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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

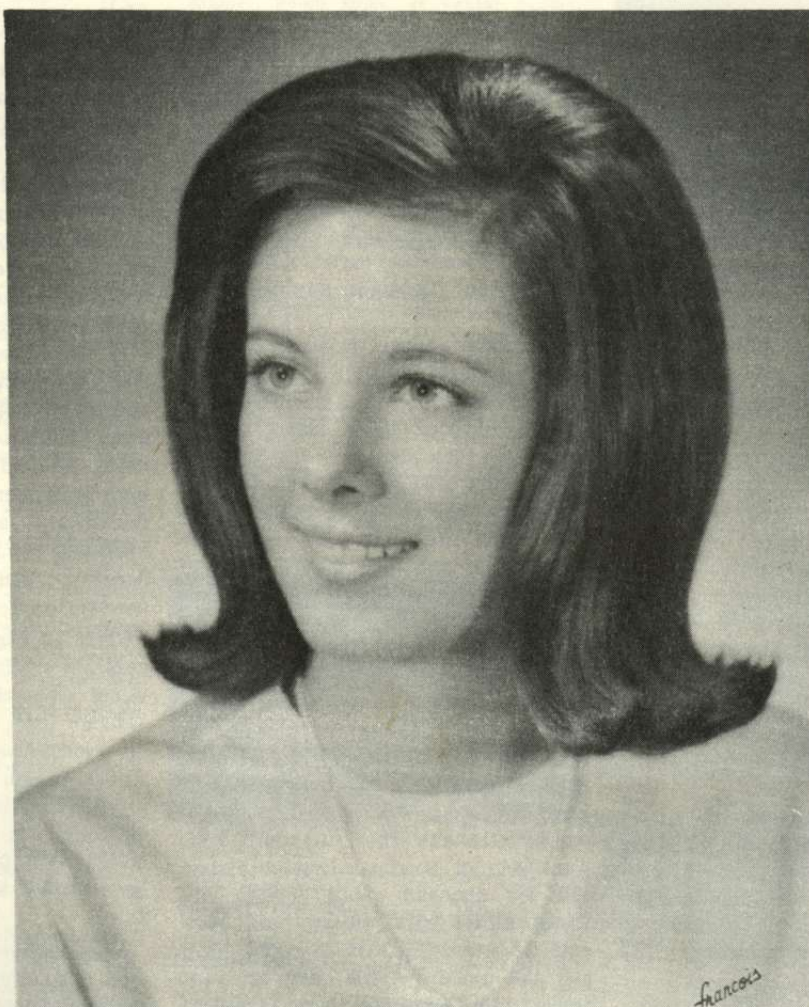
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Francois

*Our High School Graduate, Emily Driftmier*



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

First of all, I want to thank each and every one of you who were kind enough to send off "get well" cards while I was going through that long, drawn-out siege with my TEETH. (I put this in capital letters because it's the only way to convey how I feel about it!)

It seems to me, looking back, that about all I did for months was to brace myself for those trips to the dentist's office—and then recover in preparation for the next ordeal. I tried to remind myself constantly that I was downright fortunate to have a wonderfully competent dentist in whom I have great faith; and I concentrated also on the fact that extremely fine new anesthetics have been perfected that are a far, far cry from the old days. These drugs didn't make those trips a pleasure outing, but my! they certainly made a lot of difference.

As I write this I am sitting at the end of the living room looking out over the garden, and the evidence of our peculiar spring is right before my eyes. For one thing, we had the mildest winter that anyone around here can remember. I don't believe that a snow shovel was lifted in Shenandoah this winter; a broom was enough to brush off the tiny amounts that fell. There were terrific blizzards not far from us, but somehow we seemed to be in a magic spot where everything missed us.

To date, we've missed the usual spring rains too. Even people who hate a series of rainy days "because it's so gloomy" would settle happily right now for a good old soaker. A number of very cold nights just at the crucial moment froze all of the magnolia trees and thus we missed their spectacular bloom. The redbud trees around here looked sort of puny too. All in all, it's been an off-beat season.

Those of you who have read *Kitchen-Klatter* for a good many years may recall that Frederick has told you

about their summer trips to Nova Scotia, and seven or eight years ago I gave you my own report following a trip that Russell and I made with Juliana and Kristin. My! that was a long, long trip from home-base here in Iowa, and I'd never be able to cram that much distance into three short weeks ever again.

I have countless memories of that trip, of course, but if I had to single out just one I would say that it came as a great shock to me to find ourselves so far east of New York City that we were in another time zone, and that after 10:00 o'clock at night (even though it was August) we could sit outdoors and read the paper. All of this was without Daylight Savings Time too.

At any rate, Martin is going to have an opportunity to visit the place in Nova Scotia, for his Aunt Betty and Uncle Frederick have asked him to come East this summer—his first trip East. They will spend some time at the lovely lake in Rhode Island where Betty and Frederick have gone for many years, and then they'll head up to Nova Scotia for a spell. All of this will be a great thrill for Martin and I can already follow him along every mile of the way. I only wish that I were going too!

Right now, Mother, Dorothy and Aunt Clara Otte (Dad's sister who has been such a comfort in helping with his care) are getting ready to make a short trip to Arkansas where they will visit Aunt Adelyn (Dad's youngest sister) and her husband. Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert have retired now, have sold their farm north of Clarinda, have had the usual auction, and are now settled in a brand-new house in Arkansas. All of us have been working hard to get Mother to make this trip because she's been very much shut-in and needs to get away, if only for three or four days. As yet they haven't actually gotten into the car, so we still don't

know if she'll back out at the last minute!

Another expedition we're starting to work on for her is a trip out to Laramie in June when Dorothy hopes to go and visit her daughter Kristin. This would make a nice trip for Mother because they could go by way of Denver and visit Wayne, Abigail and the children. If everything goes well on this forthcoming trip to Arkansas (and I don't know why it wouldn't with Ruby right on deck) I think we'll stand a good chance of convincing her that she should head out to Denver and Laramie in June.

As for the rest of us here in Shenandoah, I haven't the faintest idea where we will go this summer or when! And I might almost add IF we will get anywhere at all. Juliana's plans are equally up-in-the-air. She'd prefer to stay in Albuquerque and get a job during the summer months, but jobs are terribly hard to come by in a university town. This seems to be pretty much true every place where students are concerned, because employers feel that just about the time they are trained and "worth their salt", they up and depart.

There is at least one thing I know for certain: on June 12th, coming right up, Juliana will be in Roswell, New Mexico, for the wedding of her dear friend, Chris Schettler. Those girls started out together as roommates in the dormitory when they both entered as freshmen. They progressed from there to an apartment—in short, they've been together for a long, long time and have never yet had a sharp misunderstanding. This seems to me some sort of a record because you know how much switching around is usually done in a dormitory; and then when you get into an apartment the fur can really fly!

Chris is marrying a young man who gets his medical degree in June at the U. of Colorado, and then begins the arduous and seemingly endless road involved in becoming a neuro-surgeon. My! when you think how long it takes to become a specialist in any field of medicine it's no wonder that we lack at least 500,000 doctors in this country—that's a figure I read the other day.

As a matter of fact, I read a great deal and listen to news reports on the radio and look at TV and sometimes these days I have the uneasy sensation that things are coming apart at the seams. I used to get in the car and never give it a thought, but now when I open the door I wonder what weak-

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## FREDERICK RECEIVED AN UNUSUAL HONOR

Dear Friends:

It is good to sit down and write a letter after having been standing on my feet for the past two hours. Yes, Betty and I stood in line for two hours waiting for an opportunity to go through a receiving line and shake hands with the new president of Springfield College and his gracious wife. Earlier we had taken part in the academic procession at the president's inauguration, listened to a splendid speech by Dr. Milton Eisenhower and by Dr. Lockland, the new president. All in all, it has been a full day, and the chance to sit down and write this letter to you is a welcome respite. I have all my sermons ready for tomorrow — three of them — and I have finished the preparation of a lengthy report to be given to a church conference tomorrow afternoon.

You could never guess what happened to me one evening last week! I was made an honorary life member of the Springfield Fire Department, gold badge and all! It came as a complete surprise to me, and I am as delighted with my new badge as a little boy would be with a new toy. The honor was paid me for emergency services rendered to the fire department on the coldest night of the winter. You will remember that I wrote and told you about the big fire across the street from our church and how I worked most of the night making hot coffee that was served to the firemen out of our church kitchen. We served coffee and soup in the church kitchen to more than 100 firemen, some of whom claimed that that bit of warmth and refreshment literally saved their lives. Nevertheless, I don't think that I deserve such an honor; it will be fun, however, to wear the badge on special occasions, and particularly to show it to the church children.

Now that we have our annual meeting behind us, the work here at the church is not as demanding as it is most of the year. Instead of having to work in the church office every evening, I am visiting some of our shut-ins and showing them the more than 150 colored slides that I used to describe the year's activities to the people at the annual meeting. When I finish this letter, I plan to run out to Springfield Hospital where I shall show the pictures to the ladies in the chronic ward. This year the pictures were more exciting than usual because of the many pictures of the big fire. Hard though it may be to understand, I am the only



Frederick and Betty send tape-recorded visits which we share on the Saturday broadcasts. These are made in their living room at the parsonage.

one in this entire city that got colored pictures of the fire. Many pictures were taken in the daylight the morning after, but by then the fire was nearly out. My pictures taken at three in the morning, show the raging inferno of flames reaching out toward the sky. Utterly fantastic!

Last night I sat here in the office talking to a lady whose whole life is one big torment of fear, and whose sick nerves and upset stomach are products of it. In one hour I think she mentioned at least ten different things that have her nearly scared to death, and I simply told her she either had to get rid of a few of those fears or get ready right now to pay some big doctor's bills. While talking to her, I dug down into a desk drawer and came up with this quotation from a report given by Dr. Herbert Ratner of the Loyola University School of Medicine. Dr. Ratner said: "Modern man as a result of propaganda goes through life fearing, death and ends up as a vitamin-taking; antacid-consuming; barbiturate-sedated; aspirin-alleviated; weed-habituated; benzedrine-stimulated; psychosomatically diseased; surgically spoiled animal. We treat man more as if he were a horse rather than a human being with a spirit."

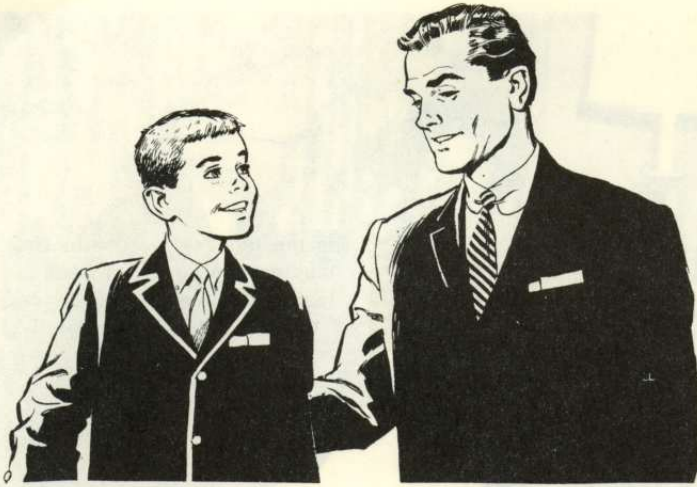
That quotation reminded me of the man who ran into the emergency room at the hospital in terrible shape, and when the doctor asked him what had happened, he said: "Well, doctor, when I got up this morning I took my antihistamine pill, two aspirin, a milt-down and an equanil, my vitamin C capsule, a milk of magnesia tablet, and then I lighted a cigarette and there was this explosion!" The fact is that when people let their fears get the

best of them they begin drugging themselves with all kinds of things that may do a great deal to remove all fear of poverty from the minds of the pharmacists, but do little to remove their own fears. When you get right down to the heart of the matter, most fears have to be conquered by faith, and there are just too many people in this world who don't have the kind of faith it takes to overcome a hundred and one different fears.

For a long time I have been promising our David that I would take him to Washington, D. C., and last week I finally made good on that promise. I could only be gone from Springfield for a day and a half, and we had to see a lot and do many things in that brief span of time. Of course, we had to fly both ways, and that was to David's liking. The poor kid had an accident on the way down! I had gone to sleep in the plane and didn't hear David ask the stewardess for some hot chocolate. It had just been served him when the plane hit some very rough air, and over went the chocolate right into his lap and all over his new sport coat. Gratefully, the coat was almost the color of the chocolate, and so we were able to get by with a little spotting with cold water, etc., but it taught David a lesson. Coming home he refused breakfast on the plane because of rough weather, and you can bet that he made very certain I had observed his good judgment.

We certainly had a marvelous time in the capital city. Our Congressman got us seats in the front row at the Supreme Court where for forty-five minutes we listened to all nine Supreme Court Justices questioning some law-

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## "Me and My Shadow"

IDEAS AND THOUGHTS FOR FATHER'S DAY

by Mabel Nair Brown

The theme, "Me and My shadow", is an apt one for a father and son party, but, since a shadow is a will-o'-the-wisp thing, let us use masculine silhouettes to get the idea across.

### DECORATIONS

**A Shadow Stabile:** A stabile, made like a mobile except that the support from which the parts are suspended is anchored in a base instead of being suspended from above, is easy to work with as a centerpiece. Twist a wire coat hanger into an unusual shape with angles, straighten out the hook, and insert it in a base.

Cut silhouettes of men and boys in various sizes from heavy construction paper. Silhouettes of famous men might well be used with the others. Suspend these from various angles on the frame, using black thread. Ruffles of crepe paper in your chosen color scheme or flowers conceal the base.

Costume small dolls or pipe cleaner figures to represent father and son, and arrange them on the tables to illustrate the "shadow" following in father's footsteps — playing baseball, or water skiing on a mirror "lake" — with the son "shadowing" his dad in every activity.

To make *Baseball Nut Cup Favors* cut the glove shape from brown fabric, sewing two of these together by overcasting with contrasting yarn. Use a bit of cotton padding to shape the mitt before the final stitches are taken. Place a few nuts and a large round mint in the palm of the glove.

Make *Program Booklets* in the shape of a silhouette. To get the shadow effect, trace an inner outline, in a contrasting color, around the edge of the cover.

### PROGRAM HELPS

**Welcome:** The pleasant task is mine tonight to greet you, one and all; to welcome sons and their dads, who're just little boys grown tall. We'll sing a little, pray a little, and hear some Scripture read. We'll laugh a little, talk a lot, and hear some speeches said. Yes, we're gathered here for fellowship, for fun, and song, and laughter. Let's all help make it, then, a night to cherish ever after.

**Devotions:** Jesus was the first great Teacher of men who showed sympathy for childhood. When He said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was a revelation. Plutarch said, "As soft wax is apt to take the stamp of a seal, so are the minds of young children to receive the instructions imprinted upon them."

It is the Scriptures that pay to father the highest tribute of all when they explain God to us by saying that He is "like as a father". As we hear some verses of Scripture read, let us see how, through our knowledge of what our own earthly father can mean to us, we can then be drawn to closer fellowship with our heavenly Father.

**Scriptures:** *As a father to the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.*

*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Be ye also merciful as your father is merciful.*

*Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.*

*The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice; and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him.*

*Behold, what manner of love the*

*Father hath bestowed upon us, that we shall be called the sons of God.*

**Hymn:** "Faith of Our Fathers" or "O Love Divine and Golden".

**Prayer:** Almighty God, who givest the gift of family and friendship, who through the common daily tasks and daily relationships givest to us Thy very self, strengthen us; make us more understanding and loving toward those dear to us, and thus draw us closer to Thee, in Jesus' name. Amen.

**Meditation:** "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me." So goes the first line of a rhyme most of us enjoyed in one of our first readers. To paraphrase, we might ask, "What will my shadow reveal about me?" The little "copy cat" shadow tells us plainly the virtues, the faults, and the values of the pattern being copied. Are we always careful to see that the pattern is the best? On the other hand, if we are the shadow, are we choosing the best to copy? Or do glitter and our own selfish interests blind us and allow us to settle for second rate?

**ME AND MY SHADOW** — we walk life's road together. Grant me wisdom to see him through life's rough and stormy weather. Make me a rock of strength, Lord, like Peter, sure and bold, that I be worthy of this man-shadow Thou hast given me to have and hold. Yea, Lord, keep me ever mindful, wherever I may be, that I must live up to the shadow, following after me.

**Hymn:** "Blest Be the Tie".

**Benediction:** May thy Spirit of love and light illumine our minds, O Lord, that all life may glow anew, that ties of family and of friendship take on new meaning, and our hearts be drawn closer to Thine, we pray. Amen.

**To the Fathers:** I read a statement which said that homes would be happier, children better behaved, and fewer wives would become widows in their fifties and sixties, if we would put Dad back at the head of the household. I couldn't agree more! No better heritage could come to a child than to grow up in a home that revolves around the breadwinner, where his word is revered, his friendship desired, and his advice respected. Let us put Dad back on the throne to be an example, a strength, and a bulwark. We salute you, our dads, the head of the house.

**To the Sons:** Somewhere in a schoolroom today, under the care of an unknown teacher, is a child who, grown to maturity, will lead the world away from war and toward peace. Is it your son, or is it mine? Perhaps we will never know. But every father dreams,

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## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Without a doubt, some of the youngsters I see poking along down the street towards school are going to be tardy. There is so much to stop and see along the way — a butterfly, a bee, a nesting bird. On warm spring days I wish that I, too, could poke along in a lazy sort of way!

We all welcome a break in our routine, and Martin and I had an opportunity for just that around Eastertime when Martin had a week's spring vacation. Wayne and Abigail wrote that they were having beautiful weather in Denver and suggested that we drive out to see them. Oliver got up at four o'clock to have breakfast with us, to help load the car and to see us off.

Since we intended to make the drive in one day, Oliver suggested that we take Highway 36 across Kansas, the quickest route with the least amount of traffic. Leaving as early as we did, we made very good time. As a matter of fact, I believe we drove the first 50 miles without meeting a car!

Since we had just passed a bond issue in our town for a new high school building, Martin and I were "school conscious" and noted the many new schools in Kansas. Each time we passed one, Martin would say, "I wonder if it went through on the first vote."

Kansas is a lovely state. We've heard people remark about the monotony of its landscape, but they are closing their eyes to the beauty that is there.

We arrived in Denver in late afternoon, feeling that we had had an easy trip. Martin is an excellent driver, and what a pleasure it was to turn the wheel over to him for his share of the miles.

Although we have made a number of trips to Denver, it is a city with many things of interest so there were still many places to see. On previous vacations we had skipped the United States Mint for in the summertime there are always long lines of people waiting for the tours. That was not the situation in April, so we went through it — finally. Because of the current shortage of coins the mint is in operation day and night. And since we were so close to the Civic Center, we also went through the Denver Art Museum, which has an excellent permanent collection, including some paintings by The Masters.

This was Wayne's busy season at the nursery, so on most of our sight-seeing around the city, Abigail was our guide.



While we waited for the children to dress for dinner the evening we went out, Margery took this picture of Abigail and Wayne.

However, Wayne took one day off from work while we were there and drove us to the mountains. We took Highway 6 out of Denver to Golden and through Clear Creek Canyon to Idaho Springs. There was little water in the creek because of the lack of snow in the mountains this year. We were headed for Loveland Pass. On the way up we went through Georgetown, where the famous Georgetown Loop of the old narrow-gauge railroad was located. People used to come from all over to take the narrow gauge over this feat of engineering. When we arrived at the Loveland Basin ski area the slopes were crowded with skiers, as it was a good day for the sport, and also, it was one of the few ski areas still open.

Our drive also took us past the new Dillon Dam, built for Denver water supply, Breckenridge, a famous ski resort, but which was closed for the season, and as far south as Fairplay. Fairplay didn't look as bustling with activity as it did the summer Oliver, Martin and I stayed overnight there during the height of the tourist season.

That evening we had dinner at a very famous restaurant, Salt Water Dumas. Fish, naturally, is their specialty, and on the menu one could find almost any kind of salt water fish — even swordfish and dolphin! For fun, we each ordered a different kind of fish, and although such a thing is not considered proper in "high society", we shared tastes with one another!

There isn't space to give you a complete account of our visit, so I'm just mentioning a few high points.

Since we had driven out through Kansas, we decided to return by way of Nebraska on Highway 30. With the marvelous new freeways through Denver, it didn't take long to get out of the city and onto the interstate for

Sterling, Colorado. We encountered another fine expanse of interstate from North Platte to Grand Island.

There is a fine museum in Grand Island, the Stuhr Museum, which I'd heard about from a friend, and I wanted very much to see it. However, I'll have to make another trip there, for they are in the process of constructing a fabulous new building and much of the collection had been put into storage.

We dropped a little south of Grand Island in order to stop at Hastings to see the House of Yesterday. This is one of the finest museums I've ever visited — really as fine as some state museums. It is devoted to natural science, pioneer history and the Indian Lore of the Great Plains. Martin and I spent considerable time there before driving on to Crete where I left Martin to resume his studies at Doane College.

The only mishap of late happened not to one of us, but to our dog Nickie. We noticed for several days that he was limping, and occasionally seemed to be in pain. When time didn't take care of it, we took him to a veterinarian. An X-ray proved our suspicion — he had a broken toe! A cast was put on his leg, which he'll have to endure for six weeks, and although he was quite upset over this cumbersome thing at first, he seems used to it now and is getting around more easily than we had expected.

The night that the dog was at the veterinarian's hospital, we heard some pounding at the back door. Oliver and I had just gone to bed — I suppose it was about 10 o'clock. Then we heard Martin call out "Anybody at home? You've got company!" Oliver and I were greatly surprised to be greeted with the news that we had not one boy for an overnight visit, but six! It was a balmy spring evening, and when the boys were sitting around the dorm wondering what to do with themselves, it was suggested that they drive to Shenandoah. They just piled into the car (one of them was an upperclassman and permitted to have a car on campus) and struck out for our house. What fun we had! The first request was for popcorn — and it took four big bowls to fill them up — and then milk shakes to fill up the corners! Then I was off to check on the sleeping arrangements. Once again we were grateful for a "big old house" with plenty of rooms and beds.

Speaking of our big old home, it needs a good vacuuming, so I must stop and get busy.

Sincerely,  
Margery

# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

A year ago at this time the farmers in our area were getting discouraged because we had had so much rain that they were far behind with their field work, and I think this was generally true throughout the Midwest. This year it has been an entirely different story, at least in our area. There have been few days the men couldn't go to the field. The seeding was all done on schedule, although on several noons when Frank came in for dinner he said he had never been so cold. The temperatures were mighty chilly for this time of year.

Because it has been dry and cool, the grass in the pastures has been slow growing, so Frank is still feeding ground feed at the bunks in a lot where he has cattle shut up. As soon as he can turn them out into the pasture he won't have to worry about keeping the tank full of water. We don't have an electric pump there, so pumping the tank full several times a day is time consuming.

I decided this was something I could do, since Frank won't let me go to the field anymore, and the first few days my sore arms let me know I was very much out of condition. The first time he came in from the field late and I told him I was going to pump up the tank while he fed the cows, he asked me if I was sure I wanted to do it, because it was probably empty and he warned me that it would take 450 strokes to fill it. When I walked up to the bunks to ride back to the house with him on the tractor, he just grinned when I said he was all wrong about the strokes, that it really took 800. He said I must not take the pump handle from the very top to the very bottom, but since I did, I think he was kidding me all the time. Now that my arms don't get sore anymore I really enjoy the job, and it is good exercise for the waistline.

One evening before dark, after we had finished the chores, Frank asked if I would like to walk with him up the ditch and through the timber to look for a cow and her new calf. He was taking a bucket of feed to her, and wanted to check to see if the calf was all right. It was such a beautiful



The Johnsons' dog Tinker disappeared recently. He was fond of Mother and stayed close by her when she came to visit.

evening that I was eager to go. We climbed up hill and down for about an hour, making a complete circle back to where we started, but didn't find the cow or her calf. My arms weren't the only things that were out of condition after the winter months of little physical activity, for my legs felt weak after an hour of climbing banks and hills. There was only one place we hadn't looked, so we took a turn in this direction before going back to the house. There stood the cow with the little new calf lying beside her, on nice level ground not 100 yards from where I had been pumping water. If I had walked ten feet around a bend I would have seen her and saved us the time and the hike. We really didn't care though, because it was a beautiful evening, and it was fun. It had been a long time since I had walked through this part of the timber.

Sadie the goat is quite a problem at times. She has been allowed to run free, at least for the time being until she starts to eat the flowers and bushes. Frank always shuts her in her house at night, but the other day when I wanted to hang some clothes on the line I told him he was going to have to do something about her. (I knew that clothes on the line would never be safe with Sadie on the loose. If I go outside with an apron on she soon tries to untie the apron and eat the ties.) He put her in her house until the clothes were dry and in the house again, but reported that she didn't understand why she had to go to bed in the middle of the day.

Poor Sadie! She wants to be friendly with the other animals, but the horses bite at her, the cows chase her, the calves butt her, the chickens run away from her, and the cats ignore her. She has no one to play with. I'm sure she is going to be happy when Alison

comes back to the farm this summer. Alison plans to come when school is out, and asked permission to bring a girl friend with her, so Sadie and the girls will have a lively time.

Any spare time I have been spent at the sewing machine. I made a dress for Frank's sister Bernie first; then one for his sister Edna who lives in Phoenix. Happily, she loved the dress — material, pattern, and fit. When Frank's other sister Ruth spent a week with us recently, she selected a piece of material so I could make her one. She tried to talk me out of it, thinking I was too busy, but no woman was ever blessed with nicer sisters-in-law than I have been, and it makes me happy to sew for all three of them.

Kristin mentioned that Andy was very fond of music, so the last time I found a couple of books I wanted to send out to him I also included a couple of musical toys. One was a music box shaped like a tiny television set with a small window in front. When the music starts (in this case "Farmer in the Dell") the story in pictures of "Farmer in the Dell" pass across the window. Kristin says Andy loves it, calls it his radio, and carries it around with him all the time. At bedtime he is allowed to pick out one book to take to bed with him, and off he walks with his book in one hand and his radio in the other. He soon drops off to sleep and they never hear another word out of him.

Andy also loves tractors and trucks. We have been amazed that he remembers anything about his trip to our house last Christmas, but apparently he does. Kristin said the last time she took him to the grocery store he became very excited and kept shouting "Johnson — tractor — Grandpa". She couldn't imagine why until she saw a picture on the wall of a man plowing corn on a green tractor. She says she knows what to expect now every time she takes him there. When we talk to him on the phone the first thing he says is "tractor". We hope they will be able to spend a little time with us this summer so he can ride on the tractor with Frank. What a thrill he would get out of that!

My space has run out, so I'm going to put away my typewriter and go outside and work in the yard for awhile. It is too beautiful to stay cooped up in the house, and the yard could stand some attention.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## When Wedding Bells Ring

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



### DECORATIONS

*Sugar Bells* are usually thought of most often in conjunction with the wedding cake, but they make such dainty, yet elegant, decorations for a bridal shower, that the whole shower theme might well be confined to these bells. They are easy to make (the recipe and directions have been in several back issues of *Kitchen-Klatter*), but if you do not wish to make them, very good substitutes can be found in the "frosted" bells sold at stationery and novelty stores.

*Sugar Bell Centerpiece:* Very carefully arrange bells on a tiered stand, beginning with largest circle of bells on bottom, then smaller circle on next tier, etc., to a single one on top. After bells are in place, put a single rosebud, with leaf or two, in each bell, as the clapper. Depending on size of bells, you might want to insert fine greenery here and there among them. Place bit of greenery and rosebuds around the base of the bell tier, and let greenery trail over edges.

Sugar bells are also very pretty if placed over the nut cups. Use a cake decorator to put a rosebud and leaves on top of each bell, the rose being in the bride's color.

*"Caught" Centerpiece:* The cage might be an old bird cage you have painted white, or you might make one using pipe cleaners or "Tinker Toys". The idea is to place a groom doll inside the cage. Tie a cluster of flowers and ribbon, and a dime store wedding ring to the top of the cage and arrange flowers and greenery around the bottom.

Another idea would be to suspend the decoration above the tea table, with streamers running down to a wedding ring arrangement in the center of the table. It might be suspended over the gift table, also.

### GAMES

*Shower Umbrella Race:* Use paper plates for the umbrellas. Run a cord through each plate so players can tie the umbrella over their heads. Each player is given a large spoon and five ping-pong balls. Allow a given amount of time (three minutes, perhaps) for each to scoop up balls with a spoon and get them into the umbrella (plate) on top his head, *using only one hand*. This can also be played as a relay race.

*Furnishing the Home:* Divide guests into groups, assigning each group a different room in the bride's new home to furnish. Each is given some old magazines from which to cut pictures of single items. After 15 minutes, the judges decide which group had the most completely furnished room.

*The Missing Ingredient:* One ingredient is left out of each recipe. What is it?

1. Brown Betty Pudding: bread crumbs, sugar, lemon, spices, fat, water. (apples)
2. Coffecake: milk, fat, sugar, salt, eggs, yeast, flavoring. (flour)
3. Waffles: flour, milk, eggs, salt, baking powder. (shortening)
4. Dumplings: fat, baking powder, flour, salt, broth, liquid. (eggs)
5. Baked Alaska: sponge cake, egg whites, sugar. (ice cream)
6. Deviled eggs: eggs, salt, mustard, pepper. (vinegar)
7. Devil's Food Cake: sugar, baking powder, soda, milk, fat, cocoa, vanilla, eggs. (flour)
8. Shortcake: flour, salt, sugar, milk, fat. (baking powder)
9. Scrapple: ground beef, ground pork, meat broth, seasoning. (corn meal)
10. Eggs au Gratin: cheese, eggs, bread. (white sauce)

### WEDDING OF THE FLOWERS

What more appropriate setting for a wedding than a flower garden? The wedding group in the list below can be completed by filling in the blanks with the names of flowers from the list at the bottom. Can you complete the group? Four correct answers, you need to do some weeding; six correct, you have gathered an average bouquet; a perfect score and you're invited to the wedding!

1. \_\_\_\_\_ is the blushing bride.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ will give the bride away.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ is the attentive groom.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ is the eager best man.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ will perform the ceremony.
6. The bride's veil is \_\_\_\_\_.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ may object to the wedding.

### INTERESTING FACTS

WEDDING CUSTOMS are centuries old. The medieval bride wore her hair hanging loosely for the wedding ceremony. On top of her head she wore a garland of flowers, the symbol of her virginity.

Part of the "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue" may be traced to the ancient Israelites. They regarded blue as the color of love, purity, and fidelity, and sewed a blue riband upon the borders of their fringed wedding garments.

Attendants at the wedding date back to primitive ceremonies, for when the primitive bridegroom set out to capture, or steal, a wife, he was accompanied by a strong-armed friend who made every effort to stave off pursuit by the girl's father.

The flower girl is a survival of the custom of having a child walk ahead of the bride, carrying a sheaf of wheat symbolic of the wish for a fruitful marriage.

The throwing of shoes, or tying them to the car, goes back to ancient Egypt, when the father of the bride gave his daughter's shoe to the groom as a symbol that he was transferring his authority to the groom. This custom is mentioned in the Bible when the kinsman of Ruth indicated his willingness to give up his claim by giving his shoe to Boaz. Ruth 4:7-8.

Records show that early Egyptians used rings in the marriage ceremony. They were also used by Romans, Hebrews, and Anglo-Saxons, as a sign that woman was the possession of man. The Greeks claimed that a small nerve runs from the heart to the third finger of the left hand; therefore it was the finger honored with the wedding ring.

In medieval times the bride wore red. When Anne of Brittany married Louis XII, she broke tradition and established white as the symbol of purity and modesty. White survived as the color to be worn by brides thereafter upon their wedding day.

8. \_\_\_\_\_ of relatives are present.

9. The bride is wearing a \_\_\_\_\_.

10. The bridegroom is nervous but the \_\_\_\_\_ won't tell.

Flowers: Queen Anne's Lace, Phlox, Snapdragon, Sweet William, Poppy, Daisies, Johnny-Jump-Up, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Rose, and Lady's Slipper.

Answers: 1. Rose. 2. Poppy. 3. Sweet William. 4. Johnny-Jump-Up. 5. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. 6. Queen Anne's Lace. 7. Snapdragon. 8. Phlox. 9. Lady's Slipper. 10. Daisies.

—Evelyn P. Johnson



## Do You Really Listen?

by

Agnes White Thomas

We talk much today about gracious living, but what about gracious listening? We all have ears, but do we really hear with them? Even people who are hard of hearing have no excuse for not listening. Modern hearing aids are so improved they make it possible for all to hear. (In fact, these people really have an advantage; when they become bored with someone's incessant chatter, they can easily turn their hearing aids off.)

A fifth-grade class recently studied the five senses. The homework assignment was to choose one of them, read up on it, and write a one-page composition on the subject. The following, entitled "Ears," was submitted by one of the students:

"Most people and animals have two ears, but they are not all shaped alike. The donkey's ears are tall and pointed. Elephant's ears are shaped like fans.

"Ears are made up of funny sounding parts like anvil, stirrup, and canals. Our ears have large flaps on the outside to catch the sound. These work somewhat like a radar or the antenna on our TV sets.

"Ears were made to hear with, but some people seem to use them for many other things besides listening. My grandmother's ears help keep her glasses on. My father uses one of his ears to hold his hearing aid. Mother's ears are used mostly to put her earrings on. My little brother's ears keep his hat from falling down over his eyes, and my sister's ear is usually glued to the telephone. I don't think she really listens with it, though, because she never stops talking long enough to hear what the other person is saying."

Unknowingly, the boy had hit upon the truth, and there is "more truth than poetry" in what he wrote. What is wrong with us? Have we forgotten how to listen? Instead of so many courses in public speaking, we need, it seems, lessons in listening.

A lady who is known for her charm and grace was a guest recently at a dinner party given in honor of a great general. She does not claim to know much about politics or the fine art of

winning a war, but she was vitally interested in what the general had to say about our foreign policy. She listened intently to his every word.

When the party was over, the general turned to his hostess and said, "I certainly enjoyed talking to that lady. She's quite a conversationalist."

The hostess knew that the lady had scarcely spoken all evening, but that she had listened.

A little girl danced into the kitchen where her mother was busy preparing dinner.

"Mother," she cried, "guess what!" "I don't know — what?" the mother asked, not looking up from the potato she was peeling.

"Mother, you're not listening." "Yes, I am, honey." She pushed the peelings into the garbage disposal. "But Mother, you're not listening with your eyes."

And how many of us really listen with interest when others are talking? For instance, does the average housewife stop what she is doing and give her undivided attention to her husband when he returns home from a rough day at the office?

Perhaps it has been one of those days when everything has gone wrong for him. He has hurried home anticipating a pleasant dinner hour and a quiet evening with his wife, after the kiddies have been put to bed. The man may need to get something off his chest and expects his wife to listen to his problems and understand his feelings.

But the wife, too, has had a trying day with the children, the neighbor's dog, and faulty plumbing. She is so wrapped up in her own affairs that she spends the evening giving him a detailed account of her day's events, unaware of his own urgent need to be heard.

Good listening manners are not inborn, they must be taught or cultivated, and the one who realizes this will not only gain popularity but also knowledge.

An old Italian proverb tells us, "From listening comes wisdom; from speaking comes repentance." True, much of what one hears will be chaff,

but this can be sifted from the wheat which can be stored for future use.

Probably, the most popular girl in school is the one who really listens to her friends' problems. She has learned that everyone likes to talk about himself or his hobbies.

The smart or unselfish person encourages others to talk about subjects which interest them, and she or he listens with eyes, ears, and heart.

How are your listening manners? Do you turn a deaf ear when others are speaking? Do you let words go in one ear and out the other? Why not begin today to cultivate the art of gracious listening?

—Grit (Reprinted by permission)

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### THE MEASURE OF A MAN

How do you measure a man . . .

There are a number of yardsticks used to evaluate a human being's worth. For instance, he can be measured by size and weight, strength and color, voice pitch and pulse rate.

To many, one's appearance is the first yardstick of measurement. Modern concepts of beauty or handsomeness are all that matter; that is — until he opens his mouth and reveals himself a fool, an egotistical show-off, or an intelligent person.

Others will measure him by clothes. Is he dressed in the up-to-the-minute fashion or does his wardrobe consist of beatnik apparel complemented by bushy hair and other characteristics of the yeah-yeah-yeah pack?

In some groups, the only important measure is the size of his bank account and its future possibilities — up or down.

But are these reliable elements in determining one's value?

To a degree, perhaps they are.

Still, in the larger sense, in the more important area of human worth, there must be other considerations.

And these considerations are the virtues mankind has created inch by struggling inch as he approached the full, 36-inch yardstick of a true man's worth.

The age-old virtues of honesty and loyalty and goodness and mercy provide a much more meaningful measure of a man than do the superficial things surrounding him.

How do YOU measure a man — perhaps your friend? What qualities must your friend possess before you call him "Friend"?

Think on this . . .

Then will you know your own measure more truthfully.

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## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I have managed to squeeze a space clear on the dining room table large enough to accommodate my typewriter, so I'll dash off a quick note to you before the voices from the infirmarium upstairs begin to call for service.

The dining room table is heaped high because Donald and a brave neighbor have ripped out the cabinets along one wall of our beautiful new kitchen, and of course these cabinets had to be emptied first. As a present to our new house and more personally to us my mother is giving us a refrigerator to replace our present one, which we outgrew with the arrival of our first baby eleven years ago. But lo-and-behold! the space which had formerly held our refrigerator so gracefully would not accommodate the width of the new one. Rather than turn down such a practical gift Donald and our neighbor determined a way to steal one inch from the length of these cabinets, but leaving them with almost no evidence of having been attacked by amateurs. The deed is almost done and then we'll be ready when the gift is delivered. This new one is an upright two-door model with the left section *all* freezer and the right section a regular refrigerator. I have become a master at the fine art of cramming to the maximum a tiny freezer section in the top of a small refrigerator, and how I look forward to the luxury of spreading out onto many shelves of freezer compartment.

The infirmarium that I mentioned is occupied by Paul and Katharine. Last week Adrienne came down with an influenza-type bug dramatically named "Singapore B". She was a very sick five-year-old for the better part of a week, and just like clockwork Paul and Katharine followed her pattern of intense sore throat, high fever for a day or two, and a windup of a deep, rattling chest cough.

According to the radio this virus is of epidemic proportions. They expect one person in every three to be downed by the contagious little rascal. Neither Don nor I have had it yet, and as close contact as I've had with the children, if I were going to get sick it should have happened by now. (Besides, since when are mothers allowed the luxury of getting so sick that they have to go to bed?)

This week has been somewhat of a dud as far as it has gone. Don signed up for two weeks vacation to oversee the yard work, and, indeed, take over the work after the heavy trucks are through, so you can guess what the



Katharine and two of her little friends putting on a puppet show.

weatherman has served up for the bill of fare! Rain and more rain and then a thunderstorm or two during the night. So while it has rained Don has busied himself with house-bound jobs. I have been agitating for a screen door on the door leading from the utility room into the garage. For some reason or other — and this is the second house this phenomenon has occurred — we have a door leading from the house into the garage that opens out rather than swinging in. This means that the screen door must be hung on the inside of the door in the utility room. But even though it is an unusual arrangement, I'll have a door to further ventilate the room.

I don't think I've had the opportunity to tell you about the lazy, restful spring vacation we had when the children's school dismissed in March. We went down to Anderson to visit my mother and sister and her family, and Donald was able to go into the main corporation office where he is employed, so we really accomplished a goodly amount in one trip. I had an

### A SUMMER LITANY

For robins in the cherry tree  
Singing songs of praise to Thee;  
For fragrance sweet of garden flowers,  
Their blossoms gay through sunny hours,

I THANK THEE, LORD.

For cooling breeze, for azure sky,  
For gossamer wings of a butterfly,  
For yellow ducklings on a quiet pond,  
Fleecy clouds drifting just beyond,  
I THANK THEE, LORD.

For a neighbor's wave from across the way  
And children's laughter as they play,  
For these and all Thy gifts to me  
I lift my heart and soul to Thee,

I THANK THEE, LORD.

—Mabel Nair Brown

opportunity to visit several friends and have a restful visit with Mother and enjoy the luxury of eating someone else's cooking.

When we came back, instead of taking the Illinois toll road around Chicago we drove into the city and down to the lake front, where we parked the car and went on foot to the Adler Planetarium. There is no admission charge to get into the building to view the marvelous pictures and see the telescopes on the lower level. For twenty-five cents on Saturday mornings only there is a children's lecture. Buying a ticket to this lecture gives the child and his parent or group sponsor (there were many, many Scout and Y.M.C.A. groups in the audience) admittance to a large, circular auditorium. In the center of of this room is a planetarium which is a model or representation of the planetary system. Projectors display the movements of the celestial bodies on a hemispherical ceiling. In the course of this one hour lecture, which was especially beamed at a child's understanding, these children were given an entire year's moving display of the stars through the heavens. They saw how the sun appears to rise high along a meridian from the winter to the summer months, and of course the lecturer explained that it is not really the sun which is moving but rather the earth. All of this is accomplished in the most totally blacked out room I've ever been in. Because the lecture was comparatively brief it held the attention of even our little Adrienne. I would highly recommend this for you and your children if you ever get to Chicago. It surely stirred Paul's interest.

After we had enjoyed a quick lunch in Chicago we drove back to the lake front and spent several hours at the Aquarium. I never realized there are so many varieties of fish.

It's only a matter of weeks now until school will be out, and even though I welcome the relaxation of no school routine nor homework, I wonder what I'll do with these three children all day every day for twelve weeks. We shall have to devise some way to keep them occupied either constructively or in the line of amusement. Children all anticipate vacation, but boredom can eventually take off much of its bloom. Perhaps one solution is to give them yard and house responsibilities, so that the free play time they have, they will have earned, and so enjoy the more.

Must run and tend to the sick ones upstairs.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*



## For Flag Day

by  
Carlita McKean Pedersen

Old Glory will be 189 years old on June 14th, 1966. Although it is not a legal holiday, except in Pennsylvania, nevertheless it is officially Flag Day throughout the United States by proclamation of the President, for the day commemorates the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the official flag of the United States. A bill was signed by President Harry S. Truman on August 3, 1949, requesting that the President call for the day's observance each year by proclamation.

According to history, the first official American Flag was displayed on Prospect Hill, January 1, 1776, when the American Army was besieging Boston. It was composed of thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the red cross of St. George and the white cross of St. Andrew displayed in the upper left-hand corner. It was known as the Continental or Grand Union Flag.

When Congress adopted a design for a new flag on June 14, 1777, it was actually the Continental Flag with the Union Jack replaced by stars in a field of blue, with one star for each of the thirteen colonies. No set rule was made regarding the arrangement of the stars, but they usually appeared in a circle. There is no record of the date the new flag was first flown, but it is believed that September 3, 1777, was the day that the adoption of the new flag was announced. It is generally believed that Betsy Ross sewed together the first Stars and Stripes, but there is little documentary proof that she actually did so.

On January 13, 1794, Congress voted to add two stars and two stripes to the flag to indicate the admission of two new states (Vermont and Kentucky), but by 1818 it was evident that the continuation of this procedure would soon make the flag a completely unwieldy banner. Therefore, on April 18, 1818, Congress decreed that the flag should be returned to the original thirteen stripes, for the original thir-

teen colonies, and the addition of a star be used to indicate the admission of each new state, the stars to be added to the flag on the July 4th following admission of the state to the Union. The 50th star was added on July 4, 1960, for Hawaii, the 49th having been added the previous year to indicate the admission of Alaska to statehood.

The idea of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag is said to have originated in 1892 with James B. Upham, an editor of "Youth's Companion". However, some who believe that it was written by Francis Bellamy will dispute this claim. Section 7 of Public Law No. 329, 77th Congress, designates: "That the pledge of allegiance to the flag, 'I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, onenation \*under God indivisible, with liberty and justice for all' be rendered by standing with the right hand over the heart. However, civilians will always show full respect to the flag when the pledge is given by merely standing at attention, men removing the headdress. Persons in uniform shall render the military salute."

\*The phrase *under God* was added to the Pledge on June 14, 1954.

The *Star-Spangled Banner* was written by Francis Scott Key in 1814 on the occasion of his visit to the British Fleet in Chesapeake Bay. In a successful effort to obtain the release of one Dr. William Beanes who had been captured by the British during the burning of Washington, D.C., Key was held overnight on shipboard during the shelling of Fort M'Henry — a fort defending Baltimore. At dawn's light, Key was so delighted to see Old Glory still waving above the fort that he began the poem to commemorate the occasion. Sung to the tune "Anacreon in Heaven", the four-stanza poem soon gained wide popularity, but the origin of the tune is obscure. It could possi-

bly have been written by a British composer born in 1750, John Stafford Smith. *The Star-Spangled Banner*, although earlier adopted as such by the Army and Navy, was proclaimed the official National Anthem in 1931.

**Leader:** Millions of people in other parts of the world have few of the freedoms which we enjoy, living beneath that glorious red, white, and blue banner. Let us now give thanks for those freedoms:

**Leader:** In America each person can worship God as he pleases.

**Response:** For such freedom we thank Thee, O God.

**Leader:** We can speak freely all the thoughts of our mind.

**Response:** For such freedom we thank Thee, O God.

**Leader:** We can meet with other people whenever, and wherever we choose.

**Response:** For such freedom we thank Thee, O God.

**Leader:** We can read, or express our thoughts in writing whenever we please — read whatever we please.

**Response:** For such freedoms we thank Thee, O God.

**Leader:** We are free to choose the work that we must do for a livelihood.

**Response:** For this freedom we thank Thee, O God.

**Leader:** We can travel the country, or to far corners of the earth to enjoy the earth's beauty.

**Response:** For this freedom we thank Thee, O God.

**Leader:** We are a free people. We are Americans. We are brothers all.

**Response:** For these freedoms we Thee, O God.

"I stand for a world-shaking idea that is creating a new earth, putting kings to flight, toppling dictators, bursting the shackles of slaves, making men brothers, glorifying human personality, spurring all mankind to aspire to more abundant living. I stand for the new order which has exploded old theories and set men free. I have kindled, and kept burning in the hearts of men, the fires of liberty, unity, justice, and brotherhood. Men have lived and toiled and died to keep alive the things I symbolize . . . .

"The blood spilled in all the great battles for freedom, from Valley Forge to Viet Nam is in my red stripes.

"The shining white light of eternal hope that penetrates the nation's darkest hours, are in my white stripes.

"The vast sweeping infinity of the heavens is in my stars, inspiring man-

(Continued on page 22)

## IT'S WEDDING TIME

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is being heard across the land. Strains of "Oh Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly" are mingled with the scent of orange blossoms and roses. June, traditionally the month of brides, is at hand.

June may hold the record for the number of weddings but each month of the year sees lovely brides and smiling grooms promising to love, honor and cherish. Last winter we had one such occasion in our family when our niece, Luanne Barnard (the daughter of Robert's sister, Ruthella) married Duane Mannon in our church in Sidney.

Luanne is a beautiful girl and just as sweet and gentle as she is lovely. She knew exactly what she wanted: a simple wedding with only the immediate families present. She wore a floor-length gown of silk taffeta. The matron of honor was her sister-in-law who wore a lovely street-length dress of romance blue. A large arrangement of white chrysanthemums and pink roses was on the altar. Branch candelabra held white candles which glowed above white satin bows. The organist played softly and the ceremony went smoothly and beautifully to its conclusion.

While the wedding pictures were being taken, I dashed down to the home of Robert's parents (grandparents of the bride) where the reception was to be held. I plugged in the coffeepot and then started the punch. We used the recipe for Sherbet Punch using raspberry sherbet and flavoring, vanilla ice cream and gingerale. (I've already shared that recipe with you friends.) The punch was a delicate pink.

The serving table was laid with a white satin damask cloth centered with a tiered wedding cake decorated with pale pink roses and white wedding symbols. Flanking the cake were silver candlesticks holding pink candles and encircled with pink and white roses. The table was set much as a tea table would be arranged. We placed the punch bowl and cups on the right side of the table. A silver dish with nuts was in front of the punch bowl and the silverware was arranged diagonally toward the cake. At the left side of the table coffee was served (it was a bitterly cold night and a number of the relatives had a long drive to get home.) In front of the coffee service was a silver plate holding pink and white mints. The napkins were placed diagonally toward the cake, repeating the line of the silver.



Mrs. Duane Mannon, the lovely bride, is pictured at her wedding reception.

Just as the coffee finished perking the bride and groom and the guests arrived. Since the serious part of the evening was concluded everyone relaxed and visited and had a wonderful time.

It has long been my opinion that a wedding reception is really a party and should be a time of enjoyment and never stilted or dull. This may take a bit of extra planning if it is held in a church or hall, but usually a small group in the home is relaxed and friendly in such natural surroundings. However, a bride should plan the reception according to her own wishes and not just as everyone else has done in the past. Adding individuality and imagination can make it memorable.

To be sure, one needs to confer with a clergyman as to the preferences of the denomination for the wedding ceremony and reception if it is to be in the church parlors. Other than his directions, the bride can and should plan as she desires as long as it is in good taste.

It is not as easy as it might seem for a bride to have plans just as she would like them, for so many other people are involved in weddings. Almost everyone, it seems, has an opinion as to how such an event should be done. Even some wedding consultants make a bride feel like a poor waif if she does not have everything on a list. One such counselor used the phrase, "This is an item *all* the girls with *nice* weddings use." Fortunately, a really good consultant keeps in mind the wishes of the bride and the limitations of cost.

Did you know the following facts?

It is as proper to have a small gathering at home for a meal or light refreshments as to have a formal reception for everyone, if the bride prefers.

And for a small wedding handwritten notes or phone calls are just as proper as printed invitations. Usually, engraved invitations are used at a large wedding because it is impossible to write that many notes by hand.

If everyone comes to the wedding it is not necessary to send announcements. However, if many relatives and friends of the family cannot come, it is nice to send announcements.

The best man is *supposed* to see that the groom is at the church on time, that the groom's clothes are on straight, that the ring is safely in his own pocket, that the boutonnieres are in place. He is also ready to serve as needed with the luggage and car. And after seeing a number of very nervous grooms, it is understandable that the best man may well play an important part in seeing that everything runs smoothly.

Many good books are available to help guide the plans for a wedding. The Shenandoah Library has the "McCall's Book of Etiquette" which includes an excellent section on weddings. The chapter begins with the worthwhile thought, "What really matters about a wedding is that it be a loving ceremony in which a man and woman are committed to each other. Whether the witnesses number two or four hundred the significance is the same."

✕ ✕ ✕

**GRANDMOTHER'S TARTS**

- 6 oz. cream cheese
- 1 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 cups chopped dates
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream the cheese, butter flavoring and margarine together. Add the flour and mix until well blended.

Roll out the pastry 1/8 inch thick on a lightly floured board. Cut with a 3-inch cooky cutter. Place half of the rounds on a baking sheet. Combine dates, water, flavoring and pecans and put a spoonful of this fruit mixture on each round; cover with another round of pastry. Press the edges together with the tines of a fork. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 15 minutes, or until done. This will make 18 tarts.

**SWEET-SOUR PORK**

- 1 1/2 lbs. lean pork steak, cut in strips 2 inches long and 1/2 inch wide
  - 2 Tbls. fat
  - 1/4 cup water
  - 2 Tbls. cornstarch
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/4 cup brown sugar
  - 1/4 cup vinegar
  - 1 cup pineapple juice
  - 1 Tbls. soy sauce
  - 3/4 cup green pepper, cut in strips
  - 1/4 cup chopped onion
  - 1 1/2 cups pineapple chunks or tidbits
- Brown the pork in hot fat. Add water, cover, and simmer for 1 hour. Combine cornstarch, salt, brown sugar, vinegar, pineapple juice, and soy sauce; cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Pour this sauce over the hot pork. Add green pepper, onion and pineapple pieces and cook, covered, for several minutes. Serve with hot rice. Makes 6 servings. —Margery

**CLUB SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. horseradish
- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 1 cup small curd cottage cheese
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the remaining ingredients which have been combined. Pour into mold and chill until set. Serve on salad greens. —Margery

**ZIPPY GREEN BEANS**

- 4 cups cut green beans, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 stiffly beaten egg white

Place the beans in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle the chopped celery over the beans. Mix together the mayonnaise, mustard, salt, vinegar and milk, and fold into the stiffly beaten egg white. Pile this mixture on top of the beans and celery in the baking dish. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a 400-degree oven about 15 or 20 minutes, or until the sauce puffs up and browns and the beans are heated through.

—Dorothy

**PEANUT BUTTER MILK DRINK**

- 1 quart milk
- 6 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 cup creamy School Day peanut butter

Beat all ingredients together until smooth. Refrigerate. Serve cold. This is a very delicious and nutritional drink. Serves six. —Evelyn

**CHERRY TORTE ICE CREAM PIE**

- 3 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 14 soda crackers, rolled fine
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup pecans
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat egg whites stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar. Add the soda crackers, baking powder and chopped pecans. Stir in flavoring. Fill a buttered pie plate with this mixture. Bake for 30 minutes in a 325-degree oven. Cool. Fill the center with ice cream (I usually use vanilla), and cover with the following topping:

**Topping**

- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Dash of nutmeg
- 1 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1 can sour red cherries, drained
- 1 tsp. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Mix dry ingredients in a saucepan. Stir in cherry juice and syrup. Cook over low heat until sauce thickens. Boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, add cherries, butter and flavorings. Cool completely before spreading over the ice cream. Freeze the entire pie until ready to serve. —Margery

**BANANA DROP COOKIES**

- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together. Cream shortening, butter flavoring and sugar together. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add bananas and flavorings. Lastly, stir in sifted dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar if desired. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until nicely browned. This makes 3 to 4 dozen soft, moist cookies.

**SIMPLE TUNA PIE**

- 1 can tuna fish
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- A dash of pepper
- 2 cups cooked noodles
- 3/4 cup cheese, diced
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Arrange cooked noodles in bottom of buttered casserole dish. Spoon drained and flaked tuna over noodles. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over fish. Top with a little grated cheese if desired. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly browned on top.

—Evelyn

**HAM AND RICE CASSEROLE**

- 3/4 cup uncooked rice
- 2 cups water
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups medium white sauce
- 1 cup diced ham
- 8 small slices of ham

Combine the rice, water and salt. Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat and let it simmer for about 20 minutes, or until the rice absorbs all the water. Stir the diced ham and one cup of the white sauce into the rice. Spoon into a greased casserole and pour the remaining white sauce over the rice. Cover with the ham slices. Top each ham slice with a deviled egg half, and bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes.

**Deviled Eggs**

- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 tsp. salad dressing
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. grated onion
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Halve the eggs lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mash. Add the salad dressing and the rest of the ingredients and beat until fluffy. Refill the egg whites. These can be garnished with a dash of paprika.

—Dorothy

**ESCALLOPED ASPARAGUS PEANUT**

Cut cooked or canned asparagus in one-inch pieces. (I used 2 cans.) Grind until fine 1/2 cup of shelled jumbo peanuts. Arrange a layer of the asparagus in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with the ground peanut meats. Repeat until the baking dish is almost full. Cover with one cup of medium white sauce. Top with soft buttered bread crumbs and bake in a 400-degree oven until brown, about 30 minutes.



Leanna Driftmier sets the table in her bright blue and white kitchen.

**SAUSAGE CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. bulk sausage
- 4 sweet potatoes
- 4 apples
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 Tbls. sausage drippings
- 1/3 cup brown sugar

Shape sausage into small patties and fry until brown. Peel and slice sweet potatoes and apples. Arrange sausage, sweet potatoes and apples in layers in casserole. Blend salt, sugar, flour, water and sausage drippings and pour over all. Sprinkle with brown sugar, and bake about 45 minutes at 375 degrees.

You can use canned sweet potatoes in place of raw ones if you like, but since the canned ones are usually small, use more than 4 — perhaps 6 or 8.

**LAZY DAISY LEMON CAKE**

- 1 large box lemon cake mix
- 1 tsp. ground mace
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Mix the cake mix according to directions on the box, adding the ground mace and lemon flavoring. (Mace is the perfect spice with lemon!) Bake according to directions on package.

**Broiled Coconut Topping**

- 6 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup light brown sugar
- 4 Tbls. evaporated milk or light cream
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut

Combine and spread over the hot cake. Place under broiler until bubbly, about 5 minutes. Watch closely!

**7-LAYER COOKIES**

- 1/4 lb. butter
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk (Eagle Brand)
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Melt the butter in a 9- x 13-inch pan. Sprinkle over the butter the remaining ingredients in layers in order given. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool and cut into small squares. Makes 48.

**MAPLE GLOW CAKE**

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup water
- 1 14-oz. pkg. gingerbread mix
- 1 egg, separated
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3/4 cup maple syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine butter or margarine, Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring, 1/2 cup of water and gingerbread mix. Beat well. Add remaining 1/2 cup water, egg yolk, salt, cream of tartar, maple syrup and flavoring. Beat very well. Pour into greased angel food cake pan. (The new dishwashing detergents remove the grease so this does not harm the pan for use with angel food cakes.) Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out on rack and frost with cooked icing. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring to frosting and sprinkle coconut over top for a very delicious combination of flavors.

When this was tested, the homemade Kitchen-Klatter maple syrup was used and it made a marvelous cake. This shows what can be done with our fine modern mixes with a little imagination.

—Evelyn

**CREAMED BRUSSELS SPROUTS**

- 2 pkgs. frozen Brussels sprouts
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of black pepper
- Dash of ground marjoram
- 1/8 tsp. ground thyme

Cook the Brussels sprouts. Make a white sauce of the butter or margarine, butter flavoring, flour and milk and season. Pour over the drained, cooked vegetable.

—Margery

**PLAIN CUP CUSTARDS**

- 4 eggs
- 2/3 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 4 cups scalded milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Beat the eggs, sugar and salt slightly to blend. Slowly add the scalded milk and then the flavoring. Pour into 12 custard cups. Sprinkle each with a dash of nutmeg. Bake in a shallow pan with about an inch of water in it. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes, or until a knife inserted comes out clean.

**TWO-PENNY SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
  - 1 cup hot water
  - 3/4 cup cold water
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 tsp. celery salt
  - 2 Tbls. catsup
  - 2 Tbls. mild vinegar
  - 1 1/2 cups cabbage, finely shredded
- Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in cold water. Add remaining ingredients. Chill in mold. Serve on lettuce leaves with a mild mayonnaise.

—Evelyn

**COFFEE-CHIP COOKIES**

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup cold coffee
- 1 cup chocolate chips

Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavorings. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder and cinnamon. Add alternately with the cold coffee. Stir in the chocolate chips and drop by teaspoon onto lightly greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 8 minutes, or until done.

**BAKED CHICKEN AND DUMPLINGS**

- 1 stewing hen
- 4 cups broth
- 1/2 cup fat from chicken
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 cup milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, unbeaten

Stew the hen in salted water until tender. Remove meat from bones. Measure out 4 cups broth into saucepan. Add 1/2 cup chicken fat, which has been skimmed off the broth. (It is good to chill the broth until the fat rises to the top.) Make a smooth paste of 1/2 cup flour and 1 cup milk. Stir into broth with salt and pepper to taste. When slightly thickened, add chicken to gravy. Keep hot while dumplings are being made.

Combine 1 cup of milk, 1/4 cup butter or margarine and butter flavoring in a saucepan. When this is hot, stir in 1 cup of flour which has been mixed with the 1/2 tsp. salt. Add this all at once and continue cooking and stirring vigorously until mixture leaves sides of pan. Let it cool and then beat in eggs, one at a time. When smooth and satiny, put hot chicken mixture into casserole and drop tiny dumplings by teaspoon over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Increase to 375 for 20 more minutes, or until golden in color. Serve immediately.

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YOUR  
MINDS**



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Almond	Burnt Sugar	Coconut	Butter
Orange	Black Walnut	Strawberry	Pineapple
Blueberry	Maple	Vanilla	Mint

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## Golden Anniversary

by Gertrude Applegate

1965 marked a 50th wedding anniversary, which I had to celebrate alone. It also marked my entry as a member of the Ancient Order of Gardeners. I think my husband was a born gardener. His father was one of a family of twelve children who grew up on a farm in Iowa. A good garden was one of the most important farm projects, for it often made the difference between good eating and not enough.

Roscoe served a long apprenticeship under his father. For Father, the garden was recreation when he had time off his arduous duties as a judge. The highest praise Roscoe could have was Father's approval of his garden. His highest ambition was to produce one better than Father's.

I had also served the long training time — usual with a Kansas farm child, helping with setting plants and gathering peas and beans. As early as mud-pie days, I was resetting some wild flower or tiny cactus. Sometimes they grew. By high school days I had graduated to strawberry picking and the care of a bed of bulbs.

Gardening wasn't easy in my days. The ground was good, and there weren't too many bugs, but there were no shelves of spray to choose from, either. I seem to remember a long period when one regular daily job assignment to my sister and me was to knock bugs off the potato vines into a can. I hated that so much that I did it the first thing in the morning so that I could forget it the rest of the day. Some seasons a few days of heat ended the garden work, or a horde of grasshoppers, eating as they came, cleaned off everything — even eating out the insides of all the bulb crops.

My husband and I rented our first home because it had a garden space large enough for a family of six. Our first winter evenings were spent poring over seed catalogues, choosing varieties to plant. Our first garden was beautiful and abundant. We ate all we could, gave away all we could, and canned all the rest.

The pattern of the first years was established by necessity, because the babies took a lot of time. Once in a while I took, or stole, time to plant a new perennial.

The using, or the canning, of the crop belonged to me. (The rooms at fairs filled with fruit and vegetables proved that a large order.)

I never knew just when the children became a real help in the garden, or



Mrs. Frederick Driftmier arranges the floral centerpiece for a spring tea.

when each had his own garden. Each was pleased as punch when he won a prize at the fair — as was my husband. When our son grew up the pattern changed, for he loved working with plants, and what a helper he became with the flowers! Our large yard, finally, was beautifully landscaped, and we had a complete Iowa wild-flower garden. The children helped with the caring for, harvesting, and canning of the fruit and vegetables, and it was rather like a series of family picnics.

Then suddenly no pattern — or an entirely new one. We were in a new environment, the children had finished college, the girls at work or married, and our son off to war, home again, and establishing his own home quite far from us.

Our late years sent us to the country (a beautiful valley in Virginia) and immediately the garden was established again — a large one. I was in charge of the flowers, my husband of the vegetables with me as helper. Virginia rewarded us richly. There was a large though neglected orchard. So much canning and freezing began! It was my first experience with freezing, and it delighted me for it saved so much work.

Gradually changes were made as my husband needed more help with the work. Our son-in-law took over the entire care of grass, shrubs, and flowers — about half an acre of ground. By then I was knee-deep in garden work. It was beautiful — long rows of vegetables in perfect shape to grow. One beautiful day, when the garden was all set to produce, Roscoe used his hoe and rake for the last time. I hope the Lord gave him a garden, for he loved it so much.

Then I left, also. We were in the country, and since I could not drive nor look after so much ground, I came to my old hometown in western Kansas. My sister and her husband gave me a vacant lot to use, and I went to work on it.

At 75 I am still allowed to use garden tools. At this age I should have the discretion to know when to quit and what not to do.

And what have I gained from 50 years of gardening? First of all, it was an important economic factor. All those years we had the best of fruit in abundance, and the year around we used what we had produced from the good soil with our own strength.

I liked the company I kept. There is an easy tie among those who like gardening, and a quick understanding. In gardening, peace and happiness come easily.

I loved to watch my husband welcome spring, and see his look when a little handful of soil was just right. It was a beautiful smile, expressing both satisfaction and expectation. Spring has never been the same without it.

In the second place, we walked with beauty — the richness of all the colors of the rainbow — beauty of arrangement and design — delicacy of fragrance, lovelier than any perfume. Even one healthy growing plant has a beauty beyond description.

And third, I found wholesome outdoor exercise, regulated to the amount I could take. In it I have found healing and quiet which only being with nature can bring. In working so closely with the miracle of growing things and God's laws, I found inspiration and closeness with the universe. Sometimes, it seemed, I met God there.



## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

by  
Helen Virden

Going through grandmother's old "receipt" books is like shaking hands with old friends. She has rules for *Susan's Vinegar Pie*, *Aunt Ella's Gooseberry Fool* and *Mary's Chocolate Cake*.

Finding an exact measurement was almost impossible. Grandmother's "receipts" often called for a knuckle of lard, three blurbs of molasses, or a quarter's worth of sugar. Her lump of butter, the size of a walnut, I soon found was two tablespoons.

Grandmother had many strange expressions in her rules: she advised that you give puddings three boils; she laid on a frosting; she gave minute instructions on how to straw a batter cake to see if it was properly baked.

I cook many of the dishes that made my grandmother a popular hostess, but I use short cuts that were unheard of in her day.

Today, with a controlled oven, I can prepare foods in a fraction of the time grandmother required. But when I reach for the seasonings, some of my grandmother's teachings remain and I for-sake the cookbook and "use the judgment".

This recipe for "Grandmother's Red Flannel Hash" was a result of several days' work for grandmother, while I consider mine a good, quick meal for a busy day.

### Grandmother's Red Flannel Hash

Take a piece of good beef. Take hot salt and rub it into beef until it disappears. Add more salt and rub again and so on until it takes all the meat will imbibe. No more.

Place in a jar or a crock and stand in a cold, dry cellar for a week, turning it every day.

When it is ready, boil it for 3 or 4 hours. This is slow boiling. If allowed to boil quick at first, it will never become tender. The slower it boils, the better and more tender, so keep to the back of the stove. The better, too, the flavor.

Allow to cool in liquid in which it was boiled unless you are using it immediately.

Now chop into a size of hickory nuts. Add six cups of chopped beets and the same of chopped potatoes. A good amount of minced onion.

Salt and pepper enough for seasoning and add a cup of light cream. Mix together. If not moist enough add water or some of the broth. Potatoes and beets should both be cooked before adding.

Usually enough salt is left in meat to take care of salt, but season to taste.

Put some fryings in a pan, turn in all, and put in a slow oven. Cook until brown and thoroughly simmered.

This serves ten people, according to the appetite.

Serve with white sauce or Bechamel.

### Granddaughter's Red Flannel Hash

1 12-oz. can of corned beef  
1 medium-sized can of chopped beets  
1 pkg. frozen potato soup  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
1/4 cup cooking or olive oil  
2 cubes beef bouillon, melted in 1/2 cup hot water  
1 Tbls. butter

Make potato soup according to directions on can. Mix all ingredients, except butter, and turn into a greased casserole. Dot with butter. Bake in 350-degree oven for 20 minutes. Serves six generous portions. This may be served with canned mushroom or celery soup and is also good served with a poached egg on each portion.

## RX SUCCESS - GUARANTEED

by

Edith Harwood

When it is a question of culinary and general kitchen procedure it is probably true that most women take their cues primarily from things they learned from their mothers. In my case there is a difference. It's apt to be the things I learned from association with my pharmacist father which determine my procedures.

As for instance: have you ever opened the oven door expecting a light-as-air cake or dessert, only to pull out a soggy mess, with the after-the-event realization that baking powder had gone into it instead of the called-for soda? Or, called to the telephone or door while in the midst of preparing a dish, returned to wonder, "Where was I? Did I or didn't I get as far as *both* the called-for leavenings, or spices, or what not? Or, has only *one* gone into the mix?"

I avoid such calamitous occurrences by heeding my father's rules for com-

pounding a prescription. Father practiced pharmacy when it was the custom to mix the ingredients for powders, elixirs, and capsules instead of pouring them ready made from bottles. He never knew, when he began an operation, how many times he might be interrupted. So he laid down for himself rules of procedure from which he never deviated . . . rules as valuable in a kitchen as in a drug store.

Here they are:

1. Always read your prescription (recipe) through carefully before beginning.

2. Pay particular attention to the order in which the ingredients are to be added. Sometimes this is just as important as getting them all in.

3. Place containers of *each* and *all* of the called-for ingredients on your worktable.

4. As each ingredient is measured and added to your mix, *but not before*, return its container to its place on shelf or in cupboard. This procedure means that if any ingredient is unmeasured and unadded it still remains in its container on the table. If the container is in the cupboard that ingredient is in the mix. There can be no mistakes, no doubts, no failures!

Another one of the rules I have carried over from prescription case to kitchen is this: Always replace immediately after using every bottle's cap and container's cover. In addition to being a hygienic measure, this prevents spillage, spoilage, and waste.

Dad has been gone a long time now, but his presence presides in my kitchen. I think of him when I take a pan of perfect biscuits from the oven. *Rx Success* - every time!

## FATHER'S DAY QUIZ

1. Who was known as the father of Israel? Abraham

2. Who was Father Marquette? Early French missionary to America.

3. What father wrote "The Children's Hour" for his daughters? Longfellow

4. Who is called the father of the Constitution? James Madison

5. What river is the "Father of Waters"? Mississippi

6. Who is called the Father of his country? George Washington

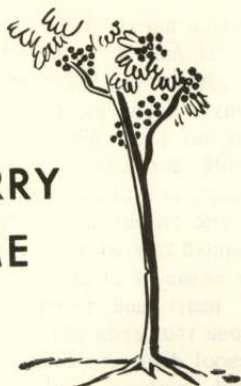
7. Who was the father of Solomon? David

8. Who was father of Pocahontas? Powhatan

9. What president was father of a president? John Adams

10. What president was grandfather of a president? Wm. Henry Harrison

## CHERRY TIME



by  
Donna Ashworth

Cherry time! And we stand to stretch higher and higher for the biggest, fattest, reddest one at the very tip-top of the tree, just out of reach. The one the farthest away is always the best. So the pastures at the horizon's edge are always the most tempting, and that which we can't have is the most desirable. That is the way it is with home, friends, and all the commonplace things of life.

Perhaps the weather is too hot, or too cold, or too damp here; it is ideal in some other place. The country in which we live is not pleasant, but just over the mountain they tell us it is delightful, and we believe it.

But stop! Look around for a little while to see the best about you. Look at the cherries that life has placed within your reach. Pick the cherry at hand instead of looking at the top of the tree where you cannot get the one you *think* you want.

To the man who has always seen the prairies, the hills are wonderful; and if one lives in the hills, he thinks the prairies must be fine, or the mountains, or the desert, or some other far place he has never seen. Perhaps he is tired of the people in his town; but people in other towns are the same — just people — some good and some bad, but all cut more or less to the same pattern.

If you are tired of looking at the very same streets, the same stores, the same things, remember that in other places there are streets and stores which have an unbearable sameness to the people who see them day after day. The houses in your town are comfortable and there are flowers and trees. The smiles and handclaps of friends are without price, and their cheerful "good mornings" start the day right. After all, there isn't any other place quite like the old home town, or the cherry right at hand.

"A prophet is not without honor

save in his own country" we are told, and neither is a country without honor save with its own people. So why not become a booster for the best town in the state — your town; the best state in the Union — your state.

It is a paradox that the ripest, plumest cherry always seems to be at the top of the tree. But if you will look around where you are, you will find that those at hand are just as good. It's all in the way you look at it. The country in which you live is really a wonderful country, every bit as fine as any you will find beyond the horizon in some far place. Try picking some of the cherries that are close and see for yourself.

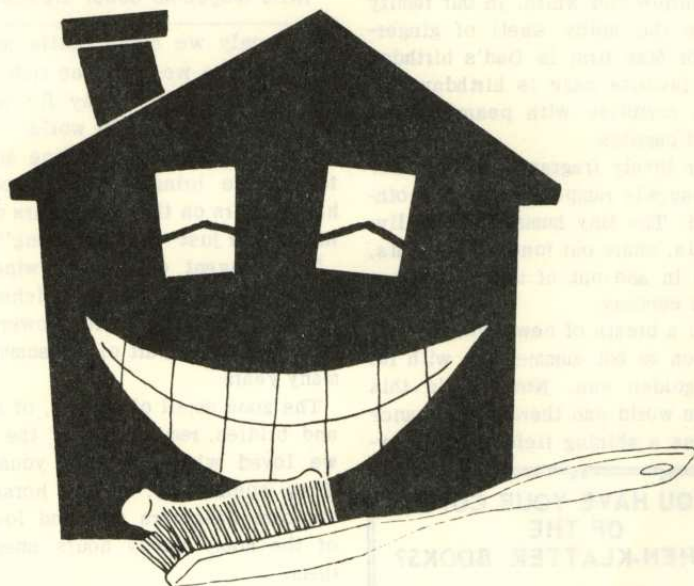
It's Cherry Time — time to gather the cherries close at hand; time to appreciate the cherries of life which are within reach.

### NEIGHBOR OF LOVE

Love your neighbor as yourself;  
Let's cut out the power and pelf.  
Love your neighbor and his young-uns.  
Love their yells and all their tongue-uns.

Love his motorcycle beatnik;  
Love his daughter's steady sweet pick;  
Love his ways both late and early;  
Love his folks, both sweet and surly;  
Love your neighbor, bet your life,  
But concentrate, Dear, upon your wife.

—Mary Kurtz



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You go through the motions . . .

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## FRAGRANCE REMINDS ME

by  
Harverna Woodling

Hi! Want to go traveling with me? Shut your eyes, sniff hard, and hop aboard our magic carpet. Where shall we go? To the Land of Springtime?

Nothing can transport us through time and space more quickly than a remembered fragrance. How perfectly our sense of smell complements the duo of hearing and sight.

Most of us know spring as a fresh-smelling season. Spring rain, as gentle as a touch, brings to us the perfume of a new-washed and shining world, a beginning-to-grow world. We draw a deep, deep breath and revel in the scent of green grass and budding flowers.

The first of May means the aroma of lilacs, purple and white. In our family it means the spicy smell of gingerbread, for May first is Dad's birthday and his favorite cake is birthday gingerbread complete with peanut butter icing and candles.

Another lovely fragrance is the odor of honeysuckle rampant in Grandmother's yard. The tiny hummingbirds, living jewels, share our fondness for this, and dart in and out of the vines in a veritable ecstasy.

Now on a breath of new-mown hay we journey on to hot summertime with its molten golden sun. Nowhere in this big, wide world can there be fragrance to surpass a shining field of red clov-



To 15-year-olds David Driftmier (seated) and Allen Appleton there is nothing like the fragrance of printer's ink for they publish a little magazine about steamboats.

er. If only we could bottle and sell that essence we would be rich indeed, but we are rich anyway for we have all the joy of a summer world.

Even the smell of gasoline and tractor grease brings thoughts of many happy hours on the farm, hours of helping Dad or just "tagging along".

The pungent odor of glowing marigolds has a very special niche in our memories. These vivid flowers have been a beloved part of our summers for many years.

The good smell of leather, of saddles and bridles, reminds us of the ponies we loved when we were youngsters. They speak, too, of the horses that our own daughters ride and love, and of the many happy hours spent with them.

And summer is vanilla, for the whiff of vanilla said sugar cookies and homemade ice cream in childhood days.

August demands a spot all its own. It is part summer, part autumn, not quite able to make up its mind. August is the odor of dust lying thick on grass and leaves. August is the aroma of a clean and cool world caressed by a

sudden unexpected rain. Perhaps most of all August is the tantalizing smell of popcorn and hamburgers that accompany baseball games and fairs throughout our land. August is the month of months for fairs, and what is more necessary to a fair than popcorn?

First on autumn's calendar come the mingled fragrances of the schoolroom — an aroma of chalk, of new books, and of paper and pencils. Can you not close your eyes and re-create your own school days and even sense again the fresh perfume your favorite teacher always wore?

Can you remember sorghum making? We had great fun one year helping Leon haul cane to the mill with a tractor and wagon. The air was heavy with the sweet, heady smell of boiling cane juice, a delectable smell. It took a knowledgeable and experienced man, indeed, to cook sorghum to exactly the right taste and consistency.

When the autumn haze hangs blue in the air, when the wild geese fly high and free, autumn's own essence is compounded of bonfires and falling leaves, of juicy red apples and roasting wieners.

So we come into the days of winter with their clean, cold winds and the nostalgic scent of blue wood smoke. Thus we are led into the time of deep love and faith, the dear Christmas season.

All the fragrances of home and family love are in the roasting turkey, in the cookies and candies, the pies and cakes. Thus a mother shows her love, with a bountiful surplus for friends and for those who have fewer of the world's blessings.

But the true Christmas comes into our hearts when feasting and fun are done, when the house is quiet and serene, when the stars look down on a snow-white world. Then it is that the fragrance of evergreen whispers of peace and hope, and promises us once again that God's love is from everlasting to everlasting.

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—Mrs. A. C., Kansas

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### LATE SPRING

We wait for spring to warm the earth

And fill the soil with life again;

But every crop and all its worth

Depends upon a higher plan.

The farmer plows. He plants the seed

And cultivates the weeding sod;

But every grain has further need

And heeds the blessed will of God.

Oh, who can say there is no power

Above the selfish will of man

When seeded fields await the hour

And order of God's holy plan?

—Margaret Aamodt

## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

June, with its perfect days, brings to mind these lines from James Russell Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—

"And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm air lays; . . ."

The blossoming of sweet-smelling flowers, the singing of birds at dawn, and children home for vacation make June a favorite month with us.

A book with a child's view of his world and ours is good summer reading. "When you come to think about it, this is a very strange world. Nothing is stranger about it than the fact that all adults were once children," observes author Leontine Young. She reminds us that most adults have forgotten what it really means to be a "young citizen". Adults tend to think of children as miniature men and women with a sphere of thinking like their own, only more limited. This is a mistake, even an absurdity, points out Dr. Young in *Life Among the Giants*, (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$4.95) a serious book with a light touch about children for loving but exasperated parents.

Hypocrisy or a false front cuts no ice with a child, for, as the author states, the child trusts actions rather than words, judges a person by what he is, and not by what he says. Also, the need for dignity and privacy of the child frequently goes unrecognized by adults. In a sense, says the author, the child feels these needs even more urgently than his elders, for privacy is something that can be given or taken away according to the parent's whim and, being a little person, dignity and respect are things which he frequently does not receive. Occasionally a child with self-confidence will take his own initiative in a step towards self-confidence. Dr. Young tells the story of a little boy who was the only person not introduced to a group of his father's friends because he was only a child. The boy promptly stuck out his hand to the person nearest him and said "I'm Larry Nelson," thereby winning the attention and respect he felt he deserved.

*Life Among the Giants* is aimed at every mother and father who has ever found the behavior of a normal child incomprehensible. Dr. Leontine Young, from her years as counselor and social worker, aims to bridge the gap between



These two darlings are John and Leah Watts, grandchildren of John and Muriel Gillies of Omaha, Nebr.

"terrible and wonderful" children and their parents.

A fiction writer with considerable flair is Mary Stewart. Her latest, *Airs Above the Ground* (M. S. Mill Co., \$4.95, distributed by Wm. Morrow & Co.) was on the best-seller list for months. It concerns the mystery surrounding a circus and even the famous White Lipizzan stallions of Vienna. The "airs above the ground" are the gracious leaps and dancing steps made by the stallions of the Spanish Riding School. Vanessa March, the heroine, becomes involved in much intrigue as Mary Stewart brings alive the Austrian countryside in *Airs Above the Ground*.

The story of Francis, saint of Assisi, is one of enduring beauty. From the section for children at the branch library we found *God's Troubadour* by Edith Jewett. As a child in the Italian village of Assisi, Francis Bernadone had splendid clothes and much money to spend. He loved to sing songs of the wondering troubadours and dreamed

### START! — NOT STOP

Stop friendships . . . and you are dead, emotionally.

Stop reading . . . and you are dead, scholastically.

Stop growing . . . and you are dead, physically.

Stop thinking . . . and you are dead, mentally.

Stop praying . . . and you are dead, spiritually.

So don't stop . . .

Start! And keep at it for continued growth . . .

\*\*\*\*\*

### EVERYONE SHOULD . . .

"A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul."

—Goethe

of someday becoming a knight. Later his dreams changed as he became aware of the misery and suffering in the world. He gave away his cloak and purse and devoted his life to helping the poor. A joy which remained with Francis of Assisi was his love for the birds and flowers and the out of doors. *God's Troubadour* was written after the author visited Assisi and saw the famous Giotto frescoes on the walls of the Assisi church.



"The idea for the bridal shower? Oh, the girls read it from a letter on the **Kitchen-Klatter** program."

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| <b>KHAS</b> | Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.    |
| <b>KVSH</b> | Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.    |
| <b>WJAG</b> | Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KWPC</b> | Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KSMN</b> | Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.   |
| <b>KCFI</b> | Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.  |
| <b>KWBG</b> | Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.        |
| <b>KLIK</b> | Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| <b>KFEQ</b> | St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KWOA</b> | Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.  |
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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

June is the month to keep the garden growing and free from pests. Frequent shallow cultivation will keep weeds down and encourage maximum growth of flowers and vegetables. Usually we have sufficient rainfall at this time of the season, but in case there is a brief dry spell, be sure to water new transplants, shrubs and trees that were set out earlier.

Go easy with fertilizer; a little applied at frequent intervals is better than one big overdose which could be fatal. Years ago I found a bag of potent granular fertilizer left over from corn planting. I carried a pail of it out to the garden and gave every plant in the border a generous spoonful. Those poor plants never did fully recover! Some simply died from the fertilizer burns; others looked sickly all season but came back the following spring. It was a rather costly lesson, but one well learned. When granular fertilizer is applied now it is carefully worked into the surface of the soil and at some distance from the base of the plants. Only small amounts are used and none is allowed to come in direct contact with the stems, foliage or base of the plants.

Watch diligently for signs of insect infestation and spray or dust before the pests get a foothold. Last spring we set out hundreds of new gladiolus corms but in the busy season that followed, we neglected to dust the plants against thrips. Result — poor, nearly worthless blooms later on. If you do not know the kind of insect that is causing trouble, seek help from your County Extension Service. The Agriculture Agent can usually diagnose diseases too, and will tell you what to use for treatment.

Have you set your house plants outdoors for the summer? They will like the idea and you can take a vacation from their constant care. That is, if you put them in a protected location out of the hot sun and where they will not be buffeted by wind. To help maintain moisture, the pots can be placed to their rims in a shallow pit filled with old sawdust, vermiculite or peat moss. Soaking the pit at intervals with a garden hose will take care of the watering problem. Be sure to check for insects and dust the plants as needed.



**FATHER-SON PROGRAM - Concluded**  
and plans, and works for his son. No words of mine can express half so well the visions of a father for his son as these lines from a prayer by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur during the early days of World War II in the Pacific area of operations:

"Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.

"Build me a son whose wishes will not take the place of deeds; a son who will know Thee - and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

"Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail.

"Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high, a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men, one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

"And after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor, so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, and open mind of true wisdom, and the meekness of true strength.

"Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, 'I have not lived in vain.'"

**Special Number:** "Me and My Shadow" - novelty dance routine. (A man and boy, dressed alike, with the boy dancing just behind the man as a shadow would follow him.)

**Shadow Talk:** For this skit use a sheet as a screen, with a bright light shining from behind so that figures, also behind the sheet, show up as outlines. Darken the rest of the room for each episode. Pictures can be made up of scenes depicting the different stages a boy goes through in growing up, or humorous skits of episodes which might happen in the life of the male from boyhood through manhood. A narrator might read a title or appropriate poem for each scene. Some songs might be used, or this might be a "silent movie", letting the shadow pictures speak for themselves with appropriate old-style piano music. Some suggested scenes are: "The First Squall" (baby days), "Hippity

Hop to the Barbershop", "Ma, She's Making Eyes at Me" (little boy and girl romance), "The First Fight", or "The Dancing Lesson".

**Hall of Fame:** Recognition time. Ask for nominations for:

1. Best-natured pa.
2. Pop with the biggest smile.
3. The one who is the "softest touch".
4. The one hardest to convince - of the need for extra allowance.
5. Best soft-soaper.

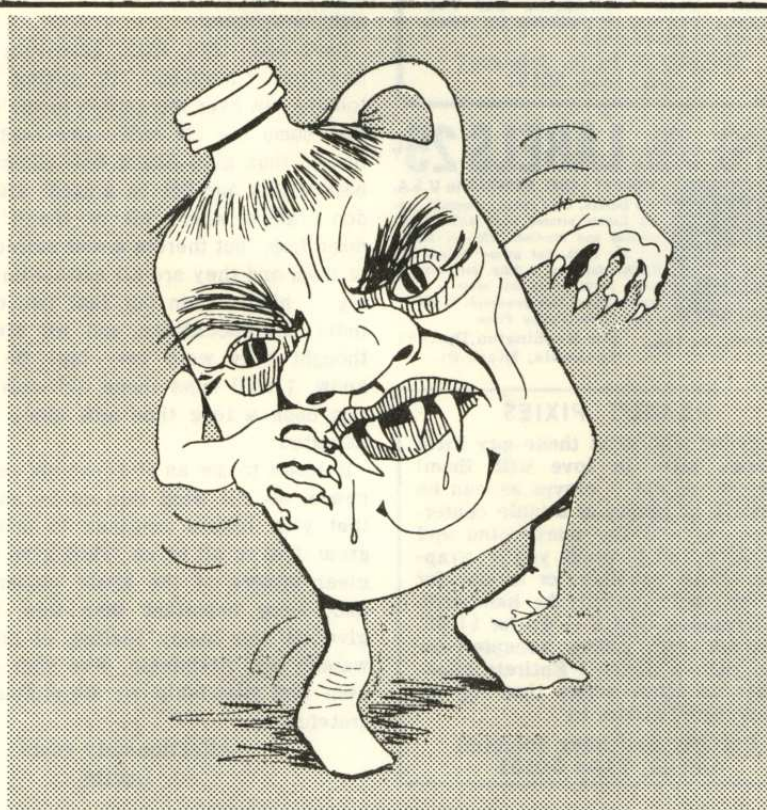
6. Most ardent football fan (or best sideline coach).

7. The best wheedler (a son).

8. The best flatterer (a son).

Out-sized badges should be ready to pin on the award winners. (Perhaps you will want to have certain committee members primed to make the nominations from the floor.)

A small boy is a pain in the neck when he is around and a pain in the heart when he is not.



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**FOR FLAG DAY - Concluded**

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**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

nesses it may have that I've never suspected. Planes have never inspired me with great confidence, but I have less confidence now. I can't figure out for the life of me what's going on in Washington, and with all the disagreements and conflicting reports (I never hear the same figures for *anything* quoted twice) it's enough to make anyone feel mighty uncertain. The world that we knew not too long ago has changed so swiftly and so completely that it leaves a person feeling downright bewildered.

As I write this, little Jakey-boy, my deer-type Chihuahua, is sitting here looking out over the garden in the hope that some big cat will come rambling in and thus give him a fine chance to bark wildly and put on a great show. I don't know where all of these cats come from, but there's a real collection of them and they are all extraordinarily big — bigger than our last two cats, India and Saccafrass, and we always thought they were very big. Do you know, I still miss those old cats and it's been a long time now since they departed.

It looks to me as if I have run out of space, so I'll wind this up by saying that your letters continue to mean a great deal to all of us. They give us a clear picture of the world around us and, more important than this, they give us the happy feeling of human warmth and friendship. For your concern and friendship we are profoundly grateful.

Affectionately yours,  
Lucile

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

yers on a freedom of speech case. I think that David would have stayed right there all day had we not had a luncheon date with Congressman Bolland. He took us into the Congressional Dining Room where we were introduced to several legislators from different parts of the country.

In the afternoon, the Congressman's aid took us to both the Senate and the House, and then gave us a guided tour through the Capital itself, taking us into rooms that tourists do not normally see. We then went to the Library of Congress, and from there we took a bus tour of the national monuments, stopping at the Jefferson Memorial, the Lincoln Memorial, Arlington's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Kennedy grave, etc. We had a good supper and then spent the evening at the Smithsonian Institution, just as we had spent our first evening upon arrival at the National Gallery of Art.

I don't know when I have seen more tourists in Washington. It seemed that every high school in the country had its senior class there, and along with them were all the ladies of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the National Democratic Women. That is why we did not get to go through the White House! The line waiting to be shown through the White House was two blocks long an hour before the gate opened. I told David that I would take him there on some other trip.

When we were visiting the Smithsonian Institution we spent some time in the section devoted to clocks. What strange devices people have used for the marking of time; if I spent a month there, I never could understand them all. As we were leaving that particular gallery, I told David the little joke I read in the *Farm Journal* this month. A boy asked his father: "Daddy, is today tomorrow?" And his Daddy replied: "No, son. What I said yesterday was that today was tomorrow, but today is today today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but is yesterday today. And tomorrow will be today tomorrow, which will make today yesterday and tomorrow both at once. Understand, son? Now run along."

Which brings me to say that if you are to get this letter before today becomes tomorrow, I must close and dash for the post office.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

Those who do not learn from the mistakes of the past will make the same mistakes in the future.

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## Pleasant Packages

by

Cora Ellen Sobieski

When we think of June we think of brides. And when we think of brides we think of showers. And when we think of showers we just have to think of shower gifts. Putting on my thinking cap many times in the past, I'd surprise a bride-to-be with a thoughtful gift at her shower.

This one always brings delight. I frame the wedding invitation sent to me and present it as a little extra gift at a shower. If a particular bride-to-be has one or many showers you may want to frame the shower invitations to give to her, too. Several will make a nice grouping. One of my friends still has hers hanging on the wall of her den. It makes her feel young, she says. Most people are collectors of mementos, and a bride will surely find a place for these in her home.

At times I've assembled a gift package of spools of assorted colored thread, needles and pins, pincushions, shirt buttons, snaps and the usual sewing equipment and arranged them attractively in a two- or five-pound candy tin. How often are "old marrieds" caught without a particular color of thread, a certain size needle, etc.? Imagine how pleased the new bride will be to have at hand all this sewing equipment.

At a lot of weddings, receptions and showers, many candid pictures are taken. After the bride and groom settle in their home they usually have to go out and buy an album to place them in. A nice photograph album is a very thoughtful shower gift. If a camera enthusiast yourself, you could start the album out for them with pictures that you've snapped. If they have been unaware of your taking them it's even more fun when the gift is received.

Filling a wastebasket with miscellaneous kitchen utensils and such, is another gift that goes over big. I once filled a wastebasket with assorted items such as clothespins, toothpicks, mousetraps and items you need in a home but don't think of as gifts. These, of course, bring gales of laughter as an "extra gift".

Sometimes we're all too stingy with our favorite recipes, but I think a bride-to-be deserves our generosity. Buy a recipe file box and type or write plainly some of your favorites. Or make a "cookbook scrapbook".

If the bride-to-be has a green thumb, arranging an assortment of small

plants or cacti in pots on a pretty tray makes a unique gift. And how about a little watering can to complete it?

An assortment of candles and a pair of candleholders is a thoughtful shower gift also. I once visited a new bride when all the lights went out due to a sudden electrical storm. She was embarrassed that she didn't have a candle in the house. As we sat in the dark I wished that I had had the foresight to

give her this little gift at her shower.

We can wrap a gift *with* a gift. Small presents can be wrapped in dishcloths, washcloths or hand towels. Larger gifts can be wrapped in bath towels, shower curtains or sheets. And I once wrapped a huge box containing pots and pans in a bedspread!

Use your imagination and have a happy time packing and wrapping pleasing packages.



## ... AND HOW ABOUT THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE?

We watch our children (and our friends' children) getting married, and suddenly we begin to feel old. Oh, we still do the things we want to, it seems, but little things start showing up.

Like a few more inches around the waist, for instance.

We don't have a cure for every sign of approaching age, but we can certainly take care of those extra pounds. With a colorless, handy and economical sweetener that adds delicious sweetness, but never adds a calorie: **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. It comes in a handy flip-top bottle, and never tastes bitter, flat or "artificial". As we said, it adds sweetness, but not calories. And you can get it at your grocer's.

Feel younger already?

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