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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

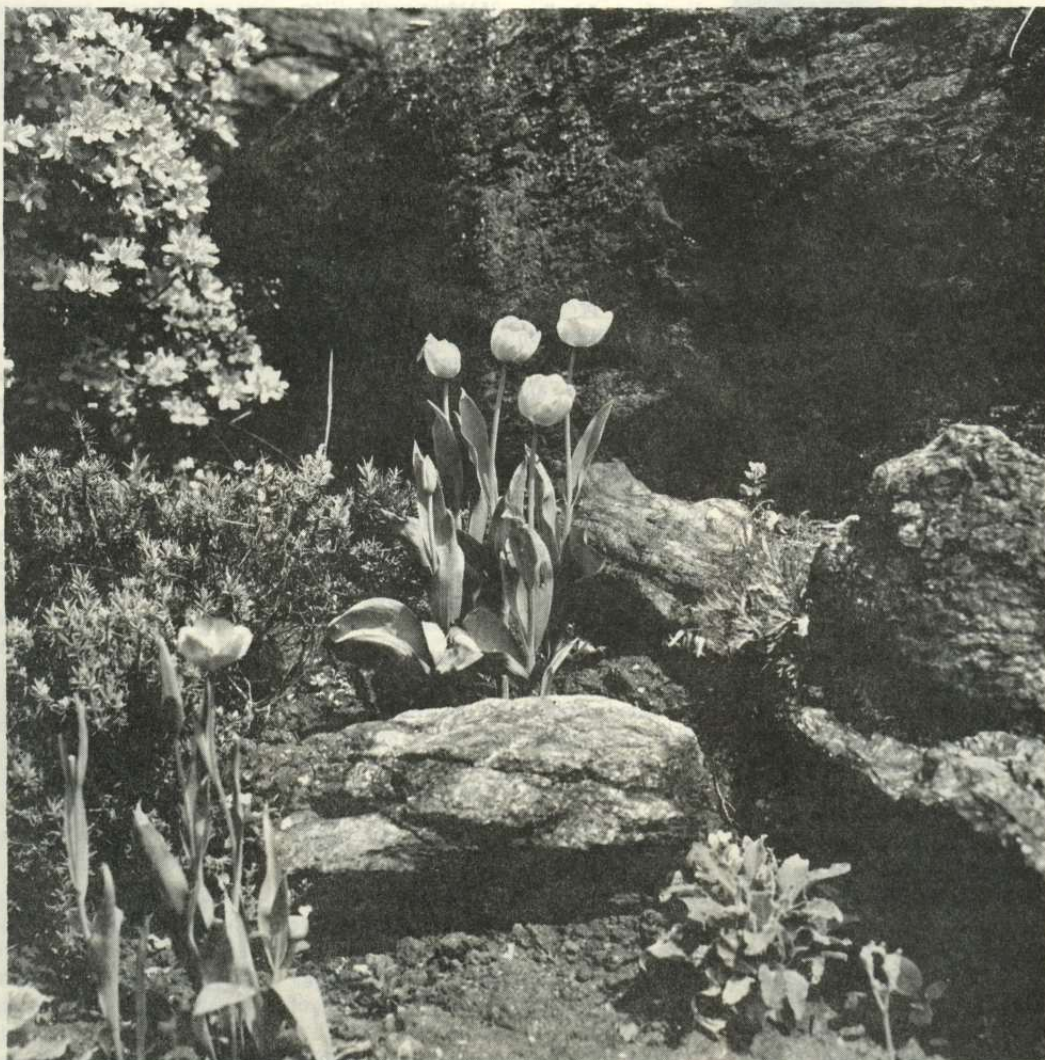
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— H. Armstrong Roberts

WESLEY E. PEARSON
202 HAMBURG AV.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. 64506



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,

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My dear Friends:

This page is always the last to be filled when we are preparing the magazine. Therefore Lucile or I give you the last bit of news before the final deadline. Since Lucile is in New Mexico, it is my privilege to fill this space. Yes, I've retired, but not completely. When I write to you occasionally, or visit on the radio once in a while, I feel that I'm still keeping in touch with all of my dear friends, both old and new. I've now passed my eighty-first birthday and know you understand that it isn't possible to be as active as in years past.

The tablecloth I was embroidering when I wrote last month is completed and was initiated when Donald and Mary Beth were here. Normally we eat at the kitchen table where everything is handy working from my wheel chair, but when company comes we use the dining room. Katharine, Donald's and Mary Beth's eldest daughter, always asked if she could set the table for she enjoyed using the tea cart, a new experience for her. The cart was a Christmas gift and we find it ever so handy for we can load all the dishes and silverware on it and wheel them in in one trip. Mary Beth says there will be no peace in their house now until they own a tea cart!

One thing Donald wanted to be sure to do when they were here was to take his children to see Sunnyside Farm where the Field children grew up. It is only a short distance south of Shenandoah, but with the building trend in that direction, no telling what the future will bring. We drove out one afternoon and I pointed out the locations where their great-grandfather planted his orchards and his berry patches, where the old barn stood, and where the lilacs grew when I was a girl. When we returned home we brought out the Field Family Album and read some of the stories about life on Sunnyside Farm.

After the children had run outside to

play, Donald, Mary Beth and I discussed the importance of children's awareness of their heritage. A letter just arrived in the radio mail that day from a friend who said that knowledge of heritage and strong family ties helped to maintain a high standard of conduct. I believe that this is true. So often children haven't the faintest idea where their grandparents came from, how they lived, what their interests were, let alone great-grandparents or generations before. Perhaps that is why many of today's youth are concerned only with the present. They have no pride in the past. But when children have a knowledge of their ancestors they realize that they are only the *present* generation of a *large family*. This can't help but give them a strong sense of security within the family group, and not only that, but it would help them to realize that there are traditions to uphold and moral standards to maintain.

In this issue you'll find an article of interest on the subject of family trees. Perhaps your children would be interested in helping you search out ancestors of the past. It would make a fine family project.

Our own family is fortunate in that a great deal of information has been gathered about the Driftmier family and a genealogy has been written on the Field family. The latter is one of the most complete tracings ever done on a family, as it goes back as far as the Norman Conquest by generations, with some scant information as early as the sixth century. Not many families can be traced that far back, so we are indeed fortunate, and it is only natural the the subject of genealogy is an exciting one to every member of the family.

As I told you recently, my nephew Philip Field and his wife Marie are returning to the United States to retire after many years of government service, most recently in Africa, and planned to stop in England so that they

might visit the home of our ancestors. This letter, from which I quote, arrived last week and Philip wrote:

"We're here in Leeds, where the Field ancestors came from, to walk the ground my forefathers trod. They seem to have lived at Ardsley and Bradford for at least seven generations before Zechariah came to America. The farming country looks very much like it does around home — gently rolling and well farmed."

Zechariah Field was born in Ardsley, Yorkshire, England, in 1596. His ancestor Hubertus had accompanied William the Conqueror to England in 1066. Zechariah came to America in 1629, arriving in Boston. This was only eight years after the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving. Seven generations later I was born at Sunnyside Farm, as were Henry, Helen, Martha, Jessie, Sol and Sue. Only Jessie and I remain in our generation, and like old folks will do, we reminisce a great deal!

Donald and his young son Paul were a great help with the yard work while they were here. The roots of the big old maple tree in front of the house sap the ground of nourishment, and it is difficult to maintain a healthy stand of grass. They were very generous with grass seed and fertilizer so we hope some of the bare spots will be eliminated this year. I hope so, for I spend a great deal of time sitting on the front porch in nice weather and I would much prefer looking at grass than bare spots.

I've started feeding the bluejays and hope to have them eating from my hand by the time Frederick and his family arrive in late summer. Do you remember when Frederick was here last year and he and I had such fun with the bluejays? So far, several are coming as close as the front steps for feed, and I hope to have a few brave ones coming up on the front porch in the next few weeks. They are uneasy about my wheel chair right now, but it won't be long until they lose that fear. I hadn't thought of them until Frederick asked on the phone recently if I had the birds eating out of my hand yet. I'm spending more time outside now and feeding the birds is an interesting hobby.

May is a month of birthdays for us. In our immediate family Lucile, Frederick and Dorothy were May babies, and the list grew with marriages so now we have several more to observe. Sometimes Dorothy's birthday falls on Mother's Day, which is nice, but this year she misses it by one day. We're planning to celebrate her birthday in New Mexico this year. Neither Dorothy nor I have visited Lucile's home near

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Martin's spring vacation went *much* too fast. There were countless jobs he offered to do around the house and yard, but they needed him at the plant, so he couldn't get to all the things he planned on. Oliver and the high school boy across the street are tackling them on weekends, though, and soon we'll be pretty well caught up with the season.

The high light of this past month was the visit from Donald and his family. We see Donald occasionally, but it had been several years since Mary Beth and the children had been here. If we hadn't received pictures through these years, we wouldn't have recognized Katharine, Paul and Adrienne for they had changed so much.

Since Lucile was in New Mexico, she suggested that they sleep there. With such an arrangement they could sleep as late as they liked and the children could maintain their regular bedtime hours without distractions. They spent their mornings with the folks and had their noon meal with them. Afternoon held a variety of activities such as visiting the farm to see the new baby pigs and lambs, driving out to Manti (the old Mormon stop enroute west), and calling on old friends. After their outings they went back to the folks' house to visit with Dad, who by that time was up from his afternoon rest. By late afternoon the working members of the family were home, so they had their opportunities to entertain them for evening meals.

We celebrated Paul's birthday with a little neighborhood party of cake and ice cream, followed by a candy hunt in Lucile's garden. Donald hid wrapped sweets in all sorts of nooks and crannies and the children had a delightful time searching them out.

Mary Beth's and Mother's birthdays were celebrated on the Sunday they were here with a family dinner at our house. This was quite a big day for all of us.

Have you ever heard of gerbils? Katharine and Paul bought two of them at a pet store while they were here. I'd never heard of them before. It is a little rodent animal which looks something like a mouse and something like a hamster. They make nice little pets. We'll be anxious to hear how the little things stood the ride back to Wisconsin in the cage Donald built and what the situation is by now, for they reproduce every 24 days or some such interval. Katharine and Paul held some lively discussions about going into business selling gerbils! I can assure you that Donald and Mary Beth's main



What could possibly be more exciting for city children than a visit to the farm to see the spring lambs and other new livestock? Paul, Adrienne and Katharine Driftmier were thrilled with the conducted tour of Grandpa's farm.

concern was how they would dispose of the expected frequent litters!

We all felt let down when Donald and his family left. It had been such a treat for us to have them here. We're always conscious of the distance that separates us from members of our family and sad at the thought that we can't get together more frequently. And yet, when we read of families who haven't seen a son or daughter, or brother or sister for decades, we recognize how fortunate we have been in the close relationships within our own circle.

Separations are always difficult. My heart goes out to those whose homes and lives have been disrupted by military service. Having a son Oliver and I are aware that this will come to us, and we pray that we'll be as strong as you who are experiencing this situation now.

We are expecting the painter one of these days. We don't know where our name appears on his list, but we hope it isn't too far down. Our home was painted not long ago but for some reason or other it didn't last as it should have. The paint is falling off in sheets — literally — and we can't account for it unless it is due to the lack of moisture this past year. At any rate, we're mighty embarrassed over the appearance of our home and hope to have the situation remedied before long. We'll stick with the same colors — grey and white — not only because it is more economical, but we like the colors with our plantings.

Oliver thinks that the roses and evergreens came through the winter in fine shape — at least, he doesn't think

we'll have to buy replacements for any of them. The spring bulbs are growing beautifully, the flowering shrubs appear to be as hardy as ever, and so our only big worry is how the elms are. We're waging a fight with the Dutch elm disease in Shenandoah and will be anxious to see if there are any noticeable results.

Upon completion of this letter, I'm packing my suitcase for a trip. Juliana drove Lucile to New Mexico several weeks ago and I'm flying down to drive her home. We had planned to take a little trip before heading for home, but she had a recurrence of flu (or else she never did quite shake it) and what the situation will be when I get there is still questionable. I'm making plans to be gone for a couple of weeks just in case I find her in better health and we can have our little vacation together. Until next month,

Sincerely,

Margery

THE ROARING SKY

For many hours of every day
The busy skyways throb with life,
Of planes and testing men at work
Who search for truths held in reserve.

Wild midnight jets disturb all rest
As long-exhausted nerves grow taut,
Then sonic booms take up their share
As roaring skies catch the refrain.

And then raw nature takes the lead,
As thunder rolls from cloud to cloud
To climax all the other roars
That man-made sky noise can't outdo.

—Alice G. Harvey



Mother's "Note-able" Memories

A Skit for a Mother-Daughter Banquet

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Stage Setting: Across the back of the stage hang a backdrop of lavender crepe paper, using the full width of the paper as long as stage, and on it fasten a musical staff. Use wide gold ribbon for the lines of the staff and pin on a large treble clef sign cut from gold paper. Make eight notes in heart shape of deep purple construction paper. On each note glue one of the letters, in gold, to spell the word "Memories". The narrator will fasten these notes to the staff at the proper time in the skit after she has spoken her lines about the letter, and while the appropriate song is being sung.

It is hoped that you can arrange to have the music varied by having solos, sextettes, perhaps a recording for the teen-ager's current hit parade number, etc.

Opening Number (to the tune of "Memories"): Fam-i-ly, mem-o-ries, mean so much to me; for they take me back again to days that used to be. Baby ways, childhood days, days beyond recall; yet, they'll always be, so precious to me, golden mem'ries, I love them all!

M (narrator): A MIRACLE on earth — that's a new little baby — bringing MULTIPLE joys. Oh, to be sure there are MILLIONS of bottles, MILLIONS of burps, MILLIONS of diapers and MOPPING up slurps; but we don't mind, because somehow babies right from the

start, MOVE right in to take over our hearts!

Song: Brahms' "Lullaby" or "Sleep Kentucky Babe".

E ENDLESS questions, ENDLESS wonder of those first years of innocence! Do you suppose anyone has ever figured the average number of times a mother is called upon to answer "Why-y-y?" "E" had better indicate the ENDURANCE it takes to be a perpetual answerer!

Today, holding a three-year-old by the hand,

I explored the hills in a box of sand,
Inspected a tricycle, climbed a wagon seat,

As I followed the tracks of three-year-old feet,

Turned hundreds of pages for three-year-old eyes,

And treasured the moments of great surprise

When she found the cat, the dog, and the cow —

Answered dozens of questions of "what" and "how";

Why the animals were there, and then I answered the questions all over again.

Today I baked a gingerbread man.
The three-year-old fingers placed it in the pan.

I left my dishes piled in the sink
To learn what a three-year-old head can think.

There are three years ahead of sweeping the floor —

But three-year-olds soon turn four.
—Anonymous

Song: "That Little Girl of Mine" or a group of children's songs.

M Is there any end to the MANEUVERING, the MANAGING and let's not forget the MIRTH it takes to keep one step ahead — well, let's settle for keeping even! — with a child discovering all the wonders of a world that opens to her in those grade school years?

What are little girls made of? Mothers all know — cuddling a kitten, losing a mitten, ammonia pads where mosquitoes have bitten. Store escalators, sitting down skaters, baking a pie on steam radiators. Clipping a curl or a braid off; floppy high heels promenade off; lipstick and rouge, heavy shade of — that's what little girls are made of — that, and the first little beau she seeks the smile of!

Song: "Schooldays" (might be a duet in costume).

O How OFTEN I sigh in the face of the shining OPTIMISM, the stubborn OBSTINANCE that assigns me to old-fogy status during that stretching period we call adolescence! We can ONLY sigh, and wait it out through a

siege of "my horrible hair" blues, skin-tight pants and dirty tennis shoes; and my, those goin'-steady woes! And telephonitis! ONLY mother knows!

Song: A quartette of girls dressed as cheerleaders give a school yell and sing the local school song.

R The RADIANCE of the first great ROMANCE, that is, when we looked beyond the moans, the sighs, the tears, the wobegone smile and the soulful eyes and tried to focus on the object of all this experiment with the hair-do, the trial runs on lipstick, the test plots with the eyebrow pencil — looked to and beyond the first blossoming of womanhood! Radiant Romance with a capital "R".

Song: Any popular love tune of the day.

I New INTERESTS of an INQUIRING mind in those college years, as she ventures forth for the first time from the home ties into a brand-new adventure in a life of her own — ILLUMINATION of the mind, yes, but with important sidelines, too!

Song: "Turn, Turn, Turn" or other folk song with a message, with guitar accompaniment if possible.

E How precious EACH and EVERY moment of watching and sharing as babyhood, childhood, girlhood, and womanhood unroll across the screen of life to the joys of fulfillment in the complete cycle that ends in courtship and marriage.

Song: "Through the Years", "Because", "Wedding Prayer", or any other wedding song.

S And we are back at that SPECIAL place, with another SPECIAL baby on our knee, that very SUPERIOR grandchild, of course! That and the realization that the "S" must surely stand for that precious daughter who is ever the STAR in the little drama of our lives.

Song: Grand finale, all singing the words given at opening to the tune of "Memories".

MAY BASKETS

Do children still take baskets
to friends the first of May,
hang them on the doorknob,
then, laughing, run away?

Do they decorate them gaily,
fill with candy, flowers bright,
for delivery to their dear ones
on this magic, spring-kissed
night?

Are May baskets thought old fashioned,
square, corny or passe?
If so, let's hope all children
revive these rites of May.

—Inez Baker

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

Just before I sat down to write to you, I made a turn around the yard to enjoy the delightful colors of the spring-flowering bulbs now in bloom. This is one of those warm, soft spring mornings that makes me wonder how there could be ugliness or distress anywhere around, for beauty seems to pervade every particle of air. On such a morning it takes more than just one particle of will-power for me to settle down to inside activity.

The cut on my thumb has closed up but I can't as yet use it normally for two activities — pushing the button to open a car door or writing. My penmanship, which has always been pathetic, is now hopeless. Even I can hardly make out the scribbles. Unfortunately I've never learned to compose the first draft of these letters as I type. So each month I write them out in longhand; then I type them out on my ancient portable so that back in Shenandoah they don't have to decipher my handwriting. Catching my typing errors is enough of a job by itself.

The latest news from Emily is that she is now enrolled in the University of Costa Rica. She has moved to a new family and is having a wonderful time in a home filled with girls. For the first time she has three older "sisters" as well as one younger. This family also has a fifth daughter who is currently in Spain. In addition they have a niece from the United States living with them while she trains to become a bi-lingual secretary. Emily reports that every night Señor Rodriguez takes his big male German shepard for a long walk. Obviously the two males in the household enjoy this period of relief from the bevy of females.

Both parents are citizens of Spain, not Costa Rica, and several of their daughters have received a portion of their education in Spain, as well as in the United States and Costa Rica. Emily finds it most interesting to be exposed to customs and observances that are peculiar to Spain, a country she would like very much to visit some day.

The Central American Rotary District convention was held recently in Guatemala and Emily was invited to attend. Wayne and I had one or two thoughts of concern until we received a letter following her return to Costa Rica. You may recall that Guatemala has been the scene of political difficulty in recent months. Do you remember the incident of a number of people, including several U. S. cit-



Emily Driftmier (holding a cafetera for preparing coffee) is crowding many new experiences into her life as a Rotary Exchange student in Costa Rica.

izens, being held hostage in a hotel? We were sure the Rotarians would never invite her along if they had any real concern for her welfare, so we didn't really worry. But we were especially happy to get that first letter written after she returned to San José.

Emily recounted a most enthralling trip. The Rotarians chartered a plane for the three-hour flight between San José and Guatemala City, the present capital. She participated in many of the convention activities, including being the only young person appearing on a panel concerned with student exchange. In spare moments she did sightseeing in the city, which has a considerable number of "sights". There was a fascinating but very brief trip to Antigua, the old capital of Guatemala. It had to be abandoned because of damage from earthquakes and volcanos and is filled with un-restored ruins.

The Guatemalan president addressed the convention. His numerous and heavily armored guards were quite a contrast to the manner in which the Costa Rican president moves about. The latter regularly walks the streets of San José with not even one companion.

Another contrast between these two Central American countries was the substantial Indian population in Guatemala. Native costumes are worn quite commonly and add considerably to the color of the country. All in all, Emily found it a wonderfully interesting country to visit and it was obvious she would like to spend more time "touristing" there. But for a day-to-day living I'm certain she would show no hesitancy in selecting Costa Rica.

There are never many young people at such Rotary conventions but Emily formed several friendships among those in attendance. In the future, if she does manage to visit Guatemala

again or Nicaragua, she will have personal contacts to renew.

The convention concluded with a ball that lasted until four in the morning. After months of moving her formal dress from home to home, Emily finally put it to use at "the most elegant party I've ever attended". Their group was scheduled to return to San José the following afternoon, but the plane had to land for repairs shortly after take-off. Apparently genuine fear set in among her fellow passengers as they waited to resume the flight. Emily said she had never seen such fervent praying in all her life. This surprised her because these people do a great deal of flying. Naturally, being young and carefree, she was completely untroubled by fear.

Following this wonderful holiday she had to plunge back into real study for the first time in months. Finding one-semester-length courses at the University of Costa Rica was a bit difficult. This was especially true because she attempted to enroll in courses where there is a possibility of transferring the credits when she enters the University of Colorado next fall. Her schedule includes Physiological Psychology, Adjustment Psychology, Medieval Philosophy, Philosophy of Education, and Archeology of America. In addition to these classes, which she is taking for credit, she is "auditing" (not taking for credit) classes in Spanish Grammar and Literature of Costa Rica.

Here at home Alison is "champing at the bit" to enroll in just one certain course — Driver Education. She will be sixteen years old on July 9th, and she has known for months that this momentous day comes on a Sunday this year, so she will have to wait at least "one whole extra day" to get her license. In the meantime she can get a learner's permit at age fifteen years, nine months. Her goal is to greet Emily's return next July with long hair, teeth braces removed, and a driver's license. She's pretty certain right now of the first two so only the latter needs concerted action. Frankly I lose my nerve when it comes to teaching a beginning driver — I even lose it just riding with them. So I'm more than happy to pay the fee to have a professional do the teaching. With her many trips each week to and from the riding stable, which is nine miles from our house, it will be a tremendous time-saver for me if that was the only driving Alison ever did. So you see, I have a real incentive to garner my courage for the forthcoming practice driving.

Sincerely, Abigail

FREDERICK DISCUSSES AN INTERESTING SUBJECT

Dear Friends:

As I sit here at my desk in the church study I realize what a noisy place the city is. At least once every hour a police car, or an ambulance, or a fire truck roars noisily past the church, and the big jet planes taking off from a nearby airport make enough noise to shake the windows and rattle the light fixtures. Then, of course, there is the steady stream of traffic — cars in front of the church bumper to bumper, and four lanes wide. On top of all that we listen to the oil trucks making delivery with their high-powered pumps, to the construction workers digging up the street on the corner, and to the mobs of school children who attend the many big schools in this neighborhood. All that is noise from the outside, but here in the parish house there is noise, too. Our sexton is buffing the floors with a big, heavy-duty polisher, the secretaries are running the mimeograph machine and the electric addressograph at the same time, and over my head on the floor above I hear the running and jumping of children attending our School for the Retarded. Oh! there is no doubt about it! We have noise!

We say a lot about the beautiful voice of nature: the singing trees, the shouting hills, the laughing brooks, the sighing winds, etc., but maybe we say too much. Actually, most of nature is quite silent. The tree on the church lawn makes practically no noise whatsoever, and yet that tree is pumping thousands of gallons of water up out of the ground and is spilling it out into the air day and night. It pumps far more than the high-powered mechanical pump on the oil truck, and does it all so quietly.

Not long ago I watched some contractors use dynamite to blow up an old driveway. What an explosion that was, and what noise it made! This morning I observed that quite unnoticed by me, old Jack Frost had pushed up the concrete driveway at our house, and did it silently. The amount of pressure that the frosted soil must exert to push up the top of the soil is amazing, and yet it does it year after year, and I am sure that you have evidence of this around your house.

Perhaps the most astonishing display of silent power is that of the tide. In a storm the sea will rage and roar, but with all of its raging and roaring it does not begin to exert the power and the influence of a single tide. We see this so much up in Nova Scotia where the tides run about 16-



As Frederick works in his church office, the sounds of activity come from this group, the members of the staff at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Betty and Frederick are seated at the left.

feet high near our cottage. The water comes rolling in from the sea without a sound, and little by little it raises giant ships, and does all the other things that one would expect from the tide. So much of God's power is quiet.

I think that as we get older we like quiet more, and I suppose it is natural that we should. Often we cannot avoid having to put up with noise, but there is something we can do to make it easier to tolerate. We need to develop a sensitivity for the purpose of noise. For example, if the noise of big trucks bothers us, we need to cease thinking of the noise as coming from the trucks, and begin thinking of it as coming from the trucks' missions. When we think of the truck as carrying milk for a thousand hungry babies, we can stand the noise. When we think of a truck carrying oil to heat homes, and hospitals, and schools, and orphanages, we can stand the noise better.

There is no better way to tolerate the noise of a jet plane than that of saying a little prayer for the passengers and the families of the men who fly them. It is my personal prayer that this very day there are hundreds of planes up in the air guarding our country, and when I think of the risks that are being run for my safety, I can stand the noise.

On this subject of noise, I think that something could be said for the trouble we get into when we make too much of it ourselves. It is the spoken word that causes most of the trouble we know. Few women ever made their

husband's day a loss by keeping still, but many a man has had his day upset by things that would have been better left unsaid. Likewise, few husbands ever whistled their wives to tears. How many times a little humming or whistling is better than the spoken word. The heaviest burdens that many of us have to carry are the regrets we have for some of the things we have said — unkind words, untrue words, thoughtless words, profane words. In my classes at the college I warn my students to beware of the person who talks too much and too fast!

Last night I had an interesting experience; I gave a talk to the Firemen's Wives Association. I didn't know there was such a group until I was asked to speak and show the pictures I took of the terrible fire we had across the street from our church. Most of the women present were the wives of men who helped to fight that fire, and they were so interested in the pictures. Driving home from that meeting I started thinking about all the hundreds of clubs and societies that exist in a typical American city. I dare say that most of you reading this letter are members of at least three different clubs or church organizations. Just now, for the fun of it, I made a list of the clubs that Betty and I belong to, clubs to which we pay dues and whose meetings we try to attend: Couples' Club, Afternoon Guild, Evening Guild, Pro Christo Society, Arts Club, Cosmopolitan

(Continued on page 22)



by
Muriel Preble Childs

How many of you, I wonder, can remember Memorial Day when it was known as Decoration Day? Decoration Day was sacred to the fallen soldiers and sailors of the War between the States. We called it, then, simply the Civil War.

When I was a little girl, before WW I, the observances in our cemetery, and probably generally, were concerned more with each individual fallen hero than they could possibly be today. Those rites made a deep and abiding impression on me.

Grandfather Preble was a young volunteer, came out alive but with ill health, and lived to become a member of GAR — the Grand Army of the Republic. If he was active in the organization, I don't know. Grandmother was very active in their auxiliary. That I remember, because I was so often a flower girl on Decoration Day that the last time I towered over the other little girls. (That is the first and last time that I towered over anyone.)

If my memories of those routines are sketchy, it is due to the fact that only the "decorating" part of the flower girls stands out. They wanted little girls who were old enough to take directions, and that must have meant the five- and six-year-olds.

We practiced in their chapter room. Each group of six or eight girls learned to march in couples for the parade. At the cemetery each group was led by one of the women. As we approached the foot of a grave marked by a new flag at the head, we separated and marched, three or four to a side, knelt, and placed bouquets on the grave, rose, marched to another, and so on, until every veteran's grave was decorated.

Some of those graves were already laden with flowers. On others, ours was the only tribute. That was "Decoration Day".

The custom of Decoration Day began in the South. Southern women began to strew the graves of their dead with flowers. After this horrible war, with brother virtually against brother, the idea spread — north, east, and west. There was hardly a community, after

all, that had not been touched by death in that fratricide.

General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the GAR, finally set aside May 30 as Decoration Day for Union soldiers who had died in the war. State after state accepted his suggestion. Since Decoration Day depended on available flowers, the dates varied from North to South. It can be from April 26 to May 30.

Later, and justly so, Decoration Day became Memorial Day. Memorial Day is a day of remembrance. To families of fallen service men, there needs to be no one day of remembrance. It is, actually, a day of national tribute, and we can well afford that.

Each of us has someone to pay tribute to on that day. My thoughts go back to Grandpa Preble. I adored him as a child, and when he died — I was in third grade, as I remember — something very solid in my life slid out from under me. Bald-headed and white-bearded, he seemed to me as old and and indestructible as the hills. He was an "ancient", with all-patience and all-time.

Instead of being bored with childish talk, he truly listened and seemed genuinely interested. He never sent me on stupid errands. He taught me how to play "Patience" and insisted that I never cheat. He always had some hard fruit candies in a snow-white sack. (The kind of candy I bought came in rough brown.) Occasionally he gave me a candy, but it was Grandpa that I loved, not just his treats.

So when Memorial Day comes, I remember Grandpa. And — as all of you do — I remember all the loved ones who have departed this life. It is not, I repeat, that we need a special day for remembrance.

The poignant times of remembrance come at odd and unorthodox moments. A national day of tribute can well be justified as a time when all of us decorate the graves of our departed, think deeply on our fallen heroes, and spend one day of the year in reflection on the futility of war — an ageless institution which proves nothing beyond power, and which leaves all participants impoverished.

Due to an odd age pattern in our family, we have no fallen heroes in the last many decades. My father and husband were both too old for the World Wars. A brother of mine did serve in France in WW I. In a truck-driving corps, he said that they simply drove the length and breadth of France for months, always in mud, and ate canned salmon. We had some nephews in the recent war and "inci-



BIBLE MOTHERS

(Book of Genesis) — Good quiz for Mother's Day

Fill in the blank to complete the name of the Bible mother. If it is not familiar to you look it up in the reference below. Score 10 points for each correct answer. 80-100 is good, 60-80 is average, and under 60 means you aren't too familiar with Genesis Mothers.

1. Mother of Jeush, Jaalam, and Korah (36:14) A — — — — —
2. Mother of Tebah and Gaham (22:24) R — — — — —
3. Mother of Reuben (29:31-32) L — — — — —
4. Mother of Jacob (29:12) R — — — — —
5. Mother of Abel (4:1-2) E — — — — —
6. Mother of Tubal-cain (4:22) Z — — — — —
7. Mother of Ishmael (16:15) H — — — — —
8. Mother of Isaac (21:3) S — — — — —
9. Mother of Jabal (4:20) A — — — — —
10. Mother of Huz and Buz (22:20-21) M — — — — —

ANSWERS: 1. Aholibamah, 2. Reumah, 3. Leah, 4. Rebekah, 5. Eve, 6. Zillah, 7. Hagar, 8. Sarah, 9. Adah, 10. Milcah.

NEW TESTAMENT QUIZ (MATTHEW)

1. Father of John and James (4:21) Z — — — — —
 2. Wife of Joseph (1:18-19) M — — — — —
 3. Father of Joseph (1:16) J — — — — —
 4. He was called Peter (10:2) S — — — — —
 5. He was the publican (2:3) M — — — — —
 6. Betrayer of Jesus (10:4) J — — — — —
 7. The carpenter's son (13:53-55) J — — — — —
 8. A prisoner (27:16) B — — — — —
 9. He had a raiment of camel's hair (3:4) J — — — — —
 10. Brother of Peter (4:18) A — — — — —
- Answers: 1-Zebedee, 2-Mary, 3-Jacob, 4-Simon, 5-Matthew, 6-Judas, 7-Jesus, 8-Barabbas, 9-John, 10-Andres.

—Fay Blodgett Shores

dent". They served well, I'm sure. They came home unharmed, fortunately.

So, to this day, Memorial Day to me is sacred to Grandpa. If he didn't die in battle, he was a casualty.

Since each of our departed loved ones deserves special memory, it is fitting that we cooperate with others on this one special Memorial Day. Let us go to the cemetery, act as if it were the old Decoration Day, and decorate our graves.

Come to Nebraska

by
Mildred A. Beyer



Come to Nebraska this year to help us observe our centennial. Nebraska became a territory in 1854, when a territorial government and capital were set up in Omaha. When it became the 37th state on March 1, 1867, the capital was moved to Lincoln.

Its motto is "Equality before the law"; its flag is the state seal in gold on a navy blue background; the state flower is the goldenrod; the state bird, the meadow lark.

Many visitors make their first stop at the State Capitol. Lovers of art and history will find the Capitol a storehouse of treasures to explore, study, and enjoy. The interior decorations of the Capitol building depict all stages of pioneer history in bas-relief, sculptures, and murals, as well as mosaic figures. The base of the building occupies four city blocks, and its tower rises 400 feet into the air. The tower can be seen for miles around. It is truly the "Pride of the Prairie". A 26-foot tall statue of The Sower, by Lee Lawrie, stands atop the dome of the tower.

The Capitol, started in 1924, was completed ten years later because of Nebraska's pay-as-you-go policy. Meanwhile architect Bertram G. Goodhue of New York, who designed it, died, never getting to see the beautiful building of limestone and steel that he had designed so perfectly. This building is often ranked among the top ten architectural wonders of the world.

There are many other places to visit in the capital city. Lincoln has two excellent art galleries, sunken gardens, Pioneer Park, a planetarium with special programs, and a children's zoo.

South of Lincoln, near Beatrice, is the Homestead National Monument, a memorial to the hardy people who responded to the Homestead Act of May 20, 1862.

If a family within driving distance of Nebraska City desires a day's outing on a pleasant summer day, we suggest a visit to Arbor Lodge State Historical Park. Here is a lovely white mansion surrounded by the huge old shade trees one would expect, because this was the home of J. Sterling

Morton, founder of Arbor Day, still observed on April 22. The mansion contains a museum, and several rooms have been restored in careful detail as they were when the Morton family lived there. In the stables is a fine display of horse-drawn vehicles depicting the Good Old Days.

This park is in the heart of Nebraska apple country. Whether one visits here in apple blossom, green apple, or apple harvesting time, he may well conclude that Johnny Appleseed must have been J. Sterling Morton's chief assistant tree planter.

Pioneer Village at Minden, on Highway 6, is another must. It shows exactly what the name implies — buildings and every sort of commodity of pioneer times. Here are authentic displays of communications, transportation, and agricultural implements arranged in chronological order to show the gradual development of each. There is the original Pony Express station, moved in from Bridgeport, Nebraska, where it once served as a relay station to the Black Hills. There is a real Pony Express barn with three stalls that housed the galloping steeds while they rested.

Here, also, is a sod house completely furnished in pioneer style. There is a one-room school with old-fashioned desks and books as well as a row of dinner pails along the wall. There is a small village church and an old-fashioned general store, completely furnished.

The antique car enthusiast will find 100 autos, in running order. These are only the high lights. It is a place that must be seen to be believed.

Do you like water sports — sailing, boating, swimming, fishing? If so, "Go West, good friends", west on Highway 30 as far as Ogallala. A few miles to the north you will find the 35,000-acre man-made Lake McConaughy on the north branch of the Platte river. This lake is a king-size paradise for anglers. He may catch walleyes, white bass, catfish, or rainbow trout. The lake, made possible by the construction of Kingsley dam, provides a much needed recreation area for residents of western Nebraska and their visitors.

There are many more recreation areas for family vacations — Ponca State Park in northeast Nebraska and Chadron State Park in the northwest to name only two. Concerts, shows, plays, musicals, barbecues, expositions, Indian dances, trail rides, rodeos, and historical pageants have been planned throughout the state in celebration of our centennial year. Our rich heritage will be reflected in these festivities.

My fervent hope, as we enter our second century of progress for Nebraska is that our Sower on the Capitol dome will continue to sow seeds of friendship, tolerance, and good will across the plains so that Christian brotherhood will abound everywhere about us.

... KNEAD FOR FORTY-FIVE MINUTES

by
Elaine Westring

When a woman packs for her family to go camping out West these days, she includes permanent-press slim jeans, Western-style jeans, saddle-style jeans, and casuals, sun-tan lotion, sunburn lotion, sunglasses, and umbrella; biscuit mix, white bread, whole-wheat bread, pancake mix, rolls, doughnuts, crackers, and cereal. In 1867, when Great-Grandmother prepared for her family to camp on their way out West, maybe even as far as Nebraska, she packed overalls, sun-bonnets, and the bread starter, for the bread starter was the basis of all her bread products.

Keeping bread on the table a hundred years ago was not the simple run-to-the-store process it is today. A commercial starter was purchased and then each time bread was made a portion of the dough was saved. To this dough water was added and it was left to ferment until the next bread-baking day.

After the family had started West, Grandma stirred up the bread sponge each night, and in the morning finished mixing the bread. In a popular magazine of that time a recipe directed the housewife, "Knead the bread forty-five minutes to an hour. Any pause in the process injures the bread." Undoubtedly, Grandma was as anxious as her family to be on the way, so the kneading was probably cut short with the hope that some would be supplied by the jolting of the wagon during the day.

At noon, the bread was placed in the bread pan and by the time the wagon stopped for the night the bread was

(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is one of those beautiful balmy spring days farmers long for so they can get on the tractor and head for the fields, but the ground is too wet after several days of drizzling rain. Since Frank couldn't plow or disk this morning, he decided to cut some brush that had grown up between the creek and field. When I woke up and saw what a beautiful day it was going to be I couldn't decide whether to start painting the pantry or take my paintbrush outdoors and give the back yard fence a fresh coat. When I was having my second cup of coffee and glanced at the calendar, I suddenly realized I had a deadline to meet for the magazine and my dilemma was quickly solved — the typewriter had precedence over the paintbrush.

I told you in my last letter that we were going to make a change in our house by taking out the wall between our living room and dining room. Little did I know then what I was getting myself into! This was my first experience with plaster dust and I wasn't prepared for it with plastic furniture coverings, etc. For the past two weeks it seems as if I have done nothing but vacuum, scrub, and dust, dust, dust. How long does it take for that white cement-like dust to get out of the air? I still imagine that I can feel it on everything I touch. The end results are worth it though as we are so pleased with our nice large room.

After taking out the partition the rooms had to be papered, and since the paper we had picked out was very light, we decided the house would look even nicer if we painted our dark oak woodwork an antique white. I knew it was going to be a big job because it would require at least two coats, so decided to cut expenses and handle the painting myself. Not being an experienced painter not only was I slow, but there were many things I didn't know, such as filling up the nail holes before I started — holes that didn't show up in the dark wood but certainly did show up when it was white! Except for this mistake I am proud of my paint job and before it has to be painted again I'll take care of the holes. I still have the bedrooms to tackle so I'll do



Dorothy Johnson and Mother (Leanna Driftmier) had a great time shopping for gifts for Paul, whose birthday we celebrated when Donald brought his family for a visit.

them right the very first time.

It has been several years since we've had papering done and I had forgotten how the paper pops and snaps as it dries. Since we still had a little heat in the house I suppose it was noisier than usual, but I honestly got nervous and looked around the room for cracks in the paper. Frank's sister Bernie came out that evening to see how we were progressing, and she heard several of these small explosions. She said she had never heard any paper make that much racket! We concluded that the heavy quality of the paper had something to do with it. I recalled the paper hanger saying that the paper was so heavy she had to paste several sheets ahead in order that the paste would soak in. At any rate, I haven't found any cracks yet. But if I do, I'll have learned another lesson: don't paper until it is sufficiently warm enough to turn off the heat.

Once I had the paintbrush in my hand I found other things that needed doing. Isn't that always the way it is? Our kitchen sink is the metal cabinet type and there were several unsightly spots on the front where the finish was worn off. I talked to several people about it and got the same answer from all of them — it should be spray painted or it wouldn't look very good. It wasn't very encouraging to hear that it was "tricky" to spray paint. If you used too much it would run; not enough, and it wouldn't cover. I decided to practice on an old table we use on the porch. They were right — it was tricky! Too tricky for me! I had paint on everything *but* the table.

One day last week I gave that sink another good long look and decided to go ahead and paint it with a brush. It couldn't look any worse than it did already! I told the clerk in the hardware store what I was going to do and he recommended a paint called Rust-

Oleum. I gave the sink two coats, you can't see and brush marks, it is an appliance white and looks as if it had been baked on. In fact, when Bernie came out she thought I had a brand-new sink. I thought I would pass this information on to you in case your old sink or any of your other metal appliances or cupboards needs a "new look". I'm so enthused that I plan to try it on some of my other cabinets.

My house has been in such confusion for so long now (it seems like forever!), that I take an hour's break once in awhile to do some outside work just to get out of it. Mostly my diversion has been raking the yard, but one day I thought of a job that I knew would make Frank very happy since it is the type of thing that worries him when he doesn't have the time to do it himself. When the partition was taken out all the laths and two-by-fours were carried out and put in a pile in the back yard. I removed all the nails and sorted them according to size. Later Frank tied them up in bundles and stored them away for some future use.

I'm hoping to finish the work on the house in the next few weeks for Mother and I are planning a little trip. We've never visited Lucile's place near Santa Fe, so, if our plans materialize, this is where we will be going. Frank and I are anticipating a visit from a friend, whose home is in Washington, D. C., shortly after my return. Mary McGugin was a dear friend of my longtime friend Dessa Nelson, and we met for the first time when I went to Washington a few years ago to visit Dessa. Mary is planning to stop off for a visit with us when she passes through this part of the country enroute to Calif.

Kristin has passed the required examination to enter Graduate School and hopes to get started on her Master's degree this summer. She writes that as soon as school is out and before summer school starts, she and Art and Andy hope to drive to Phoenix, Ariz., to spend a few days with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond. The Halls haven't seen Andy since he was four months old, and since Edna can't come back to this part of the country because of her health, the solution is for Kristin, Art and Andy to take the trip to Arizona. It will make a wonderful vacation before they start their classes in summer school. We'll have a visit from them later in the season.

I've more than filled my allotted space, so will say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy



By the Little Dutch Mill

May Time Is Tulip Time

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Picturesque Dutch windmills, wooden shoes, colorful kites, and gay saucy tulips — doesn't it sound like just the right party theme for this month?

Put your guests in the theme mood immediately upon arrival by having them walk a tulip-lined path right from the front door. Cut giant tulip blossoms, 8" to 10" across, from various shades of construction paper, using two for each finished flower. Cut oversized leaves from green paper. For stems use heavy green florist wire, or lengths of No. 9 wire wrapped in green paper. Slender, gracefully arched tree or shrub branches, wrapped in green paper, might also be used.

Assemble the tulip by pasting the sides and bottom of two of the blossom cutouts together, leaving an opening at the center bottom so that the blossom can be slipped over the end of the stem, gluing or taping it in place. Glue a leaf or two to each stem. Bend wire stems into graceful arches. Stick each tulip into a flowerpot filled with sand, with the outside covered with green paper, or use large uniform-sized cans for these bases. Some scrubbed rocks and a few seashells strewn among the posies will enhance the effect.

There are many ideas for the Dutch mill, depending on the size you can use and your ingenuity. By a little experimenting you will see that a round oatmeal carton for the basic structure will produce a pretty good replica. The carton becomes the main portion of the mill, perhaps covered with blue paper. For the rounded dome try out various sizes of mixing bowls to get one of the right proportion, cover with same blue paper or silver foil, and invert over the top of the carton. For the shelf-like walk around lower part of the mill fashion one from heavy poster board or aluminum foil, folding it in several thickness so it can be molded into shape. Staple or tape to the mill. Cut the mill arms from heavy white poster board and staple in place. If you use a staple fastener, the arms will really turn. If you have used silver foil for the

shelf walk, you will want to use it to cover the arms and top. Otherwise, let them be white. Glue on windows cut from white paper, with panes marked in with crayon.

Such a mill might have some green artificial Easter grass around the base, with a few gumdrop tulips for accent.

I once made a larger version of the Dutch mill, using a wooden nail keg as the basic part. This mill stood in one corner of a garden, complete to a low metal picket fence which outlined the garden area. Tulips blossomed in the green grass (shredded up green paper) along rock-lined walks. Large tree branches nailed to wooden bases became blossoming trees when we fastened on yellow or pink crepe paper blossoms. Faster, still, are the little "quickie" posies made with colored cleansing tissues.

For *Program Booklet Covers, Invitations, or Table Decorations* cut Dutch mills from heavy light blue construction paper. Cut the arms separately and attach with a staple fastener. Outline the mill and the arms and mark in the windows with a deep blue marking pen or crayon. If you want to make stand-up decorations, simply glue a triangle of heavy paper to the lower back to make a standard.

You may be able to locate some wooden shoes to use in the decorations. For clever wooden shoe favors, use a very sharp knife and carefully cut out one side of a peanut shell. You will have a very cunning little shoe. A pair of these glued to a small white card will make a pretty name card or favor. Or if you are using large wafer mints, set a pair of shoes atop each mint.

Gumdrop Tulips: Each gumdrop becomes a tulip blossom by snipping three or four times down through the top toward the bottom and then bending the cut strips out to form petals. Large gumdrops might have green pipe cleaner stems, with paper leaves, which can be stuck into large green gumdrop bases. If miniature posies are wanted, use small gumdrops and florist wire stems. These make pretty place favors and table decorations.

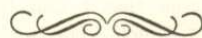
Kites fit right into our theme and add much color whether they are borrowed from the youngsters and fastened to the wall or suspended from the ceiling fixtures, or construction-paper ones to which you add bright yarn tails into which are knotted bits of bright material. Program booklet covers might also carry out the kite idea.

Hostesses or waitresses — depending on the type of party — will add to the party atmosphere if they wear the traditional Dutch cap which is easily made from paper or cloth. Waitresses should wear matching aprons.

If this is to be a luncheon with a more formal program, the various numbers could be cued into the theme using "Seed sown to the four winds", or "Gone with the Wind", or "Riding the gales of life", for ideas for talks. Even something keyed to the kite phases can be used, such as "Higher than a kite", "Drifting with the breeze", "Manipulated by the ground crew", or "Someone has strings on you".

The program should include a Dutch girl quartette in costume singing the "Dutch Mill" song.

A Wooden Shoe Game: The guests, in couples, form two lines to run a wooden shoe relay race. The lead couple in each line is given two wooden shingles. At a given signal, one in each couple kneels and places a shingle on the floor; the partner stands on it; as her partner takes a step, she must pick up a shingle and move it ahead for the next step, thus moving as quickly as possible to the goal line and back to starting line. Then the next couple in line does the same thing, until one line finishes first to win the game.



A SMILE

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no value until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

—Author Unknown



It Is Fun to Climb a Family Tree

by
Elva Wilson Nyren

One of the fastest growing hobbies in the United States today is genealogy: the search for ancestors or the compiling of a family history. It is also one of the oldest. No other hobby which I have ever tried was as fascinating or brought greater rewards.

All one needs to begin is pen, paper, and a spark of interest. Enthusiasm will grow as you work and fan that spark into a flame that won't easily be extinguished.

Always proceed from the present to the past. Begin by listing the ancestors you know and continuing back as far as possible. If you still have grandparents living, ask them for their parents' and grandparents' names. List all families in groups giving the birth date, place of birth, date and place of marriages, and when it applies, the death date and place of burial of each individual. Counties are often used in place of towns as locations for small towns change names or disappear sometimes. However, make your family history more than a compilation of data. Mention interesting accounts of journeys from one state to another, kinds of work, traits of character, special activities, and property acquired.

One of the first questions asked is where to look for information. There are many places: old letters, albums, diaries, family Bibles, gravestones, town and county legal records, local histories, and newspaper clippings. If someone in your family has for years saved obituaries clipped from papers, you are fortunate. They contain much valuable information and provide clues as to the whereabouts of scattered members of that family. Don't neglect to contact elderly persons for those with a clear memory can add much sparkle to your family story.

I can best illustrate how one clue leads to another with this example. I found the gravestone of an unknown great-uncle, and it gave his date of death sixty-eight years ago. Old copies of the local newspaper for that date listed three children. One, a son, was last known to be living in a town in South Dakota. I wrote the post office but no one of that name was there. An ad in the local paper brought

a reply from a lady who had gone to school with two of his children. Through her I found the remaining descendants living in Washington State. Other members of the great-uncle's family were found simply by addressing letters to "John Jones or any Descendant or Relative" and the post office where they were last known to have resided. In two cases the postmaster knew the family, mailed the letters on, and our circle now widened to include Wisconsin and Canada.

Public libraries have books on genealogy covering such topics as Searching for Your Ancestors, Tracing Pedigrees, Steps in Climbing the Family Tree, and Genealogy as Pastime and Profession. There is a magazine, "The Genealogical Helper", which lists hundreds of persons who wish to exchange information on specified surnames. There are excellent genealogical libraries. Three of the better known ones are in Salt Lake City, in Boston, and the Newberry Library in Chicago. They keep on file family and local histories. When working in such a library, you might learn that someone has compiled a complete history of your line up to a century or so ago. That is a real find! Old ships' sailing lists have been collected and provide data for those whose ancestors came from Europe.

Searching for more facts on ancestors who came from a small town in England, I wrote to the rector of the parish there and secured a copy of the entries in the ancient church registers. Some of these records go back to the years before 1600. Listed in chronological order is every baptism, marriage, and burial. It takes much searching through the many volumes and, in many cases, is quite expensive. There are professionals who work as individuals or groups who can be hired to research for you both in the United States and abroad.

It is important to devise an adequate filing system for items as they are gathered. A genealogical supply house has every aid possible: pedigree charts, family group sheets, heavy pages for mounting clippings and pictures, and beautiful binder covers in



Grandmother Driftmier arranged a party for Paul's ninth birthday.

FUN WITH BUTTONS

When Jacks and Jills come running with not a thing to do, locate the button jar.

Blue Button Retreat: One button is given each player. Use a variety of colors but only one *blue button*. The players stand or sit in a circle. As music begins the buttons are passed from one person to the next, keeping the color identity as secret as possible. When the music stops, all hands are opened and the person holding the blue button must *retreat*. As he leaves the circle, he takes one button with him, but *not* the blue button; it is returned to the game. The music starts again and the buttons are passed until the music stops. Continue playing as before until only one player is left. He wins the game!

Odd or Even: Each player has an equal number of buttons. Ten or twelve for each player is fine. The person who is "it" secretly places several buttons in his hand. He then walks up to any other player, holds his closed hands in front of the other person and asks, "Odd or even?" If the other person guesses correctly he gets whatever number of buttons are revealed when the hand is opened. If, however, he guesses incorrectly, he must pay "it" the same number of buttons as revealed when his hand was opened.

Towers: Players are given a large equal number of buttons. Each starts to build a button tower. The player with the highest tower in a certain length of time is the winner.

which the sheets fit. They put out a beginners hobby kit which serves as a guide and will make the climbing of your family tree even more fun.

What better way is there than to show appreciation of your heritage and to "Honor Thy Father and Mother". Happy hunting!

Recipes

Tested

by the

**Kitchen - Klatter
Family**

24-HOUR SALAD

- 4 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups white cherries, well drained
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 2 cups diced pineapple, drained
- 1 cup mandarin oranges, drained
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, chopped

2 cups heavy whipping cream

Beat four eggs until thick and lemon colored. Beat in sugar, add vinegar, butter and lemon flavoring. Cook in top part of double boiler (or in very heavy pan over low fire), stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Remove from fire and cool.

Turn all fruits into colander and drain very thoroughly. (I pressed them down with my hand to extract all juice.) Add marshmallows.

Whip heavy cream until stiff and then fold into it the cooked sauce. Lastly, add all of the fruit to it and place in the refrigerator. Stir occasionally. Let stand at least 24 hours before serving. Turn out on individual salad plates with shredded lettuce as a base, or a lettuce cup.

This is an old, old favorite and is absolutely ideal when entertaining a crowd since it MUST be made at least a day in advance. The amounts given here served 14 generously and there was some left over — tasted just as good three days later.

—Lucile

ASPARAGUS-EGG CASSEROLE

- 1 large can asparagus, or 2 cups fresh cooked asparagus
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 1 medium size pkg. potato chips
- 1/4 lb. cheese, shredded
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup

Place some of the potato chips in a greased casserole and arrange remaining ingredients in layers, saving some of the chips and cheese for topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

—Margery

CREAMY LEMON CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup softened butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 whole eggs
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Blend sugar into butter or margarine until fluffy. Stir in eggs and egg yolks one at a time and beat well after each addition. Add flavorings. Beat in flour mixture alternately with milk. Beat for one minute, or until light and creamy. Pour batter into well greased and lightly floured pans. This will make two 8-inch layers, or a 9- by 13-inch sheet cake. Bake the layers for 25 minutes and the sheet cake about 35 minutes in 375-degree oven. When cake is done, remove from oven and cool 10 minutes in pans. Turn out onto wire rack to finish cooling. Frost with a lemon powdered sugar icing.

—Evelyn

DEVILED PORK CHOPS

- 4 thick pork chops
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 Tbls. water

Combine ingredients and marinate the chops for two hours in the mixture. Add 1/2 cup of water, mixing with marinade. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour, or until tender.

—Juliana

SOUR CREAM RHUBARB PIE

- 2 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- A pinch of salt
- 2 Tbls. flour or tapioca
- 6 maraschino cherries, diced
- 1 Tbls. cherry juice
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Unbaked pie shell and top

Combine all ingredients and spoon into unbaked pie shell. Cover with top crust. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes, or until done. This pie can be made early and frozen until ready to bake. Increase the baking time for a frozen pie.

—Evelyn

ASPARAGUS-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. fresh asparagus
- 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup cream
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- Bread crumbs.

Wash and cut asparagus in 1 1/2-inch chunks. Cook in small amount of water until barely tender; drain well. Saute mushrooms in butter until tender. Remove. In same pan with butter, add the flour, milk and cream to make a cream sauce. Add the salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Place alternate layers of asparagus, eggs and mushrooms in a greased casserole, ending with mushrooms. Pour the sauce over; top with bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

—Abigail

HUNGARIAN WALNUT CRESCENTS

(A not-too-sweet cooky.)

- 2 cups finely chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 egg whites, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 6 Tbls. milk
- 1 egg white, slightly beaten
- Sugar

Blend together the walnuts, sugar, egg whites and vanilla. Set aside to use for filling. Sift together the flour, sugar and salt. Cut in the shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Blend together the egg yolks, butter flavoring and milk. Add the liquid all at once to the flour mixture, stirring until flour is moistened. Roll out half of the dough at a time on a floured board to 1/16th-inch thickness. Cut into circles with a 3-inch round cutter. Drop a teaspoon of the filling in center of each circle and fold in half. Seal the edges securely. Place the cookies on a greased baking sheet and shape into crescents. Brush tops with egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 400 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Makes about 5 dozen.

—Margery

MARMALADE YUMMIES

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1 whole egg
- 5 Tbls. orange marmalade
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Blend sugar and butter until light and creamy. Beat in the egg, marmalade, and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Sift the flour and resift with baking powder. Stir the sifted ingredients into the creamed mixture. Drop the batter from a teaspoon *well* apart on a greased cooky sheet. Bake the cookies in a 375-degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes. About 3 dozen cookies.

—Juliana

ELTORA'S CHICKEN AND DRESSING IN LAYERS

- 1 5-lb. chicken
- 6 to 8 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 stalks celery
- 1 medium onion, grated
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups milk

Cook the chicken. Remove meat from bones. Remove skin and grind. Save the broth.

Make a dressing of the remaining ingredients. Place a layer of dressing in large baking pan, then a layer of chicken. Repeat until all is used, with dressing on top. Cover with the ground skin. Pour chicken broth over all until you can see it around the edge of the pan, which is almost to the top, but not quite. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. The mixture should be moist. Cut into squares to serve. Serves 10 to 12.

This is very nice for a luncheon.
—Margery

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. frozen green beans
- 1 pkg. frozen broccoli
- 1 pkg. frozen cauliflower
- 1 can small whole onions, drained
- 1/2 pkg. herb bread dressing
- 2 cans mushroom soup, undiluted
- 8 slices cheese, cubed

Partially cook the vegetables. Place in layers in a large casserole. Place the cubed cheese over the top. Heat soup until well blended, and pour over the vegetables. Cover the casserole and bake in a 350-degree oven for 40 minutes. Uncover and put the dry herb dressing over the top for the last ten minutes of the baking time. —Dorothy

BLUEBERRY SALAD MOLD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. black raspberry gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. red raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 #303 can blueberries, drained
- 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 1/2 cup liquid from drained fruit
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple, flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Dissolve gelatin in 2 cups boiling water. Blend in the cream cheese. Drain the fruits and add the 1 1/2 cups liquid and the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. (If not enough juice from fruit, add water to make up difference.) Chill until slightly set. Beat at low speed with a mixer, adding the drained fruit and nuts. Pour into 1 1/2 quart mold. Chill until firm.

—Juliana

FOUR-MINUTE CUPCAKES

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup milk
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/3 cup milk
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine flour, sugar, salt, shortening, butter flavoring and 2/3 cup milk in a bowl. Mix 2 minutes with electric beater. Add remaining ingredients and beat 2 more minutes. Fill paper-lined muffin tins half full of batter. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes, or until golden brown on top.

Quick Topping

- 3/4 cup coconut
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 Tbls. light cream
- 1/2 cup nuts, if desired

Combine all ingredients. Heat, stirring, until sugar melts. Spread lightly over baked cupcakes. Pop under broiler for two or three minutes until bubbly (watch *carefully*). Or brown in hot oven five to eight minutes. —Evelyn

SWEET-AND-SOUR HAM BALLS

- 1 lb. smoked ham
- 1 lb. lean pork
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Grind ham and pork together. Mix with bread crumbs, milk, beaten eggs and salt. Form into very small balls. Place in a greased baking dish and pour the following sauce over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours, turning balls during baking time.

Sauce

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup white vinegar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

Simmer these ingredients together until blended. Pour over the ham balls before baking.

—Abigail

EXTRA DELICIOUS BEANS

- 3 pkgs. frozen lima beans
- 2 cans butter beans or lima beans
- 6 slices of bacon, diced
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup catsup
- Heavy cream

Cook frozen beans until tender. Drain thoroughly.

Fry diced bacon until crisp and remove from fat. Mix together the brown sugar and catsup.

Combine the two kinds of beans, add bacon and the mixture of brown sugar and catsup. Turn into a long flat casserole and pour heavy cream over it—just enough to come up to the edge of the beans. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about one hour.

This is another version of a great favorite and makes a big hit with everyone. The recipe as it is given here served 14 people, and even though it was a substantial meal, people went back for seconds on the beans. Don't fail to try this recipe.

—Lucile

FROSTY FRUIT ROUNDS

- 1 can (1 lb., 9 oz.) fruit cocktail
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
- 1 2-oz. pkg. dessert topping mix
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/4 cup toasted flaked coconut

Drain fruits. Prepare topping according to box instructions. Fold in mayonnaise, lemon flavoring and juice. Fold in fruits, marshmallows and coconut. Turn into two (1 lb., 1 oz.) cans and freeze firm. Push out of can and cut into slices. Serves 6 to 8. —Mary Beth

SUPER SPINACH

1/2 pint commercial sour cream
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. bottled horseradish (scant)
 Combine all these ingredients well.
 Chill. Serve over very hot spinach.

—Margery

QUICK FRUIT COBBLER

1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 cup milk
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond
 flavoring

1/2 stick of butter, sliced

Fruit or berries (This was tested with peaches.)

Dot an 8-inch square baking dish with the butter patties. Mix sugar, flour and baking powder and add milk and flavoring. Pour over the butter. Spoon fruit over the batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes.

COUNTRY BRAIDS

1/2 cup warm water
 1 tsp. sugar
 1/4 tsp. ginger
 2 pkgs. dry yeast
 2 cups flour
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cup warm water
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/4 cup soft butter
 1 tsp. salt
 2 eggs, well beaten
 3 cups flour

Combine the first 4 ingredients and let stand in a warm place until bubbling nicely. In a large mixing bowl mix together 2 cups of flour, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup of warm water and 1/2 cup sugar. Add the yeast mixture and beat well. Add 1/4 cup of soft butter, 1 tsp. salt, 2 eggs and 2 cups of flour. Stir all together until the dough clears the bowl.

Spread the remaining 1 cup of flour on the board, turn out the dough and knead thoroughly, using a little more flour if necessary, to make a smooth, elastic dough. Return to the bowl, brush top of dough with butter, cover with towel and let stand until double in bulk, about 1 to 1 1/4 hours.

Turn out the dough, knead well, divide into halves, and then divide each half into 3 equal portions. Roll each portion into a strip about 8 to 10 inches long. Cross 3 rolls in the center and braid to each end. Pinch ends tightly together and place braid on a greased cookie sheet. Braid remaining rolls and place on top of first braid. Cover with a barely damp towel and let rise until double in bulk. Brush with beaten egg yolk thinned with 1 tsp. of water, and sprinkle with salt or sugar, whichever you prefer. Bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees for about 30 minutes. The crust will have a golden glaze.

Now this recipe may sound complicated to you and you'll possibly back away from trying it — don't make such a terrible mistake! Once you've gotten "the hang" of it you won't find it difficult at all, and believe me, it's absolutely delicious. Juliana remembers this as just about her one biggest favorite of the countless kinds of bread I made when she was growing up.

—Lucile

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I CALLED HER MOTHER

by
Monta Maria Houck

Many fine tributes and honors are given to mothers on Mother's Day, and rightly so. But I've often wondered why so little is said of the thousands of stepmothers who so justly deserve credit for filling a mother's place in a little child's life.

My mother died when I was two years old. When my father remarried, he gave me the finest second mother a child ever had. When her own little ones were born (she had seven), she taught each one to call me "Sister". To this day they call me that, and I'm "Aunt Sister" to all the nieces and nephews. She never allowed me to feel I was only a half-sister to the others.

In looking back over the past 60 years, I can see so many precious things she gave me. She taught me about God and His care for us. We were very poor, but we were also wealthy because we had so much happiness at home. She made the most of what we had, and sometimes that was very little, but we were never made to feel we were deprived of the good things in life just because we were poor.

She showed us there was beauty all around us, but that it was most important to have it within. Her hands were not beautiful as some would count beauty; they were rough, toil-worn hands. But they had a special beauty all their own for us.

One year we wanted valentines for our valentine box at school. Not having money to buy them was no problem for us. Our mother made them. She cut pretty shapes from white cardboard, scalloped the edges (and not with pinking shears either!), and wrote little verses on them. Then she took the tiny red flowers from her one and only summer hat and somehow wove them through the cardboard. We gave the prettiest valentines of all, and even the teacher wanted to know where our mother learned to do that. I was so proud of her!

Our clothes were all handmade because she had no sewing machine.

When she bought material for our school dresses, she always let me choose the piece I wanted first.

She it was who pointed out to me the beauty of the stars and the lovely colors in nature, even to those in old Mr. Wooly Worm's fuzzy coat. She taught me there was beauty in storms, and through her I learned to love them. She enjoyed working with bits of clay, and I have an Indian head she molded from red clay. I have had it for 55 years, and shall keep it until it crumbles to dust. It is lovely: her dear hands made it.

She was never too busy to stop and look at a leaf or stone or feather we would bring to her. Usually she could tell us something interesting about it.

I remember a family who moved near us. They were very poor and always seemed to be so "alone". No one paid much attention to them. When their little baby died, Mother felt so sorry for them she made a wreath of her garden flowers and ferns. I took it to their house, and it was all they had. Somehow I had the feeling that that mother understood and was comforted a little. I know our mother put all the prayers and love and sympathy possible from one mother to another into it. It was her quiet, gentle way

of showing that someone cared.

She taught us about God and read His precious Word to us. Every day we looked for a miracle, for something beautiful — and found it. Because she taught us that God *expected* us to see Him in every day of our lives. Early morning was her favorite time of day. It held so much promise; it was so new.

When she left us at Easter time she was 83 years old. We laid her to rest beside our father in an early morning service. God had washed the world the night before; everything was new and clean, and for her an eternal day had dawned.

She is gone, but she has left me some very precious memories. One thing she believed in — God has a "David" for every "Goliath" we will ever have to face in this life. What more could a mother leave to a child? Some called her my stepmother.

I called her Mother.

(Editor's Note: This article first appeared in The Pentacostal Evangel, and is reprinted by permission.)

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FINALLY!

by
Evelyn Birkby

When we moved into our new home four years ago a friend remarked that we wouldn't really *want* to have everything done to perfection. Her thought was that it is fun to have *something* left to dream about, to plan and to do.

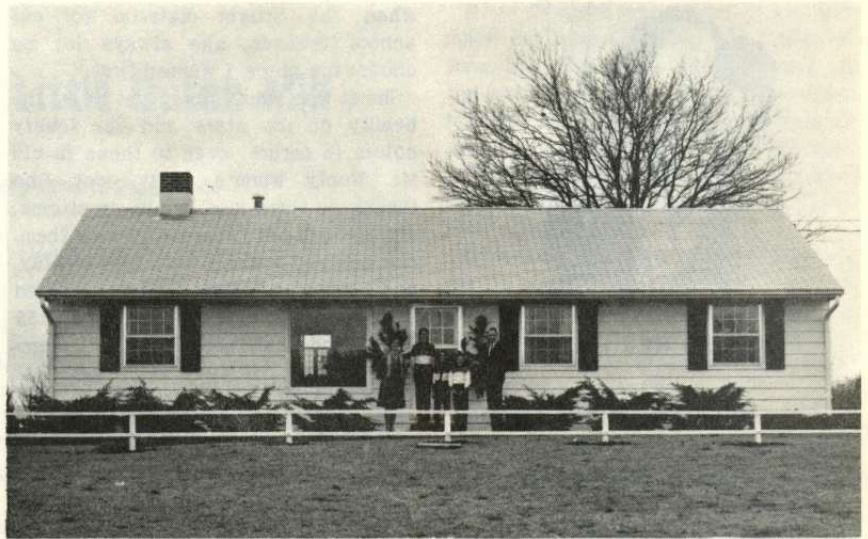
She was right, of course. A great deal of the enjoyment of any home is seeing something which can be improved and then going about the task of getting the job done. This was especially true of our basement. We did not do any finishing at all in the basement when we built the house. Partially this was due to the cost factor; one *does* have to be practical about expenditures and put first things first. The other reason we did not want a regular recreation room, but rather a rough-and-tumble area, was due to the ages of our boys. They enjoyed riding the skate boards, roller skating and tumbling on an old mattress. Craig was nearing the age of eight and we knew the Cub Scouts would be happier in a place where paint could fly, projects could be done and active games could be played without any danger of marring walls or floors.

So the basement was used for many activities and meetings. It had a reasonable amount of splatters on the floor. Robert developed a wood-working corner. Our pet skunk arrived to make his "home" here. It resounded with the pounding of feet, the voices of many boys and the clanging of wheels on cement.

The time came last fall when Craig graduated into the Webelos Den of the Cubs and I was no longer a Den Mother. (I graduated too. I'm *unofficial* assistant to the Scoutmaster—my husband Robert!) Jeff's seventh grade classmates and Bob's High School friends had matured to more grown-up activities than skate boards and model painting. So it was decided our winter project would be partitioning part of the basement into a recreation room.

When we had first planned our home we had drawn a sketch of the basement as we hoped it would be *someday*, with a section for clothes storage, wood working, food storage, etc. This was necessary so the placement of wall plugs could be done during the initial building. A shower and sink were installed near the drain so that part of the work was *finished*.

Since we used a steel beam and steel posts in the construction, Robert's first task in partitioning was to drill holes into the steel and bolt in wooden



The Birkbys line up in front of their home. The fence is a recent addition.

posts to make a surface into which he could pound nails. He then put in cross boards and finally knotty pine lengths were nailed into place down the center of the basement. The stairwell was enclosed. The narrow north end of the room was developed into a bookcase-storage wall so as to provide a place for games and equipment. Robert's big desk is now pulled near the bookcase unit so he has a fine working corner for his at-home tasks.

The wood was left natural and covered with a coat of the fine plastic finish which is hard and durable.

The cement block walls which make up the other two sides of the room were painted with a light creamy-yellow masonry paint. This brightened the room and gives it a sunny appearance. The ceiling, after long deliberation, was finally covered with acoustical tile. The reason for the decision should be obvious; three boys and their friends cannot be expected to be quiet.

Robert began stapling the tiles on as he thought they should be done. When he reached the bottom of the first box he found the *directions!* These were different than the way he was doing the work. Too late to change, he continued and the ceiling did come out satisfactorily, but it would have been *so much easier* if the directions had been placed on TOP of the tile and he had found them before he *began* the work.

The floor is not finished. Right now it has two large linoleum rugs, one in the area where the ping-pong table and active games are played and the other in the "quiet corner". This houses the television set, a lamp and chest, an old deacon's bench, several chairs, my sewing machine and a small drop-leaf table. *Someday* it would be nice to tile

the floor or have one of the new indoor-outdoor carpets on it, but that will be a dream for the future.

The decorating has been fun. The boys decided they would like a bright Scottish theme and I instantly agreed. I found a fine end piece of red, blue and yellow plaid on sale and bought it all. I made lined curtains to use at the one window. Covered pillows and a pad for the deacon's bench dress it up nicely. A bright red coat of paint adds more color to the old bench which once stood in a barber shop.

We found an old shoe store foot rest (the kind a person rests his foot on when fitting shoes) which an elderly neighbor was planning to discard. I painted the metal parts a dull black. The round top was easily padded with foam rubber and then covered with some of the gay plaid material. It is now a very attractive footstool which is also a conversation piece.

Right now I am haunting secondhand stores in search of another easy chair or two as we need more seating space in our "quiet corner".

Gradually we are adding a few decorations to the wall; a colored historical map of Scotland, a large Scottish doll which was brought to us by a friend after she visited that interesting country, a framed picture of the Isle of Corrie which could well have been the land where my great-grandfather Thomas Corrie lived before he immigrated to the United States, and a Highlander's calendar.

The unfinished section of the basement still holds the old Cub Scout table and all gluing and painting goes on there. This is also the place where Sniffles prefers to stay unless he is outdoors or visiting with us in the recreation room. The door between the

(Continued on page 22)



COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

May is the month we honor mother. While browsing at the public library I found *A Bess Streeter Aldrich Treasury*, a collection of stories by that famous Nebraska author published in 1959. In the introduction, her son, Robert Streeter Aldrich, quotes his mother's feelings about home. "You cannot break the radii which stretch out from the center of a good home. They are the most flexible things in the world. They reach out into every port where a child has sailed, into every country where a child has strayed — these radii of love. They pull at the hearts of the children until sometime, somewhere, they draw the wanderers all back into the family circle."* A fitting tribute to all mothers and fathers.

A telephone call from a friend was appreciated recently when she recommended a Swedish cookbook. Since we share that heritage, she knew I would be interested. *The Best of Swedish Cooking and Baking* (Rand McNally and Co., \$4.95) by Marianne Gronwall van der Tuuk offers a wonderful variety to delight anyone interested in fine food. Tantalizing recipes for authentic Smorgasbord; hearty, tradition-tested fish and meat dishes; delicate Swedish cakes, cookies and breads; omelettes and souffles, and holiday specialties are all included.

Since my father came from Sweden and my husband's grandfather also, we are both familiar with "sill" — or herring — a part of any Smorgasbord, as well as "risgrynskaka" — or rice pudding with raisins. This cookbook gives me renewed feelings to convey to our children these fine Swedish recipes.

A most popular storyteller, Thyra Ferré Bjorn, has written *This Is My Life* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.50). Readers who are familiar with her previous books including *Dear Papa* and *Papa's Wife* will take delight in this book that gives the highlights of Mrs. Bjorn's life from the time she wrote her first best-selling book up to the present. Her life during these twelve years contained great happiness and great sorrow; she writes of both with charm and warm philosophy.

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A Touch of the Dutchland (A. S. Barnes and Co., \$8.50) by Earl F. Robacker contains a discussion in familiar terms of what is to be found today in the antique shops of the Pennsylvania Dutch country — home of the mysterious barn sign and the fabled blue gate of the Amish. Well-illustrated chapters include discussion on pewter, stoneware, paint-decorated furniture, and butter molds, a homemade device for printing on pats of butter a distinctive design. Thoughtful collectors would enjoy this book.

With the American countryside rapidly vanishing in a cloud of smog, more people than ever are taking to the woods on the family vacation for a breath of fresh air. *The Family Camping Guide* (World Publishing Co., \$4.95) by James and Barbara Newman,

campers of twenty years' experience, offers practical and easy-to-follow advice for uninitiated enthusiasts who want to know how to go about planning a camping trip and many new ideas for seasoned campers. There is an extensive state-by-state listing of places to write to for information on campgrounds, a collection of simple recipes proved by campers again and again as well as some new ones tested by the authors. *The Family Camping Guide* assures novice and experienced campers alike of an adventurous and refreshing vacation at rock-bottom prices.

*Used by permission of the publishers, Appleton-Century-Crofts, an affiliate of Meredith Press.

If you would have good friends, build bridges instead of walls.



Betty Driftmier (center), president of one of the ladies' organizations of the church, and two of her officers meet to discuss future activities.

DOUGHNUTS YEAR 'ROUND

by
Mildred Grenier

NEW YEAR "MIDNIGHT CLOCKS"

Place a doughnut on a saucer or a lace paper doily. Fill the hole of the doughnut with a marshmallow. Mix powdered sugar and milk until of spreading consistency; frost over the "face" of the clock. Mix food coloring with some of the frosting to make it a dark color. With this frosting in the cake decorator, make the numbers, one to twelve, around the "clock" (wait until the white frosting has set, before you do this). Make the hands of the clock point to twelve. When ready to serve, pass the whipped cream separately.

FEBRUARY "VALENTINE HEARTS"

With a saw-toothed cake knife, cut a "V" from the top of a doughnut to form a heart; cut along the sides to make the heart pointed at the bottom. Fill the hole of the doughnut with a marshmallow and frost the entire thing with red jelly or jam. Serve on a saucer and just before serving make whipped cream "lace" around the edge of the heart with whipped cream in the cake decorator.

"SAINT PATRICK'S DAY PIPES"

Cut a doughnut in half. Lay one half of the doughnut, curved side down, on a plate, to form the bowl of the pipe. Place the other half of the doughnut on the plate, curved side up, and the right side of the top half joining the left side of the bottom half, to form the stem of the pipe. Frost the pipe with a green powdered sugar frosting. Serve with whipped cream, sherbet, pudding or ice cream.

DOUGHNUT "EASTER BONNETS"

Place a marshmallow over the hole of the doughnut; the marshmallow forms the crown of the hat and the doughnut forms the brim. Frost the hat with a white or tinted powdered sugar frosting. With tinted powdered sugar frosting in the cake decorator, after the first frosting has set, make a ribbon around the crown of the hat and decorate with frosting flowers, feathers, etc. Bits of maraschino cherries or other fruits, or nuts, may also be used to decorate the "bonnets".

DOUGHNUT "MAYPOLES"

Frost doughnut with a powdered sugar frosting tinted light green. Place on a saucer and stick a red- and white-striped stick of candy in the hole of the doughnut, so it will stand upright. Place a small dab of frosting on top of the candy stick and cut short lengths



This threesome was almost inseparable when Donald's family visited Shenandoah. Chris Tornquist (left) lives across the street from the folks and became a good friend of Adrienne and Paul.

of narrow, vari-colored ribbons to "glue" to the top of the Maypole.

JUNE BREAKFAST "DOUGHNUT BUTTERFLIES"

Alternate pineapple chunks and small wedges of cooked ham on wooden or metal skewers. Cut a doughnut in half and place on a saucer with the curved sides almost touching, to form the butterfly wings. Place the skewer between the wings to form the butterfly's body. You may stick a maraschino cherry in the top end of the skewer.

FOURTH OF JULY "LIBERTY BELLS"

You will need two doughnuts to make two "liberty bells". Cut one doughnut in half. Split the other doughnut all the way around. Place one split half on a saucer, cut side down. Place the half of the other doughnut over the hole, curved side up, to form the top of the bell. Frost the entire bell with red jam or jelly. Serve with whipped cream, ice cream, pudding or sherbet.

SUMMER BREAKFAST "SUNBURST SALAD"

Cut doughnut in half, and place one half, curved side up, on a saucer. Fill center with softened cream cheese. Frost the doughnut half with softened cream cheese. Arrange chilled grapefruit and orange segments, sunburst fashion, around the doughnut "sun".

SEPTEMBER "GRAPE SALAD"

Place a doughnut on a saucer. Fill the center with softened cream cheese; frost all over with softened cream cheese. Halve large white grapes and remove seeds. Press the grape halves all over the doughnut, to resemble a

bunch of grapes. You may make green "leaves" around the grapes with green-tinted powdered sugar frosting in a cake decorator.

HALLOWEEN "WHEELS OF FORTUNE"

Frost the doughnut all over with a powdered sugar frosting tinted orange. Place on a saucer and before the frosting sets, stick small brightly colored gumdrops all around the doughnut for a "jeweled" wheel of fortune. Serve with ice cream.

DOUGHNUT CORNUCOPIA

You will need three doughnuts, of graduated sizes, for each cornucopia. With a gold-tinted powdered sugar frosting, "glue" the three doughnuts together on a plate, standing them upright, the largest doughnut at one end and the smallest one at the other end. Frost the cornucopia all over with the frosting. Spilling from the cornucopia, you may have fresh grapes, other fresh, canned or stewed fruits; sprinkle among the fruit several maraschino cherries.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS

Place a doughnut on a saucer and frost all over with green-tinted powdered sugar frosting. Before the frosting has set, sprinkle the "wreath" all over with green-tinted coconut. Stick bits of maraschino cherries around the wreath for the holly berries. Make a red bow at the top of the wreath with red powdered sugar frosting in the cake decorator. Serve with ice cream.

TWO BUILD A WORLD

"Two build a world from dreams each heart has known—

A cup, and saucer, and a painted chair,

Some ruffled curtains and a garden grown

Before the watchful eyes of two who care.

From picnic suppers on a pasture hill
And books at dusk, and fudge and popcorn balls,

From potted flowers on a window sill
And autumn moons and firelight on a wall.

Two build a world from lullabies at dark,

And blocks and trains and cookies in a jar;

And secrets shared, and rambles in a park;

From bedtime talks, and wishes on a star,

And daffodils and rosebuds tightly curled.

Of timber such as these, two build a world."

—Unknown

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Would you like to win some ribbons at your County Fair or at your local flower show? Usually the fairs and shows are held in late summer or early fall when annual flowers are at their peak and many of the vegetables have matured. Now is the time to select and plant varieties that are bound to catch the judge's eye. These classes usually have the most entries because everyone grows marigolds, zinnias, petunias, asters, sweet peas and pansies. To produce a winner among them you must grow a variety that is truly outstanding then cut the blooms just at their peak of perfection and condition them properly.

In the American marigold class these varieties are excellent and produce fine show material. They are **GOLDEN JUBILEE**, an F1 hybrid and All-America Selections Bronze Medal winner for 1967; **HAWAII**, odorless foliage and a rich orange beauty; the **CLIMAX** marigolds which include primrose, yellow, and orange and gold colors; **SUN SOUFFLE**, a golden orange, and **DOUBLOON** a beautiful yellow hybrid. I think judges are tempted to say "einy, miney, mo" when they see a class of the dwarf French marigold because each entry is so identical to the other in size, color and form. There are some fine new introductions that would stand out on most any show table. They are **MARIGOLD TIGER**, a rich orange; **FIREFAIL**, flame-like reddish scarlet; and **SPARKY**, a red and gold combination of colors.

In zinnias, grow the **ZENITH** series which include **BONANZA**, **FIRE-CRACKER**, **PRINCESS**, and **YELLOW ZENITH**. The **BURPEEANA GIANTS**, **GREEN ENVY**, **PINWHEEL** and the **GIANT DAHLIA FLOWERED** zinnias all produce fine show specimens. In the small-flowered classes grow the **CUPIDS** and the **RED** and **PINK BUT-TONS**.

Any of the newer single and double petunias available will make good show material. The secret here is in selecting a good exhibit that fits the schedule. Watch for weather damage on the blooms and be sure the foliage is clean. This also applies to pansies. Try to choose blooms that are free of weather spots and as uniform as possible in size, form and color.

Try a packet of **KNEE-HI** sweet peas. Though dwarf in growth habit, the flowers are very large, uniform and of good substance. (More on selecting and conditioning flowers for the show table next issue.)

SO SEW

It is convenient to store cloth scraps in plastic bags. The color and type can be spotted at a glance.

Pick-up sewing should be kept readily accessible for short period of work.

Embroidery thread makes a good substitute for darning cotton.

A rummage sale may prove a treasure house for cloth scraps one might need. Both wool and cotton are frequently available.

Several old blankets basted together may be covered with a bright print and tacked, making an attractive comforter with many years' wear. —Marjorie Fuller

BRIGHT RAIMENT

I note the gardens God has splashed
With color all the way
And worry less about the dress
That might be thought too gay.

—Flo M. Tidgwell

GONE TO WAIST

Call it "midriff bulge" or "middle-aged spread" or whatever, nobody ever claimed that a growing waistline was attractive, or fun to own.

Everyone agrees on the cause, however: too many calories. What to do about it? Easy! Simply sweeten with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. Drinks, cereals, 'most everything you cook. This clear liquid in a handy flip-top dispenser bottle has a really natural sweetness. It isn't bitter or brackish, doesn't leave an aftertaste, and best of all, never adds a single calorie ... never.

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KNEAD FOR 45 MINUTES - Con'd

ready for the oven. While the older children milked the four cows that had pulled the wagon all day, a couple of smaller youngsters dug a hole in a bank. The flying dirt and yelling made it seem like play, but when they finished, they had dug an oven for the bread. The oven was heated; the bread, baked; and everyone agreed it was delicious.

If the starter was spilled or collected prairie dirt, Grandma was forced to make her own sourdough starter. This, while not as reliable as the commercial starter, produced a very good, though somewhat heavier bread.

The sourdough starter is made by combining 2 cups flour, 2 cups water, and 2 Tbls. sugar. To bring about fermentation, the mixture is placed in a warm place for two or three days. When bubbles form and the mixture has developed a yeasty odor, it is sourdough starter.

Following is a sourdough bread recipe that is like what Great-Grandma might have used a hundred years ago, except we measured flour by cups instead of handfuls.

Sourdough Bread

- 1 recipe sourdough starter
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. sugar

At night:

Stir 1 cup flour into the sourdough starter. Stir vigorously for 3 minutes. Transfer to greased bowl, cover with tea towel, and let rise in warm place overnight.

Next morning:

Mix baking soda, salt, and sugar with 1 cup flour and stir into dough. Turn dough onto a floured board and knead in remaining 1/2 cup flour until



Eating out is always fun - even when it is chilly. Mary Beth Driftmier (left) and a friend prepare the picnic table on an outing.

dough is smooth and not sticky. Shape into one loaf and place in greased loaf pan. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in size. This will require from two to three hours. Bake bread in a preheated 350-degree oven for one hour or until light brown in color. Remove from oven and brush crust with melted butter. Cool slightly, then remove from pan, and cool on a rack.

If Grandma was too tired to mix bread after a long day of traveling, she made biscuits (little cakes) for her family the following night. How good the boiled potatoes and meat tasted when hot biscuits were a part of the fare!

Sourdough Biscuits

- 1 1/3 cups sourdough starter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup flour
- 4 Tbls. butter

Sift flour, baking soda, baking powder, and salt together into a bowl. Add sourdough starter and blend with

fork until you have a soft dough. Place on a lightly floured board and roll 1/2 inch thick. Cut with a small biscuit cutter, place in 9-inch round cake pan in which 4 Tbls. butter has been melted. Bake in preheated 425-degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes or until tipped with gold. Serve piping hot with butter and honey. Makes 12.

When the family was settled in their sod house and the sheet-iron cookstove was in place, Grandma got out the heavy waffle iron and the sourdough starter. Families enjoy waffles as much today as Grandpa and the boys did in 1867.

Sourdough Waffles

- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sourdough starter
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 3 Tbls. vegetable oil

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, baking soda, and sugar. Set aside. Beat yolks vigorously. Stir in flour combination and beat with a rotary or electric beater until smooth. Mix in 3 Tbls. vegetable oil. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites thoroughly. Bake in a preheated waffle iron until crisp and delicately browned. Serve with butter and warm honey or maple syrup. The number of waffles depends on the size of your waffle iron.

The team and wagon are gone; the soddy is gone; the important, black cookstove is gone. But the smell of bread baking is the very same as it was a hundred years ago and the shout of the long-legged boy is the same. "Hey, Mom, what smells so good? Am I ever hungry!"

POVERTY

Who walks beside a rosebud
And does not sense its bloom,
Its lovely form and color,
Its delicate perfume;

Who walks beneath the heavens
And does not see the sky,
The sunrise and the sunset,
The tints that glow and die;

Who treads a rural pathway
And never hears a bird,
Nor notes the trembling grasses
A passing breeze has stirred:

Who dwells among his fellows,
And sees them pass his door,
Nor ever hears their heartbeats -
Is pitifully poor!

-Anonymous

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LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

by
Barbara L. Rosser

In the romantic era of the 18th and 19th centuries, poetry and flowers were the only acceptable gifts for lovers to exchange. When Charles II of Sweden returned from exile in Turkey, he brought back to his court the art of *Selam*, the Oriental language of flowers. It soon spread throughout the western world. A gift of flowers, whether one blossom or a whole bouquet, was carefully chosen to carry a special message to the recipient.

In this romantic language of flowers almost every emotion had a flower to convey its meaning to friend or enemy. Bluebells meant "humility"; asters, "elegance"; candytuft, "indifference"; and gardenias, "I love you in secret!" An enemy could be sent hydrangeas, "boastfulness"; mountain laurel, "treachery"; datura, "You are poison"; or an orange lily for "hatred and disdain".

Even many of the weeds had a particular meaning. The bindweed meant a "coquette or busybody"; the brier, "thoughtfulness"; a burdock, "boredom"; nettles, "cruelty"; and dandelions were considered "oracles of love". Trees, too, came in for their share of attention. Aspens meant "lamentation"; elm, "dignity"; birch, "fertility"; and linden trees stood for "conjugal love". Maple trees were for "reserve and retirement" and oaks for "stability and hospitality".

The most popular flowers were those that expressed the love of the sender. A shy young man might send to his first love an apricot blossom, "timid love", or a nosegay of bachelor's-buttons, meaning "hope in love". If the young lady were interested in continuing such a friendship she would most likely send him back a daisy — "I share your feelings." But if she were a flirt and wanted him to know he would have a lot of competition, the returned flower might be a begonia — "Beware, I am fanciful." Not desiring such a friendship, she would send an anemone or a variegated pink for "refusal".

As the courtship continued the young man would likely become more ardent and a bouquet containing purple heartsease, "You occupy my thoughts"; honeysuckle, "We belong to each other"; a full-blown rose, "I love you"; and some sweet alyssum, "Worth beyond beauty" would be sent. He might include a spray of jasmine, the color depending on his feelings — red, "Our love will be intoxicating"; white, "Our love will be sweet"; or

yellow, "Our love will be passionate". The lady, being more modest, would send back a violet, "I return your love", and a sprig of spearmint, "warm feelings".

Perhaps one day when he went to call he found on the hall table a bunch of periwinkles for "sweet memories". Turning angrily and leaving immediately he sent a branch of willow — "forsaken and slighted love". The bewildered maiden sent a marigold, "What is the matter with you?", by return messenger. After a long wait she received one small petunia, "I am furious", and a larkspur, "fickleness".

Not understanding his anger and wishing to see him, she sent a bouquet of mauve lilacs, "Do you still love me?", and lily-of-the-valley, "Let us make up." He arrived with a gift of camellias, "I shall love you always!" Then she explained that the periwinkles were a gift from an old schoolmate. Very soon orange blossoms would become the most important flower in their lives.

The next time you pick a bouquet for a friend choose the flowers carefully, and just for fun tuck in a card explaining the special meaning they are conveying.

THE COLORS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING



What will they be like this fall?

Will they still be bright and beautiful? Or will they be drab and dull: victims of "lazy" bleach that just doesn't work as it should?

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LEANNA'S LETTER - Concluded

Santa Fe, so if all goes well Lucile, Dorothy and I will spend a few days there in the early part of May. It will be the first trip that the three of us have made together and we're looking forward to it.

I must call Margery now and tell her that she can take this down to the plant. She is leaving for New Mexico tomorrow for a little visit and to drive Lucile home. Both girls work long, hard hours and I'm glad they are taking a rest. They'll have some interesting things to tell us when they return, I'm sure.

Sincerely,
Leanna



This picture of David and Mary Leanna Driftmier was taken when they were home for spring vacation.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

Club, College Club, Women's Club, Century Club, Reality Club, Gladden Club, Minister's Club, Rotary Club, Amaron Club, South Church Men's Club, Blue Lodge and Scottish Rite.

These are just the dues-paying clubs that have regular programs and meetings. Of course we belong to many societies and welfare organizations in addition to all these clubs, and frankly we have a hard time keeping up with the demands they make of us. Between the two of us we serve on the Boards of Directors of eight different charitable organizations, and they alone are enough to take up every minute of our spare time. Whenever Betty gets to feeling a bit sorry for herself

because of the way she rushes from one organization to the other, I remind her of those early days of our marriage when her biggest and only complaint was that she hadn't enough to do to keep her busy.

We Americans are noted throughout the world for the way we join clubs of all kinds, but I do not think we need to apologize for it. Certainly the Europeans don't begin to have the variety of clubs that we have, but it is also true that the Europeans don't begin to get all the good works done that we

Americans accomplish. European churches don't have one tenth as many church organizations as we have, and at the same time they don't have one tenth as much church activity as we have.

I appreciate hearing from you. What a nice feeling it is to know that through all America there are good Kitchen-Klatter friends to whom I can write each month.

Sincerely,
Frederick

FINALLY! - Concluded

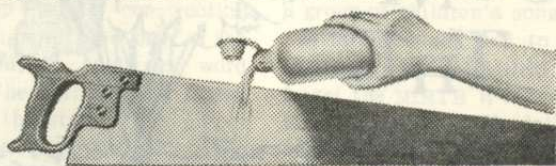
two sections swings easily and the minute someone goes downstairs he pulls the door open with his paws and comes loping in to see what we are doing. If we stop long enough, Sniffles climbs into our laps for a good petting.

It has been fun to create this simple recreation room. Every member of the family has helped with the project which made it far more exciting and certainly more treasured for each one of us. As is true of the house itself, we are grateful to have gotten this work done while the boys are still home to enjoy the results. *Finally*, **FINALLY**, we have a very nice recreation room where the boys can bring their friends and our family can enjoy being together.

HAVE YOU EARNED - TODAY?

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
The day is almost over and its toiling time is through;
Is there any one to utter now a kindly word of you?
Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,
Or a churlish sort of "howdy"; then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way,
Or is someone mighty grateful for a deed you did today?
Can you say tonight, in parting with the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does the man whose hopes were fading with courage look ahead?
Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God would say,
"You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?"

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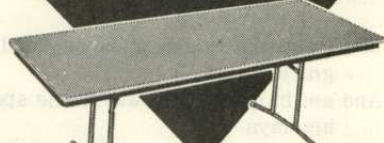
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The big difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is how you use them. Kick them and you stumble; step on them and you climb.

May Poetry

MOTHER

She loved the things of beauty and of grace
 And so, in quiet little ways, she spent her days
 Working to make the little world in which she lived
 A brighter and a lovelier place.
 Her hands were always busy sewing bright bits of cloth
 In intricate design to make each quilt a work of art.
 Not only must they protect from winter's chilly blast,
 But help to beautify the home and warm the heart.
 Beneath her tender care all kind of flowers grew,
 Almost out of control, as if they too must try
 To cheer each sick or sorrowing soul she knew,
 And fill the arms of every passer-by.
 And so, I can but think that somewhere still,
 In the place our Savior went on to prepare,
 Mother with the choicest of Heaven's treasures,
 Is making her corner a little more fair.

—Anice Nancy Taylor



TO BE WORTHY

My children love and honor me
 Because I am their mother.
 I want to think they'd like me, too,
 If I were some chance other.

—Flo M. Tidgwell



MADONNA OF THE PRAIRIE

The prairie wind sings a merry song
 To the bride of the open plain;
 Who, like Mary of old,
 Chose service to gold,
 And happiness far above gain.

The prairie wind croons a lullaby,
 As she nestles her sleeping child
 On her gentle arm,
 Secure from harm,
 With never a thought of the wild.

The prairie wind whispers hopefully,
 Though the brassy sky does not shield
 The touch of her hand
 On the thirsty land —
 "He shall clothe the grass of the field."

The prairie wind moans a requiem
 As her hands are folded in rest;
 Time has paused in flight,
 For a brief Goodnight —
 As earth gathers her to its breast.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

MAGAZINE PICTURE OF BOY'S ROOM

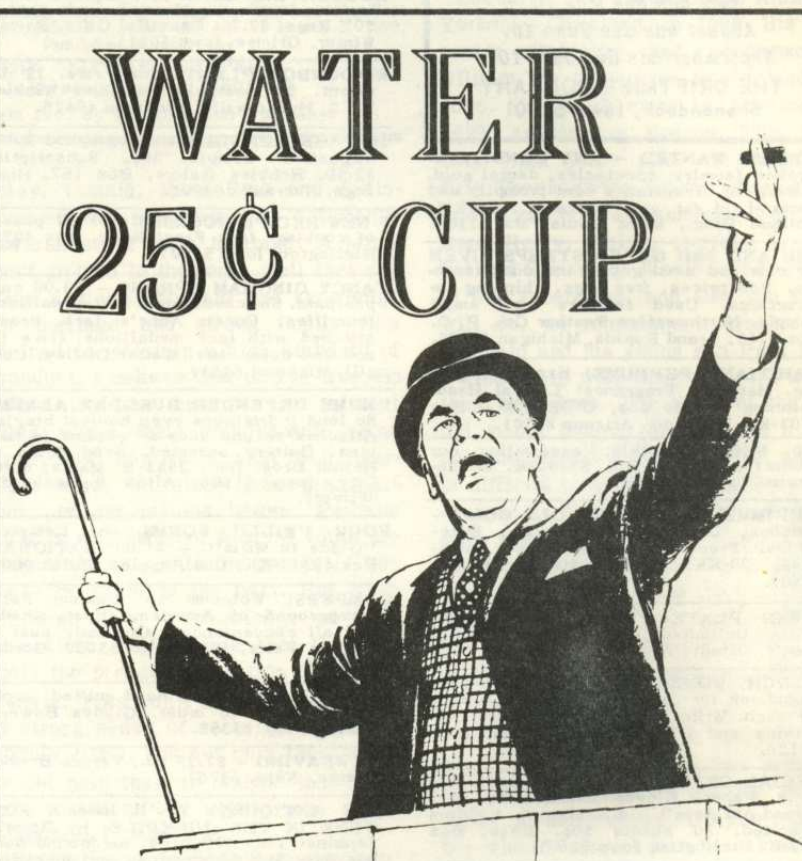
No clothes are anywhere in sight,
 No fingerprints on walls,
 And in one corner, to the right,
 Are baseball bats and balls.
 With books and records neatly stacked,
 No mars on desk and chair,
 This view shows obviously a fact —
 No boy ever lived there.

—Gladise Kelly

REVELATION

I have seen God.
 A seed I planted;
 The sun was warm;
 The showers fell;
 The wind was gracious,
 For where the seed lay deep,
 A tiny plant appeared
 And twined its way
 Toward Heaven.

—Mary Kurtz



THEY'RE STILL AT IT

A year and a half ago, we told you of seeing liquid cleaner selling for 49¢ for a 15-ounce bottle. We told you then that you can make your own cleaning solution . . . using water from your kitchen sink . . . for a lot less money.

And when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, you get a hard-working, efficient cleaner that never leaves scum or froth. That means you cut your cleaning time in half, when you don't have to rinse. Since *you* mix the cleaner and water, you determine the exact strength you need for the job at hand. And you aren't paying a quarter for a cup of water, either.

But you know what? We just checked the grocery, and those people are still selling that liquid cleaner at that fancy price. Somebody didn't pay attention to us.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER