

TX1
K57x
C.2



Kitchen-Klatter

REG U S PAT OFF

Magazine

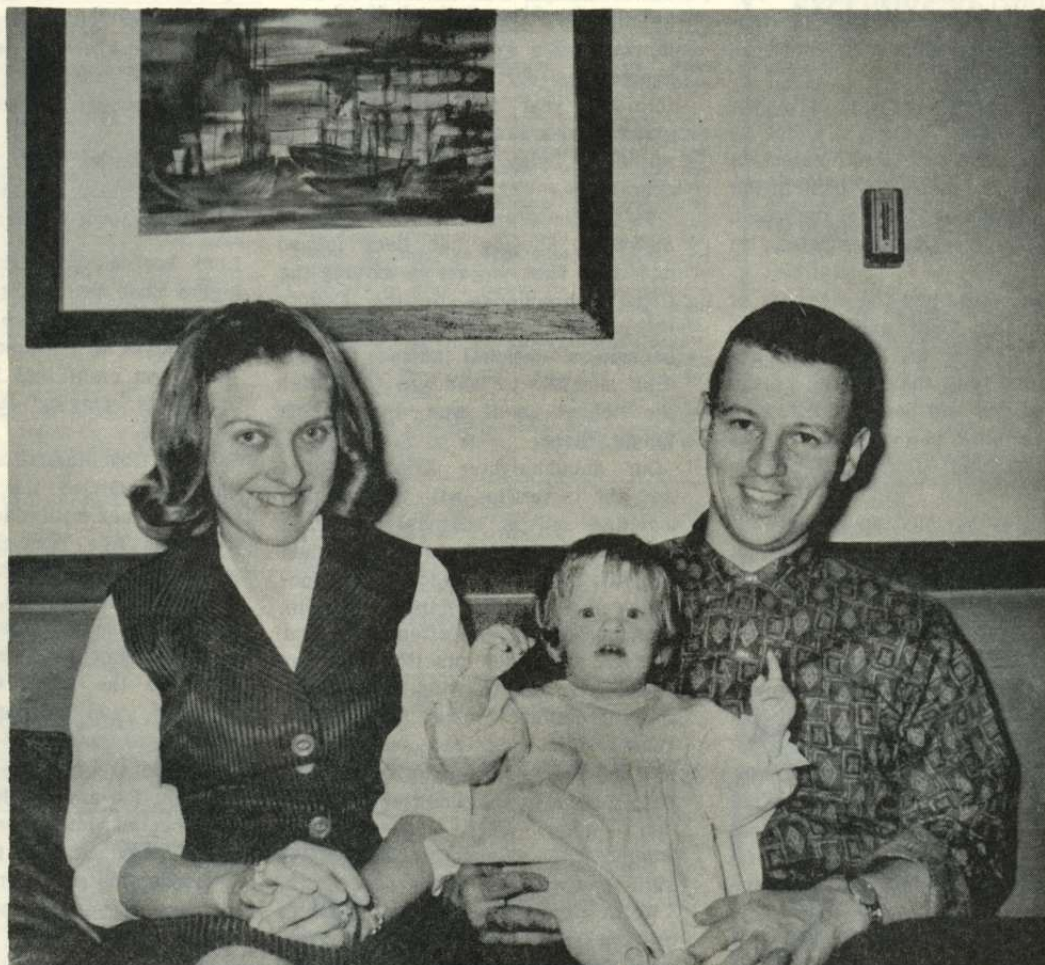
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 29

MAY, 1965

NUMBER 5



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nenneman and Lisa



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

Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post
Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Sherandoah, Iowa

Copyright 1965 by The Driftmier Company.

LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends, old and new:

Our prolonged winter weather carried right on into the first days of spring, and like other Midwesterners, Mart and I wondered if we would have any springlike days or jump right into hot weather. Old Man Weather certainly had trouble making the transition this year, but he's been as stubborn before!

Since I haven't visited with you since February, there is a lot to catch up on. We celebrated Margery's birthday in February, the first in the year for our family. Most of the March birthdays have to be remembered "in absentia".

Margery entertained the members of my Thursday Club and since the meeting fell near St. Patrick's Day, she carried out that theme in the table settings and dessert. Although we had a brief snow flurry, it was short-lived and didn't affect the attendance.

The following day was cold but clear, so I was able to fulfill an obligation I had made months before to give the program at a local club on the early days of broadcasting and some of my most interesting experiences as a pioneer radiohomemaker. I couldn't begin to cover all of the pleasures those 40 years have brought to me, but perhaps the most rewarding, personally, is that my daughters are carrying on what I started and that you friends have been just as faithful as always. And since the magazine goes hand-in-hand with our radio visits—they are inseparable—I'm blessed, also, that your interest continues to grow.

It is only natural that we appreciate the continuation of something we've started. Particularly, in this respect, I think of my sister Jessie who is generally recognized as the founder of the 4-H movement. She started clubs for farm boys and girls in Goldenrod School in Page County, Iowa,

back in 1901. They held meetings after school on such subjects as corn and livestock for boys, and cooking and sewing for the girls. Out of this came the international organization of 4-H as we know it today. The clover emblem was selected in 1907 by the boys and girls. It had three leaves and a kernel of corn in the center. The fourth leaf was added the following year and these pins were given as awards for achievement. The pin used today is very similar, of course.

We're so pleased that a county historical society has been formed and their first project is moving the little schoolhouse to the County Fairgrounds in Clarinda where it will become a national shrine for 4-H club members. Plans are to furnish the school as it was when Jessie taught there.

Our granddaughter Kristin writes that she is thrilled with her practice teaching and is anxiously awaiting the last weeks of the semester when she will be sent to teach in Thermopolis, some distance north of Laramie, Wyoming, where she attends the University. With her practice teaching completed, she'll wind up the remaining courses for her degree. When Dorothy and Frank wrote asking how she and Art will manage this with the baby and all, she answered, "Now, don't worry. We'll get everything worked out!" Knowing those two, I'm sure they will!

We're expecting Lucile's daughter Juliana very soon. She won't have many days of spring vacation from her studies at the University of New Mexico, but with good plane connections can manage to come to Shenandoah. In her last letter (thanking me for a box of cookies) she said that she and her roommate were looking for another apartment and hoped to find one soon "while the rents are low".

Mart and I are so interested in a book which came in the mail recently. Its title is "That Day with God", published by McGraw Hill Co., and is a collection of outstanding sermons and religious expressions given all over the world on the Sunday following the assassination of President Kennedy. Our son Frederick's sermon is included in the book. It is edited by William M. Fine, and all the royalties from its sale are being given to the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. This honor to our son came as a complete surprise to us.

The past few weeks I've been embroidering a set of tea towels for Mart's nurse, Ruby Treese. We stamped them with transfers from Dorothy's collection. After Ruby had washed and ironed them, she spread them out on the dining room table for me to see and then insisted that I choose two for myself. I was reluctant for I did them for *her*, but I guess she knew we needed some new ones. We "initiated" them when the family brought in the dinner on my birthday.

Yes, another year has flown by. As I get older, I think of this verse by an unknown author:

Lord, keep me growing.
I give Thee thanks for the divine laws
of growth that I see in the lives and
minds of my children.
Wilt Thou grant that I may find them
always working out their will in
myself.
Save me from stagnation of spirit.
Spare me, O God, the lethargy of mind
that comes with older age.
Keep me free from the indolence of
interest that would draw back from
the new and untried.
Keep me from the sameness of purpose
that flinches at a new task.
Give me the spirit that seeks new
ideas, and welcomes them when
they are found.
Grant me the courage to face without
prejudice any challenge to my long-
accepted views.
May I have patience to live with new
books; insight to enjoy new friends,
vigor of mind to push out into the
unexplored.
Keep me aware, O Lord, aware of my
time, of its moods, of its powers,
of its dangers.
Thus, in body, mind and spirit, may I
forget the things that are behind and
stretch forward to all that lies
before.
Thus, Lord, keep me growing. —Amen
Until I write again. Sincerely,
Leanna

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

My favorite time of the year has arrived--at last! Birds awaken me with their cheerful chirping, and when I step out each morning to bring in the paper I take note of the progress of the spring bulbs, fill my lungs with good fresh spring air, and my days seem to start off just right!

This is really my second spring this year, my first being in Tucson in February when the fruit trees were coming into blossom. How I wished the desert had been in flower when we drove down to Nogales in Mexico, but I was too early for that. And since that is where I left you last month, I'll tell you about our day there.

We parked the car on the United States side in a parking lot and walked over the border. The reason for that was so we wouldn't have to buy car insurance in Mexico. Perhaps some visitors don't trouble themselves to buy the Mexican insurance, but we felt that it would be risky to drive the car over the line without it, and for a one-day stand, didn't feel that the extra expense was necessary. The parking lot was only a block or two from the customs entrance anyway.

One doesn't have to check in with customs, just check out. Since the Alexanders had visited Nogales on numerous occasions, they knew exactly the shops that would interest me. What fun wandering about the little narrow streets and exploring the interesting little shops. And how I longed for a car for my trip back to Iowa so that I could take advantage of the fantastically low prices on merchandise. The first purchase I made was a beautiful large straw tote bag with yarn embroidery. That, I knew, would come in handy for carrying my souvenirs back on the plane. It was necessary to limit my purchasing to small items that would fit in the bag.

We ate our noon meal at The Cavern which Lucile had highly recommended. She and Russell ate there several years ago and she recalled that it was a most interesting experience. Not only is it unusual because it actually is a dining room in a cave that was once a jail, but the food was especially delicious. Obviously, from the number of tourists eating there, it is THE place to eat in Nogales. We took our time studying the menu not wanting to make hasty decisions. We were all in favor of trying foods that we had never eaten before. I settled on green turtle soup, an elegant shrimp



There is a beautiful new modern entrance at the United States-Mexican border at Nogales.

a la creole, and fresh papaya fruit for dessert. Incidentally, the Mexicans serve lime with everything--literally everything. A slice of lime came with the soup, with the entree, with the salad and with the dessert!

The customs official who checked us out as we were leaving was a fellow Iowan. They ask you where you were born and when I said "Page County, Iowa", he remarked that he was from Shelby County and that there had been so many Iowans coming over the border that week that he wondered who was left to look after things back home!

I was genuinely surprised at the number of very excellent cafeterias in Tucson. This, I suppose, is due to the tourist trade. After a day out gadding about sight-seeing, we often decided to eat out rather than shop for groceries, get a big dinner, and attack the dishes. Two cafeterias that I particularly enjoyed were Furr's and the Holiday House. The food at both was delicious and they offered wide selections.

One evening we ate at La Cucina, a very fine Italian restaurant which serves the best pizza I've ever eaten.

Shortly before I left for home we realized that I hadn't yet been in downtown Tucson! I had been everywhere but. We drove down particularly so I could see one of the landmarks, the Old Adobe House. As with most cities, not much remains of the old for everything is torn down to make way for the new. Some far-thinking citizens realized that this ancient building would go the way of all others unless something was done, so it was turned over to the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society in order that it might be preserved. The building remains basically as it was, but the various rooms are used as small gift shops and tearooms. The shops are constructed around an open patio, such as one sees in Santa Fe. It was too cool to eat in the patio so we ate in one of the small tearooms.

My! but this has been a busy spring! Every week is filled with activities and I suppose it will be that way until the end of school when Martin graduates and clubs recess for the summer. We've had a church dinner every month, I believe. The last one was planned by the Senior Youth Fellowship. They made out the menu and solicited food, except for the meat which they bought, from the parents of the members. They charged admission for the dinner and had a carnival afterwards. The space around the walls was partitioned off for darts, fishing pond, fortune-telling, rogue's gallery (pictures of church members as children, etc.) and a booth for candy-selling. Martin was a crystal ball gazer and was dressed in a gypsy outfit. They charged a small fee at each booth. The proceeds from the dinner and carnival go in the fund for sending young people to church camp this summer.

While I'm on the subject of church activities, many of you friends have written in with questions about the knitted bandages for leprosy colonies. I had mentioned on the radio that our circle members were making these. This is a project of our United Church of Christ, but it might be that your denomination has requested them also. Pearl cotton is used and the knitting is done on No. 1 needles. Cast on 30 stitches, and knit both ways--no purling. The bandages are to be 96 inches in length. It seems that these particular bandages are desirable due to the fact that they can be boiled and re-used. Those of you who want to make some can check with your own minister to learn where they could be sent.

When I sit down to visit with you I lose all track of time. I see by the clock that it is too late to put the pork roast in the oven, but I laid out a recipe for a shrimp casserole to test so this might just as well be the night to fix that. If I like it, I'll be sharing it with you.

Sincerely,

Margery

COVER PICTURE

We've been some time trying to get a good family-group picture of Donna, Tom and Lisa, reason being that Lisa is a little jumping jack when she is held! As you can see in the picture, she is just getting ready to fly right off Tom's lap. Donna, Howard and Mae's daughter, Tom and Lisa live in Ralston, Nebraska, where Tom is principal of a new school.



Mother's Stew



A Mother-Daughter Banquet by Mabel Nair Brown

How many fond memories of home and mother are woven about the remembered fragrance of the big kettle of stew simmering on the back of the kitchen range? It will make a delightful and nostalgic theme for a mother-daughter tea or banquet.

DECORATIONS

Make oversized facsimiles of cookbook covers, using poster board in gay colors, for decorating the walls. These "books" can have such titles as "How to Preserve a Husband", "Putting Seasoning into Adolescence", "Hints for Quick Laughs", "Helpful Hints on Curing Telephonitis", "Tried and True Recipes for a Happy Home", and "Developing the Ear for Full Stereo Volume".

For table decorations use arrangements of measuring cups, cooking spoons, flour sifter, etc.; with replicas of old-fashioned black iron kettles made from black crepe paper. Fasten the kettles to tripods of tree twigs.

Try for a "pun" approach to the theme by placing an ice bag in a conspicuous place, with a note that it is "for mother's (mental) stew"!

Cover small boxes to resemble spice boxes and label them with such unusual seasoning names as "Discipline Dip", "Love Spice", "Temper Sauce", "Sweet Talk Zip", and "Blues' Brightener".

NUT CUPS can be made to resemble miniature sacks of sugar. Cut the sacks from discarded sheets, sew, fill with nuts and candies, and tie the two top corners into the familiar "ear" effect.

Another nut cup idea would be to make miniature black kettles by covering nut cups with black crepe paper and adding a pipe cleaner handle.

The PLACE FAVOR is the recipe for "Mother's Stew" written upon a recipe file card to which a small wooden or plastic spoon has been tied. The recipe reads: "1 full quart Love, 1 heaping cup Laughter creamed together. Sift together 1 lb. Patience, 1 Tbls. Tolerance, a dash of Courage, a hand-

ful of Appreciation, and a sprinkling of Praise. Add to first mixture alternately with a gallon of Understanding. Stir well and simmer for several Prayer hours, or until done to taste."

For the PROGRAM BOOKLET use checked gingham (glued to poster board) for the covers. Print in black the title "Mother's Cookbook", or "Ye Olde Stew Recipes". Decorate the booklet with pictures of various kitchen utensils and gadgets cut from old magazines and catalogues.

The menu page might read: Dry mixture (potatoes), Liquid (gravy), Shortening (meat), Creamed mixture (vegetables), Seasoning (salad), Leavening (bread), Flavoring (coffee), and Spice (dessert).

PROGRAM

Welcome:

"We're happy to welcome each one of you,

And hope you'll enjoy our Mother's Day stew.

Now Mother's stew is quite a dish — With more spice perhaps than some of us wish!

But a big dash o' this or a good pinch o' that

And — what is the recipe Ma keeps under her hat?

'Stew', Webster says, 'is a gently boiled dinner,

Or a state of confusion — feelings that simmer.'

We've combined both definitions, one way or another,

To bring you, this evening, our tribute to Mother.

So reminisce with us, sing with us, best of all, SMILE;

That way we'll know our stew's been worthwhile!"

Devotions: (Print this in the program book so audience can read with leader responsively.)

Leader: Forsake not the law of thy mother. Prov. 6:20.

Response: For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light. Prov. 6:22.

Leader: She openeth her mouth with wisdom. Prov. 31:26.

Response: And in her tongue is the law of kindness. Prov. 31:26.

Leader: Her children rise up and call her blessed. Prov. 31:28.

Response: She worketh willingly with her hands. Prov. 31:13.

Leader: She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Prov. 31:27.

Response: Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in the time to come. Prov. 31:25.

Leader: Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates. Prov. 31:31.

Response: Children, obey your parents in the Lord for this is right. Eph. 6:1.

Leader: Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is pleasing unto the Lord. Col. 3:20.

Response: Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise. Eph. 6:2.

All in unison: That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. Eph. 6:3.

Toast to Mothers: We come, we come with smile and song. We come with praises loud and long. The reason for spirits so bright and so gay? We've come to pay tribute to mother's own day! For us she has toiled with patience and skill. For us she has labored, and, when we've been ill, her hands brought relief from our aches and pains; just as her kisses made bumps well again! I think we're agreed there's no one like mother — no one, we'll find, quite so tender, so good, so wise and so kind. Her faith and her love have oft banished our fears. God bless her and keep her throughout all her years.

To the very young mothers I offer this tribute: "Kisser of sores, Closer of doors, Baker of cakes, Chaser of snakes, Puller of weeds, Wearer of beads, Peeler of pears, and Teacher of prayers. (Shield us from Life's taunting snares.)"

"Maker of beds, Patter of heads, Duster of chairs, Sweeper of stairs, Planner of meals, Doctor of heels, Fixer of pies, and Detector of lies. (Comfort us when darkness nighs.)"

"Waxer of floors, Shopper at stores, Mower of grass, Shiner of brass, Bather of kids, Loosener of lids, Wiper of tears, and Soother of fears. (Guide us through our tender years!)"

—(Capper's Weekly)

Here's to all mothers, so loving, so
(Continued on next page)

wise, so patient and true. This is our way to say, "I love you!"

Toast to Daughters: A dandelion was brought to me by my toddler, just past two. Lovingly she held it out, "I brought a 'fowder', 'ust for you." Precious gift — an orchid 'll never thrill me half so much as the 'fowder' Sissy brought! Truly, as He said, "Of such - - -". Our daughters are the lights of home, the gift from Heaven, a mother's jewels, a father's pride, a grandparent's joy. You are our trust, our treasure, our investment, to be as wisely taken care of as we know how, to be cherished, and administered. And how tenderly we treasure every moment of every year. Daughters, I'll salute you with this verse, which might well be entitled "Her First Stew"!

"She bangs her shiny pans with a cheerful, reckless din, a big checkered apron tucked beneath her chin. She draws her brows together and crinkles up her nose, and clasps her battered bowl in a fond housewifely pose. She takes a dab or two of this and a little bit of that, and adds some leaves she's gathered in her hat. It smudges up her fingers. It spatters in her hair, but she beats it all together with a grave and knowing air. And then she dumps it in a pan just as she's seen mother do; then sets it out in the sun — to stew!"

Yes, you are darling "copycats", and we love you!

Solo or Duet: "Daddy's Little Girl" (Substitute word "Mummie" for "Daddy" if you like.)

SKIT: MOTHER'S STEW

(The skit requires a narrator who wears a chef's cap and presides over a huge kettle set in center stage, appearing to stir the "stew" as other members of the cast bring their ingredients and "dump" them in the stew pot as each says her lines, or sings, as indicated. The ingredients can be simply names printed on large cards or boxes and cans can be covered with white paper, each labeled as an ingredient.)

You will note that this is the type of skit in which you can substitute other poems and songs — whatever material you are able to locate — and still come up with a fine "stew".

Narrator: Love is what makes the world go 'round, they say, so we're using a lot in our stew today.

Love: Song, "That Little Girl of Mine", or "That Wonderful Mother of Mine". (Tosses "Love" into the kettle.)

Narrator: Laughter is simply a must



Margery's friends, Mary Ellen and Michael Deir of Tucson, and their children, Kathy and John.

— to know how to play makes for a mother and her children every day a Mother's Day.

Laughter: "Passing through her kitchen, I saw dishes waiting there; a basket full of socks to mend beside a rocking chair. Her house was clean, but much undone, I wondered, 'Where is she that she leaves such disorder — and it's half past three?' Then I heard her voice, so young, the house at once was gay; and I saw there with her children gathered 'round her in some play. She explained that work will always wait, while time is never still. 'I like to, while my family's here, drink of them my fill. I know that in the years ahead they'll think, not of my work well done, but of playtime in their days at home when we gathered 'round for fun.'"

Narrator: MOTHER'S STEW is, of course, delightful. I wonder if it's patience that makes it so delicious?

Patience: "Answering hundreds of queries beginning 'Why'; smiling while tasting a 'delicious' mud pie! Patience when she plays dress-up in your best frock, or borrows your heels to go for a walk! Smiling when she fills the kitchen with the after-game crowd, and turns on the stereo good and loud! Bushels of patience are needed, it's true, but mothers know joys are multiplied, too!"

Narrator: Tolerance and understanding we need in our brew. When the home front's upset, 'twill see mother through.

Tolerance and Understanding (two ingredients): "Somebody stood right up on top of a chair an' reached in the cooky jar, 'way up there when nobody's lookin', and mamma's asleep, an' all us chillern wuz playin' Bo-Peep, now'er's near the pantry; an' tryin' to get some cookies, an' someways the jar upset. My! It 'ist busted all over the floor, but John he ain't scairt an' he rapped on the door, while the rest of us chillern runned off an' hid. 'Cuz we don't know who done it — but SOMEBODY did!"

"An' wunst we'n the kitchen was all scrubbed so clean, the floor was 'ist shiny as ever you seen, an' we was playin' outdoors in the street, but SOMEBODY went in with the muddiest feet! An' tracked all over the floor 'ist a sight! An' my! when we seen it, we 'ist shook with fright, an' none of us chillern went near it all day. No, sir, we jes' kep' fir, fir away! Yes, all of us chillern, we runned off an' hid, cuz we don't know who done it — but SOMEBODY did!"

—(Anonymous)

Narrator: Sometimes we question an ingredient in the recipe, but we put it in — and "wait and see".

Courage: "Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not for you. They are with you yet belong not to you. You may give them your love, but not your thoughts, for they have their own thoughts. You may house their bodies but not their souls, for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit. You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you. With COURAGE cut the apron strings and set them free, for life goes not backwards, nor tarries with yesterday."

Narrator: We must never omit appreciation from the pot. Mother must appreciate the situation — when independence waxeth hot!

Appreciation: Duet, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard."

Narrator: Mothers encourage and inspire in many ways, but one of the best is through well-deserved praise.

Praise: Use the poem "To Mother" by Martha Field Eaton (see back issues of *Kitchen-Klatter*).

Narrator: We come to the last ingredient in our stew — a faith to live by, and prayers to see us through.

Prayer: (These words may be sung to tune of "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind".)

"Dear home, the place where love is learned in childhood's tender days; Your memory shall never cease to fill my soul with blessed peace, and lift my heart in praise.

"O gracious home, where parents lead the family up to God, where sons and daughters daily see true patterns of nobility, and virtue's pathways trod.

"O happy home, whose earthly joy is like to that above! Lord, make it the abiding place of Heaven's everlasting peace, and Thine eternal love. Amen."

(The solo, "Christopher Robin" would be appropriate here followed by the benediction.)

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The sap is running in the maple trees of New England, and all of our farmer friends in the hills to the west and north of here say it is one of the best "runs" ever. Last Tuesday Betty and I left Springfield around two o'clock and drove up into the hills to the house of a friend of ours about sixty miles away. Just as soon as we arrived and before we could take off our coats and boots, our host said: "Come on! I want you to see the maple syrup we are making." Off we went, tramping through the woods checking the sap buckets, watching the tractor-pulled tank being loaded with sap, and then down to the sugar house.

The farmers who make syrup to sell must be very particular about their product. The sap has to be boiled just the right length of time at just the right temperature. We saw cords and cords of firewood stacked by the sugar house, and in the few minutes we were observing, a great amount of wood was fed the insatiable fire under the sugar pans. We tasted some hot syrup just off the fire, and oh! how good it was! I could hardly wait to get home and try some on pancakes.

Do you know that it takes as much as fifty gallons of sap to make just one gallon of syrup? Some days it takes a little more than that, and then on other days, it may take less. On the day we were there, it was taking only forty gallons of sap for one of syrup, and as the season goes on, it will take fewer and fewer gallons. It all depends upon the sweetness of the sap, and usually the later sap is sweeter than the earlier sap.

Of course, it is a lot of fun to buy the syrup and the sugar products right at the sugar house. Even there at the source of supply, the price is not low. One gallon of syrup costs \$6.50 wholesale at the sugar house. It is retailing in the local stores for \$7.50 if bought in a single one-gallon container. Why such a high price? Because of the enormous amount of labor involved. Making maple syrup is one of the hardest jobs in the world. Just imagine keeping one of those large wood fires going day and night for weeks and weeks! Just imagine the miles and miles of tramping through the woods collecting the sap!

Just the other day I was reading how few farmers in New England actually make their living off the land. Most of our farmers have some job other than farming as their main source of income. In Massachusetts only seven



Frederick dropped in on a church outing which included son David (next to his father), David Duquette, and the church secretary.

percent of our land is under production, and that includes all of our maple and fruit orchards. It is too bad! How I would love to see our New England fields and hills covered with flocks of sheep. I think that I would love being a sheep farmer here in New England, but nobody else seems to feel that way. I never have seen a really large herd of sheep out here, and if ever there were a good place for sheep, it is in New England.

Last spring when Betty and I made our trip to England and Wales, we were so impressed at the number of herds of sheep we saw. All over the British Isles one sees sheep, and in the spring, there are thousands of lambs. To see those lush green fields spotted with white sheep was an artist's dream. Our Welsh guide told us that there are not nearly as many sheep in Wales as there used to be, but what we saw was hundreds of times more than anything we have seen in this part of the United States. I am told that our West, particularly Idaho and Montana, has many sheep, but I never have seen them.

If I could retire tomorrow, and if I had the means to do so, I would have a big New England farm with maple trees, sheep, and a kennel for breeding sheep dogs. Betty laughs at this idea, because she knows I would make a poor farmer. She says that I don't have the patience for it, and she may be right.

The new office that my church people gave me as a tenth anniversary gift is finally completed, and I have moved in. You simply must come and see it whenever you are out this way.

I had quite a job moving all of my library from the old office into the new one. In the process I discovered books I had long ago forgotten I even possessed. What an amazing number of Bibles I own! I must have at least one

copy of nearly every version of the Bible published during the past two hundred years. My favorite Bible is the only one I use day after day. I cherish every little tear in its pages, every little mark along its margins, and every scar on its covers. I do have one small New Testament that means more to me than all of my other testaments put together, and that is the one I carried with me through all of my years in Africa and my years in the service. There are marks and notations I made in it while out in the Sahara Desert with the British army, and some little notes I scribbled on a fly-leaf while sailing down the Red Sea. I never want to part with that precious bit of memory.

It is curious how little stories can stick in one's memory through the years. When I was just a young boy, about ten or twelve years of age, I heard our local minister tell a story about a boy who had been given a Bible as a going-away present at the time he went away to college. When the mother of the boy bought the Bible for him, she tucked a ten-dollar bill in between some of its pages. Every now and then she would ask the boy how he liked his Bible, and always he would tell her that he liked it very much and read from it every day. But the truth came out when the mother visited her college son, and found the ten-dollar bill right where she had put it!

Do you know that from the time I first heard that story until now, I have had a compulsion to look through every one of my Bibles for something that might have been left in them! Isn't that strange? I don't expect to find any money tucked away in them, but I somehow have the feeling that one day I might find something of importance that I, or someone else, had accidentally left there. Once I did find something! It was a clipping torn from a newspaper, and in that clipping was this little verse:

I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chatted all the way,
But left me none the wiser,
For all She had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said She,
But, oh! the things I learned from
Her

When Sorrow walked with me.

I don't know how that verse got there. I have no idea who put it there. All I know is that it has meant a great deal to me. We do learn so much from our sorrow. In my work as a pastor and

(Continued on page 22)

Do It Now!

by
Ruth E. Nolin

Susan came home from her first overnight trek into the desert near Assiut, Egypt, starry-eyed and thrilled. Words tumbled in excited spurts as she told about the donkey that ran away, the water hole they'd expected to find as a big pool, but was only a trickle they had to dig for, the high cliffs they climbed to get the horizon-wide view, the diamond-like brilliance and wonder of the stars as they lay on the sands in their sleeping bags. Her younger brother and sisters listened open-mouthed; but her mother had a better idea. That day's assignment in composition caught all the fresh excitement and color of the trip not only for nine-year-old Susan, but for Grandmother Nolin, too, who used to live in Assiut, but is now retired far away in Iowa.

How many times have you said to yourself, "I wish I'd asked my grandmother about her life on the homestead in North Dakota?", or "Next week I'll go see my friend in the hospital," or "I wish I could knit, or paint, or make pizza." Your grandmother is gone now, and can't tell you those tales of cyclones and Indians; that friend in the hospital slipped away while you delayed; and you're still regretting the skills you don't have because you didn't stop right then to do it NOW!

When I was a little girl I dreamed about being a writer — but waited till I was nearly seventy before seriously sitting down in front of my typewriter and writing. All those wasted years haunt me. Not only did I fail to write; I even failed to keep notes, or a diary, or copies of my weekly letters to my mother during our years as missionaries in Egypt. Now when I want to use that material I have to dredge painfully in my memory for details.

"Now" is the magic word that could have brought success years ago. Today I'm really using it. No longer do I put off writing; when an idea hits me, I get it down in my notebook. When I want to interview the director of the Work-study Program in the high school, I go directly to the telephone and make an appointment.

It's amazing how much one can accomplish that way. I've written more articles in the past six months than I'd done in sixteen years. Other responsibilities in church, club, or YWCA groups seem lighter too, when I dig right into them at once. I'm busier

than ever, yet find I've more leisure time, since I don't waste so much frittering or worrying.

In our retirement home examples abound of both wasted and useful lives. Some delight in their new wealth of leisure, doing all the things there'd been no time for before; others just regret lost skills, or ones they'd never learned. Little Mrs. M. has piles of home-town papers waiting for her to glean items for her scrapbook, but her rug-making or plaque-decorating keep her dashing from her room to the craft room; she's always so alive and alert. Another woman's hands look strong and capable, but she isn't interested in doing anything with them, and only complains about food, heat, or neglect. Dr. T., at ninety-four, sorrows over his loss of sight and hearing in the past year; until then he'd used every NOW to good advantage, playing croquet or crokanole, committing most of the psalms to memory, writing a book about the conflict between Communism and Christianity, preaching often in nearby churches. Now he says, "All I can do is talk!" But his one-sided conversation is worth listening to, for it's the fruit of a rich life.

People live by patterns they set early in life, and most of us retired folks are set firmly in our concrete patterns! My younger friends, however, are set just as firmly, and their patterns of time-wasting, coffee-breaking, lack of interest in events of the day or concern for others bother me. "I suppose I'll have to do so-and-so sometime, but now I can't be bothered," I hear them say; or "I played in the band in high school but don't have time to practice now," or "My family wishes I could swim with them, but it's too much trouble to learn." I feel like shaking them, but instead offer advice I heard long ago. Busy housewives can make time for extras by the "shrewd system of neglect".

Each one must decide for herself what extras to include — writing poetry, composing symphonies, swimming, hiking, gardening, needlepoint, politics — there are so many delightful things to do. I would urge that you do it NOW, not next year, not when all the children are in school, not when you retire, but today at least make a start.

Yesterday I followed my own advice. All my life I've loved to swim, but I've been afraid to dive from a springboard. Yesterday in the YWCA pool I watched less skillful swimmers than I am take their turns off the board, and suddenly said to myself, "Go ahead! Do it NOW!" Three times I dived off the

board, twice with a flop, but once in a perfect dive. That lifelong fear has been overcome by my magic word, "NOW!" You can make your dreams and secret longings come true, as well as overcome your fears by a strong frontal attack. My granddaughter, Susan, is laying a good foundation for adult ability in writing by her pleasure in recording interesting experiences right now, and is thus providing herself with a splendid amount of source material.

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Nolin was in Assiut, Egypt, when our Frederick was teaching there. Now her son Kenneth is chaplain of the American Hospital in Assiut.)

ONCE UPON A TIME

by
Carlita McKean Pedersen

Spring recalls a sleepy country town in a half-forgotten yesterday, where lilacs grew outside the kitchen door and folks still knew the rules of Lawn Croquet.

There, once a week, the widely read Gazette came out with all the gossip, old and new, and youngsters had to run at once for home at the sound of nine o'clock curfew.

The firemen's band gave concerts Friday nights and all the town turned out to hear them play. The ice cream socials by the Ladies Aide were part of each and every Saturday.

Small tent shows came to town in summertime, and "local talent" vied to win the prize; the good cooks went to all the County Fairs and won blue ribbons with their cakes and pies.

The new-wed couples gave a wedding dance, and older folks gave them a charivari. The men played ball on Sunday afternoons; the women held an annual Quilting Bee.

And each boy had a dog that was his own! The little girls played hopscotch on the walk. The men pitched horseshoes in the village park, and women took time out to sit and talk.

Children playing Run-Sheep-Run and Tally-Ho filled the dusk with sounds of their, "Lost Trail!" And sometimes in the coolness of the night, you'd hear the sadness of a mouth harp's wail.

Each death was mourned, no matter who it was, and all the town knew when a child was born. The folks could "party" on Saturday night, and still get up for church on Sunday morn.

Where is this place that most of us once knew, that now is but a fading memory? And do the folks who live there nowadays remember you, or ever think of me?



Maytime

by
Mildred Cathcart

"As welcome as the flowers in May" is a familiar quotation which surely must have described the feelings of the people who lived centuries ago. The cold, long, dark wintertime had passed and the songs of the birds and the brilliant colors of the wild flowers beckoned the people out of doors.

There are controversies about the naming of the month of May. Some scholars believe the name is short for *majores*, a Latin term meaning older men. It was believed the month of May was sacred to these elderly men. However, I prefer the more romantic choice of those who believe that May is derived from Maia, the Roman goddess of spring and growth. This would seem a likely and appropriate choice for such a lovely Spring month.

At one time March was the first month and May the third month of the early Roman calendar. January and February were the eleventh and twelfth months. When Julius Caesar changed the calendar so that it began with January, May became the fifth month as we know it today.

With May becoming a Spring month, it came at a time of Flora, the goddess of flowers, and the Romans celebrated with a parade of flowers. In England, the Maypole was an important part of the celebrations. Young men would go to the woods and carry back hawthorn blossoms and other May flowers to decorate the Maypoles. Girls wore their prettiest dresses and danced around the flower-decked poles with the village youths. Usually one of the girls was chosen Queen of May. Often the women decorated the homes and the churches and even exchanged gifts.

Some believe that May Day celebrations date back to the tree worship of the Druids. In some European countries the boys serenaded their sweethearts and placed a pine tree beneath the girl's window. In other places it was customary for a boy to place a Maypole beneath a girl's window to signify his love.

In France, however, the celebration of May Day took on a more religious atmosphere. There the day was a holy day, sacred to the Virgin Mary. A May Queen was chosen, but instead of dancing around a gaily decorated pole,



Margery also visited Mona and Gordon Overstreet and sons, Gary and David (front). Mona and Mary (pictured on page 5) are daughters of the Howard Alexanders, neighbors of the Folks for 40 years.

she led the procession to church to honor the Virgin.

It seems that May Day has never held too much significance in the United States. Perhaps it was because the Puritans frowned upon such frivolity and did not allow the custom to become established. In many communities, however, the hanging of May baskets is a lovely custom. Children often go to the woods to gather the first violets or other wild flowers. These are placed in baskets made from construction paper or small boxes and hung on the doors of friends. What fun to knock and then run swiftly to hide so that no one can see the giver! Old people and shut-ins are always made happy by this first glimpse of Spring and by the knowledge that they have been remembered.

The month of May does bring two important holidays to our country. Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, in 1908, suggested that people wear a carnation on the second Sunday of May to honor their mothers. This suggestion was so well received that Congress, in 1914, passed a bill proclaiming Mother's Day as one of our special days.

Memorial Day is another day in May that has become important. After the Civil War, women of the South often gathered flowers to decorate the graves of those who had died in battle. The custom spread to the North and Gen. John Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, set aside May 30 as a special day to decorate graves of those who died in the Civil War. Later the name was changed from Decoration Day to Memorial Day as it became the custom to decorate the graves of all loved ones.

You might be interested to know that the flowers for the month of May are the hawthorn and the lily-of-the-valley and the birthstone is the emerald.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN MAY

by
Lynnie Mix

God made her a mother. He placed a babe within her eager, young arms and said, "I give thee one of my most precious treasures. This life is thine to cherish and mold unto manhood. The task will not be easy; the sacrifices will be great."

The young mother smiled, bent and kissed the tiny, pink cheek. "But worth it," she whispered softly.

"In the black of night, when storm clouds threaten, the way will be long and rugged." The Master's voice went on. "Fear thou not, my child, for I am with thee."

The young mother raised her eyes toward the sunrise and made a vow. "I will seek Thee, always. Thy commandments shall be my guide." Her lips moved in silent prayer.

Caressing the silky down on the babe's head, she made a second vow. "I must establish within your heart habits and ideals that will enrich and give purpose to all of life. First, I will teach you the meaning of love, a love for your Creator and all of mankind. I will imbue good humor to bring joy and laughter, ambition that you may succeed, and a love for simple things that you may know humility. You will learn patience, my son, and master tolerance, that you may one day graciously endure and respect the beliefs of others.

"I will inspire honor, loyalty, and honesty. You shall seek the truth and it shall make you free. I will teach you to be kind and gentle, my love, yet firm. I will implant courage and strength within your breast that you will not grope and stumble in the face of danger, hate, and evil in this war-torn world. I will instill a faith through which you will find hope in failure and heartbreak; a faith that shall, through the course of life, grow richer and deeper until you will know the spirit of peace. My wee one, if I can fortify your manhood with all these priceless virtues, no sacrifice will be too great!"

Now, long years after this vow was spoken, will you or I ever really know the price she paid? No one has done more to make and keep us happy. The second Sunday in May we paid tribute to Mother. Did you remember?

A family man is one who has replaced the currency in his pocket with snapshots.

Just about the time a woman thinks her work is done, she becomes a grandmother.

THE DENVER DRIFTMIIERS HAD A SPECIAL TREAT

Dear Friends:

A whirlwind of activity has engulfed our household. If my remarks seem unusually disconnected this month, it's only that there are constant interruptions and distractions. Those of you who are also caught in end-of-school hustle and bustle know only too well what I mean. With children in three different schools it's not at all uncommon at this time of year to encounter difficult choices to make among several conflicting activities.

There are concerts, operettas, plays, money-raising fashion shows, district conferences and, most time-consuming of all, the Junior-Senior Prom. Emily was elected a member of the committee responsible for this all-important Junior class activity and was placed in charge of the decorations. I would estimate that there must have been at least five hundred telephone calls into and out of our home just this past week alone. And the prom won't even be held until the 21st of May!

This is also the time when the nursery is deluged with activity. Each year there comes the inevitable spring day when everyone decides to do something about his yard at once. Wayne's schedule *just isn't* at this time of year.

With such a maelstrom around, I sometimes think back to the days of last winter. By comparison it seems now as if we must have been in hibernation. I know we weren't, of course. For one thing, we were too busy shoveling snow every few days to relax and sleep.

Our family enjoyed a very special treat in late winter. Perhaps some of you viewed these same events on television. Did any of you watch the 1965 World Championship Figure-Skating Meet held early in March at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs? We attended two nights and both were thrilling and exciting evenings filled with beauty. Figure skating holds a great deal of interest to the residents of Denver and Colorado Springs. Because of the year-round ice arenas and fine coaching available, promising youngsters from all over the country come here to train each year. Their development and skating activities are covered extensively in the sports sections of the local papers. Our appetites have been whetted by the newspaper accounts and also as the result of watching last year's Winter Olympics on television.

When we learned that the scene of



Often summer tourists in Colorado will see people carrying skis. Because of the glaciers in Rocky Mountain National Park, the sport is enjoyed by some on into the warmer months of the year.

this year's World Championship was right in our own area, we decided it was too good an opportunity to miss. We don't ever expect to see the Winter Olympics in person unless in some distant year Colorado should be chosen as the host. But we knew we would see most, if not all, of the top figure-skating competitors in the 1968 Olympics at this event.

There are four categories of competition in figure skating: men's singles, women's singles, pairs skating and pairs ice dancing. Within each category the competitors participate in two types of skating — compulsory figures and an individually selected program of free skating. The latter competition is the most appealing to the spectator.

The first evening Wayne and I and our friends next door drove down to Colorado Springs in a nasty snowstorm to watch the pairs free skating. It was a marvelous evening's entertainment. The Russian couple who are the current Olympic Gold Medal winners, Belousova and Protopopov, were expected to win and they did. They are considerably older than their competitors and showed great competence, poise and grace. However, a surprisingly strong second place was skated by Ronald and Vivian Joseph, the U. S. Champions. This young brother-and-sister duo live near Chicago, but spent last summer training at Denver University so they commanded a large Colorado cheering section.

On another evening Wayne and I took the children down to watch the men's singles free skating competition. This is very exciting to see because of the spectacular leaps and twists and spirals. A frustrated almost-champion of several years' trying, Alain Calmat of France, finally won his long-sought championship. The United States fin-

ished second when young Scott Ethan Allen skated his best performance of what had been a disappointing year for him. Apparently, he grew so much this year that his skating was disrupted. Also this night, while waiting for the judges' tabulation, we were treated to an exhibition by the other division champions.

Although the United States won no first places, they finished with the most victors over-all in the four divisions. This indicates what a fine recovery has been made since the tragic air crash of a few years ago which killed our entire ice skating team. As a result of this year's showing, the United States is expected to enter an extremely strong ice skating team once again when it is time for the 1968 Olympics.

Unfortunately, this past winter's competition among skiers did not indicate such promise for the future. Most competitive skiers in the United States are college students and a great many of them attend Colorado colleges and universities. By and large, our entrants were soundly defeated by the Europeans, especially the Austrian and French. There were a number of such events within driving distance but we made no effort to attend. From what we can discern, it is much pleasanter to watch ski races on television rather than in person. The one exception to this is ski jumping which is good spectator entertainment. The problem with ski racing is that such a long course is required that a spectator can view only a very small portion of the "run". Each entrant skis the course alone and the winner is determined by lapsed time. Since there isn't an entire group going at once as in a foot race, a considerable amount of the excitement for spectators is missing.

The U. S. ski teams are not expected to make a drastic improvement in international competition very soon. Our college students simply do not have the maturity, poise or experience to compete very successfully with their older European counterparts. Apparently, skiers reach their prime somewhat later in life than do figure skaters.

Well, this year's competition in skating and skiing is over for all practical purposes, although there will still be a number of ski races on glaciers. At this point, however, we're all becoming considerably more interested in the activities the summer will hold for us.

Sincerely,
Abigail

Scandal in the Younger Set

by
Esther Grace Sigsbee

Several young people I know have never done a lick of work in their lives. They lie around and somebody waits on them hand and foot. Some of them sleep all day and raise a rumpus all night and if they don't get exactly what they want, precisely when they want it, they raise an awful howl. They demand vast quantities of clean clothing, especially in the lingerie department, and as far as I know, not a single one of them has ever volunteered to help mother with the laundry!

Almost without exception, these young people get by on their charm. Staid husbands and faithful wives make no bones about being in love with them, and they in turn, flirt shamelessly with anyone handy. They permit all sorts of familiarities including kissing, patting, chin-chucking and never seem to be embarrassed at being caught in somebody's arms. Although some of them later regret their youthful indiscretions, some of these people actually pose for pictures in the nude!

These scandalous young people drink like fish. They don't limit themselves to an occasional sip; they start right in with a drink the first thing in the morning. Often they waken from a sound sleep, take a few swigs from a bottle, and pass out again. They drink more than they eat, but it seldom seems to affect their health — except to give them quite rounded tummies. Alcoholics Anonymous can be of absolutely no aid to them because to be helped by that worthy organization, one must admit he needs help. I have never once heard one of them say that he did.

In spite of all this laziness, these young people have awfully good reputations. Level-headed adults don't care a bit that they aren't useful — they love to have them around because they are so decorative and entertaining. On these young people are staked life incomes and hopes for the future, only to be thanked by a coo and a bubble blown from the mouth of a young person. And sure enough, wait and see, almost all of them will turn out just fine, once they've matured a bit. For these young people are babies!

I am all for babies. I've been crazy about them almost ever since I was one myself. My taste in art runs strongly to pictures of cute babies, and I've always been an inveterate peeker-into

of carriages and a who-does-he-look-like debater. When I was ten years old, my parents surprised me by getting a new baby for our very own family, and after than one turned into a toddler, I started borrowing neighbors' and friends' babies to sit with and admire.

My very best work to date has been the producing of three of the finest samples of babies to have around our own house. I shall probably never stop bragging about this achievement, although some people have said that these samples, though very good ones, were no nicer than the ones they had at their own houses.

However, I did find out one thing about babies: no matter how proud you are of them and no matter what good care you take of them, they don't last very long. In my case, I had just gotten nicely into the routine of polishing, smoothing and stuffing ours, when one day when I was busy hanging up the clothes, the first one walked off to school. The other two soon followed and it wasn't long until we didn't have a single baby at our house!

The three young adults that seem to have overnight replaced my sweet, fat babies, are very nice and extremely interesting, I will have to admit. But they don't need me very much.

My love for babies seems to have rubbed off on all three of our children. I am counting on this factor to bring me someday, in the fullness of time, a whole flock of baby grandchildren to love and admire.

And I want to warn you: you haven't heard any bragging yet compared to what I plan to do when I get my hands on the babies of my own children!



MY QUEEN OF MAY

M is for the MEALS you've cooked
Wholesome, good they always
looked.

O You taught us to OBEY
Molded our lives the better way.

T means TROUBLE we caused you
Anxious moments, worry, too.

H is for our childhood HOME
We'll remember though we roam.

E is for that EXTRA mile
You went for us with a smile.

R is for this ROYAL day
Mom, you are my queen of May!

—Jean Dittmer



Bumptious Burps for Mothers

(Admitting the Absurdity of the
Original Premise)

by
Edith Harwood

If I were a member of the Generation-Just-Starting-Out, commissioned by a convention of my peers to serve on a committee for the purpose of setting up "guidelines" for mothers who expect to be receiving Mother's Day cards — from us — ten, twenty, thirty, forty years from now, I would submit for the approval of my infant contemporaries a first draft something like this:

TO OUR MOTHERS: We, the undersigned members of the Generation-Just-Starting-Out, with best wishes for our mutual happiness and well-being, submit with all due humility the following suggestions, by which we petition that you rule your conduct toward us during the years of our lives commonly called "formative". To wit:

1. *Love us, but not too much.* Let us learn, at the outset of our careers, that although we may seem so to ourselves, we are not really the center of the universe, and that we shall get bumped into if we proceed upon the theory that we are.

2. *Surround us, while we are little, with an atmosphere of security and peace.* You can do that, and still not mollycoddle us.

3. *Wait, always.* Let us know surely that you are for us, waiting with sympathy and loyalty as we return to you from whatever short distances we may journey from you in our play, our work, our attempts to find ourselves as personalities distinct from yours. Set our feet in the right paths if you can, but do not run ahead to smooth the way nor make a shield for us. We shall resent it if you do. We like to slay our own dragons.

4. *Teach us to do things.* It matters little what, except that they may be things worth doing. Teach us so that we may early know that the greatest joy in living is accomplishment through self-discipline.

5. *Teach us that the laws of cause and effect are immutable.* He who breaks them must abide by the consequences. (This may sometimes hurt you as much as it does us.)

6. *Refuse ever to submerge yourself in us.* Let us know from the first that you are a distinct human being, wholly apart from your being as a mother, and

(Continued on page 19)

OUR WISCONSIN FAMILY IS HOUSE-HUNTING

Dear Friends:

I've just finished packing fresh sandwiches inside the handy little sandwich bags that are available now so that I'll be ready to do my "automatic-woman-act" in the morning. We roll out of bed at six o'clock, and I admit to operating in a complete fog until after breakfast. However, I can't leave too many jobs to be completed after breakfast or we would never get started to school on time. So, I set out the soup to be heated and the thermos bottles all in a row, prepare the sandwiches and line up fruit or dessert the night before when I am still possessed of all my faculties.

Keeping thermos bottles intact has become a bit of a problem at our house. We've replaced the insides of more thermos bottles than I can remember, and regardless of the little talks we have about taking care of them, something seems to shorten their lives every time. I know that if Paul would but remember not to drop his lunch bucket to the ground we would have the problem solved, but he always seems to have his mind elsewhere.

If Paul had his way about lunch, I would pack about six peanut butter and honey or jelly or marmalade sandwiches, a stick of candy, and that's all. As you can see, he has a preference for sweets, and given half a chance he would eat the most unbalanced diet imaginable.

We've taken a giant step in the pursuit of our goal to move close to the children's school. Our home is listed with a realtor now, and I must fly through it each morning to return it to "showable" condition just in case someone is interested in going through it. We invited the gentleman who is handling the sale to come and give us suggestions on little or big, things we might do to make the house more saleable. He was willing to do this, and it came as quite a shock to see our house through the eyes of a stranger — and an honest one at that. We've lived with little flaws in this house for four years and as the song says, "We've grown accustomed to its look"! So this week we have been hurriedly fixing-up and painting-up.

We had a large yard to fill with dirt, grade, and then suffered through its seeding and tending, which task took the biggest part of two summers. As an emergency measure Don hung large sheets of plastic in the downstairs shower so that it would be useable until we could have some tile-work



John, Tommy, Jean Anne and Mark Rope were thrilled when a new baby arrived at their house last summer. Their parents are Mr. & Mrs. Gene Rope, and the proud grandparents, who visited them in California this winter, are Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope of Clarinda, Iowa.

done. We procrastinated, however, never quite finding the extra money lying around to invest in a tiled shower. Now we are told we'll have to add this to our list of jobs to do before we can hope to sell. Fortunately, Don has been in town this week, and we've worked like a couple of troopers every evening.

Just on the optimistic hope that we do sell the house quickly, we stipulated in the contract that we would not give possession until June 15th. If we, by some outside chance, do sell the house quickly, I don't know what we'll do this summer for a place to rest our heads. Rental houses are almost vanishing. We really didn't know what to do first—try to buy a house on the figure that we *thought* we might get from the home, or sell our house and *know* how much money we had to work with. It's like the question of which comes first, the chicken or the egg. After considerable thought we decided it was safer to know how much we had to deal with, so we're selling first.

At this stage of the game we have gone to the gentleman who built this house to see if we could possibly build an identical one on a lot we have seen and liked. I can't say we're anxious to build again. The prospect of a sea of mud until a lawn can be established leaves me less than excited. Poor Donald has spent many summer vacations putting in a lawn, and I know he's not too eager.

Last month after I had written you, Donald and I were confronted with convincing proof that Paul was having trouble seeing much farther than the length of his arm. I made an appointment to have his eyes checked and,

sure enough, those melting gazes which he uses on his mother are simply the result of his not quite seeing her! He had to have the pupils dilated during one appointment, and at a second session the type of prescription he needed was determined. All in all it took about two weeks until he had his glasses, and such an excited boy as we had! I anticipated some difficulties convincing him that they had to be kept on but have been completely surprised. Apparently he is so delighted with the things he sees that were pure grey fog before that he keeps them on from first thing in the morning until he washes his face at night.

He looks even more like his father than before. The long dimple in his chin that his father and the rest of the Driftmier men carry is not so prominent as before, because this child is lengthening out and losing his youthful plumpness. He celebrated his seventh birthday March 25th and I noted with dismay that he had shot out of the size 9 corduroy trousers that he had received new when school started in September.

The children had spring vacation during Paul's birthday, and since this was the first vacation except Christmas which we spent at home, we went to Anderson to visit my mother. Paul's dearest wish for his birthday was a long-sleeved white shirt and a belt all his own. His daddy had cut one of his old belts down to Paul's size, but like everything else he had outgrown it, and how he did yearn for a real belt meant for him alone. I was quite surprised to realize that the youthful, open-throated shirts with short sleeves he has for

(Continued on page 22)



APPLESAUCE-RASPBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

- 1 Tbls. plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups sweetened applesauce with raspberries
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 2 egg whites

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Add gelatin, sugar and salt to boiling water. Put aside until it begins to thicken. Then beat until foamy, fold in applesauce, whipped cream, stiffly beaten egg whites and raspberry flavoring. Chill until firm.

We are able to buy a new product in which applesauce and raspberries are combined, and this is what we used. However, those of you who have home-canned applesauce can use it, of course, and if you have raspberries at hand you can add them, well-drained. Our guests found this a light and most refreshing dessert after a substantial meal.

—Lucile

DELICIOUS TUNA CASSEROLE

- 2 cups medium white sauce, seasoned
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 can chunk-style tuna
- 1 small can mushroom pieces
- 6 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup shredded cheese

Stir the Worcestershire sauce into the white sauce. Sprinkle a layer of cracker crumbs in the bottom of a greased casserole, then arrange layers of tuna, mushroom pieces, egg slices, sauce, cracker crumbs and cheese. I usually do this twice, ending, of course, with crumbs and cheese. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes, or until the sauce is bubbling.

—Dorothy

MY FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEAT LOAF

- 2 1/2 lbs. ground beef (quite lean)
- 1 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 1 No. 303 can stewed tomatoes
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 3 beaten eggs
- 1 8-oz. can Spanish style tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Combine all ingredients very thoroughly. Pack lightly into 2 loaf pans and bake 1 1/2 hours at 350 degrees.

Of course, this recipe could be baked all together at the same time for a large crowd. But generally this is one of those bake-one, freeze-one recipes.

— Abigail

FRUIT MACAROON COOKIES

- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries or candied fruit, chopped
- 3/4 cup shredded coconut

Combine shortening, sugar, salt, all flavorings and egg, and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture; mix thoroughly. Lastly, add the chopped cherries or chopped candied fruit (we used candied fruit left from holiday baking), coconut and mix well. Drop with spoon on to a greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees from 10 to 12 minutes. This is a very good cookie — be sure you try it

EXTREMELY DELICIOUS CHICKEN HOT DISH

- 1 1/2 cups macaroni shells (do not cook in advance)
- 3 cups cubed chicken
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup diced cheddar cheese
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup broth
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup mushrooms
- 1/4 cup green pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 small can chow mein noodles

Melt butter and brown mushrooms in it very lightly. Add bread crumbs and stir thoroughly. Then combine all of the other ingredients, aside from chow mein noodles that are to be scattered on top, turn into a large flat baking pan and put in a 350-degree oven for approximately 45 minutes.

Serve with the following topping:

Topping

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1/2 cup mushrooms
- 1/4 cup cream (do not substitute)
- 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. fresh chopped parsley
- Salt to taste

Melt butter, blend in flour and then all of the remaining ingredients.

This recipe came from LeSueur, Minnesota, where it was served at a large luncheon. We studied it carefully and couldn't figure out just for sure what it would be like! After considerable uncertainty (mostly about the uncooked macaroni) we made it up, and the ten people who got in on it said that it was the most delicious chicken dish they had ever eaten. It would make a wonderful dish for a Sunday dinner since it could all be made in advance, then baked while you were gone, and the topping reheated at the last minute. We urge you to make this the next time you entertain — or even just to give your family a big treat.

—Lucile

DELUXE BRUSSELS SPROUTS

- 2 pkgs. frozen Brussels sprouts
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 sprig parsley, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook Brussels sprouts in 1/2 cup boiling, salted water for five minutes. Drain. Melt the butter and combine it with the lemon flavoring, lemon juice and parsley. Pour this over the Brussels sprouts and heat thoroughly.

EXTRA SPECIAL DATE COFFEE CAKE

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 6 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift together dry ingredients and cut in shortening until fine crumb is formed. (We used the electric mixer for this job.) Beat eggs, add milk and flavorings and blend into dry ingredients. Pour half of the batter into a greased and floured 10- by 14-inch pan and cover with half of the filling mixture. Then alternate batter and filling again, ending with filling on top. Bake 30 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees (or until done). Cut in squares and serve warm.

Filling

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 tsp. cinnamon
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 4 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped dates

Blend together sugar, cinnamon and flour, then blend in butter. Add remaining ingredients.

We've made all kinds of coffee cakes and taken them to the office, but this one seemed to make the biggest hit of all. It is absolutely scrumptious and we hope that you try it soon.

—Lucile

DOROTHY'S DATE PIE

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 egg whites

Soften the butter and then cream the sugar and butter. Add the dates, nut meats and vanilla. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff but not dry, and cut them into the other mixture. Spread it in an unbaked pie shell and bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour, or until the crust is brown. This is very rich, and very delicious. It can be topped with a little whipped cream, or a whipped cream substitute.

CAULIFLOWER AND ASPARAGUS DISH

- 1 large head cauliflower or 2 smaller-sized heads
- 4 pkgs. (10 oz. each) frozen asparagus spears
- 2 sticks margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 3 Tbls. shredded pimiento

Remove outer leaves and stalks from cauliflower, keeping head whole. Boil in salted water from 20 to 30 minutes, or until tender. Drain thoroughly. Cook asparagus according to package directions and drain. Melt margarine, add butter flavoring and then add bread crumbs. Cook slowly until crumbs are brown.

Arrange cauliflower on a big chop plate or platter, surround with asparagus spears, sprinkle crumbs over all and then decorate the top of the cauliflower with the pimiento.

We had this for a family dinner (used 2 smaller-sized heads of cauliflower since a big head wasn't available) and it not only tasted delicious but looked wonderfully appetizing. We used a platter to serve this — each person helped himself to the amount he wanted.

—Lucile

LOUISIANA PECAN PIE

- 3 large eggs
- 1/2 cup dark-brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Mix first 8 ingredients well. Blend pecans and flour together and stir into the mixture. Turn into a 9-inch unbaked pie shell and bake for about 40 minutes at 375 degrees, or until center of pie is firm.

SAUERKRAUT SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can sauerkraut
- 1 green pepper, chopped fine
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- 3 stalks celery, chopped fine
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice

Drain sauerkraut and place in bowl. Toss in green pepper, onion, and celery. Set aside. Blend chili sauce, brown sugar, paprika, and lemon juice. Pour over salad mixture and toss well.

GRANDMA CORRIE'S BROWNSTONE FRONT CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 2 cups cake flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream sugar, butter or margarine and butter flavoring together. Add eggs and continue beating until light and thick. Measure cocoa into cup and fill cup with boiling water. Stir and cool. (Be sure you have 1 full cup measure when done.) Sift flour, baking powder and cinnamon together. Add cooled cocoa to batter. Stir in flour mixture and flavorings. Dissolve soda in sour milk and mix it in last, beating *very hard*. Bake in greased layer pans at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or in a 9- by 13-inch pan for 45 minutes.

I made my own sour milk by adding two teaspoons vinegar to sweet milk. The total measure should be only 1/2 cup liquid. I have also made this very satisfactorily with all-purpose flour, using 1 7/8 cups (sifted measure). This was a special recipe of my Grandmother Corrie and a family treasure.

—Evelyn

ROCKY ROAD CANDY

- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 sq. unsweetened chocolate
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 3 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup salted peanuts

Melt chocolate chips and unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler over hot water. Cool. Beat eggs, flavorings and powdered sugar together. Stir into chocolate mixture until blended and smooth. Combine chocolate mixture, peanuts and marshmallows. (Be sure the bowl is large enough to take all the combined ingredients.) Drop by teaspoon on waxed paper. Let stand overnight, then store in covered container.

These may be used also as an unbaked cookie.

ESCALLOPED EGGPLANT

- 2 cups diced eggplant
- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 cups fine bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups medium white sauce

First, make the white sauce using 4 Tbls. of butter, 4 Tbls. flour, and two cups of milk.

Melt the 1/4 cup of butter and add the bread crumbs, stirring until the crumbs are well buttered. To the white sauce add the eggplant, onion, salt, and one cup of the buttered bread crumbs. Mix well and pour into a casserole. Sprinkle the remaining crumbs over the top. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

LEMON-VANILLA COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder

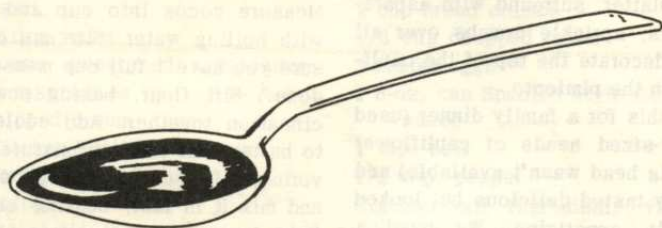
Cream butter and sugar until creamy. Beat in egg and add flavorings. Sift flour before measuring — resift with salt and baking powder and add to mixture. Shape into rolls and chill in freezer. Slice and bake at 375 degrees 15 to 20 minutes on greased cookie sheets. Yields three dozen.

—Juliana

LEANNA'S CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM DESSERT

(Real party fare!)

- 2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 2 squares chocolate
 - 2 cups powdered sugar, sifted
 - 3 egg yolks, beaten
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 - 3 beaten egg whites
 - 1 qt. vanilla or peppermint ice cream
- Butter a 9- by 13-inch pan and sprinkle 1 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs over the bottom. Melt the butter and chocolate together, then add the beaten egg yolks and powdered sugar and cook slowly a few minutes. Remove from heat stir in flavorings, and blend in the 3 beaten egg whites very lightly. Spread over the wafer crumbs and cool. Slice ice cream and lay evenly over this. Sprinkle remaining wafer crumbs over the top and cover tightly with aluminum foil. Freeze until time to serve. Chopped nuts may be added to the chocolate mixture if desired.



Wrong!

This Is Not a Spoonful of Liquid

Instead, it's a spoonful of difference . . . or reputation . . . of adventure . . . of tender, loving care.

You see, this is a spoonful of **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORING**. And when you add it to a trusted recipe you're adding concentrated flavor, aroma and color. You're adding the difference that brings a hint of the South Seas, or memories of a long-ago country kitchen.

You're confident, too, because **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** won't cook out, steam out or bake out. They do their job dependably, economically, bottle after bottle.

There are sixteen to choose from:

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

MEAT LOAF DELUXE

- 2 lbs. hamburger
 - 1 1/2 cups tomatoes
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 - 1 tsp. sage
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 medium onion, chopped
 - 2 cups crushed potato chips
- Combine all ingredients and bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.
- This can be made in your usual meat loaf pan, but we were having company so we baked it in a ring mold. (It came out beautifully.) The crushed potato chips make a good "filler" for bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, etc.

SPICY GREEN BEANS

- 2 1-lb. cans cut green beans
 - 2 Tbls. olive oil
 - 2 Tbls. wine vinegar
 - 2 tsp. crumbled dry oregano
 - 1 tsp. garlic salt
 - 1/2 cup pitted and halved ripe olives
 - 3 Tbls. chopped pimento
- Pour off liquid from beans. Heat beans with all other ingredients, stirring occasionally.

This is an exceptionally tasty way to fix green beans and is colorful as well. When we baked the meat loaf in a ring mold we filled the center of the mold, just before serving, with these beans.

—Lucile

PRETTY PINK PUNCH

1 quart boiling water
 3 Tbls. Orange Pekoe tea
 1 can frozen lemon juice
 2 pkgs. cherry powdered fruit drink
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener or sugar
 1 #2 can pineapple and orange juice
 Water (1 to 2 gallons)

Pour the boiling water over the tea and let steep 3 to 5 minutes. Strain into large bowl. Add the lemon juice plus water as directed. Add the powdered cherry fruit drink, flavoring and pineapple and orange juice. Stir in sweetener (or sugar) for the sweetness desired. Add 1 gallon of water and taste. More may be added, depending on the strength you prefer for punch.

This is an inexpensive, very tasty punch. It will serve 50 small cups, or 25 large glasses.

COMPANY CHICKEN SALAD

4 cups cooked chicken, cubed
 5 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 3 Tbls. chopped sweet pickle
 1 cup celery, diced
 1 pkg. slivered almonds (3/4 cup), toasted
 1 cup cream, whipped
 3/4 cup salad dressing
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 Salt to taste

Combine the whipped cream, salad dressing, lemon juice and salt. Prepare the other ingredients and put into a large bowl. Toss lightly with the dressing. Add a little more salt, if needed. Do not stir too much as it makes the chicken stringy.

This is a delicious company luncheon salad. Serve in a lettuce cup with crispy crackers or potato chips. Hot rolls and fruit for dessert will complete a simple, tasty menu.

TURNIP SOUFFLE

6 medium turnips
 2 Tbls. butter
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 cup grated cheese
 2 eggs
 Salt and pepper to taste

Peel and cut up the turnips, then boil in salted water until tender. Drain and mash them, and add the butter, milk, cheese, well-beaten egg yolks and pepper. Mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and pile the mixture lightly in a well-buttered baking dish. Set the baking dish in a pan of warm water and bake in a 375-degree oven until an inserted knife comes out clean (about 45 minutes).

DANDY DANDELIONS

Gardeners despise dandelions as pernicious pests, but the herb is, in fact, remarkably useful.

In the spring, dandelion greens make a tasty salad when blanched, chilled, and served with dressing. The greens are also widely used as potherbs, the National Geographic Society says. They advise cutting the leaves while very young, since they grow bitter with age.

The venturesome fry dandelion blossoms, and state they taste like fried mushrooms. Many others declare a dandelion infusion is a great tonic and blood purifier in the spring. The dried roots are sold as a drug, Taraxacum, a stomach bitter and laxative.

Roasted and ground, dandelion roots can be brewed into a palatable, but bitter, coffee. The inhabitants on the

Mediterranean Island of Minorca once survived a famine by eating dandelion roots.

Dandelion greens are fed to silkworms when mulberry leaves, their usual diet, are scarce.

The milky latex of the perennial Russian dandelion is a commercial source of rubber in the Soviet Union. The United States experimented with dandelion rubber during World War II.

So don't look down upon the lowly dandelion with disfavor or contempt this spring.

—Evelyn Pickering

**MISSING PERSONS**

When I announce that dinner's done,
 My husband goes to find our son.
 I wait and wait and then — ahem!
 I go to find the both of them.

—Gladise Kelly

**You're The Winner**

Springtime means "outdoor" time: marbles, baseball, jacks, kites and skates. And mud, grass stains and dirt. Forgotten galoshes worn into the house. Jackets thrown down on playgrounds. Falls into puddles. And more work for mother.

Thank goodness for **KITCHEN-KLATTER ALL-PURPOSE KLEANER!** This miracle powder chases dirt, grime and grease away without scrubbing. It goes to work immediately, even in hard water. And it leaves no scum to attract dirt, no foam to rinse or wipe away.

Every home needs **KITCHEN-KLATTER ALL-PURPOSE KLEANER** every day in every room. Put this winner on your "spring training" team. Pick up **KITCHEN-KLATTER ALL-PURPOSE KLEANER** when you grocery shop.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .
KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

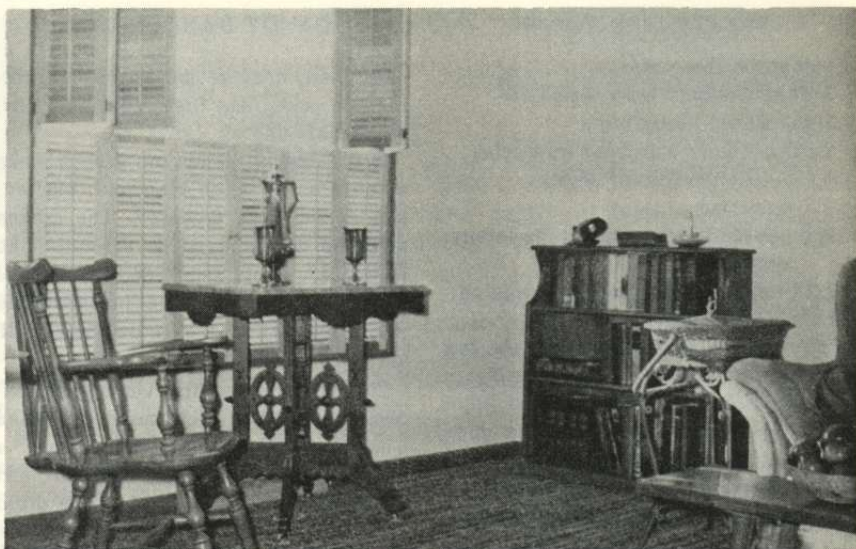
by
Evelyn Birkby

When May arrives, spring is fully here. Looking with critical eyes, the house, which has done very well all winter, now has a bedraggled, weary appearance. Someone suggested that we should walk in the front door of our homes and pretend we are seeing them as a visitor for the very first time. It might be difficult to stare without prejudice at a davenport which has been in the same room for ten years, but the effort may be just what is needed to decide on a perky new cover. At any rate, it's worth a try. Let's walk in now and see how many little things we can do to rejuvenate the worn, the faded, or the too familiar.

When I attended the Iowa State Fair last summer, I enjoyed seeing the displays of handwork which included so many ideas using terry cloth and towels. Since this is such a practical material, easy to sew, and comes in bright, gay colors and patterns, it is exciting to work with. Pillow covers can be made easily and trimmed with fringed edges, ball fringe, or an attractive embroidery stitched edging. I made some simple covers with zipper closings to go over pillows to take on camping trips. These terry cloth covers can be popped into the wash-and-dry laundry along the way when they become soiled. Terry-covered pillows are ideal, as well, for sun porches, recreation rooms and any room in a home with children!

Small towels are fine for place mats and tray liners. Curtains for kitchen and bath can be made from large towels by adding plastic rings or clip rings. Again, the ball fringe or fringed edges will add glamour. Cover an old or inexpensive wastebasket with matching towel and trim with the same fringe.

Wastebaskets were shown at the fair in various "dress". Again, they illustrated what a little imagination can do. Anything in the stores beside the simplest baskets are costly. So get a simple one and jig up a new cover to tie in with the color and design of the room in which you wish to use it. Wallpaper is frequently used in matching or contrasting patterns. After gluing it to the basket, it should be lacquered or shellacked to make it moistureproof. I wanted to match the brick pattern of the linoleum in our kitchen, so I covered an auction sale wastebasket with brick-patterned wallpaper and it looks exactly right!



Accessories used with imagination give personality to any room.

Burlap, Indian Head, remnants of drapery material or upholstery, are only a few materials which can be glued to make a new cover for a basket. If the material is plain, glue on a bouquet of plastic flowers, applique a nosegay or paint on a cluster of roses. Black felt can be cut into fascinating modern designs and glued to a plain background. Colored drawing pens can be used to paint on a picture. For a child's room, use a favorite design from the youngster's coloring book.

Painted baskets can be decorated with plastic tape. Old sheet music glued on a basket is perfect for a music room or placed near a desk. Checkered or flowered oilcloth can cover a basket to go in the kitchen. Old or foreign newspapers glued on and edged with colored plastic tape can turn a wastebasket into a conversation piece.

Incidentally, I like wicker baskets. The wastebasket in my study is a large wicker basket. The container for holding letters on my desk is made from the same material. Oblong baskets (the size into which a 9- by 13-inch baking pan fits) hold my clippings, recipes, magazines and other materials which I need on file near my desk. A narrow, high, oblong basket holds three pots of geraniums nearby.

In the living room a tall, ancient sewing basket stands beside the davenport to hold papers and magazines for family reading. In the family room a large basket with a handle is the container for firewood.

Last year I purchased a wicker tray at an auction sale with every intention of using it as a tray. Now, however, it is on the counter by the bathroom sink. A bright towel lines the bottom and it holds cold cream, shaving soap, toothpaste, hair oil, combs and other essen-

tials. An old shaving mug holds toothbrushes and an antique soap dish is used for bobby pins.

Unusual containers for plants or flower arrangements in unexpected places are fun to arrange: flowering branches in a large pitcher in the corner of the bedroom, stone pickle jars holding generous plants beside the front door, a copper teakettle or bean pot filled with flowers on the kitchen window sill, and a black iron kettle planted with geraniums by the fireplace. Last summer I filled the inside of the fireplace with red, clay flowerpots decorated with "original designs" in enamel by eight-year-old Craig. He painted them in gay, primitive patterns. Filled with thick green foliage, they were unique and attractive.

I must tell you about an old teakettle! It was a monstrous, old-fashioned utensil which came home with me from an auction sale. I had not purchased it; the auctioneer had *thrown it in* with another item on which I had bid. As I lugged the *thing* into the house, I explained to my long-suffering husband that it surely would be just right to take on camping trips. Contrarily, he would have nothing to do with that kettle!

When bazaar time rolled around, I sprayed the kettle black, had it planted with fine vines and trundled it off to the sale. A woman with a new recreation room, which included an old-fashioned Franklin stove, pounced on it with glee. I'm not sure what she paid for it, but one lady offered to buy it for \$7.50.

All of which goes to prove that you can take almost anything and with an unusual twist make it the gay addition which your room may have needed all along.



Opportunity Bags

A Painless Way to Collect Funds

by

Alpha Allan Wahl

The quest for funds and a painless way of collecting them seems to be a major problem for many church and other charitable organizations. The Women's Society in our church at Moulton, Iowa, is no exception. When our new church year began last spring, we found that our balance of cash on hand was practically nil.

When the parsonage committee announced that we needed \$200 to repair the furnace at the pastor's home, we settled down to the serious business of finding a way to raise the money. We had used almost every scheme we knew of; the general church budget had been squeezed to the limit; and personal gifts, solicitations, pledges, dues, and dinners weren't enough to meet this extra burden. Our group has a membership of 60, quite small for raising funds.

While we were pondering our plight, Mrs. Hugh Wood, Sr., one of our good workers, returned from a visit in California, bringing a sample of what she called an "Opportunity Bag", with instructions for its use. The church at Monterey, California, which Mrs. Wood had attended, was using the bags with excellent results. The idea was not entirely new to us, but it did have a humorous appeal that was different. We voted to try it.

The president lost no time in appointing a chairman and five women to help promote the project. We went to work. A portable sewing machine, thread, a typewriter, typing paper, scraps of cotton prints, and leftover bits of yarn were donated for making the bags.

They were made from the cotton print with a yarn drawstring at the top. 3 by 5 inches when finished, they were small enough to slip into an envelope for mailing if desired. The drawstring was first inserted in the quarter-inch hem when it was stitched across the top. Then the sides and bottom were stitched, leaving a small opening at the hem so that the drawstring could be pulled through and tied after the enclosures had been placed inside.

Each member took one to fill herself, and as many extra as she thought she could distribute to relatives and friends. Most of the active members took several. Each was responsible for the return of the bags she gave out. The chairman kept a record of the names of those who received them, and the treasurer kept a record of how much cash was in the pouches and the donors' names.

The enclosures were mimeographed on half sheets of typing paper folded lengthwise, with the following instructions:

JUNE: If your eyes are gray, pay 15¢; blue, 19¢; brown, 18¢; green or hazel, 16¢.

JULY: Put triple the size of your shoes in the bag.

AUGUST: Put 1¢ in the bag for each letter in the State Flower of Iowa.

SEPTEMBER: Put 1¢ in the bag for each letter in your birth stone.

OCTOBER: Why worry? Just put 10¢ in the bag. Nuf said.

NOVEMBER: Put 5¢ in the bag for each sister; 5¢ for each brother; 10¢ if you have a husband.

DECEMBER: Put 2¢ in the bag for each letter in your birth month.

JANUARY: Put 1¢ in the bag for each year of your age up to 35, and ½¢ for each year after that.

FEBRUARY: Put 25¢ in the bag for the first 100 lbs. of your weight, ½¢ for each additional pound.

MARCH: Put 2¢ in the bag for each letter in your name.

APRIL: If your hair is gray, pay 16¢; black, 13¢; white, 14¢; brown, 15¢; blond, 15¢; red, 18¢; dyed, any of the above colors plus 10¢ extra.

MAY: Put a penny in the bag for each inch around your waist.

RETURN WHEN FILLED TO: (name)

The general idea was for each one who received a bag to put in the amount of money asked for on the enclosure on the first of each month. At the end of the year the filled bags were to be returned to the person whose name was at the bottom of the enclosure.

We were delighted with the results of the campaign. The average amount for the year was about \$2.00 per bag. We took in more than enough to pay for the furnace repairs. It seemed to be one of the most painless ways of collecting

funds that we had ever used. Best of all, the donations were given with a smile — a real joy to anyone who has ever "begged" for her church or other organizations.

A few of the enclosures were returned with witty remarks jotted beside the items about age, weight, and hair color. Many of the recipients filled and returned their sacks immediately, and nearly all added enough change to make it even money.

It promoted a friendly good will toward the church, and in some cases gave donors the privilege of helping the church for the first time. We voted to use the plan again this year.

Time Out

for



Kitchen-Klatter

These are the days we meet ourselves coming and going! Just the idea of having a peaceful cup of coffee and resting for 30 minutes while we folks at KITCHEN-KLATTER visit with you seems pretty fantastic in the face of all that has to be done.

But somehow work has a habit of waiting. And somehow we can get our second wind a little easier if we take a breather before the next big job is tackled.

So . . . pour yourself a cup of coffee and "set a little bit" while KITCHEN-KLATTER comes to you over the following stations:

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

FITZ makes FALSE TEETH FIT SNUG

NEW Soft-Plastic Liner
Gives Months of Comfort

Amazing cushion-soft FITZ tightens loose plates; quickly relieves sore gums. You can eat anything! Talk and laugh without embarrassment. *Easy to apply and clean.* Molds to gums and sticks to plates, yet never hardens; easily removed. No messy powders, pastes or wax pads. Harmless to plates and mouth.

Thousands of Delighted Users get relief from loose plates and sore gums. You can, too! Let us prove this. Just send your name. We'll send you 3 FITZ Liners. Try for 1 week. If pleased, send \$2. If not, return unused FITZ. No obligation. Write today.

JOHNSON PRODUCTS, Dept. #KY
54 W. Van Buren, Chicago, Illinois 60604

for
uppers



or lowers



3 LINERS \$2
SEND NO
MONEY



COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

The miracle of spring in any land is fascinating. In the Holy Land it is especially beautiful. A slim volume (80 pages) entitled *Flowers of the Holy Land* by Bertha Spafford Vester contains 25 reproductions of original watercolors of the wildflowers of Palestine. Copyrighted by Hallmark Cards, it is distributed to the book trade by Doubleday and Co. (\$2.50).

Included are the Palestine cornflower (similar to our bachelor's button), pink flax, pomegranate, and the anemone, which grows with such quantity in the Holy Land that the ground is almost hidden by its scarlet flowers.

In *Flowers of the Holy Land*, Mrs. Vester's deep compassion for suffering humanity is touching, especially at the Spafford Memorial Baby Hospital, which is described as the finest of its kind in the whole Middle East.

Do you remember the radio program "Information Please" and a panel member — John Kieran? His admirers will appreciate *Not Under Oath* Recollections and Reflections by John Kieran (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$5.00). His warm personality is reflected in newspaper and radio work. He has written a number of successful nature

books. The book is filled with memories of "Information Please" stars including sports headliners and political leaders.

Mr. Kieran's crack-of-dawn nature walks sound most interesting. There seems to be a special quality of enjoyment about early morning hours. Armed with field glasses, he's a true bird watcher.

Not Under Oath contains Mr. Kieran's recipe for a happy life.

A book written to help make your leisure time more rewarding is *101 Ways to Enjoy Your Leisure*, published by the Retirement Council and distributed to the book trade by Harper and Row, Publishers, \$4.50. This book, a gold mine of information, tells how people use their leisure-time talents for woodworking, mosaics, rug making, writing county histories, coin collecting, needlework, and gardening — to name a few interests.

A great satisfaction we can get from life is helping others in the community. Included in the book is a list of volunteer service projects which some older people make into a full-time career of civic and social work. Ideas for money-making potential are included which could launch a retired person into a profitable second career.

From time to time readers ask how to obtain books and I'm happy to be of assistance. Bookstores can obtain books for you if they have the name of the author and publisher. (The publishing company is usually listed in parentheses after the name of the book.) If it is an older book, it is helpful to have the copyright date.



The pages in *School Days* are actually envelopes — one for every year from kindergarten through high school with spaces for signatures, photos of themselves. Envelopes hold report cards, awards, news clippings, etc. Vital statistics page includes immunization records, weight, height, teacher, honors received and extra curricular activities. A useful, thoughtful gift. Gift orders mailed anywhere with gift card enclosed.

\$1.25 each, postage paid.

KINGSLEA CRAFTS

Box 165

Taylor Ridge, Ill.

To Sufferers of RHEUMATISM and ARTHRITIS

Have you found that drugs give you only temporary relief? Would you like to know how you may reduce your aches and pains without drugs and without surgery, a proven way?

Would you like to know how over 70,000 people got along with a non-surgical, non-medical *natural* treatment?

Would you like to have dispelled some of the mystery surrounding arthritis and rheumatism so that you may eat, drink and live in a manner to help your condition?

If you will send your name and address to Midwest Clinic, you will receive a clearly written, down-to-earth book on arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, colon and associated chronic ailments. This book has been written on the basis of nearly half a century of experience in treating these ailments.

This **FREE BOOK** will explain the many types of arthritis and rheumatism and how they may be treated to reduce pain without drugs. Write for this easy to read book—it will help you to better understand your own health problems. No obligation—no salesman will call on you.

MIDWEST ARTHRITIS and RHEUMATISM CLINIC

Dept. 665-E570

Excelsior Springs, Mo.

FREE BOOK

Gentlemen—Without any obligation, please send me a **FREE** copy of your book "ARTHRITIS and RHEUMATISM"

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



ENVELOPE MAY BASKET OR NUT CUP

For a fast and easy May basket, or a nut cup for a May party, use an envelope. These may be white ones or colored ones. The size will depend on how it is to be used. First, seal the envelope, and then use pinking shears to cut in from each side and up to one end to form the basket handle, and presto! you have a basket! On each side paste a pretty flower or other fancy seal. I like to glue on tiny flowers and leaves taken from old artificial corsages. For parties, the names can be written on the handle, or upon tiny name cards stapled to the handle, to become combination nut cups and place cards. For a May breakfast, you might put a packet of flower seeds in each basket as a favor.

—Mabel Nair Brown

GRANDMA'S FLOWER GARDEN

by
Katherine Epperson

Gladys Taber, in her delightful ramblings about Stillmeadow, writes occasionally of her Quiet Garden. I am familiar with her description of its flagstone terrace, cypress bench, and the flowers all around, and the high fence to keep out her cockers and Irish setter. However, when I come across that "quiet garden" phrase my mind always goes back to the memory of my grandmother's flower garden.

Perhaps it is because that lovely remembered time seems, in retrospect, to have been a quiet time. Or perhaps it is because her flowers opened up such portals of enchantment for me that the remembering of them supersedes all mention of any garden anywhere.

There was a pure white, plantain lily that Grandma had started when she was a bride, in those far-off ante-bellum days, in North Carolina. When the Civil War closed, Grandpa had no wish to remain with those who had forced him to fight for a cause in which he did not believe, so he and Grandma migrated to Illinois, then in a few years, moved to North Missouri.

And what a marvel that lily was to my childish imagination! Carried so tenderly through the years, and for so many miles, now it bloomed there by the fence where I, a little girl, could see it every day. What other little girls, in that faraway place, had first seen its broad, glossy leaves and luxuriated in its heady fragrance? Four decades ago, North Carolina was a long distance from our Midwest farm, and in my small mind, this plant that had lived and bloomed in both places was a magical link between the familiar here-and-now, and a vague yesterday, peopled by gray-coated soldiers marching through misty-green valleys and over blue-shrouded mountains.

Grandma always took especial care of this flower, watering it in times of drouth so that it would be sure to bloom. Perhaps it was to her a lonely link with her girlhood home in the far-off Carolina piedmont which she was never to see again. (Thirty years after her death, and nearly a century after they left, never to return, I went to North Carolina and found Grandma's home, still standing, seemingly indestructible. Most amazing was a great plantain lily, growing by the house, which relatives said had "always been there!")

A plant which had the power to transport me to an entirely different scene

was the tamarisk shrub, which grew by the garden gate. Once Grandma and Grandpa had gone on the train to visit a son who lived in Oklahoma, and there, they dug up and brought back this tree to their garden. I had heard the story of how my uncle had been a part of the wild dash for a homestead site when the Cherokee Strip was opened. Consequently, those filmy, pink fronds of the tamarisk often conjured up a mental picture of a man riding furiously over red earth and vigorously urging his horse onward with switches cut from a tamarisk tree, in order to claim the spot he had selected before someone else could get there. The reason I imagined he used a tamarisk goad stemmed, I am sure, from the fact that it was from this particular tree in our garden that switches were cut to administer speedy correction to recalcitrant childhood.

(I am convinced that these knobby, little branches, though they may have raised a few temporary welts on my small, brown legs, inflicted no damage to my psyche. I am sometimes tempted to cut through the modern maze of parental phobias concerning children's emotional frustrations and psychological needs with the advice, "Get a tamarisk tree!")

Other flowers, not often seen today, were the fragrant spice pinks and the sensitive touch-me-nots. A bed of annual phlox, laid out in straight rows, made geometrical designs that reminded one of Grandma's own patchwork quilts. Over in the corner were two bunches of pink "pinies", with a cloud of lacy, gray-green "spar grass" between. (It was many years before I learned that the latter was called asparagus and eaten as a vegetable by some people.)

There were great clumps of yellow

roses, their spiny stems forbidding small hands that would have gathered a bouquet. There was a row of pink "flowery ammon" now called by the more sophisticated name "flowering almond".

Like that of most women of her day, Grandma's life was filled with unremitting toil. Yet she managed to find time among all the tasks that *must* be done to tenderly and lovingly care for her flowers. She had "white hyacinths for her soul".

BUMPTIOUS BURPS - Concluded

as such have rights and privileges which we are bound to respect.

7. *Give our rights and privileges the same respect.* Match your compulsion of honesty from us with your own honesty to us.

8. *Make us to understand that our word, once given, is to be kept, even at our own inconvenience.*

9. *When the right time comes - and we will each know when it does - open your hands, and let us go.*

10. *Then, if you can, help us to be cheerful about the whole thing.*

There are, possibly, a few more good rules that you can think up for yourselves! Follow these few, and we will probably come near to yelling our heads off from time to time. And you will be near to being paragons.

But as the years go by, you'll never have to worry about receiving Mother's Day cards, flowers, gifts, calls, and other tributes. We won't wait for the second Sunday in May. We'll send them to you any old month in the year, with loud cheers and bravos, from wherever we are living our busy, self-reliant lives.

Signed _____

Miss and Master 1965 (ad infinitum)



**Mother deserves
the best!**

**GIVE HER A SUBSCRIPTION
TO KITCHEN-KLATTER.**

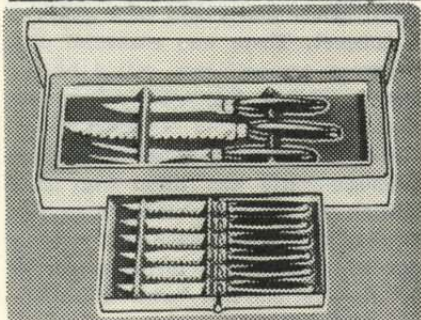
We are happy to send gift cards to the people who are to receive KITCHEN-KLATTER as a gift from you. And we're glad to write on them (by hand, of course) the message that you ask us to write.

\$1.50 per year - 12 issues

\$2.00 foreign subscriptions

Address your letter to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Genuine REGENT-SHEFFIELD**9-Pc. STAINLESS STEEL CUTLERY SET**

All English stainless steel, sharpest **WAVE-CREST** edges; Ebonite handles; 8" Carver, Fork, Honing Knife; 6 polished stainless steak knives.

\$11.95 Value, ONLY \$4.50; 2 - 9 pc. Sets ONLY \$8.50; Set of 6 Steak Knives, \$1.95; 3 Sets, ONLY \$5.50.

**AUTOMATIC TOOTHPICK DISPENSER**

Hygienic holder. Only YOU touch YOUR toothpick. **Only \$1.25**

Michelangelo's Famous PIETA STATUETTE

Exact replica of famed PIETA, now at N.Y. World's Fair. 3-3/4" x 3-1/4". **Only \$1.00**

All prices include tax, postage. On COD orders 30% Deposit, customer pays postage. (Connecticut customers add 3 1/2% Sales Tax.) CATALOG of 2,000 items free with orders \$4 and up. 10-day Money-back guarantee.

**F&R IMPORTERS, Dept. D-2
75 Waterbury Ave, Stamford, Conn. 06902**

Since your clothes deserve the best, be sure and use the *Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach* to preserve their fibers and keep them fresh, white and new-looking.



The Verness garden is a riot of color when the tulips bloom in May.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Were you so busy last month that you didn't get any new roses planted? You can still start that much-wanted rose planting by purchasing "canned" roses from a nursery. These plants are already growing nicely in containers that can be removed without disturbing the root system. If you plant these container-grown roses in a carefully prepared bed, they will give you a nice display of bloom next month (June) when roses are supposed to give their big display.

According to experts in rose growing, a rosebed may be prepared in as simple

or as complicated way as you wish. If your soil is fertile and productive you don't have to worry about any special preparation. If it is poor, work in generous amounts of organic material such as compost, well-rotted manure, or peat moss. When the bed is loose and friable, soak it thoroughly and let it rest for a couple of days. If your rose is grown in a metal container, have the nurseryman cut open the sides so you can slip the plant out easily when you are ready to plant it. Your rose will scarcely know it was moved if you handle it gently, and it should keep right on growing.

If you would like a free guide for buying roses, write to the American Rose Society, 4048 Roselea Place, Columbus, Ohio, 43214, and ask for a copy. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. This guide will give you the following information: height plant grows, color, fragrance, and National rating from reports of American Rose Society members. The guide is a *must* if you are growing roses for the first time.

Roses are not demanding as to care, but you must inspect them often. Dust or spray the bushes regularly for diseases and insect pests. The plants should be fertilized four to five times a year; they require watering, mulching and pruning at the proper time. You must cover them in the fall and uncover in the spring, but the beautiful blooms roses produce throughout the season will more than amply repay you for your efforts.

Every great work ever accomplished by man was called impossible — at first.

**DAY-NIGHT****MAILBOX MARKER**

fits any mailbox install in a minute
Style M **\$1.95** postpaid



Scrolled Mailbox Marker Style MS **\$2.95** Postpaid



Name & Number Mailbox Marker Style NM **\$3.95** Postpaid



Deluxe Mailbox Marker Style EM **\$3.95** Postpaid



Two-line Mailbox Marker Style OM **\$4.95** Postpaid

PERFECT PERSONAL GIFTS

- Letters reflect light
- Easy to read **DAY-NIGHT**
- 2-sided; raised letters on both sides
- Rustproof — lifetime aluminum
- Permanent embossed lettering — raised in solid plates
- Miracle epoxy-enamel finish defies sandstorms, salt air, etc.
- Black background, white reflector letters
- Reinforced laminated plates
- Any wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers on name plates, up to 6 on number plates. Same on both sides.

FAST SERVICE — WE SHIP IN 48 HOURS!

MAKE UP TO \$5 AN HOUR FULL OR PART TIME!

Take orders for nationally-advertised Spear products. Mrs. J.B. made \$39.75 her first 5 1/2 hours. Write today for FREE KIT — has everything you need to start at once!

Spear Engineering Company
841-6 Spear Bldg.
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

You help friends find your home — help the mailman and delivery men — when you have a **DAY-NIGHT** Marker! And they're perfect for gifts because they're personal! **DAY-NIGHT** Markers are treated with the same material that makes highway signs shine in headlights.

FREE COLOR! Choice of Antique Copper, Colonial Red, Pine Green or Jet Black background. Please specify your choice. **NO EXTRA CHARGE.**

Spear Engineering Co.

841-6 Spear Bldg.
Colorado Springs,
Colo. 80907

STYLE	WORDING Any wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers. Show punctuation but don't count it.	Plate Color	PRICE
841-6 Spear Bldg. Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907			
SHIP TO _____		TOTAL _____	
ADDRESS _____			
CITY _____ STATE _____			

☐ Remittance enclosed; ship postpaid in U.S.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay C.O.D. fees and postage.

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER

Mother, dear Mother, look at that bow,
Mother of Mothers, let me not sew.
Mother, dear Mother, here is the book,
Mother of Mothers, let me not cook.

Mother, dear Mother, let's boat at the
lake;

Mother of Mothers, I'd rather not bake.
Mother, dear Mother, I spied a Turk,
Mother of Mothers, let me not work.

Your Diane

Daughter, dear daughter,

I really don't know . . .

Me . . . raise a daughter who can't
even sew???

How about buttons and peek-a-boo
seams

And patches for pants on the "man of
your dreams"?

Daughter, dear daughter,

'Tis you for the book . . .

Now really, my dear, not learn to cook?
What will you do should Daddy
and I

Decide one bright day to Diane's we'll
drop by?

Yes, daughter, dear daughter,

Make no mistake . . .

You'll be "Queen of the Kitchen",
If you'll but learn to bake.

And take it from Mother, the joy 'tis
to tell

When "Hubby" looks at you and
says, "Gee, it tastes swell!"

My daughter, dear daughter,

Please don't be a shirk,

For try as you might,
You'll still have to work.

Be thankful for health,
Make the most of your life,

And if it's your calling,
A sweet, loving mother and wife.

Your Mother

FOILED BY MOM

by

Muriel Preble Childs

One generation differs very little from another we must agree, if we are honest with ourselves. For how many years, for instance, have teen-agers thought it *smart* to bring home souvenirs from restaurants and hotels — spoons, ash trays, or towels? For tens-of-years, I assume.

Recently I recalled my one and only attempt in this direction, and the way in which my mother handled it. I came home from a neighboring city, after a show-and-snack date, with a spoon from the restaurant at which we ate. With this *one*, I thought it would be "clever" to make a collection of

spoons from *every* place I ate. Mom was more than cool to the idea!

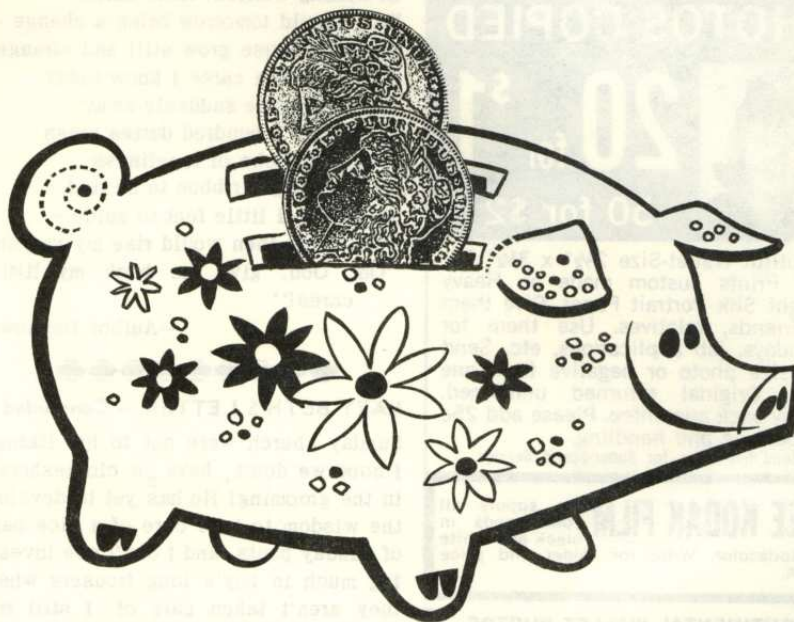
But I was young and modern — Mom was old (in her 40's at least), and old-fashioned. So I felt that I had won the day. But I had not reckoned with the older generation. After her first words of disapproval, Mother didn't say another word. I thought she had forgotten. But not Mom!

That spoon appeared beside my plate at every meal of every day. At first I thought that it was a coincidence. Finally I got the message. Never,

before nor since, have I been so heartily sick of any one piece of "silver". Something had to be done. I couldn't just throw it away. It wasn't mine. So I did the only thing possible. I took it back.

Not being a heroine, I did not admit my theft. I just left it on the table of the booth. But never, *never*, NEVER again did I come home with something that didn't belong to me.

According to T-V, "Father Knows Best", but all of us know that mother has *her* day, too.

**TWO-WAY MONEY SAVER**

In these days, we're all glad to find anything that will save us some money. How wonderful to find a product that saves *two ways*?

We're talking about **KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH**.

FIRST, it saves you money when you buy it. You pay only for bleaching power: no water, no fancy container. All you pay for is a fine, hard-working concentrated power to which *you* add the water, from your tap.

SECOND, you save when you use **KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH**. Because it contains no harsh chlorines, it does not harm clothing by breaking down fibers and shortening fabric life. It doesn't yellow synthetics, or "eat up" filmy blouses and underthings. But it does keep everything . . . white or colored . . . new-looking and bright much longer.

Start your two-way saving plan next time you shop for groceries. Pick up the pink and blue package of

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

Embroidery Transfers

Kitten & Puppy Designs for Children's Apparel. 3 Sets Mono-grams. 4 Sets Tea Towels & Kitchen Accessories. 9 Pairs of Pillow Cases.

\$1.00 Postpaid.

Send your orders to:

Dorothy Driftmier Johnson
Lucas, Iowa 50151

We're the Best Copy Cats

PHOTOS COPIED



20 for \$1
50 for \$2

Beautiful Wallet-Size 2½" x 3½" Deluxe Prints custom made on Heavy Weight Silk Portrait Paper. Give them to friends, relatives. Use them for birthdays, job applications, etc. Send any size photo or negative from one pose. Original returned unharmed. Money back guarantee. Please add 25c for postage and handling.

Send 50c extra for Super-Speed Service

FREE KODAK FILM

We supply all your needs in black and white or Kodacolor. Write for folder and price list A.

CONTINENTAL WALLET PHOTOS

Box 209 Dept. K-4 Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me

- ☐ 20 for \$1.00 ☐ 50 for \$2.00
25c additional for postage & handling
☐ Enclosed is 50c extra for Super-Speed Service

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please Print

THE HOUSEWIFE

My days are days of small affairs,
Of trifling worries, little cares —
A lunch to pack, a bed to make,
A room to sweep, a pie to bake,
A hurt to kiss, a tear to dry,
A head to brush, a bow to tie,
A face to wash, a rent to mend,
A meal to plan, a fuss to end,
A hungry husband to be fed,
A sleepy child to put to bed.
I, who had hoped someday to gain
Success — perhaps a bit of fame —
Must give my life to small affairs,
Of trifling worries, little cares.
But, should tomorrow bring a change —
My little house grow still and strange;
Should all the cares I know today
Be swept quite suddenly away;
Where now a hundred duties press
Be but an ache of loneliness;
No child's gay ribbon to be tied,
No wayward little feet to guide —
To Heaven then would rise my prayers
"Oh, God, give me back my little
cares!"

—Author Unknown

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

Sunday church were not to his liking. I hope we don't, have a clotheshorse in the grooming! He has yet to develop the wisdom to take care of a nice pair of Sunday pants, and I can't see investing much in boy's long trousers when they aren't taken care of. I still remember vividly the second time he wore a beautiful pair of dacron and wool trousers and tore the fabric out of both knees. I could have cried when I saw them.

Now I must say good night and pull Donald away from his painting.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

teacher I see so much of sorrow, and I have observed how people learn from it. One day this week a broken-hearted man sat in my study and told me that his sorrow had taught him that so much of his suffering was a result of his unwillingness to face reality, his unwillingness to accept the fact of his handicap and to adjust to it and to make the best of it. He said: "Frederick, my suffering has taught me that I am not responsible for what life has done to me, but I am responsible for what I have done with what life has given me."

I agree with him. Do you?

Sincerely,

Frederick

"The best rose bush, after all, is not that which has the fewest thorns, but that which bears the finest roses."

—Henry van Dyke

Peanut Pixies



Keep these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as birthday gifts, bridge prizes, hostess gifts or your own decorations. Made entirely by hand with red trimming.

12 for \$1.00
postpaid

Send orders to:
Dorothy Driftmier Johnson
Lucas, Iowa

(Advertisement)

FAT GIRLS DIET

The following tested, simple 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. 2984, Decatur, Ill. Please add 20¢ for postage and handling.

- Special Diet X; lose weight all over including fat stomach.
- Special XX; all over control; hips, thighs, arms, derriere, etc.
- High Protein Diet for Women, Men — Rapid weight loss!
- Sweet Cravers' Diet, The fastest, most pleasant of all.
- High-Protein, low carbohydrate diet, very satisfying.
- One Day All Liquid Diet, for fast start.
- Popular 18-Day Diet, insures safe loss of lots of fat!
- 7-Day, 7-Pound Diet — Follow it, lose 7 lbs. in one week!
- How to stay thin after losing fat. Try this!
- Secrets to Speed Reducing. Helpful little ideas.
- Need to lose 30 lbs.? this 90-Day Diet will be of great help.
- Famous Rice Diet, Excellent for losing a few pounds FAST.
- Why Be Hungry? On this diet you'll get slim & stay slim.
- Pound A Day Miracle Diet — Use it just 3 days a month.
- Famous Banana Diet — Very filling, satisfying, easy to do.
- 2 Day Jolt-Off Pounds Diet — Good for weight-standstills.

Available! Again

Mother-Daughter Book

With complete plans for banquets and teas, including programs, readings, ideas for decorations and favors. Also devotion services, poetry, etc.

Many committees for events for Mother's Day will be getting to work soon. If you will be involved in any way, you'll find this book a tremendous help.

ONLY 50¢ each

THE DRIFTMIER CO.
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

July ads due May 10
August ads due June 10
September ads due July 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MAKE MONEY! New illustrated book shows you "How" to make beautiful candles to sell. Easy! Profitable! Only \$2.50 postpaid. (Satisfaction Guaranteed) Arts IV Studios, Box 3302-KK, Anaheim, Calif.

EARN up to \$2.00 an hour sewing Baby-wear! Full or sparetime. Easy to do! Free Details. Cuties, Warsaw 74, Indiana.

OUT-OF-PRINT Piano music books. Send for list. Bookshop, 277½ KK-Montford, Asheville, N. C.

SENSATIONAL NEW LONGER-BURNING LIGHT BULB. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee - never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merlite (Bulb Div.), 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-73J, New York 16.

CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS GIVEN for new and used goose and duck feathers. Top prices, free tags, shipping instructions. Used feathers mail small sample. Northwestern Feather Co., 212 Scribner, N. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD - Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago.

\$50.00 - \$100.00 WEEKLY Possible, sewing, assembling, our products for stores. Easy! Precut materials supplied free! United, 3173-NKK Delaware, Indianapolis, Indiana.

WATCHES WANTED - ANY CONDITION. Also broken jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, diamonds, silver, etc. Remittance sent promptly and items held for your approval. B. LOWE, Holland Bldg., Saint Louis 1, Mo.

WATCH THEIR EYES light up when you serve delicious cookie-bars. Special treats for children. Unusual recipes \$1.00. Jaymark Products, Box 507-K2, Janesville, Wisconsin.

CROCHETED POODLE DOGS: All colors; - Dolls - crocheted or smoked dresses. Different colored hair. \$2.00 each, plus 50¢ postage. Ideal birthday gifts. Mrs. Carl Smith, Mount Union, Iowa.

PRINT SUNBONNETS - \$1.50. Pocket half aprons - 75¢, match or separate. State color. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Andrew Mitchell, Rt. 2, Box 398L, Brooklyn, Iowa 52211.

15 CHOICE, LABELED IRIS all colors - \$2.00 or 15 beautiful Hybrid Daylilies - \$2.00. Mrs. Thomas, 306 North Tenth, Norfolk, Nebraska.

TATTED doilies. Crocheting. Mamie Hammond, Shelby, Missouri.

6 LARGE EMBROIDERED dish towels - \$4.75; 42" embroidered tubing cases, hem-stitched with crocheted edge - \$4.75; large crocheted vanity sets - \$5.00; smaller - \$3.00. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, Houston, Minnesota.

BEGONIAS, COLEUS other unusual plants - 10 for \$2.35 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

HUMPTY DUMPTY or Penguin "jama" bags; nice aprons \$1.00 each. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

ATTRACTIVE CROCHETED (metallic) medallion scarf 15 x 30 - \$6.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

ORIGINAL HUMPTY DUMPTY kits - darling for nursery, clever for dormitory - \$3.00 postpaid. Glyn'ee, 726 Wildwood Dr., Ottumwa, Iowa.

RUG WEAVING: Unprepared materials \$2.00 yd.; prepared balls - \$1.30. SALE: 50" rugs - \$2.75. Rowena Winter, Grimes, Iowa.

"DIABETIC" No sugar recipes, canning, pickling, jams, cakes, cookies, candy, etc., - \$1.00. Large - over 300 page diabetic cookbook - \$3.50. Experienced Dietitian, Box 296, Almena, Kansas.

LADIES - directory showing sources of 130 free cookbooks - thousands of recipes - plus 100 kitchen hints - \$1.00 Postpaid. Wm. Baumgarten, KK-5225 Sansom St., Philadelphia 39, Pa.

"PENNA. DUTCH Cook Book," 62 pages, illustrated, paper cover, 65¢. "JEAN ALLEN'S BUDGET COOK BOOK," 144 pages, hundreds of photos, \$2.50. BOTH ABOVE \$3.00. MARGE STADLER, 1733 N. Ohio, Roswell, New Mexico 88201.

DAINTY WHITE tatted edged linen hankies - \$1.00. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

"LOSE 35 POUNDS!" - No Drugs, Exercises, Hunger! Thousands thrilled! Guaranteed plan \$1.00. WESTERN, Box 369-KK, South Pasadena, California.

PILLOW PRAYERS FOR TROUBLES AND CARES. A book of prayers, verses, and devotional aids designed to condition one for relaxed and refreshing sleep, and joyous, expectant awakening. It endeavors to explain the art of practicing the presence of God. It points the way to having the mind of Christ to supervise, energize, and tranquilize a person's mind and soul. It is an aid to prayer power for every hour, a guide to victorious and happy living. Send for your copy of Pastor David E. Arnold's, "Pillow Prayers for Troubles and Cares", today! \$1.00 postpaid. GOOD NEWS BOOKS, Dept. K. K., Box 236, Glencoe, Minn. 55336.

POPULAR pineapple-wheat doily (metallic) 14½" - \$2.35. R. K., 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

TWO "WILL" FORMS and "Booklet on Wills", \$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 4831KK, Los Angeles 48, California.

RECIPE MAGAZINE, pages and pages of delicious, nutritious recipes, hobbies, hints, contests, Shopping Centers, bi-monthly - \$1.00 year. 25¢ copy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sales Recipe Magazine, Windsor, Mo.

21 BIRTHDAY, Get-Well, or all-occasion cards. \$1.00. Gospel, Box 158A, Stratford, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHET HATS. These are toilet tissue covers. Any colors \$1.00 each postpaid. Orders filled same day. Sarah Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio 44203.

DREAM BOOKS - 1000 dreams. Cover predictions, visions, etc., - \$1.00. 10,000 dreams - \$5.00. Mystic Products, Box 713-K, Chicago 80, Ill.

CHURCH WOMEN: will print 150 page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

3 - 17th CENTURY teenage boys, paper dolls, with 4 pages of costume. Printed in black on white paper. To lightly paint or color. Send 30¢ to Mr. L. M. Johnston, Route 1, Baldwin, Kansas.

PRINT half aprons - \$1.25. Mrs. William Schwanz, Vail, Iowa.

SMALL doll clothes. Drastic reduction. Send for price list. Mrs. Jack Williams, Route 6, St. Joseph, Mo.

SHELLED PECANS, Black Walnuts, English Walnuts, Brazils, Cashews, Filberts, Almonds, Pepper, Carawayseed, Sage, Sassafras \$1.25Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$3.00Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

UNUSUAL COOKIE-BAR recipes. All delicious. Everyone loves them. \$1.00. Jaymark Products, Box 507-K, Janesville, Wisconsin.

KOWANDA METHODIST COOKBOOK - Loose leafed, plastic bound. Signed and tested. The very best. \$2.00. Postpaid. Mrs. Glen R. Paulsen, Rt. 2, Oshkosh, Nebraska.

LADIES SEAMLESS MESH NYLONS, serviceable sub standards, popular shades - \$1.25 dozen pairs postpaid. Willetta Sales, Box 284, Essex Station, Boston 12, Mass.

PHILIPPINE LILY BULBS: large white flowers, green throat, early bloomers, not hardy. Jumbo bulbs - \$1.25; 6 large - \$4.00; 6 medium - \$2.50. Postpaid. Russell Delk, Weldon, Iowa.

All records previously advertised in Kitchen-Klatter are available.

THE RECORD ROOM
Shenandoah, Iowa

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE

Amazing new liquid plastic coating used on all types of surfaces interior or exterior. Eliminates waxing when applied on Asphalt Tile, Vinyl, Linoleum, Vinyl Asbestos, Hard Wood, and Furniture. Completely eliminates painting when applied to Wood, Metal, or Concrete surfaces. This finish is also recommended for boats and automobiles.

NO COMPETITION

As these are exclusive formulas in demand by all businesses, industry and homes. No franchise fee. Minimum investment - \$300. Maximum investment - \$7,000. Investment is secured by inventory. Factory trained personnel will help set up your business.

For complete details and descriptive literature write:

CHEM-PLASTICS & PAINT CORP.
1828 Locust St. Louis 3, Mo.

SAVE \$5.00
OFF FACTORY-DIRECT PRICE!

on this
MONROE
FOLDING
TABLE

A \$32.95 Value
Now Only
\$27.95
F.O.B. COLFAX



Melamine
Plastic Top!

A \$32.95 value, this modern folding table is now only \$27.95 for limited time only! Heat-resistant, stainproof Melamine Plastic tan linen top... heavy gauge channel steel frame... tubular steel leg assemblies with automatic gravity-type locks. Popular 30" x 96" size. Send today for FREE Sale Bulletin!

FREE SALE BULLETIN!

Money-saving specials on tables, chairs, storage trucks, partitions, coat racks, etc. Send for FREE Bulletin today!

THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church Street Colfax, Iowa

I Remember Mother

by

Cora Ellen Sobieski



I remember Mother's teaching me the meaning of *serenity* by telling me every afternoon, when I was growing up, to take my nap. Youthful vigor wished to rebel but even though not sleepy I obeyed, and as I lay on my comfortable feather bed, the large oak tree outside my bedroom window waved its leafy branches at me and soon I was sleeping soundly. To this day I know the peaceful and refreshing effects of a daily nap. When the nap must be stolen from a hectic household schedule, the calm that ensues seems to make things run on an even keel. Sleep pads raw nerves so that nothing can be upsetting.

I remember Mother's teaching me *patience* simply by handing me a dust cloth and asking me to make the leaves of her many treasured rubber plants shine again. I always heaved a sigh, thinking of the boring job ahead of me. Every Saturday morning I dusted hundreds of rubber plant leaves and in so doing acquainted myself with patience. Patience and I became bosom friends, and to this day a tedious job holds no boredom for me; I think of Mother's rubber plants and get to work and my patience is once again renewed.

I remember Mother's sitting at her sewing machine and as she made it hum teaching me *humbleness*. Mother took a "bit of this" and a "bit of that" material and fashioned many beautiful creations. She accepted no applause for her sewing talents, teaching me that all talents are God-given and all thanks should rightly be accorded to the Giver. Now whenever I see pompous pride, I recall Mother at her sewing machine and it keeps me humble.

I remember Mother's teaching me *courageousness* as she flashed a bright smile and gaily waved my only brother off on the train carrying him to the armed forces during World War II. I remember Mother's smile, as soon as he was safely out of sight, getting narrower, then trembling, than completely cracking in heartbreaking sobs. I was to recall this lesson in courage years later when my own son underwent a serious operation and I had to pretend a bravery I didn't feel when in his presence.

I remember Mother's teaching me the beauty of *giving*; mainly, the giving of oneself. From early childhood I had always appeared in front of our church

congregation, reciting a piece at our annual Christmas program. At the age of fourteen I believed I was getting too big for these recitations, and told Mother so. Mother said simply, "No one is ever too big for God." That statement stuck with me all through the years, and now when there is any voluntary church work of any kind needed, I happily offer my services and consider it a wonderful privilege.

I remember Mother's teaching me there is much *happiness* in the things that some people take for granted. She got such great glows from simple things that some of her light transmitted to me, making many little things the source of happiness — my dog's wag-

ging tail, a letter from a friend, Christmas tree lights blinking through frosted windows, a bubble bath, homemade fudge.

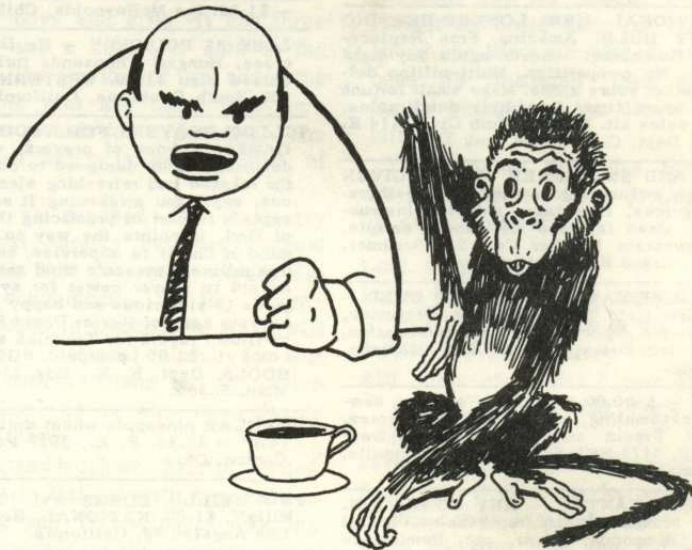
I remember her teaching me many things, but most of all I remember Mother's showing me how to be a mother.

TOUCH LIGHTLY

Lightly, touch lightly,
Such gossamer things
As flowers by moonlight,
And butterfly wings.
Such magic is not a commonplace thing,
It's brewed by the fairies
Of lovelight and spring.

—Lula Lamme

Don't Monkey With My Coffee!



Lots of us want — and need — to cut down on calories. And we know one easy way to do it is to cut out sugar. But we've hated to start, because we were afraid it meant the choice between no sweetening or unpleasant taste.

NOT ANY MORE.

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER cuts the calories out of your diet, but not the enjoyment. Because **KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER** has no unpleasant "artificial" taste. No bitter aftertaste. Just sweet, natural taste, so good on cereals, in coffee, in cooking and baking.

To cut calories without sacrificing sweet taste, reach for **KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER**. In the flip-top bottle, on your grocer's shelf.

KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER