

TX1  
K57X  
62

# Kitchen-Klatter<sup>®</sup>

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA 20 CENTS

VOL. 32

MAY, 1968

NUMBER 5

MAR 71  
NETTIE PFANNEBECKER  
RT 1 BOX 132  
SIGOURNEY IA 52591



- Photo by Strom





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.

Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.  
Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by  
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1968 by The Driftmier Company.

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This afternoon when I came down to the office it felt exactly like a gorgeous spring day, and it set me to thinking about something that is unexplainable to me.

Everyone with whom I've had any conversation at all in recent weeks has agreed that never, never have we had such an "open" winter. I don't believe that snow shovels were lifted more than once or twice through all of the winter months, and certainly we were not snowed in at any point such as has happened countless times in years gone by. Given this situation you'd think that we'd be under the impression that we'd had a very short winter, but exactly the opposite is true. On such a day as this people sigh and say they hope that FINALLY the long winter is over.

It shouldn't have seemed like a long winter, given our weather conditions, and yet for some reason it most certainly seemed terribly long. The only explanation I can think of is that we had many, many successive days of extremely dark and heavy skies, the kind of days when you drive with car lights on at two in the afternoon, and since it *was* so dark and forbidding we might just as well have had snow! At any rate, everyone here at our plant feels that it surely was a very long winter — and so do I.

Last month I told you about the christening outfit that Mabel Schoff was making for Juliana's and Jed's expected baby, so this month I want to report that it arrived and I was absolutely overwhelmed. Never have I seen anything the least bit like it. After keeping it here long enough to show it to everyone, I mailed it on down to Albuquerque and Juliana was as amazed as I was to see such exquisite handwork. It looks precisely like a family heirloom, and that is what it is going to be.

Incidentally, Mabel wrote to me and said that this would be the last fancy sewing that she would ever tackle be-

cause her eyes and hands will not permit any more of it. I just feel blessedly fortunate that she was able to do this outfit. Only our many years of friendship spurred her on to the christening robe and slip, for when Juliana was a little girl Mabel made many beautiful things for her . . . and it seemed like winding up a cycle to make these exquisite things for Juliana's baby.

Medical practices have changed tremendously in the 25 years since Juliana was born, but one thing hasn't changed and that's the matter of gaining weight. I had a tremendously busy doctor in 1943 who laid down the law with enormous emphasis: if I gained more than 10 pounds I would automatically be dismissed from his care. My, how fearfully I went to his office and got on the scales — it was genuinely scary! I knew he meant exactly what he said and that I'd be left high and dry if I gained more than 10 pounds. Well, thanks to starving to death I stayed just under the 10 pounds and didn't have to change doctors.

Juliana's doctor laid down the same law and at this date she has managed to gain less than 4 pounds. But Juliana is in the same boat I'm in: she can gain weight simply by *reading* a cookbook! Since she is a very, very good cook and fixes three meals a day for Jed it has been a quiet little matter of starvation to keep her weight down so sharply. It must have been easier to have a baby in days gone by when no one ever said one word about weight and you could eat exactly what you pleased without feeling nervous and guilty!

This is the time of year when people get ideas about remodeling and I've had quite a collection of letters from women who are on the verge of doing over their kitchens. Most of the questions are on the same subjects, so I'd like to answer them in this letter. These are only my own personal opinions, of course, and I'm speaking for myself alone, but since you want to

know what I think I'll speak right up.

I've cooked with gas and I've cooked with electricity and if I had my kitchen to do over again I'd settle for gas. It may not be as clean as electricity but it is so much faster that it's worth the difference. Someone is going to tell me that they have new burners that are as fast as gas, but I just know that the electric burners in my Shenandoah kitchen and the electric burners in my New Mexico kitchen leave me yearning for the old days when I had a gas stove that came to life instantly.

Last week I looked at a big section devoted to stoves in a women's magazine and I noted one improvement that seems extremely important to me. If you're contemplating built-in surface burners be positive you get the kind that has a tray or trays underneath to catch all the mess when things boil over — and sooner or later they will. The surface burners in my kitchen haven't this feature and it is virtually impossible to get in to that hidden area and clean up things.

The big gas stove I gave up when we remodeled had individual trays under each burner and it was a snap to clean up anything. That was a white enameled stove and I took such good care of it for fifteen years that when it was given to a needy family had in need of a stove it actually looked as good as it had when it was first delivered from the store.

Baked enamel is a cinch to keep clean. Stainless steel is a real problem. You *can* keep your stainless steel burners clean, of course, but it is a time-consuming job — not a snap like dealing with baked enamel. I noticed in this section devoted to stoves that various manufacturers offer baked enamel in a variety of colors, so if I were making a change (which I'm not) I would surely hold out for a stove in baked enamel.

Another thing I want to reply to is this matter of a single sink or a double sink. I've said for years that if I had to give up every feature but just one, I'd cling to my double tub sink. I think it is by far the most important thing in the kitchen. We made a mistake, you see, when our new kitchen was built and installed a single tub sink with a garbage disposal in it. This was a fatal error and one that we didn't realize at all until we moved back into the kitchen and began to cope with it. Fortunately, there was just exactly enough room in that area to remove it and to install a double tub sink, and after this was done I could work efficiently and easily for the first time.

If you're going to be putting in a dishwasher (ten years ago we were

(Continued on page 22)



## AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Betty and I have just returned from the grand opening of a new and exciting revolving restaurant on the top of a twelve-story building. We found it a most entertaining place to be, and I had the fun of pointing out to Betty some of the landscapes that I have seen so often from the little airplane I use for my aerial photography. As interesting as it was to look out the windows, it was even more interesting to watch the people at the stationary tables as the revolving section of the restaurant passed them. We were in the restaurant for two hours and in that time we passed each table twice. But oh! what a big crowd of people trying to get waited on, and oh! how glad I am that I am not in the restaurant business. Believe me, that is hard work.

Our David seems to be having a great time in Europe, and by the time this reaches you he will be home and back in school. His cards from London were most enthusiastic, and I wouldn't be surprised if he wanted to return for another visit. From all reports the boys did not sleep one wink on the trip across the Atlantic, and David claims that they didn't sleep much the first two nights in London. They were just too excited. They were so excited that one of David's friends said to me, "Dr. Driftmier, if we don't hurry up and get on this plane and get started I think I'll have a heart attack!" Tomorrow we expect to get a card mailed from Berlin, and that should tell us of their trip into East Berlin. I was in Berlin just after the notorious Berlin Wall was completed in 1956, and I shall be interested to get David's impression of it.

I have all my reservations made on the boat for our two trips to Nova Scotia this coming summer. The last week in June I am going to take a group of boys from the church and three of David's friends from school. Betty will spend that week with a dear family friend in Maine and then come back to Springfield with me on the first of July. Two weeks later we'll return to Nova Scotia, taking with us a couple of our closest friends. The last week of July will find us entertaining a dozen women from the church who will stay with us for eight days. After they leave we shall have a couple of weeks to ourselves and then return to the work we love so much in Springfield.

Has anyone told you that we are expecting my mother, Leanna Driftmier, to visit us this month of May? She hasn't been to Springfield for nearly



This is the plane that flies Frederick over the city of Springfield and nearby countryside as he pursues his new interest of aerial photography.

five years, and we are anticipating her visit with much pleasure. Because it will be difficult to get her wheelchair up and down the stairs to the second floor, we are converting our downstairs study into a bedroom for her convenience. Transportation details are not yet worked out, but I shall probably fly back to Shenandoah to be her escort for the trip. If she should decide to fly alone, we may plan to meet her in Boston instead of here so that she won't have to change planes in Chicago. She will just board a plane in Omaha and stay right on it until she reaches Boston. Mother loves Boston anyway and that will give us a fine opportunity to show her Mary Leanna's school.

This proud father must tell you that his Mary Leanna has been appointed a dormitory proctor at Boston University for the next school year, and for that assignment she will get all of her board and room without cost. Immediately upon learning this, I began to think of all the money I would save, but Mary Leanna has other plans about that! She said, "Daddy, it would be nice if you could put that money into a savings account for me so that I'll have it when I get out of school." If all goes well, that is what I shall do.

Every now and then something happens to remind me that God was in our church long before I was and that the church program runs in spite of me and not because of me. The current event so to impress me is the absence of an associate minister. The man who was with me for the past three years has accepted a call to another church a few miles down the river, so now we are looking for someone to take his place. I am amazed at how well things are running without his help. Of course, some things don't get done, and some calls don't get made, but all in all the work goes smoothly. Nevertheless, I am most anxious to find a replacement, and finding a man with the kind of experience this job re-

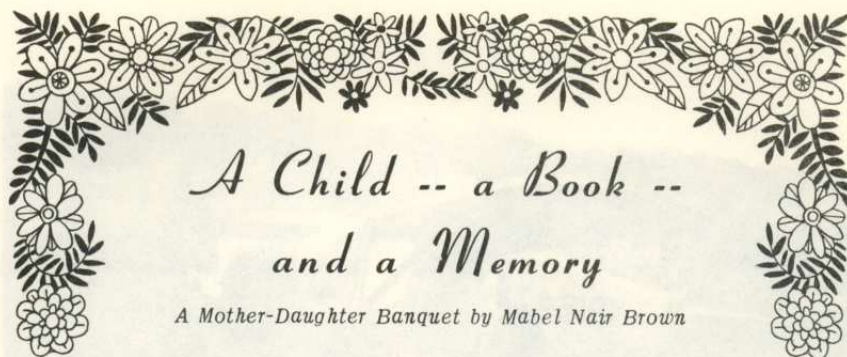
quires is not easy. The young men just out of seminary are a bit too radical for me, and the men a few years older are hard to find because there is such a demand for them. All over the country there is a shortage of well-educated, experienced clergymen, and our seminaries do not give promise of the situation getting any better soon.

In addition to the absence of an associate minister, we also are without a minister of music. The man who has been in charge of all our music for so many years has been quite ill and is now on a leave of absence. How soon he will be back I do not know, and in the meantime we are having the help of a substitute who has to drive 60 miles each way to and from rehearsals and services. As a matter of fact, she has to drive nearly half way across the state to get to us, but we are lucky to have her at all. Good organists are even harder to find than good ministers, and oh! how grateful we are for her help.

Betty is very pleased with me these days. So far I have managed to get through the spring months without buying a new dog or a new car! As soon as the sap starts running in the trees and the last of the snow is gone, Betty starts watching me like a hawk. She knows that each spring I get a great burning desire to do one of two things — buy a car or buy a dog. I admit my weakness! I know that where cars and dogs are concerned I am almost like an alcoholic with liquor. She knows when the weakness hits me because I start pouring over the newspaper advertisements looking at the Pet Section and the Used Car Section. I can't drive to the church without going a little bit out of my way to drive slowly past the big car lots. It happens to me every spring, and if I can just get past the month of May without making a purchase of car or dog I am safe for another year.

The children know about this, of  
(Continued on page 22)





## A Child -- a Book -- and a Memory

A Mother-Daughter Banquet by Mabel Nair Brown

For many mothers the glimpse of a well-thumbed book or old photograph album starts a train of memories that would make a wonderful theme for a mother-daughter party.

### DECORATIONS

Use *books*, from baby books to schoolbooks to cookbooks to wedding books. The centerpiece features a large memory book with other kinds of books in their bright, colorful jackets standing up down the length of the table. Invite your librarian to set up a book display table.

Dolls, dressed as favorite book characters, can be used on the banquet tables. How about having the waitresses dressed in Mother Goose or storybook costumes?

*Program booklets* can be decorated variously to indicate such books as first reader, home-decorating book, Girl Scout manual, etc. The program book might use the scrapbook idea, with a snapshot of each guest (baby pictures would be fun) to personalize each guest's booklet.

*Nut cups* are pillboxes with construction paper covers glued to the top and bottom and decorated and lettered to resemble a book. Perhaps you would like to fashion a miniature family Bible with black covers and gold lettering.

Wall cartoons, featuring "Peanuts" and other comic strip characters with their witty quips, would be fun-provoking.

*Individual table decorations:* If you prefer to use small tables, each table's decoration might feature a different type of book, such as Fairy Tales (fairy princess dolls, mirror lake scene with peanut pixie elves), School, Romance, or Songbook. Use your imagination and refer to *Kitchen-Klatter Mother-Daughter Banquet Book* or *Party Book*.

### PROGRAM HELPS

#### Welcome:

To greet you friends, both old and new,  
The pleasure is all mine.  
We want you each to feel at home,  
To have a happy time.  
We'll chat a little, laugh a bit,

And reminisce a lot,  
And see the ages of a girl  
Come to the limelight spot.

#### Toast to Mothers:

How is this love of which they sing?  
'Tis a noble, pure, and tender thing.  
Warm as a dancing, yellow *jonquil*  
flame;

Steadfast, loyal — like a *tulip* — forever the same.

Soft as a *lily*, like touch of an angel's wing;

Sweet as the *lilacs* that bloom in the spring;

Valiant, bold as a *zinnia*, if there's need to defend;

Patient, trusting as a *rose*, unto the end;

The truest love on earth that's given —  
Reflecting that which comes from heaven.

We salute you, mothers, on this, your day

With a heartfelt of thanks and our  
"love" bouquet.

As this person speaks and mentions  
a particular flower she places it in a  
vase of greenery. Later it might be  
presented to the oldest mother present.

*Salute to Daughters:* "There is someone very special who's grown dearer every day; who knows my deep affection — the words I cannot say. How changed would be life's story without this someone dear, who shares my hopes, my dreamings, my laughter, and my tears. Companionship so priceless, and understanding, too. Who is this someone special? My daughter, it is you." (Selected)

I'm sure every mother here joins me  
in this Prayer for a Daughter:

Whatever distant road she chooses to  
follow,

Let her not turn from loving little  
things

Like a blue cup within her fingers'  
hollow,

A pool of sunlight where a kitten  
sings . . .

Let her love the soft tattoo of rain  
upon the

Roof, and give her such  
Delight in walking that she may renew  
Old comradeship with wind, and happiness,

Remembering childhood, pleasuring  
with simple things.

May she keep her delight in friendly  
words

Received and given; know sometimes  
there is

Nothing dearer than a smile, if it be  
his! (Anonymous)

*Toastmistress:* A look about you, and I'm sure you can readily see that our theme this evening is A CHILD — A BOOK — A MEMORY. Wise is the mother who introduces her child to the wonderful world of books right from infancy! In thinking about the ages of womanhood it seems well to begin and end with a book! And while books play a big part in her life, her own book of Life is being written.

No matter what else you are doing  
From cradle days through to the end,  
You are writing your life's secret  
story —

Each day another page penned.

Each day when you wake the book  
opens,

Revealing a page clean and white —  
What thoughts and what words and  
what doings

Will cover its pages by night?

God leaves that to you — you're the  
writer —

And never a word shall grow dim,  
Till the day you write the word 'Finis'  
And give Life's book back to Him.

(Author Unknown)

Let's take a peek at a typical gal's Life Book as seen by her mother. The story unfolds as Mother looks at the bookshelf and some of the books that have marked an age in the life of her girl.

### SKIT:

#### A CHILD — A BOOK — AND A MEMORY

*Stage Setting:* Mother is seated to far left stage beside a bookcase from which she takes the various books as indicated in the script. (She can clip her narration inside these books.) As each age is presented by Mother, it can be pantomimed appropriately, or followed by a suitable song, poem, drill, or tableau.

*Babyhood:* (Family Bible) Today is Martha's birthday. How proudly we wrote her name here to begin our own family tree. She was the dearest and best baby always. Well, maybe not always — she did have colic a lot those first weeks and, after being up night after night and trying to keep the regular work going in the daytime, there were times when we almost agreed with the little neighbor girl who wondered why we didn't send "that squally little thing" back for a refund, or at least an exchange! But we decided to keep her, and hope for better days — and nights — ahead. And happy times did come.

(Continued on page 21)



## MARGERY SHARES AN INTERESTING QUESTIONNAIRE

Dear Friends:

A number of visitors have stopped by the Kitchen-Klatter plant to call on us these past few weeks. In most cases they were homeward bound after a spring trip through the Ozarks or points farther south. Usually this is the loveliest time of the year to travel south, for one can enjoy a much longer springtime — spring in the southlands first, and then spring in the midlands. However, this year the season didn't run so true to form. Reading the weather charts around the nation, I noticed that many cities south of us reported colder temperatures than we were experiencing.

It was just such a spring five years ago when Oliver and I drove to Natchez to attend the Pilgrimage, after which we drove down to the Gulf of Mexico. The azaleas, which we expected to see at their height, were a month behind schedule, according to the reports we heard in Mobile, Alabama, and so we missed the spectacular display of color for which this area is noted.

Perhaps our timing will be better this year. We are leaving in a few days for a trip to Natchez and, if time permits, we'll again drive down to the Gulf. Due to the cold weather through the southern section of the country, I have an idea that spring came later than usual, and we might just be lucky enough to see some of the dazzling beauty we missed five years ago.

We've had Cousin Philip Field and his wife Marie very much on our minds these days. They are on their first trip with their new trailer home, and what a trip! They left last fall for the West, and while there decided to join a trailer caravan for a tour of Mexico. The last letter we received was postmarked Nogales, where they were spending a few days for a final check-out and orientation before heading across the border. Philip went on to explain that the orientation was to prepare them for "dry camping" (stopping where there would be no water connections, etc.) and such other emergencies they might encounter. It sounds like a very exciting trip and we're hoping they keep a diary so they can share these experiences with you when they return to the States.

Our son Martin is hoping their itinerary takes them to Guadalajara for he has made application to the University for their summer session, and would like a little first-hand information on that city. Two other students from Doane College are planning to study at the University, but will be in the Department of Languages, whereas Martin's classes will be in the Art Depart-



Nicky seldom leaves Oliver's side.

ment. As soon as we have more information on these plans, I'll share the details with you.

When Martin was home for a weekend recently, Mother gave him some books from Dad's library. There were several on art which Martin has always especially enjoyed, and she felt that he should add them to his own growing collection now that his grandfather is gone.

All of the grandchildren are to select books which have particular sentimental value to them. And each could walk blindfolded to the shelves and find his favorites without a moment's hesitation for they all spent many hours in Grandpa's library enjoying his books. Emily wrote to her grandmother, "The one thing I remember most vividly about Grandpa was his love of books. When we were little and would ask him for a book to look at, he always warned us to be careful and treat it with utmost respect, and then he would give us one with big interesting pictures that he knew we would enjoy."

While I'm on the subject of child-adult relationships, there is something I've been wanting to share with you, and perhaps this is the place.

A few months ago a questionnaire, written by Dr. Daryl E. Williams, Dean of Doane College, arrived in the mail along with the usual end-of-semester grade reports. I found it very interesting and I thought you would too, so I saved it and have Dr. Williams' permission to share it with you. We so often are more concerned with how our children rate as students than how we rate as parents, so take this little test and see how you score.

"1. Do we feel that if children fail, they have failed us?

2. Do we feel that if children succeed, we have succeeded?

3. Have we read Ezekiel 18 lately?

4. Are we competing with our children?

5. Do we resent their opportunities? Envy their openings?

6. Do we mention the depression, our allowances, our first wages, more than once every six months?

7. Do we deplore the fact that our children really don't need us much any more?

8. Do we refuse to face the truth that young persons are better than us at most measurable things?

9. Do we frequently "baby-talk" at least two years behind a young person?

10. Do we still feel that we can accomplish our ambitions through our offspring?

11. Do we try to purchase their favor?

12. Do we whine about their duties to us?

13. Do we consider the communication gap between generations a moat over which there is a drawbridge with only one pulley?

14. Do we fail to recognize that many great men had long hair?

15. Do we issue only nickels and dimes of responsibility?

16. Do we prefer the comparative to the superlative degree in commending-commenting?

"On a 'yes or no' answer basis, a really smart (A-plus) parent could answer 'yes' to only one of the above questions. Right? Which one?"

(In case you haven't already guessed, it is #3!)

I'll confess that we didn't rate A-plus, but we didn't do too badly. This little questionnaire pointed out some of my shortcomings which I'm trying to correct, such as talk about the depression. (I'm not brave enough to point out any others!)

Mother and Dorothy are presently visiting Donald and his family in Wisconsin. According to what I can make out of the forecasts, they are having nice weather for their visit. Dorothy will report on this trip next month, and we'll hope for good snapshots to share with you.

Before Mother left she gave us a key to her house so that Oliver and I could go in to watch any special TV shows in color. We went down for one on Sunday night and our dog, Nicky, went along with us. He looked all over the house for Mother, as she usually gives him a little tidbit of some sort when we go down there. He finally gave up looking for her and settled down beside Oliver. Incidentally, Nicky much prefers Oliver to either Martin or me. When Oliver goes outside, Nicky is in a fit unless he can be let out to find him. And he is right beside him from the moment he comes in the house. I've never seen such devotion! I have just the picture to show this, so I'll stop now and see if I can find it.

Until next month,

Sincerely,

*Margery*





## To My Mother

*An Acrostic and Candle-lighting Service*

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Arrange ten tall tapers in holders in a semicircle with spring blossoms and greenery concealing the holders. Behind the candles place an 18" x 24" sheet of posterboard, folded in half crosswise so that it will stand upright. On the front of this giant Mother's Day card write in big letters TO MY MOTHER.

A narrator gives the opening and closing poem. Another person narrates for the letters, while a third person lights the candles as the message is read for each candle and letter.

**Narrator:**

If all the flowers on Mother's Day  
Could speak, the word that they would say

Is "Mother".

If all the winds of land and sea  
Could sing, the song that it would be  
Is "Mother".

If all the sunshine wrote in light  
One name, the name that it would write  
Is "Mother".

Yes, all the loveliest things of earth  
Would say the thing of greatest worth  
Is "Mother".

**T** "The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom."

—Tennyson

**O** Only one mother. "Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn, hundreds of bees in the purple clover, hundreds of butterflies on the lawn, but only one mother the wide world over."—George Cooper

**M** "My mother was my first preacher as well as my first teacher."

—Lyman Abbot

**Y** "Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall: a mother's secret hope outlives them all." —Oliver Wendell Holmes

**M** "Mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt that I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint." —Thomas Edison

**O** "Of all the dear essential things of earth . . . a home, clean sunlit rooms, and the good smell of bread; a table spread; a glowing hearth . . . and love beyond the dream of anyone . . . I search for words for her — and there are none." —Grace Noll Crowell

**T** "The men of the earth build houses, great temples and domes; but working in the background the women build our homes."

—Edna Risk Shaw

**H** "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." —Exodus 20:12

**E** "Every child born into the world is a new thought of God, an ever-fresh and radiant possibility."

—Kate Douglas Wiggin

**R** "Remembering my mother's prayers — they have always followed me. They have clung to me throughout life." —A. Lincoln

**Narrator:**

Her love is like an island  
In life's ocean, vast and wide,  
A peaceful, quiet shelter  
From the wind and rain and tide.

'Tis bound on the north by Hope,  
By Patience on the west,  
By tender Counsel on the south  
And on the east by Rest.

Above like a beacon  
Shine Faith and Truth and Prayer,  
And through the changing scenes of life,

I find a haven there. —Anonymous

This service might be concluded with the singing of "Faith of Our Mothers".

(If a longer service is desired, musical numbers can be added. If corsages are to be given to honor certain mothers, or all mothers, one or more might be presented as each candle is lighted.)

### SPRINGTIME BONUS

He threw in all the witchery of spring,  
As one who creates magic by his touch.

From tiny floret high upon the ledge,  
To lily in the shaded valley nook;  
The morning shadow-play across the lawn,

The lacy tree in sparkling leaf,  
The waxen flower of long-forgotten bulb,

Exotic beauty on the iris path;  
And fragrance as each lilac plume unfurls,

This extrameasure through the touch of spring. —Gladys Niece Templeton

### (NOT) ACCORDING TO DIOR

by

Evelyn P. Johnson

"SPECIAL. One Week Only. All Round Tires And Chains Marked Down To Half Price!"

.....

We would expect such an ad to be sponsored by an auto supply store or a hardware store. But in Bible-times, an ad like this would have referred to items found in a fashion shop for women. "Round tires like the moon, and chains" were the neck ornaments and earrings worn by Hebrew women of that era. (Isa. 3:18, 19 — KJV.)

On the other hand, "crisping pins" (Isa. 3:22 — KJV) sound like something one might find in the fashion shop; yet, they were bags or pockets in which the Hebrew men kept their money. (II Kings 5:23 — KJV). These bags were carried in their girdles.

Yes, men wore girdles in those days. However, their girdles were more masculine than those worn by the weaker sex. A man's girdle was made of a strip of leather (Matt. 3:4 — KJV) about six inches wide and fastened around the body with clamps.

Girdles for women were made of more delicate materials like flax, cotton, or even silk, and decorated with precious stones. These fancy loin cloths were worn more loosely and lower on the body than the heavy leather garment worn by the men. Girdles were used by both sexes on the outside of their other garments to hold the tent-like cloaks and robes closer to their bodies. They were also a symbol of strength and activities, and girdles of sackcloth were worn as a symbol of sorrow or humiliation. (Isa. 3:24 — KJV).

The Hebrew people were the first to wear the barefoot sandal, so popular today as an item of sportswear. The early sandals for men were made of leather and fastened with thongs. Custom demanded that they, like today's Chinese, remove their footwear on entering a building, especially a holy place. (Josh. 5:15 — KJV). Slaves carried the shoes for the men of rank, putting them on and pulling them off their masters. (St. John 1:27 — KJV).

As in the girdle department, the female wore the finer and more expensive sandals. Hers were made of seal skin (Ezek. 16:10 — KJV) and decorated with stones and embroidery. Today's shoemakers would do well to employ the gimmick used by the makers of the Hebrew sandal. History does not tell us how it was done, but the pressure of milady's feet in the

(Continued on page 20)





## Children Should Be (Part of the) Scene!

by  
Evelyn P. Johnson

I began writing for market when my three daughters were small, so the paraphernalia of the trade posed no problem. Everything was accepted as part of the house. Not so with the grandchildren who came along some fifteen to twenty years later.

Tiny fingers loved to probe the insides of my typewriter. Books removed from the bookcase left the shelves gaping like jack-o'-lanterns. Pencils and paper clips were scattered. The children didn't mean to be meddlesome. They were simply curious. But their curiosity turned their visits into chaos, and their parents and I scolded until it must have seemed that Grandma's entire house was a "no-no!"

Then I hit upon the idea of making my grandchildren my partners in cri — ah, creativity.

Bookcases were arranged so the lower shelves held books suitable for small fry. Currently a volume of the Audubon Books sits on the very lowest shelf in easy reach of Rob, the 18-months-old. He knows that he may get that book any time he wants it and climb upon the couch to turn the pages from albatross to beetle. Already he has learned to replace the book when he tires of it. The other children are free to select books on their level, as long as they are returned to the shelves.

Ron, almost 4, has graduated from pictures to writing. His stack of paper (salvaged box-holders) is in a special place on a desk corner, along with a plastic container of short pencils. A wastebasket is handy for his discarded "manuscripts."

One drawer of the desk holds glue, rubber bands, clips, tape, and other odds and ends for the older children. A small rack of old magazines provides material for reading, paper dolls, or scrapbook making.

Being allowed to share a tiny spot in Grandma's world has changed the children's feeling of curiosity to one of belonging. I am now their writing-grandmother, whose work they take

to "show-and-tell" and whom they emulate by creating their own little rhymes and stories.

The association has benefitted my creativity, rather than hindering it. Letters to women's magazines pass along hints and family incidents involving things the youngsters have said or done. Bright sayings repeating their witticisms have sold to other publications. They are my main source of inspiration for many of the stories and articles I sell to both secular and religious papers. They are keeping me in touch with the younger generation — where I need to be if I am to continue writing for the juvenile press.

Instead of a house of "no," my home has become a house of "Noah." And the three pairs of collaborators — two teen-aged girls, two pre-teen girls, and two small boys — are definite assets in my business of writing.

### LITTLE MR. IN-BETWEEN

Dear Mr. Anthony . . . I've a problem for you.

I get all mixed up, so what shall I do?  
I try everyday to go to school with my brother

Only to hear, "You're too little" from Mother.

So I play with our baby . . . sometimes MOO like a cow,

But Mom yells, "Don't act silly, you're a BIG boy now."

I know that she loves me, and I'd sure like to mind,

But I can't figure out if I'm the "big" or "little" kind. —Jacqueline Ritter

\*\*\*\*\*

### DISCOVERY

Discovery of her ten pink toes,  
Of dimpled fingers, too,  
Brings gurgles to her petaled lips;  
Her words all sound like "Goo!"

Discovery daily of new things  
To gaze at and to touch,  
To taste, to chew in toothless glee,  
And, with soft hands, to clutch.

With each new exploration,  
Each change of status quo,  
Discovery means she's learning,  
And soon will tell us so!

—Inez Baker

## HELP! — GUEST ON A DIET!

by  
Daggy Tinkey

"Have another piece of cake — it won't hurt you."

Sound familiar? . . . But it's a voice from the past.

Today's good hostess knows that too much food or the wrong type of food MAY hurt a guest. Force feeding is no longer the essence of hospitality.

Still, what to do about the dieting guest can be a problem. Here are some hints that are designed to help:

1. Relax. Friends and relatives come to see YOU. Food is only a pleasant accompaniment to a visit.

2. If you are entertaining a houseguest and she is on a diet, ask to see her diet sheet. Place the emphasis on what she CAN eat.

3. You can't be expected to change your whole menu because there's a dieter in the house, but it is quite simple to add a few things — skim milk for the person who is reducing, perhaps celery and carrot sticks for the one who is unable to eat a rich salad dressing. Most diets mean simplification of eating habits.

4. Avoid having sweets on convenient trays where the person who is reducing can see them and almost automatically nibble a bit.

5. Don't talk — talk — talk about food, the rich creamed chicken you love, your recipe for chocolate fudge cake, until your visitor drools and wants to rush to a refrigerator or restaurant.

6. Be sincere . . . Saying, "extra weight is becoming to you," when you don't mean it, may be just what will send an overweight person on an eating binge. The hungry one will be only too eager to believe you.

7. Plan some activity — golf, sight-seeing, a shopping trip — and don't end every outing at the hamburger stand.

8. Don't laugh at diets. (Your figure and health may be perfect — now. But the right diet can help keep it so.) To your friend it can be doctor's orders and may mean life itself. Or reducing can be a way to happiness and self-esteem.

9. Do not serve huge portions of food. Even the non-dieter may be embarrassed by an unwanted plate-full. Small servings, refills available, or letting those present help themselves should be the rule.

10. Do not fuss. Nothing makes a guest more uncomfortable than to feel that he or she is a lot of trouble.

Whether a guest eats a lot, a little or nothing at all, the thoughtful hostess radiates that "so glad to have you" feeling.



## MARY BETH ENTHUSIASTIC OVER SUMMER PLANS

Dear Friends:

Suddenly this weekend it became Spring and all the children popped out of their houses in answer to the warm sunshine much as the early tulips and crocuses pop out of the late snow. I found myself not recognizing half of the children on our block. They were in many cases slenderer and *much* taller. There was one lanky boy in glasses that I didn't know until I looked at him closely, and lo and behold! he was Paul's most frequent pal last year. Many of the little ones were lacking teeth and still others had large, unrelated teeth that appeared to change their entire facial structure.

We have had considerable tooth work going on at our house this winter, too. Katharine has a large eye tooth which has absolutely no room in a smooth line with her other teeth. We discussed various techniques for correcting this, and ended up with a program that required grinding the edges off the immediate neighbor teeth and counting on nature to push aside these ground-off teeth to gain enough room for this eye tooth to settle down into its correct position. This has required trips to the dentist every two weeks all during this school year. This wasn't bad, but it's the distances that take the time in this spread-out metropolitan area.

Adrienne joined the ranks of the troopers to the dentist yesterday. The dentist removed the heavy membrane which connects the upper lip to the jaw. In her case and Katharine's it also ran between the two upper front teeth and caused a severe separation of these teeth. This necessitated quite a lengthy incision in her jaw line and four stitches. Now as the permanent teeth continue to come down into place they will push these two teeth together and she'll look like a different person. She was brave and didn't fuss over any part of this operation except the few minutes it took to have the Novocain administered. I had expected that she would have considerable discomfort during the evening and overnight, but she was plenty perky. Later this week she will have the stitches removed, which I don't anticipate as being any problem.

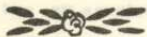
Right now the children are having an early spring vacation from their academic endeavors. The weather has given them a wonderful chance to be outside and run off their excess energy. I've had a busy couple of months, having agreed to take on a three-year term as a distaff member of the Board of Deacons of our Congregational Church. I have been in charge of serv-



On rainy days Paul Driftmier is content indoors with his microscope. He is studying shrimp eggs he grew—quite an accomplishment.

ing communion, and during Lent this meant a busy few weeks. Each Sunday the other women on the Board of Deacons and I had to be at church by 8 a.m. in order to prepare communion for both services. Between services all the Deacons and their wives come to the kitchen to wash and refill the communion glasses. Out of a membership of 2300 people I suppose half come to church, so it keeps us humping to get that many servings prepared. But, and this reaffirms what others have learned but I am having to learn for myself, I'm getting to know many congenial people whom, in a church as large as ours, I had never met before. So in spite of the evening meetings and the early Sunday mornings I am gaining far more than I'm giving. It has been said that it is not possible to give more than one gets.

My year as program chairman for my



### COVER PICTURE

Mother (Leanna Driftmier) has often remarked that she could do without almost anything in her home except the telephone. It is such a comfort to visit with her children and their families and is the most satisfactory solution to keeping up with their activities. She can count on calls from the four "out-of-towners" over the weekends when the rates are low and says "The next best thing to having them here is hearing their voices once a week." And we children who live in Shenandoah feel that we are in closer touch with the other members of the family by way of their phone calls to Mother.

church circle is drawing to a close. Last month an acquaintance was kind enough to come and show us a large selection of her slides and give an exceptionally fine talk about Rhodesia. Last year they took a six-week trip to Africa and her pictures were truly magnificent. I believe after having seen the beautiful scenery of Africa and the wonders of nature's unadulterated beauty that I would be sorely tempted to go to Africa instead of Europe — neither of which I'm likely to do. Most of Europe is the result of man's ingenuity while Africa is still relatively unchanged by man.

Speaking of vacations, I am so excited over the prospects of our summer plans that I really don't quite believe them yet. I was especially anxious to see part of our country west of the Missouri, so we decided to make a trip to Lucile's house in Nambe, New Mexico. We have wanted to see the Grand Canyon, too, and one thing led to another. We invited my mother to go with us if she felt she could stand four weeks of our exuberant children. She thought it would be nice if the children could see Disneyland so we're combining the things she wants to see and the things Don and I want to see and the things that should interest the children into one perfectly unbelievable trip. I never in my wildest dreams hoped for a trip that would be so marvelous.

We're leaving Milwaukee June 17th, boarding the Burlington Zephyr in Chicago for the beautiful scenic trip across the country and through the Feather River Canyon in California, ending the first leg of our trip in San Francisco. We're ending up at Lucile's for what I expect to be as great an experience as seeing the Grand Canyon. Lucile has talked about this beautiful part of our country often and since we began to plan our trip we've read up on the Pueblo Indians and that part of the country, so rich in historical data.

So many of the transcontinental trains are being taken off that this may well be the last summer these trains are available — a sad commentary on a way of life disappearing forever, but thus it is. The Santa Fe Super Chiefs are also being discontinued, we are told, so we've had to plan our trips around the possible discontinuation of trains at the last minute. I'll tell you more about our plans next month.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

P. S. We've just received word from Mother Driftmier that she and Dorothy are coming for a visit with us. Excitement reigns at our house tonight!





## When You Entertain in May

Fill your May basket with these ideas, and you'll be all decked out for spring. If you are planning to entertain this month (and who won't be with all the lovely spring flowers in our favor?) try your hand at these.

If you haven't much time for preparation but want something novel, start with your large brimmed summer straw hat. Tie a big ribbon of stiff material or ribbon reinforced with wire on the side of the hat. Then fill the crown of the hat with your favorite garden flowers. Waxed paper laid in before the flowers, will protect your hat from moisture and stain. You'll be surprised how unique this will look in the middle of your party table or buffet. For a finishing touch to your party, it would be nice, at its close, to pass your hat around and let each guest take some of the flowers.

For place cards and favors, make them as one. Cut out various hat shapes from colored construction paper. Glue a toothpick or half of a white pipe cleaner on the back of the paper hat and stick the other end in a colored gumdrop. A small white doily placed under each one will add a note of spring. The name of each guest will look nice printed on the brim of the paper hat or on the doily. Yarn or felt added on the hat will, of course, add to the color.

A good stand-by, and always a success, is a Maypole. Try this one. It's different! If possible, for your pole, obtain colored corrugated cardboard, which is quite pliable and fun to work with. You'll be happy with your results. If you do not have access to this type of cardboard, any lightweight cardboard will do.

Cut a piece of cardboard 7x11 inches. Roll it into a column, shape and staple or glue together. Next cut 8 streamers, 1/2 inch wide, out of crepe paper and fasten with paste or glue inside the top of the cardboard pole. Then let each streamer run out to a plate. Fasten each down with a pin and a small flower or spirea caught to the tablecloth. Put another piece of green around the base of the pole and tuck

small flowers into the green. To steady your pole and add a sparkling note, take an old golfball and give it a coat of shellac. Then cover with silver metallic and place on top of the pole. The metallic may be purchased at most paint stores.

This decoration would be suitable for your Mother's Day party, a luncheon, dessert party, or for just a note of spring for your buffet.

### NAME-THE-MOTHER QUIZES

1. Who is called the mother of all living? Eve.
2. Favorite of the storybook crowd. Mother Goose.
3. Who was mother of the wisest man of the Bible? Bathsheba, mother of Solomon.
4. Most famous mother to be painted. Whistler's mother.
5. Mother of "Honest Abe". Nancy Hanks.
6. What mother became a pillar of salt? Lot's wife.
7. Who is the most famous mother-in-law of all the ages? Naomi, mother-in-law of Ruth.
8. What famous mother faced a food shortage? Mother Hubbard.
9. Mother of future King Charles. Queen Elizabeth II.
10. A mother who hung her wash in a famous room in the White House. Mrs. John Adams.

1. Who started the celebration of Mother's Day? Anna Jarvis.
2. Was this in 1907, 1909, or 1912? 1907.
3. Where was it first observed? Grafton, West Virginia.
4. What flower did the founder use to honor her mother? White carnation.
5. Which president approved observing Mother's Day the second Sunday in May? Woodrow Wilson in 1914.
6. Which president said he owed everything he was to his mother? Lincoln.
7. Who was the famous singer who made "Mother Machree" famous? John McCormack.
8. Who was the mother of George VI of England? Queen Mary.

## WHO WOULD BE HAPPY?

by  
Ann Rutan

A pursuit common to all mankind, no matter what color, religion, nationality, education or background, is our search for happiness. This ambition is the strongest motivation of man's efforts in life. To attain happiness is the most important goal we hope to reach. It is a fitting and proper end for which to strive since man is meant to be happy.

Perhaps we have pushed the time to be happy far into the future: When the mortgage on the farm is paid off, when we can get a new car, when husband is made vice-president of his company, when we can afford a trip abroad.

And until then do we permit a dull feeling of discontent to cloud our sky of happiness? Even when things are going quite well do we suppress a fully happy feeling because our heart's desire has not been reached?

There is no short cut to happiness as there is no short cut to most worthwhile things in life. It is a waste of time to wait anxiously for the hoped-for pay raise, the good crop, before counting ourselves truly candidates for happiness. Happiness seems to come to many as a spontaneous gift of destiny but it can be gained by everyone willing to pursue it.

Three steps are needed: Start where you are. Use what you have. Share the results.

So the place to start is right where you are this minute! Don't wait for tomorrow. Don't wait till peace comes to the world or till you can throw your crutches away. *Start where you are right now.*

In our quest for happiness we must use what we have. Every person is gifted. We have our senses, our dispositions, our talents, our families, our work, our place in society. It is true most of us do not scratch the surface of our talents, leaving untapped and scarcely recognized a storehouse of abilities which are meant to serve in the cause of happiness. When we do finally buckle down we are often astonished to find what a prize we have neglected.

It is foolhardy to permit the monotony of day-to-day living to disenchant us. That work-weary man who has been showing up around supper-time lately a little the worse for wear, is the grand guy you married 17 years ago. Give him the glad treatment when he enters the door. Encourage the children to do the same. Try it for a week and see what a difference it makes in the household's happiness.

The job is bugging you? Meet it as a  
(Continued on page 17)



## WHERE IS OUR HOPE?

by

Rev. Frederick Field Driftmier, D.D.

*(This sermon was delivered in the Immanuel Congregational Church in Hartford, Connecticut, when Frederick was a guest speaker there a few weeks ago.)*

Scripture: Romans 8:18:28

Twenty-eight years ago I arrived in Athens, Greece, on a train loaded with Polish refugees fleeing from the advancing German armies. That was at the beginning of World War II, and in the years that have followed, we have waged a constant struggle for world peace. Last summer I arrived in Athens with my wife and two teen-age children to find the city once again filled with refugees — this time refugees from Israeli-Arab conflict. As I stood there in the busy airport surrounded by bewildered, frightened, weary people, listening to the babies crying, and watching the long queues of desperate people vying for space at the ticket lines, I thought to myself that little had changed since last I stood in in Athens. War-weary people still live in a world of war.

Having lived in the Middle East, I know what poverty is, and certainly I know what it means to live in densely populated areas, but never in all my life have I witnessed the kind of abject poverty, and incredible human crowding as that of India. We arrived at the Bombay airport just after a warm rain, and in a matter of minutes both of our children were nauseated from the smells coming off the wet, slimy streets of the slums that stretched from the airport to the heart of the city. In a city where the population is increasing by the thousands each month, multitudes of people literally live in the streets with no shelter of any kind. Children are conceived in the streets, born in the streets, and live and die in the streets. Twenty million people are being added to the population of India each year.

For a few minutes we stood on the same rampart of the great Red Fort where twenty years ago Nehru hailed India's independence. He said then: "A new star rises, the star of freedom in the East; a new hope comes into being." At a time when India is torn with party strife, weakened by starvation, endangered by Red China, and engulfed in a flood of desperate people, that star may still shine, but we wonder where is the hope?

We spent several exciting days in beleaguered Hong Kong. If ever a nation or territory deserves the plaudits of the world, it is Hong Kong for the almost miraculous job it has done to absorb millions of Chinese refugees

into its population. Twenty years ago people marveled that little Hong Kong could care for its population of 400,000 persons. Today it has 4,000,000, and with only a few exceptions they are all fed and housed. A few years ago the refugees were living in the streets or in miserable little shacks in the parks and along the waterfront, but today they live in massive apartment houses with an average of about seven or eight people to a room. In what appeared to be an absolutely hopeless situation, the government of Hong Kong provided hope for those who managed to escape the Red tyranny to the north.

But where is the hope today as the giant red terror plays with Hong Kong like a cat with a mouse? While only four per cent of the population is communist, that four per cent is causing great havoc. On a beautiful July morning we saw nearly 1,000 persons storming a bank, breaking its windows, crushing its doors, and doing it all in the name of the Red Guards. Hong Kong is one of the brightest jewels in the whole treasury of democracy, but when we observe how the tyranny of Communism has spread across the world, even to our very doorsteps in Cuba, where is our hope that the free world can survive the onslaught of the disciples of Lenin?

On the last stretch of our magic carpet world tour we were flying from Omaha to Bradley Field when over the public address system in the plane we heard a voice say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. I am now going to show you an American city in flames," and with that he banked the plane so that we could look down into the heart of riot-torn, burning Detroit. From high in the air it looked like a city under enemy bombardment. Entire blocks of buildings appeared to be burning, and where the smoke had cleared, we could see the empty shells of what had once been the nice homes and shopping centers of persons caught up in all the insanity of a race riot.

In a few weeks time we had flown from the war-torn Middle East to the despair and frustration of India to the evil and hatred of communism in Hong Kong, to the murder and anarchy of race riots in the United States. These were the overwhelming impressions of our 'round the world journey, and yet with all of the discouragement and violence we saw enough of beauty, and enough of exquisite human handiwork, and enough of saintly courage and sacrifice to remind us that in the same blood-drenched, tragedy-filled, pagan, cruel world of violent happenings there stands something else — there stands the strange, unearthly,

enchanted, beautiful, loving way of life that we know as the way of Jesus Christ. Wherever we saw people, whether it was along the banks of the Ganges, or along the canals of Thailand, or along the shores of the Japanese Inland Sea, or where the hippies gather in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, we saw a yearning for the same kind of a world that was the hope and the dream of Jesus, a world where peace and brotherhood, integrity and humaneness, love and good will reign.

Only a short time ago someone said to me: "As you look back on it from the perspective of New England, doesn't your trip seem just like a dream? Isn't it hard to believe that the war and the starvation and the riots are anything more than a nightmare?" I replied: "No; the trouble we saw does not seem unreal to me now. What seems unreal is the peacefulness of a Sunday morning in New England, the hundreds of nice people, well-clothed and well-fed, going into their lovely churches to thank God for the goodness of life."

Right now, as I stand here in this beautiful Immanuel Church where the good citizens of Hartford have worshipped in comfort for so many years, I think of the rest of the world with its hunger and disease, its hatred and fear, its poverty and despair, and I look around me and ask myself if this is just a dream. We are educated people, products of fine schools and colleges, frequenters of good public libraries and purchasers of books and magazines, radios and television. For most of the world this is just a dream. When we are sick we have good doctors, and the best of hospitals, and medicines to ease pain and cure disease. For most of the world this is just a dream. We live in a free democratic society unafraid of secret police, of government censors, or torture chambers and concentration camps. For most of the world this is just a dream. When we go to bed we are not afraid of an overnight attack by a warring tribe or raiding communists from across the border. For most of the world this is just a dream.

I think of the Christ we worship here, of his noble character, his ideal of brotherhood, his way of forgiveness and mercy and love, and I cry out: "Dear God, how can we make this dream come true? Where is our hope?"

When St. Paul wrote his letter to the Romans, he said: "The whole creation has been groaning in travail together until now; not only the creation, but we ourselves, we who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait for the redemption of our bodies." And then Paul added those

(Continued on next page)



words in which we find our hope today. He said: "The Spirit helps us in our weakness . . . we know that in everything God works for good with those who love Him."

Today we see a world groaning under the burden of almost unsolvable problems and, like the early Christians in Rome, we need to be reminded that the God who created this world is still in every situation. God is in this world giving strength to those who love him and work with him in the job of building his kingdom. Believe me, if I were a Hindu pilgrim bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges, I would see little hope for the world. And if I were one of the Buddhist monks with whom we visited in several educational centers, I would see little prospect of the world being saved from its human madness. But I am a Christian, and because I am a Christian I find my hope in the faith that one day God's kingdom will come on earth as it is in heaven, and that God will work with us to that end.

While traveling in the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains up in the north-eastern part of India not far from the border of Tibet, we had an opportunity to interview two American scholars who for many months have been studying Hinduism in one of the great Indian universities. Under close questioning, both of these scholars admitted that probably much of the defeatism and despair of the Indian people is a product of their religion. "In Hinduism there is no concept of hope for the world, no concept of earthly progress, and no idea comparable to the Christian idea of people working to build heaven on this earth," they said.

There is no more optimistic religion in the world than Christianity. We believe that one day the earth will be God's kingdom, and that wherever God's power is needed, there He will be working together for good with those who love Him. And it is this idea that is our hope. The idea that we are not alone in trying to make the world better, is a great idea for us all. If you and I are to be defenders of the faith, then we must not give up this one great hope we have in the power of God working through the lives of men and women.

Make no mistake about this! I am not saying that Christianity is the only hope of the world! I am not saying that people must become members of the Christian Church before the Kingdom can come on earth. What I am saying is that all the peoples of the world must in their religions and in their philosophies and in their patterns of thought find a place for the idea that it is possible to make of this earth a heavenly place of happiness and peace.



Living on the streets of India are a mother and her little family.

The communists, the Indians, the Africans, and the black and white Americans must believe that people can live together in peace and brotherhood, stopping wars, and race riots, and population explosions. There is no hope for people who think and act as though this is a cursed and damned world spinning wildly through space on its way to hell. Whatever the causes of our despair, once we give in to it and say there is no possible hope, then we have no choice but to hide ourselves in our ghettos, and bury ourselves in our nuclear bomb shelters and wait for the worst.

In New Delhi the manager of a large shop engaged me in conversation over a cup of tea while the rest of the family were making some purchases. In the course of our visit the man said: "I have some relatives who are Christians, and I have at times visited their churches, and I have read some of their religious tracts, but the big question in my mind is still unanswered: Is the Bible true? Is Christianity true? Is it true that a God of love watches over us? I ask these questions and no one proves to me what is true!" I replied: "My friend, you are asking the wrong questions. We who follow Jesus do not ask if this way is true. Instead we ask: Is our Christian faith something that we can make come true?"

There lies the hope of the world — the people of every race in every land who have the faith to believe that they can make a better world come true! The most convincing thing in the world is not an argument. It is always a deed, and the hope of the world is to be found wherever there are people whose deeds prove true the statement of Paul: "We know that in everything

God works for good with those who love Him."

Surely Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had this hope in his heart when he wrote:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream! —  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Finds us further than today.

#### ♦ ♦ ♦ TO BUILD WITH YOUTH

Far out beyond the rhythmic bounds of  
time and space  
There is a realm of pristine purity and  
hope  
Which youth dreams of and would at-  
tain at utmost cost  
Of plan and effort, but needs willing,  
eager hands  
To push the project off the base from  
where it stands  
Before the inspiration is forever lost;  
But sometimes this is far beyond the  
inner scope  
Of those who would attempt to win the  
hidden race  
And cross the final rope.

—Alice G. Harvey

May the road rise to meet you. May  
the wind be always at your back. May  
the sun shine warm upon your face, the  
rains fall soft upon your fields and  
until we meet again . . . may God hold  
you in the palm of His Hand.

—An Irish Blessing



**MAPLE FLUFF DESSERT**

- 2 cups crushed vanilla wafers
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3 eggs
- 3 squares baking chocolate, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup maple syrup
- 1 10-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine the melted butter with the crushed vanilla wafers and line a 9-by 13-inch pan with them, pressing down firmly. Cream the powdered sugar with the butter. Add the eggs, melted chocolate and the flavorings. Pour over the wafer layer and freeze. Whip the cream, beating in the syrup as you finish beating. Fold in the miniature marshmallows and pecans. Spread this over the frozen chocolate layer and return to freezer.

This is a very rich and elegant dessert, one you'll be proud to serve for club refreshments or to conclude a company meal.

—Margery

**CHEESE TOAST WITH BACON**

This is delicious for company breakfast or brunch. It would make a hearty lunch with a bowl of soup.

- 4 slices of bacon
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup grated or shredded Cheddar cheese

Butter (at room temperature)

Salt and cayenne pepper

4 slices bread

Cut the bacon strips in half and fry until about half done. Drain on absorbent paper. Beat the egg lightly and blend in the cheese. Spread softened butter on bread, then spread with the egg-cheese mixture. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne pepper. Place bacon on top and broil under medium flame until cheese is bubbly and bacon is crisp.

—Margery

**WESTERN CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. ground beef, browned
- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 1-lb. can red kidney beans, drained
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 cup grated or diced Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. instant minced onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 can refrigerated biscuits

Mix all ingredients, except biscuits, in a large buttered casserole. Bake, uncovered, in a 400-degree oven for 20 minutes. Top with biscuits and bake for 25 minutes, or until biscuits are golden brown.

—Margery

**KENTUCKY SCRAMBLE**

- 1 cup whole kernel corn, drained
- 3 Tbls. bacon drippings
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 pimiento, sliced
- 6 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Add drained corn to the bacon drippings and saute for a few minutes. Add green pepper and pimiento and cook about 5 minutes longer. Then add the beaten eggs, salt and pepper and stir until eggs are set but still moist. Serves 4.

—Margery

**ELEGANT TUNA CASSEROLE**

- 2 cans tuna
- 3 cups Ritz crackers, crushed
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Salt to taste

Melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour until smooth. Add milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring, until moderately thick. Remove from heat and stir in butter flavoring. Drain tuna and wash if oily. In a greased casserole make layers of tuna and crushed crackers, reserving a few cracker crumbs for top. Pour white sauce over layers and sprinkle crumbs on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Evelyn

**FUDGE NUT BARS**

- 1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 15-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3/4 cup nuts
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 cups rolled oats
- 1/4 cup nuts

Melt over hot water the chocolate chips, sweetened condensed milk and the butter. Add the nuts and flavorings and set aside. Cream together the margarine and brown sugar. Add eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add. Add rolled oats and nuts. Press 2/3 of this cooky mixture into a large greased pan, about 10 by 16. Spread with the fudge mixture. Sprinkle remaining cooky mixture over the fudge filling and bake at 350 degrees for about 20 to 23 minutes. Do not over-bake.

These are very rich and very delicious, so don't cut the squares too large!

—Margery

**SENSATIONAL SLAW**

- 3 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 3/4 cup finely chopped green onions
- 3/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 cup well-drained pineapple chunks
- 3/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 cup shredded American cheese
- 1/4 cup whipping cream
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine cabbage, onions, pimiento, pineapple, olives and cheese. (We used salad olives for this since the more expensive sliced stuffed olives would only come apart when the salad was mixed.) Whip the cream and fold into the mayonnaise to which you have added the Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Season to taste. Combine and refrigerate for two hours.

This is supposed to serve six generously, but don't count on it, as you'll want "seconds". It's an amazingly delicious and different tasting slaw, so if you want to make something that will prove to be a real hit, be sure you try this very soon.

—Lucile



**SPRING GARDEN SALAD**

- 4 cups diced red rhubarb
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 pkgs. (3-oz. size) strawberry gelatin

Dash of salt

- 2 cups sliced fresh strawberries

- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped

Combine the rhubarb, sugar and water and cook until the rhubarb is tender. Add the gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add the dash of salt. Chill until the mixture begins to thicken and then fold in the strawberries and whipped cream. Pour into a ring mold and chill until completely set. —Mary Beth

**CHINESE ALMOND COOKIES**

- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup lard
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Sift the flour, sugar, salt and baking powder into a large bowl. Blend in the lard with a pastry blender. Beat the egg, water and flavoring together and add. When thoroughly blended, form into balls the size of a walnut, put them on a cookie sheet and flatten with the heel of your hand. Press one whole blanched almond into the center of each cookie, then brush cookie with slightly beaten egg white. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This recipe will make about 36 cookies.

—Dorothy

**SOUR CREAM OATMEAL-DATE COOKIES**

- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

- 1 cup chopped dates

- 1 cup quick oatmeal

- 1 1/2 cups flour

- 1/2 tsp. soda

- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add the beaten egg, sour cream and flavorings. Stir in the dates and oatmeal. Sift the flour, soda and salt together and combine with the other mixture. Drop onto a greased cookie sheet and bake approximately 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven. These keep well in a tightly covered container, and also freeze well. —Dorothy

**ESCALLOPED VEGETABLES**

- 1 medium-sized head cauliflower
- 4 carrots, cut in strips
- 2 green peppers, cut in chunks
- 3 medium-sized onions, sliced
- 1/2 small jar diced pimiento

**Sauce**

- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 4 Tbls. flour
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 2 cups milk

- 1/2 tsp. salt

- 1/4 lb. cheese, cut in pieces

Cook the cauliflower and carrots separately in salted boiling water until crisp but not well done. Drain and arrange in greased casserole with green peppers, onion and pimiento. Prepare the cheese sauce by blending the flour into the melted butter. Blend in the milk slowly, then add salt and cook until thickened. Add the cheese pieces. Stir until cheese is melted. Pour this sauce over the vegetables. Top with buttered bread crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

—Lucile

**HENRIETTA'S DESSERT**

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup nuts

Cream the eggs, sugar and flavorings. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add to the egg mixture. Add the drained crushed pineapple and nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 9-inch square pan and bake at 325 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes — until cake tests done. Serve with the following sauce and top with whipped cream.

**Sauce**

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Melt the butter and blend in the flour and brown sugar. Combine juice and water and add. Boil for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add flavorings and cool to room temperature before serving over squares of the cake. —Margery

**ENTICING PORK CHOP CASSEROLE**

- 5 or 6 pork chops
- Salt to taste
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 3 cooking apples, diced
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/4 cup water

Sprinkle pork chops with salt. Brown in hot shortening. Combine remaining ingredients. Place pork chops in a greased baking dish. Pour fruit mixture over pork chops. Bake, covered, in 350-degree oven for 1 hour. Remove cover and bake 1/2 hour longer, or until done and sauce is slightly thickened.

—Evelyn

**PINEAPPLE-CHEESE SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 18 marshmallows (large)
- 1 cup coarsely shredded cheese
- 1 cup crushed drained pineapple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 cup whipping cream

Dissolve the gelatin in 1 cup of boiling water and melt the marshmallows in this liquid. Pour the pineapple juice and flavoring into a measuring cup and add enough water to make 1 cup of liquid. Chill until the gelatin begins to congeal and then fold in the cheese, nuts and crushed pineapple. Whip the cream and fold in last. Chill until completely set.

—Margery

**DEVILED GREEN BEANS**

- 1 pkg. frozen green beans (or canned)
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. celery seed
- Dash of salt and pepper
- 2 Tbls. corn flake crumbs

Cook the beans if frozen, or heat beans if canned. Drain. In a small saucepan, melt the butter. Stir in remaining ingredients except the crumbs. Pour over the hot beans and stir gently. Sprinkle with the crumbs and serve. Makes 4 servings.

—Margery

**CHICKEN OR TURKEY CASSEROLE**

- 2 cups noodles, cooked
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup diced chicken or turkey
- 1/2 cup Cheddar cheese
- 1 pimiento, diced
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water. Drain well. Add soup and stir, then add remaining ingredients. Pour into casserole and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Drizzle with a little melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until bubbling well and crumbs begin to brown.

—Margery



**BLUEHILLS BREAD**

In large mixing bowl:

- 2 cups small-sized shredded wheat biscuits
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening

Heat to boiling:

- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/4 cups water

Pour over first ingredients in the bowl.

Dissolve 1 pkg. dry yeast in 1/4 cup lukewarm water. When things feel lukewarm stir in yeast mixture.

In large bowl:

- 2 cups sifted whole wheat flour
- 2 1/2 cups sifted white flour

Begin adding 1 cup at a time, beating well after each addition. You will need to use your hands for mixing at the last. Turn out to rest on floured board for 10 minutes. Knead with hands floured until elastic. Turn into greased bowl. Cover with hot damp cloth and let stand until double. Punch down and turn over and let double in bulk and punch down again. Knead a couple of minutes, then divide into 2 parts and put into 2 greased bread pans. When double in bulk, bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 hour. Remove from pan and cool.

—Lucile

**SIMPLY SCRUMPTIOUS COMPANY  
PIE**

- 1 can sweetened condensed milk (Eagle Brand)
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- Toasted coconut

Combine sweetened condensed milk and brown sugar in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water until thick. Stir in 1/4 cup pecans and burnt sugar flavoring. Pour into baked pie shell. Sprinkle other 1/4 cup pecans over top. When cool frost with 1 pkg. whipped topping prepared according to directions with a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener stirred in. Sprinkle with toasted coconut. Chill until time to serve.

This is an especially rich, delicious company dessert. Please do cut the pieces small, even for guests. They'll appreciate your thoughtfulness!

—Evelyn

**HOMEMADE CULTURED SOUR  
CREAM**

To make your own cultured sour cream, add 2 Tbls. of cultured butter-milk to 1 cup of half-and-half and put in a warm place for about 18 hours to thicken.

**APPLE FLUFF SALAD**

(It's Pink!)

- 1 3-oz. pkg. red gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup crushed or diced pineapple
- 1 cup chopped apple
- 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in pineapple juice drained from crushed or diced pineapple. Add flavoring. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Make whipped topping according to directions on package, stirring in a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Beat gelatin mixture with beater until light and fluffy. Fold in pineapple, chopped apple and whipped topping. Spoon into pretty bowl and chill until time to serve.

Any flavored red gelatin is suitable and makes a lovely pink salad. The combination of fruit flavors is delicious. I like to use red apples and leave the peel on for tiny touches of red.

—Evelyn

**HOUSECLEANING CASSEROLE**

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 crushed bay leaf
- 4 large potatoes
- 3 medium-sized onions
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- No. 2 can tomatoes
- 1/4 cup butter, melted

Brown meat in shortening and season with sage, bay leaf and paprika. Cut potatoes and onions in thin slices and arrange in alternate layers with meat in a medium-sized casserole. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over layers. Bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 350-degree oven.

**WONDERFUL BROWN SUGAR SOUR  
CREAM FROSTING**

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine ingredients. Cook until soft ball is formed in water. Remove from fire and beat immediately until cool and the consistency to spread on cake. If it is too thick, add a little cream to thin.

An extremely simple, rich, tasty frosting. Either commercial or country sour cream may be used equally well for this.

—Evelyn

**DIET TAPIOCA PUDDING**

- 2 1/2 cups skimmed milk
- 2 1/2 Tbls. minute tapioca
- 2 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- A pinch of salt

Combine milk and tapioca. Let stand 5 or 10 minutes. Cook in heavy pan or double boiler until it begins to cook and thicken slightly. Beat eggs and put a little of the hot milk mixture into eggs; gradually beat eggs into milk mixture. Stir in sweetener. Continue cooking 2 or 3 more minutes. Remove from heat. Add flavorings and salt. Refrigerate until time to serve. This may be varied easily with different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. A very delicious, low-calorie dessert. —Evelyn

**POTATO CHIP COOKIES**

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups coarsely crushed potato chips
- 1 (6 oz.) pkg. butterscotch chips
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream together the butter and sugars. Add eggs and flavoring and beat well. Add the crushed potato chips and butterscotch chips. Sift together the flour and soda. Stir into the creamed mixture. Drop by teaspoon on greased cooky sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 375 degrees.

—Margery

**ZINGY CHICKEN**

- 2 tsp. rosemary
- 1 tsp. dill
- 1/2 tsp. cayenne
- 1 tsp. marjoram
- 1 tsp. thyme
- 1 large fryer, cut up
- Zucchini squash
- Bell peppers
- Tomatoes

Put the spices in the roaster and add water so that there is 1 inch in the roaster. Add chicken and cover with sliced zucchini, pepper and tomatoes. Cover and simmer for about 2 1/2 hours with oven temperature at 325 degrees. When chicken and vegetables are removed, add a little flour to the broth to serve with the chicken.

This is a wonderful combination of spices with the chicken. I served a tossed salad and hot rolls with this dish to company and they really enjoyed the meal.

—Juliana



## SPRING FEVER

by  
Evelyn Birkby

It happens every year: the calendar turns to May, a bright, warm, sunny day looms into view, and spring fever attacks with concentrated force! No matter how many urgent tasks require attention, it seems next to impossible to turn my mind and energies in their direction. Instead, I take a stroll out into the sunlight and sit under the mulberry tree for a spell. The birds are gathering twigs and bits of dried grass, building materials for summer homes. Insects make swirling specks in the sunshine. Apple blossoms cover our five fruit trees with pink and white sweet-smelling blooms.

Lazily, I note that the grass has grown long enough to be cut. The green of each spear is bright and fresh looking. Best not to dwell on the work involved in keeping our large yard groomed. A glance at the bushes and hedge show that they are leafing out in delicate dress. They, too, will soon need trimming, but not today, not this bright, beautiful spring day.

I push myself to my feet, walk down past the "orchard" and into the double row of trees near the road which we call the "timber". I am looking for violets and finally I find tiny leaves and purple-tinged flowers pushing up between the roots of the trees. How dainty the violet heads look as they lift above the heart-shaped leaves. Spring flowers are delicate and brave.

It would be fun to go out into a real timber and find wild sweet William and Dutchman's-breeches and the graceful ferns to transplant to our little grove of trees. When I was a child I always had a tiny sheltered corner where I grew wild flowers. With permission from a farmer friend I would roam the woods and return with a few treasures carefully dug and wrapped against shock. A sturdy jack-in-the-pulpit thrived in my tiny garden as did a beautiful golden lady's-slipper. Few of these lovely flowers remain now in this part of the country due to land clearing and changing farming practices which eliminate hedge rows and moist, sheltered areas where wild plants once flourished. But the violets remain. And a few trees. We hope to keep ours and plant more.

I decide to try and find more wild flowers for our shaded nook as I turn back up the yard. The bees buzz a greeting as I pass Craig's hive. They seem happy to have spring here. Craig has great plans for his honey crop and is trying to get his father's permission for more hives. We would need a place in the country to be sure the bees had a rich source of nectar. Our small



Jeff Birkby is moving right along with his Scout work. This picture was taken the day he received his God and Country Award from the Sidney Methodist Church. Since then he has earned his Star Scout rank. —Photo by Blaine Barton

clover patch will surely not be enough for more than this one hive. Many farmers are happy to have bees on their property to help pollination, so this may not be a problem. My interest is in the good honey we could use on the table.

Let's see, where should we set up the badminton set this summer? The poles which hold the net must be replaced, the net resurrected from the depth of the storage closet behind the ice skates and the parka hoods. How my muscles ache after the first rousing game! "A little child shall lead them," is a quotation which fits many a situation in this household, and one place my children lead me is into all kinds of active, energetic games. But at this moment our three boys are in school and no one is going to make me do anything more ambitious than walk slowly around the yard enjoying spring until I am good and ready!

The children are nagging me again (as they do each spring) to get a bicycle so I can go riding over the hills with them. I think up all sorts of excuses! I know it would be fun, though, once I got started again. My mind drifts back to the time when I was in



### SURPLUS OF JOBS

Each Saturday I make a list  
Of weekly errands to be run,  
And at the end of every week  
About a third of them are done.

—Gladise Kelly

religious education work for the Grace Methodist Church in Waterloo, Iowa. With the help of a light-green English bike I went calling on new members, located teachers and checked on absent children. Surely it wouldn't be difficult to get back into the swing of pedaling gaily, especially with the companionship of my overly energetic offspring. Yes, I really do know what I'd be getting myself into, but I don't have to start today!

Now I've reached the terrace at the back of the house and find the bench beside the picnic table a fine place to relax. The martins dive bombed as I passed the red apartment house they call home. They obviously would like me to leave their premises strictly alone. From where I sit I can watch them soar down to catch the flying insects which make up their diet. We are grateful for their help in getting rid of mosquitoes and other insect pests.

Guess we'll have supper on the terrace tonight. Our gas grill has not been used much this spring, so I'll get out some ground beef and make fat hamburger patties to cook. How nice to be able to eat and watch the deepening blue of the sky and listen to the quieting of the birds and the rhythmic buzzing of the nocturnal insects as they tune up for a night's concert. Soon the fireflies will come and light the treetops and the bushes, but it is too early for them yet.

Isn't it too bad we can't build our houses as the Japanese do and have walls which can be pushed back during the spring and summer months? We have the next best with glass doors which slide back and can be opened whenever the weather permits. It isn't as good as moving the entire wall, but it does help. Windows can be opened, too, and I have them pushed wide whenever possible. A minimum of drapes helps, too, to give the feeling of bringing the out-of-doors inside. I could never understand why some people build homes with great expanses of glass and then cover them with heavy curtains.

Even with windows looking out and doors that slide, sometimes, like right now, I need to surround myself with green leaves and blossoms, warm sunshine and daydreams. Let the badminton, the bicycling, the grass cutting, the dusting and the scrubbing wait for another day. This is May with joy and beauty enough for the whole world if we would but take the time to hear and to experience its wonder.

Well, I must get up from my comfortable bench, but I'll take a huge armload of apple blossoms into the house with me; I cannot bear to leave *all* of spring outside.



## EMILY DRIFTMIER REVIEWS VALUES GAINED AS EXCHANGE STUDENT

Dear Friends:

As many of you may remember, several months ago I wrote you some of my experiences of a year in Costa Rica as an exchange student. Since then I've received several personal letters from readers asking how I found the program and of what value it was.

I cannot judge my year in Costa Rica in terms of "And, oh! I saw so many places!", as many visitors to Europe are often heard to say. Costa Rica, being only the size of two New England states, does not have the tourist development that compares to the rest of the world. Many visitors could see everything worth seeing in the tourists' eyes in a mere week. Obviously, I value my year as being more than a tourist's view.

My year cannot be judged in terms of schooling. I spent a semester in a girls' high school where the time was mainly spent in listening to Spanish, a skill necessary for taking notes. I received no credit for this auditing since I had already graduated from high school in Denver, and, obviously, this high school work did not count for college. I value this semester for its day-to-day associations with maturing women under a different set of standards.

My second semester was spent in the University of Costa Rica. At the time, I had never been to college in the United States, so I had no way to compare the two college systems. I now realize, however, that the University of Costa Rica and the University of Colorado (where I am now attending) have two different attitudes towards learning and grading. In Costa Rica there is more emphasis on memorization, and less on concept thinking. I only received less than a semester of transfer credit, but was able to complete the semester upon returning home. I value my time in the University of Costa Rica for an extended view of the national collegiate educational system.

My year in Costa Rica can be judged worthwhile on the basis of the associations with the Costa Rican people and their values, and also on an international interest that developed in me. I now look further than the U.S. border for my attitudes. I can better understand the United States in relation to the world. I can better understand democracy, for Costa Rica is a more democratic nation than is the United States. Those ideas are results of an exchange program.



This photograph of Emily (left), Alison and Clark was taken shortly after Emily's return from Costa Rica. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier.

"Where there is a will, there is a way" is appropriate for describing the travel and study opportunities available to high school and college students.

For the college student a simple visit to the language departments can open complete files of brochures on university exchanges. There are so many possibilities that it would be ridiculous to begin listing them. One word of caution — many returned students have complained of unanticipated expenses and incompetent directors. The group must be chosen carefully.

For the high school student the opportunities are more limited, yet better organized. The best known and most extensive is, of course, the American Field Service (AFS). This is common in all parts of the United States and in a wide variety of foreign countries. The original program sent American students for the summer between the junior and senior years. This has now been expanded to a yearly program in addition to the summer one. AFS students coming to the United States always stay one year, and are placed in high schools.

AFS is organized in local hometown or high school clubs, with a national coordinating center. The club raises the money to bring the foreign student to the United States. Transportation, living facilities and a monthly allowance are all provided to the student. At the end of the school year they are given a sight-seeing trip through part of the United States. It is their responsibility to make speeches to their high school and community.

The AFS student lives with one family throughout the year, although if an inconvenience arises it is not unusual to change families. In some cases, credit for schoolwork is transferable to the home country; in other cases it serves solely to facilitate the

student's English fluency.

I went abroad through the San Jose, Costa Rica, and Lakewood, Colorado, Rotary Clubs. The Rotary exchange is a club-to-club program, and is very flexible to the clubs and the student. (There is a Rotary Fellowship Program that is designed for college graduates, but I am writing here only about a high-school-age exchange.)

Before Thanksgiving of my senior year I sent completed applications to one of the members of my father's club who wrote to various clubs of Latin America. I had expressed interest in that part of the world because I had studied Spanish in high school. Several of the clubs then sent invitations to me, of which I accepted San Jose's. It seemed like a place close enough so that airplane costs were not too high, yet so far away that this would probably be the only opportunity I would have to ever visit Central America. The country does not engage in the Latin American custom of revolution, so its peacefulness was appealing to my parents. The uniqueness of the country appealed to me, and the fact that very few people are familiar with it.

I lived with seven different families, from six weeks to two months with each. They all had children, though not always of my age. They were amazingly varied: one was of German origin, another from Spain, another half-American; one imported highway equipment from the United States, another distributed beverages, another managed coffee farms.

If your local Rotary Club has no program to send its sons and daughters to sister foreign clubs, or to host students, I suggest someone find it as "his thing" and investigates the possibilities.

Having a foreigner in one's home is extremely rewarding if everyone has an understanding of the two cultures to be exchanged. It is an "exchange", not an "adoption". The hosts cannot expect to make their guest into a perfect Costa Rican or American. One word of advice to everyone: never take anything for granted. Some event that is very common for the host may completely baffle the foreigner. Hosts should always describe the situation, appropriate dress and possible conversation. Too often this is overlooked and unnecessary jitters arise.

Interest in student exchanges is extremely gratifying to me. I see my year abroad as the most rewarding time of my nineteen years. And, I'll bet you any student who has had the experience of such an opportunity will verify my statement.

Sincerely,  
Emily Driftmier



## A TASTE OF HISTORY

by

D. L. Hammerschmidt

Flummery, grunt, slump, switchel and shrub, mock apple pie, vinegar pie — our ancestors, it would seem, were imaginative and inventive, both in naming and in using their harvests, or in making do when the crops were scarce and the pantry nearly bare.

There is a treasure here. You may have a traditional handed-down menu for holiday dinners — but old recipes can evoke a taste of the history of our country and heritage from Colonial times.

Our forefathers, or mothers, used, preserved, put-up, or stored in cellar or attic, all that they could harvest from garden or orchard, or woods and fields. Their menus then reflected the seasons, and the abundance or dearth of crops.

Corn meal was a common and year-round staple in the new young country. It appeared on tables as sweet Indian pudding — as johnnycake, or journey-cake, eaten cold on a journey, or served hot at home for breakfast, dinner or supper — or as just plain mush, watched hungrily as the slow bubbles plopped to the surface during the long cooking, then eaten hot with milk or sweetening, and the leftovers sliced and fried the next morning.

Along the coast housewives gathered sea moss and dried it, then used it for thickening a pudding or blanc mange. And everywhere in spring they gathered the fresh and tasty wild greens — poke and dandelions, fiddlehead ferns, and the tender shoots of milkweed which are like delicate asparagus.

Then came the season of berries — and flummerys and grunts and slumps.

Flummery was made from any berry, boiled until tender, simmered a bit longer with cornstarch for thickening, then sugared and eaten cold with cream or milk.

Grunts or slumps were made with berries or apples, stewed with sugar and water, and then dumplings or squares of biscuit dough dropped into the fragrant mixture, and cooked until done.

Sometimes the very richness of a harvest added to the problem of how to get variety. Too much buttermilk to drink — so cooks concocted buttermilk pie, cake, frosting, griddlecakes. Piles of yellow pumpkins, rows of pumpkin pie — then for a change they made pudding and preserves. Or no pumpkin for pie — and some inventive cook tried squash, and found her family couldn't tell it from the original.

And for the improvident who had neither pumpkin or squash — well,



Kristin Brase, daughter of Dorothy & Frank Johnson, teaches in Wyo.

there were wild persimmons, and a cook who found she could pick persimmons after a frost and make them into delectable pies, cakes, pudding, and marmalade. And pawpaws, too, made another feast after frost. And venturesome cooks tried and succeeded with pawpaw jam, custard, and the old favorite, pie.

Then there were lean times, and worst of all, nothing in the house for pie. Our ancestors improvised again, with vinegar pie, mock apple pie made with sugar, water, butter and crackers, and chess pie, with sugar, butter, eggs, a touch of corn meal, and lemon or that old stand-by, cider vinegar, for flavoring.

The recipes have come down to us, these bits of history, and you too can have your taste of the delicacies of your forefathers. Try —

### Mock Apple Pie

Boil 1 1/2 cups sugar, 2 cups water, 2 tsp. cream of tartar for 10 minutes. Add 2 Tbls. lemon juice. Drop 30 crackers into the syrup, gently. Boil 3 minutes. Put cracker mixture into an unbaked crust. Dot with 1/4 cup butter and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Cover with top crust. Bake at 425 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm.

### Chess Pie

This recipe is 100 years old, or older.

3/4 cup white sugar  
1/4 cup butter  
1/2 cup sweet cream  
1 Tbls. corn meal  
1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring or 1 Tbls. lemon juice  
2 eggs

Beat eggs. Cream sugar and butter and add. Add corn meal, cream and lemon juice or flavoring. Pour into unbaked pie shell and bake until firm in medium oven.

### Johnnycake

The early recipes were very simple. Scald 1 cup of corn meal with 1 cup of boiling water, adding 1 tsp. salt if

you have it. Add about 1/2 cup milk, or water if milk is scarce, until batter is a little thicker than pancake batter. Bake on a skillet, lightly greased, turning so that cakes are brown on both sides.

### Persimmon Pudding

2 cups persimmon pulp  
3 eggs  
1 3/4 cups milk  
2 cups sifted flour  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
3 Tbls. melted butter

Mix persimmon pulp, beaten eggs and milk. Stir dry ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar. Add liquid mixture and dry ingredients to the creamed mixture. Beat well, pour into greased pan and bake at 350 degrees for about an hour. Serve with cream or whipped cream.

### Buttermilk Pie

1 cup buttermilk  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1 Tbls. flour  
1 Tbls. butter  
1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring

Mix sugar, butter, flour, and beaten egg. Beat in buttermilk and lemon flavoring. Bake in one crust until firm, top with meringue and brown.

**WHO WOULD BE HAPPY? — Continued** blessing, give it the best you have, speak well of it and you will soon be thinking better of it.

You are weary to death of caring for an invalid member of the family? I shall always remember the remark made by the mother of a severely retarded child when a sympathizing acquaintance referred to the child as a burden. The mother hugged her little daughter closer and replied, "She isn't a burden. She's a love."

And there you have the way to happiness in one word: Love. We can love those who frustrate us, those who despise us, who humiliate us, who hurt us.

For love is not merely an emotion. Love is an act of the will. The truest love of all, though it may not be the most romantic, comes from a sense of justice and charity. Love is quite compatible with a feeling of distaste toward our daily duties, with our dislike for an in-law, with our dissatisfaction with present conditions, but love will guard against hurting anyone because of such feelings.

Often the source of discontent and unhappiness lies in our unwillingness to adapt to reality. To be happy we  
(Continued on page 22)





## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

From the way our eleven-year-old Ann Elizabeth commented on the book *Miss Sampson* had been reading at school, I thought perhaps our daughter had read Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's latest book *Enthusiasm Makes the Difference! Island of the Blue Dolphins* (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.00) by Scott O'Dell made such an impression on Ann that she decided to purchase it with some birthday money. Published in 1960, it was awarded the John Newbery Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children in 1961.

*Island of the Blue Dolphins* takes place on a harsh rock far off the coast of California known as the Island of San Nicholas, where dolphins and sea otter play in the blue waters around it. Here, in the early 1800's, according to history, an Indian girl spent eighteen years alone. This beautifully written novel is her story. The reader will find drama and sorrow, as Karana had to contend with wild dogs that had killed her brother (she later tamed one for a friend), guard against the Aleutian sea-otter hunters, and maintain a food supply. From what to many would have been an ordeal, Karana's quiet courage transformed her fate into an uplifting experience. From her loneliness comes a strength and serenity that is modern man's goal.



Mother, Leanna Driftmier, is always very anxious to see a completed issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, so the first one off the press is rushed to the house for her to read.

The author's note tells us the girl actually lived alone upon the island from 1835 to 1853, and is known to history as The Lost Woman of San Nicholas. After her rescue, she was befriended by Father Gonzales of the Santa Barbara Mission.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, author of *The Power of Positive Thinking*, writes in the introduction to his new book, *Enthusiasm Makes the Difference*: "Enthusiasm — the priceless quality that makes everything different! — that is the message of this book. Life is not all sweetness and light, not by a great deal, certainly not with its manifold difficulty, pain and frustration. This book faces life exactly as it is. But, a creative solution is offered — a solution that works. This is an in-spite-of type of book. In spite of all the negatives you can bring forth the positives. Even in the midst of trouble and anxiety you can rise above obstacles and disappointments, for God is with you."

*Enthusiasm Makes the Difference* (Prentice-Hall Publishing Co., \$4.95) is filled with stories from Dr. Peale's own true experiences that inspire and challenge. He recommends the "As if" principle of noted psychologist, William James, who said, "If you want a quality, act as if you already had it." For example, Dr. Peale writes how famous religious leader John Wesley was terrified during a violent storm on the Atlantic as he sailed to America in the seventeenth century. Since some people aboard were calm and confident, John Wesley asked their secret. They had a faith in God's providential care. When Wesley confessed he did not have such faith, one said, "Act as if you do have such faith and in time faith of that character will take hold of you." Of course, John Wesley developed a most powerful faith, as we know. The author recommends if you are afraid, act as if you had courage, and if you are tense, act as if calm and assured.

Dr. Peale explains that the word enthusiasm "from the Greek *entheos* means God in you, or full of God. So when we claim for enthusiasm the power to work miracles in solving problems we are actually saying that God himself in you supplies the wisdom, courage, strategy and faith necessary to deal successfully with all difficulties." He reminds us it is only necessary for us to discover how to apply efficiency, enthusiasm and right thinking to our problems.

*Enthusiasm Makes the Difference* will appeal to young and old. Its message is powerful.

Inscription placed by Benjamin Franklin over the grave of his father and mother in Boston.

Josiah Franklin  
and

Abiah his wife  
lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock  
fifty-five years.

Without an estate, or any gainful  
employment, by constant labor and  
industry, with God's blessing  
They maintained a large family  
comfortably,  
and brought up thirteen children  
and seven grandchildren  
reputably.

From this instance, reader,  
Be encouraged to diligence in thy  
calling, and distrust not Providence.  
He was a pious and prudent man;  
She, a discreet and virtuous woman.

Their youngest son,  
In filial regard to their memory,  
Places this stone.

J. F. born 1655, died 1744, AEtat 89  
A. F. born 1667, died 1752, ----- 85



Remember Mother  
on her Special Day  
with a gift  
subscription to the  
**Kitchen-Klatter Magazine**

\$2.00 per year — 12 issues    \$2.50, foreign subscriptions

Address your letter to:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa, 51601**





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Last year our garden club president had a twinkle in her eye when she named the committee to plan the year's programs. She selected three people who oftentimes appeared a bit zany in their gardening and flower arranging work to come up with *something different* — something that would add spice to programs that had become a little flat and stale. "Most of us have belonged to the club since it was organized nearly twelve years ago," she pointed out. "We know the basic rules of good gardening — we know how to plant dahlias, how to grow fine roses, how to mulch, and how to control pests. What is there that we don't know about? Surely there is something 'new under the sun' if you will only look for it. Try to come up with program ideas that are exciting, or at least fun to do."

The girls on that committee came through with some dilly ideas that were both exciting *and* fun. I'm going to pass along some of them to you from time to time in this space; perhaps your group will find something helpful for their programs.

For the April program each member was given a dozen black flat seeds and told to start them indoors — two to each soil-filled peat pot that was provided by the program chairman out of club funds. All of us were curious as to what kind of a plant we were going to grow. We were told, "The kind of plant is a secret. The first person who recognizes it as a seed, or in any stage of its growth will get a prize." We were to plant our peat-potted plants in the garden and report on their progress at each meeting. Finally a member discovered we were growing *Martynia Proboscidea* or the Unicorn plant.

In the fall those who had good luck with their seedlings shared the ripened pods with the others. At the October meeting we had a little workshop and used our imaginations to create birds and animals out of the weird, spiny pods. The program chairman

provided another prize for the best creation. It truly was a "fun project" that was interesting and exciting and contained the members from April right through October.

There are any number of interesting plants in catalogues that few of us grow ordinarily, the Unicorn plant being one of them. If you are on the program committee for your garden club, perhaps you would like to try a similar idea. Growing the new All-America winners by the members could prove to be a good summer project, especially if a small flower show is held at the end of the season to culminate the plan.

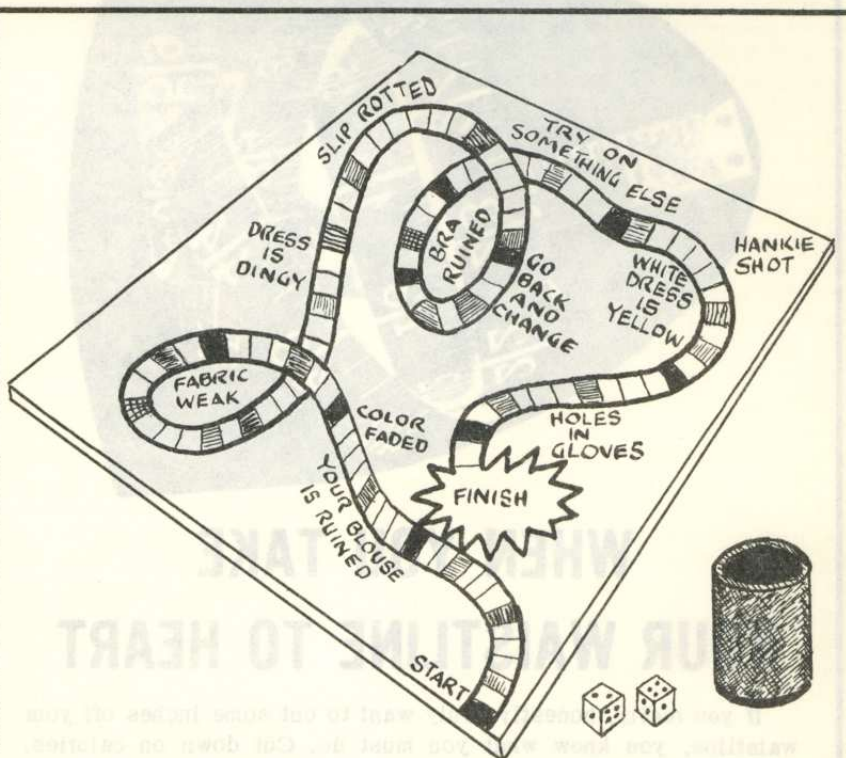
## MOTHER'S WAY

She smiled while washing dishes  
With gentle, loving hands;

Or hummed the quaint old folk tunes  
Which came from other lands.  
She cut and patched expertly  
On garments past their day;  
The task made little difference,  
For this was Mother's way.

She wove and stitched each strand of  
thread  
Into our treasured clothes;  
The while she taught us *thankfulness*  
Which lightens tasks . . . and grows.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



## LET'S TAKE THE GAMBLE OUT OF THE GAME!

These days, clothes are much too expensive to be ruined in our own washers. The new synthetic fabrics are great: colorful, cool, easy to care for. But harsh liquid bleaches can play havoc with them! For many, chlorine is a deadly enemy.

That's why so many, many homemakers have switched to **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. It keeps colored things sparkling and white things white. Yet, because it contains no chlorine, it's perfectly safe for everything you can wash. Pick up a big box at your grocer's, and remember this simple safety rule:

If it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

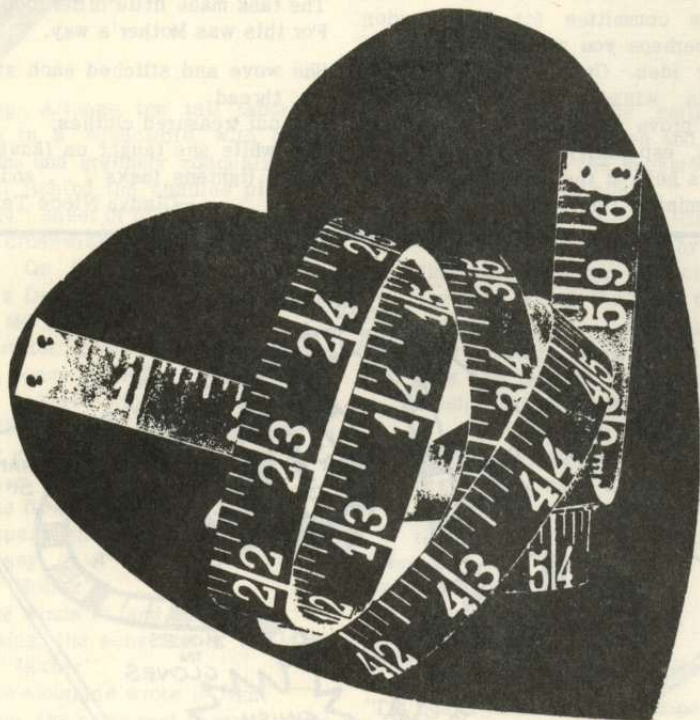
## Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



(NOT) ACCORDING TO DIOR - Concl. sandals emitted an exquisite perfume.

Early clothing began with the aprons of fig leaves with which Eve and Adam girded themselves (Gen. 3:7 - KJV), and progressed to elaborate beauty in cloaks, tunics and head-

dressess made from animal skins, hair, wool, flax and silk. The two earliest colors were white and purple, but variations in style came through the use of ornamentations. It was the color of the robes and degree of decorations that distinguished between



## WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR WAISTLINE TO HEART

If you really, honestly, truly want to cut some inches off your waistline, you know what you must do. Cut down on calories.

You don't have to stop eating. You don't even have to stop eating things you enjoy. But you do have to count the calories . . . and leave them out when you can.

What better, pleasanter way than by substituting **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** for sugar? On cereals, in drinks, in most things you cook, this handy sweetener does the job perfectly, without adding calories. Natural sweet taste, too: no bitterness or metallic aftertaste. Plenty of sweet taste - never a single calorie.

Pick up your bottle when you grocery-shop tomorrow.

## KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for a 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.



Mother has spoken of the "picture gallery" in her bedroom and thought perhaps you would like to see it. It consists of family pictures which have appeared in the magazine through the years. "When I wake up in the morning I enjoy looking at them and thinking about each person before I start my day."

the common people and the lords. (Luke 7:25 - KJV).

The outer robes worn by men were cut almost as long and flowing as those worn by their female counterparts, but there was no mistaking the gender of the wearer.

Source: *Unger's Bible Dictionary*

### PRAYER OF A WIFE AND MOTHER

First of all, dear Lord, teach me the way in which Thou would have me to walk, and to be the kind of person Thou would have me to be.

Help me always to be a good wife to my wonderful husband, to support him at all times with my love and my prayers.

Give me the wisdom and patience to be a good mother to the children Thou has given us. For it is up to me to lay the foundation for their character-building by teaching them to be self-reliant, to help each other and to assume responsibility. But even more important, help me to teach them Christian principles, love for God and for their fellow man.

Help me to make a good home for my family, for the role of the family is a vital one. It is the basic and oldest social institution - as old as the human race, instituted by God himself.

Let me make the lives of all with whom I come in contact a little brighter, a little happier.

May I be of help to all children with words of love, understanding, and guidance, so that all children whose lives have touched mine will, when they reach adulthood, be healthy, responsible, well-adjusted, God-fearing citizens, confident and ready to take up their stations in life to contribute to a better world tomorrow.

-Frances Decook



**BANQUET - Concluded**

*Childhood:* (Mother Goose Book) Dear little blonde head she was. I can see her leaning against my arm as I rocked baby brother and read this book until I knew it backwards and forwards — so did she! Always she begged, "Weed me 'nother 'tory, Mommie. Weed me some more."

*Sunday School Days:* (Sunday School Paper) Almost before we knew it the baby and toddler were old enough for Sunday school. How proudly she sang with her Sunday school class, and lustily, too, I might add! They may not have been good, but they were loud — and they loved it.

*School Days:* (First Reader and Book of Fairy Tales) Who can ever forget daughter's first day at school and how quickly she grew up into a "big girl now", as she so often informed me. That first day of school is a day of mixed feelings for Mommie!

I miss the sunshine of her smile,  
Her tinkling laughter all the while,  
Her queries all beginning "why",  
Her offerings of "dewishus" mud pie,  
Her dressing up in grown-up frocks  
Her mincing up and down the walks,  
Her dollies grouped for "Ladies Aid"  
Under the maple's leafy shade,  
Her drawing pictures in a book,  
Her asking me to come and look,  
Her playhouse bounded by string and sticks —

Now she emphasizes, "I'm goin' on six!"

From first reader soon she's reading her favorite fairy tales and going to dancing class where she loves to play the fairy princess role to the hilt.

*Growing Up:* (Little House Book) The Little House Books — how she loved them! But sometimes, when she curled up with her nose in one of those books, I would find myself wondering how soon she'd outgrow this stage when she seemed blind and deaf to the world around her.

*Club Days:* (Campfire or 4-H Manual) The years seemed to go faster now and the days filled with all sorts of "extras", Blue Birds, Brownies, 4-H, and record books, award nights, and fairs. My! oh My!! Talk about busy days! And of course it meant I took my place as a leader. But the rewards were great in friendship and knowledge — and fun.

*Cooking Time:* (Cookbook) This smudged cookbook really brings back the memories. You might say Martha's learning to cook was a "trial, error, and mess" method, but she learned — so did I!

*High School:* (Teen Fashion Magazine) High school days! Memorable days — whirlwind days and (rueful smile) sometimes frustrating, maddening days!

*College Days:* (College Yearbook) College days and the parting of the ways — home ways, so to speak. Her letters were read and reread, the week-end visits and vacations all too short and then — (Scene: daughter brings home the man and shows her new engagement ring.)

*Wedding:* (Bride's Book) Of course her daddy and I thought there never had been a more beautiful bride.

*Marriage:* (Home Decorating Book) Every step in furnishing the new home, planning the first meals, adjusting to a budget, was a major decision with Mom a most interested consultant.

*Motherhood:* (Snapshot Book) My favorite book today — my Grandma's Brag Book, of course!

As I proudly push my grandchild

In her carriage up the street,

Dressed in dainty dress so fancy,

With cute booties on her feet,

I'm a-struttin' like a peacock

And my face lights up with pride

As folks stop to admire my darling

When I take her for a ride.

*Mother:* ("Memories" is played softly as this closing speech is given.) They may seem just plain shelves to you

With an odd assortment of books,  
But to me there's something precious there

That far belies the looks;  
For those dear books set me to thinking

Of days that were, that are, and are yet to be,  
Filling my heart with joy and thanks-giving

For a child — a book — and a memory.

**FIFTY-FIFTY'S NOT ENOUGH**

Step off the halfway point and then  
Take two more steps.

And if your friend will do the same,  
Your steps will overlap.

You'll need no map!

The road to understanding will be found

Beneath you feet —

A plot of middle ground! —Leta Fulmer



**SHE  
LOVES  
US!**

And why shouldn't she? We showed her how to breeze through spring housecleaning, quicker and easier than ever before. We reminded her that she needn't repaint the hall woodwork and walls . . . just clean them this easy way. We took the froth and foam out of her cleaning solution, so she saved time by skipping tedious rinsing and wiping. We made her a detergent that works quickly and efficiently all through the house, from laundry to attic, from windows to dishpan. And we save her money, too!

Any wonder she loves us? We make

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**



**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

course, and they take great delight in kidding their mother about it with such comments as, "Gee, Mom, I wonder if Daddy will come home with a new dog tonight?" Or again one will say, "Guess where I saw Dad today? He was at the Buick garage looking at a new station wagon!" And always their mother takes them seriously and, of course, that only adds to the fun. On those rare occasions when I do weaken and buy one or the other, about all I can say is, "Well, my dear, I don't smoke, and I don't drink, and I don't gamble, but I do love dogs and cars!!"

The month of May always means Mothers' Day to me. I know that some clergy do not make much of it, but we do in our church. Some of my earliest memories are of those Mothers' Days of other years when it meant so much to me to be able to wear a flower in my lapel and to sit with my mother in church. If everyone in the world were more respectful of mothers, what a different place this old world would be! To some it may sound childish, and to some it may sound trite, but I still maintain that if each of us would, when faced with a temptation to do wrong, say to ourselves "What would mother want me to do?", there would be much less evil in the world.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*



The library in the parsonage is a warm and friendly room. The painting above the fireplace is a scene near the Field ancestral home in Massachusetts.

mood to receive happiness.

In making the world around us a happier place, a prime concern should be to ourselves to become more charitable, more compassionate, more joyous, more loveable. Thus we become a transformer station in the network of happiness.

If we adopt the attitude of humble love in our association with members of our family and with others, (but who nowadays wants to be humble?) we shall have taken to ourselves a tool of tremendous power. Dostoevski wrote, "Loving humility is marvelously strong, the strongest of all things. There is nothing else like it."

The final stimulus to lasting happiness lies in sharing it. When at last the new car stands in the driveway, take that lonely old man who sits on the porch all day, for a Sunday afternoon ride. When the boss comes through with that raise send a check to some charitable agency. When your daughter lands a good job look around and see if you can help some other young person to something better. When Mother is back from the hospital and is feeling well once more, go out of your way to do a kindness for someone.

The afterglow of satisfaction left by

such deeds will warm the heart for many a day. The Hindus have a proverb that sums it up: Help thy brother's boat across, and lo! thine own has reached the shore.

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

told point blank that you couldn't build a modern kitchen without a dishwasher!) be sure that you elevate it. This can be done, I've been in many, many kitchens where you had to stoop over and bend down to operate the dishwasher, so I'm grateful for the fact that my own dishwasher was installed at eye level. (I don't have a dishwasher in New Mexico and never want to have one.)

I think that whether or not you want a dishwasher depends entirely upon the size of your family and your way of life. Juliana had three years of high school ahead of her when our kitchen was built and she had an endless stream of friends in and out of the house. We entertained a great deal. I cooked constantly. Under these conditions the dishwasher seemed justified. But my way of life today doesn't make the dishwasher an asset in any sense of the word and this is why I wouldn't dream of installing one in New Mexico.

Now there is another point I want to bring up that never has been mentioned before and that is the subject of carpet. I am badly handicapped physically and because of this it is imperative to me that floors be carpeted from wall to wall. (Bare floors and scatter rugs put me into a nervous chill - I'm terrified of falling.) Well, the carpet we put down in our house when we remodeled has a very, very long loop, and underneath it is a foam rubber pad, very thick.

We didn't dream when all of this was laid that it would constitute such a serious problem for me. It is only now, so many years later, that it's worn down to the point where I can get around on it easily. Mother has always found it hard to move about in my house in her wheelchair. Now if you're young and vigorous you won't need to give a thought to this subject of carpet, but if you're making a major change in floor covering and are no longer as vigorous as you used to be, keep an eye out for a short loop carpet and a firm pad underneath it.

Well, I see that I have used all of my space and more too, so this must be all. Spring is a very busy time for people who can get out into their yards to garden or just to clean up, but your letters are the high point of our day and I hope very much you'll keep them coming.

Always faithfully,  
Lucile

**WHO WOULD BE HAPPY? - Concluded**

must face and accept the realities of life, welcome the problems of our position and resolve them as cheerfully and as joyously as possible. It's our happiness that's at stake, you know.

Brooding over wrongs, real or imaginary, committed against us, over dreams that did not come true, over misfortunes that befell our loved ones only hampers our happiness. Meeting each day with a calm determination to be happy puts the mind into the correct

## DO YOU HAVE YOUR COPIES of the Kitchen-Klatter Books?

**CHURCH PROJECTS AND PROGRAMS**  
(Successfully used by thousands) . . . \$1.00

**PARTY PLANS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS**  
(Helpful all through the year) . . . \$1.00

**MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUETS**  
(Complete with programs) . . . 50¢

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY TO:

**Kitchen-Klatter** Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



## LITTLE ADS

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

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

**THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

**CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS** for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P. O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

**AMERICA'S** largest distributor of Roach, Rat, Mice, Ant, Flea Killers. Mailed Samples, Details \$2.99. Waller, KP, 11512 Avalon, Los Angeles, Calif. 90061.

**EARN UP TO \$2.00** hour lacing baby moks. Cuties, Warsaw 74, Indiana.

**WATCHES WANTED - ANY CONDITION.** Broken jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Items held for your approval. Lowe's, Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. 63101.

**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD -** Jewelry, Gold teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

**EARN UP TO \$2.40 Hour!** Sew, assemble our products. Supplies furnished! United, Box 55392-K, Indianapolis, Indiana.

**KNITTING FINISHED** - seaming - button-holes - blocking - etc. Mrs. Donald Caspers, 2333 Brookland Dr. N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**500 "FROM THE KITCHEN OF (YOUR NAME)"** or 1000 personalized name and address labels - \$1.00. Services Company, 1724 1/2 Scarborough, Pasadena, Texas 77502.

**LADIES** - Just a dab a day keeps the gray away. Free details and gift. Wilfred-KK - 5225 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

**MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS?** Fancy organdy aprons \$1.60. Percales - \$1.35 or 5 different \$6.00 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

**SHELLED BLACK WALNUTS,** Cashews, Almonds, Brazils \$1.50/Lb. English Walnuts, Pecans \$1.75/Lb. Sassafras \$3.50/Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50/Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

**SALE: 50" rugs \$3.00. RUGWEAVING.** Prepared balls - \$1.40 yd. Rowena Winter, Grimes, Iowa 50111.

**MACHINE QUILTING.** Write: Stella Hedges, 8954 Leeds Rd., Kansas City, Mo. 64129.

**BIBLE LANDS ATLAS** features 25 maps of the Holy Lands beautifully printed in 4 colors. 19 photographs with descriptive text including story with pictures of Dead Sea Scrolls. Maps showing journeys of Jesus, Ancient Palestine, Ancient Jerusalem, the Empire of David and Solomon, the Roman Empire, diagram of King Solomon's Temple and much more. \$2.00 postpaid. Anderson Brothers, 247 West 32nd Street, Long Beach, Calif. 90806, Dept. K-2

**LOANS ALL TYPES** - \$10,000 to \$100,000,000. Anywhere in USA and Canada. FISHER Real Estate-Mortgage Corp., Mortgage Brokers, Joy, Ill. 61260.

**PRETTY WHEAT METALLIC** dolly - 14 1/2" - \$2.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio 44708.

**ROMANTIC "TAHITIAN" PERFUME!** Dreamy, Bewitching. Sample & FREE Catalogue 35¢. O'DELLS - Box 1703-K, Prescott, Arizona 86301.

**CHURCH WOMEN:** will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa

**PLASTIC BOTTLE BOOK** and coffee can projects. Both \$1.00. Ideas Unlimited, Box 194-5K10, Morton Grove, Illinois.

**FOR SALE** - Tower of Babel Building Blocks for children. Price \$4.00 for 22", \$7.50 for 36". Postpaid. Send check to: H. J. Mulder, Sioux Center, Iowa 51250.

**LEARN TO TYPE** in 4 hours! Home study course \$2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Upton, 13544-KK Buffalo, Chicago, Ill. 60633.

**BACK ISSUES** of Kitchen-Klatter magazines to 1941. 5¢ copy plus postage. Write for list. Lila Stigers, Jameson, Missouri 64647.

**POMERANIANS** colors; Pekingese; Spitz; Wires. Closed Sundays. Zante's, Monroe, Iowa 50170.

**BEGONIAS, COLEUS,** other plants - 12 different \$3.00 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

## 1000 GOLD STRIPE LABELS 35¢



1000 Deluxe, Gold Stripe, 2-color, gummed, padded Labels printed with ANY Name, Address & Zip Code, 35¢ for EACH Set! No limit, but please include 10¢ extra for post. & pkg. or 45¢ in all. SPECIAL! 3 Sets for only \$1.25! GUARANTEED to be best Labels, regardless of price, or your money back. Write for FREE Money-Making Plans. FAST SERVICE! Order NOW!

**TWO BROS. INC., Dept. B-84, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101**

## NEED TABLES? SAVE MONEY!



Save On  
Chairs.

ORDER DIRECT FROM  
**FREE  
MONROE  
CATALOG**

Why pay fancy prices for folding tables? Order DIRECT from MONROE! Almost 100,000 customers save time, trouble and MONEY by buying tables this easy, low-cost way! Mail coupon now for FREE catalog!

The MONROE Co. 51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50554  
Please send me your latest direct-price catalog.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Only a friend will remember your words of kindness and forget your words of anger.

"I've told my  
friends about  
Kitchen-Klatter —  
have you?"



This friendly visit can be heard Monday through Saturday over the following radio stations:

KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



## May Poetry

### PSALMIST OF THE DAWN

Small bird, your voice brings forth the dawn,  
Calls up another day;  
Melodious notes burst from your throat,  
For that's your small-bird way.  
You draw night's curtain with joyous song  
That rings across my lawn,  
Clear melodies that lift my heart,  
Wee Psalmist of the dawn!

—Inez Baker

### A WILD FLOWER

If I could live again, I would  
ask that God put my soul into  
the stem of a wild flower.

I stop and visit them whenever  
I come upon them growing in little  
gardens: in the hills, or on the  
desert; in the meadow, or beside  
the road.

I have no favorites among them  
because each is perfect in itself:  
a delicate balance arranged by  
the Great Creator's hand.

I wonder, indeed, how He could  
fashion so many, and give them  
each a separate color, and how  
He chose the special places  
in which to see them grow.

Oh, when I see how nobly they  
fulfill their duty, which is  
to create beauty, I cannot help  
but envy them and wish my life  
was just so nobly dedicated.

Yes, when I pass these gardens  
which are my special friends,  
I pause and give a heartfelt nod,  
for when I see a flower in bloom  
I know I'm really seeing God.

—Don Beckman

### MOTHER

Let me remember, Lord,  
My mother's gentle hands  
That led me safely through  
A maze called childhood,  
That touched my feverish brow, so  
soothingly,  
That lovingly prepared my food,  
Or pressed my hands in comfort —  
Let me remember, Lord.

Let me recall, dear Lord,  
Her laughter and her lovely smile,  
Her eyes that glistened with a tear of  
pity,  
Or sparkled in dear merriment,  
The thoughtful gestures that only she  
could make,  
Showing how much she cared.  
Let me recall — let me remember long,  
dear Lord.

—Mary Kurtz

### PRAYER OF A MOTHER

My little son was kneeling on the floor  
Building with blocks. I stood by to  
adore.  
He smiled,  
And blue eyes, trusting, loving, raised  
"You never touch things do you,  
Mother?"  
Praised.

My little son will build his house of  
life  
With press of other things, a house,  
A wife.  
Please, Lord,  
Help me satisfy his eyes  
And keep my hands from touching,  
Mother-wise.

—Author Unknown



You probably already know how great **Kitchen-Klatter** vanilla flavoring is. Or perhaps it was lemon . . . or orange . . . or pineapple that got you acquainted with the wholesome, true-life flavorings.

But have you investigated the whole line of sixteen? Each one has that same quality built right in. Each has the tantalizing aroma, the fresh, full flavor, that never cooks out or bakes out. And they're all economical, too!

You'll enjoy cooking with all 16:

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

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

Stock up on all 16, then cook up a storm! You'll build a reputation as cook, hostess and perfect mother.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.