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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is the first letter I've typed for over a month and I can assure you the keyboard seems downright strange to my fingers. I have a portable typewriter that I took to New Mexico with me, but there was so much going on all of the time that I never once opened the case.

In these last nine years I've made three extremely momentous trips to New Mexico. The first was the trip when Russell and I found a house north of Santa Fe which we expected to use as a retirement home when the day arrived that we would no longer be active in business. The second trip was a year ago this April when I went to see my darling little grandson for the first time. And the third trip was the one I've just concluded that surely had some unexpected high points.

As mother told you in her letter last month, I finally sold the place north of Santa Fe and bought a house in Albuquerque. While Russell was with me we had wonderful times at that home about eighteen miles north of Santa Fe — we loved that place. It was located in a lovely valley with great mountain ranges to the west and to the east; it's hard to imagine a more beautiful setting for a home. My! the plans we had for the future when we'd be living there permanently.

Alas, we had only three short years to enjoy it together — they were wonderfully happy years. After Russell died so suddenly five years ago I just couldn't seem to make a final decision about that place. It was painful to think of parting with it, and yet it was much too lonely and isolated a place for me to think about using for a permanent home. The strange thing about the entire situation was that I left Shenandoah with never a serious thought about selling it at this time, but all of a sudden when I was talking with Juliana shortly after my arrival I said, even to my own surprise: "I'm going to sell that place north of Santa Fe."

And from that moment I never looked back for even one second.

Things have such a curious way of working out in this world! On the same day I made that final decision I learned that the house right across the street from Juliana and Jed had come on the market, and one hour later we'd gotten in touch with the real estate office and were actually going through it. I studied it carefully, turned things over in my mind, and then said without anymore stalling around that I was going to buy it. And I did!

This new house in Albuquerque is certainly ideal for my needs and a far, far cry from the other place that was so much to cope with constantly. It has one long living room with a fireplace in the corner near sliding glass doors that lead to the backyard. (Incidentally, I had a wall knocked out to make this good-sized room.) Opening off this room is a nice sunny kitchen with ample built-in cupboards, a double tub sink, and plenty of space for the refrigerator and stove to stand side by side.

I was determined to have three bedrooms and thank goodness there are three bedrooms: one for Anita, one for me and an extremely essential guest room; I'm looking forward to many happy visits with my family and old friends. There is a single garage built right into the house, but I doubt if the car ever stands in it because I need it for storage. As a matter of fact, most people in Albuquerque use their garages for storage because there are no basements and no attics and you can't just throw everything away.

This will be my very first experience living in what we think of today as suburbia. Chapala Drive, my street, was developed eleven years ago and the houses are just about identical. Plantings and different colors of stucco give it variety. I'm glad that it's a winding street and that everyone takes a great interest in their yards, because this does away with the rather bleak and raw look of many subdivisions.

In view of the fact that mother and I have wheelchair complications I rounded up a competent workman who made cement ramps down into the garage and out to the backyard. He also widened two bathroom doors and painted the entire house, a job that really needed doing since the place hadn't been re-decorated after it was built eleven years ago. I was surely happy about that workman for he turned up right on the dot and stuck with it for ten days. There was none of the endless waiting and long drawn out delays that we've all gotten to expect in this day and age.

As I write this letter all of my furniture and stuff is still standing in the house north of Santa Fe, but in about ten days a van is going there to move everything down to Albuquerque. The only thing I'll have to buy for the new house is curtains — otherwise I'll be living with everything that is so familiar to me. (When I go into Juliana's house I feel that I'm right at home because with very few exceptions she and Jed are living with family east-offs.)

Now in case you're wondering what happened to the place north of Santa Fe I'll tell you that it was on the market less than a week when it sold. I had worried about it because I was afraid not many people would want something so isolated, but to my astonishment I found that I could have sold it several times over. A man in Chicago with a large family bought it and I'm sure they'll really enjoy it in years to come. Maybe someday I'll feel that I want to go back and see what all they've done with it.

Well, I seem to have written only about property thus far, but you can't imagine how giddy with relief I feel after five years of constant indecision. It will be wonderful to have Juliana, Jed and baby James right across the street, and since they plan to remain in Albuquerque I would have had very little opportunity to see them if I hadn't made such a major change. It still seems to me fantastic that that house came on the market exactly when it did — and when I was right there to take action.

I see that I've referred to living in Albuquerque as though I expected to be there all of the time. Oh no, nothing of the kind. I'll go back and forth as often as I can get away, but this house in Shenandoah is still very much home and we have extremely closely knit family ties that are tremendously important to me. I wouldn't lightly relinquish any of this, so I'll just go back and forth to Albuquerque whenever the situation permits me to be gone.

I know now exactly how you grand-  
(Continued on page 22)

## FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I wonder why it is that Mother's Day has been so much more popular than Father's Day? It is, you know. For years the various associations of merchants have tried to popularize Father's Day, but with little success. Mother's Day is popular, however, and it would be so whether or not the merchants had anything to do with it. There is a sentimental quality to our affection for motherhood that is not the same as the quality of affection we give to fatherhood. As a father, I would like to deny it, but I cannot. We love our fathers, but not in the same way that we love our mothers, and it is hard to put our finger on the difference.

When I was a school teacher, I learned that a child would be frightened if he were told that his father would be very upset to learn of the child's bad deportment, but the child would be saddened and often brought to tears if he were told that his mother would be upset. Why the difference? This is no place for a psychological dissertation on the subject, but I do think the issue is a more complex one than most of us realize.

I love sentiment, don't you? Every now and then I will hear someone complain about a song or a sermon, or a novel, or an action as being too sentimental. Why not be sentimental? Goodness knows there is too little of it in the world today. Mother's Day gives us a wonderful reason for doing the kind of nice things we too often forget to do, and for shedding a few tears with a tenderness we too often are embarrassed to show. I like to make the most of the day, and I hope that you do too. This Mother's Day let's be tender, and let's be loving, and let's be what our hearts have wanted to be for a long time.

From the activity going on around our bird feeders there are going to be a great many little mothers nesting in our trees for the next few weeks. What fights the fathers have been having, and what singing they have done. As I write this letter I can look out of the window and see at least twenty big, black, beautiful grackles with their purple necks, long tails, and yellow-rimmed eyes. I wonder if you have grackles? Actually, they are a miniature blackbird, and from my point of view a lot nicer. However, they are not nice enough for me to want them around all summer, and I shall be pleased when the noisy flock nesting in our pine trees fly off to their forest hunting grounds. Why they choose to nest here and then go on to some other place for the rest of the summer, they



Frederick and Betty do a great deal of entertaining at the parsonage. This particular luncheon was for a group of ladies from the church.

haven't told me.

If I am going to feed wild birds next winter, I want to find a way to do it more selectively. What a problem it is to keep the starlings and the pigeons from taking all the food. If you have any good ideas on the subject, let me know.

I don't know what the condition of our river (the Connecticut) will be by the time you receive this, but as of this writing, it still is within its banks at Springfield. Our city is protected by high dikes, and even if the dikes should break, our church and our parsonage would not be endangered because both are on hills. All spring we have worried about the river, but so far no major trouble around here. Of course, it does go out of its banks each spring at points north and south of here, and annually we expect some minor flooding even on the edges of our town, but this year we have had some real fears. Do you know that in the mountains to the west and to the north of us the snow was right up to the eaves of the houses, and some of that snow is still on the ground? The flood picture could change radically any day now, but I hope all is well.

We have been told that plans are now being made to make our Connecticut River navigable all the way from Long Island Sound to Springfield. What fun we shall have then with boat trips up and down the river. Part of the fun will be in the use of the canal and

locks around the falls that lie a few miles to the south of us. We don't own a boat now, but I think that we shall have to get one once the river is opened up. Back around the turn of the century there were big pleasure boats on the river, but they stopped running after World War I. Once the boats are back and we have a chance to use the river, we shall probably cut down on the amount of time we spend in Nova Scotia. Like all government promises, this one may be a long time being fulfilled.

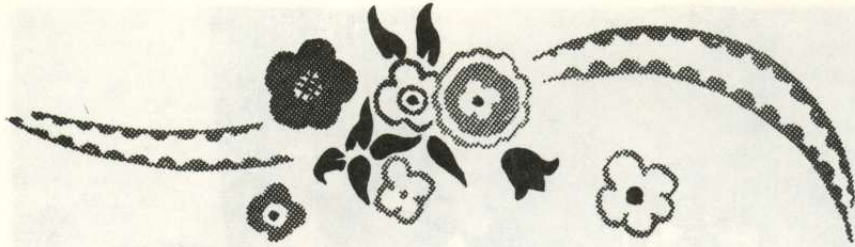
Speaking of her own church, one of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends wrote me: "In the old days, our minister was always reminding us to bring our hymnbooks and prayer books to the morning service, but now all he wants us to bring is our bankbooks and our checkbooks!" Well, she is expressing the sentiments of many people. It is getting harder and harder to finance our churches. Naturally, we want to give to all kinds of good missionary causes, and we want to help out with many of the urban problems here at home, but it is hard going at times. In our church we are planning to spend \$30,000 for mission causes this year, and to do that and still keep all the bills paid at home will be a challenge. Here in New England we have such high heating and lighting costs, the very highest in the nation, and our church is a big one to heat and light. Add to that the high cost of living that demands good salaries for our employees, and you get another part of the picture.

A recent survey showed that the average protestant church in this country has at least one special offering a month over and above the offerings for the normal church support. Catholic churches have even more than

### COVER PICTURE

Leanna Field Driftmier recently celebrated her 83rd birthday. A pioneer in visiting with Midwest homemakers by way of the air waves, she observed her 43rd anniversary of entering the field of radio this spring.

(Continued on page 22)



## Mother-Daughter "Love-In"

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Choose a "love-in" as the theme, add posy pink hearts, a dash of psychedelic accent, a sprinkling of Hawaiian color, and there's a mother-daughter banquet to tickle the fancy of every lassie and her mom.

**Invitations:** For each invitation, cut out a scalloped posy pink paper heart. Write the invitation with white or gold ink. Glue each heart to a lace paper heart doily and mount this on a larger heart cut from paper which you have painted in bright psychedelic patterns. (Paint large pieces of white wrapping paper for this so you'll have plenty left for other decorations.) You can make envelopes for mailing the invitations from this paper by pasting on a small heart-shaped piece of white paper for the address.

### DECORATIONS AND FAVORS

Why not give every guest, or every mother, a "love lei" instead of the traditional corsage? If you live where spring blossoms are out at Mother's Day time, do use them to fashion the leis. Otherwise, use paper blossoms or make pink and white carnation leis from cleansing tissue. Dark green heavy fishline or green ribbon serve as a base for such a lei. If using your own garden flowers, fasten slender branches of spirea or other spring shrubs to the cord and then add the flowers — apple blossoms, lilacs, violets, daffodils, tulips, whatever is available.

Leis made from the real flowers can be made ahead, and each slipped into a plastic bag and placed in the refrigerator. A committee might do this the evening before the banquet.

The leis may be presented to each guest upon arrival, or they might be placed at each place at the table with guests and hostesses placing the leis around each other's necks at the suggestion of the toastmistress. Play soft Hawaiian music as the guests arrive and until they are seated for the lei ceremony.

One of the young girls dressed Hawaiian style might pass a basket filled with large blossoms, real,

artificial or psychedelic, for each guest to choose one for her hair.

**Room Decorations:** These can feature pink hearts against more of the psychedelic paper, cut in wild shapes, or pink hearts trimmed with lace paper edging used with large flowers cut from the paper you have painted. If there is a large wall space in the banquet room, cut huge letters from the psychedelic paper to spell "love-in" and fasten them to the wall. Frame this in a wall-sized heart made of smaller pink hearts with a few paper carnations fastened between.

Hang a few leis around the room, and complete the decorations with bouquets of paper carnations. How about white carnations (fastened to wire stems) highlighted by pink hearts? The containers for the bouquets can be covered with more of the psychedelic paper.

Burning exotic incense will add to the tropical atmosphere or "mod" mood.

**Table Decorations:** Bouquets similar to those mentioned above can be used. Stand-up hearts can be made by gluing two hearts together, with an edging cut from white lace paper doilies glued between. These hearts should be cut from heavy pink posterboard, or have a heavy posterboard heart glued between two construction paper ones, so they will stand upright. Stand the hearts on small needle-point flower holders and cover the holders with net ruffles or flowers. Place these hearts at intervals along the table. Cut "mod" designs from the painted paper and lay in hit and miss fashion on the tablecloth.

**Nut Cups:** These can be covered with "mod" or pink paper with "love-in" hearts stapled on. Make two hearts "entwined" from pink and white chenille-covered wire. Fasten a miniature plastic flower at the point where the hearts entwined.

**Program Booklets:** Make the covers the same as the invitations or fasten a three-dimensional carnation to a psychedelic cover. Use one or two sections of the cleansing tissue type

carnation for the flower, and a length of pale green chenille for the stem.

### ENTERTAINMENT

Have some young guitarists sing between courses and as part of the program. Perhaps they could lead the entire audience in a "love-in sing". The following songs might be mimeographed for song sheets:

**Prayer for Table Grace:** (Tune, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me".) Heavenly Father, kind and good, thanks we bring Thee for this food, for my mother's love and care; for Thy blessings which we share. Now to Thee our voices raise, in a hymn of grateful praise. Amen.

(Tune, "Smiles".) There are girls that make us happy, there are girls that make us blue, there are girls who wear straight hair and minis. Tell us now which type of girl are you? There are girls who're always sure to dig ya, there are girls with tempers like a bomb; but the girls that really do get to ya, are the girls that are most like Mom!

(Tune, "Our Boys Will Shine".) Our moms sure shine tonight, our moms sure shine.

Our moms sure shine tonight, all down the line.

They're all dressed up tonight, don't they look fine?

At home or away, we gals all say, Our moms sure shine.

(Tune, "Row Row Row", sung as a round.)

Sing, sing, mothers sing

Sing you daughters, too,

The more you smile, and laugh and sing,

The more we'll all love you.

### SALUTE TO MOTHERS

Mothers are special people. Mothers are lovely, but mothers are sort of mixed-up kids, too; for Mother makes me iron my own frilly blouses when I say she doesn't do it right, then tells me my cooking is good even when Brother chips a tooth on my first yeast rolls. Mother made only one tenth as much money baby-sitting when she was my age. She listens with only half an ear, then gives me a lecture later because I didn't tell her all about it. She tells me to stop fighting with my sister, when we are only having good discussion. She hates to see me growing up so fast; then next minute she tells me to stop acting like a baby. She encourages me to write stories, then has a fit about my spelling. She encourages me to look nice, then says I'm too fussy about fashion. She brags to her friends about how many friends I have, then tells me to get off the phone when I've been talking only twenty minutes to the girl

next door. Says I should be reading more fine literature, then reads my paperback books when I'm not looking. Honestly! But isn't she wonderful? God, be kind to mothers  
 With cooky jars to fill,  
 And funny lullabies to sing  
 When dusk blows down the hill.  
 Who scrub small children's faces  
 When school bells gaily ring,  
 And lets a boy bring puppies home,  
 Or bugs, or anything.  
 God be kind to mothers  
 Who must bear with teens.  
 (Those years I think that they  
 Must buy patience by the ream!)  
 May there be a special blessing  
 Tonight, when houses sleep,  
 On mothers here, and everywhere,  
 Who have children's hearts to keep.

—With apologies to H. Welshimer

### SALUTE TO DAUGHTERS

Well, I used to be a fashion plate, well-groomed in style, slim-like in weight; a gal with social chic, who knew the proper words to speak, whose thoughts and attitudes were sound, not "for the birds", or convention bound; until one day without a hint, I was as black cloth is to lint. I garnered criticisms hourly; remarks, once gay, were greeted sourly.

My hair was wrong, my skirts too tight, my lips too dull, my nails too bright, my laugh too loud, eyebrows too thin; too bad I couldn't cure my dry skin. For compliments are few and far between — when little daughters turn thirteen! (Selected)

Now I'd like to share with you this Mother's Day prayer, whose author is unknown.

"Help me to have the courage to say 'No' when it should be said, even if 'everyone else can'; the vision to say 'Yes' if it won't hurt anyone, even if it sounds like a crazy idea; the stamina to endure pajama parties.

"Help me to have a good memory of how much more important boys are than almost anything else you can mention; of my own voice saying, pityingly, 'Oh, MOTHER!'

"Help me to find the time to really listen when she feels like talking; to welcome her friends as cordially as I do my own (their bird's nest hair-do's, mini-minis, and all); to go to all the football and basketball games if she makes the cheer-leading squad.

"Help me to find shoes to meet with her approval; clothes as smart as her favorite teacher's — maybe even a wig; a radio with only low volume.

"Give me 'instant perception' enough not to praise the current boy friend the day after they've broken up forever; not to be a sergeant, a preacher, a hanger-arounder when all she wants

is to be left alone a while.

"Make me appreciative of her warmth, vitality, and enthusiasm — even on the telephone!

"Please accept my thanks for giving me a sense of humor; and an awareness of beauty, and appreciation of the little things, and for giving my daughter these same qualities.

"Help me not to worry, but to know there is a concern for her greater even than mine; to trust her to make her own decisions; to bolster her faith in herself by my faith in her; to tell her how very dear she is to me before it is too late.

"Thank you for my daughter. She is so wonderful."

### A CARNATION LEI FOR MOM (a skit)

**Setting:** On an easel covered with pale green, fasten a large circle of greenery as the base of the lei. To this fasten the letters spelling out the word "Carnation", spacing them apart, allowing room for a carnation to be fastened beside each letter. Make the letters of white chenille-covered wire, with stems for fastening to lei.

Each speaker fastens a carnation to the lei following her narration.

"C" Now's the time we say it with carnations, Mothers dear, for the love-in we've shared together each and every year; so here is our Love-In Lei just for you. 'C' must surely stand for CUDDLING, for can any baby get started off right without repeated doses of cuddling? Babies? Yes, but thank goodness it continued to see us through the scratch, and bump, and climb, and fall stage. Oh, well, did we ever really get over liking to be cuddled?

"A" This 'A' just has to stand for Mom's ABSORPTION power, else how could she take the lard smeared on a toddler's head; shoes in the stool; the first black eye; worms, butterflies, and a dried snake's skin jammed in among a ball of string, a stick of licorice, and airplane models atop Brother's dresser; and the sudden realization that Daughter will be off to college in a year?

"R" This 'R' now must stand for RESCUE. Is there anyone here, in the front or the rear, who will deny that mothers are a whole rescue squad in one? From rescuing the baby from under the sofa and mopping up spilled milk to rescuing her high school daughter whose enthusiasm (or stubbornness) has gotten her in over her head. Yes, it's Mom to the rescue every time.

"N" Of course the 'N' could stand for nurse, for Mom is surely a full-fledged nurse — from colic to green apple-itis, to skinned shins and chick-

en pox. I'm going to say that 'N' stands for Mom's funny NUTTY ideas that seem so ridiculous to a teenager, but somehow ten years later, make plain good sense. Oh well, we'd better be dignified and let 'N' stand for nurse.

"A" Mother's ATTITUDES are always showing! And how grateful we are for her attitudes of cheerfulness, friendliness, optimism, and trust which she passes along to us, not so much by what she says as by what she does. It may be she binds up the broken leg of old Tabby. Perhaps she gathers up an armload of outgrown clothing and, with a pan of hot rolls, is off to visit a neighbor in need. Again she may give hours from an already tight schedule to lead a youth group, or collect for the community chest, all with a cheerful smile and a willing heart. And it shows!

"T" I think that a mother's TENDERNESS is perhaps her loveliest trait, and somehow it is all personified in a mother, a babe and a lullaby. (Have a lullaby sung here.)

"I" Mother's INTUITION is wonderful. Oh, yes, it sometimes 'smelled' out trouble, or some prank or escapade we'd as soon have kept secret. But really her precious intuition also tells her when we need encouragement, or loving, or just someone to talk with, or when we need a booster, or a pal to share our fun. Powerful stuff—Mother's intuition!

"O" There is absolutely no OPTIMISM like that of a mother. Who else can see a noisy, fractious, freckle-faced lad with torn jeans and grimy hands as president of the United States or the man in the pulpit? Who else sees a skinny, awkward girl with teeth in braces, so shy she walks two blocks out of the way to avoid coming face to face with her idol Joey, as the belle of the prom, homecoming queen, and the Bride-of-Tomorrow all rolled into one? Yeah, Mom's optimism is wonderful.

"N" Our last 'N' will be for NOW, for with mothers like ours we are always sure that their concern is with us now, no matter where we are, or how old we may be. And it is right now that we will say again to our mothers, as we have said it with carnations, "We Love You."

All join in singing "M-O-T-H-E-R".



### PRAYER FOR MOTHER'S DAY

I thank thee, God, for Mother, dear,  
 My heartfelt thanks for her please hear;  
 She feeds me, keeps me neat each day,  
 And helps me, loves me, guides my way.  
 —Mildred Grenier

## A LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends

It takes substantial will power to remain inside on a beautiful spring day, but one thing that makes it much easier is the beautiful music that fills our home these days. We have a wonderful new stereo for AM and FM radio and a record player. The most marvelous part of all this complex electronic equipment is that Wayne and Clark built it!

One day this past winter Wayne asked Clark if he thought they, together, could build a new record player. Our old one has for years been quite inadequate for our family's appetite for music. Unfortunately, the substantial amount of money earmarked for a really fine stereo just never managed to come out of hiding. I must confess I didn't take Wayne's question to Clark very seriously. Throughout all the years of our marriage he has been the personification of the Reluctant Household Handyman. His exposure to matters electronic has been minimal and Clark's one year of junior high shop class hardly qualified him as a skilled craftsman. But they were both interested in improving our facilities for the reception of music, so they ventured over to the local Heathkit outlet to learn what this firm had to offer. They came home loaded with catalogues and aspirations.

They poured over descriptions and specifications. By the time I got around to listening to their conferences, they had decided to put together one of the very largest among the component units. When first considering this undertaking, they were just going to build a small portable record player, but then they decided this wasn't much of an improvement over that which we were already using. As long as they were going to put in all that time and work, they might just as well end up with a really fine unit, they decided. So they selected a receiver and amplifier that would handle AM and FM radio, a phonograph, a tape deck and an additional unit which in our case will probably be an extra set of speakers on the patio.

They did not consider assembling the various component parts into one cabinet. We already had the ideal place to put them, a large built-in bookcase with cabinets in our family room. Selecting the particular models and placing them was relatively easy and quick. The actual assembly was a different situation! Just unpacking and sorting the parts consumed a considerable number of hours all by itself.



—Photo by Willis Hoover  
Aunt Jessie Shambaugh and  
Mother enjoy a morning outing.

I don't have any idea of the total number of working hours that went into building the set. I'm sure it was substantially greater for Wayne and Clark than it would be for someone with a little knowledge and background in electronics. I do know that the winter disappeared in a hurry for them and I was concerned as to whether spring season would arrive before a note was heard. Fortunately, that overwhelming deadline, spring season, proved a real goal whenever interest lagged. I'm proud as can be of both of them for undertaking and completing what was for them such a very difficult project. And how each one of us is enjoying the end result!

One of our newly discovered advantages in living near a city is that there are a number of FM radio stations broadcasting a varied selection of music. There are two stations specializing in classical music as well as several others presenting light classical and popular music in addition to news and specialty programs.

Possibly one of the motivating factors behind Wayne's embarking on a new hobby in electronics was the occurrence of his fiftieth birthday in March. This seemed to be an auspicious event to note so I invited about thirty of our friends to an open house in honor of the occasion. Late winter is a dandy time for parties — everyone is especially appreciative of a festive occasion to lighten a drab time of the year. One birthday cake would never serve that number of people so I made Wayne's two most favorite cakes, mincemeat and the \$100 chocolate cake.

I make the \$100 chocolate cake at least two or three times a year for family birthdays and so far luck has held each time and I've never had a failure. But I announced to one and

all after this last cake that NEVER AGAIN am I going to make it in layers. There may have been no failures, but there certainly have been struggles — to get the layers out of the pans. It is such a tender moist cake that it seems almost impossible for me to remove and frost the layers without tearing them considerably. From now on I make this cake only in one large pan. The cake is far too delicious to stop baking, but peace of mind requires that I cease struggling to give it an impressively ornamental appearance.

In February Alison acquired a steady after-school job that will enable her to defray some of her future college expenses. She is supervising two boys, eight and ten years of age, until their mother arrives home from work. In addition she is taking care of some of the household chores. She and her girl friend advanced in karate far enough to earn "green" belts. At about this time a couple of owners of horses housed at the stables where she rides wanted someone to exercise their horses for them, so currently she has forsaken karate for riding.

One of the newest fun aspects in horsemanship for her has been to learn to ride sidesaddle. Actually, she says it isn't the rider who has the most to learn; it is the horse. The horse has been taught to receive his directions from the rider's leg pressure applied to both the right and left sides. He must learn to substitute the signal from a riding crop on the right side when a sidesaddle is used. The long dark green dress which she and I made last fall was a most appropriate riding habit for this saddle. She looks straight out of the last century when so mounted!

Emily has continued her participation in the Colorado University branch of the model United Nations. Later this month she will be going to Fresno State in California for the western United States meeting of this organization. This year their group represents Pakistan, which has meant much extra research for her. With a major in Latin American Studies, she has acquired no familiarity with Asiatic countries.

California may become Emily's home for the next few months. She and one of her close college friends currently are planning to seek employment in Los Angeles for this coming summer. Of course, with this age group a drastic and sudden change in plans is always a possibility.

In the meantime all three of our children are working weekends at

(Continued on page 22)

# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Just when we had our first few warm and balmy days which gave us the false impression that spring was finally here after one of the worst winters we have had in the Midwest for several years, we got up one morning to find a freak blizzard raging outside. It reminded me of the terrible storm we had twelve years ago at exactly this same time of year, and I'm glad it didn't leave as much snow as that storm did, or do as much damage.

Recalling that storm, if you don't mind reading a wintry story on a spring day, I remember I picked Kristin up after school on Friday and we drove to Shenandoah for the weekend. It was so hot we didn't take any wraps with us, and even stopped on the way to get ice cream to cool us off a little. We had planned to start home on Sunday afternoon, but when it began raining in the morning then changing to snow, I decided we had better get started right away. When we got about two miles out of town the snow was so heavy and wet the windshield wipers wouldn't carry the load and broke down completely, making it impossible for me to drive, so we turned around and went back. Of course, I couldn't find a mechanic on Sunday to fix the wipers, so I called Frank to tell him we would start the next morning, but by then no one was going anywhere, and Kristin and I were snowbound in Shenandoah for a few days longer. Frank said my phone call was the last contact he had with the outside world for several days because the telephone line broke shortly after my call. (This is one thing we don't have to worry about now because in our county all the telephone wires are now underground.)

That snow broke off all our fruit trees and other trees in the yard, and it looked just as if a twister had gone through. It also broke off many trees along our bayou, which fell right into the water and put an end to our summer fun of motorboat riding on this lovely strip of water which winds around through our timber.

Speaking of the bayou, Frank wondered early this spring if any of the fish survived the winter, since the ice was so thick for so many months. A



How welcome was this new picture of Kristin, Art, and their two sons!

few evenings later when he came in for supper he said he wanted me to go with him to the end of the pasture north of our house and see all the dead carp lying on top of the ice. The raccoons had dug the frozen carp out of the ice along the bank and carried them out onto the ice to nibble away at them. He said I wouldn't believe how many there were. We don't mind getting the carp cleaned out. They got into the bayou when the creek came out of its banks. But we hope the bass and catfish survived.

So far this year no field work has been done in our section. When the ground is dry enough to work, everything is going to pile up all at once. Frank is mighty glad he got as much fall plowing done as he did, because this will speed things up somewhat. He did get the garden plowed last fall and added a little bit of ground to it so we could set out a few more strawberry plants. Looks as if we will be late even getting the potatoes planted.

My spring housecleaning got off to an awfully slow start since I couldn't get into the mood until I could have the house opened up and some sunny warm days suitable for hanging bedding and pillows on the line to air.

One room I dread tackling is the storeroom, and this year more so than ever, because everything will have to come out of it while we have some repair work done on the walls. Originally this was a small bedroom built onto the back of the house when Frank was a little boy and needed a room of his own. For years we have used it for storage since we have no basement, no attic, and only three tiny closets. It has been a convenient place for out-

of-season clothing, Christmas decorations, and other odds and ends we don't use all the time. When I cleaned it last year I managed to get rid of a lot of things we had saved because we might need them sometime, but this spring finds it just as full again and I will probably discard the things this year that should have been thrown away last year. Do you have a storage area in your house that gets like this?

We were happy when we received this picture of our little family. It makes me more and more anxious to make my trip to Wyoming to see them. I plan to go the last of May and we are hoping when school is out that Art will be able to take a little of his vacation so they can come back to Iowa for a few days and let the family make the acquaintance of Aaron, and see how much Andy is growing and changing. Kristin writes that Andy has had a lot of adjustments to make with a baby in the house, but she is proud of the way he has accepted them.

During their Easter break at school she was required to attend a conference held at Las Vegas, Nevada, and they were happy that it was possible for Art to accompany her. She had to attend three days of meetings, but since Art could go they planned to take the children, too, and take the long way home to stop in Mesa, Arizona, for a couple of days with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls.

Kristin said she would surely appreciate the break from school, because when they got back it would be a frantic finish to wind up all her work if she is to get her Master's degree by

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"Every summer, I find that I need almost a whole new wardrobe — summer must be hard on clothes, for there never seems to be anything left at the end of the season that is really good for the following year," you say, after a quick inventory of what you have on hand.

"I know," sympathizes your friend, "but summer clothes are quick and inexpensive to make, and I think they're more fun than other sewing!"

Yes, you really can find enjoyment planning and making that new wardrobe for warm weather. The styles this year offer such a wide range that there's something to please everyone, and modern miracle fabrics offer easy sewing and easier upkeep, if you're careful when you choose. Many of the cottons and blends offered for summer wear ravel very little, and will need no time-consuming seam finishes; they often can be finger pressed, requiring few trips to the ironing board while you're making them; they cut and handle like a charm.

Although summer sheers are lovely, for "instant sewing" that's really enjoyable, you'll want to choose among the firmer, opaque fabrics such as poplin, sailcloth, gingham, broadcloth, the permanently pressed prints of cottons or blends, or perhaps some of the suiting weight materials. These will need no lining and often a minimum of interlining or interfacing.

Also along the "instant sewing" line of thought, the pattern companies offer "quickie" styles, and there are many summer patterns that, although not labeled as such, are actually very simple to make up. The shift, a favorite with many of you, has a fresh new fit-and-flare look this season; the silhouette often closely resembles the princess line dress. You'll want to try at least one with a white yoke in contrast to the bright fabric of the dress — it's the newest trend.

We find many styles with neat short sleeves this year, too, in contrast to the almost totally sleeveless styling of several summers past. It's a matter of personal choice — for this year it truly seems that whatever style you prefer,

just look around a bit and you'll find it! There are outfits with novelty sleeves, and a good many that have puffed sleeves, for those who are slender enough to wear them. The peasant look is back, too, with its puffed sleeves and scoopy, gathered neckline, often elasticized. This can be youthful and gay, bold and bright, or dainty and feminine, depending upon your choice of fabric. You can make a white blouse with brilliant embroidery banding or with delicate lace trim; you can choose to make a bright, full dirndl skirt of a calico print or a vivid solid color; or you may prefer to make a peasant look dress, rather than a two-piece outfit. You'll surely want at least one, for that unmistakable '69 look.

The jacket dresses or coat-and-dress ensembles are indispensable for this summer's wardrobe, too. Some are simply styled, and require a minimum of sewing time for a maximum of stylishness. The jacket most often is matched to the dress; the coats may be matched or coordinated. You can buy linen-look, suiting weight fabrics in go-together solid colors and windowpane plaids, that seems almost to have been especially designed for these outfits; they're washable and permanently pressed, among their many other virtues. You may find Dacron crepe misty, muted prints to blend with the solid colors, too, perfect for making blouses, or for a flowing, feminine dress to wear under the lightweight coat. For the utmost versatility, plan a full-length straight coat in your favorite solid color; add a tailored dress of the windowpane plaid with a matching brief jacket — wear it jacketless under the coat, wear it alone, or wear it with the jacket. Also add a fluid-styled, newly full dress of the Dacron crepe print. The simple cut of the coat will then blend with the mood of either dress; the possible combinations of these four pieces are so adaptable that you'll find yourself wearing them time after time, all summer long.

Have you had a dress made from the marvelous new polyester double knits? Be sure to include one of these in your summer sewing, for everyone who has tried them is enthusiastic — they're so easy care, they're washable, they don't wrinkle . . . and on and on, they extol their virtues. And it's all true! They're ideal for traveling, for your busy days around the community, for those many times you want to be especially well groomed, whether day or evening.

Last year, 3-armhole dresses were all the rage. "So simple to make," you heard everywhere. Yes, I agree that they're simple to make, but . . . you must admit that they left something to be desired, by way of elegance! How-

ever, this year, I find one pattern shown for a 3-armhole dress that is quite stylish; the illustration shows sleeves, and a contrasting front panel, lace trim down the front, along the edges of the side panels. They've also belted it, for a suggestion of shape. When you make yours, be sure to use fabric with body; there's nothing that spoils the appearance of a 3-armhole dress more quickly than a drooping hemline!

Many of you enjoy gardening, and like to slip into a garden smock to work. You're much more apt to please your own taste if you make them, for there's not much variety offered ready-made. The inexpensive permanent-pressed cotton solids and prints are ideal for these; you'll probably choose the deep tones, which show smudges and soil less readily. Make several, so you can always have a fresh one, and using permanent press will help insure that you always do, without spending hours over the ironing board. Summer months are hectic enough for most of us, without added ironing, don't you think?

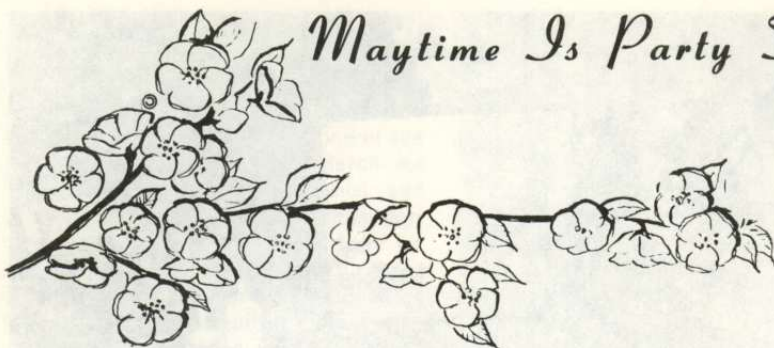
The perennial shirt dress is sporting a new look this year. The bodice is fitted; the skirt may be dirndl style, very full, or it may fit smoothly over the hips in an A-line, with the front seams releasing into swifty side pleats — a style that is both slenderizing and comfortable. For you who like long sleeves even in summer, it's modish to make them extra full, with wide, wide cuffs. This year's shirt dress is unmistakably feminine, and more becoming than ever.

You like the freedom a pant-dress offers, yet don't feel they're really becoming to you? Look at the new pattern catalogs, and choose a pattern that has concealing panels front and back — they're so skillfully designed that you almost think it's a swifty skirt. These, too, should be sewn in fabrics with body, such as poplin, sailcloth, and sport denim, for lasting good looks.

The pant-dresses are becoming so popular, indeed, that we see fewer and fewer shorts and other pants. If you do choose to make an outfit with long pants, perhaps with a tunic top, a new pattern is a necessity — this year's pants are looser, flared at the bottom, definitely feminine. On these, you can turn your imagination loose; they're being shown in the most brilliant colors and the boldest prints, from flowing crepe to crisp linen. So have fun — design your own!

Always versatile for summer wear are crisp walking skirts in solid tones, with carefully chosen shirts to mix-and-match. They're all quick, easy, and economical to make, and offer many changes of look. You'll want shirts in

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## Maytime Is Party Time

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

*Garden Carts* or *Wheelbarrows* filled with spring blossoms from your garden are distinctive for your party table. Plastic berry boxes become the basis for either cart or wheelbarrow. Wheels can be made from the plastic lids from jars of instant tea or coffee. Chenille-covered wire forms the axle of the cart and holds the wheels together. A wooden bead or button will form the hub of the wheel and hold the end of the wire in place. Attach a short length of the wire to the front of the cart for a leg rest so the cart will sit firmly. Cut the handle for the cart from another basket, cutting a narrow strip from three sides of the basket. Wire to cart.

The wheelbarrow has two of the lids glued together to make a heavier wheel. Use wooden chopsticks for the handles and wire them to the wheel. Cut a short length of the chopstick and glue to each handle for the leg rest. Wire handles to side of basket to hold it in place. Spray paint the carts white or paint in several pastel colors. Fill carts with sprigs of garden flowers.

Matching *Candleholders* can be made by painting baskets to match the carts, and anchoring candles to bottom of the basket with modeling clay. (Thin tall tapers in groupings of three are pretty for this.)

Make a *Maypole* for a table centerpiece. Spray a larger basket and anchor a large candle in the center. Twist narrow pastel ribbons around the top of the candle pole and let them run out to smaller baskets which have been placed in a large circle around the table. Tuck flowers into all the baskets.

For *Favors* or *Nut Cups*, use the smallest size white plastic doilies. For favors, make miniature flower baskets by folding doilies in half and tying them with narrow ribbon in a delicate spring color. Ribbon can be used for the basket handle, or a narrow strip of plastic cut from a berry box can be used. Slip a tiny spray of flowers or a bouquet of violets into one open end of the oval

basket. For nut cups, one or two mint patties might be placed in one of these tiny baskets.

Often shampoo and various household polishes come in bottles which have large plastic caps, 2" to 2½" deep. These make darling little flowerpots in which you can plant a flower for a pretty *Planted Posy Pot* favor for each guest. Some of these caps come already enameled in aqua, yellow, or orchid as well as white. Tie a ribbon around each potted plant, in a color to harmonize with the flower. Petunia plants, pansies, or ageratum make good plants to use for this. One of these at each place is colorful and spring-like for a May luncheon or breakfast.

For a *Pansy Party* use only pansies in white flower carts or baskets as mentioned above and in the tiny basket favors. Or if you want the color scheme to be all purple, or lavender and white, use only purple pansies and violets. To further accent the purple and white color scheme, the menu card or program book cover might be made of white and decorated with pansies. (These might be cut from seed catalogues.)

If you aren't using program booklets or menu cards, make a pretty *Pansy Garden Marker* favor in this manner. First glue the picture of a pansy to one end of a tongue depressor, one for each guest. If you like you can write "Pansies are for thoughts" on each stick. On rectangles of heavy paper, cut with pinking shears, write this little verse, and tie a pansy garden marker to each one.

### JUST A LITTLE PANSY

Just a little pansy,  
But its cheery face  
Smiles upon the passer  
With a winning grace.  
In its own sweet language  
Saying unto me,  
Can you not as cheerful  
And as helpful be?

Pretty little pansy,  
Smiling in the light,  
Dainty little pansy,

Beautiful and bright.  
In its own sweet language,  
Saying unto me,  
Can you not as cheerful  
And as helpful be?

### ENTERTAINMENT

*Clothes Closet Clean-Up:* Each item uses only the letters contained in "clothes closet" and only as many times as the letters appear in the two words.

Clues	Answers
1. Bed linen	sheet
2. Woman's hat	cloche
3. Garden implement	hoe
4. Musical instrument	cello
5. Yard goods	cloth
6. Footgear	shoe
7. Water conveyor	hose
8. Shakespearean play	Othello
9. Game with numbered cards	lotto
10. Neckpiece	stole
11. Small bed	cot
12. Storage box	chest
13. To sit on	stool
14. Golf ball perch	tee
15. Cartridge	shell

*Author and Flowers:* Write the names of certain flowers on slips of paper and hand each person one of the papers. Ask him to use the name of the flower in a sentence, not as a flower but as a pun. You can have some before-party fun selecting the flower names to give out so that imaginative guests will come up with sentences similar to these:

"When I decide to choose a wife, I intend to MARI GOLD."

"I am afraid she won't go as my date but I'll ASTOR."

"What are you thinking, dear? A PANSY for your thought."

"Her TULIPS were like julep to me."

"I cannot ride the Ferris wheel, it makes me DAISY."

"No, I'll not go riding with you for I've never ZINNIA before."

If your group is clever at such things, you can begin a story and let each one pick up the story in turn, using their flower as they continue the tale.

*Mother's Dream Boat:* Give each guest a pair of scissors, some old magazines, paste, and a large sheet of paper. The players start cutting out pictures to illustrate what they think the average mother might dream of doing someday, when there's more time and the children are older. They paste these to the big sheet to make a pictured illustration. At any time a player may call out "Change" and count to ten. Everyone must have exchanged magazines with someone else by count of ten. Then they cut again until someone else calls "Change". The dream pictures are judged at the close of the game.

## HAVE YOU TRIED IT YET?

by

Evelyn Birkby

Decoupage, that's what!

Would you believe this craft is becoming one of the fastest growing art forms in use today? It also is, I discovered, one of the oldest.

Our introduction to decoupage came with a gift to Robert from one of his Scouts, Niel Hills. His mother Kathleen (Mrs. D.L. Hills of Sidney) had found a picture of a group of Scouts around a campfire. Above the blazing fire are "shadows" of early pioneers, woodsmen and trail blazers. Kathleen took a redwood board, had it cut to size, stained it the green shade of the Scout uniforms, glued the print to the board and then built up over forty coats of finish! It made a beautiful gift for a Scoutmaster.

Up until the moment Kathleen's art work came into our home I did not know what *decoupage* was. I didn't even know how to *spell* it!

When I dug into the origin of decoupage a difference of opinion became evident. One source insisted it is an art form perfected in France in the 18th century when cutouts were glued to fans, screens, trays, etc., then these were varnished and sanded dozens of times to give a hard, lustrous finish. Another booklet mentioned decoupage as having originated in Venice, Italy, in the 17th century. But if one considered the lacquer work done in Oriental countries to preserve pictures as a form of decoupage, we can go back many more hundreds of years.

Whatever point in history signaled the beginning of this decorative art form, the word *decoupage* is decidedly French. Decou obviously comes from the same base as decorate and the page (pronounced *podge*) means to paste or stick. Webster says decoupage means *the art of decorating surfaces with paper cutouts*.

It is amazing how many objects can be found suitable for decoupage: old trunks, eggshells, lunch boxes, notebook covers, jugs, pottery, lamp shades, walls, lamp bases, table tops, even refrigerators and cars! Most frequently used are wooden plaques and wooden boxes.

A variety of finishes are used as well: varnish, shellac, urethane, commercial decoupage spray or a solution of white glue and water. This glue mixture came from Dr. George Herrons, art professor at Iowa Western College at Clarinda, Iowa. He combines  $\frac{1}{4}$  part water to 1 part Elmer's glue and comes up with a mixture the consistency of egg white. In fact, Dr. Herrons ex-



—Photo by Gene Dieken

Craig Birkby is burning the edges of a picture as he prepares to do a decoupage. In the background are several completed decoupage pictures and an antique box. The jug and boards are waiting to be decorated.

plains that egg white was actually used at one time as the protective coating for decoupage.

Kathleen Hills helped me experiment with my first venture in this art form. I chose a picture which was replaceable just in case I goofed. I did, too! But I learned much in the process.

For one who is a beginner, as I am, the following steps are suggested:

1. *Choose a print.* This can be early American like a Currier and Ives, or one you put together yourself by cutting out pictures such as flowers or fruits and grouping as desired.

2. *Decide on size background needed.* Buy a plaque from a hobby store or take the measurements to a lumberman. He can cut wood to size and bevel the edges. Fir is a favorite wood here in Sidney. Old weathered barn boards make an interesting background for antique prints if any are available. Be sure the lumber you use is as dry as possible to prevent warping. If a board has any cracks in it, it helps to glue a covering of paper over the back.

3. *Sand wood* smooth, especially around edge of board.

4. *Stain* with color desired. Oil paint diluted with turpentine may be rubbed in for stain or use the antiquing paints. Regular decoupage stain is available in hobby shops also. I use the colored enamel paints my boys have for their model airplanes. I simply paint it on and wipe it off with a soft cloth until I have the grain and color desired. Another simple way to get background color is to use colored chalk. Rub all over board. Brush off excess. Repeat until desired color is obtained. This is great for children.

5. *Prepare the picture* by cutting and trimming. Burning the edges gives an antique look. Hold picture vertical. Hold over candle flame just at edge of paper. When it flames up, blow out the fire. Repeat along edge until the edges are burned as you like.

6. *Drizzle white glue* over back of picture. Smooth with a paintbrush dipped in water. Be sure back of print is completely covered.

7. *Place picture on wood* and smooth from center out. It helps to cover with a damp tea towel and roll with a rolling pin. Glue on braid or ribbon around edge if desired. Let dry thoroughly!

8. Make up a mixture of *glue and water* ( $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  part water to 1 part Elmer's glue). Brush with small paintbrush, 1 to 2 inches wide, over entire picture, around the border and edge of the wood. Brush in *haphazard strokes*, no smooth back and forth now. This paste mixture goes on white and messy looking! but it dries clear. Smooth out any big bubbles, let dry completely. Smooth on two or three more coats. Dry well between coats. (I keep my paintbrush in a glass of clean water between coats.)

9. Now begin *sanding* lightly between coats with either 00 steel wool or the finest of sandpaper. Smooth gently, following the grain of the wood. Buff well after sanding with one clean cloth, then take another and buff again. Get every speck of sandpaper or bits of steel wool OFF before beginning the next coat.

10. *Continue building up coats of finish.* The more the better. The glue mixture gradually takes on a silvery look and, if you buff well, a fine patina. This process need not be burdensome. Set up a corner of the kitchen or a nearby work area

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## TRAPS FOR THE TENDER

by  
Evelyn P. Johnson

'Mommy! Mommy!'

Dorothy Crawford recognized the note of urgency in the cry of her three-year-old daughter. She threw down the dish towel she had been using and rushed into the living room. There she found little Connie tugging at her 10-month-old sister, who was trying to crawl between the couch and the wall.

Connie remembered that the small cardboard box behind the couch didn't really contain cereal. The box was a 'No, No!' This had been explained to her when her mother placed the box there as bait for the mice that were plaguing the Crawford household. But this young Tennessee mother had, also, thoughtlessly baited a trap for her baby. A deadly trap — had it not been for the quick action of an obedient little girl.

Statistics claim that 500,000 children die each year of accidental poisoning and, at a Post-graduate Medical Assembly in Memphis, an Alabama pediatrician charged that a large number of these children are poisoned by traps which their parents have baited.

The most common poisons, despite repeated warnings, are aspirin, household bleaches and paints. Chicago hospitals report about 150 cases of lead poisoning annually, mostly among children from slum areas. In almost every case, the child has eaten chipped plaster or flaked paint.

Birth control pills, tranquilizers, rubbing alcohol, vitamin pills, household cleaning compounds, bleach, furniture polish, etc. — all have gone on record as fatal traps for children.

One 21-month-old girl found iron supplement tablets in her mother's handbag and consumed a lethal dose of them. An 18-month-old boy drank from a bottle of kerosene left in his reach by an adult. After four days in the hospital, he died.

Many of the bright-colored flowers that appeal to youngsters are highly poisonous. One leaf from a poinsettia plant contains enough poison to kill a child. Other dangerous plants are jumping bean, castor bean, buttercup, yellow jasmine and foxglove. Both the leaves and the berries of the mistletoe can cause death.

Fancy plastic "drink icers" shipped into our country have been found to contain bacteria in large numbers. These were tested by the United States Public Health Service, but not before several children were made ill.

An innocent snack of cheese and crackers, prepared at home and eaten



Lisa Nenneman is a big help in entertaining her little sister when their mother is busy.

hours later on an outing, caused a case of botulism in Kilmichael, Mississippi. Antitoxin was rushed in from New Orleans, Louisiana, by highway patrolmen of both states, and administered. After several hours paralysis subsided and the patient regained use of his hands and feet.

Not all baits have to be swallowed to catch their prey. A few years ago our nation had numerous instances of children being smothered to death in abandoned ice boxes. A campaign to remove the doors before discarding these worn appliances has greatly reduced this hazard. But other killers of kids are being apprehended every day — after they've taken their toll of lives.

In Montana one child died, and two others suffered severe cases of lead poisoning from inhaling the fumes of a burning automobile battery. Their parents didn't know the fumes were deadly when they banked the heater for the night with the old battery.

Inhaling fumes from burning celluloid and certain plastics, such as eyeglass frames and umbrella handles, is dangerous too. The moisture in the lungs turns the fumes into a deadly acid for which there is no antidote.

A 16-year-old youth became seriously ill after cleaning the parts of his hot-rod car with gasoline. Doctors finally determined that his headaches, neuritis and anemia were symptoms of lead poisoning caused by his breathing the fumes and handling the leaded liquid.

A decade ago when cotton was king, rural children were sometimes buried alive while playing in the smothery white fluff. Now that mechanism rules the farm areas, there are other pitfalls.

Just last summer two brothers climbed onto the top of a 12-foot high corn bin on their father's Illinois farm. One boy started to fall and his brother grabbed him. Both boys tumbled into the partly filled storage structure and bushels of shelled corn slid in on

them. In the forty minutes it took firemen to rescue them, both were dead.

News stories have told of babies smothering in bedclothes, but even more heartbreaking was the death by strangulation suffered last year by two toddlers. One, whose crib was near a window, became tangled in the cord of the Venetian blind and strangled to death. The other, large enough to ride her rocking horse, fell and died when a chain necklace she was wearing caught on the hand-hold on the horse's neck and hanged her.

A toy bugle was the culprit that claimed the life of a small boy in Mississippi. Showing his playmates how well he could "make music", he fell and the sharp tin point of the instrument pierced his throat.

Have you set a trap for your child? Is the bottle of aspirin in your medicine cabinet out of reach of exploring fingers? Do you store the roach poison and ice pick under the kitchen sink where little hands like to meddle?

Care in handling anything marked poison is not enough. It is vitally important to learn more about all substances used in and about the home, and to watch for precarious situations.

Check around your home for sharp objects your child could fall upon, high or perilous places he could fall from, or hazards he could fall into.

Learn all you can about poisons and potentially poisonous substances. Most containers are labeled with directions for antidotes. Poisons should be kept in the original container, otherwise there is danger in using a poison by mistake, thinking it is something unarmful.

Pamphlets and information on poisons and what to do in case of poisoning can be obtained free from state health and welfare agencies.

Be careful in using home remedies. Sometimes these can be as deadly as the poison itself. Our grandmas believed the first thing to do was "make 'em vomit", but sometimes vomiting only causes the poison to enter the lungs, resulting in acute pneumonia. Or, in the case of lye, terrible burns and strictures can result.

Learn the location and the telephone number of the Poison Control Center nearest you. These are set up to help in just such emergencies. Also, learn the telephone number of a reputable physician.

One of Benjamin Franklin's sayings may sound trite, but it is as applicable in caring for children as it was when he referred to lightning rods. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." *Never* leave small children alone for any length of time, and be careful that you bait traps *only* for mice!

**MARY BETH'S MERINGUE TORTE**

6 egg whites  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar  
 Dash of salt  
 2 cups sugar  
 6 3/4-oz. chocolate-coated English toffee bars, chilled and crushed  
 2 cups whipping cream, whipped

Have egg whites at room temperature. Add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla, cream of tartar, and dash salt; beat to soft peaks. Gradually add sugar, beating to very stiff peaks. Cover two cooky sheets with plain ungreased brown paper. Draw a 9" circle on each and spread meringue evenly within circles. Bake in very slow oven at 275 degrees for one hour. Turn off heat, let dry in oven (door closed) at least 2 hours. Fold crushed candy and dash salt into whipped cream. Spread 1/3 of the whipped cream between the layers, frost top and sides with remainder. Chill 8 hours or overnight. Garnish with additional crushed candy. Makes 16 servings.

**CINNAMON APPLE SALAD**

1 cup boiling water  
 2/3 cup red cinnamon candies  
 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 1 1/2 cups sweetened applesauce  
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
 1/4 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 cup finely chopped celery  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the cinnamon candies and stir until dissolved. Stir in the flavoring and applesauce. Pour half the mixture into an 8-inch square pan and set in the refrigerator to chill. Blend the cream cheese and mayonnaise together until smooth. Stir in the celery and nuts. Spread this over the first layer. Pour the remaining gelatin mixture over the top and chill until firm.

-Dorothy

**RHUBARB-PINEAPPLE SALAD**

1 1-lb. 4 1/2-oz. can pineapple tidbits  
 2 cups diced fresh rhubarb  
 1/3 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup water  
 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 2/3 cup chopped pecans

Drain pineapple, reserving the syrup. Combine rhubarb, sugar and water and cook, covered, about 5 minutes, or just until tender. Drain, reserving syrup. Combine the syrups from the fruits and add enough water to make 3 1/2 cups. Heat to boiling, add gelatin and stir to dissolve. Add flavorings. Cool until the gelatin begins to thicken. Fold in fruits and nuts and chill until firm. Serves 9.

-Margery

**SOFT DATE COOKIES**

1/2 lb. chopped dates  
 1 cup water  
 3/4 cup vegetable shortening  
 1/2 cup white sugar  
 1/2 cup brown sugar  
 2 eggs, well beaten  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. soda

Cook the dates in the water until soft. Set aside to cool. Cream the shortening and sugars. Add the eggs and flavorings and mix thoroughly. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the dates. Drop by teaspoon on a greased cooky sheet and bake 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven. These are delicious and stay nice and soft. If you like frosted cookies, a powdered sugar icing with a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring added makes these cookies a little extra special.

-Dorothy

**DELICIOUS GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE**

2 #2 cans French green beans (or 1 quart home-canned beans, drained)  
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1 cup sour cream  
 1/4 to 1/2 lb. diced soft cheese  
 Garlic salt and seasonings to taste

Drain green beans and place in flat baking dish. Sprinkle garlic salt and pepper over beans. Melt butter or margarine, add butter flavoring, stir in flour and sour cream. Add cheese, stir until thick and cheese is melted. Pour over beans. Bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Buttered bread crumbs could be used over top of this bean dish to add a little browned finish.

This is a very delicious green bean dish. We especially liked the flavor of the garlic salt. If you are not used to this flavorful seasoning, add just a little at first. More can be used as you become more daring. This is an excellent dish for a covered dish or a buffet dinner.

-Evelyn

**PERSIAN RICE AND MEAT BALLS**

1 cup uncooked rice  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 cup hot water  
 1 lb. ground beef  
 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 2 Tbls. shortening  
 1 1/4 cups grated carrot  
 1/2 cup water  
 3 Tbls. sugar  
 1/4 cup almonds, chopped  
 2 Tbls. cashew or pistachio nuts, chopped

Cook rice in salted water until tender. Drain. Mix together butter or margarine, butter flavoring and water. Stir into rice. Cover and steam over low flame until moisture is gone. (This makes a delicious buttered rice dish which may be served with other meat dishes.)

Mix ground beef with salt and seasoned salt. Shape into small balls and brown in hot shortening. Cover and continue cooking until done.

Combine carrots, water and sugar. Simmer until tender. Stir in chopped nuts. Continue cooking two minutes.

Arrange rice, meat balls and carrot mixture in layers on serving platter. Or mound rice in center of platter, arranging meat balls around it. Spoon carrot mixture around outside of meat balls. This is simple, delicious and exotic in taste.

-Evelyn

**UNUSUAL CHICKEN PIE**

3 cups cooked chicken, diced  
 1 baked pie shell  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 1/2 cups celery, chopped  
 1 1/2 cups bread cubes  
 3/4 cup mayonnaise  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
     flavoring  
 2 Tbls. lemon juice  
 1 tsp. dry mustard  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1 cup nuts (optional)  
 Cheese for topping

Prepare chicken cubes. Bake pie shell. Combine chicken with remaining ingredients. Mix well. Spoon into pie shell. Sprinkle top with cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes or until hot through and cheese is bubbly on top.

This is a delicious salad and meat all together in one dish. Add a green vegetable, slices of red spiced apples and a hot bread for company serving.

—Evelyn

**BEAN BARBECUE**

1 lb. ground beef  
 1/2 cup onion, diced  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 1 (2-lb. size) can pork and beans  
 1/2 cup ketchup  
 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
 2 Tbls. vinegar  
 5 drops Tabasco

Put the ground beef, onion, salt and pepper in a skillet and brown. Drain off all fat. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour into a casserole and bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

**GOOD PLAIN BREAD PUDDING**

3 slices bread  
 2 eggs  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 tall can evaporated milk (or 1 2/3 cups plain milk)  
 1/2 cup boiling water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
     flavoring

Nutmeg or cinnamon (for top)

Pull bread into small pieces and place in greased 1-quart baking dish. Beat eggs. Add remaining ingredients. Pour over bread pieces sprinkling top with a little nutmeg or cinnamon. Set in pan. Place pan on rack in oven. Pour hot water into pan around casserole. Bake at 325-degrees about 1 hour, or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean.

Bread pudding is an old-fashioned dessert but every bit as good as when our grandmothers used to put it together to use up leftover bread. Try it with your family and see if they don't agree.

—Evelyn

**DATE-PECAN MOUSSE**

2 cups finely chopped dates  
 3/4 cup chopped pecans  
 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin  
 1/2 cup cold water  
 6 eggs, separated  
 1 cup maple sirup  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple  
     flavoring  
 1 cup cream, whipped

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Beat the egg yolks. Blend in the sirup, salt and maple flavoring, and beat until very well blended. Add the softened gelatin and cook over low heat until the mixture thickens. You must stir this constantly all the time it is cooking. Set this aside to cool, and when it is almost cool you can gently stir in the dates and nuts. While this is cooling whip the cream, and also beat the egg whites until stiff. When the maple mixture is thoroughly cooled, fold in the whipped cream and then fold in the egg whites. Turn it into an 8- x 12- x 1 1/2-inch pan and chill until firm.

—Dorothy

**APRICOT-DATE PIE**

1 8-oz. pkg. dried apricots, finely  
     chopped  
 Cold water to cover  
 1 8-oz. pkg. dates, finely chopped  
 1/4 cup honey  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 3 Tbls. sugar  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 2 egg yolks  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon  
     flavoring  
 3 Tbls. milk  
 2 Tbls. softened butter or margarine

**Meringue**

2 egg whites  
 1/8 tsp. salt  
 2 Tbls. sugar

Cover the apricots with the cold water and cook until apricots are tender and have absorbed water. Add the dates, honey, and 1/4 cup of sugar and beat until smooth. Set aside to cool. Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder, and sugar. Cut in the 1/2 cup of butter or margarine. Beat the egg yolks with the flavoring and milk and add to the flour mixture, mixing lightly with a fork. Roll out and line a 9-inch pie pan. Fill with the fruit mixture and spread the softened butter over top. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes. Make the meringue and spoon around the edge of the pie. Return to the oven and bake about 10 minutes longer. This is best served warm.

—Dorothy

**QUICKY HAMBURGER PIE**

1 lb. ground beef  
 1 can undiluted cream of celery soup  
 1 pkg. frozen Tater-Tots

Crumble ground beef in bottom of greased casserole. Spoon soup over top of meat. Top with potatoes. Bake in 350-degree oven 35 minutes or until meat is done and potatoes are tender. Other soups may be used to vary this quick meat dish.

**LUCILE'S RYE BREAD**

This recipe came from a Kitchen-Klatter friend who said: "You've never given a bread recipe calling for your flavorings, but you should know that I was entertained where our hostess served the most delicious bread I've ever eaten, and when I asked for the recipe I found to my surprise that it called for two of your Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. If you don't try this you're missing a lot."

I tried it immediately, of course, and our friend didn't exaggerate. This had the finest texture of any bread I've ever made, and an extremely delicate and subtle taste. Don't increase any of the flavoring measurements. You want just a suggestion of orange — no more.

2 pkgs. dry yeast  
 1/2 cup warm water  
 1 tsp. sugar  
 1/4 tsp. ginger  
 Combine these ingredients and let stand until it bubbles.  
 1 1/2 cups warm water  
 1/3 cup firmly packed dark brown sugar  
 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1/4 cup soft shortening (preferably butter)  
 2 cups sifted rye flour  
 1 Tbls. salt  
 4 1/2 to 5 cups sifted white flour

Dissolve sugar in warm water. Add flavorings. Beat in soft shortening; add yeast mixture. Add rye flour and beat vigorously. Gradually add 4 1/2 cups white flour to which salt has been added and beat well as long as possible. Then turn on floured board and knead until smooth and satiny. Rye flour makes a sticky dough and white flour must be added until dough has reached a smooth, easily handled texture.

Turn into well-greased bowl and let stand until double in bulk.

Then put on board again and knead vigorously. Divide into two portions, shape loaves and put in greased bread pans to rise until light and doubled in bulk. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 40 to 45 minutes.

This bread slices beautifully, is of extremely fine texture.

**SPICED TEA MIX**

- 2 cups instant powdered orange juice (like Tang)
- 1 cup instant tea
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemonade mix
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 2 tsp. ground cinnamon

Combine all ingredients in large bowl or blender. Mix well. Store in

tightly covered jar. To make 1 cup of tea, combine 2 to 2½ tsp. mix in 1 cup hot water. Add Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener to taste.

This is a marvelous spiced tea. It has been used for very fancy teas with little finger sandwiches and fruits. It could be a nice change for club or church refreshments.

**RHUBARB CUSTARD PIE**

- 2 cups diced rhubarb
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 cup sugar (scant)
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sweet cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 unbaked pie shell

Cover the rhubarb with boiling water and let stand until you are ready to use it. Mix together the beaten egg yolks, sugar, salt, flavoring and sweet cream, in which the cornstarch has been dissolved. Drain the rhubarb and stir it in. Turn into an unbaked pie shell and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until the filling is firmly set. Cover with a meringue made from two egg whites, beaten stiff with four tablespoons of sugar. Brown meringue in a 475-degree oven for about 7 minutes, or until lightly browned.

—Dorothy

**LEMON NUT BREAD**

- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. fresh lemon juice

Cream together the margarine and sugar. Beat in the eggs one at a time then add the flavorings. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with the milk. Stir as little as possible to get this well blended. Fold in the nuts. Pour batter into a bread pan and bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately one hour, or until a toothpick placed in the center comes out clean. Mix the 1/4 cup of sugar and the lemon juice and dribble this over the hot loaf as soon as it comes from the oven. Cool for 10 minutes in the pan, then remove loaf and finish cooling it on a rack. Bread of this kind always slices easier if you do not cut it until the next day.

**UNUSUAL SHRIMP SALAD**

- 1 box cherry gelatin
- 2 cups tomato juice, heated
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup shrimp
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot tomato juice. Add the flavoring, vinegar, sugar and celery. Let this cool, then add the shrimp and eggs. Chill until firm, and serve with mayonnaise.

—Dorothy

**CHEESE CORN BREAD**

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/4 cup melted shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the beaten egg, corn, cheese, shortening and butter flavoring. Sift the dry ingredients together and add. Pour into a greased 8- x 8- x 2-inch pan and bake in a 400-degree oven for 35 minutes. Serve hot.

—Dorothy

**HERB MEAT LOAF**

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 cup herb-seasoned bread cubes
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 Tbls. dried onion flakes or minced onion
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Combine all ingredients. Use seasoned bread cubes or use plain bread cubes and add 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning or sage. Shape into one large meat loaf or 6 individual loaves. Spoon topping over the molded meat and bake in 350-degree oven until done. (About 1 hour for large loaf.)

**Topping**

- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine ingredients and spoon over top of meat loaf. Bake as directed.

This makes a fine, firm meat loaf. It would be an excellent choice to serve for a guest luncheon. It could be baked in flat pans and cut into squares. With baked potatoes, a molded salad and angelfood cake topped with whipped topping it makes a delicious company meal.

—Evelyn



## SURE, YOU COULD GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM!

Sure you could cook without Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings the rest of your life. You could cook without your stove, too, but think what you'd be missing! And how inconvenient it would be, heating your food with matches.

And how unhandy it would be if you could no longer reach into the pantry and come up with full-strength, real-tasting flavors like these:

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

And how your family would miss those great desserts, and salads, and drinks! Fortunately, you don't have to do without them.

## Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If your grocer doesn't have these fine flavorings yet, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is only \$1.00. We pay postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

## A DOG MOVES BACK HOME

Dear Friends:

I'm enclosing a picture this month that without some explanation would lose much of its humor. On one of the temptingly warm days in March we were picking up broken limbs and twigs that had fallen from our numerous trees and burning them in the pit at the east end of the yard. Our dried Christmas tree was in among the twigs and this proved a quick-burning item. The afternoon drifted along with yard work progressing without pressure and the fire burned beautifully. It seemed a shame to waste such a fine blaze, so I sent the children into the house for wieners, and on the early first of March we had our first picnic. We roasted hot dogs on limber, skinny tree branches, and our hound Eloise thought it was the finest of ways to spend a day. She had never attended one of our picnics, but she proved to be adept at eating a hot dog from a stick. (Her own stick, I might add.)

This pooch of ours has proved to be a headache almost since the day we got her. In Milwaukee she had to be chained because of their close regulations against dogs running loose, which rule I agree with entirely. This proved a disagreeable regulation to Eloise because she is all hound, and hounds apparently have a hunting-roaming instinct. We have battled her running-away tendencies for seven long years, but she is an expert at the fine art of door-watching and subsequent slipping out.

We loaned her to my mother after a few months in this house because she sneaked out so often and we're so close to the busy roads that we were afraid she'd be killed. However, she learned to listen for Mother's door sounds and she proceeded to get out there, too. This was within dog-running distance of a state highway. Katharine missed her sorely while she was "on loan", so finally we brought her back home.

Donald finally came up with the perfect "Mrs. Piggleggle cure" for that foxy old dog. He determined that if home was such a prison for her, we would have to reverse things entirely and make the outdoors a prison, and so teach her that total freedom has its disadvantages. So during the winter months, instead of walking her out to her long outside run we simply held the storm door open and invited her to go out. She stared at us incredulously. She would run from the yard to points unknown as fast as if a demon were chasing her. This went on week after week and she would be gone five and six hours at a time. On some particularly unpleasant days when I left in the car I would come back several



Donald, Mary Beth and the children wound up spring raking with a picnic.

hours later to find a very cold dog baying at the door in disbelief that she was shut out!

Each time she ran away I wondered if she would ever come back. She doesn't strike me as possessed of any automobile sense whatsoever. However, this cure has worked. We can now go outside to do yard work and she will happily walk along our sides. She stays with us without a chain because home is no longer associated with a chain. For the first time the dog seems to love her home. She still periodically chases a squirrel down the steep hill behind the house and comes up from a wade in the river smelling like a polluted pup, but aside from this we're all happier. I know that, like Evelyn Birkby's dog, ours can't last long competing with school buses and heavy traffic, but she is happy and we are no longer fighting a battle we can't win.

We've had birthdays at our house since I wrote you last, too. One of Paul's main presents was the outgrowth of our trip to Nambe last summer. Lucile had a copy of *The Natural History Magazine*, and it was such an interesting piece of reading that we decided to subscribe to it for Paul. He has an archeological bent, and this magazine is very much inclined that way. It also has each month a Sky Report that tells which planets and stars are where in the sky during that particular month. Well, Paul has lain on his back more than one evening during the cold winter nights, trying vainly to see the celestial bodies in their appointed positions on the nights the magazine announced, only to be disappointed because his father's binoculars were not strong enough. So this birthday brought forth from Grandma Schneider a Bosch-Lombe telescope

for just this type of viewing. With nice evenings coming he should be able to enjoy the summer sky with good success and without freezing.

We had an interesting visitor this month, too. My cousin was visiting Mother for the first time in ten years. She lives in Australia with her husband, who is Vice-Chancellor of the university at New Castle, New South Wales.

She grew up in White Pigeon, Michigan, and because my mother's parents died when she was quite young, Mother spent many years with her older sister in White Pigeon. Cousin Margaret and Mother were really more like sisters than aunt and niece because they were close in age.

After college Margaret married an Englishman and moved to England and from there to Alexandria, Egypt, where they were associated with the University. During one of the political uprisings in Egypt, Margaret and James and all the other English people associated with the University were given six days to leave the country. They had to leave behind many of their treasures and they escaped with literally what they could carry and wear. They returned to England and then went to Australia, where James began again his career as a history professor.

They have had many interesting experiences in Australia, and hearing about their way of living was delightful listening. She was absolutely delighted with our varieties of foods, canned goods, frozen foods, and meat. I think it does us Americans good once in a while to realize just how great our standard of living is even compared with other progressive countries.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth

## CREATIVITY BRINGS HAPPINESS

by  
Mary Feese

You, the American woman of today, are an excellent wife and homemaker, yet there are days that you feel trapped and unhappy. When discontented, do you aimlessly watch TV, attend many club meetings, and fritter away time over coffee breaks? Much of this is "canned" entertainment, and you may not realize why you have become progressively more dissatisfied. You actually need creativity! Some of you fulfill this need through the planning of your homes, down to the small decorative touches. Some of you experiment continually with new recipes, or sew, or knit. By and large, you who enjoy these activities are reasonably contented. The frustrated ones among you are those with many children, or other responsibilities equally demanding, who "don't have time" for these pursuits. Deprivation of creative expression over a long stretch of time can cause actual illness, you know.

Of course it's not possible, nor desirable, to ignore all responsibilities, but it *is* possible to plan so that every week contains some creative pursuit that appeals to you. Perhaps you'll paint, or try "scrapcraft", or writing poetry. Take a home study course, or try some of the "how to do it" books from the public library. (If you can't get there in person, borrow by mail — no baby sitter problem, and the postage cost, using library book rate, is next to nothing.) Motherhood, and the raising of fine children, is inherently a creative activity. But amid the turmoil of early childhood — diapers, fevers, crying babies, and the struggle against disorder — it's terribly easy to lose sight of the



Mother, in the wheel chair, and her friends in Thursday Club have great times together.

shining goal, and feel that you "can't see the forest for the trees."

So much of the housework and this business of caring for children is never, never "done"; you come to the end of the day, every day, only partially finished and must rise and go forth to battle again tomorrow. It cheers your disposition immensely to *finish* a dress, a sweater, a painting, or a poem. For better or for worse, it's *done*, and tomorrow you are free to try something new and different.

No matter how "broke" or how busy you may be, there is always something that you can fit in. If your big dream can't be managed now, choose something that's a small step toward it, and keep your dream firmly in mind. Your children will grow, your responsibilities *will* lessen; then, rather than being an "unemployed Mama", you will be a vital person with plans and pursuits of your own.

Tranquilizers just aren't the answer, nor pep pills, nor daily doses of soap opera: for a continuing "lift" to your daily happiness, try a well-planned program of creative activity!



## To Our Senior Girls

A Recognition Tea

by  
Virginia Thomas

Women's organizations in many communities have a tradition of honoring the senior girls with a party a month or two before their graduation from high school. It is a lovely practice, and if not observed in your town, why not suggest it at your next meeting?

This is one occasion to be "frilly and feminine", so ribbons and lace, buttons and bows might well be used lavishly.

Since grooming appeals to girls of all ages, here is just one suggestion for such an entertainment. Invite someone from a beauty salon to give tips on complexion care, make-up, and hair styling. This can be accompanied by demonstrations on two or three of the girls, with a question-and-answer session for good measure.

Advance checking with local druggists and beauty operators might produce free samples of toothpaste, soap, lipstick, and other cosmetics which you can put in a beauty tote bag and give as favors. Make the bags by cutting circles of net of suitable size. Use net in one of the school colors and cut a drawstring from narrow ribbon in the other color. With a large darning needle run through the net about 1½" from the outer edge so that, when drawn up and tied, there is a perky ruffle at the top. If these are to serve as name tags, just add a heart-shaped paper tag to the bow.

If refreshments are to be served from a tea table, use a large, empty bath powder box as the basis of the centerpiece. Cover the box and the top with satin or velvet in an appropriate color. Decorate with sequins. Fasten a cluster of small flowers to the lid, and place it beside the box which is filled with blossoms. A large powder box such as this might also be filled with individual sachet favors, one for each guest.

For a button-and-bow tree centerpiece, anchor a painted tree branch in a flowerpot and tie tiny bows to the twigs. Suspend pretty buttons of all sizes and shapes from the branches, using fine thread. Hang a few lipstick samples and other tiny cosmetic samples on the tree if you are using them otherwise in the decorations.



## Mother deserves the best!

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### IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING

Each spring I make a vow anew  
(And each time more emphatic)  
To burn the bric-a-brac and junk  
Reposing in my attic!  
Those antiquated picture frames,  
The violin with broken strings,  
Last season's hat — outmoded now  
(I never liked it anyhow!)  
So up and down the stairs I go  
Until my back is broke;  
The place does look quite different  
though,  
But herein lies the joke:  
That extra lamp and chair downstairs  
Do seem old, (this is erratic)  
But where do you suppose they land?  
You guessed it — *In The Attic!*

—Nona Ferrel

### EVERY HOUSE NEEDS ONE

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

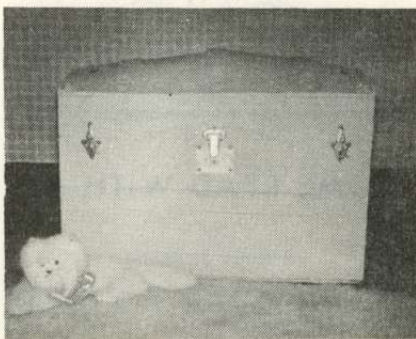
Grandmother did not have the built-in closets, cabinets, and sliding doors so common today. But her "place for everything and everything in its place" was very real during many generations of housekeeping. It was also the custom to *keep* everything just in case there might be a future need for it. As today, the average house was small, so where was one to find a place for the unused articles?

Much has been written about the attic and its treasure-trove. It was just the place for every article that had no current use in the living quarters. Here one found that picture frame, family record, outmoded furniture, photographs, unused clothing, dishes, tools, etc. Damaged pieces of furniture were stored here until one could do the necessary repair work on them. It was also the ideal spot for herbs and garden produce, and for drying grasses and winter bouquets.

Basements are seldom the answer for such needs. Space is used here today for recreation, furnace, laundry, or shop.

I was recently in a new home that provided much storage and closet space, but every nook was even then crowded with clothing, keepsakes, books, musical instruments, sports equipment, etc. There was little convenient room, however, for the currently needed articles. It was difficult to find anything behind those doors.

Another builder felt he had the problem solved by arranging for a store-room in the basement for a catch-all. This worked well the first year but it failed to answer the purpose over a longer period of time. He now declares they must discard anything that has not been used during the



Many items long stored in the attic eventually end up as treasures, such as this lovely antique trunk.

year. This is not the whole answer, because even if we do not value antiques, today's cast-offs can become tomorrow's collector's items. And often when tomorrow comes, some unexpected need can make us regret what we threw away today.

Most families have at least a few valuable articles not in use at the moment — ceramics, lamps, dishes,

or furniture — which should be kept in the family rather than placed in a museum or public collection. Today's garage sales indicate that such accumulations are being disposed of. Perhaps the present generation has no interest in the old spinning wheel, or cradle, or wooden bed which has been in the family for two or three generations, but future generations of the family might value it highly.

Most of us have known attics that furnished a perfect spot for children to play on stormy days; where Grandmother went to reminisce over old keepsakes, and where looking at family photographs could absorb an entire afternoon.

I am thinking, of course, of a well-lighted, well-ventilated attic space where one can carefully preserve family articles which are of sentimental or intrinsic value. The modern house may claim every convenience, but there is nothing which can take the place of the attic. Every house needs one.

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



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KYSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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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 — 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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No matter how rich you are, knowledge can be acquired only on the installment plan.

Mankind is divided into three primary groups — men, women, and children. And each looks, speaks, and thinks differently.



## WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL!

Our homes are loaded with modern work-saving conveniences, but the day of the completely work-free home isn't quite here yet, we still must do some things for ourselves. Fortunately, those things aren't as tough as they used to be.

Take everyday cleaning. With new **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to help us, we get through in half the time, because there's no scum or froth to rinse away. And, since it cuts right through grease and grime, once over does it; no hard scrubbing is necessary. It goes into solution the minute it hits the water — even hard water. More time and work saved there. And with all its advantages, it's still about the most economical cleaning agent you can buy.

So, until the mechanical marvels take over completely, we suggest you use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, to cut cleaning time in half.

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

"There are no hands more beautiful than these  
That through the years have helped  
small things to grow —  
Babies and chickens, flowers and dog-  
wood trees —  
And shaped uncounted loaves of bread  
from dough  
Mixed with unerring art to satisfy  
Deep needs, and sewn neat seams,  
and hammered scores  
Of nails with deft precision, and hung  
to dry  
Clothes scrubbed and boiled in kettles  
out of doors . . ."

These lines from the poem "These Gentle Hands" by Jane Merchant seem fitting for the month of May and Mother's Day, a tribute to her mother's hands. The poem is found in her new book *Every Good Gift* (Abingdon Press, \$2.50). One of Miss Merchant's favorite passages from the Bible, James 1: 17-27, forms the basis for this new collection. In seventy-six meditations she uses Scripture and original poems and prayers to paint poetic portraits. As a source of personal inspiration and a treasury of ideas for group devotions, *Every Good Gift* is perfect.

Author background on Miss Merchant follows: Now living in Knoxville, Tennessee. Her present position is writer of poetry and meditations. Books in print: *The Greatest of These*, *Think About These Things*, *Halfway up the Sky*, *In Green Pastures*, *The Mercies of God*, *Petals of Light*, and *All Daffodils Are Daffy*. All are published by Abingdon Press, New York and Nashville, Tennessee. More than 1,200 of her verses have been printed in leading publications here and in Canada. She is listed in *Who's Who of American Women*.

Jane Merchant is a remarkable and courageous person. She has not walked a step since she was five and has been completely confined to her small white bed since the age of twelve. Miss Merchant since birth has had osteogenesis imperfecta, a rare disease that causes her bones to break frequently on the slightest pressure and which has caused her hearing to fade completely away. The Merchant family and Jane have dwelt on the things she could do rather than those she is unable to do. After winning honorable mention and a cash award



Jane Merchant, through her sensitive poems, brings courage to readers of all ages.

for an entry in a poetry contest held by *Progressive Farmer* in 1945, Jane received encouragement in writing. She types her own material on a small, over-bed table, and exchanges messages with friends with the use of "magic slates." A loving mother and Jane's sister Elizabeth, a registered nurse, care for her and surely her life with them and her love for God have combined for her to produce sensitive poetry. Many honors have come to her because of contributions to poetry, but the greatest rewards are the letters people write her, saying that something she wrote helped them. Though she has not left her bed, Jane Merchant has made friends throughout the world.

*Small Windows on a Big World* (Abingdon Press, \$2.95) by J. Gordon Howard takes religion from the lofty heights of theology and puts it into daily living through a series of meditations such as cultivating the art of listening, paying tribute to fine teachers, enjoying good church music, and practicing courtesy. Says the author, "Etiquette comes from books. Courtesy comes from the heart." Through his insights in this small book Bishop Howard leads us to discover profound religious experiences.

Personal events involved in making a home and raising children are told in *Bless This Mess & Other Prayers* (Abingdon Press, \$2.50) by Jo Carr and Imogene Sorley. Co-authors of the successful *Too Busy Not to Pray*, published in 1966, these two mothers have written another sincere, believable book of prayers. The reader is offered the challenge of seeking God daily in a straightforward, uncomplicated way. Homemakers will agree understandingly as they read *Bless This Mess*.

\*From the poem "These Gentle Hands", by Jane Merchant. Copyright © 1968 Abingdon Press from the book *Every Good Gift*.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva. M. Schroeder

Most gardeners are familiar with a few varieties of hardy sedum, but few realize how versatile these pretty sun-loving plants can be. Sedums multiply rapidly and develop in a short time to sizeable plants that require only a minimum of care. They are a fine choice for rockeries, patio planters, and make splendid ground covers.

There are several distinctive sedums available from growers that are not widely known. They can be purchased and planted any time of the year that the ground can be worked, without any damage or shock. Among these are *Sedum Spectabile Brilliant* with its large waxy, blue-green leaves and big rosy-pink flower heads. *Sedum Spectabile Variegatum*, similar but with variegated cream and pink leaves and lighter pink blooms; *Sedum Atropurpurea*, the Mahogany plant with its bold mahogany-red foliage and pinkish-cream flowers; *Sedum Dendroideum*, bright waxy yellow-green leaves tinged red in the summer — very showy with yellow flowers. The above are the taller-growing sorts that reach a height of 16" to 18" and are lovely in a rockery where some height is needed. Of the low-growing sedums, these make colorful ground carpets and seem to thrive where little else will grow. *Sedum Spurium* (Dragon's Blood) a beautiful red-flowering ground cover that grows no taller than 4" and thrives in full sun or partial shade; *Sedum Dasyphyllum*, compact 3" high mounds of pinkish-gray knobby leaves resembling tweed and bearing tiny pink flowers in spring; and *Sedum Album Murale*, whose tiny leaves turn cherry red when grown on rocks or in poor soil. These are only a few of the many sedums available to gardeners: do search through your catalogs or write to me including a stamped, self-addressed envelope for sources of sedums. (Eva Schroeder, Eagle Bend, Minn. 56446.)

While doing research on sedums I found some exciting new, hybrid sempervivums that grow readily in cracks and crevices, between rocks, and also make fine ground covers. Flower arrangers dote on sempervivums and children are intrigued by their growth habit of increasing by offsets. While the plants do well in full sun, we found they color up better if there is partial shade. Most firms that offer sedums, will have sempervivums, too, which oftentimes are listed as "Hen and Chicks" in their catalogs.



The mayor turns musician during the annual "Root Digging Days" celebration at the Ozark craftsmen's colony of Silver Dollar City, Mo. (population, 28). Mayor-blacksmith Shad Heller presents musical-saw "concerts" beside his outdoor forge and anvil, as part of the Springtime festival's entertainment the first four Saturdays and Sundays in May.

### MAMA'S MAMA

Mama's mama, on a winter's day  
Milked the cows, and fed them hay.  
Slopped the hogs, saddled the mule.  
And got the children off to school.  
Did a washing, mopped the floors.  
Washed the windows and did some chores.  
Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit.  
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit.  
Swept the parlor, made the bed.  
Baked a dozen loaves of bread.  
Split some firewood, and lugged it in.  
Enough to fill the kitchen bin.  
Cleaned the lamps and put in oil.  
Stewed some apples she thought might spoil.  
Churned the butter, baked a cake.  
Then exclaimed: "For mercy's sake,  
The calves have got out of the pen!"  
Went out and chased them in again.  
Gathered the eggs and locked the stable.  
Returned to the house and set the table.  
Cooked a supper that was delicious.  
And afterwards washed all the dishes.  
Fed the cat, sprinkled the clothes,  
Mended a basket full of hose.  
Then opened the organ and began to play:  
"When you come to the end of a perfect day." —Author Unknown

### DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

the first of June. She says she may not get it all done, in which case she would have to go to summer school and finish in August.

Kristin also wrote that they were going to make a videotape of her counselling session the next morning and she was a little nervous about it because she was so anxious for it to turn out well.

I am now going to cover up my typewriter and go to the kitchen to make a batch of black walnut cookies. I'm sure Frank will appreciate some warm cookies when he comes in for his coffee break. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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## The Highest Compliment

by

Cora Ellen Sobieski

When a knock was heard at the door my small son ran to answer it with me following close behind. The man was from a church, and he obviously asked my son what denomination we were, because my son, with sincere enthusiasm bubbling over in his voice, answered, "I'm a Christian," and then happily pointing to me as I approached, he added, "and my mother is a Christian."

The Christian mother! My small son

did not bother with what denomination we were but simply and quickly knew we were and are Christians.

How does one know the Christian mother? There are many signs pointing her out. The Christian mother wears a smile on her face even though there may be little at the time to smile about. She is a special person with a rare, undefinable quality — a sort of glow coming from deep inside her heart. The love of Christ shines in her eyes. I, as a child, saw this special look in my mother's and grandmother's eyes and it still shines just as brightly today. It is a special light that never grows dim or burns out, and I'm glad that my son recognizes the light in me. How pleasant it is when we have been out and are nearly home to see the light in the window turned on for us. The Christian mother's light is always on.

The Christian mother never worries, for she knows that worrying shows a lack of faith, and she wears faith daily as a favorite garment. Like the young trusting child who places all his problems in his parents' laps, knowing they will take care of them for him, the Christian mother trustfully places her problems in God's hands, knowing that He in His wisdom will solve them in His time. She knows God never gives anyone more than he can bear, and supplies sufficient strength for each day.

The Christian mother prays, believing her prayers will be answered. She never desponds over anything as she walks with hope. She gives hope to the depressed, the ill, and the hopeless. She is never too busy to speak of Christ to anyone, especially the forlorn ones who, for some reason, have not had the privilege to know and love Christ as she does.

She is all-forgiving, gentle, and kind. Her hands are used for helping, and her gentle words for healing. Her feet swiftly go to anyone who needs her, and her knees are for kneeling in prayer.

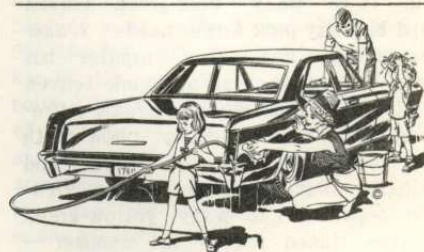
Her Christianity is constant. It is subject to rub off on those around her. I'm glad my son knows he has a Christian mother. In his own words, "Why of course! Every Christian boy has a Christian mother."

### APART — APART — AND APART

We'll lose  
these beautiful creamy years  
as smooth as mashed bananas  
we fed our young. As rough  
as rocks in Black Rock creek —  
these precious months we've been apart  
year in year out leave spots of ache  
within my heart —  
Oh! hurry home and kiss this tear-  
stained cheek!  
—Lois Drew



This picture of Dorothy was taken at her sister Margery's when she dropped in for an evening chat.



## Operation Saturday

by

Evelyn Witter

"What can we do today?" children often ask on Saturday. Time can drag if active minds and bodies aren't busy.

For this reason, advance planning each week for "Operation Saturday" pays off. During the week we talk about what we are going to do on Saturday. Everyone has a chance to give his opinion and choose what he wants to do.

Our thirteen-year-old Jim and my husband prepare all week for this fun day. For the past three Saturdays they've made bookshelves for Jim's room.

Our seven-year-old Louise and I have chosen remnant material sewing for our Saturday operations. Pre-shrinking and ironing the prettiest material and choosing the patterns are done during the week so we are ready to work on Saturday.

On some Saturdays there have been group projects for all of us, like painting basement shelves to get them ready for the storing away season.

And don't forget that final preparation of your Sunday school lessons, Bible memory work, and a time of prayer for services on the Lord's day.

"Operation Saturday" brings our family closer together for work and fun, and our time is spent usefully doing the things we enjoy.



## COME ON IN!

The enzyme pre-soak stain removers are getting lots of attention these days. And that's fine, because they do the job they are designed to do.

But in all this excitement, don't forget some important points:

Enzyme pre-soaks work only on protein stains. You must have an oxygen-release bleach for other tough stains. And enzyme pre-soaks do not replace bleach in your wash water.

You still need **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** — the fast-acting, non-chlorine bleach that keeps whites and colors looking brand-new bright. And **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is the one that's safe to use on any washable material . . . even new synthetics and permanent-press fabrics. Remember the name:

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Margery Strom has very little spare time, but what she has is devoted to sewing these days. Her husband Oliver gave her the new little sewing machine for her birthday in February.

### SHE WAS ROUGH, BUT . . .

I had a real rough Mom. You know the kind — always after you to pick up your clothes and keep things neat and comb your hair and keep taking baths until your skin is ready to peel off.

Course she did prepare some terrific meals, but I always had to help.

Now don't get me wrong. I didn't mind helping out, but that washing and drying dishes stuff and carting vegetables and canned food home from the market . . . well, that can get any guy to start a revolution.

But my Mom just never gave me enough time to revolt.

She kept poking her nose into how much homework I had and if it wasn't just so, she made me do it over. And she talked me into signing up for the debating squad and the track team. On top of that, I had trombone lessons and I belonged to the stamp and coin club. And who do you think used to mow the lawn and get rid of the trash?

All that stuff takes a lot of time away from a guy especially if you want to go out with the gang and meet some different girls and things. Wouldn't you know that Mom of mine wanted to meet my friends *before* I was even allowed to go out with them!

Rough, just rough — clear through. That was my mother.

Still, rough as she was, I grew up with an understanding of right and wrong and responsibilities and obligations. And because I didn't have the time, money, or energy, I didn't get into trouble! Fact is, I never even got to burn the flag or throw rocks at my teachers or fight policemen!

Guess my rough Mom was just a wonderful, wonderful lady.

Thankfully, she's still alive.

And I hope that my kids will be as proud of me as I am of her.

### SUMMER SEWING — Concluded

plaids, gingham checks, mini-floral prints; you'll want long sleeves, short sleeves, and sleeveless, to suit your whim and the weather's. The very newest — definitely "this year" — look is to have a white or very light skirt, topped with a deep-toned shirt. Red, white, and blue are "top star" this season; why not make a white, crisp skirt, topped with a fitted navy shirt, then add a red silk scarf at the neckline, a wide red vinyl belt at the waist? Or cheer your spirits, with a bright red broadcloth shirt atop the white skirt.

Dresses this year are often made with a two-piece look, now that the waistline is back, and here, too, the "dark on top" rule applies. It's a distinct reversal from previous seasons, but it's fresh, new — and fun! Try one of the new shantungs; make a solid-color bodice above the white skirt with its matching-color polka dots, and add sparkle to your summer. Or, have a black bodice over a full, black-splashed-on-white print skirt, perhaps in crisp pique or uncrushable spun rayon. A purchased belt of shiny vinyl will emphasize your neat waistline. For even more versatility, add a brief, boxy jacket of the darker fabric, for cover-up on cool evenings; it will be both chic and practical.

Jackets this year are either very brief and boxy, or are fingertip length. And belts are once more important, from the wide, bold vinyl ones to be worn at a sharply defined waistline, above a full or flaring skirt, to the narrower belts that you can wear at the hipline, the natural waistline, or empire style, just under the bust. On the fit-and-flare styles, this varying the beltline can give a fresh, new look. Choosing several new belts each season can be an inexpensive way of adding variety, the spice of your wardrobe. One should be metal, to wear with many colors and fabrics; the others should be chosen in the most fashionable colors of the current season.

You'll want to add decorative pockets to some of your summer outfits. Never have there been so many from which to choose! Novelty pockets are often quite simple to make; if you see a new idea that you really like, why not try making your own pattern for it? Sketch it out on a brown grocery bag, or on white wrapping tissue, until the size and details please you. Novelty pockets are good compliment catchers — and you like compliments!

We mentioned, earlier, that there's not much carry-over from one summer's wardrobe to the next. This can be an asset! How? you ask curiously. Well, if there's some new style that you're not yet sure will be your favorite . . .

and yet, you muse, you'd really like to try it — take heart! Try it on a summer outfit, in a relatively inexpensive fabric; then at the end of the summer's wearing, you'll know if you want to reuse the pattern on something more expensive and more lasting. Go ahead and take the plunge — you can scarcely lose!

Never before have the styles offered you such a wide choice; there's something for every individual preference. So, using your good taste and fashion know-how, choose some fresh new patterns, an armful of those modern miracle fabrics, and, for summer, make a wonderful wardrobe for yourself!

If you make a mistake and do not correct it, you've made another mistake.



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**ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded**

the nursery. Clark is employed as a "carry-out" boy and the girls as sales clerks in the annuals department. No two seem to have the same schedule so meals are served on a short-order basis here. These are good days for me to work in the yard. It is always such a pleasure to get out and dig in the dirt after months of no similar activity.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

**HAVE YOU TRIED IT YET? - Concl.**

and leave prints out, adding a coat as convenient as other work progresses. It is surprising how fast the layers will build up.

11. The *final coat* can be of wax which is rubbed to a glossy shine or a hard finish of varnish or shellac.

Dr. Herrons concludes his lesson on decoupage by saying that two qualities are needed to do this art form: *patience* and *practice*. He might have added that it is great fun, does not take much in the way of materials and is practical for any age. If you haven't tried it yet, jump on the bandwagon.

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**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

that! We don't have that situation in our local church. In our church we have just one special offering a year other than the regular budget solicitation, and that one offering takes care of all the concerns that other people have in their special offerings. It works very well for us, even though I am sure that we probably could get more money if we had more offerings. But is the purpose of the Church always to get more money? I think not. I like to tell my people that I was not employed to be a "fund raiser", and I mean it. Too many churches expect their minister or priest to be a good pastor and at the same time to be a top-notch money raiser.

When people speak to me about the lack of effectiveness of the Christian churches today, I point out all the charitable work our government is doing. Why do you think that our governments, both state and national and sometimes local, are spending so much money in enormous programs in this country and overseas just to help people? The government is reflecting the Christian concerns of the people, that is why. Look at the hundreds of Peace Corps volunteers who are assigned to work in our various missionary projects! Only this week one of our church boys came home from a two-year Peace Corps assignment teaching in a mission school in Africa, and one of our church girls left to work with the Vista Program at a mission school on an Indian reservation in the West. In ways far beyond our realizing, the Christian Church has been having an enormous influence on government. God leads us in wonderful ways.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

mothers feel when you write that you adore your grandchildren. I spent about three weeks with Juliana, Jed and James and I loved every minute of it. James is a darling and I know that I sound like all doting grandmothers. He has the sunniest, happiest disposition of any baby I've ever seen. His merry laugh was the first thing I heard every morning, and the last thing at night. The only time he fusses is when he gets very tired; aside from this I never heard him cry.

One thing about him that surprised me very much is the fact that he stays happily in his room for extended spells of time. Juliana said that she never let him cry for her to come and get him — she always went in before he put up any kind of a fuss. He takes one nap a day between 11:00 and 1:00. Then at 4:00 she puts him in his crib and he entertains himself contentedly until 5:00 or 5:30. Most of the time he's in bed for the night around 7:30 — we'd hear him playing for a spell after this, but never once did he cry to come back out to the living room.

I told Juliana that since he was her first baby and she'd never been around little children she simply didn't realize what a wonderfully good baby he is. (His Grandmother Lowey told Juliana the same thing!)

On April 12th James will be one year old and he's going to have a little party of two or three neighborhood youngsters about the same age. Juliana plans to make a lamb mold cake for him — I took the mold out on this last trip. This was what I always made for her birthday cakes when she was a little girl, and now she'll be making lamb cakes for her own little boy. (By the way, her old bassinet has started making the rounds of a new generation. As soon as James was through with it one of her friends borrowed it, and now there is a waiting list! I'm sure that at least thirty babies have used that bassinet through the years.)

I can't wind this up without telling you folks that I appreciated the letters you wrote when my little Jakey-Boy died. He was my constant shadow and I still miss him sadly. As mother said in her letter, he really was the most intelligent little dog that it's possible to imagine. He understood everything that I said to him and was exceptionally well behaved. Someday I may get another pet, but right now I have no heart for the idea.

Spring is here at long, long last. Do start a letter to us before you get all bogged down with outside work. We'd appreciate it.

Affectionately yours,

*Lucile*



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## Poetry

### OFFERING

A child's love will I bring —  
 Trusting, unquestioning;  
 A young girl's love unfolding —  
 Romantic, breath-holding;  
 Surpassing these, I'll share  
 A woman's love, her care —  
 Deep, rich, ever warm, ever there.  
 —Kristin Brase

### WHY?

Why do flowers bloom in Spring,  
 And nesting birds now call?  
 Why do people deem this time  
 The pleasantest of all?  
 Why do raindrops' tiny hooves  
 Patter on the roof?  
 Why do leaf buds swell on trees  
 In endless cycle's proof?  
 Why do lambs and colts and chicks  
 Represent the season?  
 These and more fulfill God's plan.  
 Question not His reason. —Inez Baker

### UNHARRIED HOUSEWIFE

The gleaming white washer is washing.  
 The late model dryer is drying.  
 The fan in the ceiling is fanning  
 For the steak on the new stove is  
 frying.

I'm a calm and relaxed little housewife  
 With appliances oh! so exciting!  
 For when they are running, their motors  
 all humming,  
 I can't hear the kids while they're  
 fighting. —Mrs. Bill Holland

### HOMECOMING

At the end of May each year the old  
 friends come  
 From radial distant miles to my home  
 town,  
 Renewing bonds of vanished years for  
 some  
 Who long have dwelt in places of re-  
 nown.  
 The gold of hair is white or tinsel-  
 ed gray,  
 The form of youth is wide or bent or  
 gaunt,  
 The voice of age now quavers or may  
 stray  
 To cadences with memories still to  
 haunt.  
 Tonight they reminisce at banquet  
 board  
 School friends and teachers of the by-  
 gone years,  
 Then next day all will meet with one  
 accord  
 At tombstones quietly with flowers  
 and tears.  
 No matter where or what time may have  
 passed  
 Old friends back home find bonds are  
 strong and fast. —Alice G. Harvey

## UNEXPECTED KINDNESSES THAT MAKE LIFE GOOD

by  
 Evelyn Witter

When I look back over our twenty years of farming, it is the unexpected kindnesses we received that I recall first . . . ahead of bumper crops, top markets, even exciting new equipment.

I don't mean the expected kindnesses of politeness, nor the mutual benefit kind of 'I'll help bale your hay if you cultivate my corn' type, but rather kindness like that first day on the farm when I was starting my garden. I was feeling very lonesome in this new home with only the sweet notes of a chickadee in a nearby elm to cheer me.

A car sped up the drive that day, and the lone woman at the wheel called out to me, 'I'm on my way to town with the eggs, but I wanted you to know how glad we are to have you in the community and to invite you over for supper tonight.'

My blues left. My new neighbor could have telephoned, but she took time out of her busy schedule to drive up . . . to give that added, unnecessary kindness. She gave me the wonderful feeling that I was in a friendly place.

I remember the unnecessary kindness of a neighbor when my husband's favorite riding horse was sick. It was about twilight when our nearest neigh-

bor walked through his pasture and into our barn yard. 'Saw the vet go by,' he said. 'Anything I can do?'

'Dolly's got colic,' Bill told him. 'Doc gave her some stuff and told me to keep walking her till she's okay.'

The neighbor stayed with Bill all night, taking turns walking Dolly. At dawn Dolly had passed all danger.

'I don't know how to thank you,' Bill said.

'Glad to help!' the neighbor said honestly.

We've never forgotten his unnecessary kindness, and we never will.

And I remember just two years ago last fall when my mother passed away and our road was almost impassable. A neighbor who lived clear at the other end of the road brought a whole meal on a tractor.

'You shouldn't have gone to all this trouble with the road the way it is,' I admonished her.

'No trouble,' she said lightly. 'I'm just glad we had some kind of vehicle that could get through.'

Yes, it is these and similar unexpected kindnesses that have highlighted our farming years. They have given me the great inner peace of knowing that, indeed, God's in his heaven and all's right with the world when His children reflect His love by showing each other great kindnesses beyond the call of what's expected of them.



## Late Spring Snowstorm

Anyway, it looks like a snowstorm! From all over, letters are pouring in from ladies like yourself who have tried new **Blue Drops**.

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