYS"?

#### REMEMBER WHEN . . .

You used a dried turkey wing (with feathers on) for brushing off the top of the kitchen range?

You tested the oven temperature by opening the door and thrusting your hand inside?

You tested a cake for "doneness" with a straw broken off the broom?

You tossed an apple peeling on the hot coal range to correct a musty or unpleasant odor in the house?

You filled the kerosene lamps, trimmed the wicks, and washed the glass chimneys every morning?

You cleaned wall-to-wall carpet by sweeping with a broom from the edges toward the center, then cleaned the center by running the carpet sweeper over it?

Petticoats had drawstrings?

You ironed everything — starched corset covers, open drawers, petticoats edged with Hamburg lace ruffles with another plain "dust ruffle" underneath?

It took at least an hour in full sunlight on a warm day to dry your long hair?

Mother heated her curling tongs by putting them into the top of the glass chimney of the lighted kerosene lamp?

You had to allow an extra ten minutes for lacing up your high laced shoes?

You folded over your long-legged underwear to get it inside your long black cotton stockings?

The school principal threw away the tin drinking cup that used to be kept on the top of the pump in the schoolyard, and each child had to bring a cup from home for his own use?

You had to remember to empty the drip pan under the icebox before you went to bed?

You shaved a cake of soap into the wash boiler and boiled the white clothes on the top of the kitchen range?

And these were the elements of the "good old days".



Uncle Sol Field surprised us with a visit recently. You who remember Uncle Henry will see a resemblance of the two brothers. Mother tells of his visit in her letter.

### MY GET UP AND GO . . . HAS GONE

My get up and go got up and went. Or, in other words, things just aren't the way they should be.

It must be this new age of automation. Everything seems to be going so fast that one can't really get his bearings anymore. I've noticed it most in the small things. For instance, they just don't make suits the way they used to anymore. They always seem too tight in the waist and skimpy in the seat. We all don't have bodies like Hercules.

And I just don't feel as well as I used to. Lots of aches and pains that I can't explain. Nothing I can really pin down. Something seems to be sapping my energy, and I get tired out more quickly these days.

And everything is becoming so inconvenient. It's twice as far to the station, for example, and I can't figure out for the life of me why they added that hill on the way. I've given up running for the bus . . . it leaves faster than it used to.

I'm just not oriented to these modern times. For some reason staircases are steeper now, and smog makes the air so thin I'm naturally left gasping for breath after the smallest exertion.

What about the small print that has come into vogue everywhere? Someone must have a monopoly on the printing industry. I have to squint to make out the news. Also, I've noticed that the electricity emanating from the TV always puts me to sleep in front of the set.

Everyone speaks in such low tones too that I can hardly hear them. One would think there were a moratorium against loudness.

Most remarkable, though, is that even the people are changing along with the times. They're much younger than I was at their age. But on the other hand, it startles me that those who consider themselves my peers are so much older than I. I ran across some of my old classmates at a reunion last week and they had aged so much they didn't recognize me.

Yes, I definitely think it must be this new age. Things just aren't the way they used to be.

Or am I getting a bit old . . .

### THE CROAKER

Once on the edge of a pleasant pool, Under the bank where 'twas dark and cool,

Where bushes over the water hung, And rushes nodded and grasses swung, Just where the crick flowed out the fog,

There lived a grumpy and mean old frog, Who'd sit all day in the mud and soak And just do nothing but croak an' croak, Till a blackbird hollered, "I say, yer know,

What's the matter down there below? Are you in trouble or pain or what?" The frog sez, "Mine is an orful lot; Nothing but mud and dirt and slime For me to look at just all the time. It's a dirty world!" so the old fool spoke,

"Croakity, croakity, croakity, croak!" "But yer looking down!" the blackbird said;

"Look at the blossoms overhead. Look at the lovely summer skies, Look at the bees and butterflies, Look up, old feller. Why bless your soul,

Yer looking down in a muskrat hole!" But still with a gurgling sob and choke The blamed old critter would only croak, And a wise old turtle who boarded near, Sez to the blackbird, "Friend, see here: Don't shed no tears over him, for he Is lowdown just 'cause he likes ter be; He's one er them kind of chumps that's glad

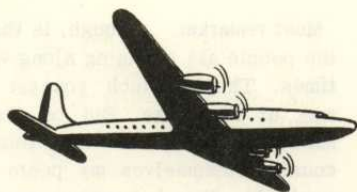
To be so mis-rable-like and sad; I'll tell yer something that ain't no joke, Don't waste yer sorrer on folks that croak."

— Unknown

### THE SENIOR CITIZEN'S CREED

As a senior citizen, I pledge my creed  
Shall be to help the ones in need;  
To live my life as best I can,  
With love for all my fellow man.  
I'll be loyal, faithful to the end;  
I'll speak no ill of foe or friend.  
I'll turn life's grindstone with a smile;  
I'll do each day a deed worth while,  
I'll serve with gladness where I may  
And trust in God to guide the way.





## Around-the-World Luncheon

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

If your women's group is looking for a project that will strengthen the ties of fellowship not only within the group, but within the community, try this Around-the-World Luncheon which our church successfully carried out recently. What a fine way it would be to observe Brotherhood Month!

This was advertised extensively for several weeks before the date. All tickets were sold in advance. (\$1.00)

Construction paper, in several bright colors, was used for tickets, which were run off by mimeograph. The tickets were about 2" by 5". At one end was a sketch of a world globe. The title, date, time (we served from 11 A.M. until 1:30 P.M.), and place were printed on the ticket.

Advance preparation began with the appointment of committees for each country. Six countries were used, but more or fewer might be considered, according to time and space. Chairmen from each of these committees met to decide the over-all menu, so that each room (country) might serve food appropriate to that country. The sizes of these committees depended upon the amount of food preparation. More women would be needed to prepare the main dish, naturally, than for the appetizer.

Each committee was responsible for decorating its room, lining up costumes, and planning and serving the food. Every woman in the organization was aware of the plans. If anyone had souvenirs, decorations, keepsakes, or heirlooms from any of the countries involved, she made it known to the proper persons. The committees scoured the community and nearby towns for representative items to display in the different rooms. Families of service men were a big help in many instances. Many from this locality have a Scandanavian ancestry, so we were able to borrow lovely things from them, such as silver, china, embroidery, photos, Bibles, and records.

Soft recorded music, typical of the country, was played in each room. In the Japanese room an incense burner added to the atmosphere.

Tables of exhibits were displayed in each room, with hostesses in costume to answer questions and call attention

to items of special interest. Several card tables were set up, each with a typical centerpiece or cloth, where guests might sit to eat after going to the refreshment table, which was a featured part of each room.

In all the rooms, except Germany, which had the main course and used the dining room, there was a tiny kitchen behind screens in one corner of the room. The screens were decorated in keeping with the theme of the room. Behind the screen Mexico's committee had their tomato juice in portable-type car refrigerators. Japan's soup course was kept hot on an electric hot plate. Women in costume tended to the serving.

The rooms were numbered, so that guests could visit them to get the courses of the luncheon in the proper order. Costumed hostesses were everywhere to help usher everyone about.

On arrival each guest was presented a booklet which had the menu printed in the correct language of the country beside that country's name.

The menu read thus:

- |        |  |
|--------|--|
| Room 1 | <b>Mexico</b><br>Mexicano Juice (spicy tomato juice cocktail)  |
| Room 2 | <b>Japan</b><br>Chicken Sukiyaki (chicken soup with toasted croutons)  |
| Room 3 | <b>Hawaii</b><br>Aloha Salad (fresh fruits in cubes and slices — pineapple, banana, cherries, coconut — served in sea shell cups, with cocktail toothpick) |
| Room 4 | <b>Germany</b><br>Mousakas Me Potatis and Flatbrod Sticks (meat loaf and potatoes with sauerkraut and bread sticks)  |
| Room 5 | <b>Alaska</b><br>Alaskan Freeze (ice cream cups with choice of butter-scotch or chocolate sauce)   |
| Room 6 | <b>Sweden</b><br>Kakor and Kaffet (cookies and coffee)   |

Use what you find available and let your imagination have full sway. This is what we did.



**Mexico:** A large ceramic donkey stood outside the door beside a tall diffenbachia plant to give that south-of-the-border look. On the donkey's back were typical woven baskets filled with shelled corn. A smiling senorita greeted us as we entered the land of sombreros and pottery. Hostesses wore full, colorful skirts and blouses, flat shoes, and lacy matillas. Beautiful fiesta skirts, colorful serapes, straw hats, and bullfighter costumes were fastened to the screens and walls. Low tables held other examples of Mexican crafts and arts. Woven baskets held party crackers on the tea table and pale yellow napkins were rolled to resemble tamales and piled in a woven basket.

Gourds, charm strings, and peppers added color.



**Japan:** Bamboo ornaments were suspended in the doorway. Japanese parasols and a three-yard length of gorgeous Japanese fabric were fastened to the wall as a backdrop for the table. The woman serving sukiyaki from a large Oriental tureen wore a white silk kimono lavishly embroidered with gold. Other attendants wore Japanese kimonos, or pajamas, with flowers in their hair, and sandals or thongs. There were authentic Japanese screens of bamboo and wood, and displays of china, brass, and other art crafts from the Orient. Flower arrangements carried out the Japanese design. Paper lanterns were used lavishly, too, and

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## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

A few days ago I read an article in the newspaper which told about a church that wanted to repair some copper sheeting on its roof. It was estimated that the copper repairs would cost \$25,000, but once the sheeting was removed it was discovered that the beams needed replacing, and while removing the beams it was discovered that the walls needed to be strengthened, and while strengthening the walls it was decided to point up the brick work. Instead of the original estimate of \$25,000, the church had to pay \$150,000.

When I read this I shook in my shoes! Our church here in Springfield has just learned that it must replace a floor in its recreation room. Today I was told that to replace the floor it will be necessary to tear out the ceiling in our beautiful memorial chapel! Since our original estimate was that same figure of \$25,000, I wonder what the final cost will be! And speaking of the cost of maintaining an old church building, this very week we were told that we should repair our lovely stained glass windows at a cost of \$12,000. Since our rose windows are some of the largest in the United States (they make up nearly one-half of the walls) we must keep them in condition. But just think of all the good we could do with that money? Of course, if we don't repair the floors and the windows it won't be long before we are without a church building, and the cost of a new one would be astronomical for a church our size.

Just down the street from our parsonage is another parsonage for the Associate Minister of the church. Right now we are redecorating that big three-story house from top to bottom. It will soon be occupied by the family of a new Associate who is moving here from Michigan to work with us. When he came here to be interviewed by our Pastoral Committee, he brought his wife along, and while she was here we had her go through the house with an interior decorator and make all the suggestions she wished. Today I saw painters and plumbers and carpenters going in and out of the place, and tomorrow it will receive a new stove and refrigerator and electric laundry equipment. The good ladies of our various church organizations are buying the electrical equipment, and they are having such a good time doing it.

In a few days Betty and I shall be leaving for a week's stay at the famous French Lick Sheraton Hotel in French



The ladies in Frederick's church are always ready to help in the kitchen with a big church dinner.

Lick, Indiana. Our United Church of Christ is having its mid-winter meeting there, and all of the various boards and committees of the denomination are expected to attend. Since I am on several committees responsible for our overseas mission program, I must be there, and since Betty is interested in the women's work of our church, she wants to be present for several of the lectures and discussion groups. It means being away from our work here in Springfield for six days, but with a fine new Associate looking after the church, and with one of our good church ladies coming to the parsonage to stay with David, everything should be all right.

Believe it or not, the quickest way for us to get to French Lick, Indiana, from New England is via Washington, D.C. Doesn't that seem strange? We fly from Springfield to Washington, and from Washington to Louisville, Kentucky, and then we take a bus for sixty miles across the Ohio River and up into Indiana. Our connections are very close in Washington — just forty minutes between planes — but if all goes well we should make it. It would be nice if we had the time to stop off in Washington for a few hours, but I am afraid it won't be possible. When I have to leave here on business, I don't go until the last possible moment, and I get back just as soon as I can.

I don't know whether our city of Springfield is different from other cities of its size or not, but it seems to me that we have more bad fires than I hear of other cities having. We have some of the most tragic house fires. Every winter several people lose their lives in house fires, and last night we had a fire which cost the lives of four children. It was a bitter, cold night with a high wind, and once the fire started it swept through the two-story home. So many of the fires are caused by careless smoking! How glad I shall

be for some law which makes smoking in bed a crime punishable by a heavy fine. Such a law properly publicized would at least call people's attention to the danger.

Part of a minister's job is listening to other people's troubles with a sympathetic, Christian concern. After giving some people a certain amount of sympathy, I suggest that they make a visit to the wards of Springfield's big Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children. When you first walk into a room filled with crippled children, one's first reaction is that of sorrow! Remain a few minutes and chat with those brave and cheerful little patients and you will walk out of that room filled with great admiration and hope. Lately it has been happening to me each week. Some weeks ago the hospital called and asked for my help in planning a new and better recreation program for the boy patients, and now that is where I am on Saturday afternoons. I take some of the young men of the church with me to help with the games; it is just as fine an experience for them as it is for me.

My twenty years in the pastoral ministry has taught me much about human nature. I have learned that the only sure cure for a broken heart is gratitude! Most of us feel sorry for ourselves when we permit our troubles to have more attention than our blessings. The reason we don't give enough thought to our blessings is our blindness to the distress of those who have not been blessed as bountifully as have we. The other evening I went out to the children's hospital with a headache and a backache, but once I walked into a ward where there were children who had had their legs and arms amputated and heard them laughing and singing, my aches and pains disappeared! I looked at one little boy who had been terribly and horribly burned in an accident, and under my breath I said: "Dear God, if ever I complain about a headache again, I want you to punish me in a way I won't forget!"

Just tonight I was thinking about the blessing of air to breathe. Fresh air is perhaps the greatest blessing in all the world, and yet most of us forget to thank God for it. Try holding your nose and mouth shut for just one minute, and you will see what I mean! Every time you and I take a breath we ought to say a prayer of gratitude. And what about the blessing of water to drink? There are many people in New England who learned this year all about the blessings of water. Our awful drought of the summer and fall is still with us

(Continued on page 22)



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

After all the hurry and hustle that goes along with the Holiday season, it is nice to be able to sit down in a relaxed state of mind and write my letter to you. For me, the Holiday season really begins around the first of November and continues until after the first of the year. November is when I begin to get a flood of peanut pixie orders. There is seldom a day throughout the entire year that I don't spend a few hours making pixies, but during November and December I average 12 hours a day at the pixie table.

When Frank asked me if I could take a weekend off to go pheasant hunting, I was more than willing to have a little change from this daily routine. We hadn't been to Aplington, Iowa, to see our good friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer, for several years, and they seemed eager for us to come. Chris Stubbe, a friend of Clarence's, had invited us to hunt on his farm, and he and his son hunted with us. When we came back to the house, we found that Mrs. Stubbe and her daughter had fixed sandwiches, coffee, and fresh pecan rolls for us. It certainly tasted good after all the walking we had done. We had good luck, bringing back our limit of pheasants as well as four jack rabbits. The jack rabbits were especially for me, because I had never seen one before and wanted to take some home. Our dog Tinker went with us, of course, and proved to be a good little bird dog.

Tinker loves to ride in the car, but he was restless all the way to Aplington. He couldn't understand where in the world we were going that it was taking us so long to get there. But after hunting all day, he was so tired he just curled up in the back seat and slept all the way home.

Speaking of Tinker and the car, a funny thing happened the other day. Frank has an old car he uses around the farm. Tinker always goes with him. In fact, we jokingly refer to it as Tinker's car. During the daytime Frank usually leaves a window rolled down so that when Tinker gets cold or tired, he can get into the car and wait. The other night Frank forgot to put the window up, and the next morning there was a great big strange hound dog



The last playtime of the day before Kristin puts Andrew to bed.

sitting in it. We figured he had gotten lost from his master sometime during the night when they were out coon hunting. The owner's name, address, and telephone number were on the dog's collar, so we knew he lived in Des Moines. Frank tied the dog in the back yard, deciding that if no one came looking for him by noon, he would call them. This he did, and the owner was certainly grateful. He had been looking for him all morning, but in the area where he had become lost, which was six miles from our farm. It was a happy reunion for the dog and his master.

Kristin, Art, and Andrew were unable to come home for Christmas, but we were happy when they wrote to say that they would be able to get a few extra days on another weekend, which would give them enough time to make the trip to Iowa to see all of us. They had hoped to drive as far as Shenandoah the first day, as they did on their last trip, but by the time they had reached Aunt Sally's in Nebraska, they were exhausted and so was the baby, so they just spent the night there and drove on home the next day.

Kristin and Art enjoyed helping Frank with his chores and going with him in the mornings to check his traps. They were tickled when they found a beaver in one of the traps.

We all think Andrew is adorable. He had grown a few inches since we last saw him, but otherwise he looked just the same. He is beginning to pull himself up to things, but his little legs won't hold him up very long. He has a little walker that he scoots around in, and had fun chasing Tinker all over the house. Except for a very short nap in the morning and again in the afternoon, Andrew is continually on the move, and after one day of watching this activity I could well understand why Kristin said it would be their last trip for some time. It was

just too hard to control this little bundle of energy on such a long car trip.

When it was time for them to start their long trip back to Laramie, I decided to ride with them as far as Shenandoah. Mother had a good dinner ready for us when we got there, and although Kristin and Art could stay only a couple of hours, this gave other members of the family time to stop by to say hello and have a short visit. Margery was on hand with her camera and we were happy that she got some good four-generation pictures. Kristin wrote after she got home that they had stayed all night in Nebraska, making the trip in two days.

Now that things have quieted down at our house, and this is the time of year when Frank spends much of his time in the timber, I am going to try to do some sewing for Kristin. She has lost quite a bit of weight and most of her clothes need some kind of alterations. It has been so long since I have taken the time to make her any new things, that I want to surprise her with a few jumpers or dresses. Juliana has a birthday this month, and through the years I have tried to make a new dress or skirt as my gift for her. Since she has been away in school, I haven't been able to do this because I was afraid I couldn't fit her. Now, with the straight shift jumpers and dresses being so popular, I thought I might be able to fit her with something of this type.

I was happy that my last trip to Shenandoah fell right at the time Uncle Sol was in town, but was sorry we didn't know about his visit in advance so that Frank could have seen him. Frank and Uncle Sol have many interests in common, and Frank enjoys visiting with him and hearing all of the stories about his hunting expeditions. The best I could do was listen with rapt attention to his accounts of deer, bear, and beaver so that I could go home and repeat them verbatim to Frank. I certainly wish it were possible for Frank and me to visit Uncle Sol and Aunt Mary in California, but there never seems to be a time when Frank can get that far away from his livestock.

It is time for me to get up to check the stoves to see if they need more wood. Frank is always accusing me of letting the fires go out when he is gone from the house. I must admit this is all too true. I get so wrapped up in my own projects that I forget all about the stoves until I begin to get cold — and by this time it is too late.

Sincerely,

Dorothy



## LETTERS FROM ANOTHER CENTURY

by  
Esther Sigsbee

I have been reading someone else's mail. I've never met the two brothers who wrote the letters, nor the sister who received them, but I'm quite concerned with their lives. Being so snoopy may be a crime, or at least unethical, but I have a notion that some sort of statute of limitations applies in this case, for the letters are more than 100 years old!

The letters, along with some 100-year-old newspapers and magazines, were loaned to me by Herman Rathbun of Sarasota, Florida, who found them several years ago in a house in Ohio. Nobody seemed to want them or even to know who Simon E. or Will were. When I get the letters organized, I expect to have quite an intimate picture of what it was like for the soldiers in the Civil War and their loved ones back home.

The earliest of the letters is dated September 23, 1861, as Simon writes to his sister from Camp Denison. They really emphasized penmanship in those days; all the writing is beautifully Spencerian, with lots of shading, and in ink, so that they are clearly readable after all these years. They seem all the more remarkable to me because some of them are written in an army tent by candlelight.

There's a set style to most of the letters. They begin, "I now take my pen in hand to write you to tell you I am well at present, and hoping this will find you enjoying the same good blessings." Invariably they close with, "no more at present, but still remain your affectionate brother — or sister — until death."

Simon evidently enlisted in the army before Will. He was 19 years old and thus didn't need consent because, "I am old enough to choose for myself." He's more outspoken than his brother and says rather harsh things about various people who don't follow his example and enlist, and also about boys who deserted so that they could come home.

The villain of the story may very well be the boys' father. In his first letter, Simon says, "Tell Father if he wants to cause trouble, I can draw my money by law." Brother Will also writes after he has enlisted, that he would send more of his pay to his sister, "but Father would just devil you out of it."

However, in 1862, Simon trusts his



### "MY BOY, BE SOMEBODY"

Many years ago a sick woman lying on a crude pallet, with but a few days to live, dreamed a golden dream. Calling her only son, a lean, lanky lad, to her bedside, she gazed into his deep dark eyes with her own dim sight and communicated to him her glowing vision and hope.

Her own years had been few and unfavored. Her life had been occupied by the limitations of a pioneer life. Her castle, a log cabin, her hopes were bounded by forest-clad hills and mighty streams — there was no chance for their realization. Her paths led only to deeper enclosures and darker dells. She had dreamed and hoped in vain. Life offered little or no rewards, and the days brought few actual joys.

Her boy shall know no such imprisonment; he shall burn the barriers which enclosed her and crash the gates of her imprisonment. In him her dreams shall come true, her hopes enjoy the highest fulfillment.

Drawing the boy close to her bed, she noted the imprint of the woodland life and the crudities of their pioneer existence stamped upon his face and form. She despaired for a moment. Touching his brown, coarse cheeks with her soft, white fingers, she caught his gaze and held it with her deep meaningful eyes. Drawing his face close to her own, she whispered the magic words — words that held her dreams: "My boy, be somebody."

Thus Nancy Hanks planted a golden dream in the soul of Abraham Lincoln. The result is known to the world. Those magic words were the golden stairs upon which the son of Nancy Hanks climbed to fame and brought out of mother's fears and disappointments the realization of a cherished dream.

father with \$5 to buy a pair of boots, "which I want more than anything in this world at present." He specified that they be "No. 8's with high tops, heel plates on them and round headed tacks all over the soles of them." For a while I thought he wasn't going to get them, but I found a letter that said they arrived in time for Christmas, and a later letter said that he could have gotten \$10 for those boots if he had been willing to part with them.

Postage stamps were at a premium and the brothers frequently stated that they would have written before, but couldn't get stamps for love nor money. Evidently, Simon's letters were not for publication, for he says at one time, "You can tell Limerlock that if he wants any pieces wrote to go in his paper, write them hisself. I have something else to do."

Romance figures quite prominently in the letters. There are frequent queries as to "who is hugging who", and their sister writes, "the girls around here are getting mighty boy-hungry."

Rebecca Jane is Simon's sweetheart. He writes in 1861, "she is my choice and I am hers." Later, "I know of one whose mind is filled with my presence and whose heart bleeds because I am absent. 'Becca is the one who will be my wife. At least I'll try her.'"

But I am a little suspicious of Rebecca. Will mentions that she sent him "her likeness" and then there's her Valentine to Will, who calls it "the finest verse I ever read." He quotes it, "I have not seen nor never will, So fine a man as you, dear Will."

Rebecca is a Democrat, but she goes to all the local political conventions.

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# The World -- One Neighborhood

Program for Brotherhood Month

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Encircle a large world globe with costumed dolls representing all races and several nations. On a scroll made of heavy white paper, print the program title in large black letters. Fasten the scroll to the wall above the setting or at the front of the table covering.

**Prelude:** Use a medley of songs of other races and nations as well as of the United States — Oriental, Negro spirituals, Spanish, drums of Africa, folk music, etc. (For this type of music I like to use the tape recorder and tape a few measures of different records. Borrow from the library if you cannot locate the records you need.)

**Call to Worship:** "O brother man, fold to the heart thy brother! Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there; to worship rightly is to love each other; each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

"For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken: The holier worship which He deigns to bless, restores the lost, binds the spirit broken, and feeds the widow and the fatherless."

## SCRIPTURES:

**First Reader:** *And behold a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him saying,*

**Second Reader:** *Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life?*

**First Reader:** *He said unto him, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"*

**Second Reader:** *And he answered Him saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."*

**First Reader:** *And He said unto him, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."*

**Second Reader:** *But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"*

**In Unison** (by two readers): Luke 10:30-37 (Parable of the Good Samaritan.)

**Prayer Hymn** (by Leader): Lift up our hearts, O King of Kings, to brighter

hopes and kindlier things, to visions of a larger good, and holier dreams of brotherhood. Thy world is weary of its pain, of selfish greed and fruitless gain, of tarnished honor, falsely strong, and all its ancient deeds of wrong. Almighty Father, who dost give the gift of life to all who live, look down on all earth's sin and strife, and lift us to a nobler life. O Lord, hear our prayer; cleanse our hearts; let us hear Thy voice speak to us as we unite to say this prayer which is said by men around the world, "Our Father which art in heaven — " (Repeat Lord's Prayer in unison.)

**Hymn:** "Eternal God Whose Power Upholds" (or any good hymn stressing brotherhood) First verse.

**Scripture** (First Reader): *And if your brother becomes poor, and cannot maintain himself with you, you shall maintain him; as a stranger and a sojourner he shall live with you. Take no interest from him, or increase, but fear your God; that your brother may live beside you.*

**Meditation:** Nothing aroused in Jesus greater indignation than to see men who were callous to suffering and need, or those who exploited the weak, or trampled the downtrodden. Even worse were those who hid their selfishness and evil ways under the cloak of religious respectability and self-righteousness. Think of his pointed words concerning those who disdainfully watched the widow give her mite, her all. "Give to the poor", "thy brother's keeper", "love thy neighbor". Over and over Jesus, to use an apt expression of our day, "hammered" these words home! They were to be the true Christian's reason for living. *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* Jesus is saying to us, emphatically, "Love me, love all men!"

May I share with you this version of the Twenty-Third Psalm:

"The Lord shepherds all races, not one does He neglect; He gives rest to everyone through the great pastures of this fact; He leadeth His flock away from prejudice. He restores belief in

the final fairness of life, even in the face of injustices so grave that they deaden personality. No need to fear! His justice lives!

"His promises, and their repeated fulfillments, comfort. He gives the Bread of Life to all His hungry children even in the presence of racial discrimination, impartially; He heals His bruised lambs; the cup of living water overflows; Surely understanding and kindness shall increase between races and between nations, all the days of the world's life, and we shall dwell in the presence of One Shepherd forever."

**Hymn:** "Eternal God" Second verse.

**Second Reader:** By this it may be seen who are the children of God; "whoever does not do right is not of God, nor he who does not love his brothers".

**Meditation:** WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? WHO IS MY BROTHER? He is a child hungry for love and affection as well as physical nourishment. Can I feed myself when the pinched hands of little children reach out with claw-like grasp to clutch at a falling crust of bread? Can I clothe myself when humanity is staggering through the days in tattered shreds of garments long since beyond repair?

Can I shelter myself when the orphaned of the world go homeless, penniless, friendless, futureless?

Can I worship joyously on Sunday when I refuse to share my pew with my neighbor because he doesn't wear my kind of clothes or have my color of skin?

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

He is a youth seeking a guiding hand from someone who cares. He is a young parent burdened with concern and fear, whose spirits can be lifted with words of cheer, with experiences shared, with the handclasp of a friend.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? He is the middle-aged whose dreams are fading, whose vision is less bright, who needs my encouragement and my enthusiasm. He is the aged who has begun to look backward instead of ahead, who needs my protecting love and care and respect and cheer. He is the ill, the outcast, the homeless, the friendless, the poor, the discouraged, the aged, the young, the rich, the wise. *Who is my neighbor?* He is every man in need, every child of God, every person whom I can help.

I cannot clothe myself, I cannot feed myself, nor shelter myself in comfort, nor sleep at night, nor be at ease in my

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## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

By the time you see this our Adrienne will have had a trip to the hospital to have her tonsils removed. We have spent too many winters with her in a constant state of swollen tonsils and sore throat. The fall months started badly with all three children suffering severe throat and then bronchial infections. The last child had no more than recovered from his infectious round than Adrienne blossomed out with another scarlet-tinged throat. I was thoroughly fatigued with this merry-go-round, when our doctor, consulted for the umpteenth time, recommended a removal of tonsils and adenoids, and the installation of a system of moisturizing the air in our house during the months the furnace runs.

We investigated different humidifier systems, and much to our surprise, we found several in what could be considered a medium price range. Donald and I decided that since the children were suffering from the extreme dryness of the house, if it would alleviate the sore throats, we would have a humidifier installed. We had this done in mid-November, and I can't tell you how delightful it is for *all* concerned. It is wonderful! I have not had the usual dry, sore throat that I have experienced every morning during winters past. The house has likewise not endured the shrinking of every board that begins with the turning on of the furnace. The piano retains its tune better, nor does it rock when played as it did formerly when its joints dried out so thoroughly.

Incidentally, if you're interested, we have a forced hot-air furnace heating system in this house which makes the addition of a humidifier system directly on the furnace feasible. There are, I believe, some systems of house heating which will not accommodate this type of humidification. If this should be a problem in your house, there are large room humidifiers available which would undoubtedly serve the purpose adequately.

We have had only one sickness since, and that was with Katharine. It was not a sore throat condition that caused her downfall, but a whim of hers. It seems slip-over-the-shoe boots are "out" with the ten-year-old set (which she isn't quite), and during the dreadfully sub-zero days she would come waltzing out of school with her shoes under her arms and only the thin layer of her rubber boots between her sox and the frozen ground. It wasn't long before she was down in bed with a



The mailing department in the Kitchen-Klatter office is always busy. Dorene Salen is putting labels on boxes before they go into the big mail sacks.

rumbling chest cough and swollen glands behind her ears. Kids surely do the wildest things!

The children are back at their studies and are well into their second of three trimesters. Katharine has grasped her homework with little or no assistance from us except for checking her spelling words. Once in a while she comes to me with a problem in the new modern math, which just about throws me for a loop. Thus far I've been able to handle Paul's problems in math, and hope I can advance with him and learn, too, so that when he's in fourth grade I'll know what they are doing.

Much of Paul's homework consists of oral reading. Every evening's geography assignment is supposed to be read aloud. His testing on phonetic and non-phonetic spelling words also require parental help, but his grammar and composition assignment he is expected to do on his own. In an effort to encourage his desire to study independently, his Grandma Schneider gave him a desk and chair for his bedroom for Christmas. We added a large study lamp, and this has indeed given

### ANTICIPATION

I just love the time each morning  
When the mailman comes around.  
I almost always watch for him;  
I love to hear the sound,  
Of letters dropping in our box  
Or to get a chance to say  
A few words to the mailman  
As he goes along his way.

Sometimes, he brings a friendly note  
And some days there's just a bill,  
Coupons and advertisements,  
Or a sample of some pill.  
Sometimes he brings a package  
From my brother far away,  
But the time when he has nothing  
Makes me kind of sad all day!

—Eleanor Shooter

him added incentive to work at his own desk under his own direction. He's going to have to be well on his own before next September, because by then Adrienne will be enrolled. Since there is only one parent in the house every other week, I shall not be able to split myself into thirds and maintain my sense of humor!

This winter's house-bound activity for Adrienne and me has been to teach her the alphabet. She will have several tests to pass in June or July before she can be admitted to Paul and Katharine's school. Donald and I are so well pleased with the school in Brookfield, the town north of us, that we're looking forward to watching the progress Adrienne will make. Like most little sisters, she has been eaten up with envy over the older ones' going off to school every day.

One major change will come with the September semester, and that will be a change of address. We selected a house near Donald's work and the neighborhood school, but when we enrolled the children in this school in Brookfield, it became apparent that the driving would get burdensome. We decided, however, to wait until we were sure that we would *keep* the children in this school before we undertook any real estate changes.

I love living in a town the size of greater Milwaukee, and I don't mind a certain amount of driving, but we're twenty-five minutes from the dentist's office, the same for both the children's clinic and the office where the grown-up family's doctor hangs his hat. We're six miles from a grocery, fifteen miles from church, which I don't begrudge because our church would be worth twice the drive, and fifty-four miles a day from school! Don't you think I should apply for a light-freight-hauler's license?

This year I have been fortunate in having a fine woman who also lives in New Berlin to share driving every other week. Next year, however, they will have moved, and I'll be back to driving every day. That doesn't fill my heart with much gladness.

So, when the weather gets nicer, I'm going to start hunting for a house closer to school and a grocery and church. Suburban living is wonderful. My big mistake is knowing how to drive. This makes a truism of the joke that one of the finest things a girl can bring to her marriage is a driver's license!

Until next month,

Mary Beth



## MANY GOOD SCOUTS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

*(February is Scout month and this article has been planned for use at Blue and Gold banquets, Scouts dinners and Courts of Honor.)*

Any movement as exciting and virile as Scouting must have had an unusual, thrilling beginning. In this case the story goes back to a person.

You would have liked Robert Baden-Powell, born in England in 1857. He was a real boy who enjoyed sports, nature, and using his imagination and initiative. After graduation from Charterhouse School (where he had frequently "sneaked away" to roam a small stretch of woods nearby) he entered the British Army. He spent some time in India, came back to Europe as a secret agent, and then was sent down to South Africa. He became a hero in the Boer War by the way he used his ingenuity to confuse the enemy.

During these experiences, Baden-Powell became aware of the lack of background of the young men under his command in such essentials as initiative and self-reliance. He wrote a small book for army use called "Aids in Scouting". Not only was this book read by the army but it also became very popular with the boys of Great Britain.

After returning to England, Baden-Powell visited a group called the "Boys' Brigade". He liked what he saw, but commented frankly that he felt a more varied, attractive and worthwhile program would bring in more members. So it was, in 1903, that he was challenged to rewrite his "Aids for Scouting" into a handbook of activities for boys.

From his wealth of ideas in working with young men, he searched out all he knew on physical fitness, nature lore, outdoor skills and training boys. With a group of twenty lads he went to an island off the south coast of England for a "trial run" (the first Boy Scout Camp in the world!). The plan was an immediate success.

Baden-Powell realized he had something important in hand. In 1910 he retired from the army and devoted the rest of his life to the Scouting movement. He was recognized by his country for the significance of his work in 1929 when he was made a baron and became Lord Baden-Powell. He died in 1941.

How did Scouting reach America? Because of a simple, good deed by an un-



Robert Birkby is Scoutmaster of Troop 77, Sidney, Iowa. This was snapped as he and son Bob left for the National Boy Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

known English Scout. William Boyce, an American publisher was lost in a London fog when a Boy Scout helped him find his way. Mr. Boyce was so impressed with the Scout's kindness and courtesy that he inquired into the new movement to which the boy belonged and returned to the United States singing its praises.

Several groups similar to the Boy Scouts sprang up quickly and were coordinated, finally, by Edgar Robinson of the national YMCA. He called together representatives of various groups interested in boys and they developed a permanent national organization with the name "Boy Scouts of America" dedicated to the welfare of the American boy.

Like the Fourth of July, birthday and Christmas all rolled into one, things really started popping! The plans from England began to have an American twist when Ernest Seton was chosen as Chief Scout of the new group. He was interested in Indians, their background and lore. Earlier he had established a group called "Woodcraft Indians" whose purpose was to give young people something to do, something to enjoy in the woods, and something to think about, all with a view to character building. These ideas were incorporated into the budding Scout plans. These added tremendously to the excitement and attractiveness of the Scouting program.

Second, came Uncle Dan, as Daniel Beard was known. He had lived in Kentucky and was steeped in the legends of Daniel Boone. His love of the woods and fields, of the skill and spirit of the pioneers, and his desire to train boys in an appreciation of forests and natural resources, added great influence to the embryo movement. He wrote and illustrated articles

for the Boy Scout magazine, "Boys' Life" for many, many years.

The third person to throw his influence into Scouting had the unlikely beginning of being a crippled, mistreated orphan in Washington, D.C. It was not until James West was twelve years old that anyone became interested enough in him to see that he became educated. By age sixteen, young Jimmy asked to go to high school (unheard of for an orphan in the 1890's). He not only finished high school but went on to graduate from law school as well. The experience of defending a young boy in court made him acutely aware of the needs of children. Built on childhood knowledge of privation, he worked with the United States government in various ways to help the children of the nation.

When James West was asked to head the Boy Scouts of America he agreed to do so for six months, but he found it such a worthwhile venture, he served as Chief Scout Executive for thirty-three years. He was never well — he always had his crippled hip — but he built a struggling group from its earliest days in 1911 to a membership of over 1,500,000 in 1943 when he relinquished the leadership.

The Scouting movement grew broad and it grew deep. Younger boys wanted a part of this excitement so the Cub Scouting movement was born. Wisely, Lord Baden-Powell insisted it should be on the level of the younger boys and not just a small copy of Scouting. Built on a close tie with home, family and the neighborhood group, the form came out of Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Stories". The jungle motif for American boys was rather far removed from their experiences, so the American Indians were substituted and the animals used were familiar ones. But the pattern of achievements, fulfilling requirements, and developing interests as they advanced in rank, met with great enthusiasm with the Cubs just as it had with the Scouts.

Sea Scouting, Air Scouting and Explorer Scouting programs were developed for the older boys.

A few of the strengths of the Scouting program are: the emphasis on loyalty to religious duties, activities in the field of conservation, peacetime and wartime records of service to country, community and national volunteer projects, and continued emphasis on clean, moral living.

Scouting spread like wildfire around the world, and in 1920 Lord Baden-Powell called a World Jamboree. Even though wars and unrest have marred

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## A LONG LOOK AT THIS MONTH

by

Edith Harwood

The calendar, as we know it, was a long time a-borning! The ancient Romans spent much time with the trial-and-error method — trying to fit the number of days to months in such a way that their arbitrary measurements would fit into the solar year without getting completely out of balance in a few years' time.

The sun refused to change its ways, so the months had to come to terms with it. At one time the month of February was the last one in the year. Then an attempt was made to make ten months fit the situation. It didn't work, so a couple more months were added to the number — January at the first and February at the last.

Then, in 452 B.C., another reorganization gave February the second-month place, and there it has stayed, with twenty-eight days to call its own, except "once in every four, when leap year gives it one day more". That occurs when the year's number is divisible by four.

There is an exception even to this: Every centennial year which is not divisible by four without using the two zeros is not a leap year. The year 1600 was a leap year, but not 1700, 1800, nor 1900. The year 2000 *will* be.

That conclusion wasn't reached until the time of Pope Gregory III, about 731 A.D., when a better knowledge of solar time indicated that the extra minutes over the 365 days allotted to each year, plus the extra day allotted to the "one in four", could be compensated for once in every four hundred years.

The month was not always called by the name it bears today. The Anglo-Saxons named it *Sprout-Kale* because the cabbage sprouted at this time, and later, *Salmonath*, because the sun was so definitely returning from the South.

The name *February* stems from a Roman Festival of Purification, held on the fifteenth day of this month. It was called *Februatio* from the Latin word *Februa* — to purify. As originally celebrated, sacrifices of animals were made. Because it was the beginning of spring in Rome — the mating season for animals and birds — there devel-

oped fertility rites, common among all pagan peoples, but superstitious rites distasteful to us. One thing was sure: Spring was in the air in February.

The Christian pastors, in an effort at reform, took over the feast day, and dedicated it to two St. Valentines; one a priest and one a bishop, both martyred. Now into the ballot boxes were put the names of saints, the name drawn to be the patron saint of the one holding it for the next twelve months. Just how successful they were at popularizing this reform is not known, but the fourteenth day of February *did* come to be called St. Valentine's Day.

We know its function changed over the years, because in England, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, we find young men and maidens "according to an ancient custom" meeting in equal numbers, writing their names on ballots, and drawing lots, "the maids taking men's ballots, and the men the maids'", so that each of the young men "lights upon a girl that he calls his *Valentine*, and each of the girls upon a man whom she calls hers". (No mention here of patron saints.)

It was customary in those days for the gentleman to give his lady a gift and a party at a later date. One can imagine that only men of courage and financial solvency dared risk participation in a February the Fourteenth Ballot Box Party!

Sometime during the Seventeenth Century it became fashionable to draw "mottoes" from the ballot box, also, a custom which our day has inherited. Some changes have been made. Today, mottoes are written not only for men and maids, but for grandmothers, mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, cousins, husbands, wives, nieces, and nephews. Every grade schoolroom has its Valentine Box.

Not all Valentines are love messages in the Twentieth Century. Some, unfortunately, are cruel caricatures. Just what would a Seventeenth Century maiden do, if, expecting to draw from the ballot box a rose and some such motto as this from the pen of William Shakespeare:

"Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to  
me."

she were suddenly to find herself unfolding a picture of a dizzy-looking, sad-eyed young man, wearing a towel wound around his Adam's apple, and bearing a "motto" to this effect:

"Gee, Valentine, you give me a pain in the neck.

You're awful cold to me.

Warm up and say you'll be — " (turn the page and find a picture of a hula dancer) —

"My hotsy-totsy la-de-doo  
Valentine with eyes of blue."

—Authenticated latter day model.

Would she call for the police, or for smelling salts, or just swoon gracefully away?

In addition to her very own inbred festival day, February has a couple of special days which have been grafted upon the surface of her life, so to speak, and celebrated only in the United States of America. These are the birthdays of the man we call the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, and the one we call The Father of His Country, George Washington. Whereas George Washington's birthday is legally celebrated in all the states of the Union, Abraham Lincoln's goes uncelebrated in many of the states which do not consider him worthy of veneration. If you want to buy a stamp on the twelfth day of February, be sure you choose the right state. Many post offices are closed.

Any way you look at it, this second month of the year has been given a rough time, constantly having to change the image of herself, while the other eleven go on year after year with their thirty or thirty-one days neatly fitted into a stable pattern. For generations February has not been sure of her rightful name. Her special festival has gone through all the stages of good to bad to worse, to better, to best, to intermediate, to question mark. Her legal holidays have been on an is-it-or-isn't-it basis.

And last, but not least, look at her weather! Situated as she is, between January and March, emotionally pulled between the demands of Old Winter and Young Spring, is it any wonder that she doesn't know half the time who or what she is? I look at her weatherwise, and this is what I see: a split personality!

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# Recipes

## Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### RECIPE FOR A NEW DAY

Cream a little tolerance  
With each thought today.  
Whip that smile into a laugh  
And fold in tenderly.

Add lots of soothing syrup,  
A little foolishness;  
Garnish well with bits of love,  
Serve warm, with thoughtfulness.

—Leta Fulmer

### DELIGHTFUL CHERRY DESSERT

- 1/4 lb. graham crackers
- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping
- 1 can cherry pie mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry  
flavoring

Melt butter or margarine. Stir in butter flavoring. Crush graham crackers. Mix with melted butter and flavoring and then press into buttered 8-inch square pan. Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Beat with powdered sugar. Prepare whipped topping according to directions on package. Fold cream cheese mixture into whipped topping. Spread over graham cracker crust. Combine cherry pie mix with cherry flavoring. Spoon over the cheese mixture. Refrigerate until serving time.

### NOODLES ROMANOFF

- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 cups drained, hot, cooked noodles  
(about 6 ounces uncooked)
- 1/4 tsp. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Mix together the cottage cheese, sour cream and seasonings. Stir in the cooked noodles and place in greased 2-quart casserole. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 40 minutes. Serves six.

—Margery

### CHURCH LUNCHEON CHICKEN

- 1 large stewing hen
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- 3/4 loaf of dry bread, cubed
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 tsp. sage
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 eggs, beaten
- Broth from the chicken

Stew chicken until tender. Remove meat from bones and cut into bite-sized pieces. Save broth. Combine meat with cream of mushroom soup, *undiluted*.

Combine bread crumbs, onion and seasonings. Heat broth to boiling and add enough to make a moist dressing. Toss lightly with a fork. Take half of this dressing and pat into the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. On top, spoon all of the chicken mixture. Into the remaining dressing, beat 2 eggs. Spoon this over the top of the chicken layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 45 minutes. Make a gravy of the remaining broth. Serve by cutting into squares. Spoon a little gravy over each square.

We served this at a very successful church luncheon.

—Evelyn

### MISSOURI CHERRY BARS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
flavoring
- 3 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup white granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
flavoring
- 3/4 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained  
and diced

Combine 1 cup of flour, butter and butter flavoring with powdered sugar. Blend well and spread in buttered 8-inch square pan. Bake in 350 degree oven for 25 minutes.

While first layer is baking, combine eggs, white sugar, 1/4 cup flour, baking powder, salt and vanilla. Beat until smooth and well blended. Lastly, stir in nuts, coconut and cherries.

As soon as first layer is baked, remove from oven and immediately spread on cherry batter. Return to oven and bake for another 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven, cool, cut into bars.

This makes a delicious, chewy bar — special recipe for tea tables or celebrations.

### SLIVERED CARROTS AND MUSHROOMS

- 1 bunch carrots
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 medium-sized onion, minced
- 1 can mushroom pieces
- 1/2 tsp. rosemary
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. cream

Wash and pare carrots. Cut into diagonal slivers. Melt butter or margarine in heavy saucepan and add seasonings. Add vegetables, cover, and cook over very low heat for 10 to 15 minutes, until just tender. Add a tiny bit of water if necessary during cooking. Stir in cream just before serving. Serves 4.

—Margery

### VERY GOOD OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening (we used half  
vegetable, half margarine)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
flavoring
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 2/3 cup milk
- 3 cups quick cooking oatmeal
- 1 cup raisins
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream shortening, butter flavoring and sugar. Then add eggs and milk. Mix thoroughly. Sift all dry ingredients together and add. Lastly add the oatmeal and raisins. Form into small balls about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, place on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate (350) oven for 12 to 15 minutes. These spread out as they bake and have a most tempting flavor.

—Lucile

### SUNDAY SALAD

- 2 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 4 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon  
flavoring
- 3 cups grated cabbage
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 pimiento, chopped
- 1/2 large pepper, chopped
- 2 Tbls. grated onion

Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the boiling water. Add vinegar, salt and cold water. Cool down to room temperature and beat in the mayonnaise and lemon flavoring. When the gelatin starts to congeal, fold in the remaining ingredients. Pour into a 2-quart mold and chill until firm.



**FROZEN LIME-BUTTER MINT SALAD***(Extra Special!)*

- 2 tall, slender cans crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin, dry
- 1 10-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 7-oz. pkg. soft butter mints, shaved
- 1 pint cream, whipped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Put the pineapple, juice and all, into a large mixing bowl. Sprinkle the dry gelatin over it and stir. Fold in the marshmallows. Cover the bowl and place in the refrigerator overnight. Shave the butter mints. Be sure that these are *soft* butter mints. Do not use the brand that has a hard chewy center! Whip the cream, add the flavorings and the shaved mints. Mix well into the pineapple-marshmallow mixture and freeze. This cuts into squares nicely when taken directly from the freezer.

**DOROTHY'S STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS**

- 4 green peppers
- Salt
- 3 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 2 1/2 cups cooked rice, salted
- Dash of pepper

Wash the peppers. Cut a slice from the stem end and remove the seeds. Cover with boiling salted water and boil, uncovered, for 5 minutes. Drain and halve lengthwise. Brown the onion in the butter or margarine. Add the poultry seasoning, rice, and pepper. Fill the pepper halves with the rice mixture. Place in a baking dish and bake in a 400 degree oven for 20 minutes.

**CHICKEN BREASTS FOR COMPANY**

- 8 chicken breasts
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 1 cup chicken stock or broth (This can be purchased in cans.)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 tsp. salt
- Melted butter

Mix broth, soups, flavoring and salt together. Sprinkle rice in well-greased baking pan. Pour soup mixture over rice. Turn chicken pieces in melted butter and place over soup mixture. Bake in a slow oven, 275 degrees, for about 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until chicken is tender. Simply delicious! This is a wonderful Sunday dish, for it can bake while you are attending church.

**CHERRY-ALMOND SAUCE**

- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 tsp. mixed pickling spices
- 1 small jar maraschino cherries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 can (about 5 oz.) of whole or slivered almonds

Combine water, vinegar, brown sugar and pickling spices in saucepan. Heat to boiling and then boil rapidly 10 minutes, or until approximately 1 cup of syrup remains.

Drain juice from cherries and add enough water to make 1 cup. Blend in cornstarch and then stir in brown sugar syrup that has been put through a strainer to remove pickling spices. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and boils 3 minutes. Stir in butter or margarine, add flavorings, and lastly add cherries and almonds.

This is an elegant sauce that was a great success when we served it with a roast loin of pork. We basted the pork with a small amount and served the remainder in a bowl so that people could help themselves as they picked up their meat.

—Lucile

**QUICK-AS-A-WINK COFFEE CAKE**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine sugar, shortening, butter flavoring and egg. Beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Stir until well blended. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan. Spread with topping.

**Topping**

- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts (optional)

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Sprinkle over the top of the cake. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

—Evelyn

**VERY GOOD SALMON CASSEROLE**

- 1/4 cup cooked onions
- 1/2 cup cooked carrots
- 1 6-oz. can salmon (skin and bones removed)
- 1 cup cooked macaroni
- 1 can condensed cream of celery soup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 lb. cheese, cut in strips

Cook carrots and onion in small amount of salted water until tender. Drain. Break salmon into chunks; place in greased 2-quart casserole. Spoon carrots, onions and macaroni over salmon. Combine soup, salt and pepper, and add to casserole. Melt butter and toss with bread crumbs. Make a layer of crumbs over top of casserole. Lay strips of cheese over crumbs. Bake for 20 minutes at 375 degrees.

This makes a very simple one-dish meal for a Lenten menu.

**WINTER TOMATO CASSEROLE**

- 1 qt. whole canned tomatoes, drained
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 3 Tbls. corn oil
- 1/4 cup onion, finely chopped
- 2 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. basil
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- A dash of garlic salt
- A dash of pepper

Drain the tomatoes and put into a bowl. Add the corn syrup. Heat the corn oil in a skillet and brown the onions until transparent. Stir in the bread crumbs and seasonings. In a casserole, alternate layers of the tomato mixture and the seasoned crumbs, ending with crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

**INDIAN CORN STEW**

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 onion, chopped fine
- 1 clove garlic, chopped fine
- 1 green pepper, coarsely chopped
- 1 pkg. frozen corn (about 2 cups)
- 3 ripe tomatoes, skinned and coarsely chopped
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt

Melt the butter, add beef and saute until brown. Stir in the onion, garlic, green pepper and cook for 5 minutes. Add corn, tomatoes and seasonings. Cover and simmer gently for about 30 minutes. Serves 6.

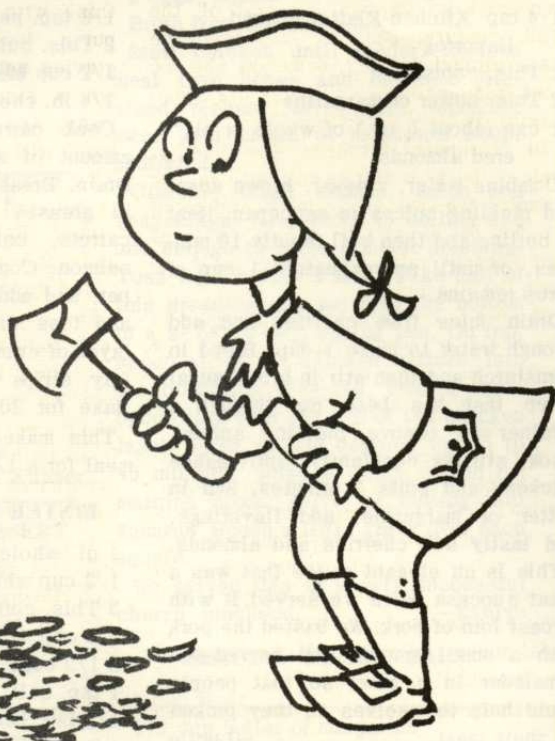
Canned tomatoes can be used if they are drained well.



**COMPANY VEGETABLE CASSEROLE**

- 1 pkg. frozen peas
- 1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 small jar Cheese Whiz
- 3/4 cup buttered crumbs

Cook the vegetables separately and drain well. Heat the undiluted soup and Cheese Whiz together. Blend vegetables into the sauce and pour into greased 8-inch square baking dish. Top with buttered crumbs and bake about 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees.



## THAT'S O.K., GEORGIE!

Once upon a time (not too long ago) we had to depend upon fresh or preserved fruits for flavor in cooking. And then, of course, we had only those we could grow ourselves. So the loss of a cherry tree would be a real tragedy.

But now, we can reach for versatile, dependable **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Not just home grown flavors, either, but exotic ones from faraway places, too. They're the final touch that can make any cooking or baking a work of art. So inexpensive, so delicious, shouldn't you be sure you have all sixteen?

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

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage. And save the cap liners for valuable premiums.

# KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

## SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

**LIVER, COMPANY STYLE**

- 1 lb. liver
- 1/2 cup French dressing
- 1 Tbls. parsley flakes, minced
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 Tbls. onion, minced
- 1 Tbls. cooking oil

Combine the French dressing, parsley flakes, garlic salt, onion and liver and marinate for 1 to 2 hours. Turn several times to keep meat coated. Heat oil in heavy skillet. Lift the liver from sauce, letting as much drain off as possible. Brown in skillet, then cover and turn heat low and continue cooking until meat is done. Remove liver to hot platter. Stir sauce in which meat was marinated into pan juices and heat. Pour over liver and serve piping hot.

This is an extremely delicious sauce. It could be used with other meats as well as liver. The calorie count could be lowered by using a low calorie French dressing. —Evelyn

**LEMON MINT SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup pear juice
- 1 can pears, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese

Dissolve lemon gelatin in hot water. Stir in 1 cup pear juice drained from canned pears. (Add a little water to the juice if it does not make 1 full cup.) Dice pears and cream cheese and stir into gelatin. Pour into molds. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

This makes a delicious, easy-to-eat salad when the cream cheese and pears are mashed. Even very small children enjoy the combination of flavors when it is prepared in this fashion.

**ORANGE SAUCE**

(To serve over plain cake)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 rounded Tbls. flour
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Cook in double boiler until thick the sugar, flour, salt, milk and egg yolks. Remove from fire; add orange juice and flavorings. Beat and cool before spooning over cake. —Margery





## THE MAGIC OF SPICES

by  
Fran DeCook

When you open your cupboard today take a good look at the neat array of spices on the shelf. Do they suggest fabulous lands beyond the seas? The blue, blue, waters of the Mediterranean? The Orient, or perhaps exotic tropical isles? Well, those colorful little boxes of spices represent all these and much more!

The romance and magic of spices goes back to earliest history; they are often mentioned in the Bible, and down through the centuries literature and art have mentioned and shown spices. And many were the courageous crews that set sail on vast uncharted seas, financed by the great powers of Europe, in search of a new seaway to the Orient — each nation trying desperately to be the first to reach the lands of the wondrous spices.

For spices were many things; they were more precious than jewels — they were preservatives, perfumes, medicines, and they added zest so necessary to the unpalatable food of that early day.

The Dutch established trading posts in the East Indies and for quite some time exercised absolute control of the spice market. They even went so far as to burn the precious spice when the price dropped too low in the city of Amsterdam. So eager were the Dutch to hang on to the monopoly of the spice trade that they hit upon the devious plan of soaking the nutmegs in a lime water solution to destroy their fertility to make certain that no other country could grow them and so get into the spice market offering competition.

However, in time, the ingenious French managed to smuggle in some fertile nutmeg seeds and cinnamon and clove plants and were able to grow them successfully in their equatorial territories, leading eventually to a break in the Dutch control of the world spice trade.

The United States did not get into the spice trade in earnest until about the middle of the 18th century. But once she did get in, she moved forward with a rapid pace. In fact, the many voyages to the Orient after spices helped establish the United States Merchant Marine.

But pirate ships roamed the high seas and many American ships were confiscated and many were destroyed making the enterprise too costly to continue and American trade dwindled to almost nothing.

After this London, England, became the spice trade center of the world and remained so through the rest of the 19th century. But, as has been the case through history, somehow she too lost her monopoly and today the spice capitol is New York City.

In European kitchens the use of spices is a centuries-old art. In our country we are using more and more spices but it will be a long time, at our present rate, before we catch up with the Europeans.

Pepper is the largest selling spice in the world. It grows on a vine (the black berries are often called peppercorns), most of which are grown in Indonesia and India.

Next to pepper, cinnamon is the most-used spice. It has been known for centuries. True cinnamon is produced only in Ceylon, but Cassia cinnamon, the kind more commonly used today, is grown in the Dutch East Indies. It has ever so many uses, as you know.

All soups and stews will be improved by the addition of a bay leaf; do try it

in boiled potatoes. And a bit of all-spice will do wonders in tomato soup, spaghetti sauce and in the bean pot.

Rub a bit of marjoram on roasts before cooking and add a pinch to the salad bowl, but only a pinch as it's very potent!

Use thyme in pork dishes, and anything with tomatoes; and be sure to put a "smidgen" of curry powder in gravies and sauces — curry powder is not a single spice, but a blend of many. And don't forget that a dash of basil will do *wonders* for potato soup.

When making candied sweet potatoes or buttered squash, put in a wee bit of ginger. Rub roasting chickens inside and out with butter to which you have added some ginger.

The uses for spices are legion; I've only barely scraped the surface. But seasoning is a cook's individual problem. No cookbook or written directions *alone* can teach her how. She has to learn by herself, taste by herself, and experiment by herself. And her success will be noted by how well she pleases — not astonishes! Spices are meant to enhance, not to overwhelm, the natural food flavors.

So go to your favorite supermarket very soon and add to your store of spices.



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Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



The rear view of Mount Vernon is equally as lovely as the front.

### HOME AT MOUNT VERNON

by

Alice G. Harvey

Many books have been written about Mount Vernon and the life of George Washington; much attention was attracted by the Bi-Centennial celebration of Washington's birth. Out of it all we discover Washington's supreme love for his home.

His great joy in life was Mount Vernon and his planning for its improvement, for its beauty. There was his great happiness; there was he at peace. He left his home always with regret. He went to his duty as a soldier, as a statesman, and as President, always with regret at leaving Mount Vernon. And while he was absent, he looked forward to the time when he might return. He was a typical home-loving American. His estate was extensive; it was a full time occupation to look after the many details of its proper management. He was always busy expanding and improving his house and gardens.

Mount Vernon was a place of great activity when the master was home,

for many people of importance came there to plan and discuss political affairs of the day.

George Washington was a rich land holder. It took many people to take care of his estate and crops, and with all he was just and generous.

Washington had a great sense of humor, and he especially liked young people and their gay parties. Always some young people made their home at Mount Vernon — his nieces or nephews, his wife's children and later grandchildren. So we think of Mount Vernon as a home full of joy, peace, active living, and happy hours of neighborly friendship.

Someone has said, "It takes a heap of living in a house to make it a home". This we feel was most certainly true of Mount Vernon. Perhaps that is why it appeals so strongly to us as the superb American home even now after so many years.

As one walks through the spacious garden and over the beautiful grounds of Mount Vernon, he is impressed with the ideal location. On an elevation of land overlooking the Potomac River, George Washington's brother chose the site for his home, which became known as Mount Vernon. This estate came into the possession of George Washington before his marriage, and it was home to him ever afterward. After his death it passed through the hands of many relatives until it was purchased in 1855 by Pamela Cunningham.

In 1858 the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association was organized with Miss Cunningham as Regent. Much of the original furniture has been collected and stands now in the same rooms where it stood during Washington's life. The mansion and other buildings have not been changed, only restored and kept in good condition by this splendid organization of women who have endeavored to make it the patriotic shrine of the nation.

Mount Vernon is today a beautiful estate surrounded by the glory of the past, but presenting, no doubt, a more magnificent appearance than it ever did in Washington's time. Thousands of people go each year to pay tribute to the memory of a great man who loved his home with a deep reverence.

### CONFUSED . . .

If you're planning to celebrate George Washington's birthday on February 22, you're late. Washington was born on February 11, 1732, when England and its colonies used the Julian calendar. When England adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1752, Washington's birthday fell on February 22.

(Advertisement)

## FAT GIRLS DIET

The following tested, practical ways to take off fat sent to you in plain wrapper at special prices; 5 for \$1, 10 for \$2; all 16 for \$3. Money back guarantee. You don't even have to return the diets. Clip this, check diets wanted. Mail to RUTH PFAHLER, Diet specialist, Dept. 2981-2, Decatur, Ill. Please add 20¢ for postage and handling.

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING



by  
Eva M. Schroeder

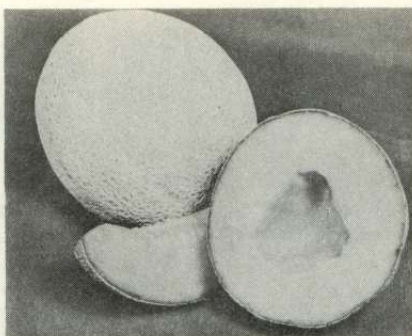
The four vegetables that won ALL-AMERICA SELECTIONS awards are *Savoy King* cabbage, *Samson* cantaloupe, *Triumph* cucumber, and *Chefini* summer squash.

*Savoy* cabbage, as you perhaps know, has the tender, crinkled leaves that make it so attractive for salads and coleslaws. *Savoy King* is an F1 hybrid that matures in about 120 days from seed. It stands heat better than other savoy and is fairly disease resistant. It is semi-flat in shape, deep green in color (especially in cool weather), and the heads weigh about 4 lbs. when fully developed. If you wish to try something new and good in cabbage, set out a few plants of *Savoy King* this spring.

For gardeners who like to grow their own muskmelons, *Samson* cantaloupe is a fine new one to try. It is also an F1 hybrid with extra vigor and uniformity. The fruits are netted, ribless and without stripes. The melon shape is slightly oval, averaging 6 inches in diameter and 7 inches long. Flesh is deep orange, juicy though firm, and of a delicious sweet flavor. The vines are vigorous with dark green leaves that provide good fruit cover.

*Triumph* cucumber is a new F1 hybrid bred and designed for home gardens and fresh market use where earliness and good disease resistance are essential. The fruit holds its size and shape and doesn't "jumbo" as do other hybrids. *Triumph* produces an abundance of handsome dark green fruits early in the season when cucumbers are so appreciated. A few hills will supply the average family and the vines are compact in growth habit, making for easy picking.

*Chefini* is a tender, delicious F1 hybrid Italian-type summer bush squash. It is outstanding for earliness, for the glossy dark green skin color and white fleshed fruit. The bushes produce all summer long if the fruits are kept picked. All summer squash is best when used very young and cooked unpeeled. Look for these new vegetables in seed racks and in seed catalogues wherever seeds are sold.



Samson Cantaloupe



Triumph Cucumber



## NOT ONE DROP

We've been asked why **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** comes to you dry . . . why it isn't a liquid, like so many others.

The answer is simple. We don't see any reason why we should add the water, then ship it to you, then charge you for it! When you buy **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, you aren't buying breakage, or fancy containers. And you aren't paying a dollar or more a gallon for water.

You're buying *cleaning power*. You're getting a balanced combination of fast-working chemicals that, when you add water, go to work on grease, grime and dirt and clean them up fast. You don't get froth or scum that needs rinsing away or wiping up, either. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is a once-over cleaner, because it does its job right the first time. Makes sense, doesn't it? Remember:

You go through the motions...

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

Does the work!



## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Many readers are familiar with *Together*, the world's largest Methodist magazine. An interesting and popular part of the magazine is the "Reader's Choice" feature, for which readers nominate their favorite stories for reprint.

Now, a new book called *Reader's Choice Treasury*, selected by readers and the editors of *Together* magazine, has been published by Doubleday and Company, \$4.50. The very best, most beloved fiction and non-fiction by writers such as Pearl S. Buck, Louise Dickinson Rich, Bess Streeter Aldrich, Hamlin Garland, and 37 other authors is included.

Helen Keller's "Three Days to See" makes us admire again this remarkable woman's courage. Vera Foss Bradshaw



Many people were privileged to watch the changing of the honor guard at the graves of former President and Mrs. Hoover at West Branch, Iowa, during the 30-day formal mourning period.

tells of simple lessons of everyday living taught by her father in "Father's Finest Hour" by way of a beloved second-hand Reo car. A touching story of a little Swedish girl is told in Katherine Peabody Girling's "When Hannah

Var Eight Yar Old". And who can forget O. Henry's "The Last Leaf" and "The Gift of the Magi".

In "Living for the Fun of It" Harry Emerson Fosdick reminds us, "The best work is always done for fun. Millet, the French artist, had to paint signs to make both ends meet, but this was not his best work. He painted his masterpieces *The Angelus* and *The Gleaners* for the sheer love of painting them."

The contribution of Becky Burris is "A Better World Begins with Me" in which she finds to make the world a better place, all you have to do is fill the world with love. And how did she begin? In the home, by making life sweeter for the ones she lived with every day.

This book would be of real interest to our nursing home occupants because the stories and articles are short — and enjoyable.

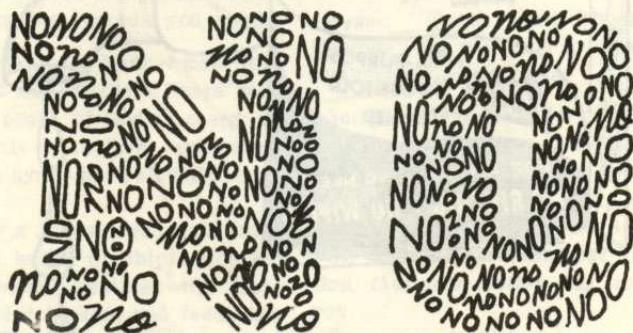
A former librarian has written me of her love for poetry. Amy Lowell's "Patterns" and Edgar Lee Master's "Silence" are two favorites. "At a WSCS meeting in June I read James Whitcomb Riley's *Knee Deep in June* for it fit — strawberries were ripe and I, at least, wished I could 'work at nothin' else' but resting under an apple tree," she writes.

For this friend, and other poetry lovers, I'll mention *The Poems of Longfellow*, a Modern Library Book published by Random House, \$2.45. One in a series of good books available in compact, inexpensive editions, it is beautifully printed and sturdily bound.

Generations of Americans have been brought up on the poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Poems such as "The Song of Hiawatha", "Evangeline", "The Village Blacksmith", and many others are a part of our heritage. We read them over and over with nostalgia — yes, even memorize them. This volume of 732 pages contains all the long narrative poems, ballads, songs and sonnets, as well as translations and miscellaneous verse written by Longfellow.

Remember "The Day Is Done"? It lends itself easily to memorizing, especially the last stanza:

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."



When we first decided to make **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener**, we insisted that it had to contain NO calories, and that it had to have NO bitter aftertaste. After all, we reasoned, why make a no-calorie sugar substitute if it didn't leave a "sweet taste?"

Frankly, we had to say "No" to lots of formulas, because they just didn't measure up to our rigid specifications. But we did finally come up with the correct balance . . . and thousands of dieters all around the country agree with us: this is the sweetener that honestly adds no calories, and really tastes the way it should.

So if you're still looking for the right sweetener, whether your doctor says "No calories" or you simply want to lose weight, try **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. It doesn't cook out, doesn't steam out, and has NO CALORIES and NO BITTER AFTERTASTE. You'll find it at your grocer's.

**KITCHEN - KLATTER**  
**NO-CALORIE SWEETENER**  
**NO Calories . . . NO Bitter Aftertaste!**



## SON'S ROOM

His teenage room is always cluttered  
 (About which I have often muttered)  
 With magazines on cars and karts,  
 With record player and sundry parts,  
 With tape recorder and tapes galore,  
 Enough to start a music store;  
 With rolls of coins and scattered stamps,  
 Fanned out between his dresser lamps;  
 And all the postal cards and letters  
 That he's received from friends and debtors,  
 As if they'd been laid end to end  
 And met with a tornadic wind.  
 The basement holds the rest of his things,  
 An old guitar with broken strings,  
 Go-kart, bicycle, weights, and sled,  
 Because they won't go under his bed.

—Gladise Kelly

## BOY SCOUTS — Concluded

many of the years since the inception of Scouting in 1910, the program has continued to reach around the world. Today 83 countries are members of the Boy Scouts World Conference and in 65 other countries and areas, Scouts are active.

World Friendship Funds reach out to assist Scouts in places we all know well — Iran, Cyprus, the Congo, Vietnam, etc. Scouts have helped in earthquake, flood, in refugee camps and in times of political unrest to show that the brotherhood of Scouting can withstand the most difficult situations. This brotherhood today includes more than 8 million Scouts, the largest voluntary organization of youth in the world.

## LETTERS — Concluded

She and Simon had a falling-out, because she backed an Ohio candidate that Simon couldn't stand. In fact, none of his family heard from him for quite a while. Then there is a mention of some letters from "Miss McClintock" to Simon, but he writes that she started acting too loving so he stopped writing to her.

At first, I thought Tamar Jenkins was Will's girl, since she sent him her "likeness" and also offered to send a picture to Simon. At one time, Simon writes, "I am glad to hear that Tamar is getting along so well. I hope she will get married soon and I wish her a long and happy life."

Simon tries to play down the hardships of the battles so his mother won't worry, and he writes very touching letters to her after some of the battles. He writes at one time, "We have plenty to eat and wear but it is lately come by. Some of the boys were so hungry they ate some of the horses wounded in battles — but I would have none for my part."

The letter from Chattanooga is the last from Simon. There he thinks brother Will is dead and he's out to get revenge. Subsequent letters to and

from the sister, mourn Simon's passing. They know he was in a Rebel camp with a reputation for starving the prisoners and somebody found out he had been transferred to Richmond. Will, however, turned up as good as new and is frantically trying to get in touch with Simon.

There are the first pages of two letters written from Lennox and Wayne Counties, Iowa, dated 1865, both from other relatives and wondering what became of Simon. There's a big gap, then, in the dates of letters. The last two

are from Martinsville, Illinois, dated March of 1875. They tell a great deal about farming there.

Simon evidently got out of the prison camp for the letters mention him. But they speak of his wife as Tamar!

All the writers are long since dead, of course, but they came alive to me as I read their letters more than a century after they were written. Some things — love of mothers, home and family, courage, romance and patriotism, aren't so different in the 1960's from the way they were in the 1860's.



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**FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS - Concluded**

mind, nor sing with joy, nor know care-free laughter until my brother is warmed, and fed, and housed - until I can open the doors of my heart and my home and say, as Jesus did, "Come unto me." Regardless of what you wear, or the language you speak, or your race, or your religion, or the wrongs you might have done, come unto me and I will love you and help you, my brother!

How dare I make a prayer for peace until within my heart I pledge to pay the price that peace demands? An understanding mind. An honest heart. A fairness with my brother man. In all I do - clean hands!

Hymn: "Eternal God" Third verse.

**Leader:****THE WORLD ONE NEIGHBORHOOD**
 We thank thee, God, for eyes to see  
 the beauty of the earth;

 For ears to hear the words of love and  
 happy sounds of mirth;

 For minds that find new thoughts to  
 think, new wonders to explore;

 For health and freedom to enjoy the  
 good Thou hast in store.

 Help us remember that to some the  
 eye and ear and mind

 Bring sights of ugliness and only sad-  
 ness find.

 Help us remember that to them the  
 world has seemed unfair;

 That we should strive to bring to them  
 the beauty all may share.

 O may our eyes be open, Lord, to see  
 our neighbor's need,

 And may our ears be kept alert, their  
 cries for help to heed.

 Make keen our minds to plan the best  
 for one another's good,

 That all the world shall be at last one  
 friendly neighborhood.

-From a church paper

**Quiet Music for Benediction:** "In  
 Christ There Is No East or West".

**Benediction:** Our Heavenly Father, grant that some word, some thought, expressed here this day may touch each heart, making us more aware, more loving, more kind. Help us to make all that we do, all that we are, an expression of love for Thee and love and concern for others, for our neighbors around the world. Amen.

**A LONG LOOK AT FEBRUARY**

- Concluded

**February Thaw**

February is a frump!

 An unwashed hag, who, having slept  
 ill,

Bedded at gutter's edge,

Awakes, blear-eyed and blowsy,

 To survey a world stripped of illu-  
 sion:

 A world of slimy streets, and oil-  
 streaked puddles,

 Of oozy gardens, and untidy borders,  
 Of dirty snow-patch, naked trees,

 Ash piles too evident, and garbage  
 cans uncammouflaged by shrubbery;

 Of mildewing birds' nests, and melan-  
 choly Christmas trees

 Devoid of tinsel, languishing behind  
 garages.

 Vanquished by dreary circumstance,  
 She draws the tatters of obliterating

fog about her

And returns to somnolence.

**February Snow**
 February is a young girl,  
 Dressed for her first party.

 Almost within the door of Spring she  
 stands,

Unsure of proper entrance.

Her pose is hesitant,

Her smile uncertain,

Her dress starched white.

And at her breast for ornament

She wears a cardinal's gay song.

So much for February. In spite of everything, including weather, she's nice to know if you take the trouble to know her. And if you like books, and music, and do-it-yourself projects, and staying at home by the fire, she can be super-nice!

NOTES: Authentic model (Valentine) - a 1939 issue, found in an old box. All quotes re: Sixteenth Century customs - *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

 You can never conquer an enemy  
 until you have won his friendship.



**LUNCHEON - Concluded**

large coolie hats were hung on screens, along with garments brought from Japan.



**Hawaii:** Decorative fish net was draped on the walls and large artificial palm trees, and displays of sea shells and coral set the tone. The table centerpiece here was a tiered fountain with water falling to a lower bowl level in which water lilies floated. Pineapple and other fruits added to the beauty, and there was salad in lovely shell cups. Hostesses wore traditional grass skirts and leis, or gay, floral sports' wear, or muu-muus.



**Germany:** Pennsylvania Dutch designs were painted on strips of shelf paper to frame the doorway. Since it was the large dining room of the church, many bridge tables were set up, featuring red and white cloths. It looked like a German restaurant with waitresses dressed in peasant girl costume or mountain boy outfit.

Above the serving table, on another strip of shelf paper, was printed The Lord's Prayer in German in traditional blue, red, and yellow, to look like a sampler. The recipe for the main dish, which was served here, had been mimeographed so that each one passing by to get her food might have the recipe.



**Alaska:** The hostess wore a white and gold parka. The table arrangement featured a sled, Eskimo dogs, and a mirror lake, with cotton snow.



**Sweden:** The cookie and coffee table was a thing of beauty in itself. The cookies were beautiful and varied. Napkins here were Swedish, with mottos printed in Swedish, such as "Coffee and Cookie Time", "Come to Coffee", etc. Traditional wooden candleholders, painted red with yellow (and a bit of blue) decorated the tables. The waitresses wore full-skirted, bright-colored dirndl dresses, and little peaked caps.

Travel posters helped make backdrop material in some of the rooms. Many who have traveled abroad loaned us travel maps, ticket stubs, posters, etc.

Since guests could come any time between 11 and 1:30, the line moved along smoothly. For a brief time, at one point right at noon, when business people came, a group was seated in the church lounge a few moments so as not to crowd those ahead. Business folks who came were given preference if they had to hurry.

Recipes can be suggested by women who have lived abroad or who delight in foreign cookery. *Kitchen-Klatter* has printed many foreign recipes adapted to American taste.

We had fun and success with our project and suggest it, with best wishes, to you.



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### STATES IN SONG

Fill in the blank spaces with the name of a state. Score 10 points for each correct answer. 80-100 is good, 60-80 is average, and under 60, not so good.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Moon
2. \_\_\_\_\_ Waltz
3. \_\_\_\_\_ Bound
4. \_\_\_\_\_ Here I Come
5. Poor Little \_\_\_\_\_
6. Beautiful \_\_\_\_\_
7. Sidewalks of \_\_\_\_\_
8. Deep in the Heart of \_\_\_\_\_
9. Rose of \_\_\_\_\_ Square
10. Sweet \_\_\_\_\_ Brown

Ans: 1 - Carolina, 2 - Missouri, 3 - Alabama, 4 - California, 5 - Rhode Island, 6 - Ohio, 7 - New York, 8 - Texas, 9 - Washington, 10 - Georgia  
— Fay Blodgett Shores

### THE LITTLE OLD LADY ACROSS THE STREET

Such a delight it is to meet

The little old lady across the street.

Her eyes would twinkle in their merriest way

And her laughter would tinkle like bells on a sleigh.

Her hair was as white as the new-fallen snow,

Her smile as warm as the fireside glow.

In a crystal bowl on her kitchen shelf,  
She kept a treat for each little elf  
Who brightened her doorstep, large or small,

She gave to the children, one and all.

She told them stories as they listened in bliss,

And sang them gay songs in German and Swiss.

She'd laugh when they'd laugh and cry  
when they'd cry,

And wave when they waved as they passed her house by.

And if ever you saw her, if e'er she came near,

If e'er, by chance you should happen to hear,

The softest of voices the gayest of laughter,

You'd know that she came and left happiness after.

—Mary Margaret Trapp

### FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

because the winter rains have not been able to get down through the frozen soil to nourish the wells. Only a few miles from where I am writing this letter there are scores and scores of homes without adequate water. Here in the city where we have plenty of water — wonderful water, delicious water, some of the finest water in the United States — supplied by the enormous reservoirs which did not go dry last fall, we have not learned to be grateful enough.

At my mother's knee I learned to sing the old Gospel hymn: "Count your many blessings, name them one by one. Count your many blessings, see what God has done." If only we would do that more, we would all be so much happier. When I count my blessings, the friendship I have with you *Kitchen-Klatter* readers is very high on the list. I love to hear from you, and I pray that our friendship will grow with the years.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

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Never Spend 1¢ of Your Own Money

Take up to 60 days; we give credit on napkins. You risk nothing to try my amazing tested plan, used by over 100,000 groups.

**FREE** Rush name and address now for sample napkins, details of my Plan which brings you fast cash for your group, sent free, no obligation whatsoever. Anna Elizabeth Wade, Dept. 420BC, Lynchburg, Va.

**FREE SAMPLES!**  
RUSH NAME &  
ADDRESS NOW!



# DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

## \$100.00 IS YOURS

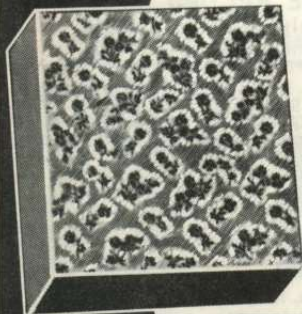
for selling only 100 boxes of our Gorgeous Greetings All Occasion assortment, \$1.00 for selling 1 box, \$2.00 for 2 boxes, \$10.00 for 10 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Greeting Cards. Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below—mail it today—and free samples of personalized stationery—plus other leading Greeting Card box assortments will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.



**GORGEOUS GREETINGS ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT**  
21 really deluxe cards.  
Excitingly different



**RUFFLES AND BOWS ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT**  
21 distinctive cards of rare beauty.  
Tremendous appeal



**DELUXE EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**  
20 large colorful sheets plus matching tags.  
Terrific value

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

Last year some folks made only \$25 to \$50 while others made \$150 — \$250 — \$500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year.



**DAINTY STATIONERY ENSEMBLE**  
Charming design on rich vellum sheets and notes, lined envelopes.  
Just lovely



Cut Along Dotted Line

Postage Will be Paid by Addressee

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

### BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

### CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

12 Bank Street

White Plains, New York 10606

Dept. L-19

DO NOT CUT HERE JUST FOLD OVER, SEAL AND MAIL—NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NECESSARY

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. L-19**  
White Plains, New York 10606

#### YES, RUSH MY ALL OCCASION CARD SAMPLE KIT

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of personalized stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial, and everything I need to start making money the day my sales kit arrives.

Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

If writing for an organization, give its name here \_\_\_\_\_

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

CUT OUT ENTIRE BUSINESS REPLY COUPON AT RIGHT

FILL IN FOLD OVER, SEAL AND MAIL TODAY

No Stamp or Envelope Necessary

**FREE SAMPLES**  
PERSONALIZED STATIONERY and CATALOG OF OUR ENTIRE LINE

Cut Along Dotted Line—Seal (Paste, Staple or Tape) and Mail

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY**  
Dept. L-19, White Plains, New York 10606