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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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—H. Armstrong Roberts

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Most of the time I write to you from the old home base in Shenandoah, but this month I'm writing to you from my place in New Mexico. It isn't such a tremendous distance from Southwestern Iowa, mileage-wise, but as always, I feel that I've gone out of the States and into another world.

Myrt and I hadn't been out here since Christmas vacation and we really made this trip on the spur of the moment because Juliana had been with us in Iowa for a far too brief spring vacation and was most anxious for us to take her back if we could possibly manage it. I didn't mention Juliana's arrival on our radio visits because it all turned out in such a different fashion than I had envisioned. I'd planned a family dinner in her honor and I also wanted to entertain some of her old high school friends, but there wasn't time enough for any of this; and then too, her old friends had already had their spring vacations and were back on their various campuses by the time she arrived.

In the three days that she had at home she made the rounds to see everyone in the family (thank goodness her Aunt Dorothy was in town so she had a chance to see her), and put in long and painful sessions in the dentist's chair. She's only been to one dentist since she was three years old, so she just let her work stack up until she could get back to the one person in whom she feels great confidence. No one feels too spritely after a lot of dental work has been done, so you can see why there wasn't a chance for her to sit down in our little radio room and visit with you friends.

Only one thing at home really surprised her and that was when she

went out into the garden and dug around the small pool at the back to see if by some miracle the things she had planted when she was only six or seven years old could possibly still be there. They were! Many, many years ago she brought back from her Aunt Dorothy's and Uncle Frank's farm some anemones, maiden-hair ferns, Dutchman's britches and Jack-in-the-Pulpits and planted them in a shady area that seemed to her as close as she could get to the native timber where she had gotten them. It gave her a genuine thrill to see that after all of these years they were still coming right along.

We had beautiful weather for our drive down here and after leaving Shenandoah where there was still so little evidence of spring, we were happy to go only as far south as Topeka and see magnolias and redbuds in full bloom, to say nothing of daffodils and tulips. (Incidentally, I want to report in triumph that this time we did NOT miss the by-pass around Topeka!)

As we dropped more and more to the south and the west we had the sensation of having been through spring and practically started on summer. It seemed strange to see that most of the flowering bulbs were all through blooming and lilacs were on their way out. However, as we started to climb on U.S. 66 in New Mexico we began to return to spring all over again, and by the time we reached Santa Fe we were treated to the sight of Red Emperors, daffodils and grape hyacinths just reaching the peak of their bloom. In only 900 miles we certainly had a wide variety of seasons.

I'm downright happy to report that Juliana and her roommate have moved from the apartment that I described

to you in one of my letters. This is one of the few times I've ever heard about when people have improved their housing and paid less rent! Their new apartment is smaller but it is on ground level and so much sunnier and cheerful; furthermore, it is four blocks closer to the campus and this makes it easier to get back and forth to class.

Do you remember the Siamese cat that appeared on the cover picture along with Juliana and Chris? Well, much to their great sorrow it disappeared into thin air just before they moved from the old apartment. They were really devoted to that cat and searched for it endlessly, to say nothing of making trips to the Animal Shelter, running an ad in the paper, etc., but never again was it seen. They think that it was stolen because at the same time a Chihuahua that belonged to one of the students disappeared.

This last weekend Juliana came up from Albuquerque with two friends and since it was a very warm and lovely spring day we decided to have an old-fashioned picnic at Nambe Falls. I believe that this is the single most beautiful place I have ever been when a picnic was involved. We drive through winding, twisting roads to reach the Nambe Indian reservation and then wait a goodly spell at the gate until some little Indian boy or girl comes to unlock it and let us through. (They charge 25¢ per person to use the picnic grounds and it's cheap at that price.)

Once through the gate there is a drive of about eight miles through rugged desert that looks exactly like a background for a western movie, but then all of a sudden the road turns sharply and there you are in a beautiful green glade with a roaring mountain stream dashing along. Picnic benches are placed right beside the water and it is a perfectly delightful place to eat. I have never seen the Falls because one must walk about a half-mile up a cliff to reach them, but Russell has photographed them and they are spectacular.

Every time I go there I think about the future when that lovely place will be buried at the bottom of a lake. A tremendous water conservation program has now been started (they first tried to get this measure through Congress back in the twenties) and when it is completed, seven big dams

(Continued on page 22)

A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

As I sit at my typewriter this beautiful spring day, the sun is shining brightly and the gorgeous early flowers are nodding their heads to and fro in the gentle breeze. When Kristin was a little girl at home, a day like this would have found us walking through the timber in search of bluebells, Dutchmen's britches, violets, sweet Williams, and the tiny little May flowers. I know that our daughter is also thinking about this because the other day we got a letter from her which included two short verses she had written, both of them titled "Spring". The first one conveyed her thoughts of what spring means to her this year in far away Wyoming where she is teaching. The last line was "These happy smiles." The other one was about spring on the farm: the wild flowers, baby animals, and the tractors humming in the fields. The last line was "These funny tears." After reading them Frank and I agreed that Kristin might be a little homesick.

I sat right down and wrote her that so far this spring there had been no tractors humming in the fields, at least on our farm. This has been one of those wet, discouraging years for most of the farmers in Iowa. After several days of warm sunshine and strong drying winds, Frank will check the fields and decide that by the next afternoon he will be able to do some discing. Then during the night comes another thunder shower. When we think about all the people who worked day and night trying to save their homes and property along the mighty Mississippi River, we have so much to be thankful for. Our hearts go out to them.

It was my privilege this year to be the daughter in our family to take Mother to Hampton, Iowa, to attend the fifth annual house party of the Iowa Mothers Association. This is the group of former Iowa State Mothers and the Merit Mothers (those who have been nominated for this honor through the years), who get together once a year to honor and pay tribute to the newly named Iowa Mother. This year they were honoring Mrs. J.S. Van Wert whose home is in Hampton.

The Iowa Association, which is an affiliate of the American Mothers Committee, Inc., was first organized five years ago in Iowa City. I took Mother to this first house party, and Margery has taken her every year since. I was especially happy to be able to



Mrs. M. H. Driftmier helped her daughter Dorothy with the basting on the dress Juliana is wearing in the picture on page 18.

get away this year to take her and renew my acquaintances with all of these wonderful women, and to make many new friends.

The program and festivities were to start early Saturday morning, and since Hampton is quite a long distance from Shenandoah, we decided to leave on Friday morning. With such a plan we could have a nice leisurely trip and Mother would be well rested before the activities started. Mrs. Carroll Johnson of Shenandoah, a Merit Mother in 1961, went with us. We had a nice day for traveling. The sky was overcast but it was nice and warm. It was noon when we reached Des Moines so we drove off the highway a few blocks to the Merle Hay Plaza to have lunch and spend an hour looking around in shops. Mother had never been to this shopping center before so she particularly enjoyed it.

We arrived in Hampton about 4:00 and went straight to the Gold Key Motel where we had reservations, and which was to be the House Party headquarters. Our accommodations couldn't have been more convenient for us, since most of the meetings and meals were held in the Gold Key Restaurant located just across the yard from our rooms.

Several of Mother's old friends arrived on Friday, also, so we got together for dinner and had a good visit.

Saturday morning was taken up with registration and a business meeting. I want to say here that all of the festivities were organized and planned by the Franklin County Farm Bureau women, the group who sponsored Mrs. Van Wert as the Iowa State Mother. They did a wonderful job! I'm sure Mrs. Van Wert is known to many of you readers since she has been very active in state and national Farm Bureau affairs. During the business meeting she gave a very interesting report of the Young Mothers Council Service which is sponsored by the

Iowa Mothers Association, and of which she has been chairman the past year. She introduced several of the members who had organized council service clubs in their communities, and they told of the enthusiasm among the young mothers in these discussion groups, and of their various activities.

The luncheon at noon was held at the Dreierdale Restaurant, and was sponsored by the Men's Service organizations of Hampton. Following a delicious meal and a lovely program, the women were taken on a bus tour of the Hampton community, after which they went to the lovely home of Mrs. Enid Robinson for a tea sponsored by the Farm Bureau women.

We were back at the Gold Key for the evening banquet. A very delightful program was given by members of the county 4-H clubs, two foreign students, who were visiting farms in the county that weekend, and several of Mrs. Van Wert's friends.

On Sunday morning the convention guests attended services together at the First Christian Church, Mrs. Van Wert's home church. The Reverend Kenneth Davis delivered an excellent sermon on "The Aim of Parenthood".

The recognition program and the presentation of the award to Mrs. Van Wert was held in the afternoon at the high school auditorium. Afterwards, a public reception honoring this community's much-loved Iowa State Mother, was given by the ladies of the First Christian Church. We were sorry we couldn't participate in the entire day's activities but Mother felt she should be getting home to Dad and we had a long drive ahead of us. Dad was watching for us and was interested in a detailed account of the trip.

One of the little sidelights I got a kick out of and want to mention, is the fact that so many of the mothers were so proudly wearing grandmother bracelets with jingling charms representing each grandchild. There was much comparing and proud displaying of their charms, noting how many had been added for grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Before Mother left for the convention she had her bracelet brought up to date, adding the charm for her great-grandson Andrew and replacing one that had fallen off and become lost.

My space has run out, so I will say goodbye for this month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy



Measure of a Man

The title for this banquet suggests the decorations and theme. Use various instruments of measurement, such as yardsticks, tape measures, rulers, plumb lines, etc.

Sketch an oversized tape measure on a length of wrapping paper, and write various humorous fortunes beside different measurement markings. Fasten this fortune tape at the side of a door frame, and have the guests "measure" themselves beside it as they arrive to learn their fortunes. "Five foot two, you're adorable in blue"; "You measure just six foot even. Beware of a man who is named Steven"; or "Though your measurement's a little short, good things come in small packages, Sport!" are possibilities.

For the centerpiece use a low floral arrangement, sticking several plastic rulers in a variety of colors fanwise among the flowers. Swirl tape measures around the base of the container.

A novel program booklet could be patterned after a carpenter's folding measuring tape. Make the sections, 6" by 1", of heavy paper with markings in black. Fasten the strips together with metal paper fasteners. Write the menu, program numbers, etc., on the sections, and fold it together. On the top section print the title theme, "The Measure of a Man".

Place a miniature ruler, made by covering a stick of gum with colored paper and marking "inches" in black, in each nut cup.

Tape measures and yardsticks can be placed down the centers of the tables. Candles can be marked off in inches and quarter inches. Cut narrow strips of crepe paper for "tape measures", mark them in black, and tie with a bow around each candleholder.

For wall decorations, use large placards on which are written various sayings, using terms of measurement, such as: "Give an inch; take a mile", "All wool and a yard wide", "Inch your way in", or "Wrong by the foot; repent by the yard".

PROGRAM

Scriptures: (to be read responsively by a father and son.)

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: And you shall love the Lord

*A Father-Son Banquet by
Mabel Nair Brown*

your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might.

For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

And these words which I command you this day shall be upon your heart; and you shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk to them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

And you shall bind them as a sign upon your hand, and they shall be as frontlets to your eyes.

So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

And you shall write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.

So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

INVOCATION

Welcome:

Welcome — with a capital "W",
Glad welcome to you all;
To those dear sons who've here assembled,
Along side "little boys grown tall"! May you spend a happy evening
Sharing food, and thought, and song,
In a special kind of fellowship
That you'll treasure all life long.

Salute to Dads: The measure of a man! What is the measure of a dad? I'm sure many of you recognized part of the Scriptures as the Shema, revered Scriptures chanted by the Jews for over two thousand years — words diligently taught to the boy Jesus — yet as important in the Christian training of our children today as in those centuries ago! It is a wise father who recognizes the wisdom and importance of this Christian nurture in the home. By his diligence in this nurture is he measured. *Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.*

Perhaps all sons look up to their fathers and expect them to be a Superman. The strange thing is that many of them seem almost to attain this stature.

Someone has given this measurement of a real man:

"One who has self-confidence, but doesn't show it; who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy, and who keeps his word, his temper, and his friends. One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful; who understands people and can make himself understood by people. He is one who has a steady eye, a steady nerve, a steady tongue, and steady habits, and who is silent when he has nothing to say."

Big measurements? Yes, but it takes big measurements to make a big man, the man each of us feels we know in our dad, and the sort of man we hope we will become.

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers", by all.

Salute to Sons: I'd like to share with you some words by that grand old statesman, Herbert Hoover. He said, "The older I grow, the more I appreciate children . . . Children are the most wholesome part of the race, the sweetest, for they are the freshest from the hand of God. Whimsical, ingenious, mischievous, they fill the world with joy and good humor. We adults live a life of apprehension as to what they will think of us; a life of defense against their terrifying energy; a life of hard work to live up to their great expectations. We put them to bed with a sense of relief — and greet them in the morning with delight and anticipation. We envy them the freshness of adventure and the discovery of life. In all these ways, children add to the wonder of being alive. In all these ways, they help to keep us young."

Yes, all these things you have been, and are to us, our sons. Sometimes we get a bit put out with you, but probably then it's "just us" — like the grandfather who complained, "My, my! What's wrong with the younger generation?"

"The main thing, I think," soothed grandma, "is that too many of us don't belong to it anymore."

So, boys, if we don't keep up with you, bear with us; we're trying. How we enjoy watching you grow to the measurements of a man, hoping always that you grow as the boy Jesus did "in wisdom and in stature".

Musical Number: (A barbershop quartette singing two or three rousing selections. If the men wear derby or top
(Continued on page 21)



Happy Is the Bride

by

Lilian Rothman and Joseph Arkin

Whether kissing the bride or cutting the cake at a wedding is more fun is a debatable question. Probably most men would say that they don't like cake.

Of course, the groom is obliged (not that he objects) to kiss the bride in public, immediately after the ceremony. Everyone else is permitted to kiss her at the reception, "catch as catch can". In days gone by, they used to pay a coin for the privilege and the groom collected the money.

Wedding customs as we know them today were practiced, in one form or another, long, long ago. Some have their origin in romance, others in practical matters, but most are based on good luck omens.

In primitive times, for instance, grain was the emblem of fertility and forecasted happiness, which is why we throw rice after the newlyweds. An old Greek custom was to pour flour and sweetmeats over the happy couple, to symbolize an abundance of all that is good and sweet and desirable.

The wedding cake, too, stems from this same ancient tradition.

In England, at one time, it was customary to throw a plate of shortbread after the bridal pair. The friends scrambled for the pieces and it was considered great good fortune to get a piece. Later, this cake was made larger and more elaborate, and pieces were distributed in little boxes as a souvenir. There is a belief that any man a girl dreams about while sleeping on a friend's wedding cake will be her future husband!

And, if she has managed to catch the bride's bouquet too, well, so much the better. Our American tradition that the bouquet catcher will be the next beau catcher dates back to the 1870's when the bride's sheaf of roses consisted of as many bouquets as she had attendants. In one bouquet a ring was hidden. The lucky girl who caught the ring bouquet would be the next bride.

Originally, when the bride was crowned with myrtle leaves, she tossed her crown among her maids after eating three leaves of it for health's sake.

At another time in history, the bride took off her garter and threw that, but such "shocking" behavior was frowned upon and was soon discarded. But the significance of the garter was not, and today brides often choose to wear their "something blue" in the form of a garter.

It all goes back to the insignia of the Order of the Garter, the oldest Order of Knighthood in the world, which is worn by British royalty. Although now a wide blue ribbon is placed across the chest, it was formerly worn on the left arm, like a garter.

The true origin of the veil is shrouded in mystery, but one could guess that it is linked to the old belief that the groom must not see his intended on the wedding day. One early writer suggested that the veil originated with a Goddess who came from the sea to meet her bridegroom with her face concealed in mist. But, throughout the ages, the white veil has been symbolic of marriage.

The veil is mentioned many times in the Bible. In ancient Rome, Christian brides wore veils made of linen, silk, or cotton. In Jerusalem, during the early days of Christianity, a bride was veiled with white wool, hand woven of the same fabric as her dress.

It was during Shakespeare's time that the lace veil first made its appearance in England. In America, they say, it was George Washington's granddaughter who revived the wearing of the veil.

As the story goes, one day Nellie Curtis saw her fiancée through an open window and called to him. The fresh lace curtains framed her head and she playfully drew them together under her chin. Her beloved called out, "My darling, you'll never look prettier on your wedding day," and threw her a kiss. So, a few days later, for the wedding, Nellie surprised him by pinning a long lace scarf to her hair, letting it float around her face and down her back. Thereafter, the veil was considered an essential part of the bridal costume.

Essential, too, were favorable weather conditions. Everyone has heard the expression, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on." Primitive men recognized the power of the sun and believed, therefore, that the bride who married on a sunny day would be happy and prosperous. And so sunshine has always been deemed a good omen.

Still, there's no cause for alarm if it snows, instead. In Iceland and Norway, a snowstorm was regarded as fortunate because then the "storms of life were over with".

June full moon was pronounced the most auspicious time for nuptials by the Romans, and this pagan custom has influenced the wedding date to the present era.

During the middle ages it was firmly believed that even the days of the week were lucky or unlucky for marriages. He who married on Friday would die a poor man even though he wed a rich wife, and he who married on a Wednesday would live to be deceived!

The bridal trousseau, too, could be a lucky charm...if the bride had placed a bit of handwork — even one stitch — on every piece in her hope chest. In the old days, girls were taught to sew at a very young age, so they could begin the embroidery on their sheets and linens, thereby insuring their marital happiness.

Children have been included in the wedding party since tribal times because they represented the fruitfulness of marriage. From this idea came the flower girl and the ring bearer. Little girls, in particular, assured the bride of a happy family. Who doesn't recall a shy, much dressed up little girl, who remembered to turn around and stare at the bride half-way down the aisle, but invariably forgot to scatter her rose petals as she was supposed to.

Besides roses, we associate orange blossoms with the bride. The custom of wearing orange blossoms is based on a legend about the first lucky girl who wore this flower. She was a gardener's daughter and could not marry the youth of her choice because there was no money for her dowry.

Day after day, she walked through the orange groves, praying that a way might be found for her to wed. A French nobleman, who had overheard her, offered to pay generously for a slip of one of these trees, which the Spanish royal gardeners had refused to sell him. The girl easily secured a twig, and she was rewarded with a gold purse. This provided her dowry

(Continued on page 20)

THIS IS A BUSY MONTH FOR FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I don't know any place in the world — except, perhaps, the North Pole and the South Pole — where this time of the year is not a beautiful time. When people say to me: "Oh you simply must visit North Carolina in May or June," I reply: "May and June are beautiful months anywhere." Isn't it true? We hear people talk about Paris in the spring, but I can tell you for a fact that Omaha, or San Francisco in the spring are nice too. After all, when the weather is pleasant, and flowers and crops are growing, everywhere is lovely. Certainly this is a perfectly beautiful time of the year here in New England. Have you ever seen our White Mountains in the spring? From our house we can look out toward the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains, and they have the loveliest coloring during May and June. My favorite time of day for looking at the hills is just after sunset when the haze is beginning to drift in.

Do you suppose there is any city in the world that is not faced with some kind of a really serious problem — race problem, slum problem, crime problem, water problem, traffic problem, etc? Because of the fact that I am the minister of a large urban church, I frequently serve on municipal committees of one kind or another — committees organized to study and to solve various problems. For the past several years I have been very much involved in the welfare problems of our city. As Chairman of the Board of Public Welfare I help to administer a department that spends more than ten million dollars a year. Just think of it! In a town of 175,000 we have a welfare budget of ten million dollars.

Actually, our situation is a bit unique here in Springfield. Because of the great influx of migrant labor to work in the tobacco fields of the Connecticut River Valley, we have a larger transient welfare load than do most other cities in New England. So many families come up the river looking for work, and always there are more workers than there are jobs. It is one thing to tell an able-bodied man or woman that no welfare is available for them and that they should move on looking for a job elsewhere, and it is another thing entirely where there are children involved. Always our biggest concern is for the welfare of the children. In most family crises, the children are the innocent parties.



Mary Leanna Driftmier, daughter of Frederick and Betty, will be graduating from Northfield School for Girls this June. She plans to attend Middlebury College in Vermont this coming fall.

One of my neighbors came to the door last evening asking me to sign a petition requesting the governor of our state to save our city from having to chlorinate its water supply. What a blow it was when we citizens of Springfield who for years and years have been boasting that we have the finest and purest water in the United States were told that we had to purify the water! We can't believe it! Our good water has been one of our few claims to fame. We love our water! It comes from mountain streams and lakes and is naturally filtered through crystal clear sand. We really don't understand why we should add chlorine to it, but nevertheless I refused to sign the petition asking help from the governor. Why am I to know or who am I to prove the condition of the water. If all the top experts say the water should have the added protection of chlorine, it would be wrong of me to object.

Only once before did we have water trouble in the city, and that was the result of all the salt used on the mountain highways in the winter. You know how much the state highway people rely on salt chemicals of one kind or another to keep the ice off the roads, but have you ever thought about where the chemicals go from the roads? They run off in the melted snow and ice and eventually get into streams and rivers that feed the municipal water supplies. More than one city has been having that problem lately.

This is the time of the year when I am busy making baccalaureate sermons and an occasional commencement address. We have three large colleges in the city, and this year I am giving

the baccalaureate sermon for two of them. One will be given here in our church on a Sunday afternoon, and the other will be given out-of-doors in a lovely garden. But our most important commencement activity will be the graduation of Mary Leanna from the Northfield School for Girls.

It doesn't seem possible that it was four years ago she went off to school. She seemed like such a little girl then, and she really was one of the smallest girls in the ninth-grade class, but now she is every inch a lady. We have been very pleased with the high academic standards of the Northfield School, but we have been even more pleased with the fine Christian training Mary Leanna has received there. At Northfield the girls must study the Bible in a classroom situation each year. As a matter of fact, the Bible course is one of the most difficult courses in the school.

This summer Mary Leanna will be working at Star Island, a church conference center just off the coast of New Hampshire. She went there one summer a few years ago to attend a church camp for young people, and now she is going back to work as a waitress in the main dining room. Betty and I hope to visit the island before the summer is over. The only time we have seen it has been from the air as we looked down from the plane that brought us home from England last spring.

In the fall, Mary Leanna will enroll at Middlebury College, a fine school tucked away in the mountains of Vermont. The college has an excellent reputation for scholarship, and is also noted for its winter sports activities. Many famous ski resorts are near-by, and since she loves to ski, she should have a nice time there. Now, at last, I shall have a good reason for driving to Vermont. All these years we have lived so close and yet have seen so little of that beautiful state.

It was just twenty years ago this month that I was ordained a minister of the Congregational Christian Churches. It seems only a few months ago that I knelt before the altar in the beautiful chapel at Yale University and received the little ceremony of "the laying on of hands" as my Yale professors ordained me. When I think how much I did not know then that I know now, I say a fervent prayer of gratitude to God for His gracious leading. How often in difficult hours of decision I have felt God's nearness to me. I do not regret a single day of my ministry, and I urge every young man who loves the Church to consider this blessed calling. Sincerely,

Frederick

ABIGAIL PLANS A PARTY FOR EMILY

Dear Friends:

Certainly before any of you started to read this letter you looked first at the picture on this page. I'm sure that Margery and Oliver will be bursting with pride the night when this fine son of theirs receives his high school diploma. But my! it makes some of us feel awfully old to see Martin finishing public school!

It really is amazing how much these senior class boys change in appearance from the junior year through graduation. I was looking at Emily's school annual the other day and this was so apparent. The girls' faces didn't seem to change nearly so much this last year — in spite of the radical changes in hair styles. Of course, if it makes me feel quite a little older to think about Martin's graduation, you can imagine what it does to me to think of Emily as a senior. And both thoughts followed right on the heels of my fortieth birthday!

However, as time continues its relentless pace, it does bring rewards. Just last night we had the pleasure of watching Emily initiated as a full member of the National Honor Society. She was one of the fortunate sophmores who was selected a year ago as a provisional member. She was successful in maintaining her grades and service this year culminating in last night's proud moment.

Emily has a very full schedule late this week and one that promises a lot of fun besides her first serious venture into political activity. It is centered mostly around the annual convention of the Colorado Episcopal Youth. Friday night is the annual Bishop's Youth Ball. At this elegantly formal occasion a king and queen are chosen on the basis of service to the church. One of the finalists is a boy from our own youth group. With so much interest aroused in this event among our "Teen-angels", Emily asked if she could entertain at a party at home before the ball. I'll give details on our plans for this in a paragraph or so.

Saturday morning is the convention proper and Emily has decided to run for state president. And my! the turmoil over the decisions involved in this! Her chief political strategy seems to have involved the choice of her nominator. She has asked a boy to give this speech who is such a natural wit,



Martin Erik Strom, Oliver's and Margery's son, graduates from high school this month, also. He will be enrolling at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, in September.

she figures if her record won't win the election, his entertaining speech should!

I hope the convention adjourns in time for an afternoon nap for Emily. That night her school is having its annual carnival and this is a rather strenuous occasion that "can't possibly be missed".

Now about Emily's pre-ball party. First of all, let me say that we have stayed pretty clear of high school age private parties. They seem to have a frightening reputation for either becoming a little wild or else becoming entirely too boring. On this occasion we figure the guests will be too dressed up to be loud, and they won't be around long enough to become unduly bored.

The guest list is made up of the youngsters from our own youth group, their sponsors and our Episcopal priest and his wife, as well as Emily's close friends and youth group asso-

SHADES OF THOREAU

Give me a cabin in the shade,
A foot of hill, or in a glade,
Away from all the rush and roar
Of super highways at my door,
And sound of supersonic boom,
Where trailing vines and lilacs bloom,
Instead of tar upon the street,
The honeysuckle scent is sweet
With fragrance like no rare perfume.
And give me lots of elbow room,
Where birds spontaneously sing
At first appearances of spring.
I want no jewels nor brocade,
But just a cabin in the shade.

—Gladise Kelly

ciates from throughout the Denver area — and their dates, naturally. The ball begins at 9:00, so the guests are invited for 8:00 for a "stand-up" dessert. There are too many invited to seat everyone; also, we're quite sure they will choose varying times of arrival.

The refreshments will be confined to easy-to-eat, non-messy items that aren't easily spilled on formal clothes. We're serving tall glasses containing sherbert topped with lemon-lime soda, two kinds of dip, an assortment of chips, and two varieties of tea cookies, and small squares of chocolate brownies.

With this sort of party almost everything is done ahead of time, which I think makes any occasion a breeze. And the party can hardly fall flat (the dread fear of any hostess, but especially a teenage one) because it simply can't last long enough. I've included these details because I thought they might strike a responsive note with some of you. Perhaps in the coming months you could adapt this idea to suit your child's wish for a teenage party.

Alison isn't old enough to attend the ball, of course, but she will be an excellent assistant hostess here at home. This will give her a golden opportunity to display her current menagerie — the fish in the aquarium, the turtle, and her new hamster, Patrick. Lucky, our poodle, will be broken-hearted at being confined to the backyard, but guests make him too wild with excitement. I suspect that when Clark receives his ultimatum to get cleaned up or disappear, he'll do the latter!

My letter this month is shorter than usual. I've been writing it under a bit of a handicap — limited use of my right arm. A severe bout with bursitis in my right shoulder couldn't have picked a more inconvenient time. Gardening and golf weather are at the peak of perfection and I can't engage in either. This sort of ailment is new to me and I can't claim to accept the nuisance graciously. It's most annoying to have something so insignificant hurt so much, but then that sort of lament undoubtedly is common to all who have always been blessed with robust health. However, getting this letter written and typed is rather painful so I'll bid a rather hasty "good-bye". I plan to have the situation under better control before I write again.

Sincerely,
Abigail

The Rumbling in the Roost

by
Carole Hefley Reese



It's moving time again in the big gray house on the corner. No, we aren't moving in or out; we're just moving around within the house. Usually outward appearances would indicate that life is peaceful in our house, but the neighbors know differently. If they don't see plaster being carried out our back door occasionally, they become worried that one of us might be ill.

You see, my husband and I decided to pioneer our wedded bliss in an old house, and life has never been the same since. At first we nicknamed our house "The Old Barn". It seemed a fitting description, since we moved into it from a three-room apartment and didn't own enough furniture to fill even the four downstairs rooms. The upstairs, like so much sky overhead, we chose to ignore at first. A few years and two children later we decided the old barn was just a mere chicken coop!

I'll never forget the day we moved in. The house didn't look so appealing now that it was empty. We walked through those naked rooms, stripped of their furniture, and the bare truth jumped out at us. For the first time we got a good look at the floors. Most of the varnish was gone and I didn't dare walk too close to the chimney. It looked like a short cut to the basement and I didn't need a broken leg just then. We had learned lesson number one about buying a house. Next time around, we would tell the seller to please excuse us while we rolled up the rugs to take a second look.

It was too late then to have regrets; we'd already signed away the next quarter of a century. For an awful moment I had visions of my new spouse and me, wrinkled and gray, sitting in the rain beside the collapsed house, still writing checks for the monthly payments!

I had read somewhere that people buy a home because they fall in love with its outside appearance, and I know that's what we did. What was the difference if the inside didn't suit us? We could solve that by a few changes.

It didn't bother me that I'd never held a paint brush and even though my bridegroom claimed carpenter ability, I had until then never witnessed more than his grand hanging of a picture.

Now, after six years, I can tell you with authority that there is nothing like remodeling an old house. You haven't known frustration until you've torn off wallpaper and wondered how much your toddler was eating. And you haven't known togetherness until you and your mate lay tile at one a.m. because that's the only time the children won't bother you. The hands that never touched a paint brush are now calloused — we've been around the outside with paint the second time — and the carpenter husband can not only hang a picture but build the wall to hang it on!

I feel sorry for people who live in new houses. They miss so many joys, adventures, blisters, and backaches that go with bringing an old house up to standard of modern living. They miss that secret yearning to discover money that someone may have stashed away. The only thing we ever found, unfortunately, were two basketfuls of shredded paper in one of the walls.

My husband thinks he'd be luckier to be married to a woman content to move her furniture around now and then. Instead, he has had to move whole rooms around! I had a little trouble reaching a decision about a few details. We moved the living room twice, the kitchen once, and the master bedroom five times! I won't even mention the two walls we subtracted upstairs or the one we added.

Long ago we stopped calling our home "The Old Barn" and decided to call it our "Roost". We've even planned a sign for the yard with a rooster on it with all our names. The head of the house says I can have the sign anytime — just as soon as I decide where to put it.

ONE OF LIFE'S LESSONS

A little boy was learning how
To be a Christian true.
He learned the first of many things
Was heed the golden rule.
He learned of things that he must do
And those that he must not,
But found it very hard indeed
To do as he'd been taught.
To help him on life's road one day,
His father said to him,
"We'll use this post here in the yard,
And up here near the rim
You put a nail each time you do
A deed you wished you'd not.
It'll be a record of those things;
I think you'll learn a lot."
And so the boy with honest heart
Did this strange record keep;
And though he was an average lad,
The post many nails did reap.
His dad was right about the post
For the boy did understand,
And he improved in many ways
'Till his faults he had in hand.
But now the boy was much ashamed
Of the post with all the nails;
It seemed to him for all to see
The post told many tales.
The father, too, and so agreed
The nails should all come out,
And so he pulled them, everyone;
That's how it came about
He learned another lesson which
Many a life has marred:
Though he'd pulled out all the nails
The nails had bitter scarred;
The post could never be the same
As it had been before,
For each nail had left its mark
And on his life e'en more.
Each deed had left its imprint there,
So though each sin's forgiven,
We must not waste a single day,
In careless, thoughtless living.

—Louise Priefert

IT ISN'T NECESSARILY SO

What most people think "isn't necessarily so". For example most people think Portland Cement comes from Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Maine. But it doesn't come from Portland anywhere. It looks like Portland stone, which comes from England.

Most people also think chop suey comes from China, but it doesn't. It was invented in Brooklyn, N. Y., not by a Chinese, but by an Italian.

And the world-famous Italian dish, spaghetti isn't really Italian. It was brought from China to Italy by Marco Polo.

Most people would think you were crazy if you said that tomatoes, bananas, and pineapple are berries, but berries they are.



NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

Last month when I wrote you about placing our house on the market, I never dreamed that before a week had passed we would have signed a paper accepting an offer to buy from a young couple. Having our first obstacle successfully hurdled, Donald and I were faced squarely with the need to decide whether we were going to buy or build. If to build a house was the final conclusion, we had to find a place to live for the summer.

To date we have settled one of these questions. We are going to build, but not a duplicate of the tri-level house in which we're now living. We have found an old-standby-style house that is going to suit our needs perfectly, and that is a two-story house. It will have a utility room on the first floor rather than in the basement, and in a great many respects we think we'll like living in it better than living in a split level house. Our builder expects to have the house completed by September, and that leaves the one big question. Where are we going to be this summer?

Both Grandparents have invited and made us welcome at their homes as have other members of the family, but I think we'll try to find a place to rent up here. I don't think I could live out of a suitcase all summer long. We'll have some big decisions to report to you next month.

I seem to have an affinity for forgetting to pack something, and this business of packing for a three- or four-month period gives me cause to think! When we were in Anderson for spring vacation, I packed the children's suitcases and managed to keep my bearings, but by the time it came to *my* packing I must have lost interest, because I took one wool jumper with a blouse to match as my only "dressy" dress. The balance of clothing were slacks and casual garments, and things got a little tense when I had church to attend and several friends to call on when my only dress was beginning to look a little wilted.

Fortunately, Mother took me shopping for a dress as a birthday present, so the one occasion I wanted to be looking a little extra nice I was able to put on a fresh dress. I couldn't understand why my mother and Donald were so concerned with my getting "dressed up" for this particular evening out. Mother even brought in a selection of her earrings to make sure I was at-



Lucile was delighted that her daughter Juliana could come home for a short spring vacation. This was taken in Lucile's kitchen before broadcasting time. Juliana couldn't visit with you due to dental work.

tractively finished-up. (I had also failed to pack any jewelry for myself.) I thought everybody had gone a little overboard on dressing me like a show pony, because the evening was just to be a sit-and-chat type evening with one of my childhood friends and her husband. We had continued our relationship as young mothers and ours was certainly a casual, informal-type friendship. Frankly, I intended to apologize to her for arriving so formally.

However, when we stepped into her living room, here she and her husband stood, also formally dressed. She had her living room candles lit and everything was simply beautiful. I thought to myself that I had slipped somewhat in our four years in Milwaukee. These friends of mine weren't so casual as I had allowed myself to become. The thought flashed through my mind that I must be getting careless to presume **on visiting a good friend without doing** her the courtesy of looking groomed. We chatted a little and I commented on her beautiful candles and immaculate house. (She has three active children, too, and I know how difficult it is to present such an appearance.) Then she invited me to the kitchen to see what they had-and there, sitting around the kitchen table and standing everywhere, were the clan that comprised all of Donald's and my dearest friends. They had gathered for a surprise birthday party for me! I was really stunned. There was a beautiful late buffet supper, complete with two birthday cakes, and most amusing array of birthday presents imaginable.

My children were bug-eyed at the gifts I toted home, particularly a sand-box toy filled with cinnamon balls and candy.

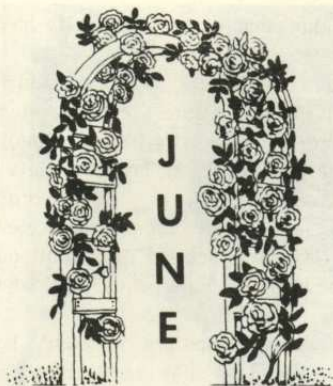
We had a truly unforgettable evening. No matter how nice the new friends that a person makes in a new town, there is never anything to equal the comfort of being with old friends.

These were girls that I had known since we were little tykes, literally. We had a "Sunshine Club" when we were seven through eleven when we would gather monthly at one another's homes to eat and giggle and be silly. (I couldn't help but be amazed to see us all grown and married, with a total of 19 children at home with sitters and grandmas.) And we were still eating and giggling and being silly. Don't think I wasn't glad I had allowed myself to be dressed to the teeth for this "casual" evening out.

All of the husbands in this crowd had become well acquainted during the years we had lived in Anderson, so they had lots to discuss. One of the couples had driven in from out of town, which delighted me. She was in our wedding party and our Adrienne is named for her. I'll have many warm memories of that party. Our hostess will never realize how deeply touched I was that she should go to so much work and planning to gather everyone together for a party just because Donald and I were in town, and she knew we would enjoy seeing everyone at once.

I haven't too much to report about the younger generation in this letter.

(Continued on page 18)



by
Mildred D. Cathcart

June, on the early calendars, claimed only twenty-nine days, and was the fourth month. When Julius Caesar remade the calendar, however, June became the sixth month with thirty days.

There are many interesting theories about the naming of June. One theory says that June is derived from the Latin word *juniores* which means "young men". Romulus set aside the month of May to honor the elders, who served in the Council. So the month of June was dedicated to the young men who served in the army.

Another group contends the name June is derived from *jungo*, meaning "to join". This joining is in honor of the union between the Romans and the Sabines. Others believe that June was named for Junius Brutus, the first Consul.

I am sure that most of us prefer to accept the theory that June is named for Juno, known among the ancient people as the Queen of Heaven and the patron goddess of marriage. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, was worshipped by the women because she was supposed to protect anything related to a happy marriage. The first day of each month was a sacred day set aside to honor Juno, and the whole sixth month was dedicated to her.

Because of this Juno worship, many chose to be married in the month of June, a custom which has continued to this modern age. The Romans also adopted the custom of placing the engagement and the wedding rings upon the third finger of the left hand. They believed that a vein ran directly from this finger to the heart. When the bridegroom placed the ring upon the bride's finger, she was offering her heart together. Likewise the wedding band is put on the finger first and then the engagement ring, signifying that the wedding band is nearer to the heart. The unbroken band was used for the wedding band as a symbol of unity.

REMEMBER WHEN YOU SAID "I DO"

Ideas for Anniversaries

by
Mabel Nair Brown

FAVORS: Since you're honoring VIP (Very Important People), make a VIP badge for each guest. Cut a large circle of white construction paper with pinking shears. Cut two 2½-inch lengths of ribbon in the wedding colors. Glue these to the bottom of the badge, slanting or notching the ends. Mount a snapshot of the anniversary couple on the white circle. Write the wedding date on the ribbons.

TWIN WEDDING RING CAKES: Bake a white and a chocolate cake in identical ring mold pans. Ice in white and chocolate, decorating with frosting frills. Place side by side on a large tray. Fill the centers with nosegays of garden flowers, and encircle the cakes with matching flowers.

Ring salads can also be made in individual ring molds. Decorate with cherries or pimiento to represent flowers.

Just for fun, use paper sacks lavishly for a first anniversary. Set a container of flowers in a brown paper bag with its top neatly folded down. Similar bags can hold casserole dishes or be used as bread baskets.

UNUSUAL CENTERPIECES may be created using kitchen utensils which may have been in use at time of wedding, but are now somewhat outdated. Can't you see flowers used with a coffee grinder, a copper teakettle, or arranged with an old-fashioned potato masher, butter paddle, etc.?

GOLD LEAVES can be used in a variety of ways for a golden anniversary, and inexpensively so. If you have a collection of dried leaves, spray them. Leaves of various garden flowers or shrubs can be sprayed "fresh from the garden" to add golden foliage for floral arrangements just as professional florists do. If it's a silver anniversary, use silver spray.

WOOD SHAVINGS in a wooden salad bowl make an attractive and interesting

Whether the theories of the origins of these customs are fictitious or true, June has remained the chosen month for weddings. The flower is the rose and the gem is the pearl.

And who can argue with James Russell Lowell when he says, "What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever comes perfect days?"

centerpiece for the fifth anniversary. A wood shaving can be used as the place card.

For a tenth anniversary centerpiece use a shiny colander which stands in a frame. Place a container inside with an arrangement of flowers, some of which trail over the side. Mold tiny wedding bells from aluminum foil, attach to narrow ribbon, and tie a cluster of these to the handle of the colander. Run ribbon streamers from the handle to each table setting, ending with clusters of the foil bells for the women guests to wear.

ALUMINUM OR TIN FUNNELS can be used in a variety of ways for decorations for the tin or the silver anniversary. Large ones can be stood upright in a block of styrafoam to hold floral arrangements, with tiny funnels used as nut cups. Another way to use a large one is to stand it upright in a large glass bowl of cracked ice and fill it with fresh fruits to be served for the dessert or salad course.

QUIZ FOR TENTH (TIN) ANNIVERSARY

Each answer starts with *tin*.

1. A tin that describes a new baby. *Tiny*
2. A tin found in some medicine. *Tincture*
3. A tin which Boy Scouts use. *Tinder*
4. A tin that colors. *Tint*
5. A tin who might mend a pan. *Tinsmith*
6. A tin found on Christmas trees. *Tinsel*
7. A tin used at the dinner table. *Tine (of fork)*
8. A tin who fools around. *Tinker*



ANNIVERSARIES

First	Paper
Second	Cotton
Third	Leather
Fourth	Fruit, flowers
Fifth	Wood
Sixth	Iron
Seventh	Copper
Eighth	Bronze
Ninth	Pottery
Tenth	Tin
Fifteenth	Crystal
Twentieth	China
Twenty-fifth	Silver
Thirtieth	Pearl
Thirty-fifth	Coral
Fortieth	Ruby
Forty-fifth	Sapphire
Fiftieth	Gold
Fifty-fifth	Emerald
Seventy-fifth	Diamond

CAMPING PRIMER

by

Evelyn Birkby

Just when I'm sure everyone in the world knows all there is to know on the subject of camping, along comes a stack of letters from *Kitchen-Klatter* friends just full of questions. How to get started camping seems to be the most frequent concern. Since more people are using this method of vacationing each year, it is my hope that this article will help ease that first step into the exciting realm of outdoor living.

People turn to camping for many reasons. Some are natural-born outdoors' men. They enjoy fishing, hunting, boating and/or nature. They like to feel a kinship with pioneer days. Busy people frequently choose camping because it gives freedom from complicated schedules. It also turns them loose to tramp back off the highways and into the beauty of wilderness areas which cannot be seen from a car. Families camp because it is easier, they want their children to have the close association such a trip affords and because it is economical in comparison to other types of vacations.

The wisest new campers first decide what *kind* of camping they think they will like: trailer, tent, boating, back-packing, etc. The next step is to borrow or rent equipment and try it out as close to home as possible. Sometimes the real experience is far different than imagined. Every family has individual tastes and needs and it is not difficult to find out what suits yours best.

Now is soon enough to begin to invest in your own equipment. Get the bare essentials first and then add bit by bit as you can. Equipment can be expensive and it is possible to be sold too much by an enthusiastic salesman. The best ideas are gleaned by watching other campers. It is not long before you see a camp cupboard, a storage idea or a tent which would fit you and your family to perfection. So don't buy too quickly or too much when you are just starting.

Buy *good quality*. You will use a tent or trailer for years, so get the *best* you can afford. Buy *warm* sleeping bags, for nights get chilly, especially in the mountains or on a lake shore. Air mattresses need to be *sturdy*. Nothing is more exasperating than to waken in the middle of the night, shivering and flat on the hard ground!



The Birkbys' station wagon, loaded with gear for a camping trip.

A tarpaulin is very handy for a variety of uses. It can go over a table or other gear in case of rain. It can be hung from trees as a canopy over the eating table both for shade and protection from rain. In one campground we put ours up like a wall to shield our camp from heavy winds blowing off the mountain.

It is not necessary to buy special cooking and eating equipment. Worn utensils from the kitchen do fine, although they may not pack as neatly as the camp cook-kits. We have a large enamel dishpan into which we pack the pans and lids.

For serving, we prefer the plastic or enamel-coated dishes because the metal sets conduct heat and make them difficult to hold. Again, it is best to have a heavy quality plastic. Many of the "picnic" sets are made of plastic so thin it cracks before a real camping session is completed.

Since some areas do not provide a fireplace or stove, it is necessary to have something upon which to cook. The most frequently used is the white gas stove. Many people are carrying small charcoal grills along on trips. These are easy to set up and are familiar to use. We much prefer cooking over a campfire where it is permitted. Almost any food cooked over an open fire has an appeal all its own.

A sturdy flashlight is a must. Camp lanterns of many types are also available. Take along a few candles and waterproof matches. (Make these by dipping match heads in melted paraffin. Store in a small metal box.)

Ice chests of various kinds can be purchased. Food preservation can be cause for concern, especially in warm sections of the country. Ice is usually found near large campgrounds. It is best to have canned and dried emergency foods on hand in case you are without ice for any period of time. Some campers prefer to eat from cans and buy fresh perishables each day.

Regular camping areas usually have a grocery nearby.

Dried foods are easy to pack and light to carry. More are being stocked in stores than ever before. Specialty concerns carry a large variety for campers and hikers. The address I have is: Chuck Wagon Foods, Newton 64, Massachusetts. They put out a "Woodsman's Emergency Kit" which is well worth investigating.

Locating campsites is easy. Every state has maps showing camping areas. Write to the State Department of Highways at the capitols of the states you plan to visit for maps and leaflets about facilities available. Another good source is the "*Campground Guide*" which can be purchased from: Campground Unlimited, 505 Main St., Blue Rapids, Kansas. Write directly to them for information as to the cost of the guide.

Plan your trip so you can stop early in the day. The more popular the area the earlier you must be to get a site. In a place like Yellowstone, for example, you frequently need to wait in line and find a site as someone moves out. Because of this, the less frequented and more primitive campgrounds may be the most satisfactory from the standpoint of space.

If you like people and enjoy the stimulation of meeting new friends from all over the country, you can find them in camping. A national organization of campers and hikers is very active in many sections. They hold state and national conventions with organized programs, exchange of ideas and recreation. For information about this group write to: National Campers and Hikers Association, Box 451, Orange, N.J.

My last suggestion may well be the best. Time after time we turn to Boy Scout manuals for information and help in camping. Much of our equipment comes from Scout stores. Search out the store with a Scout department and talk over the equipment they carry or can order for you. It is sturdy, efficient and reasonably priced. While you are there, be sure to buy a copy of the "*Boy Scout Handbook*." It is one dollar and a treasure of basic ideas for campers, both new and old.

An army group recently was teaching survival to a number of young men. In the process of training, one of the boys investigated the resource material only to find that the basic text being used was the "*Boy Scout Handbook*!"



**COMPANY FARE TENDERLOIN**

- 12 slices bacon
- 6 pork tenderloin patties
- Seasoned salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- Prepared mustard
- 6 slices canned pineapple

Crisscross 2 slices of bacon and place a tenderloin patty in center of cross. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper and then spread with prepared mustard. Place a pineapple slice on top. Bring ends of bacon up over top and secure with a toothpick. Arrange the six completed tenderloins in an 8 by 12 baking dish and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Garnish with a sprig of parsley when ready to serve.

This is a simple way to fix tenderloin and the combination of flavors is most appetizing. It looks so attractive that it would be a grand meat dish to serve for a luncheon or dinner. All of the preparation (which really isn't much) could be done in advance and the pan put in the oven just in time to bake and serve. Try it.

—Lucile

BAKED CHICKEN AND ASPARAGUS

- 1 bunch fresh asparagus (16 to 20 spears)
- 2 whole or 4 half-breasts of chicken, cooked
- 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup, or more, grated Parmesan cheese

Cook asparagus until barely tender in a boiling, salted water. Simmer chicken breasts until tender in water or stock with a slice of lemon, a teaspoon of salt, a celery rib with leaves, and an onion. Cool, remove from bones, and slice thin. Add egg yolks to the well-seasoned white sauce, mixing well. Arrange asparagus in four individual baking dishes, cover with sliced chicken and pour the sauce over and around the combination. Top with cheese. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes.

—Mary Beth

CHURCH DINNER SALAD

- 2 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 2 cups grated American cheese
- 2 cups crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup sliced stuffed olives

Prepare the gelatin according to directions on package, using the pineapple syrup for part of the liquid. Add the flavorings. Chill until gelatin starts to congeal, then fold in the remaining ingredients. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce.

EASY GREEN-BEAN CASSEROLE

- 2 pkgs. frozen French-cut green beans
- 1 (1 lb.) jar or can whole white onions
- 1/8 tsp. oregano
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/3 cup cream
- 3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Cook beans according to package directions and drain. Drain onions and arrange vegetables in alternate layers in a 6-cup casserole, sprinkling each layer with pinch of oregano, salt and dash of pepper. Add cream and top with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in 350-degree oven for half an hour.

UNUSUAL STUFFED EGGS

- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 4 slices bacon, diced
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. minced parsley
- 1/4 cup crushed potato chips
- Paprika

Fry bacon until crisp and brown. Mash egg yolks and combine with bacon, mayonnaise, parsley and potato chips. Fill egg whites heaping full and sprinkle with paprika.

Don't prepare these eggs very long before serving.

ELTORA'S RAISIN BARS

- 2 cups seedless raisins
- 2 cups water
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour

Boil the raisins in the water for 5 minutes. Set aside to cool. Cream shortening, sugars and butter flavoring. Add salt. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Add vanilla. Add soda to the cooked raisins and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sifted flour. Spread batter in two 9- by 13-inch greased pans. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20-25 minutes. Frost while warm with almond-butter icing.

Almond-Butter Icing

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Bring the butter and water to a boil. Remove from heat and add powdered sugar to make it a soft spreading consistency. Add vanilla and almond flavorings and spread over the warm cookies before cutting into bars.

SPICED BLACK CHERRY SALAD

- 3 1/2 cups (1 lb. 13 oz.) black cherries
- Water
- 2 tsp. mixed pickling spices
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/3 cup fresh lemon juice
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans

Drain cherries and save juice. Measure juice and add water to make 1 3/4 cup liquid. Pour into saucepan and add spice. Bring to a boil and pour over gelatin through a sieve to strain out spice. Add the orange flavoring. Stir until gelatin dissolves. Add lemon juice and chill in refrigerator until gelatin begins to thicken. Add cherries and nuts. Return to become completely congealed. Serve on bed of lettuce with dash of salad dressing on top. I served this for a company dinner and everyone thought it had a delicious flavor. It would go well with any menu.

—Margery

DECORATOR FROSTING

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup water
- 9 cups sifted powdered sugar

Combine ingredients in order given. Beat until smooth. Colors and other Kitchen-Klatter flavorings can be added as desired. This is the type of frosting which works perfectly through a pastry tube or decorator set. It will keep well if stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator. —Evelyn

MARGERY'S SPECIAL BURNT SUGAR CREAM PIE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 1/4 cups milk
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 large eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Mix 1/2 cup of sugar with salt, cinnamon and cornstarch. Add 1/4 cup milk. Place in top of double boiler. Heat remaining milk (2 cups) and add the burnt sugar flavoring. Add to the mixture in top of double boiler. Stir and cook for 6 minutes, or until very thick. Cover and continue cooking for 12 minutes, stirring frequently. Add margarine and butter flavoring. Beat egg yolks lightly and blend with remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Add a little of the hot mixture. Then stir into the rest of the hot filling. Cook, uncovered, over hot water (NOT BOILING) until very thick — about 10 minutes. Cool. Turn into cold baked 9-inch pie shell. Top with a meringue made of the egg whites from the 3 eggs used in the filling, and bake in a slow oven to brown meringue.

RHUBARB STRAWBERRIES

This is a fine way to stretch those strawberries, come June.

- 1 qt. raw strawberries
- 1 qt. raw rhubarb
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Cook until thick. Seal while hot.

ELEGANT APRICOT SWEET POTATOES

- 1 1/2 cups dried apricots
- 2 cups hot water
- 2 1/2 lbs. yams or sweet potatoes
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup apricot liquid
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 tsp. orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Pecan halves, if desired

Cover the apricots with the hot water, cover, and soak for 1 hour. Then simmer over low heat for about 40 minutes. Cool and drain well, reserving the liquid. Meanwhile, bake the yams, if using fresh ones instead of canned, peel, and slice lengthwise about 1/2-inch thick. Grease baking dish. Alternate layers of sweet potatoes, apricots and brown sugar. Blend together the apricot liquid, melted butter, orange juice and orange flavoring. Pour this mixture over all. Bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes, basting occasionally. About 5 minutes before done, top with pecan halves, if desired.

GERMAN GREEN BEANS

- 2 slices of bacon, diced
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 can of green beans
- 3/4 cup of liquid from beans
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Fry finely diced bacon until brown and crisp; remove from skillet. Cook onion in bacon fat until it is yellow and then stir in flour. Add and bring to a boil the bean liquid, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Stir in beans, heat through and serve with crisp bacon on top.

Any cut of green beans would do for this, of course, but when I ate this at a dinner party the beans were cut long and were whole. It is an exceptionally delicious vegetable dish.

—Lucile

SPICED BAKED BEANS

- 3 cans (1 lb. 5 oz.) pork and beans
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. powdered mustard
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup catsup

Mix ginger, cinnamon, mustard and brown sugar with catsup and add to the beans. Bake in a slow oven for about 1 hour.

—Margery

RHUBARB ROLL

Prepare your favorite biscuit dough or use a ready mix. Roll into a square. Spread dough with:

- 3 cups cut rhubarb
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 heaping Tbls. softened butter

Roll as for a jelly roll and cut into 2-inch slices. Place this roll in a baking dish that contains:

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water that have been boiled together for several minutes. Bake in 375-degree oven for approximately 30 minutes.

SWEETENER SHERBET

- 1 6-oz. can frozen, unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup non-fat dry milk

Combine all the ingredients in a bowl. Beat until well blended. Freeze until mushy. Remove to a bowl and beat until smooth. Return to tray and freeze until ready to use.

This is excellent with any flavored juice or a combination of juices. Orange, pineapple and lemon together are delicious. Just be sure the juices used are unsweetened and use the *Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener* to make this a sugar-free sherbet.

CRAB MOUSSE

- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/3 cup water
- 2 pkg. (3 oz. each) softened cream cheese
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup minced celery
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 2 cans (6 1/2 oz. each) crab meat, drained and flaked

Soften gelatin in water while heating tomato juice to boiling point. Add gelatin to hot juice and stir until dissolved.

Cut cheese into small cubes. Gradually add cheese to juice mixture, beating until smooth with electric mixer or rotary beater. Blend in mayonnaise, salt, sugar and thyme, mixing until smooth. Chill until partially set.

Fold in celery, onion and crab and pour into individual molds. When completely set, unmold and serve on bed of lettuce. Serves 6 to 8. —Abigail

ORANGE CLOUD COFFEE CAKE

3 1/4 cup sugar
 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
 1 egg
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1/2 cup orange juice
 1/2 cup milk
 1 1/2 cups flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
 flavoring
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/3 cup flour
 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
 flavoring

Cream together the 3/4 cup sugar, 1/4 cup shortening, egg and 1/2 tsp. butter flavoring. Add orange juice and milk. Stir in 1 1/2 cups flour, baking powder and salt, which have been sifted together. Lastly, add 1/4 tsp. orange flavoring. Mix very well. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan.

Prepare topping by combining last five ingredients in recipe. Mix well with fork and sprinkle over batter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Cut in squares and serve warm. (This freezes well. Wrap in foil to freeze and reheat before serving.)

This is a very delicious, quick and unusual coffee cake. Mabel Nair Brown sent the recipe.

BAKED CABBAGE ROLLS

3/4 cup uncooked rice
 3 pints of water
 1 tsp. salt
 1 lb. ground beef
 1 medium onion, diced
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. black pepper
 6 large cabbage leaves
 1 can tomato soup
 1/2 cup sour cream
 2 Tbls. grated American cheese

Cook the rice in boiling water to which you have added one teaspoon of salt. Cover pan with a tight lid and cook 15 minutes. Blanch the cabbage leaves in boiling water in a covered pan for four minutes. Drain the rice and combine it with the ground beef, onion, salt and pepper. Divide the mixture into six portions and wrap in the cabbage leaves, holding the leaves in place by sticking a toothpick in the center. Place the cabbage rolls in an oblong casserole. Combine the soup and cream and pour over the rolls. Sprinkle the cheese over the top. Cover the casserole and bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 375 degree oven. —Dorothy

Recipe of the Month**UNUSUAL AND WONDERFUL
STUFFED HAM WITH
APRICOT GLAZE**

You will need a 10- to 12-lb. ham for this recipe, and ask the butcher to remove the bone and sew up the shank end. (Give him some advance notice on this job.) When ready to cook, prepare a stuffing made as follows:

1 lb. very lean ground fresh pork
 1 medium onion, finely chopped
 1 egg
 3 slices crumbled bread (no crusts)
 1/2 cup water
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 Dash of cloves
 Dash of cinnamon
 1/3 cup seeded raisins
 1 cup spiced grapes, drained

Mix all of the above ingredients thoroughly and fry a tiny bit to check it for seasonings. Insert your hand into the cavity of the ham and stretch in all directions to make the hole bigger. Fill cavity with stuffing and tie up the open end with heavy string.

Wrap the ham in heavy foil, seal the edges and put it, fat side up, in a roaster that has a lid. Pour in 2 cups of water, cover with lid and cook in a 300-degree oven, allowing 20 minutes per pound for a 10- or 12-lb. ham. Add a little water from time to time to make steam and prevent browning. When cooking time is over, open foil and allow to cool to lukewarm.

Apricot Glaze

3/4 lb. dried apricots
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
 flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring
 3/4 cup water
 1/3 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. cornstarch

Boil apricots until puffy and tender and press through a colander. Add flavorings, water and sugar and cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add cornstarch dissolved in a little water and continue cooking for a minute or two.

Put lukewarm ham in a shallow pan and carefully coat it with as much apricot glaze as will stick. Put it in a 400-degree oven until glaze has set. In about 20 minutes coat again with glaze and return to oven. Keep this up until all of the ham is completely coated — except on the bottom. Allow to stand at room temperature for at least two hours before serving.

NOTE: I've had this recipe for four-

teen or fifteen years but backed away from testing it until recently. We thought the stuffing was so extraordinarily delicious that we almost concluded to double the recipe the next time we make it and just let the excess cook in the heavy foil along with the ham. Twelve people were at the table when this was served and everyone thought it was a genuinely marvelous improvement over just plain ham. We fall back on ham so frequently when we entertain that this does make a highly unusual and delicious meat dish for company.

—Lucile

SALTED PEANUT BARS

3 cups flour
 1 cup butter or margarine
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 Mix together like a pie crust, pat into a jellyroll pan plus a smaller shallow pan, and bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

2 pkgs. butterscotch chips
 3 Tbls. butter
 3 Tbls. water
 1/2 cup white corn syrup
 3 cups salted peanuts

Combine all of these ingredients, aside from peanuts, in a double boiler and heat until melted. When entirely melted add the peanuts and spread over the crust as soon as it is out of the oven. Return to oven and bake 8 minutes at 375 degrees.

Loosen edges from sides of pans while warm, but allow to cool before cutting into bars.

This recipe makes around 60 squares of very rich and very good bar cookies. They look most attractive on a tray and would be grand to serve the next time you must bake something special — particularly for young people.

—Lucile

LIVER CASSEROLE

6 slices bacon
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1 Tbls. grated onion
 2 cups milk
 1 lb. liver
 1/4 cup buttered bread crumbs

Cut bacon into pieces and fry in heavy skillet until crisp. Remove bacon and add flour, salt and pepper, stirring until smooth. Add milk and cook until thick and smooth. Roll liver slices in flour and brown in bacon fat, or other shortening. Alternate layers of liver, bacon, onion and gravy in a greased casserole. Top with buttered crumbs and bake about 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees.

THROUGH THE AGES

by

Carlita McKean Pedersen

"Man may live without friends;
Man may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live
Without cooks." —Anonymous

The modern cookbook is a glossy-coated, brightly-illustrated, loose-leaf work of art. The recipes therein are near-scientific formulae.

A cookbook, compiled and published in 1909 by the Methodist Churches of Modale, Mondamin, and California, Iowa, and presented to me by my paternal grandmother when I was fourteen years of age, is printed on rough, absorbent paper, now brownish-yellow and crumbling with age.

The recipes, donated by church members whose names appear with the recipes in most cases, vary from such delicacies as "Corn Meal Custard", "Oyster Pudding" and "Indian Relish" to "Head Cheese", "Mock Bisque Soup", and "Watermelon Cake".

One particularly intriguing recipe is for "Selecting and Cooking a Husband". A rather inane bit of imagination, it undoubtedly was well received by the ladies of that day and age. Such words of wisdom as "rough handling is liable to spoil them", "some are kept constantly in hot water, others frozen by indifference", "some are kept in a pickle all their lives", "a little spice improves them", and "stir him gently", make up this masterpiece, and it all boils down to what is now called TLC (Tender Loving Care).

A certain recipe for Lemon Cheese Cake was used once a year in my parents' home, on October 5th, their wedding anniversary. My father's favorite, it is truly delicious, but the fact that six eggs are required in its concoction somewhat stymied my mother's culinary tendencies in that direction, for using six eggs in one cake was an extravagance seldom indulged in a family of nine during depression years.

Several recipes for "Scripture Cake" appear, and Biblical reference is essential in order to proceed. For example:

"Four and one-half cups I Kings 4:22, one and one-half cups (last clause) Judges 5:25, two cups Jeremiah 6:20, two cups I Samuel 30:12, two cups Nahum 3:12, one cup Numbers 17:8, two tablespoons I Samuel 14:25, season to taste of 2nd Chronicles 9:9, 6th of Jeremiah 17:11,

(Continued on page 22)



The "RASPBERRIEST" Raspberry You Ever Tasted!

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RASPBERRY DESSERT

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 pkg. frozen red raspberries | 34 large marshmallows |
| 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry
flavoring | 1 cup whipping cream |
| | Graham cracker crumbs |

Thaw the berries at room temperature. Pour off all of the juice, draining the berries completely. Heat this juice and add the Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring. Dice the marshmallows into this liquid, beating until dissolved. Cool. Whip cream and add with the raspberries to the marshmallow mixture. Line a 6 by 8 pan with the graham cracker crumbs. Gently pour in the mixture, sprinkling a few of the crumbs on top. Chill until firm. Cut into squares to serve.

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A New Hobby for the Good Ol' Summertime

by
Mildred A. Beyer

Are you seeking a new hobby that will take you out of the house into the wide open spaces where you can enjoy the warm breezes and the bright sunshine? If you are, I have an excellent suggestion for you.

This new hobby can be pursued in conjunction with your usual summer work in the yard, or with your gardening. It can also be pursued by your family as a group when picnicking in the park or hiking along the river or in the woods. I think organized groups such as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and 4-H Clubs would also be enthusiastic about this hobby as an extra summer activity.

You have heard of stargazers, plane watchers and bird watchers, but have you heard about butterfly watchers? This is my new hobby for the good ol' summertime.

I became interested in Prof. F. A. Urquhart's scientific research project, because we are among the comparatively few people in Nebraska who have been privileged to witness the great phenomenon of nature known as a "butterfly tree". Our butterflyfiles are the large reddish-brown Monarchs. Our "butterfly tree" is a Chinese elm, just a few steps beyond my kitchen door.

The butterflies come each spring and swarm in this particular tree. Not only do they settle in this very same tree each time, but they cling to the very same branch of this tree. It is a mystery to me as to how these creatures can locate the same tree each visit, for we have many Chinese elms on the farm and I know several of our neighbors have many also.

These Monarchs remain for a five- or six-day visit, then leave as quietly as they came. During the warm part of the day they swarm about this tree, sometimes leaving in small groups and circling about in the air. If anyone walks past the tree, they seem to notice, and several dozen will descend to circle overhead. They also respond to noise. When the tractor is started, they start swarming with more enthusiasm, but always come back to the same tree, where they settle down for the night.

They fold their wings back until erect

from the body, then pack together as tightly as pages in a book. They cling to the rough edges of the elm leaves in these clusters over night and until the temperature becomes warm the next day.

We had observed the Monarch butterflies in the Chinese elm tree for several spring seasons, but when they returned again last September, I could no longer resist the temptation to write to Prof. Urquhart, whose scientific study I had read. He evidently sensed my excitement and curiosity, because he answered promptly, inviting me to become a member of his research associates, and offered to send equipment and instructions.

I accepted, although September was too late in the season to accomplish anything of importance. I decided to make my own butterfly net, so that Prof. Urquhart wouldn't have to stand that expense.

He, of course, must supply the gummed tags which we attach to the right wing of the butterfly. These gummed tags have data printed on them, so that they can be traced. When a tagged Monarch is found, it is sent by mail to Prof. F. A. Urquhart, Zoology Department, University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada, to have the scientific data recorded.

Monarch butterflies have been known to travel hundreds of miles, as they are migratory creatures. We readily accept the fact that all songbirds and various large waterfowl migrate from the cool northern climate southward to spend the winter in warmer regions, but it is more difficult to accept the fact that creatures as frail as butterflies can make this long and arduous trip. We have learned that our so-called "butterfly trees" are "rest stops" for the migratory butterflies. That explains why we see them both spring and fall, as they go south and return. How or why they select the same tree year after year still remains a mystery. Do you suppose they have a built-in radar system to help them?

Perhaps you know that the Monarch butterflies select an area for their breeding and incubation where milkweed grows abundantly. If you have

ever seen a tiny object on the milkweed leaf which sparkles like a diamond in the slanting rays of the morning and evening summer sun, the chances are that you have found a butterfly egg.

It is not just a coincidence that the female butterfly deposits her eggs on the milkweed leaf. I think Mother Nature has devised a wise and clever plan, as usual, for the caterpillar which hatches from the egg is a sucking insect. It sucks the milk from the milkweed plant for nourishment, and grows rapidly. Soon it weaves the cocoon about itself to hide the miraculous transformation from crawling caterpillar to a beautiful, large Monarch butterfly.

I do wish there were somehow we could witness this process. It is difficult for me to comprehend how the large wings can develop so perfectly on the butterfly inside such a small space, ready for him to fly away as soon as he is free from his tiny cocoon prison.

We have three varieties of milkweed here on the farm, so I am hopeful of finding some butterfly eggs to bring into the house for closer observation. As of now, I do not know if incubation would continue indoors. This is one question I want answered. When our boys were at home they gathered cocoons of all kinds and sizes to bring in the house, but we were never successful in getting a live creature from them.

The Monarch butterflies are confronted with two enemies, both of which destroy their breeding grounds of milkweeds here in the Midwest farming areas. One is the constant threat of late summer and autumn drouths. The other is the chemical weed sprays used to eradicate all weeds. I have always enjoyed the presence of butterflies about the yard and in the garden. Being a sentimental old woman, I would probably by-pass the milkweeds, intentionally, if I were responsible for the use of the chemical weed spray, thus leaving the milkweeds to feed the butterflies. I fully realize this practice would not be expedient for modern methods of efficient farming practices. The milkweed is a large, sturdy weed which robs the soil of moisture and plant food that should be put to better use, so it must be eradicated.

A few of our research associates have tagged as many as 1000 specimens of Monarch butterflies in one season. They must have been fortunate

(Continued on page 20)

A LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

It's been so long since I had time to sit down and write you a letter, that I can't even remember when it was that I last wrote. This semester I am doing my student teaching. Majors in elementary education at the University of Wyoming must do a full semester of student teaching, and this is divided into two nine-week periods. The first nine weeks of teaching is done right at the University in the laboratory school. The second nine-week period is taught in the field; that is, somewhere in another town in Wyoming. I was fortunate to be assigned to Thermopolis, Wyoming, for my second experience.

Thermopolis, a town of about 4,000 people, is famous for its hot springs. In fact, it is the home of the world's largest mineral hot springs, from which water flows at the rate of 12,000 gallons per minute. The temperature varies from 132 degrees to 167 degrees. The springs are known for healthful properties which are beneficial to people suffering from muscular injuries and related problems. There are two or three beautiful hospitals and rehabilitation centers here. Many older people retire to Thermopolis because of this, and also because of the climate (cool nights and warm, dry days).

There are five swimming pools in this town, and we are going to go swimming in one of the indoor ones this afternoon. Andy truly loves the water. In fact, one of his new words is "baath", and he must say it about fifty times a day. If any of you friends plan a trip out this way, be sure to stop and let the children take a swim. They will never forget the experience of swimming in a hot-spring pool.

The scenic beauty that surrounds us here is almost too much to believe. I'll try to describe it for you. To the south of us is the rugged Wind River Canyon. As you drive through the canyon you pass through several tunnels, with the mountains hovering hundreds of feet above on either side of the river and highway. It sounds scary, but actually it is too magnificent to be scary. The highway is very wide and very safe, as are all Wyoming highways. Wyoming's highway fatality rate is unbelievably low considering the amount of traffic over the state, especially during the summer months.

To the east of Thermopolis are the Big Horns and the Powder River Canyon. We plan to drive through this canyon about the first of June when we



Kristin wrote, "I don't know how we managed to be so lucky to catch Andy's expression of complete bewilderment as we put him in his new wagon for the first time. Isn't it funny?"

return to Laramie for summer school. Just eighty miles north of us is Cody, which is the eastern entrance to Yellowstone Park. Aunt Marge, Martin, and I took this route when we visited the park three years ago. We stopped to see the big Buffalo Bill Dam, which is something I will always remember. I could go on and on about Wyoming's beautiful mountains and rivers, but you must see it for yourselves, and I sincerely hope you will have an opportunity to do just that.

Our little dog is causing quite a commotion in the neighborhood. We have three little boys knocking on our door all the time asking if King can come out and play. He is the most friendly dog I have ever seen. One evening, while I was taking him for a walk, a neighbor of ours was waving good-bye to some departing friends

when King made a dash through her open front door. For a minute she stood there half paralyzed. I was a little embarrassed and didn't know quite what to do, either. She finally ran after him, and I also ran up to the door calling to him. When she caught him and handed him to me, she said, "He's just like a little white teddy bear."

I am thoroughly enjoying my student-teaching experiences. I have recently been teaching a unit on wildlife in science, and this has been a lot of fun. The children have built a bird feeder to place outside the classroom window, and have brought deer antlers, and other interesting items to show. (Did you know that the animal we call an antelope is not an antelope at all? Its proper name is pronghorn, and the true antelope is found only in Africa and other parts of the world, never in North America.) Each child in the class prepared a report on an assigned animal, and drew a picture of the animal and made a drawing of its tracks. Some of the animals reported on included beaver, otter, mink, fisher, raccoon, moose, flying squirrel, chipmunk, prairie dog, badger, weasel, red fox, grizzly bear, brown bear, elk, whitetail deer, pronghorn, cacomistle, muskrat, and coyote.

If you're planning to visit Wyoming this summer. I hope you have a pleasant trip. Art and I would be very happy to chat with you if you happen to drive through Laramie.

Sincerely,

Kristin

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but

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Gladys Taber says that in June it is time to picnic and hunt for wild strawberries. Just the thought of it makes a person vow to find time for relaxation and even some soul-searching.

A discussion of ultimate concerns that give meaning to life is found in *On the Edge of the Absurd* (Abingdon Press, \$2.75) by Lance Webb. He pro-



Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson made the dress her niece, Juliana Verness is wearing. It is turquoise with a soft white cotton rope belt.

vides an interpretation of life that exceeds the absurdities of boredom, emptiness, lovelessness, and death so prevalent today. The chapters deal in understandable terms with the most crucial issues of personal living.

As a pastor, Lance Webb has been in constant demand as a speaker because of his deep interest in helping others find meaning for life. He was elected a bishop of the Methodist Church in 1964 and assigned to the Illinois area, with headquarters at Springfield.

Bishop Webb reminds us we are living in a wonderful but disturbing time. "More progress physically and materially has been made in the last five years than in any other fifty years since the time of Copernicus. Indeed, we have witnessed a breathtaking breakthrough into the vast mysteries of space, electronics, and the atom," he writes. The important question is: What about our spirits? Are we big enough spiritually to handle this physical power?

"The answer to it all, if there is an answer," writes Bishop Webb, "depends on our faith. And we all have a faith, whether or not we call it that, as every golf player has a stance, his way of approaching the ball."

Bishop Webb shows how vital Christian faith brings courage to those who ordinarily find no meaning in the absurd contradictions of life. His thoughts and experiences as well as those of the noblest persons he has known make this a most interesting and powerful book.

A book with a historical background for children ages 10 and up is *Hail, Nathan Hale!* (Abingdon Press, \$2.50) by Mildred Miles Main. This fictionalized biography of Nathan Hale reminds us of his courage and patriotism and of his willingness to give his life for his country.

The biography begins on the Williamantic River near Coventry, Connecti-

cut as Nathan and his brother Enoch Hale rescue their friend, Asher Wright, from drowning. The story follows the boys through their schooling and Nathan's desire to help his country gain independence. As a captain in the army Nathan Hale knew that morale must be maintained. He believed the common soldier should have a uniform and should be paid a wage. While posing as a schoolteacher to secure information behind enemy lines, he was caught and sentenced to die. This, then, is the story of that courageous hero who uttered the words by which history remembers him: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Mildred Miles Main has dedicated this book to her husband, whose ancestors lived in Connecticut and took part in the events concerned with the formation of the new America.



GARDEN-ARTIST

The earth is filled with muted songs tonight,
And basks within the silver lunar light,
While dreams philander through the garden musk,
Grown sweeter since the tenderness of dusk
Descended on each slender winding lane,
For here my dearest thoughts of Mother reign.
She planned a picture with consummate art
Within this flower plot that charms my heart!

—Thelma Allinder

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

The children are all well and growing like weeds. When we dug last year's spring coats out of the closet and put them on the girls, I had high hopes that they might do, but that would have meant a fifth season (actually the beginning of a third year) for these coats and they were a sight to behold. Katharine's arms hung out of the sleeves as though they had never been let down last year at all. And Adrienne's dress hung out about four inches below the hem of her coat. Both girls sprouted out of their shoes at the same time, so we devoted most of that weekend to shopping for clothes, and although I enjoy buying the girls new things it gets tiring to wrestle children in and out of several department stores.

By next month we hope to be able to report our summer living arrangements.

Until then,

Mary Beth



You know how to measure a flower, but how do you measure the interest in a radio program? The answer is simple: by the comments we receive in your letters.

After listening to our weekday visits over one of the following stations, why don't you write to us?

LIST OF STATIONS —

- KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KWPC Muscatine, 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.
- WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

All times listed are Central Standard Time.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Not long ago an acquaintance confided that she had been asked to join her neighborhood garden club, and although she wanted to belong, she declined the invitation. "All of the members can arrange flowers so beautifully," she said, "And I'd feel left out." I assured her that not all garden club members excel in flower arranging, but those who do would be more than willing to help a beginner in this fascinating art.

June flowers just beg to be picked and arranged, and nothing expensive or hard to obtain is needed for the job. Garden-grown flowers are easy to arrange because their stems are strong and they come in a wide variety of color and form. You can select natural gradation from the tight bud, to the partially opened flower, to the full bloom. Containers are everywhere — you need only to open your cupboard doors to find them. A pottery cup set in its accompanying saucer makes a delightful holder for pansies. Sweet peas can be charming in an old pitcher, and silver, copper, bronze and wooden bowls lend themselves to flowers as suitable containers.

Before you can make a successful flower arrangement you must have a design. Don't let a statement like this scare you because the word "design" simply denotes a plan, or picture. Designs or plans for flower arrangements will pop into your mind as you select the container, the flowers, and the place in your home where they are to be used.

You will need some mechanical aids for flower arranging such as a sharp knife, floral clay flower holders and "twistems" to help in holding the main

lines together. Needle-point or pin-point holders anchored to the container with a ring of floral clay are usually recommended by those "in the know". However, I have discovered the wonderful material known to florists and professional arrangers as "floral foam". It absorbs water like a sponge and allows one to use the most deli-

cate-stemmed flowers in arrangements with ease. You can obtain a generous-sized brick at floral shops for 75¢. It saturates quickly and can easily be cut into any size and shape with a paring knife. With a little practice pretty arrangements can be achieved with garden flowers by anyone who so desires to make them.



WARNING

You're cutting into a lot of calories there, young lady! Of course, calorie counting is the last thing you'd think of today. But one of these days you may decide a little cutting down is in order.

That's the time to reach for **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. For a very good reason, too: no matter how you use it — in baking, cooking, drinks or salads — it never leaves an unpleasant, bitter aftertaste. And never, never adds a single calorie. Just sweetness.



When you're stocking the shelves in that honeymoon cottage, better include a bottle . . . with the handy flip-top cap.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
NO-CALORIE
SWEETENER

A HOBBY - Concluded

enough to have access to many "butterfly trees". I don't expect to match their fine achievement, for it is beyond my physical capabilities to climb trees even in the interest of scientific research. When the colorful assembly disbands, to come down from their lofty "rest stop" in the treetops to visit my flowers, I'll be there to greet them with my net and tags. Wish me success!

My chief aim this summer, besides observing their incubation period, is to capture some Monarchs which have already been tagged in faraway places. For instance, they move in a general northerly direction as they migrate from our southern states and Mexico where they spent the winter. It would, indeed, be a thrill to capture one tagged in Miami Beach, Florida, or Long Beach, California, as they go to Ontario, Canada, and the shore country of eastern Massachusetts to start their new breeding season.

These two areas, Ontario and Massachusetts, are very productive. They raise an abundance of butterflies each summer, but the adults must return from the south to lay the eggs for the first hatch. The Monarchs grow and mature rapidly, so several generations are produced each season. On their move southward, I hope to capture some tagged in Canada or Niagara Falls, New York, or any point north of Nebraska.

My pretty pink butterfly net made last September is ready and waiting; my new 1965 supply of gummed tags printed with scientific data arrived last week from Prof. Urquhart; the weather is warm and balmy; so it's on with my "Monarch Watch"!



Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) shows Juliana her afghan squares. The completed blocks are kept in a clever hand-made workbasket.

IT'S AN OPEN BOOK

Has anybody told you that every thought you think

Makes lines just like the little lines you write with pen and ink?

And thoughts of anger, fear, or hate will spoil the prettiest face

By making ugly little lines which nothing can erase.

But thoughts of love and kindness, and joyousness and cheer

Make very pretty little lines, all fine and firm and clear.

And by and by your face becomes an open story book,

Which every one can see and read each time they chance to look.

So if you want your face to tell a story sweet and fair,

You must see that only good thoughts do any writing there.

—Author Unknown

THE FIRST PARCEL POST BY AIR MAIL

by
Evelyn Witter

One of the most interesting facts in the history of air-mail service is that the first parcel post delivery by air was carried on about the year 975, almost a thousand years before air-mail service was first established in the United States! This early delivery was a rapid transporting by air of a consignment of cherries.

It happened that the Caliph Ariz, who was the ruler of North Africa, had a great desire for a special kind of cherry which grew only near Balbek, Egypt, which was a great distance from his palace in Cairo.

An advisor to the Caliph, on hearing of the ruler's longing for a dish of these special cherries, wished he could grant the Caliph's desire. He wanted very much to please his ruler.

Then he thought of a plan, worked it out, and put it into action. By carrier pigeon he dispatched the order to Balbek. In the order he gave instructions he wanted carried out.

His orders were followed. Six hundred pigeons were dispatched from Balbek, each carrying, attached to either leg, a small silk bag containing a cherry. They arrived safely at Cairo. The Caliph had his dish of cherries, and the first parcel post by air mail was recorded in history.

The best angle from which to approach a problem is the try-angle.

HAPPY IS THE BRIDE - Concluded

and, in gratitude, she wore some of the blossoms on her wedding day.

Subsequently, the first orange tree bloomed in France in 1810 — and blooms still in the gardens at Versailles. The blossoms were first worn by brides in Spain, then in France and England, and, in 1838 the first shipment came to America.

Quaint flower customs are observed in other countries, too. In Yugoslavia, the ushers wear sprigs of spruce tree in their buttonholes as symbols of friendship to the bride's family. In Poland, the bride's bouquet is sprinkled with sugar so her temper will keep sweet. In Sweden, however, the bride wants chives, garlic, or rosemary in her bouquet so the trolls (dwarfs) won't bother her on her wedding day.

Of course, we moderns scoff at superstition. We realize that these fancies have no *real* meaning. Our wedding traditions merely lend charm and glamor to a joyous occasion.

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FATHER-SON BANQUET – Continued

hats, add a paper hatband decorated as a tape measure.)

SKIT: DAD'S GROWTH CHART

Props: Fasten a huge measuring chart to the wall, an oversized replica of the charts used by children to measure their growth. Use a 7- or 8-foot length of white wrapping paper, 18 inches wide. Mark it off in inches and feet along the left side, leaving space on the right for words to be written in as the skit progresses.

(These are general ideas for developing the skit. Make substitutions to fit your own group, according to poems and songs available. Rhymes may be sung as parodies or recited.)

Leader: (tune "Old MacDonald Had a Farm".)

Often do folks wonder 'bout
What makes a real he-man.

So I thought we'd try to figure out
The answer, if we can.

With a little tune here, and a light
verse there –

Here a tune, there a verse, everywhere
a lotta gab –

We'll find just what all goes into
The measure of a man!

1st Speaker: (tune "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp".)

In the middle of the night

It's get up, grope for light,

For the baby has the colic once again;

And he squalls so bloomin' loud,

I'm afraid he'll wake the crowd,

So I bounce him on my knee to ease
the pain.

Tramp, tramp, tramp the floor at mid-
night,

Bouncing baby as I roam;

Then he falls to sleep at last.

As the 'larm clock gives a blast,

In the precincts of our own beloved
home!

Leader: (Writes in big black letters at the one-foot mark, the word PATIENCE.) I think in those first days when baby is getting his bearings, daddy is getting plenty of the three P's on hand – *patience, patience*, and more *patience*. Through the years there must be measured out a lot of *patience* for papa!

2nd Speaker: (sings "That Little Boy of Mine".)

Leader: (writes on two-foot mark word LOVE.) As anyone who's been one knows, in the rearin' of a lad, it takes a heap o' lovin' on the part of dear old dad.

3rd Speaker: (sings "I Can't Do This Sum".)

(Continued on page 22)



DID SOMEONE SAY "A FRESH, SWEET WASH"?

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THROUGH THE AGES - Concluded

pinch of Leviticus 2:13, one-half cup (last clause) Judges 4:19, two teaspoons of Amos 4:5. Follow Solomon's prescription for a good boy - Proverbs 23:14 - and you will have a good cake."

Interspersed throughout the book are advertisements (probably extremely necessary financially) for such timely items as harness, windmills, saddles, whips, coal, millinery, livery rigs, and groceries. The local post office advertises "a good line of stationery, first-class cigars, and all the latest postal cards in the comic line". The state savings bank lists its capital stock at \$25,000.00 and suggests opening an account.

The old cookbook has been packed and unpacked many, many times in the past thirty years - in Iowa, Nebraska, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma - but never discarded, for each time I thumb through it and see the names of people I used to know, including my grandmother and two aunts, I get a strange, lumpy feeling in my throat, and back it goes into the drawer with the rest of my recipe books.

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FATHER-SON BANQUET - Concluded

Leader: (writes words EDUCATED UNDERSTANDING on three-foot mark.) Kindergartners' talkin' science, and first graders' speakin' French with ease, it behooves an up-and-comin' pa, to keep up with more than just the ABC's!

4th Speaker: (sings "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" or recites "Casey at the Bat".)

Leader: (writes SPIRIT OF YOUTHFULNESS at four-foot mark.) There are times, as when a ball game is involved, when it's hard to tell which is dad and which is lad - but who cares? The companionship is swell!

5th Speaker: (group sings hit song as take-off on Beatles.)

Leader: (writes SENSE OF HUMOR on five-foot mark.) Reckon when teen-time comes, your son will count himself most blest indeed, if a pop with a sense of humor he has treed!

6th Speaker: (reads inspirational poem.)

Leader: (writes word FAITH on six-foot mark.) *Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.* (1 Cor. 16:13)

Thus we see that as the child grows, the measure of the man grows, also. Edwin Markham puts it in these words: "Why build these cities glorious if man unbuilted goes? In vain we build the world, unless the builder also grows."

Benediction: Dismiss us now, Lord, with Thy blessing. Grant us the courage, the wisdom, and the will to measure up to that which will give us favor in Thy sight and in the sight of our fellow-men. May we continue to grow from day to day in wisdom, in stature, and in faith. Amen.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

will have been constructed. The final dam is to be in the area of Nambe Falls and a large lake will be constructed where we now have happy picnics. Since water is the one great issue in this countryside it is not becoming to complain about such projects, so I guess we'll just enjoy Nambe Falls while we can and let it go at that.

Now it is time to take this letter down to our white rural mail box so the postman on our route can pick it up. I'll be back in Iowa, of course, long before you read this because it is to be a short stay, but anyway, it was nice to visit with you on a rainy morning in New Mexico.

Faithfully always,

Lucile

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OUR TRAVEL COLLECTION

by
Deleta Landphair

The slightest hint of spring in the air invariably brings out the travel box at our house. This is an old suitcase filled with literature from nearly every state in the Union. We haven't visited even half of our United States but if we do, a quick sifting through our travel box will provide us with plenty of touring advice.

The nucleus of our collection was started several years ago in the dead of winter. We had been talking about taking a trip through several states the following summer. Since we didn't know what was tops on the must-see list, the children wrote to various state offices. The Chambers of Commerce showered us with books illustrated with beautiful color photography. Recommended motel and highway information was usually included. We also sent letters to Park Commissions from several states because we are a camping family.

Because we are farmers, every trip is a busman's holiday. We cannot pass fields of unusual crops without stopping to look and touch, and speculate over the various problems that particular farmer has. Knowing that some states have very different farming operations than an Iowa farmer does, we wrote to the different State Agriculture offices requesting information on livestock and crop-raising operations.

It is almost anticlimactic to say that we have never been able to take our planned trip to that area. But we do have the information stored in our travel box ready to use at any time.

We have since written and received folders and booklets from Canada and most of the Eastern and Western states. We had already visited some of these areas and discovered that we had missed seeing a great deal. Of course, these things are prime targets for our next sight-seeing trips.

When we first began to fill the travel box, no one thought that it would be a big source of help in fulfilling homework assignments. But a sixth-grade

workbook on Iowa history brought home a shiny big A and a special comment on the fine pictures.

Pictures of places with varying amounts of rainfall were needed for a fifth-grade social studies assignment. A sack of booklets from states all over the nation went to school and earned another A. Several of our detailed road maps of distant states have adorned classroom walls while the class was studying that particular area.

When we return from our vacations, we bring back several items that go in the travel box. For instance, folders that are marked with comments such as, "We enjoyed this," or "A tourist trap. Don't go," or even, "Hordes of

mosquitoes. Have some repellent handy!" These comments refresh our own memories and also help our friends who are planning similar trips. Several times, we have loaned our travel box to vacation-bound friends and their appreciative comments are plenty rewarding to us.

Our travel material has been educational, entertaining and helpful but it hasn't cost us anything except a few stamps. We are always trying to add more to our collection. In fact, there isn't anything in the box from Maine. We just MIGHT go there some day, so I think I'll write to the Maine State Chamber of Commerce, State Park officials, to . . .

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