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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 34

MAY, 1970

NUMBER 5



- Photo by Strom

NOV 70
MISS W. F. PEARSON
502 HAMMURG AVE
ST. JOSEPH, MO 64505



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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

Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a glorious spring day in Albuquerque and I left the little terrace in back to come into my room just a trifle regretfully — it was a temptation to stay out in the warm sun. James was out there with me digging away industriously with a big fork and spoon, and he just plain refused to budge when I asked him if he wanted to go inside. I can hear him through the open windows in my room and he is carrying on a lively conversation with himself.

This last trip out to New Mexico began on a Sunday morning when Mae (Howard's wife), Eula and I left Shenandoah. We had planned to get a fairly early start but there was so much to pack into the car that it took Howard a full hour to work out the jigsaw puzzle. It looked for a spell as if we would have to leave some of the things that Juliana particularly wanted us to bring, but finally it was all stowed away and we got started.

The weather forecast had been for a dark, overcast day and it was 100% wrong. We had a brilliantly clear day and it was so warm that long before we reached Kansas City we had the air conditioning turned up to its highest point. I think that everyone who owned four wheels was out because we certainly had heavy traffic. Mae is an excellent driver and this didn't trouble her in the least.

We spent that night in Kansas City so Eula could visit her family, and then the next day we headed south again with Joplin, Missouri, as our destination. I'm so accustomed to going several hundred miles on these trips to New Mexico that it seemed peculiar to cover only about 300 miles in two days!

Joplin is far enough south of Shenandoah that we noticed a tremendous difference. All of the flowering shrubs were in full bloom and we saw quantities of daffodils, crocus, hyacinths and early tulips. We had such a long, shut-in winter in Iowa that it seemed

wonderful to see this evidence of spring.

There were a couple of things in the Missouri countryside that surprised me. We have grown accustomed to many, many abandoned farms in southwestern Iowa and all along Highway 71 through Missouri we saw the same thing, but with the big difference that houses had been taken down or were in the process of being leveled; they weren't left simply to decay and gradually crumble. As a consequence the countryside didn't look so hopelessly abandoned.

We noticed too a surprising amount of new building in all of the towns that we passed through. All winter long I'd been reading about new construction being at a standstill, but this was certainly not true in the areas that we saw. Even the smallest towns had all kinds of new residential sections, and in Arkansas there was an amazing amount of building activity going on. Towns such as Rogers and Springdale seemed to have doubled since I last saw them with Russell about nine or ten years ago.

Our beautiful spring shrubs and flowers stayed with us all through that day, but long before we reached Alma (not far from Fort Smith) and turned west towards Oklahoma the skies were unusually dark and high winds were blowing. We spent that night in Oklahoma City and were dismayed to have a light mist falling when we started out the next morning. None of us voiced our apprehensions but we watched the sky with eagle eyes and paid sharp attention to the mileage between towns; that is one of the loneliest stretches I've ever driven through — just mile after mile after mile without signs of human life. It would be a mighty poor place to get stuck in a storm.

By mid-afternoon it was snowing in earnest and all of the cars we met were covered with snow and ice. Obviously we had bad weather ahead of us. It was a relief to make it into Amarillo shortly before 4:00 o'clock and the three of us (particularly Mae who was driving)

were genuinely glad to settle into a motel. We thought it would be only for the night, but it turned out that we spent two nights there and a full day. In all of the countless trips I've made to New Mexico at all seasons of the year this was the first time I'd ever been driven off the road by weather. However, Mae reminded me that Mother, Dad and Howard had also been caught by a blizzard in that area when they were returning from California.

Friday morning (we'd now been on the road since Sunday!) we awakened to a blue sky and bright sun, so we lost no time in starting out on the last lap to Albuquerque. It was about 2:00 in the afternoon when we pulled into the driveway at my house and I don't know when I've ever been happier to arrive at my destination! It seemed to me that we'd spent an eternity getting there!

Juliana and Jed had prepared a gala welcome for us. There were flowers all through the house and on the counter in the kitchen was a spectacular big three-layer cake decorated with lilies of the valley. (Juliana is good enough at this kind of skill to be a professional.) As soon as our car turned into the driveway they came right over, and James ran into the house crying "Granny — Granny." I hadn't seen him since Christmas and I really wondered if he would remember me, but his enthusiastic greeting settled this doubt in a split second.

For the next few days we just relaxed in the house and out on the terrace. Anita came down from Santa Fe to visit us and we had a good time catching up on everything until she had to leave. Mae went with her to spend a little time until she took her plane to Denver for an overnight stay with Abigail and Wayne . . . and then on to Lincoln where Howard met her.

James will be two years old on April 12th and if I do say so myself I think he is absolutely adorable! This seems to me one of the most interesting ages that a youngster passes through. He feels very independent now and has a strong mind of his own, but when he is tired he is willing to cuddle up for a little bit and to be comforted.

Juliana was always such a fussy eater that it delights me to see James sit in his highchair and stow away big meals with gusto. He handles a fork very well and only uses a spoon for soup or ice cream. There are only two foods that he refuses: eggs and potatoes. This has been true since he first tasted solid foods. But he loves all vegetables and fruits and meats and gets away with amazing quantities of them. It's nothing unusual for him to devour three big bowls of cereal at one

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

When I went downstairs to breakfast this morning, I was so stiff and sore I could hardly manage the steps! Did I get any sympathy from Betty? Not a bit of it! She just laughed and said: "That will teach you to go square dancing." She was so right; I had been square dancing, and I never had a better time in my life, but oh! the aches and the pains on the morning after. It is a new program of adult activity that we are introducing into the social calendar of the church. When it was suggested that we use one of our large halls for square dancing, I tried to discourage it. It seemed to me that our church was a bit too sophisticated for that sort of thing, but now that I have tried it myself, I think it is a great idea. For good, clean fun and lots of laughs, it can't be beat. Of course, Betty just loved it, and already the two of us are campaigning for more square dancing.

As we sat at our breakfast table having our third cup of coffee a few days ago, I told Betty that I was laboring under a guilt complex, and that I had to do something about it. The explanation is this: From the pulpit I tell people to show their love of God by doing kind and helpful things for all of God's children, but in my own personal life I am so busy serving on the boards of directors of all kinds of social service organizations, that I have almost no time to do some personal kindnesses for others. For a long time I have felt badly because I did not find the time to involve myself in some of the helpful and kindly things that I direct others to do. Oh yes, frequently I am doing something for groups of people, and of course, I do lots of calling on the sick, but that is all a part of my job. Then came that day when I told Betty that something had to be done to keep me from feeling so guilty.

There are two boys in the church for whom I have wanted to do something for a long time. They are boys who could use a little special attention from some more mature male friend, and the attention I gave them was to take them down to Hartford, Connecticut, to the big Boat Show. The three of us had a great time looking at all kinds of boats and telling big stories of what we would do with some of the beautiful boats if we owned them. And then I took the boys to dinner in the famous Skyroom Restaurant at Bradley International Airport. We had a table next to a glass wall through which we could look at all the airplanes loading and unloading passengers and freight, and through which we could see the planes



Frederick plans many activities with the young people of his church. This high school club is ready to board a chartered bus for an outing.

landing and taking off every few minutes. I don't know who had the more fun — the boys or I! Perhaps I did the boys a favor, but I felt so good doing it that I really think they did me a favor.

Several of you have written to ask me for information about travel to Nova Scotia. Our David and two of his university friends are in Nova Scotia right now. They took Betty's car and went to Argyle Head where we go every summer, and there they plan to spend their spring vacation. We hope that David will call us tonight to tell us what kind of a trip they had across the Bay of Fundy, and how much snow there is on the ground. They left here during a late spring snowstorm, the kind of a late storm that we get in New England every spring, and I am afraid they might have had a viciously raging sea for their trip on the boat. They did not have to have reservations on the boat, but if you are planning to go up there this summer, you will need reservations, and you had better make them early. For information about the boat, write to Canadian National Railways, Bluenose Ferry, Bar Harbor, Maine. Perhaps we shall see you there.

I gave a speech to a group of high school seniors not long ago, and I told them a few things that they seemed to appreciate. Before my talk, some of the youngsters had said something about "people over thirty not doing a very good job with the world," and I spoke to that point. If ever you have a chance to set a few young people straight about how we older folks have been running this world, maybe you can use some of the ideas I gave. I said:

"Don't you young people ever underestimate the good that your parents and grandparents have done. They are members of two generations that since 1900 have changed the average span of life

in our country from 41 to 71. They have worked hard to keep you from ever having to fear a polio epidemic, or a tuberculosis epidemic, or a diphtheria epidemic. It is the over-thirty folks who have managed to bring down the average number of hours a laboring man works a day from twelve hours to eight hours and, while doing that, these old folks have doubled the productive capacity of America.

"Your parents and grandparents represent generations that have fought two terrible world wars and have survived the worst economic depression the world has ever known. Because they do not want you ever to have to suffer the way they have suffered, they have gone to great effort and great cost to establish the United Nations, create and sustain the Peace Corps, VISTA, and the Job Corps, and they have spent more money helping more people in more nations of the world than all of the other nations of the world put together.

"These over-thirty folks are absolutely amazing people! In a democracy with a capitalistic, free enterprise economy they have taxed themselves so that the poor and the underprivileged in our country can have more luxuries and more necessities than even the white collar executives have in all of the nations behind the iron curtain.

"Your parents and grandparents grew up in a time when it was a rare privilege for a person to get to go to college, and so they have determined to change that for you. Using their money, not yours, they have built the colleges and universities, and employed the teachers, and provided the scholarships so that more young people could go on to college than you will find in all of the rest of the countries of the world put together.

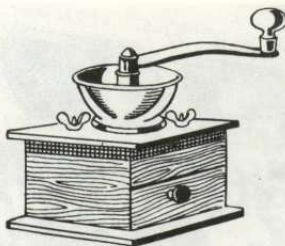
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To Our Pioneer Mothers

A Mother's Day Program

by

Mabel Nair Brown



With so many towns in this part of the country observing their centennials soon, it seems appropriate to plan our Mother's Day activities as a salute to our pioneer mothers. We offer suggestions here which can easily be adapted to a luncheon, tea, banquet, or a regular afternoon meeting of a women's group.

DECORATIONS

Red- and blue-checked tablecloths, paisley shawls, and kerosene lamps will set the pioneer atmosphere. If you are holding your event in a large hall, you might wish to add other cherished antiques, such as a spinning wheel, churn, washboard, coffee grinder, and the like. By all means try to have a display of old family Bibles. Cover a large table with a paisley shawl and arrange the Bibles upon it. Perhaps someone dressed in centennial garb could be at the table to visit with the guests about the Bibles displayed there. There should be a card with each Bible giving some information about its history.

Many of the younger generation have never seen a pleating or fluting iron, a butter mold, or apple peeler, for example, or know how they were used. Display these, as well as framed family hair wreaths, rose beads, feather flower pictures, and fragrance jars.

Favors: Use nut cups representing washtubs, making miniature washboards, to place in each cup. Cover the cup with foil to represent the tin tub. Corrugated paper will make the rub board by stapling or gluing it to a top board cut from heavy posterboard. Letter in a brand name on this top part, such as "The Magic Rub Clean Co." or "Rub-A-Dub, Inc.".

Old-fashioned sunbonnets made from scraps of print materials make clever favors, and also serve as decoration for the nut cups by placing a sunbonnet over each cup.

Program Booklets may have a small construction paper trunk glued to the front, or, if there is an artist in your group, a sketch of the famous statue "The Pioneer Woman" or of a woman riding in a covered wagon would make a beautiful cover.

PROGRAM

Setting: If possible, have a large picture of the statue, "The Pioneer

Woman", placed on a table covered with an old shawl or checked tablecloth, with a large old family Bible, perhaps with a kerosene lamp beside it.

Reading:

PIONEER MOTHER

She came to the West when the West was young,

Came with a dream to guide her;
A dream which Diana-like had sprung
From her love for the man beside her.

She grew with the West, she helped it grow,

She was rich in her ways of giving.
She had a smile and a gay hello
For every creature living.

And the West became a place of bloom,
Each day, each hour, each minute —
Wide open prairie, log house home
So long as she was in it.

—Thanks to an unknown author

Scripture and Meditation: One of our richest heritages is the faith of these mothers. *Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.* (Heb. 11:1)

How vividly the marked passages in some of our treasured old family Bibles point up the faith of those pioneer mothers! It carried them through the time of decision making, the parting with family and friends, through days of hardship, fear, death, and great loneliness as well as days of adventure, joy, accomplishment, and thanksgiving.

Let's look now at some of those marked Scriptures and see what they say to us of our grandmothers' faith.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path. (Proverbs 3:6)

She thought the teachings of the Good Book applied to nations as well as families and individuals. She felt the goals of her country, as of her family, should be based on the truths to be found in the Bible, and that through Bible reading and prayer she could help her children to become better citizens and better homemakers and home builders when their time came.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise. (Proverbs 6:6)

The pioneer mother would have thrown up her hands in disgust if anyone had suggested that the world owed her a living or that she might as well

take all she could before someone else beat her to it. No, indeed! None of that nonsense for those courageous frontier women. They firmly believed that each person's industry and initiative must justify his reason for being. Idle hands and wasting time could only lead to misery. Shirking one's job only meant that someone else's task was made the harder. Each must carry her fair share. She believed that God understood her problems and that He would help her and give her the strength to do that which had to be done.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold. (Proverbs 22:1)

Not only must a person be careful of her own good name so that those about her see that which is good and just and upright, but one's tongue must be guarded that no ill-advised, thoughtless, or false word should tarnish the good name of another. She wanted her children to grow up to be persons of whom it could be said: "His word is as good as his bond."

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. (Matthew 7:12) And, *Love thy neighbor as thyself.* (Leviticus 19:18)

The Golden Rule and the Great Commandment were clear statements of the pioneer mother's creed of brotherhood and true friendship and love.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. (Psalm 45:1)

The importance of her faith is known when we recall that the circuit rider was one of the most eagerly awaited visitors. The pioneers gladly opened their homes for the worship services and for Sunday school classes and prayer meetings. Once homes were established, a crop planted, and a little community begun, the pioneers were eager to build a little church and hold regular services. They knew that the church fellowship would enrich the lives of the families, and constantly remind them of the help and strength they would find in God to meet all the hardships and problems they faced here on this great frontier, called the Great West.

Will you bow in prayer?

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, help us to be always aware that just as Thou didst help our dauntless pioneers to face whatever discouragements, fears, and struggles came to their lot, so Thou wilt guide us in these days of turmoil and strife, if we but acknowledge Thy ways and seek Thy guidance. Grant us, O God, a spirit of thankfulness that

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A LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

I've just returned from several hours of working at the Book Fair at Clark's high school. There is something especially satisfying about spending time selling books to people even though these were strictly inexpensive paperback editions. How exciting it must be to work in a complete bookstore and handle the handsome hardback editions as well! But I'm afraid I would have much difficulty keeping my desire to purchase under control if I worked in such a store. It was rewarding also to know that all the profits realized from the sale of these inexpensive books will go toward purchase of additional books for the school library.

Our display of books for sale was located in the lobby of the school through which most of the students pass on the way between classes. During the momentary lulls it was almost as interesting to turn from looking at the books to observing the appearance of the students. Only the previous week the school's "dress code" had been revised and there was a much greater variation in attire than had been present in previous years. Probably many of you with high school students have found them and perhaps yourselves involved with this same matter. At least in the Denver area among most high school students "the" issue of the year has been liberalization or, preferably, abolishment of rules and regulations concerning personal appearance.

At our high school when the cry among students for liberalization of the past dress code arose, the clamor was calmed temporarily by appointment of a committee of students, faculty and parents to study the situation and make recommendations. After much deliberation they came up with four proposals on which an election was held. These proposals ranged from maintaining current rules unchanged all the way to abolition of all rules entirely. Agreed-upon ground rules for the election included the provision that voting be done within separate groups (student, faculty and parents) and whichever proposal carried a majority of votes in two of the three groups would be declared winner. Total individual votes would not win. This enabled the faculty and parental vote, which was much smaller numerically, to outweigh the greater number of student votes if the first two groups could agree on one proposal. This did happen and the result was the student-entitled "conservative" proposal carried.

Many of us parents wouldn't title this particular code "conservative" however. It permits girls to wear slacks



The late snows that fell on the Rocky Mountains during the week before Easter brought skiers to Colorado by the thousands.

and culottes, and boys to wear beards, mustaches and sideburns although the beards and mustaches must be trimmed and the sideburns cannot "sweep excessively forward". No one may be barefoot except in certain physical education activities, but sandals without stockings are permissible. Boys must have shirt tails tucked in and no one is permitted to wear shorts. Oh yes, students and attire must be "neat, clean, sanitary and healthful".

Well, the clothing controversy did liven up that dull time of the school year which occurs during the lull between basketball and baseball seasons for the students. And I'm sure they don't consider it a closed subject either.

Livening up the scene at our house briefly was a surprise visit from Emily. She added a few extra days to a between-quarters break coming close upon several religious holidays and decided to take advantage of some cheap transportation to the states. I know she was glad to see her family again. The presence of her closest friend living and working in Aspen, Colorado, during the height of spring skiing season was the additional incentive. I'll confess that Wayne and I really felt the generation gap when she telephoned to tell us she had decided on the spur of the moment to catch a ride up from Mexico City to see us and ski. Somehow we've just never learned to make a four-thousand mile round trip on the spur of the moment!

Another factor influencing her quick trip decision was that she is considering staying in Mexico throughout the coming summer. She can make more money there doing private English tutoring than she could hope to earn here in the states. And obviously she is enjoying living in Mexico a great deal.

Predictions are that summer jobs are going to be few and far between in

these parts this year. Alison was fortunate months ahead of time to line up employment for her long summer vacation. Her college which has operated on a tri-mester schedule is out the middle of April. This enables her to work in the garden shop during the peak of spring season when extra clerks are needed. After the secondary schools are dismissed in early June she expects to teach beginning horsemanship classes.

Some people find more time to read during the summer than during the winter. For me the most favorable weeks for reading books of some length are those of late winter and early spring. So for hot weather readers I have some suggestions.

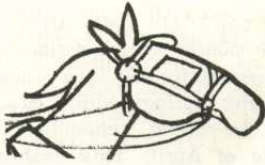
Available now in paperback edition is *Iberia* by James Michener. It is an accounting of his experiences in and impressions about Spain garnered from several years' acquaintance with this fascinating country. Each section within the book is relatively self-contained, so it is the type of book that can be read in sections instead of straight through without interruption. I have not seen the hardback edition but Emily says the photographs in it are stunning — no comparison between the two editions.

Both Wayne and I have maintained an interest in this country's political scene and as a result were given two books dealing with the most recent presidential election. *The Making of the President 1968* by Theodore H. White I found to be an excellent book and very readable. *The Selling of the President 1968* by Joe McGinniss has been on the best seller list for weeks. I couldn't read the book. I started it but it seemed so blatantly prejudiced and filled with propaganda that I felt I was wasting time.

Very one-sided but very readable is *Custer Died for Your Sins* by Vine Deloria, Jr. The author is a prominent young Standing Rock Sioux Indian who has some very strong opinions about the treatment of Indians by missionaries, anthropologists, and the government, among others. He also has provocative opinions concerning the relationship of Indians and other minority groups as well as proposals for the future role of Indians within our country.

Currently I am reading *Nisei, The Quiet Americans* by Bill Hosokawa. The author is one of the senior editors of the *Denver Post* and an acquaintance of ours. The subject matter is the history of Japanese immigrants and their heirs who came to this country. Their history was very thoroughly researched and the book is very well written in a personalized manner. It, and the pre-

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TIO VIVO

by
Marjorie Spiller Neagle

No fiesta in the town of Taos, New Mexico, can be properly called a fiesta until you've ridden on "Tio Vivo". The name was given over 100 years ago to a crude little hand built merry-go-round. Since then there has been constant disagreement over the translation of the two Spanish words. Some say they mean "wise uncle." Others say "lively uncle." But all agree that the name used today by the Spanish-speaking people of Taos, "La Rueda de Los Caballitos" is more descriptive. It means "The Wheel of the Little Horses." Anyway, what's in a name when the brightly colored little carousel is present to add joy to the fiesta?

At first Tio Vivo was turned by manpower, while two Spanish senores supplied music with violin and guitar. Before a mechanical carousel was brought to Taos in 1900, Tio Vivo was the delight of every child — Spanish, Anglo, or Indian — who came to Las Fiestas de Taos. But gradually the replacement pushed Tio Vivo into the background. Who would wish to sit on a crudely carved, unpainted horse, or a small wooden seat, when there were such splendid creatures to be ridden, all gaily colored, with saddles and bridles and stirrups that shone like silver? Tio Vivo was cast aside to the mercy of hot desert winds and sun, and forgotten.

When some members of Taos Artists' Colony learned Tio Vivo's story they rescued it. Volunteers from the colony painted the horses and seats in bright colors, and put up a striped canopy with a long white fringe, an exact replica of the one that had covered it when it was new.

Santa Fe, Las Cruces, and other New Mexico cities borrowed Tio Vivo for their fiestas. It caught the eye of a motion picture producer who made it even more famous in "Ride the Pink Horse".

When the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York asked permission to use it in one of their productions, the people of Taos said no. Tio Vivo had traveled enough. It belonged at home!

And there it remains today, a little updated since violin and guitar have been replaced by record players. But the children love it just as did those other children a hundred years ago.



Betty Driftmier, second from the right, working with three friends at the church rummage sale.

A FRIEND

Someone who cares when you're feeling blue,
Someone who shares your happiness, too;
One who stands by when things go wrong,
Gives you courage, keeps you strong;
A treasure found right here on earth,
A friend is more precious than gold in worth. —Gladys Billings Bratton

THE MAGIC KEY

She falters now. But I remember when
Her step, as quick and light
As summer air, led her to the darkness
Of the cave. And there she skimmed
The clotted cream into a
Cup of blue.

She trembles now. But I remember
Fingers strong and firm that
Pressed a pie crust paper-thin
And piled it high with yellow cream,
Beat to a froth with fragile
Whip of wire.

Her voice is weak. But I remember
Bells of laughter, tinkling to
The tune of darting steps and busy
Hands. Within my memory I hear
The solemn tones of thankfulness —
Or catch the lilt of hope for
Bright new days.

Now she forgets. But she remembered
Then — to share a load too heavy
For my heart; to sit beside me in my
Hour of pain; to soothe my brow
With worn-worn hands that held within
Their touch the very testament
Of love.

Now she is old. Those feeble hands
Upon her knee clutch only shadow
dreams,
And shuffling feet upon the floor
Have just one destiny. A stranger rocks
in

Her old chair. But when she smiles at
Me, I glimpse a shine of long ago.
Beneath those somber wraps of age,
She's still the same.
She'll never change — so long
As I remember! —Leta Fulmer



FLOWERS BY MAIL

by
Margie R. Messner

This was such a rewarding experience I wanted to share it with you. One day this spring when writing to my sister in Phoenix, Arizona, I described in glowing terms my beautiful French lilacs. Some of the sprays were ten to twelve inches across. I also wrote of other flowers such as lilies of the valley, bleeding heart and early-blooming flowers common in Missouri.

Her reply came promptly, "Please send me a small sprig of lilacs. I haven't seen or smelled them since coming to Arizona twenty-eight years ago!"

Immediately I went out to the lilac hedge and cut sprigs of the red, white, lavender and orchid, both single and double florets. I placed these on wet paper towels, then wrapped them in plastic wrap and foil. I put this packet in a large envelope marked "Please Hand Stamp" and air-mailed them.

A few days later I received word that the lilacs had arrived in excellent condition. By cutting off the stems and floating the lilacs in a glass bowl, they had lasted five days and their fragrance filled the room. We were both thrilled to think I could send a bit of Home.

While taping a letter to my daughter, I told her of mailing the lilacs and also how lovely the peonies were this year. In her letter she mentioned she had never seen peonies, lilies of the valley or bleeding heart in Columbus, Georgia, where she resides with her children awaiting the return of her husband from a tour of Vietnam. I decided to send some peonies which had buds just ready to open. I cut these early in the morning, wrapped them in several sheets of wet paper towels, then placed them in plastic bags, completely covering buds and stems. They were packed in a corrugated box and sent by regular mail. My daughter replied, "The box arrived in good condition and I was so touched and surprised. The peonies are on my table and are so lovely and fragrant. How thoughtful of you to send a touch of home."

A touch of home means so much when one is far away. This simple gift of flowers from home meant more than an expensive gift.

Why not try this for a loved one in some distant city?



It's sweeping the country — this new challenge of making your own lingerie! Dream up the most fabulous gown or slip, and the latest in synthetic fabrics and sewing notions are available to you, to translate that dream into reality.

Before the turn of the century, underclothing was made at home from necessity. When readymades became available, it came to be the accepted thing to purchase these garments even though you might do great quantities of other home sewing. The knit fabrics were so comfortable, and you just couldn't get the knits to sew at home, back then. Do you remember the long, bulky flannel bloomers? Or the underwear made from flour sacks? Or even made from white muslin or nainsook? Durable, yes — but glamorous? A resounding NO answers that question. Some of you, however, continued to make slips, nightgowns, perhaps panties, from the limited selection of fabrics available. You used taffeta, perhaps, percale, muslin, a smooth cotton called slipcloth, lightweight seersucker — but no matter the painstaking care you took the expert sewing, perhaps a touch of embroidery, those garments always proclaimed "homemade."

But the situation has changed! Fabric store owners over the entire country have taken stock of the situation and are beginning to carry a line of lingerie fabrics and notions. A good many of them have taken short courses for instructors, to learn all the latest techniques and short cuts on these specialized fabrics. And, scattered across the country, you begin to find more and more classes offered for women clamoring to learn something so new and so satisfying. For now, you see, you can obtain all the professional-type fabrics and notions needed to make your own slips, gowns, bras, panties, girdles, stretch pants, bathing suits — yes, even sweaters. You won't run out of something new to try for a long, long time.

But . . . "Available?" I hear someone say regretfully. "That may apply to many people, but these items are

surely not available in our town." Or, "I'm nearly housebound, and almost never get to do that sort of shopping." Or, "I can't afford lessons, but still would like to learn. What do I do?" Hold it just a minute! You *do* have access to the U.S. Mail service, don't you? And there's your answer: the fabrics and instructions *are* available to every last one of you, by mail.

For a starter, send 25¢ to the Cass County Extension Office, 1213½ N. P. Ave., Fargo, North Dakota, and request their two booklets, "Sewing with Tricot" and "Sew Lovely Lingerie". You'll receive a few beginning patterns and a great deal of excellent information on the special-handling techniques.

You can send requests for information and price lists to the following addresses; some of them offer instruction books (about \$4 each) that cover the subject in great detail, besides supplying fabrics, notions, and patterns especially designed for use with the knit fabrics. Occasionally you'll even receive sample swatches. The addresses:

1. Knit Kits, 216 Third Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn. 55401.
2. The Sewing Bee, 261 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.
3. Lace & Nylon Shop, 301 New-castle Dr., Fort Walton Beach, Fla. 32548.
4. Kieffers Lingerie Fabrics and Supplies, 40 West Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

If you'd like to experiment without spending much money, first study those booklets from North Dakota, and adjust your sewing machine to stitch on tricot. If you haven't a panty pattern, it's not too hard to make one, using a comfortable pair of your own panties as a guide. Now — remember that slip of yours, that the nylon tricot fabric is good as new, but the lace is shredded beyond repair? Use the fabric for your first pair of "custom-made panties, for you and by you." And if you should make a slight mistake or two on this trial run, comfort yourself that it's not dollars down the drain!

When you move on to new fabrics, you'll find that — due to the wide, wide widths (60" up to 108") you'll not need as much yardage as you're accustomed to needing in dress fabrics. Most garments can be made for about 1/3 to 1/2 of store cost for comparable quality — which translates to mean that, by sewing them yourself, you can enjoy wearing luxury-quality undergarments for the same price as the store-purchased economy line.

From one yard of nylon tricot in the 108" width, the average-sized woman can have her choice of: 1 half slip and 3 pairs of panties OR 1 full slip with

matching panty OR 2 half slips and 2 pair of panties OR 1 knee length nightgown. The Knit-Kit folder I have here quotes nylon tricot in a assortment of colors at \$1.79 a yard, to give you some idea of cost.

As to the actual sewing, there are seams and techniques to use with a zigzag sewing machine, but if yours is a straight stitch machine, don't worry — there are seams you can use to make everything except the lycra girdles, which do require the zigzag stitch. Electric scissors are ideal for cutting out tricot garments, but lacking them, use the very sharpest scissors you have. Barber shears, if sharp, will do a beautiful job, but never, never, try to use pinking shears! Choose your finest needles for the machine, and you'll probably want nylon thread. You can use white on all pastel colors. If you have fabric you can't match with nylon thread, either use the "invisible" nylon thread, or choose some of the new polyester thread now widely available, designed especially for sewing all sorts of knits, and sold in a good range of colors. Get lingerie elastic if at all possible; it's of nylon and much softer, stretchier, and all-around more comfortable to wear than the rayon elastic you find at most dime stores. All the "authorities", whose printed material I've read, seem to recommend nylon lace for trim. But I experimented, and would like to suggest that wonderful Flexi-Lace (made by Wright's) that's sold on cards as seam binding and hem facing. It is surely an adaptable modern miracle, has a bit of "give" of its own, and find it ideal for numerous sewing uses. Why it's been so overlooked on those instruction sheets, I can't imagine — but *do* try it yourself, to see if it works as perfectly for your needs as it does for mine! The stretch lace has purely spoiled me for the use of conventional hem tapes. How often do you find practicality and glamour so attractively combined, as in this space-age lace?

And, speaking of stretch, it's now possible to make a professional-looking bathing suit; just purchase Helanca stretch material, which previously has been unavailable for home sewing. You can buy the bra inserts to properly shape the top of the suit, too.

Those of you who don't knit (or even those who do) can now buy sweater body kits, with neckline ribbing and all the necessary "fixings." Custom fit the sweater to your own needs, and perhaps add your own expert touch of crewel embroidery for a special "one-of-a-kind" garment that money alone can't buy.

Then there's the dainty, frilly, femi-
(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

My predictions last month about a spring snowstorm came true, so I was glad I didn't rush into the yard work, but concentrated on other necessary jobs around the house. Washing walls and woodwork isn't the most interesting task, but the end results seem worth it when you get all through. It is easy for me to put this job off, especially when I have yards and yards of beautiful spring material and new patterns just waiting to be made up.

I had thought I might paint the kitchen this year, but didn't want to change the color. When I found that the paint company had discontinued this particular shade, I decided to postpone painting for a while longer.

I have never learned to hang paper, and when I look at our eleven-foot ceilings, I doubt that I ever will. Since I hate to ask a paper hanger to make the trip to our house with all the ladders and planks and other paraphernalia needed to paper one small bedroom, I have decided to paint this room for the present, and by next year the rest of the house will have to be repapered and it can all be done at once.

While I have been doing some cleaning in the house, Frank has been doing his annual "housecleaning" in his tool sheds. His sister Bernie gave him some shelves for Christmas to put in one of his workrooms so he could get his tools and small electrical tools better organized. Shelves of this type always come knocked down and in cartons, so he just put them away until the weather warmed up and he could clean out the shed and make room for them. I love to put things like this together, so when he was ready to do his cleaning I made a deal with him — I would put his shelves together if he would set my new clothesline posts in cement and get the lines up. I am so enthusiastic about the shelves that I'm now anxious to get some more to put in our storeroom.

I have spent a little time at my sewing machine, but not nearly as much as I'd like. I made a bathing suit for Kristin and hope to make another one. Working with all the different fabrics, such as Lycra Spandex, nylon tricot, and Catalina cloth to name a few which are now available to people like you and me in many of the fabric stores, is



Mother has finished the Christmas afghan and we think it is beautiful. Dorothy tells more about it in her letter on this page.

absolutely fascinating to me. I told Rose the other day she has such a nice stock to choose from that I find myself being drawn in there as if by a large magnet every time I go to town. In fact, I'm actually buying more than I really need because it is so much fun. Most of the things I have already made have been given as gifts to family members, or have been put away to use as birthday and Christmas gifts at some future time, so I guess I'm not really being too extravagant.

Since we have mentioned the afghan Mother was making (her Christmas gift from Don and Mary Beth) she has had several requests from friends who want to know a little more about it, and where the kits can be purchased. Mother suggested that I include the information in this letter. The fabric for the afghan is a blend of white wool and nylon, and the finished size without the fringe is 53" by 71". The beautiful flowers, done in crewel embroidery, are in shades of gold, orange, red, and brown, with sage green leaves. Mother finished it the last time I was in Shenandoah and I must say it is almost too lovely to use. The kit containing all the material is listed in a catalog from Mary Maxim, Inc., Port Huron, Mich.

One of our closest neighbors is a young couple who have adorable blond, blue-eyed, identical twin boys about two years old. Since Karen doesn't drive, she occasionally rides to town with me. On one of our trips the subject of sewing came up and I found that she too loves to sew but didn't have a machine. I offered to loan her mine, but before she had a chance to get it she was surprised by her husband with a brand-new portable, the kind that does everything, as a valentine

gift. She is a much better seamstress than I am, as I told her when she showed me some dress slacks and jackets she had made for the boys, without a pattern. I have to have a pattern for everything. She is anxious to make some new clothes for herself, so I took up all my dress and jumper patterns for her to look through to see if there was anything she liked or could use.

Frank has gotten a few more of the dead elms cut down. He is concentrating first on the ones near a fence row to prevent their falling on the fence. Once an elm has died it isn't long until the large limbs break off. It seems to take the trunks much longer to dry out and rot. We have so much timber close to our house that when we sit on the porch in the summer we frequently hear limbs snap and break, or hear a large tree crash to the ground.

When one of Frank's friends stopped by the other day for a cup of coffee and a visit, the conversation got around to ponies and burros. Lemley has a couple of little burros he has trained to drive. Although his grandchildren, three boys, have all grown and gone to college or the service, he still keeps the burros and cart to take children for rides when they come to visit. Frank said he would like to have a burro to use as a pack horse to carry his fencing tools. There are places in our timber where he can't use the tractor and trailer, and sometimes has to make several trips carrying tools when he has to mend fence. I think this would be a wonderful idea. There were two little burros sold at the horse and pony sale when we bought Little Buck, but Frank had gone back in the barn to the stall where they had taken our purchase, and didn't see the burros. He was disappointed he'd missed out on them.

Speaking of Little Buck, he is always standing out by the yard gate in to the barnlot when Frank goes out first thing in the morning, waiting for the piece of candy Frank has in his pocket for him, so he was right there when Frank poured the milk into the cats' big round pan. When the cats were all in a circle drinking their milk, Little Buck picked each cat up in turn by the scruff of the neck and set him back down again. Frank said it looked so funny and the cats didn't seem to mind a bit, but went right on eating. I wish I had seen it. Little Buck is so ornery, there never seems to be an end to the things he can think up to do.

Kristin and her family are fine. The first semester Kristin's schedule was such that she could take Andy to kindergarten and pick him up again at noon, but this second semester they have let him walk back and forth to

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A Report Card for Parents

Program for Family Life Week

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Using a large sheet of poster-board (approximately 22" x 28") and a heavy black marking pen, make a giant-sized facsimile of a report card. At the top print "Parents' Report Card" in large letters. Mark the rest of the card to list the subjects and attitudes, with spaces for grading them. Choose from some of the desirable attitudes and practices listed in the program which follows. Place the report card on an easel beside a small table on which are placed the parents' curriculum materials — a Bible, parents' magazines, books on child development, and other good family reading material. A chalk board placed nearby, on which some pertinent words, quotes, or figures are written would add to the atmosphere.

One person may present the following program or the various sections might be assigned to different persons.

NURTURE

These are things to cherish;

A seed and a dream and a child,
Else must the nations perish
And earth fall away to the wild.

These are the things for wonder;

The leaf and the flower and the grain,
Earth that roots browse under,
And skies for sun and the rain.

These are the things to nourish;

The budding of trees and youth,
So shall the grown things flourish
Manhood and beauty and truth.

Out of the leaf falls that perish,

Retrieved from the waste and the wild,

These are the things to cherish;

A seed and a dream and a child.
—Iowa Parent-Teacher

A REPORT CARD ON PARENTS

Listening in on groups of mature people discussing the best things their parents had done for them or what they remembered best about home can be most revealing. It is encouraging to hear that it is the small, simple things, the things rich in thought and time and understanding, gifts every parent can give his child, which mean the most in the lives of children when they reflect

back upon it as adults. The sad part of it all is, however, is that as parents we so often let these things get pushed aside by the pressures of things that have far less value. Let's consider some of the reports that have been made on parents in various adult conferences.

"My father taught me to appreciate good neighbors — friendships outside the family circle." The speaker went on to say that her mother not only enjoyed her neighbors, but *was* a good neighbor, being genuinely interested in their families and the achievements of their children in various school and church and 4-H activities. She often mentioned how much a certain neighbor had meant to her at some special time, or the fun she and her neighborhood friends had at various meetings. Her mother was never too busy to run down the road to take a neighbor some fresh rolls and inquire about a sick child, or to telephone lonely little Grandma Adams for a cheery chat, or to admire Martha Kennedy's lovely roses, just as they, in turn, were sharing their new recipes and apron patterns or a slip from a favorite houseplant with her. "The person who said that the way to have a friend is to be one must have known someone like my mother. In other words, Mother believed in CARING, all spelled out in capital letters," she concluded.

"My father gave me the eyes to see" was another report. The father, from earliest boyhood, had taken his son about the yard and over the farmstead, pointing out different trees, unusual wild flowers, a bird's nest in the wild plum thicket, the feeding habits of the wild animals frisking about on the timbered hills of the back pasture. Together father and son studied the star-studded night sky and unusual cloud formations, often reading about them in reference books. They walked in the rain, and were two boys together as they tobogganed down a snowy slope. This was a father who was gradually building up a lifetime insurance against boredom and failure, helping the child to see the world with keen interest and appreciation.

"My parents led me to enjoy and appreciate music, something that will

continue to be a joy and a comfort to me all of my days," was another person's report. Here was a mother who hummed as she went about her work. The child heard snatches of the classics from babyhood. Later there was the old phonograph, with the child's being allowed to select and play the records himself. The family often gathered around the piano to sing hymns and popular songs together — and mother brought her ukelele, from her co-ed days, down from the attic; Dad brushed up on his cornet; and they joined their children for a family combo, and loads of fun.

"I'm glad we always had grace before every meal and that my parents made time for family worship," one person explained. She said it gave her a feeling of security, no matter what hard times her family had to face, and God gradually became a part of her daily life. From all this came the faith that went with her when the time came for her to make her own way into the world, and later to her own home, to be handed down to her children.

"I'm glad my parents took time to show their appreciation for the everyday blessings and taught us the satisfaction of hard work and a job well done," was what another man remembered. In his home the father often thanked his wife for a good meal, or commented on freshly ironed curtains, and the children's little courtesies and achievements were always acknowledged and praised. From early childhood the children were taught to buckle down to whatever task was at hand, to do their full share in the daily life in the home, to assume responsibility.

"I'll always remember the fun we had together as a family." This comment was repeated over and over. Games and popcorn on a winter evening, reading aloud, good-natured jokes played on various members of the family, impromptu picnics and little surprises, the family baseball team in summer, camping trips — how little the cost of these fun times, but how priceless the rewards!

Years from now what will your children consider your greatest gift to them while growing up at home? How will you rate on the parents' report card?

Children are a trust, a treasure, an investment to be wisely taken care of, cherished, and administered. As we noted at the beginning, and as our various reports bore out, it is the simple things within the reach of all parents — the giving of self in time and thought — which most enrich a child's life and remain to become the most remembered and treasured memories.

READING

(Continued on page 20)



Here Comes May

by
Harverna Woodling

Welcome to May, that merry, flirtatious, magical month. May is a red-breasted robin swaying in the very tip-top of the eastern oak in a brand-new morning, and boasting musically of his splendid world and happy life. It is a tiny brown wren high atop the transformer pole, serenading with a supreme ecstasy that all the choral students in world should envy.

May is gardens with green, succulent lettuce, tiny, crispy red radishes, and the promise, conveyed by lines of baby green and end-of-row markers, of many good things to come.

Occasionally, when young May decides to become difficult, our Midwestern gardens sprout new crops of protective boxes or buckets or hot caps or — oh, please, not glass jars. (We killed some nice baby tomato plants so dead once with good intentions and glass jars.) May's tantrums are usually short, though. It soon is back to sunny days and sunny ways.

Even May showers are pleasant, giving all the green world a huge thrust upward, up, up toward the big bright blue bowl overhead.

May is snowy spirea, colorful iris, and fragrant lilacs. Late May is the hope that all the heavy-headed peonies and all the rosebuds will be out in full glory and swaying in a soft breeze for Memorial Day.

May is people, people who feel revitalized after a gray, cold winter. May is a month of busy people with projects galore. Back comes daylight-saving time. Will it make any difference? It will to the school bus drivers and to the school bus passengers and to the school bus passengers' parents. And of course to most everyone else, too. It's really rather nice when you get used to it again.

In many of our Midwestern schools, May is the end-of-the-school-year month. It is ho-hum days when young people want to relax and teachers fret just a trifle. Now comes the senior trip with its inevitable accompaniment of falling temperatures and chilly wind. May is a baccalaureate sermon, a banquet, a prom. It is the young people who come at last to that commencement night that looked so very, very far away, but came so quickly. They have completed a huge phase of their lives

and are stepping out into a bigger world, whether it be college, work, marriage, or military service.

Perhaps the most beloved special day in May is Mother's Day. It brings family gatherings, beloved memories, and new hopes.

In Missouri early May brings Journalism Week, observed at the University of Missouri at Columbia. Then all the "writin'" people, journalism school alumni, editors, and publishers converge on the campus for a day or a week of good lectures, discussions, luncheons, awards, and fellowship. Traditionally Friday of this week is Missouri Press Women Day.

May is a lawn that suddenly needs mowing. It is clean curtains and shining windows. Sometimes it brings a club meeting or church circle day, and won't it be nice to leave the doors and windows open!

This is semester break, too, for some young people who have been attending college and are returning in June for the summer session. Can they possibly do all the things they plan in such a short period? Perhaps so. For May is truly a month for the young and for the young in heart.

May is a hope, a promise, a dream.

May is a wildly impossible scheme.

May is a gift all wrapped in sky blue,

And tied with a ribbon of sunshine for you.



BLESSINGS

Blessings are of the little things —
A bird's sweet song,

The first touch of Spring,

The loveliness of a rose in bloom,
The fragrance of its haunting perfume.

Oh, what joy these blessings bring —
The little things that make hearts sing!

Each tiny blade of grass that's kissed
Gently by the morning's mist,

A new day's dawn . . . the sunset's glow,

Whispering winds echoing low.

Blessings are of these precious things
That keeps a heart —
A heart that sings!

—Gladys Billings Bratton

WHEN IT'S MAYTIME

by
Virginia Thomas

Quickie Napkin Nut Cup: Make pretty matching nut cups and napkins by using small size napkins. For the nut cups, open a napkin and tuck it down inside a nut cup, leaving the edges to form a ruffle around the top of the cup. When napkins with pretty floral borders are used, a pretty and colorful effect is achieved. If place cards are needed, cut heavy construction paper "garden markers" and insert one in each nut cup. The nuts and candies will hold it in place.

Maytime Flower Basket Favors: Use the smallest size paper doilies in white or gold, fold in half, and add a handle in a matching or contrasting color. Lay a small cluster of violets or lily of the valley in each basket. Lacking the real flowers, artificial ones could be used. Very narrow ribbon might be run through the lacy paper for trim if desired.

Birdhouse Nut Cup: For roof, cut a circle 4" to 5" in diameter, depending on size of cup. Cut out a wedge-shaped piece from the circle. Staple cut ends together. Cut a small round hole in the nut cup. Spray or paint the desired color. A short length of pipe cleaner can be inserted below the door for a perch.

Bird Feeder Centerpiece: Cover an oatmeal carton with a strip of paper in a pretty spring color. Paint or cut a hole on one side of the box. Glue a small length of dowel or twig below the hole for a perch. Glue a paper plate of contrasting color to the top for the roof, and one on the bottom as the base. Arrange a cluster of flowers on top of the roof and around the base.

Button Place Cards: (Excellent and fun for mother-daughter banquets. The same idea could be used on program covers or invitations.) Glue a large white button to the name card or two in opposite corners. The buttons become the faces for the mother or daughter heads. Use marking pen to mark in the features, and use sequins, tiny flowers, and bits of yarn and ribbon and felt and rickrack or lace to make tiny hats, a bow at the neck, or a ruffle of lace for a collar. Use yarn hair with tiny ribbon bow in the hair.

Flower Show: From magazines and and nursery and seed catalogues, cut out pictures of as many kinds of flowers as you can find. Arrange them on a large sheet of paper and number each, or glue each to a numbered square of paper so the flowers can be passed around the circle of guests. Guests number their papers and try to identify the flower pictures. A pretty plant might be given to the winner.

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UNEXPECTED JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

by
Mary Feese

"Hello, folks!" The jolly little proprietor comes briskly from the back of the store. This store has no background music, no gleaming chrome, no acres of shining enamel and plate glass. It is delightfully different, and we sink gratefully into the welcoming atmosphere (cool, dim, and comforting) that's such a contrast from the street outside, where the sunlight blazes, pitiless, upon the hustle-bustle of the modern world. The cars speed by, horns blare at street corners, and all the busy people run twice as fast just to keep up with their errands.

Inside this store, sounds are muted and seem far away. We look about us, interest rising. Shades of Petticoat Junction! The years fall away with astonishing rapidity, and memories surge. Memories of a long-ago little girl shopping with Grandpa, enthralled by a store almost like this one that (even then) was forty years behind the times.

That dates its era as turn of the century, then; satisfied, I smile wordlessly at my husband. He nods in agreement, no words needed. Soon he and the store owner are deep in conversation, completely in accord although they've never met before. "First, you measure . . . and then this strap, you see . . ." "And the leather?" "Brown, I think."

I begin to browse around. Their voices intermingle and reach me, after a fashion; still this rare opportunity is too precious to waste. We hadn't realized there were still stores like this, where there is time to spare and the individual is still important. This is a saddle and harness shop, and if they haven't the leather goods you want, "Why, yes sir! Of course we can make it to order." Made to order — and at a reasonable price, too! — what a refreshing thought in today's mass-production world where, far too often, you can't find what you want and settle reluctantly for something that "will do".

I sniff the air, the clean, almost spicy, odor surely had not changed through the years. What could be smelt? I tick them off on my fingers; the penetrating twang of new leather. The brisk stimulant of some sort of cleaner. The mellow, heavy smell of wax, the type you patiently rub until the leather is pliable and gleaming. The elusive scent of unpainted wood (this from wide, bare boards that make the floor and the primitive shelving). And sawdust.

Sawdust? Puzzled, my eyes search to confirm the sure evidence my nose



Margery Strom felt that she had made a journey into the past when she visited Old Tucson in Arizona. The buildings, including this bank, were furnished just as they might have looked in the frontier days.

detects. And sure enough, toward the back there is a working area that (for reasons unknown to me) is thick and springy with a carpet of clean sawdust.

Still the men talk. When we came in, surely we had been in a hurry. Bemused, I find it no longer matters. I wander about as though in a dream, peaceful beyond belief. I spy, displayed to be seen through the smallest front window, the model used to sell a new model plow when it was introduced as "the very latest thing." With the tip of my finger, I touch the realistic foot-tall models of sturdy work horses, hitched in tandem, and read the still-clear explanatory advertising on the base. More memories of bygone years sweep by in swift panoramas: Grandpa's mules, my father's black horses, and — yes, the horses we ourselves owned in our early days of marriage.

My glance turns to the other side of the store where, displayed to be seen from the street, stands a full-size statue of a horse, head held proudly high. Why, he is absolutely regal with his elaborate bridle and meticulously tooled, intricately designed Western saddle. Though I haven't ridden for years, for a moment I positively yearn to own that beautiful saddle. Or — no, that one displayed just beyond, or — now I stand and stare. Row follows row of saddles, each surely more beautiful than the last. And then, the harnesses and halters and straps and leashes, for horses, ponies, pets. Racks filled with gloves, others filled with tooled leather belts. Card displays of gleaming, gorgeous nickel-silver buckles for those belts. I wander down counters piled high with bottles and cans of supplies; nestling there, side by side, are the good old saddle soaps from Grandpa's day and the latest thing in silicone waterproofing.

Silicone waterproofing? Our sons read

about wilderness camping, and memorize the supply catalogs. They've glowingly described the advantages of silicone waterproofing, so for thirty-five cents I'll buy them a bit of their dream. I count my change and pay the friendly little man. My husband reluctantly recalls himself to the business at hand; we really must go.

"I wish the boys were with us," he says. "Wouldn't they love it?" Beneath his words runs that unspoken undercurrent between us, "and wouldn't we love to show it to them?" To show them the fine craftsmanship, the old-time store layout with the seldom-seen old-time business desks and with the leisurely air of long ago — indeed, we wanted them to duplicate our refreshing journey into the past. We linger, hating to leave.

The owner's eyes meet ours. He's a friendly little man, who surely has grandsons of his own, and we see that he understands. "Of course, all boys love this place. Bring them with you next time you come . . ."

We step into the brilliant sunlight of the noisy street, back into the reality of 1970. The door swings shut behind us and cuts off our heartfelt answer. "We'll come back soon!"

AS DAYS UNFOLD

The hours spent with a lad of nine
Are long remembered when
He shares his dreams and wonders
As days unfold. And then
I'm lost in nine-year thinking
Instead of the 'has been'.

He tells of books that he will write,
Of journeys now in mind,
The band that he will call his own —
Tomorrow. So I find
MY past turns to tomorrows
While with this lad of nine.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



THE AMERICAN WAY

In memory of those who fought and died in the Civil War — Memorial Day was started — the day to honor men in uniform, blue or gray.

Today, Memorial Day or Decoration Day, on May 30, also commemorates the valor and sacrifice of Americans who died in the service of their country during the Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, the Korean Conflict, as well as the present action in Vietnam.

The origin of this day is quite notable, for after the War between the States, the gracious ladies of Mississippi placed flowers on the graves of the boys who represented the Confederacy as well as the boys of the Union troops. Divided in war, they were united in death, not as Northerners or Southerners, but as Americans.

United must Americans remain to save the American way. And as Lincoln said it to " . . . the last full measure of devotion."

**DAFFODIL CAKE**

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup water
- 1 cup egg whites
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 6 well-beaten egg yolks
- 2/3 cup cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cook sugar and water to thread stage (232 degrees) without stirring. Beat egg whites and salt until foamy; then add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Gradually pour this syrup over egg whites, beating constantly. Divide into 2 parts. To one part fold in 1/2 cup flour and add vanilla and lemon flavorings. To second part add egg yolks that have been beaten until thick and creamy; fold in remaining 2/3 cup of flour and almond flavoring. Spoon these two batters alternately into a 10-inch ungreased angel cake tube pan bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees.

We consider this beautiful and delicate cake perfect for spring. We hope that you will cover it with a snow-white icing and place it on your most beautiful cake stand. We like to use a small glass inside the hole in the center and fill it with three perfect daffodils.

ORANGE CARROTS

- 6 large carrots, thinly sliced
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 small can mandarin orange sections
- Liquid from oranges
- 1/8 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Put the carrot slices in a casserole dish. Dot with the butter, then arrange the mandarin orange sections on top. Combine the orange liquid, ginger, salt and sugar and pour over all. Cover and bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour, or until carrots are tender.

HOT DOG-LIMA CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. frozen lima beans
- 1 red apple, unpared and thinly sliced
- 6 wieners, thinly sliced
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 slices toast
- 2 slices American cheese

Cook lima beans until almost tender. Combine the beans, apple slices, and wiener slices and place in a buttered casserole. Sprinkle bread crumbs over the mixture. Combine the soup and Worcestershire sauce and pour over the mixture. Place the cheese slices on top of the toast slices and cut into quarters diagonally and arrange over the top of the casserole. Bake about 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

TUNA SPECIAL CASSEROLE

- 12 slices bread, cubed
- 2 cans tuna fish
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup celery
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- 3 cups milk
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 4 eggs

1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup milk
Cheese and paprika if desired
Cube bread and put half in bottom of buttered casserole or 9- by 13-inch pan. Layer tuna, onion, celery, and green pepper. Top with remaining bread cubes. Beat eggs lightly and combine with mayonnaise and 3 cups milk, pour over tuna mixture. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. Combine 1/2 cup milk and mushroom soup. Pour over top of casserole. Top with cheese and paprika if desired. Bake at 325 degrees for one hour.

This makes a delicious dish which cuts nicely into squares. The bottom layer becomes firm and the mushroom soup makes a "sauce" which stays on top. It would be a fine choice for a church or buffet meal. Salmon or chicken may be used in place of the tuna. Sage added with the chicken gives an additional touch. Serves 15. —Evelyn

BUTTER COOKIES

- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

2 cups all-purpose flour
Cream butter or margarine with brown sugar. Add egg and flavorings. Blend in flour. Chill dough. Form into small balls; flatten on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 7 to 9 minutes. When cool, frost with the following:

Frosting

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 Tbls. light cream or rich milk
- Whole almonds

Combine all ingredients except almonds and blend well. Frost cookies and put an almond on top. —Margery

VERY SPECIAL SPINACH

- 3 pkgs. frozen chopped spinach
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 can French-fried onions

Cook the spinach according to directions on the package. Drain thoroughly. Combine the spinach, soup, milk and half of the onions, and place in a greased casserole. Crumble the rest of the onions and sprinkle over the top. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes. This is delicious. —Dorothy

GINGER CREAMS

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup boiling coffee
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat in the eggs and vanilla. Stir in the hot coffee and molasses. Sift the dry ingredients together and add, mixing well. Pour into a greased 12- x 18-inch pan and bake approximately 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven. When cool, frost with a butter and powdered sugar icing to which you have added 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Cut into squares. —Dorothy

CHICKEN & BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 5 chicken breasts
- 2 pkg. frozen broccoli pieces
- 2 cans cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 cup Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted

The first thing you should do is prepare the chicken breasts. Cut them in half and wrap each piece in foil. Bake for 2 hours. This can be done ahead of time, refrigerating after baking until needed.

Cook the broccoli for 5 minutes. Mix the 2 cans of chicken soup, salad dressing, lemon juice and curry powder. Place the broccoli on the bottom of a 9 by 13 pan. Then cube the chicken over it. Pour the soup mixture over the chicken. Sprinkle with the cheese. Stir the bread crumbs with the melted butter and sprinkle over all. Bake until browned, about 40 to 45 minutes, at 350 degrees. Makes 10 servings.

—Margery

VERMICELLI SALAD

- 1 12-oz. pkg. vermicelli
- 5 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 5 stalks celery, diced
- 6 or 8 good-sized sweet pickles, diced
- 1/4 small onion, diced fine
- Salt to taste
- 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise
- 2 cans shrimp or crab, drained
- Paprika

Break the vermicelli in half and boil as directed on package. Drain thoroughly and then rinse to prevent sticking. When the vermicelli is cool, add remaining ingredients except fish and paprika. Toss lightly and refrigerate until time to serve. Just before serving add the fish and sprinkle with paprika. This amount should make 10 to 12 servings.

—Margery

SPICED POT ROAST

- 2 onions, chopped
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 4-lb. beef chuck roast
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/4 tsp. whole cloves
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar

Saute the chopped onion in melted shortening. Dredge the beef roast in the flour, and brown on both sides with the onion. Place a rack under the meat. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the beef. Cover and simmer about three hours.

—Dorothy

TUTTI-FRUITTI CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 whole egg plus 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- Peeling from 1 medium orange
- 12 maraschino cherries
- 1 cup nuts
- Juice of 1 orange plus water to fill cup
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the beaten eggs and flavorings, blending well. Put the raisins, orange rind, cherries and nuts through the food grinder, and divide in half. Stir half the fruit mixture into the batter. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the one cup of liquid. Pour into two greased layer pans and bake approximately 35 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Tutti-Fruitti Icing

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 stiffly beaten egg white
- Remaining fruit mixture
- Mix together in the order given.

—Dorothy

FAVORITE FILLED COOKIES

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups uncooked oatmeal
- 2 cups flour

Mix in order given and roll as thin as possible and cut with a round cutter. Put a teaspoonful of filling on a round of cookie, covering it with another round of cookie. Press edges with fork and bake for about 12 minutes at 350-degrees.

Filling

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 lb. dates, pitted and diced
- 1 cup water
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Place all ingredients in a saucepan and cook, stirring, until thick.

We first ate these at a church tea and when we got home, we fairly ran to the phone to get the recipe. For a tea, make them quite small, but your family will like them made bigger.

—Margery

DOUBLE-DELICIOUS MEAT LOAF

- 4 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 4 Tbls. grated onion
- 4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 #2 1/2 can tomatoes
- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 3 cups bread crumbs

Combine ingredients and toss lightly until well blended. Divide in 2 loaves and place in foil-lined loaf pans. Bake in 350-degree oven for 1 hour. Serve one loaf hot and let the other cool to freeze using the foil to wrap. —Margery

BIRTHDAY BUTTER FROSTING

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 2 to 3 Tbls. cream
- Coloring, if desired

Cream butter and flavoring together. Add sugar gradually, beating thoroughly. Stir in salt and vanilla. Beat in corn syrup. Add enough cream to make nice spreading consistency. Add food coloring if desired.

A few nuts and a little Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring make this into a delicious nut frosting.

A square of chocolate, melted and cooled, may be added to creamed butter and sugar for a very fine chocolate frosting.

This frosting has a very fine consistency which does not change or harden. Any leftover frosting can be refrigerated in a covered container and used at a later date.

—Evelyn

MARVELOUS RHUBARB-ORANGE JAM

- 5 cups rhubarb, diced
- 5 cups sugar
- 1 lb. candied orange slices
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine sugar and rhubarb and let set until juice begins to form. Add remaining ingredients. Cook to rolling boil and continue cooking 10 to 12 minutes, stirring constantly. Spoon into hot sterilized jars and seal with paraffin.

The candy orange slices will not dissolve completely in the cooking process but this adds to the texture of this jam. If you would prefer tiny pieces, dice before cooking. A friend suggested combining all ingredients and letting set overnight or for several hours before cooking.

—Evelyn

BUTTERMILK BANANA BREAD

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/3 cup buttermilk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2/3 cup mashed bananas
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Sift together into a bowl the flour, salt, baking powder, soda and sugar. Stir in the rolled oats. In another bowl mix together the salad oil, beaten eggs, buttermilk and flavorings. Add to the dry ingredients with the bananas and nuts. Stir until blended. Pour into a greased loaf pan and bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

CHERRY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. cherry gelatin
 - 2 cups hot water
 - 1 can cherry pie mix
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in pie mix and flavoring. Turn into 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill until set.

Topping

- 12 large marshmallows
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 - 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
 - A few drops of any fruit-flavored Kitchen-Klatter flavoring
- Melt marshmallows combined with cream cheese over hot water in double boiler. When blended and cool, fold in whipped cream or whipped topping. Add a few drops of any kind of Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring you desire, also a few drops of food coloring may be added. Spread over gelatin mixture.

RHUBARB FRUIT DELIGHT**Basic Cake**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 3 cups flour, sifted
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sweet milk

Cream together butter, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in eggs and remaining flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and add to batter alternately with milk. Batter will be quite thick. This makes a lovely simple basic cake. It may be baked as is in a 9- by 13-inch greased baking pan or made into cupcakes.

For the Rhubarb Delight, this is the 2nd part:

- 4 cups fresh rhubarb, finely diced
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin (dry!)
- 1/2 cup sugar

Combine ingredients. Spread over basic cake batter and press rhubarb pieces into batter.

Crumbly Topping

- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients. Sprinkle over cake.

Bake at 375 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

As you can see, this cake has many possibilities. The Crumbly Topping may be used alone without the fruit-gelatin layer. The fruit layer may be varied with different fruits and gelatin flavors. When I tested this recipe I divided it into three parts and made each part with a different combination. Even a little of the gelatin and sugar mixture went on top of a few cupcakes without any of the fruit or topping. So this is a recipe you can have fun with by using fresh fruits in season or the various canned fruits any time.—Evelyn

EXOTIC CELERY

- 4 heaping cups celery pieces (3/4" to 1" pieces)

Cook in boiling, salted water just 5 minutes. Drain. Put in casserole with: 1 can water chestnuts, sliced and drained

- 1 small jar pimiento, juice and all
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 6. —Margery

To Mothers of Three-Year-Olds



(And four-year-olds, and so forth up the age scale.) When you're cooking for hungry kids, and trying for variety, aren't you thankful for today's convenience foods? Like frozen and freeze-dried foods, brown-and-serve breads, instant vegetables, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**?

Especially that last one! What would you do without those instant flavors . . . that taste so great, with such color and aroma. And, since they never cook out or bake out, they're so economical, too — a few drops are all you need for most recipes. Sixteen in all:

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

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

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

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WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS VISIT IOWA

Dear Friends:

I'm writing you this morning from the peace and quiet of Lucile's desk. We're on vacation now, and the children have gone off with their Aunt Dorothy to visit the "plant" and explore all the glorious mysteries of the Kitchen-Klatter that they read about long distance but see all too seldom.

We have some vacation time from school, and after Donald and I had recuperated from final examinations and totaling up the semester grades, we got down to the serious business of coming out to Iowa.

Before we made the trip we wanted to entertain some company for dinner, which is an impossibility during the school week. Teaching full time is time consuming and there is precious little time to devote to having guests.

As luck would have it I came up with a good dinner menu even though I had to put it off until the last minute. I scoured my magazine recipes for good-sounding dinners, and finally a menu evolved which I'm going to pass along to you, because it was very tasty. I was actually surprised that it turned out as well as it did. I was tired of my usual menu for company, and it was pure accident that it was as good as it was and not my superb culinary artistry.

I had the butcher roll and tie a standing crown roast of pork complete with paper "bootees". With this I served a long-simmered barley pilaff, which is so simple but so pleasing to the tongue that I shall definitely pass the recipe along sometime. I cleaned about a pound and a half of Brussels sprouts and served these separately, although the picture in the magazine shows them magnificently tucked inside the circle of pork ribs. The salad was cored and peeled avocados with jellied consomme in their centers. I splurged and bought red madrilenne, which is a fancy kind of consomme—very clear and flavorful, and attractive when served on a green avocado.

(I have only recently learned to like avocados. These are surely something which must be an acquired taste. Our children are slowly learning to tolerate a small snitch of it in their salads, but I confess that I could eat one all to myself if given the opportunity. However, they are scandalously high-caloried, which takes lots of the joy out of them, at least for me.)

For dessert we had a walnut cake, which was sliced very thin. As proof of its success, the men who were obviously not watching their weight came in for seconds, so I was flattered that it was as fine tasting to them as



Katharine Driftmier shows us that their cat and dog get along amazingly well.

it was to me. Usually I find my own cooking very dull after having labored over a meal for more than a day, but this cake was a success. I made it the day before and it mellowed nicely.

The company was very pleasant. We're getting slowly to know our new neighbors and it will surely grow easier with warmer weather bringing everyone outside. The girl next door is better acquainted with our Katharine than with us, because Katharine does quite a bit of baby sitting for her two children. A year ago she started an antique shop in her garage, a project which is such a phenomenal success that she has moved twice into larger quarters. Antiques in our area are available if one knows where to look, and the operation of her shop and location of antiques from small farms keep her away from home quite a bit. As a result it keeps Katharine in spending money, and she is beginning to buy many of her clothes with her new-found wealth.

I went over to visit with this neighbor just before we left for Shenandoah, after having bid my mother and nephew goodbye on their way back to Anderson, Indiana. (They spent the week with us and celebrated Paul's and my birthdays.) I told her that we were taking our Simba and Eloise with us on the trip and her parting words were "Lots of luck!" That is precisely what we needed when we started out. Five suitcases, two small cosmetic cases, a little box for the cat plus her leash and food, and the dog and her leash. Never was a person more reluctant than I to start out on a ten-hour automobile trip. The dog was elated to be included; the cat grumbled and swatted the dog a good one on the nose before the car was out of the garage. The trip was

actually quite smooth. We packed sandwiches the night before and had them all ready to snatch out of the refrigerator at the early hour which seemed wise to leave for our journey.

We drove to Dubuque, Iowa, where Donald wanted to cross the Mississippi. This wasn't especially the fastest route, but very beautiful. The land is rolling and lovely. We came through Palmyra and Eagle and Troy, Wisconsin, which is the area where Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt now live. I'm not surprised that they left New York to come there for retirement and before that for their retreats. But back to the Mississippi. We were all set to have our picnic lunch overlooking the river, but none of the parks were open. We were all sorely disappointed and we drove on and settled on a city park in Cascade, Iowa. Although it was cool it gave us a chance to stand up and stretch. We got to Shenandoah without either the dog's or cat's escaping out of a car door or window, and now all we have to pray for is their discreet behavior while they are guests in Aunt Lucile's house.

I'll tell you more about our trip and visit in Shenandoah later. I'm sure we'll have pictures to share with you. So until next month . . .

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

If you are a long-time reader of *Kitchen-Klatter*, you recognize the face on our cover, but for you new friends, we introduce Dorothy Driftmier Johnson who celebrates her birthday this month. Dorothy comes to Shenandoah for a few days each month to help in the office and while she is here she visits with you on the radio. She and her husband live on a farm near Lucas, Iowa.

MAY IS FILLED WITH MUSIC

by
Evelyn Birkby

"Good grief!" I exploded at my two boys last evening. "I never thought we'd reach the place where you fellows would be arguing about who was going to get to practice the piano *first!* Usually you argue about *not* practicing."

Jeff threw a grin in my direction as he rapidly disappeared through the door into the study, knowing he had won the argument. Craig got up from the supper table and sighed, "I suppose that means I have to wash the dishes. Jeff just uses practicing as an excuse, you know."

Yes, I did know that our oldest-son-at-home does have a knack for going to the piano or picking up a *very important* school assignment as supper dishes need doing. But we've learned a trick or two along the way ourselves. Jeff can study or practice as long as he wishes, but the dishes will still be drying in the rack on the counter when he is done. *Sometime* before he goes to bed, it is his job to put those dishes away.

The motivating factors toward such intensive practicing have been two concerts and a music contest. Jeff played a piano solo for a school band concert, then both he and Craig played in a concert held in Omaha. This was sponsored by the Omaha Music Teacher's Association. The boys' teacher, Miss Elizabeth Taylor of Shenandoah, belongs to the Association and can take students to that city to participate. In between these performances, Jeff was asked to play solos for church and a Sidney club meeting.

Not too long after these events came the state high school contest for solos and small groups. Practicing reached a fever pitch! Jeff entered a piano solo, the first movement of Mozart's Sonata in G-Major. He accompanied one of the flute soloists. Jeff also played trombone in the brass sextette and the brass choir. Craig plays the trombone and was part of the brass choir also.

The big push for May, now, is the state concert band contest. Both Jeff and Craig are involved in this organization. Since the Sidney band has a tremendous record of *twenty-one* consecutive Number One ratings it puts a great deal of pressure on those who are playing this year.

On top of all this, Bob arrived home from college for a visit and brought along a stack of music. Far into the night he played his treasured pieces and I would drift off to sleep with a Beethoven Sonata, or a Chopin number, or one of the contemporary selections he likes to play, going through my



David Snyder, Sandra Loewe and Jeff Birkby are three of the Sidney, Iowa, young people who added music to this month. They were among the students who took solos to the state music contest.

mind. In the morning I would awaken to find the same tune still singing in my head without any help from the young pianist.

For a time it seemed we would have to set up a schedule for use of the study-practice room!

Many varied opinions have been put forth about the value of contests, recitals and concerts, but if our boys are any sample, having a goal toward which to work really makes a student get in and dig. It demands a certain amount of self-discipline to prepare a number for a public presentation. Getting up in front of people has a value in itself as well.

Even with all the required practicing, all three have managed to buy and play a surprisingly varied number of pieces for their own pleasure. It is a great feeling to have any one of them wander into the study, sit down at the piano and play for a time just because he wants to (and not always to get out of doing the supper dishes).

Yes, the boys still growl considerably about practicing. When their Grandmother Corrie is here visiting, or whenever they go up to Des Moines to visit her at Wesley Acres, she has them play. Even though they scold at her and laughingly blame her for much of the talent which has made it necessary for them to work so hard, they love and admire their grandmother and treasure her judgment about their musical ability.

In fact, the boys' favorite story is one Grandma Corrie has told them many times. It is about a man named Tremper.

"Tremper was a fine German musician," Grandma Corrie will begin, "and he followed a grand piano all the way across the ocean to *my* grandfather's house."

"How did he happen to follow a piano?" Craig asks at the appropriate moment.

"When he was getting onto a ship in a German port to emigrate to America, Tremper saw a great grand piano being loaded on board," the boys' grandmother continues. "He decided that if he followed that piano he would surely find someone who loved music and who would help him find a home. When the ship arrived in the United States, Tremper watched the piano as it was being unloaded, bought a ticket and boarded the train which carried it west into Illinois. Here the piano was unloaded so Tremper got off the train, too. He met the owner of the fine musical instrument, my grandfather, Ephriam Dragoo, and told him the story of watching and following that piano all the way across the ocean. Grandfather invited Tremper to his home."

"For many, many years Tremper lived in Grandfather Dragoo's home. Maybe he was there all his life, I'm not sure, but I do know he never married. He taught the five youngest children to play the piano. Since Grandpa Dragoo had thirteen children it was a lively household! I'm not sure why the rest of the children did not take lessons, but I imagine they were old enough to work on the farm and did not have time to practice."

"Tremper earned his living by going from house to house and giving piano lessons and also tuning pianos. I can remember as a very little girl, sitting on the porch listening to Tremper tune our piano and hoping he would play it when he was finished. It didn't do to ask him to play; he would play only if he felt like it. He was an extremely 'notionate' man! But oh! how he did play when he was in the mood. The neighbors liked to come over when they knew he was to be at our house just to hear him perform."

"Here I was blaming you for all the practicing I must do each day," Jeff chuckled at the end of the story the last time he heard it. "If it hadn't been for Tremper following that piano and giving lessons maybe you wouldn't have learned to play the piano and you wouldn't have made Mom take lessons and she wouldn't make me take lessons!"

"That's a fine way to pass the buck," Grandma Corrie laughed. "Blame it onto Tremper if you wish, or thank him for it. Just remember, you'll always have your music; wherever you are, whatever you do, no one can ever take it away from you."



FUN FROM THE VEGETABLE BIN

by
Erma Reynolds

"What shall I do now, Mom?" Show me the mother who has not had this rather querulous question put to her at one time or another.

The solution to insufficient fun is right in the kitchen — in the vegetable bin. That's right, I said vegetable bin, for plain ordinary vegetables can supply hours of play.

Children love puppets, and vegetable puppets are fun to make and play with. To construct the puppet, scoop a hole for the first finger in the bottom of the vegetable, which can be a potato, carrot, beet, or small turnip. Then paint eyes, nose, mouth, and hair on the vegetable with poster paint, or attach bits of vegetables with toothpicks or pins for the features.

For the puppet's garment, place a square of cloth the size of a large handkerchief over the hand. Insert the first finger into the hole in the vegetable, with thumb and middle finger serving as the puppet's arms. Now the puppet can be made to turn its head from left to right, wave its arms, and perform all sorts of contortions.

A youngster can have a wonderful time making block prints from a potato. Cut a large firm potato in half to make a flat surface. Dry the cut surface. With an indelible pencil, draw a simple design on it. With a sharp tool, scoop out the parts of the design that are not to be printed, to a depth of about one-half inch. Cut away the potato outside the design, leaving the raised parts of the design standing up.

For the inking use a rubber stamp pad. A blotter or piece of felt soaked with poster paint or food coloring can also be used. Press the potato design on inked pad or blotter, and then press gently but firmly on the paper or cloth to be printed.

To continue the work at a later day, put the potato in a jar of cold water and store in the refrigerator. When ready to use again, blot the design dry.

A real fun way to make a potato print is to have the child nibble a design in the cut end. If the youngster has missing front teeth, all the better, for this condition produces fascinating cuts



Last month we shared a picture of Teresa, Ted and Ann Black of Shenandoah and mentioned that there were two more children in the Val Black family, Tim and Tony. This month we have a picture of these two fine boys. Their father prints our magazine each month and recently they came down to the plant to see the presses in operation.

and ruts in the design.

To make a potato pussy-cat, scoop out a large unpared potato, leaving plenty of the vegetable on sides and bottom to form a sturdy shell. Give the cat thumbtack eyes, cardboard ears, and a pipe cleaner tail. Fill hollowed-out part with earth, moistened cotton batting, or a small sponge, and scatter grass or bird seed on it. Place in a sunny warm window. Keep damp, and in about 10 days pussy should grow.

Try a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk project. Start with a couple of beans. Soak in water until they begin to sprout. While waiting for the beans to sprout, have the child create a small cutout figure for Jack and a larger one for the giant. He should also paint a large coffee can with bright-colored enamel. When tiny green sprouts begin to shoot up, plant the seeds in the coffee can.

Place in the sun and water every day. When the plant begins to grow, insert a long narrow stick in the soil for the "beanstalk" to climb. Paste Jack in the middle of the stick, and the giant at the top.

Raw lima beans, large peas, or string beans, can be used to create zoo animals. Paste the vegetables on construction paper or cardboard. Then turn them into odd little animals by painting on a face or body with black paint. To complete some of the creatures it may be necessary to draw some of their bodies on the paper, incorporating the design with the vegetable.

HAVE A GOOD DAY

"Have a good day, Son."

That's what she said — every day, no matter what or how she felt.

And behind those words were all the duties she performed, day and night, seven days of every week in the year. From cooking and sewing and ironing to checking that I had a clean handkerchief, she was always ready to make sure that I would have a good day.

Though some of her days were filled with wondering about my bed-ridden father and how to pay the bills, I was too young or maybe too stupid to realize that she could not possibly have a good day. Anyhow, I was too involved with school and later on, too busy with my very first job.

Older now — when it is much too late — I cannot help her have a good day. She is gone.

But somehow, somewhere, there must be a special place in God's heart for the mothers of the world who sacrifice themselves so their sons and daughters will have good days.

If you are fortunate enough to make that good day possible for your mom, do it — today. Tomorrow, too.

"Have a good day, Mom."



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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

May is the traditional month for honoring our mothers; to be specific, May 10 is Mother's Day. Mothers are very special people the whole year through. Many of you are familiar with the Bing and Grondahl Danish Christmas plates. Now B & G are presenting the 2nd Edition of the Mother's Day plate, in Copenhagen Underglazed Blue. The charming picture of the mother bird feeding her wee ones, the 1970 plate, will be the gift to our mother from my sister, brother, and me.

We know of the late Carl Sandburg as being the Lincoln biographer, well-known poet, and singer of folk songs. But a view of Mr. Sandburg written by his granddaughter is that of her beloved "Buppong." *My Connemara* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95) by Paula Steichen, tells what it was like for her to grow up close to the land on the Sandburgs' North Carolina mountain farm at Flat Rock, with a view of the Smoky Mountains and the Blue Ridge range. Mr. Sandburg was pleased with *Connemara*, with the eleven buildings (he said that they had bought a small village) and 200 acres of land. Two small loft-like rooms in the home were chosen for his writing place, where he could work undisturbed. Often composing late into the night, he would retire when the farmers in the family were rising.

Practical decisions were left to his wife "Gramma" and daughter, Helga, Paula's mother. They shared the responsibility for running the farm — hiring the workers, planning the planting of fields, and raising Saanan, Toggenburg and Nubian breeds of goats. Helga let Paula and her brother, John Carl, roam *Connemara* Farm and learn independence by way of the country life. Paula, called "Snick" by her grandfather, realized later that her grandparents had great concern for others and love of beautiful and simple things which they felt should be within reach of every human. The Sandburgs had a way of keeping hold of optimism and had a strong acceptance of reality. When Helga married again, Paula and her brother left *Connemara* with her, but Miss Steichen was often to recall fond memories.

Illustrations, a wealth of anecdotes and vivid descriptions of farm life help make *My Connemara*, Paula Steichen's first book, interesting reading.

Jesse Stuart is one of the important voices in America. He has written more than thirty books, nearly four hundred short stories, two hundred articles and essays and over two thousand poems, all of which immortalize his native



Armada Swanson (left) and her mother, Mrs. Anna Carlson, are happy to have family pictures and treasures to share.

Kentucky hill country.

At the age of three, Jesse Stuart's father carried him three miles to show him a schoolhouse. "Since I didn't get any education, I don't want my youngins to grow up in this world without it," he vowed. "They'll never know what they're missin' until they don't have it." That was the beginning of Jesse Stuart's lifetime love affair with education. The sense of excitement and mission that this great Kentucky author-teacher has derived from and rededicated to the classroom in over fifty years of teaching and being taught is the substance of his autobiographical *To Teach, To Love* (World Publishing Co., \$5.95).

Mr. Stuart started out with nothing; yet he had a lot. His birthplace was a one-room shack. But to his parents, who instilled in him self-reliance and the will to amount to something, he gives full credit for his success. Of his father he says, "He found beauty

everywhere around him. He had eyes to find it. He had a mind to know it. He had a heart to appreciate it. He was an uneducated poet of this earth."

To support himself at Lincoln Memorial University, Jesse pitched hay, dug potatoes, laid water pipes, and worked as a stone crusher. Later at Vanderbilt College, working as a janitor and cafeteria busboy, he was lucky to get eleven meals a week. The rewards — studying under such writers as William Penn Warren and Donald Davidson — more than compensated for the hardships. As a teacher, working with students from widely varying backgrounds has strengthened his belief that the development of character in a student is as important as the development of intellect. *To Teach, To Love* is, more than anything else, a testimony to Jesse Stuart's abounding faith in human potential.

From the shelves of our branch li-
(Continued on page 20)

The perfect Mother's Day gift.
Give her a subscription to
KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE.

We send gift cards, of course.
\$2.00 per year, 12 issues
\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

Address your letter to:
**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa
51601**



James hasn't tried everything on the list below but Juliana has to keep a watchful eye on him.

GUIDES TO HELP MOTHER KEEP HER COOL

FOR THE PRESCHOOLERS

1. Mother won't wear such a long face if you quit throwing your plush dog in the bath water.
2. Try not to knock down the pole lamp when you play horse.
3. Mother will like it better if you eat your oatmeal before you wear your cereal bowl for a hat.
4. When you help Mama clean, walk around the mop pail, not over it. Oh yes! if you decide to put more polish on the dust cloth, PLEASE do it anywhere but on the living room sofa.
5. Please don't empty the desk drawers two minutes before the doorbell rings for company.
6. If you try out Mother's new skin creme, do use it on the skin on your arms or legs, not on your hair.

FOR THE OLDER CHILDREN

1. When you show your friends some of the family pictures, don't say "Oh, that's Mom in the olden days before she was an old lady like she is now."
2. When you're tuned in on your favorite combo, could you try to remember that there is something less than full volume?
3. When you and your friends decide to go into the kitchen and whip up a snack, could you remember to also whip up the mess afterward?
4. PLEASE — that pair of sheer nylons in the top drawer of Mother's dresser just might be HER last pair.
5. Try to allow Mother the use of the phone at least an hour a day. She might have friends to talk with.
6. Read the directions on the bottle of "metered" spray cologne again. Notice it says "press the nozzle once".
7. Those hooks in your clothes

closet are for something other than your freshman initiation paddle, and the paper lei from the Pep Club fair.

8. If you must eat a light (?) snack of a triple decked sandwich, a candy bar, handful of cookies and a Coke after school, try not eating it in the kitchen where your dieting Mother is bravely nibbling on a stalk of celery to tide her over until dinner.

FOR MAMA'S HUSBAND

1. Tell her she is as pretty as the day you married her. She won't believe you, but she'll love it.
2. Tell her often how good the meal was. If her pie *wasn't* as good as your mother's, better keep it to yourself.
3. Don't ever remark to one of your friends "I knew we'd be having bologna tonight. Mary's been out with 'the girls' all afternoon."
4. Never come home from work and ask her what SHE'S been doing all day — unless you really want to hear!

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Tell her often how much you love her. To her that is more important than anything else in the world!

AS I OPEN MY EYES

Favor me, Today! I have had a Night, a Yesterday filled with several heavy sighs,

some tears, some thoughts that were not clear and bright.

Today, be helpful as I open my eyes!

Perhaps you do not know what a day can do.

Sunshine, clouds — perhaps they all are one

where you're concerned. Let me explain to you,

beginning to be dawn, what can be done

By a humming breeze and by a caressing light

to turn the mood around, to change the mind.

Something in the world seems suddenly right.

Something is tender; something is gentle and kind.

Morning says, "Quickly!" Morning says, "Start now!"

When there is encouragement of fresh, sweet air,

warmth like a hand, bird song on a bough,

there is an impetus to be aware,

To want to rise and participate in joy. I shall feel weighted down if I must bear

a load of your overcast, but if you buoy my spirits up with brightness, I'll declare

myself affirmatively! I shall be another glad gleam, too, and we shall be good for each other! —Helen Harrington



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

May is an extremely busy month for gardeners in the Midwest with so many tasks clamoring to be done at once. The seed of annual flowers that are to bloom where planted may be sown as soon as the soil is warm and dry enough to work properly. If it remains cold and wet do not sow seed that requires warmth for germination — it will merely rot in the ground.

For the past two years we have grown an F1 hybrid tomato called Spring Giant. It was an All-America Selections winner in 1967 and we think it is still tops in its class for earliness, quantities of fruit, and delicious flavor. Ask for Spring Giant if you buy plants for your garden and see if you don't agree.

Last year an early cabbage called Stonehead won an award in the All-America trials. We find it to be one of the finest as it forms a solid head in only 50 days after the plants are set in the garden, and being small (6" across), it is ideal for table use. The heads do not split but stay in good condition right through hot weather.

There is an increasing demand for large-flowered petunias and some delightful new ones are available this spring. Orchid Cloud, a large-flowered, orchid-lavender with deep purple veins, has 4" flowers which are ruffled and of heavy texture, making them weather resistant. Four other Super Giant petunias are Harvest Moon, a large-flowered light coral; Pink Cloud, a compact large-flowered light pink; Super White, a huge-flowered pure white (up to 5½ inches in diameter) and Rose Cloud, a lovely deep rose. These are new and good — we have tried them and hope you will be able to obtain plants this spring as they are great performers and will give you a wealth of color.

If you are thinking about exhibiting annual flowers at a flower show or fair this fall, do plant some of the fine new introductions. They will not only win ribbons for you but will show the viewing public what plant breeders have done to improve old favorites. Great strides have been made in producing finer petunias, zinnias, marigolds, and snapdragons. The colors are richer and cover a wider range, the plants are more vigorous and much more floriferous than in former years. Ask your bedding plant supplier for them. Those that are alert to the continuous improvement in bedding plants should have them for sale.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

"The next time you find yourself thinking that the over-thirty crowd has not been doing its job, you just remember that you are talking about the people who have built hospitals, and orphanages, and homes for the aged, the people who have built art galleries, and libraries, and symphony halls, the people who have probed the depths of the oceans, and have explored the craters of the moon. While doing all of this, they have sacrificed to build and maintain thousands of churches so that they will have some place to go on a Sunday morning to thank God for the privilege of helping to build His Kingdom on earth, and to receive the kind of inspiration and courage and faith that will help them to keep struggling so that you young people will have a



**Telephone a friend
TODAY and remind
her to listen to
Kitchen-Klatter.**

We visit with you each week-day over the following radio stations:

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

better, safer, cleaner world in which to live.

"Please note that I am not saying the older generations are solving all the problems. They are not! They have not yet learned how to make all the people in the world peaceful, law-abiding citizens who respect the property and the rights of others. We older folk have not learned how we can have a good society without any robbing, assaulting drug addicts, and without any bombing, burning, mob-ruling racial biggots. Your parents and grandparents have not yet discovered how society can guarantee that every little child will have a good home with both a mother and a father who love him. Those are the problems that you may help to solve. Perhaps you can lead the older generations to a new high level of life. But until you do manage to come up with the answers, don't speak too critically of the older folks. They are wonderful people, and they have done some wonderfully fine things for you."

It pleased me to observe how appreciative the young people were of my comments. Perhaps they were hungry to hear someone speak to them straight from the heart, about the grey-haired people they honestly do admire.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

school. He seems to have matured and changed so much in just a short time. The other day she sent one of Aaron's curls. It was the same color of blond as the little sample of Kristin's hair we put in her baby book. We used to say that Kristin's hair was the color of molasses taffy that has been pulled and pulled, and Juliana's was the color of cornsilks. Kristin's hair got dark while Juliana's stayed light.

I must close and get this to the post office so it will go out on the afternoon mail . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

ceeding book about Indians, will hardly make you feel smugly self-satisfied about the record of the white majority towards those of somewhat different hue. But since the black people have been receiving so much publicity, it seems only just that we acquaint ourselves with the situation and history of people among other minority groups also.

Sincerely,

Abigail

LINGERIE - Concluded

nine world of lingerie that offers an open field for your sewing creativity. To be sure, it's more time-consuming than running up a gingham housedress, but the results are so lavish and luxurious that you'll enjoy the results for months, perhaps for years. And as your skill grows, you'll find your ideas multiplying beyond anything you've ever dreamed. So, the sky's the limit. Stock up on lingerie materials, sit down at your trusty machine, and "sew up a storm."

Or maybe . . . stitch up a dream?

PARENTS' REPORT CARD - Concl.

- If a child lives with criticism,
He learns to condemn.
- If a child lives with hostility,
He learns to fight.
- If a child lives with ridicule,
He learns to be shy.
- If a child lives with jealousy,
He learns to feel guilty.
- If a child lives with tolerance,
He learns to be patient.
- If a child lives with encouragement,
He learns with confidence.
- If a child lives with praise,
He learns to appreciate.
- If a child lives with fairness,
He learns justice.
- If a child lives with security,
He learns to have faith.
- If a child lives with approval,
He learns to like himself.
- If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,
He learns to find love in the world.

—Author Unknown

In this Family Life Week let us pause to consider most seriously: "With what do the children in my home live?" How would you rate on a report card for parents?

COME READ WITH ME - Concluded

brary I found two modern religious novels by Taylor Caldwell which were much enjoyed. Written in 1960 and 1966, they are as timely today. *The Listener* and *No One Hears but Him* are both novels of unusual honesty and touching simplicity. Old John Godfrey was a kindly man who, as his last act on earth, built a strange and beautiful sanctuary which had inscribed above its portal: "The Man Who Listens." The Listener remained concealed behind closed curtains — but would reveal himself to those who truly suffered. All kinds of people came to the chapel and all left at peace with themselves and with their world, having discovered the real source of true happiness. Read *The Listener* first, then *No One Hears but Him*, written by Taylor Caldwell (both published by Doubleday & Co.).

✕ ✕ ✕

Common sense is the sister of wisdom.

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM - Cont.

we, like our forefathers, may count the little things of life which add up to such great things to make us so richly blessed. Amen.

Hymn: All join in singing the Old 100th, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow".

Toastmistress: This year we are honoring our mothers, grandmothers, and daughters by offering a salute to our pioneer mothers. These mothers have given us a rich heritage of faith and courage, and of homes of love and laughter and industry. To these great women of our past we offer our tribute of love and praise.

Upon the jolting wagon seat she rode across the trackless prairie of the West or trudged behind the oxen with a goad, perhaps with a sleeping child clasped to her breast. What tales the dark could tell of women's tears, their bravery, and their laughter. To her valor and her comeliness a commonwealth owes in part its domes of state, its field, its highways, and its homes.

Music: "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad" or other popular songs of the 1800's, sung by a quartet.

Memories Are Made of This: Anecdotes, human interest stories, excerpts from diaries or letters provided by various women if such are available.

THE PIONEER WOMAN

(Story of the Statue)

All of us have seen many statues honoring famous people and events — presidents, national heroes, statesmen, and famous military and naval feats. In a beautifully kept little park in Ponca City, Oklahoma, stands a statue honoring the courageous, resolute women who established the first homes in the West. This is the statue called "Pioneer Woman".

She didn't travel by covered wagon, horseback, or afoot, to be waited on hand and foot or to be placed on a pedestal. She came to serve, to help build a new land. She was a nurse, teacher, seamstress, cook, helpmate and mother. There she stands with a Bible in her hand. It was her source of strength in those days of hardship. She walks courageously forward, chin up, with clear eyes, firm mouth — a devout, brave woman. Holding her hand is her young son, striding along to keep pace and eager for the adventures ahead.

There is a plaque which reads: "We have erected monuments to our war heroes, to the hardy pioneers who wrested from the wilderness, the plains, and the desert this nation of ours, but have we preserved the memory of the blue-eyed Saxon maid and her dark-eyed Latin sister, who married their men and set out with them on

their conquest of the West, faced with them the months of arduous toil and terrible dangers?"

"With this monument I hope to preserve for the children the story of our mothers' fight and toil and courage." E. W. Morland

The great bronze statue is 16 feet high and weighs 12,000 pounds. It cost approximately \$200,000. It stands in Pioneer Woman Park. The idea for the statue originated in 1926 in the mind of Mr. E. W. Morland, a wealthy Ponca City man who had done much for the city, giving funds for hospitals, churches, parks, and recreation areas. It has been said he was a dreamer of dreams who put his dreams into fact.

He contacted twelve well-known sculptors and asked each of them to make a model, at his expense, of their conception of the pioneer woman.

When the general public heard about the assignment, they wanted to have a voice in selecting the model to be used for the statue. The models were sent to various cities on exhibit. Finally the design created by Bryant Baker was chosen.

Born in London in 1881, the son of John Baker, the foremost ecclesiastical sculptor and carver of his time, Bryant Baker showed at an early age that he had inherited his famous father's creative skill, and by the age of nine he had copied a head of Christ in stone from one of his father's models. From that time on his art was his life, and by his late twenties he was famous for his sculptures, winning many awards and prizes. He came to the United States in 1916, and liked it so well that he applied for citizenship

(Continued on page 22)



They may get a LITTLE dirty.

Since boys will be boys (and coach-dads will, too) it's a good bet that these uniforms will come home after the game pretty badly soiled. Most kids' clothes do, now that spring is here.

Fortunately, there's another team — and this one's on your side. It's the washday team of **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach, since it contains no chlorine, bleaches bright every time, with no danger to fabrics (even new permanent-press and synthetics). Keeps things looking new longer, too. And the perfect team-mate in the wash is **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**, the concentrated, low-suds detergent for all types of washers, all kinds of fabrics.

YEAH, TEAM!

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach
Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops



Juliana has only to cross the street to visit her mother when she is in her home in Albuquerque.



Sure Beats Scrubbing!

Oh, we all know there's more to cleaning than waving a magic wand — there's lots more to it than that. But we DO insist that there's a lot less work, since **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** came along! It goes into solution so fast, even in hard water. And it's biodegradable (which means that it doesn't add froth or foam to sewage systems) . . . and there's no scum or suds to rinse and wipe away. And it cleans so well the first time over. Economical, too!

Shouldn't you discover this magic potion? It's at your grocer's.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

sitting. Juliana's friends with youngsters about the same age are now running into aggravating feeding problems, so she knows how fortunate she is.

He takes one two-hour nap a day, but otherwise he is up and at it from around 7:00 in the morning until 7:30 at night. It pleases me to see how self-sufficient he is. He plays happily with his toys for almost two hours at a time without asking for any kind of attention. On nice warm days Juliana puts him outside and he spends long, long stretches in his sandbox perfectly contented. Their backyard is tightly walled and fenced and he can play safely while Juliana goes about her work. She wonders how in the world mothers manage who live in an apartment and must go to the park to get youngsters outdoors. (I always wondered about this too when we lived in San Francisco and had a walled yard for Juliana to play in when she was the age that James is now.)

He understands everything that is said and repeats any and all words and is beginning to put several together. Like all adoring grown-ups we can't resist putting him through his paces now and then, and it's funny to hear him imitate everything from frogs to monkeys. He loves to be read to and has sound effects for every page that's turned. When I see how much I enjoy him on these trips it makes me feel badly that Grandpa and Grandma Lowey so far away in Massachusetts can only see so little of him on rare occasions.

Good Friday was one of the wildest days old-timers in Albuquerque could ever remember. We had skies that were pitch black and a heavy hail storm followed by sleet and snow. (It added to the eerie atmosphere to have an electrical storm while it was snowing.) We had hopes for a beautiful Easter Sunday, but it was cold and dark with snow showers off and on. Juliana entertained at a perfectly delightful brunch, and although she'd planned to serve buffet style out on the terrace we all made do very well inside. James was beside himself with excitement over his Easter basket and is still asking when the Easter bunny will come again.

The happiest news that I can share with you this month is the fact that James will have a little brother or sister in June. I've been going through all of the outgrown clothes with Juliana to see what can be used again for Benjamin Verness or Katharine Mary. At this date the only brand-new thing she has is a lovely afghan made by Great-Grandmother Driftmier and Ruby. Juliana's old bassinet has just finished doing duty for a friend's baby and is now home waiting for its new occupant. Well, there is still plenty of time to get

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM — Concl.

and made this country his home. It took him three years to complete the Ponca City statue.

The unveiling of the "Pioneer Woman" took place on April 22, 1930. Many notables were present, including Will Rogers, who flew from California to be the principal speaker. Since that day thousands of tourists have come to stand before the great statue to admire and to be inspired to face the future with that same courage and trust so exemplified by the "Pioneer Woman".

Toastmistress: The pioneer woman was courageous, industrious and devout, but she had another admirable trait — her love of beauty, especially of beauty of her realm, the home. Carefully she packed among the meager possessions she could bring to the West a choice rosebush or a lilac root. She visioned its cooling shade, its fragrance beside her cabin door, with the wild birds singing a cheery song from its branches.

"The cabin that she lived in then is gone, but solemn travelers passing by the way see lilac buds unfolding on the lawn, and know a woman dwelled there once, serene and gay; for here is beauty that she planted well, a monument as, yearly, small buds swell."

(Note: Here a bouquet of lilacs might be presented to the oldest mother present. Also recognize four- and five-generation groups if there are any such present.)

Toastmistress: Are there some who are saying, "My, I wish I had lived in those good old days? There was adventure then, something to work for, building to be done." Are you young people saying the big opportunities are gone, that the frontiers are all settled? Not so! The spirit of the pioneer mother challenges you.

"So long as hunger walks the earth, while one child cries for bread, or men grow desperate for food, new frontiers are spread.

"As long as children die of strange disease, while men have ills uncured, as long as men in ghettos question, frontiers are assured.

"As long as skills and knowledge are hoarded, as long as the deprived have tears, will we and the youth be challenged, dared, to conquer new frontiers." (Adapted from poem by R. Peterson)

everything together and since my favorite shopping is for baby clothes you can see that I will have a good time.

The postman is due and I want him to take this letter, so for now I will say goodbye.

Until next month . . .

Lucile

"LITTLE ADS"

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

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August ads due June 10
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WATCHES WANTED - Any condition. Jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowe's, 502 Ashbury Ct., St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

SIN, Death, Eternity? Then what? Truth free. Earl Diehl, Route 5, Staunton, Virginia 24401.

HOMEWORK, mailing circulars. Free details! Cam Company, Dept. 155-KE, Verona, N. J. 07044.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD - Jewelry, gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK, East Madison, Chicago 60602.

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

SEND FOR PATTERN for stuffed frog family (papa, mama, baby) to be filled with bird seed. \$1.00. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Rt. 2, Garner, Iowa 50438.

HOUSEPLANTS, ROOTED, labeled, 12 different - \$4.00 postpaid. "Perky Percales" aprons - \$1.35; 5 different - \$6.50 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 4, Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

RUGWEAVING: prepared balls - \$1.40 yd.; unprepared - \$2.25. Sale: 50' rugs - \$3.25. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222.

SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS, Almonds, Cashews, Pecans, Black Walnuts \$1.75Lb. Sassafras, Dried Mushrooms \$4.50Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624

CHURCH WOMEN: will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

FREE DOLLARS refunded by manufacturers on boxtops and labels. Months listing 50¢. Three months - \$1.00. Golden Coins, Muscatine, Iowa 52761.

YOUR HOROSCOPE. 25¢ and stamped envelope. Birth Date, Box 153, Creston, Iowa 50801.

JUST FOR FUNDS!! Your church, club, organization can make up to 44% profit with beautiful, personalized, custom engraved name plates for doors and garden gates. Please write today for details of our guaranteed, no-investment, no-risk, "Serving by The Golden Rule Plan." Thank you kindly. KENNEDYS, Dept. K-5, 3190 West Colorado Ave., Denver, Colorado 80219.

WHOLESALE CATALOG of clothing, household items, notions, gifts. \$1.00 (will be credited on your first order). CATALOG, Box 153, Creston, Iowa 50801.

DIABETICS LOOK, no cyclamate, no sugar, recipes, cake, cookies, pie, jam, canning, etc. - \$1.00; Large diabetic cookbook, over 300 pages - \$4.00. Experienced Dietitian, Box 296, Almena, Kans. 67622.

220 PAGE OLD WESTBROOK Church Centennial cookbook, over 1,000 tested recipes. \$2.85, tax and handling included. Mrs. Harold Lohre, Lambertson, Minn. 56152

SOUTHERN BELLE bed or dresser doll. Skirt of net. Choice of colors. \$3.75 postpaid. Mrs. Velva Paulsen, Oshkosh, Nebr. 69154.

FUN WITH POPCORN! At last a pocketbook of popcorn recipes - \$1.00. Popcorn Pantry, Box 111, Garner, Iowa 50438.

CHILDREN'S HOROSCOPES - \$1.00. Give birthday, Balandis, 1777 S. W. 13th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33145.

COOKBOOKS: "Our Family Favorites" over 500 recipes. Ogden Community United Methodist Church. \$2.25 postpaid. Send to: Mrs. George Fister, Ogden, Iowa 50212.

RECIPES! 50 choice no-bake cookies - \$1.00. 50 luscious cakes - \$1.00. Both sets - \$1.75. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

SEND FOR PATTERNS for magnetic refrigerator fancy peacock, pheasant, tea pots, pot belly stoves, deer, burros, hickory dickory dock - \$1.25 for all. Ask for set 12. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Rt. 2, Garner, Iowa 50438.

DAINTY FLORAL TATTING hand decorated note cards, envelopes. 10 for \$1.25. Esther Gommels, Manson, Iowa 50563.

BEAUTIFUL SMOCKED round corduroy pillows. Any color - \$4.00 postpaid. Mrs. Art Stille, Nashua, Iowa 50658.

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