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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month when I wrote to you immediately after the Great Blizzard I said that my thoughts turned to people suddenly stricken by critical illness in a house totally cut off from all help. Little did I dream when I wrote those words that a member of our family was in those desperate circumstances, but that is exactly what happened.

Mother's dearly beloved sister, our Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, was spending the weekend at the country home of her daughter Ruth when the blizzard struck, and during the storm she fell and broke her hip. It took a corps of volunteers many hours to shovel enough of a path to enable a car to get through and take her to the Clarinda hospital several miles away, and the miracle is that she lived a few days after medical care was at hand. She slipped away peacefully on January 14th at the age of 89.

On our radio visit when I told about Aunt Jessie's death I said that we could think of her without mournful sorrow because she had lived a life so rich, so full of accomplishment and service to others that it was a glowing testament to the human spirit. All of her remarkable abilities were used to the utmost for people in every walk of life. Until the infirmities of advanced age overtook her she was constantly occupied in the service of anyone who turned to her for help.

Mother has asked me to thank all of you faithful friends for your cards and letters of sympathy, and to mention particularly her gratitude for the newspaper clippings that came from all over this country. She had not been in the public eye for a number of years, but her pioneer work in helping to found 4-H was given wide attention.

We have had quite a few letters asking for information about a Memorial, so this is the place to say that a 4-H Memorial has been established and is being handled by her dear friend, Mrs.

Faye Whitmore, of Clarinda, Iowa. She is working closely with Ruth Shambaugh Watkins (Mrs. Robert Watkins of Clarinda) to determine how best Aunt Jessie's memory may be honored. At a later date we will be able to tell you what is being done.

Aunt Jessie's death leaves Mother as the only remaining member of the seven Field brothers and sisters, and naturally it gives her a lonesome feeling. Those of you who are in a similar situation will surely understand what she means. Inevitably it must come to all families.

In the same month Uncle Henry Field's large family was broken for the first time. His youngest daughter, Letty Field Bianco, was the first to die, and this seems strange and somewhat unusual. She passed away at Marseilles, Illinois, following quite an extended illness from a rare disease that would not respond to medical treatment.

Her brothers and sisters who attended the funeral services were deeply touched by the outpouring of concern and affection expressed by the friends in Marseilles who had known her through all the years of her marriage. She is survived by her devoted husband and her only child, Jean Ann. Aunt Bertha Field, Uncle Henry's widow, was able to be in the home for several weeks.

As I write this I am looking out at another heavy snowfall. We have had an unusual winter all over the country, and in Europe as well. Albuquerque had the lowest temperatures ever recorded, and in many sections New Mexico was almost a disaster area as fuel supplies ran low and people had to take to their beds, literally, to try and keep warm.

Juliana told me that over 650 houses in Albuquerque had frozen and bursted pipes— and my house was one of them. The furnace was set for 70 degrees, but this didn't prevent the water pipes in the kitchen from freezing and bursting. My good next-door neighbor, Dorothy Parrish, discovered the catastrophe when she ran in just to check and be

sure that everything was all right, and by this time both the kitchen and living room carpets were saturated. Consequently they had to be taken up and stored in a heated area where they had been purchased not quite two years ago, and at this time they are still there.

I'm thankful, of course, that my insurance will cover the damage, but there were many, many people with similar trouble who didn't have such insurance, and since about 50% of the carpet taken up cannot be relaid, they are really hard hit. I'm sorry for them because carpet is an expensive item and rarely purchased impulsively and blithely. At least I've never bought carpet on the spur of the moment!

A letter from Juliana yesterday brought the heartening news that she had just returned from the pediatrician's office, and for the first time since mid-October both James and Katharine are free from ear infections. For some reason they are unusually susceptible to this kind of trouble, and consequently they've been shut in the house for weeks on end during the winter. James has always enjoyed his toys and done very well at entertaining himself, but finally even his favorite things failed to hold his interest and he was wild to get outside and play.

Now that Katharine is able to creep all over the house at lightning speed she gets into James' projects constantly, and as a result Juliana hears much howling and yelling. This is an old, old story to all mothers, and it goes on for a long, long time. She says that she just falls into the nearest chair and takes a deep breath when they're both finally down for the night. On very rare occasions she manages to get through the night without jumping up several times, but between James' bad dreams and Katharine's painful teething she usually feels that she hasn't had a sound night's rest for years!

These days our fellow citizens of Shenandoah are excited and happy about the fact that a major industry is building a big plant here that eventually will employ approximately 500 people. This means steady, around-the-year employment that has been needed for a long, long time. According to the information released there will be a total of around 1100 new people involved, and this means, in turn, many, many changes. Shenandoah is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year, and acquiring such a big new industry is surely quite a way to start the second 100 years.

Incidentally, this new plant is being built right next door to our Kitchen-Klatter plant, so those of you who have

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MARGERY IMPRESSED WITH TWO FINE EXHIBITS

Dear Friends:

The youngsters in our neighborhood are having a great time today. Our school closed due to icy conditions and now old Mother Nature is shaking her featherbed! The snowflakes are almost the size of feathers. Contrary to January's blizzard when temperatures were well below zero, it isn't extremely cold so the children are out playing in the new snow. One little fellow was working away on a drift with a large toy road grader. From the car window I could see his mouth forming the "R-r-r" sound for the engine. What a delightful time he was having!

Do children still play "Fox and Geese" in the snow? Do they still make "angels"? We used to come in from winter's play covered with snow. The first stop was the back porch where we shed our high buckle overshoes, coats, leggings, scarves and mittens and raced through the back door to stand over the "best" registers to warm ourselves, denying that we'd gotten snow in our overshoes and that the legs of our long underwear were soaked. We didn't want to take the time to change before we had warmed our toes and were off again to the great outdoors and that gorgeous snow!

A few weeks ago the long-range forecast looked promising enough for me to drive to South Dakota for a few days. Many of our Kitchen-Klatter friends have sent us information about the Harvey Dunn paintings which are exhibited at the South Dakota Memorial Art Center in Brookings, as well as the Marghab Linen Collection which was recently put on permanent display in the same building. The more we heard about these two fine collections, the more we wanted to get up to Brookings to see them, and considered it as a likely trip for this spring. However, Lucile suggested, after that optimistic 5-day forecast, that possibly I could drive on up to see them that week.

Oliver and I left the house at the same time; his destination was Des Moines to spend three days in meetings. I drove west to Interstate 29 and on to Sioux Falls. I stayed with a friend, Jane Odson, and arrived early enough in the afternoon that Jane had time to show me a great deal of her city, including Augustana and Sioux Falls Colleges and the Civic Arts Center.

Jane was free of any pressing responsibilities the next day so she accompanied me to Brookings. We drove around the University campus and located the lovely new Memorial Art Center which was a project of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.



We treasure this picture of Aunt Jessie with two of her grandchildren, Heather and Jeddie Watkins.

and is dedicated to the pioneers of South Dakota. The building is an impressive one — a fine addition to the campus. The Harvey Dunn paintings hang in two large rooms. In 1950, two years before his death, Mr. Dunn gave this collection of his work to the people of his beloved state with the State College at Brookings as custodian.

He was well known as a magazine illustrator and as a combat artist in World War I and also as a teacher, but he is admired by most of us for his paintings of the pioneers on the South Dakota prairies. My favorites of all are "The Prairie Is My Garden", "Dakota Woman", and "After School". I bought prints of these at the center and we're having them framed to hang at the Kitchen-Klatter office.

The Marghab Linen Collection was put on display in an adjoining room last November. Never have I seen such exquisite embroidered table linens! The entire collection consists of 261 designs and 1422 pieces. With such a sizeable collection it is necessary to display only a portion of them at a time, so the exhibit changes on a monthly basis. I wish I were close enough to drive to Brookings every month so I could eventually see all of the pieces.

Vera Way Marghab grew up in South Dakota. Her husband, Emile, was from Cyprus. They developed the beautiful designs over the years, often taking several years to work out a single design. The linens, made on the Portuguese island of Madeira by native labor, are considered the most exquisite in all the world. It seems incredible that such delicate embroidery in such tiny stitches could be made by human hands, but handmade they are! They are considered such works of art that they have been included in permanent collections in museums.

When the time came to decide where such a collection should be placed, the Marghabs decided it should be in South

Dakota for Mrs. Marghab is very proud of her South Dakota heritage.

I urge you to visit Brookings to view these two tremendous exhibits. I know they will impress you as they did me.

Jane and I looked at our watches, looked at the map, and decided that we had time to drive west to DeSmet. Many of you will remember that DeSmet is Laura Ingalls Wilder country for this is the setting for one of her Little House books. This is also Harvey Dunn country and one of his friends, Aubrey Sherwood, is the editor of the local newspaper. We stopped at the newspaper office and were sorry to miss Mr. Sherwood. We did, however, see some of his Dunn paintings in his office. We walked down the street to the library to see some more paintings which hang there, and also to see some Laura Ingalls Wilder mementoes on exhibit. We would have appreciated seeing the memorial erected to her memory, but the snowy road discouraged us. When I went to bed that night I thought perhaps I could drive back to DeSmet the next day but woke up to Jane's announcement that several inches of snow had fallen in the night. It seemed best to head on back to Iowa and save another visit to this area for spring and fairer weather.

On my return to Shenandoah I stopped in Sioux City to see Armada Swanson, who writes the "Come Read with Me" column for you each month. We had a lovely lunch together and caught up on family news. I hadn't realized how the years had flown by until she told me her son Jon had just gotten his driver's license. I was still thinking of him as the little boy I saw a few years ago!

It looks as if we are really in for a big snowfall, as it hasn't let up one bit since I sat down to the typewriter. This was predicted a few days ago and we were relieved that it was delayed somewhere out west for Oliver and I were invited to attend a weekend church conference at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, and we didn't want to miss it. We heard some wonderful speakers and had an opportunity to hear views of college students so it was a fine experience. We were delighted, also, to meet radio listeners from various parts of Nebraska.

Now, if I can get my car safely out the driveway and down the street without slipping and sliding, I'll take this letter to the plant so it can be put in print.

In closing I want to express my appreciation for your friendship. In our sadness over the loss of our dear Aunt Jessie and our dear cousin Letty, it has been a comfort to know your thoughts were with us.

Sincerely,
Margery

A Wee Bit o' Erin

FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Saint Patrick's Day offers the perfect incentive for a rollicking party to sweep away those late winter doldrums. Deck your house with shamrocks, golden harps, green streamers, Irish pipes, and Paddy's hats and, begorra, your guests will think they've come upon a wee bit o' Erin for shure!

Invitations: Cut the covers from brown construction paper in the shape of Irish potatoes. For each one cut an inside white sheet of paper in the same shape. Tie the covers and white page together with a green yarn or ribbon bow. Decorate the inside sheet with a small shamrock seal and write the following invitation with a green marking pen: Shure 'tis you we're invitin' to come and be gay, at a party we're a-givin' on Saint Patrick's Day. We hope something of green you will be wearin' as you come to our house at eight o'clock, and find a bit o' Erin. (signed)

Decorations: Fasten a huge bow of green crepe paper to the front door. As the guests enter invite them first to kiss the Blarney stone (a smooth rock which you have scrubbed well) which they find on a table near the front door. Beside it place a green top hat which each guest must don before kissing the Blarney stone. Then instruct each guest that he is now initiated into the gifted Blarney Club, and is to pay a compliment to the first five party guests whom he greets. This is sure to start the party off in good spirits.

Other decorations might include green paper over the lamp shades, and shamrocks fastened to window drapes, picture frames, and suspended by strings in doorways. Fasten some to pipe clean-

er stems and stick them into the soil as blossoms on some of your house plants.

Table Decorations: Use a white tablecloth and scatter paper shamrocks on it and pin them to the overhang. For a centerpiece make shamrock "posies" by fastening two paper shamrocks back to back around a pipe cleaner stem. Select a large potato (or you can use several in an arrangement) and insert the shamrock flower stems into the potato to form a "bouquet". This potato-shamrock arrangement can stand on a large paper shamrock or a fancy trivet. A few Irish pipes might be placed around the base of the arrangement, with, perhaps, a gold harp beside it.

Favors and Nutcups: Lollipop favors are cute and might even be used as part of the table decorations if you're setting a tea table with the Irish theme. To each lollipop add a shamrock hat made by fastening two paper shamrocks together at top and sides. Tie a green yarn or ribbon bow at the "neck". If facial features are desired, cut a small white paper heart for the face, glue to the lollipop, and then mark on the features. If used on a tea table, these lollipops might be stuck into a large potato, each guest being invited to take one.

For nutcups, paste a green foil shamrock to the smallest size white lace-paper doily. Then glue a small white nutcup to the center and tie a green yarn band around the top of the cup. Another idea is to fasten four small shamrocks together to form a square cup, fastening the stems together, and creasing to form a bottom. Set a small white nutcup inside this shamrock cup.

You can carry out the Irish pig idea and have a pig-in-a-poke nutcup by putting nuts and candies in very small bags and tying them with green yarn or sealing them with a shamrock seal.

Entertainment: Hunt for Erin: You will find Erin in each of the words that fit the following clues.

1. A fruit. tangerine
2. Relief for many. Bufferin
3. Act of extremely high respect. revering
4. Sacrifice. offering
5. Showing contempt. sneering
6. Looking intently. peering
7. Part of game fun. cheering
8. Not advised for onlookers. leering
9. Changing course. veering
10. Mocking. jeering
11. Animal. wolverine
12. Swagging. blustering

St. Pat's Run-around: (If you like hilarity and have plenty of room.) Tie a curtain ring or similar ring to a string and suspend it from the ceiling. Clear a circle and start two players at opposite sides of the ring, each armed with a hooked cane or umbrella, and riding a child's kiddie car or on a single roller skate. The stunt is to be the first to hook the ring. If there are several playing, a prize might be given to the player doing it in the shortest time.

Feed the Pig Potatoes: This is a game in which two couples compete. One person of each couple is seated in a chair, hands folded in the lap. The other partner stands behind the chair with his back to the chair. This partner is given a small bowl in which are some potato chips. At the leader's signal, the standing partner, using the left hand, must reach around and feed the potato chips to his seated partner. Any chips falling to the floor count as points lost. The seated partner may not use hands in any way to assist in eating the chips. The first couple to have all the chips eaten wins the contest.

Irish Fisherman: This is a contest in which a potato is balanced on the end of a yardstick. A prize is awarded to the first one to reach the designated goal line without dropping the potato. If the potato is dropped, the player must start over. (Compete in threes or fours.)

The Laugh Is on Pat: The players form a circle around "It", who is blindfolded and holds an Irish pipe or a cane. Whenever he raps on the floor with the pipe, everyone must stand still. "It" then points his pipe at someone and says, "Laugh for me, Pat." The person pointed out must laugh, and, if identified correctly, he becomes "It". The group then circles

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FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Right here on my desk I have a copy of the Holy Bible so small that I can hide it under my wristwatch! It is so small that I can put it into my mouth and still have room for two ice cubes! It is so small that I need a one hundred power microscope to read it. Yes, it has every page and every line of the King James Version, including the index. This small Bible was given me at the National Cash Register Company, a firm that is now manufacturing computer-like equipment that puts the printed word on microfilm. If I had this equipment, I would be able to put the contents of all the books in our large public library right here in my desk drawer and still have lots of room to spare. Recently I heard a representative of that firm speaking about this marvelous equipment, and when I told him who I was and what I did, he gave me this infinitely small Bible. I wish that you could have seen the eyes of our Sunday school children when I showed it to them.

I love to kid my Betty about the famous — or should I say notorious — Women's Liberation Movement, and whenever I hear a joke that needles the ladies, I tell it to her at the dinner table. Today I told her the one about the man who confessed to a friend, "I got married because I was tired of going to the laundromat, eating in restaurants, and wearing socks with holes." His friend looked at him with a sly grin and replied: "That's funny! I got divorced for the same reason."

At a church dinner the other night one of our guest speakers told the story about the man who while being bored to death at a church supper program turned to a man seated near him and said: "What a terrible voice that singer has. Do you know who she is?"

"Yes," replied the other man. "She's my wife!"

"Oh I beg your pardon," stammered the first man. "Of course, it really isn't her voice that's bad; it's the stuff she has to sing. I wonder who wrote that awful song?"

"I did!" came the reply.

That story reminded me of one that I later told our guest speaker. It is about the lady who said to her husband: "Henry! Why do you always go out on the porch when I sing. Don't you like my singing?" And her husband replied: "Oh it isn't that. I go out on the porch because I want all our neighbors to see that I am not beating you."

I wonder if you folks got as much cold weather where you live as we got here in Massachusetts this past winter?



From the smiles these ladies obviously were enjoying working on the clean-up committee in the church kitchen. Betty Driftmier is on the right.

We had no trouble at the parsonage, but we did have some trouble at the church. To get enough heat into our big church sanctuary for Sunday services, we cut off the radiators in our large church dining room. One night that room got so cold that it froze one of the radiators, and what an awful time we had fixing it. With that lesson we learned never to shut off all the heat in any large room, no matter how much you want the heat elsewhere.

The cold weather brought out the bats. You have heard of churches with bats in their belfries, and my church is one of them. Every winter on the coldest days a few bats come out of hiding and make a nuisance of themselves. Only once have we had a large bat start flying around the heads of a church congregation, but that once was enough. It simply is impossible to conduct a church service when the people's heads are bobbing up and down as they try to keep out of the bat's flight path. Twice this winter a bat was seen hanging to the inside church wall during a church service, and had those bats done any flying, it would have been terrible, simply terrible. I myself do not like to have a bat flitting around my head, and I am sure that all of the women in the congregation would have been in much distress had the bats moved at all. As it happened, both bats were caught after the service. When our church sexton brought me one of the bats in a glass jar, I was amazed to note how large and numerous were the teeth. I could see no difference between the mouth of a bat and the mouth of a mouse.

Now that it is suspected that bats are the chief carriers of rabies, people have even more reason to be concerned

about them. Of course I realize that bats very rarely bite human beings, and I realize that they are most beneficial when it comes to killing insects, and I realize that bats are even more afraid of human beings than human beings are afraid of bats, but knowing all that I still dislike them and sometimes fear them.

As long as I live I shall remember the large blood-sucking vampire bats I saw down in Central Africa. Several times the natives showed me cows that had had blood taken from them by bats, and I once visited with a woman who had the frightful experience of having a bat get tangled up in her hair. Take my advice and pay no attention to the people that say bats will never hurt you. They can and they do and I don't like it. I pray that I never get to see one of those large Asian bats that grows to have a body one foot long with a wingspread of seven feet on each side. Imagine!

Our church may have some bats in its belfry, but one thing it does not have is a mouse. The proverbial church mouse would literally die of starvation in our church. Never in all my life have I ever seen a church cleaner than ours, and I know how much work it takes to keep it that way. We have just one sexton and a cleaning lady who comes in twice a week, and a cleaning man that comes in just once a week, but somehow all the work gets done, and done well. The first thing I hear when I go into the church on any morning is the sound of the vacuum cleaner being run over the church carpets. All of the outside work like snow removal and lawn care is done by landscape gardeners. Most churches the size of ours

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Eggs



by
Lillian M. Bartlow

In those faraway days on the small farms in the north country, every housewife had a flock of hens, so she had eggs to sell. (She also made butter by hand until it came about that milk was sold in cans to the milk factory. She made cottage cheese, too.) These products were hers and she went to the nearby village to sell them to her special customers. Sometimes she drove the horse and carriage but more often went in with her husband or son. She could buy some wanted frilly things, but if times were not prosperous the money went into the family funds. These hens were fed from the farm supplies, but it was a very "tight" man who took back money from his wife for what the hens ate.

When I was a very small girl I was allowed to take an egg to the country store about 100 feet away to buy myself some candy. Eggs were then twelve cents a dozen. When I was a little older, I'd often ask if I could have an egg. If someone said, "There aren't any," I'd say, "If I go find one in the hen coop, can I have it?" "Oh, yes." They knew the eggs had been gathered that morning. But once I did find an egg and took it to the store. Eggs had gone up to twenty-five cents a dozen, so I got quite a bag of candy. I can remember one particular day when we were alone, my older sister, who did much of the housekeeping, said, "Here, I'll give you an egg so you can go to the store, and you can give me some of the candy."

But by and by I grew too old for that, and it took all the eggs for family use, anyway.

Those were days of barter. Many a housewife walked to the store, sometimes as much as three miles, and carried a few dozen eggs in a basket. For these she got thread and calico or gingham for a dress, or maybe a pair of shoes. This store was a mile from the Canadian line and I think the price of eggs or butter was higher on our side. Sometimes she took credit, so that in two or three trips she could buy something special. The storekeeper candled these eggs, put them in a crate, and shipped them to some market. One crate of eggs could be carried in a buggy to the depot, and he could do

errands at the same time in the village.

As the years passed and I outgrew the one-room district school, I was sent to a village school five miles away. One of our neighbors also went to this school, so we rented a room and cooked for ourselves. This was an accepted custom in the village, so people had suitable rooms to rent. We went home Friday after school, and would take a box of provisions when we went back Sunday afternoon.

One time when my father was taking me back, he took a not-much-travelled crossroad, as he wanted to see some stands of timber in that area. It was a nice, mild, sunshiny day after a heavy snow fall, and the banks on the side of the road were deep and a little deceptive. We tipped over three times! And my box of provisions scattered with the eggs that were in it. Some of them we could pick up. It wasn't hard to tip over in a cutter and the snow was soft. It was funny then and it is still funny to me.

Eggs are as good and nourishing as ever, but today's youngsters cannot have the intimate and friendly feeling for eggs that I have.

Old-fashioned Thrift

by Fern Christian Miller

My good parents taught me thrifty Ben Franklin's wise sayings in childhood: "A penny saved is a penny earned."; "Waste not, want not."; "Haste makes waste." When the depression, grasshoppers, and drought years hit farmers in the thirties, these sound teachings stood me in good stead. A young married woman with one child, I helped my husband make a living in every way I could.

Not one bite of food was wasted. I learned to use wild plants as pot herbs, wild fruits for sirup and jelly and jam and pies, persimmons for pudding, and nuts in cookies and rolls. We made hominy in an iron kettle from corn, lye, and water. Mother taught me to make soap with lard cracklings and leftover grease at an early age. Neighbor women traded work, lard kettles, sausage mills, any surplus food, quilt scraps, hand-me-down children's clothes, recipes and advice — and, I might add, *love and understanding*. We were true neighbors then, and our mothers and older cousins and aunts were our friends, teachers, and helpers as in real pioneer times. We also grew gardens and chickens. Work? Certainly.

Not only was this true of food, but I also learned to save and use every piece of material that came my way.

Sugar and flour and feed sacks were used for tea towels, curtains, chair pillow covers, quilts, and comforters. These were cleverly made from patterns made by ourselves or passed around, and were usually very attractive. Even dresses and aprons and sunbonnets were made of the printed sacks that came into use later in the forties. All scraps were saved from dressmaking for quilt making. Discarded wool clothing was often used for comforter tops (brick style pattern), braided or crocheted or hooked rugs, or for making small pants or coats for little children.

I felt rich if I could stretch my pennies enough to buy a cotton or wool "batt" to fill a quilt. These "good" quilts were carefully quilted in frames when the Aid or Farm Club met at my house. Many comforters were tacked with twine or carpet warp or yarn. I usually saved string in a ball and used that because it cost nothing. These comforters were filled with the best part of old blankets and worn-out cotton clothing with all seams and heavy parts trimmed off. This was pieced together and stitched flat on the machine. Usually the underside or lining of my comforter was of outing flannel, which I had to buy. It took five yards cut in two and stitched together down the center. I am sure many of you have made similar bed covers. The beauty of these quilts lay in the colors used.

Wool batts made really warm comforters. Bedrooms were rarely heated except for flat irons or bricks heated in the oven and rolled in an old sweater at the foot of the bed. (My grandchildren think I am "off my rocker" when I tell of those days.) This, remember, was in the thirties and forties.

Gifts were usually homemade, especially for the women and girls. Children's playthings were usually made of cast-off materials: boxes, lumber scraps, lids, and tin coffee cans became stick horses, beanbags, stuffed toys, and rag dolls.

Today it makes me most unhappy to see young women throw away useful items. When I sometimes go to the land-fill dumps with my husband to dispose of months of real trash in one box. (the Boy Scouts get old newspapers and magazines that no one else wants), it is amazing to see the slightly used articles people dispose of.

A local garment factory throws away scraps from cutting beautifully colored orlon uniforms. All are not small scraps either. What lovely pieced-quilts they would make! I still save and use all usable materials.

Perhaps instead of always wanting more money, we need to learn to make better use of what we already have. Who said "Necessity is the mother of invention"?

LIVING LIKE A MILLIONAIRE

by
Mary Feese

"Next stop, Georgetown!" As the car headed west out of Idaho Springs, Colorado, our anticipation grew. We knew that the town itself had come into being after the first large silver discovery in the state. The travel guidebook provided the information that it is the only major mining town that has never been destroyed by fire; for this reason, there are some buildings that date back to 1859, that deepen the aura of history that surrounds the town.

As we sped along, I kept reading from the guidebook, sometimes to myself, sometimes aloud. "Hamill House," I exclaimed. "I must see that!"

"Never heard of it," said my husband. "Why do you particularly want to see it?"

"The book says that it was the most luxurious home in the whole area, that cost about fifty thousand dollars to build, even then — and now they estimate the value at nearly a quarter of a million dollars! They say it has----" here I referred to the book and quoted aloud: "Parquet flooring, camel's-hair wallpaper, gold-plated doorknobs and onyx fireplaces. Sounds fabulous!" And privately I speculated just what camel's-hair wallpaper could possibly look like. Yes, I had to see Hamill House, if only to satisfy my curiosity about that wallpaper.

Soon we left the main highway and drove down the main street of this town. On the surrounding mountainsides we could see many of the mines whose productivity had been almost beyond belief. Even the names were picturesque: the Dives, the U. S. Silver Coin Lode, the Pelican, and the Terrible.

We parked the car a short distance from the Hamill House. Gene and the boys decided to walk on down Main Street, see the sights, and inquire about the price of gold pans in some shop. I turned toward the large frame house. It looked soundly built, and it *was* big, but did it look luxurious? Not really. But, I told myself wryly, what was I expecting? A palace?

As I paid the modest admission charge, I chatted a moment with the attendant, a friendly woman whose enthusiasm for this showplace knew no bounds. From her, I learned that during the period when the house was being built (begun in 1867, not entirely completed until 1882) the nearest railroad shipping point was St. Joseph, Missouri, — which meant that the many imported items were hauled the remaining 650 miles in wagons drawn by ox teams. And imports there were, by the



The beautiful mountain slopes near Georgetown draw many skiers.

dozens or perhaps even by the hundreds; the house was provided with every conceivable luxury or necessity of the era.

The attendant gave me a descriptive leaflet, which I glanced at briefly before I began the tour of the rooms. The house was begun in 1867 by Joseph W. Watson, who lost both the home and his fortune in 1872. His brother-in-law, William A. Hamill, purchased the property two years later, and spared no expense in making the home and its grounds the showplace of the West. The leaflet describes Mr. Hamill in glowing terms as "capitalist, miner, State Senator, early pioneer, leading figure of the Republican party, Brigadier General of Colorado Militia, and Civic leader."

And how did such a man live? I turned first to the dining room, with its intricately patterned parquet floor of walnut and maple. The plaque by the door provided the details, that the wallpaper was laid with gold leaf, with a lavish border said to have been hand painted by Italian workmen whom Hamill employed especially for that purpose. Black marble and onyx for the room's imposing fireplace were also imported from Italy. Above its mantlepiece hung an elk head, which the plaque said had been shot by Hamill's eldest son, who was later killed under mysterious circumstances on the family ranch in Middle Park. Hmmm . . . the temper of the time then seemed to be violence, much as we find today. While money provides luxuries, it seems little guarantee of personal safety.

Still musing, I moved down the hall to the parlor. Here I found the celebrated camel's-hair wallpaper, which upon inspection proved similar to the flocked wall coverings we now find available in our own era. True, ours are flocked with such materials as nylon, but the effect is much the same. Their paper must have been fantastically expensive, for it was made in France, using

camel's hair imported from Arabia; the paper was shipped to the United States by ocean-going vessels, transferred to a railroad car for the journey from the eastern coast to St. Joseph, then transferred to wagons for the final slow step of the journey, pulled by oxen.

The parlor also contained an extensive law library in a huge, glass-fronted bookcase and a piano with delicate inlay of mother-of-pearl. The ceiling paper was crusted with silver dust and gold leaf, while the elaborate chandelier was gold washed and glittering.

Next room, the library, had walls covered with richly embossed paper. It, too, had a gold-washed chandelier, but with a distinctive difference: the center dropped conveniently for best light while reading, but could be raised to the level of the main portion for efficiently lighting the entire room.

The solarium joined the library; perhaps we would describe it as a greenhouse, with its dome made of long sheets of glass bent into a graceful curve. In the center stood a pyramid structure (similar to the strawberry pyramids familiar to today's gardeners) that was topped with a statue and a fountain, and which was crowded with a flourishing array of potted plants, many in full bloom. The informative plaque by this door said that the solarium was known far and wide, at that time, for its beautiful and rare varieties of plants.

Upstairs were the bedrooms. One had a dresser that appeared quite ordinary — except for a secret drawer that appeared to the onlooker to be merely a small baseboard. On the mantle stood an imported French clock, quite possibly worth a small fortune; to my taste, however, our modern and dependable electric clocks are equally attractive. On each end of the same mantle stand vaporizers; in these they placed creosote and lit the little lamps. If this be luxury, then I hope to skip it! Creosote belongs on the chicken house roosts, perhaps, but not in the bedroom — most particularly not in *my* bedroom.

The master bedroom had a unique marble fireplace, imported from Carrara, Italy, that had an elegant inlay strip. But except for the honor of the thing ("imported" to imply luxury, you know) I would say that modern fireplaces compare well for design and beauty. I noticed that all the house shutters folded back into wall casements, and I believe are called French shutters. Under the bed stood a chinaware "convenience", hand painted with swirls and shadings of rose bouquets such as never were. Elaborate, yes; decorative, perhaps; convenient, no! Which of you

(Continued on page 17)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

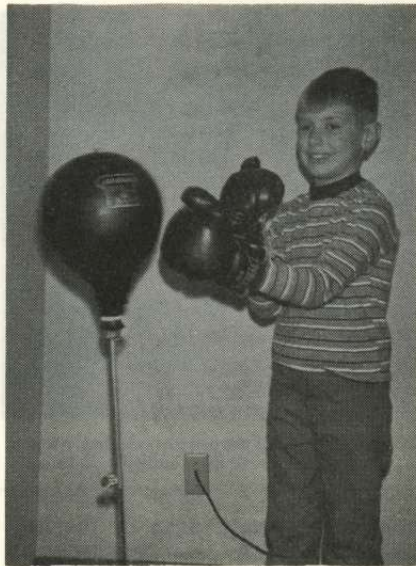
Dear Friends:

I didn't know when I wrote my last *Kitchen-Klatter* letter that I was going to Wyoming to see Kristin and her family. The decision to go was made suddenly one day when I was putting the finishing touches on a dress for Kristin. Before Christmas, when Kristin was still planning to come to Iowa, she told us not to mail any gifts. She said if anything happened to cancel her plans they could always be mailed later, and as I told you in my last letter, they didn't get to come because of Aaron's illness.

We felt that at this late date there was no hurry about getting the box in the mail, so I decided to get a few more articles of clothing for the boys when the sales started after the first of the year. About this time the big blizzard arrived, and being snowed-in gave me a good chance to get more sewing done for Kristin. The stack of presents got bigger and bigger. I jokingly said to Frank, "If we add one more thing to this pile, I could almost deliver them in person cheaper than it will cost to mail them." He surprised me by saying, "I think that's a good idea. Let's go have a cup of coffee and talk it over."

Since the blizzard was still fresh in our minds, we decided driving at this time of the year was too hazardous. I like to travel by train, and in spite of the fact that connections between Chariton and Laramie are poor and necessitate spending several hours sitting in the Union Station in Omaha between trains, I still prefer this to riding the bus.

It was two years since I had made this trip by train, and many changes have taken place. I took the Burlington train to Omaha and got in there right on schedule at 8:45 in the evening. A redcap walked with me to the Union Station to handle all the luggage I was taking with me, and I remarked about how quiet it was and that I seemed to be the only person changing trains. The real surprise came when I walked into that huge station and saw only one other person, and that was the ticket agent. He said a redcap would be there about 11:00 to take care of my luggage, and since there was no train leaving until about 3:15 A.M. this was why there were no other passengers



What fun Andrew is having with the punching bag and boxing gloves he received for Christmas. He is sure he's building big muscles!

around this early in the evening. Frank had suggested I take along something to read during my long wait but I had told him I could buy plenty of reading material at the magazine stand in the station. I wished I had listened to him, since the stand was no longer there. There was no place even to get a cup of coffee.

The train from the east was late and was well after 4:00 A.M. before we finally pulled out of the station. We were two hours late into Laramie, but Kristin and Aaron were standing on the platform waiting for me. Aaron was much more excited about the big train than he was about me, and started to cry when the train pulled out because the poor child had thought he was going to get on. Andy didn't get to meet the train because he was in school, but we hadn't been in the house very long when he came bounding up the stairs.

Andy knew I was bringing presents with me, but I told him that since this was going to be just like a second Christmas, we would wait until his daddy came home from work and we had our supper. It was awfully hard for this little boy to wait so long and he got pretty impatient with us slow grownups.

The next day was Saturday, and while Art was at home with the children, Kristin and I spent the morning shopping. Aunt Lucile had sent money with me for the Brases' Christmas, and I thought Kristin would enjoy picking out some things for the boys. Andy had some boxing gloves, so Kristin thought one of the punching bags on a stand would be a good thing for him. When we got home and Art put it together he told the boys that from now on when they felt like punching each other they

were to punch the bag instead. They had a lot of fun with it and even Aaron got pretty good with the gloves. Andy has several boy friends in the neighborhood and he had to bring them all in to try it.

There was to be a wrestling match that evening at the Field House between the University of Wyoming and University of Colorado teams, and Art suggested that I go. He knows that I am quite a sports enthusiast, but frankly I have never cared for wrestling. Kristin said that television and college wrestling were different; that the college variety was scientific, and she thought I should see it. She said Andy and Aaron just love to go — not to watch the match, but because the Field House is so big that they are free to run around and climb up and down on the bleachers with the other children there and have a good time in general.

I had promised Andy we would eat at the Pancake House (his favorite) while I was there, and this seemed to be a good time before going to the matches. The Colorado team got the most points, and Kristin was right — it wasn't what I had expected and I learned a lot.

I had planned to take the train home on Monday but Kristin talked me into staying until Tuesday. She thought two days much too short for a good visit. She didn't have any classes Monday morning, so while she did a washing, I did some mending for her. Art brought the sitter home when he came for lunch, so I got to meet her for the first time. She is a lovely person, an older lady who lives alone now that her children are all gone from home. Aaron likes her and told us all goodbye without a tear when we left after lunch.

I visited a class with Kristin and then the two of us went to visit Andy's room. We just happened to hit a day when his regular teacher was home sick and since Kristin and I have both taught school we felt sorry for the substitute teacher and knew how she must have felt having two guests pop in on her unexpectedly.

Kristin is doing some part-time work this year in one of the elementary schools in her field of guidance counseling. She took me with her to work the next morning. When Art came home for lunch he said he had been able to take the afternoon off so he could take me to the train. Kristin had a class, and since it was the last time for this class that semester, she didn't think she should miss it. She was glad Art could take me. Of course Aaron went with us, and when we found the train was going to be half an hour late we picked up Andy after school so he could also go along.

On my return trip I had a pleasant and
(Continued on page 22)



Walk! Think! Feel!

Program for Girl Scout Founders' Day

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Place three tall tapers in holders on a small table, concealing the holders with greenery and flowers. Stand the Girl Scout Manual at the right of the candle arrangement. You will need a leader and three candlelighters. Why not let a young girl who plays the guitar lead the singing instead of using the usual piano accompaniment? When each candlelighter is finished speaking and ready to light her candle, the leader hands her a lighted candle which she then returns to the leader.

Leader:

You're here to play a part, my girl,
On this old world of ours;
Yes, to play the part of "sunshine"
In dull and dreary hours.
You're here to shed a ray of brightness
O'er the paths that you may roam,
And to bring joy and gladness
To those within your home.
You're challenged to be cheerful,
To wear a smile upon your face,
To perform your chores and duties
With happy, kindly grace.
You're expected to be thoughtful and
forgiving,
With a joyful, generous heart;
For, my girl, you're now rehearsing
For to play a *woman's* part.

—Paraphrased from an old, old poem.

Song: "America".

Leader: The song we have just sung reminds us of the dreams and visions of the founders of our country. Those great forefathers of ours worked hard to build this great country which we love.

The founders of the Girl Scouts of America also had a dream and worked hard to see that girls all over this land had opportunities to grow into fine citizens of this great country. Through the Girl Scouts you are given opportunities to grow in many ways. Scouting offers you challenges to grow up to be the woman you hope to be, and shows you that that will come about only if you try to grow in the right direction, right here and now. Someone has expressed it in these words: "Walk tall; think tall; feel tall." What does this mean to Girl Scouts?

First Candlelighter: Walk tall! Regardless of your height, walk tall! When we stretch ourselves to walk tall, we pull ourselves up to get a better

view of the good things in life, to get a better view of the better world we hope to see, to get a vision of bigger, better things, just as our founders did. Walk tall! It means you will work hard, develop the courage to face up to whatever you have to do. Have big dreams, have great visions, and develop ambition to make your dreams come true. Walk tall!

You know if you walk along every day, grumbling and finding fault, stumbling along with your head down, all you see is the dirt, the rocks, the sidewalks at your feet; but if you walk tall, stand erect with heads up and eyes alert, you see the beauty of the earth and the beauty in the people you meet. So I light our first candle to challenge every Girl Scout to WALK TALL! (Takes candle from leader and lights first candle.)

Second Candlelighter: Think tall! This means stretching your mind. It means not just thinking about what is wrong in the world, but thinking harder on what you can do about it. It means thinking and figuring ways you can help the dreams of those great people who have gone before us to come true, as well as how to make your own dreams come true. It means thinking *big*. It means trying to understand other people — people who look different from you, people who live different from you, and who have a religion different from yours. To think tall is to think with tolerance and love — to grow in your mind and your understanding, to learn how to live with people in friendship. To think tall is to get the best education possible, for the more you know about other people and other places, the more you know how to be a friend to people everywhere.

I light our second candle to remind you always to THINK TALL! (Lights candle.)

Third Candlelighter: Feel tall! Let us see what that means. It means that as you walk tall, trying to appreciate the people around you, and to appreciate God's wonderful world, trying to plan to do something to make this world better, you'll begin to feel better because you'll know you're to live up to the Scout laws. You'll begin to feel tall — and isn't it a wonderful feeling? Feel

tall — think tall — walk tall. You'll find that if you do that you really are taller, inside and out. Feel tall — it really means that if you think you can do something, if you try hard enough, you can do it. I will light our third candle to challenge you to FEEL TALL — to work each day to be a bigger, better person than you were yesterday. (Lights candle.)

Leader:

I cannot tell you what the years may hold,

Nor what of gain or loss may come to you,

But you must have dreams and visions
Like our founders, brave and true.

Like them you must believe in what is just

And what is good and what is right,
Then be willing to work to make things better,

Yes, work hard with all your might.

Remember, 'tis not the prize, but how
the game was played,
Between right and wrong all of us at
times must choose.

Keep this in mind before a choice is
made —

If it is right, you cannot lose.

In the glow of the candlelight can we
all stand and repeat our Girl Scout
Laws? Let the candles remind us that
as we keep these laws we will WALK
TALL, THINK TALL, AND FEEL
TALL.

(All stand and repeat Scout Laws.)

GRANDMOTHERS

They say that all grandmothers
Are inclined to brag a bit,
And that there is some truth in that
I frankly must admit.

For since I've reached that stage —
And all my friends have too —
I'm floored by all the bragging
These other grandmothers do.

To hear them rave, you'd think
This old human race
Was fast becoming Supermen
At a tremendous pace.

Yet when I see these boys and girls,
Their grandmothers' pride and joy,
Each seems to me to be
Quite an ordinary girl or boy!

Of course I humor them along
And say I think they're fine,
But you can see the difference
If you've ever noticed mine.

My own are so much cuter, smarter,
Handsome than theirs,
I can afford to humor them
When they put on such airs.

I'm really glad that I don't brag
Like other grandmas do.

I've so much more to brag about
If I just wanted to!

—Unknown



"Rev Up" Those Dull Meetings

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Mug Party: For refreshment time, ask the women to bring their own cups and saucers for coffee. Specify that if they have a special one, or a favorite one, to bring that. The ladies will find the group drinking from every type of cup or mug — treasured Haviland, mustache cups, shaving mugs, big cups, and tiny demitasse cups. The discussion of these cups will prove a real conversation piece and might even take the place of a regular program.

A Rocky Party for Fun, or to Fill the Treasury: Ask the ladies to bring scissors and old felt hats to the party. Have ready a collection of small rocks and stones (we like smooth ones best), glue, and paints. Group the women around bridge tables and tell them to let go with their imaginations to turn those rocks into turtles, bugs, skunks, mice, rabbits, or fantasy creatures. Legs, ears, and tails can be cut from felt and glued to the painted bodies if desired. Broom bristles can be used for whiskers. These are cute to use among your houseplants, or as favors, to sell at bazaars, to use as paperweights, or just to place around as conversation pieces. You may think of this as a children's project, but just turn a group of women loose with these rocks and paints and see what fun you have.

A Bit of Switzerland will add zip to your meeting. How long since you served a cup of steaming, fragrant chocolate or cocoa with your refreshments? Do try it and make it a part of the program. As soon as the guests have arrived, serve them cocoa in your prettiest cups. Offer a choice of topping — whipped cream, a dab of whipped cream with a bit of grated orange added, a marshmallow (the miniature colored marshmallows are fun), or whipped cream to which a sprinkling of cinnamon has been added along with the sugar.

Collect all the information you can about cocoa and chocolate, not only how and where it grows but when it

was first served in this country, and how it is used in Austria and Switzerland. Perhaps someone has visited some of the delightful Swiss shops and will tell about how it is served there in chocolate shops as well as in candy shops. It makes a fascination story to use as the program while you sip the delicious brew.

A Different Cook-Out: This is a cook-out-of-cans, but the fun comes in passing out a can from which the label has been removed to each guest, with the instructions to bring it back to the next meeting (to be held in the form of a luncheon), prepared and ready to eat. They can use their own imaginations as to how to prepare whatever they find in the cans. If you are having an all-day meeting, you might pass out these unlabeled cans as the women come, and then invite them to the kitchen to prepare their own — along with a lot of fun, you can be sure.

Spring Style Show Riot: You can be sure the women will never quit laughing about this one. At the meeting prior to the show ask each woman to bring an old hat, a dress, and a purse. It is more fun if you specify the hat is to be one she has trimmed herself. Each article is to be wrapped or boxed so it can't be seen. Each article is auctioned off (hats, dresses, and purses are sold in separate groupings) for about 25¢; thus each lady would be spending but a small amount for her complete outfit. Each lady is to buy one of each article, but is to take it home before unwrapping it. At the next meeting she is to wear her purchases in a style show. She must alter the dress if it doesn't fit, striving to make it look as good as possible, or she can choose to make it a laugh provoker. You'll have women "widening" a big plaid with stripes of unbleached muslin, lengthening some with ruffles, adding sleeves made from old kitchen curtains, etc. This gets loads of laughs as well as gives a boost to the treasury.

MIXING MIXES

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

Most of us like to make our favorite cakes from scratch, but packaged cake mixes are good and virtually foolproof. A busy housewife can create something of her very own from them with experimentation and imagination. Here are a few suggestions:

To a box of yellow cake mix was added three large eggs, one-half cup salad oil, two-thirds cup crystal syrup, and one teaspoon of vanilla flavoring. Bake in a large loaf pan according to the instructions. It is delicious.

White cake mix gives hoped-for results by adding three egg whites, one-half cup salad oil, one-half cup crystal syrup, and one teaspoon of coconut flavoring. Pour the batter into a large baking dish and sprinkle the top with moist, shredded coconut. This is luscious as well as dainty, as the coconut spreads through the loaf while baking.

Chocolate mixtures are sure to please when an ounce of melted chocolate (not cocoa), one teaspoon of black walnut flavoring, one-half cup salad oil, and one-half cup plus two tablespoons of syrup are added to the batter. Other variations can be used here, such as nuts or fruits. Or add other flavorings, such as mint or burnt sugar.

These cakes are tasty without icings and have a good texture. Granulated sugar can be sprinkled over the top before baking, or powdered sugar when they come from the oven. Some prefer nuts, dates, figs, raisins, or mashed bananas between layers. Others like honey used in place of syrup in the batter. Mashed bananas added to the batter mix for yellow cake give pleasing results. For those who must have icings or toppings, there is no limit to the variations which can be used: whipped cream, ice cream, fruit or custard sauces . . . even a dot of jelly or preserves on the top of each square when served.

One must remember that most mixes call for one- and one-fourth cups of liquid, but this must be reduced to one scant cup as the salad oil and syrup are liquid. Our family prefers a *distinct* flavor, so the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings are always used since they guarantee this. When the walnut flavoring is used in place of ground nuts, our dentures rest in peace. If glass dishes are used, the baking temperature must be reduced somewhat. Also, the cake keeps moister when left in the dish for cutting as served.

Every cook enjoys using her imagination a bit and here is one opportunity where that art is needed — when mixing the mixes.

ABIGAIL CONCERNED WITH POLLUTION OF ENVIRONMENT

Dear Friends:

There is a spectacle going on outside the window which is making it difficult for me to settle down to compose this letter. Very, very strong, gusty winds are making our bird feeder careen as a ship without a rudder caught in a gale. Yet this doesn't appear to impede one iota the birds' determination to eat.

Our bird feeder is suspended by a wire fastened by a nail to the patio roof, so it does move about freely. The cat belonging to the new neighbors soon spotted this well-stocked hunting ground, but there is no way he can get to the feeder. He sits among the evergreens in the planter box directly underneath and waits expectantly and patiently until the door opens. Then he leaps in a flash across the fence and into sanctuary, out of our poodle's eager reach. Poor Lucky! He can smell that cat in among the evergreens, but never can catch him. He returns time after time to sniff that tantalizing feline aroma but cannot locate the culprit.

I dislike intensely strong wind, and we do have a lot of it here along the foothills. It's not unheard of for the velocities to get up as high as 90 miles an hour, especially around Boulder. Yet I can say one good thing for strong wind; it blows out the air pollution. I'm sure there are many readers who are getting weary of the constant mention of pollution, particularly when it doesn't appear to be bothering their lives. Every paper you read, every day when you turn on radio or television, you hear this subject mentioned with what may have become tiresome frequency. And if you don't live downwind from a metropolitan area, you may well wonder if the situation really warrants such concern.

Living on a farm or in a small town where the air is always clean, you probably think the city folks have just gone off half-cocked about something that doesn't affect you. Well, I think one reason we city dwellers have gotten so aroused about the matter of pollution is this. Most of us have seen the pollution of our cities increase so drastically over the last ten years that we are really forced to become alarmed. And I would suggest that there is hardly a farm or small-town dweller who can dare consider himself safe from the dangers of pollution.

There must be a large number of people living on the farms and in the small towns a good many miles beyond the boundaries of Denver who have been content with such a location, in part, because it kept them removed from the contamination of this city's



It has been some time since we've had a picture in the magazine of Abigail, our brother Wayne's wife, so this month we are sharing one taken when visiting us this winter.

life. And a lot of these same people are reluctantly facing the fact that their air and water are just as contaminated as that in Denver. And this same situation is becoming increasingly evident almost any place in our country.

Not long ago I was in Greeley, Colorado, a lovely small city, certainly not a metropolis. I'm sure there are any number of people living in Greeley who wouldn't be "caught dead" living in a place like Denver. Yet that day, and there are many just like it, the people on the farms and in the small towns throughout this entire area were breathing air that was worse in pollution than that here in Denver. The air currents gently waft Denver's pollution, along with that of Boulder and Longmont, to add it to the pollution generated in Greeley and Loveland and all the little places in between. And this hideous brown blanket hung over that entire region; somehow the word "suffocation" kept creeping into my mind. And if you think it can't happen where you live, well, there are a lot of people

COVER PICTURE

The last time Emily Driftmier's picture appeared on the cover of our magazine was in June, 1966, when she graduated from high school. Now, after a year in Costa Rica, three years at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and a year of study in Mexico City at the University of the Americas, she received her degree from Colorado University this winter and is giving thought to how she can best use her education. While turning over various possibilities she is employed in Aspen, spending after-job hours on the ski slopes with her five roommates. Her darling little dog, Hipias, accompanied her to the resort.

who would have sworn it never would happen here either.

Many of you have visited Rocky Mountain National Park. Perhaps you haven't been back recently because the last time it was so crowded that traffic was almost as bad as in a city. There is still plenty of solitude and peace and quiet to be found in our more popular national parks, but you have to be willing and able to use your feet and legs to get off the roads and main trails and onto the smaller trails. Another possibility is visiting the parks in the "off" season. Fall is especially nice in Rocky Mountain or Yellowstone or Yosemite National Parks.

But for those of you who know Rocky Mountain, there is tragic and frightening news. Shadow Mountain Lake has been pronounced to be virtually dead. How such a large lake, even yet looking like the proverbial jewel set off by its backdrop of towering peaks, could have reached such a horrendous fate is an alarming and appalling consideration. Men made this lake, a source of beauty and life and water for the arid plains to the east. Yet men are also killing their own creation by contaminating it to death.

I couldn't help thinking about water pollution this past winter as we drove along Interstate 80 across eastern Colorado and Nebraska. Many miles of this route are spent in the serenity of the Platte River Valley. Of course we saw this tree-lined valley at a time when we couldn't detect dead elm trees — they were only trees minus their leaves in the winter.

The river looked so fresh as it bubbled along its snow-lined shallow banks that it was difficult to believe that such clear-looking water is absolutely unfit for consumption without the addition of quantities of chemicals. And who would think that the farmer living a few miles back who feeds cattle or grows sugar beets had anything to do with Platte pollution? Or that the people living in that little town with no adequate sewage treatment plant were helping ruin a major river in this country?

It isn't just the people living in the big cities who are guilty of pollution. We all have to examine the effects of our way of living. We must preserve that which remains pure and clean in Nature in our land. We must restore wherever possible that which we have contaminated and polluted. The arrival of spring brings a feeling of renewal to most of us. I hope that each of us will resolve to make genuine effort to renew that natural bounty which the Lord gave to us and which we have abused so terribly.

Sincerely,
Abigail

**ELEGANT PEAR SALAD**

- 1 cup pear juice
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup mashed pears
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1/2 cup slivered almonds
1 cup non-dairy whipped topping
Heat the pear juice, add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool in the refrigerator until this mixture begins to thicken. In another bowl blend the remaining ingredients and fold into the gelatin mixture. Lastly, fold in the whipped topping. Refrigerate until congealed.

—Margery

RICE PORCUPINES

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 cup Minute Rice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 can tomato soup

Mix beef, rice, salt, pepper and onion and form into small balls. If you don't have any fresh onion, use about 2 tsp. onion flakes. Place the balls in a saucepan. Pour the soup over the balls and cook, covered, over low heat for about 30 minutes, or until done.

SOUTHERN CAULIFLOWER

- 1 medium head cooked cauliflower
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 #2 can tomatoes
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Soft bread crumbs
Butter or margarine

Place the cooked cauliflower in a greased shallow casserole. Add salt and pepper to the tomatoes and cook rapidly until most of the liquid has evaporated. Pour over the cauliflower and top with cheese and bread crumbs. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

JAY'S FAVORITE COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. corn syrup or honey
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 2 cups uncooked oatmeal
- 1 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup raisins (optional)

Cream butter or margarine, flavoring, and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Stir in syrup or honey. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Lastly, mix in oatmeal, coconut and raisins. Shape into balls and flatten with fork. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

Jay is the son of a good friend of mine who lives near Sidney. He not only enjoys eating these cookies but he can make them as well, so well that he entered them in the Fremont County Fair!

—Evelyn

BROCCOLI AND RICE CASSEROLE

- 1/2 onion, diced
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 small jar Cheeze Whiz
- 1 roll garlic cheese
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
- Dash of Tabasco sauce
- Salt and pepper as desired
- Crumbled bacon for top

Saute the onion in the butter. Melt Cheeze Whiz and garlic cheese in the undiluted mushroom soup. Cook the broccoli, seasoning as desired with the salt and pepper. (Personally, the mushroom soup has enough seasoning for our taste, so I don't add salt and pepper. However, you may want to.) Combine all of the ingredients except bacon. Pour into a lightly greased casserole, sprinkle with crumbled bacon, and bake in a 350-degree oven until bubbly hot. Elegant!

—Margery

BAVARIAN CREAM

(An old family favorite!)

- 2 cups sweet milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup chopped English walnuts
- 1/2 cup diced maraschino cherries, drained
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine the milk and sugar and scald. Cool. Dissolve the unflavored gelatin in the cold water. When dissolved put the cup in a very shallow pan of hot water and stir until the gelatin has melted. Add to milk mixture and chill until syrupy. Fold in the cream which has been whipped and to which has been added, the drained crushed pineapple, the nuts and maraschino cherries. Pour into a square pan and refrigerate until congealed. Cut into squares to serve. If you prefer, you may line the pan with vanilla wafer crumbs and sprinkle a few over the top for real party fare.

—Margery

QUICK BROILER ICING

- 6 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup cream
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine ingredients and mix well. Spread over a warm cake and brown under broiler 3 to 5 minutes until bubbly and brown.

—Margery

GOLDEN VEGETABLES

- 1 medium head of cauliflower
- 1 cup raw carrots, sliced or diced
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- Salt to taste
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup American cheese, diced

Break the cauliflower into flowerettes. Arrange layers of the cauliflower and the carrots in a buttered casserole. Cover with the onions, seasonings and butter. Pour milk over the vegetables. Sprinkle the cheese on top and shake a bit of paprika over all. Cover and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Uncover the last 15 minutes of baking time to brown the top slightly.

The baking time may be lessened if the vegetables are precooked in boiling, salted water until half done. Then proceed to put together as directed.

—Evelyn

LEANNA'S SPECIAL SALAD

1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. can crushed pineapple
 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup salad dressing
 1 small onion, minced
 1 cup chopped cucumber
 1/2 cup diced, stuffed olives
 Heat to boiling the entire contents of the crushed pineapple. Add the gelatin and pineapple flavoring. Chill until partially congealed, then place in a large mixing bowl and beat at high speed until light and fluffy. Fold in the salad dressing, onion, cucumber and stuffed olives. Pour into mold and chill until firm. This is especially good!

LUNCHEON CRAB CASSEROLE

1/2 cup butter
 1/2 lb. pimiento cheese
 1 cup half and half
 2 cans crab meat
 8-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked in salted water
 Dash of nutmeg
 Melt together in top of double boiler the butter, cheese and half and half. Blend well. Remove from heat and add crab meat and cooked noodles. Put into casserole and sprinkle lightly with nutmeg. Bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees. Serves 10.

This was served at a luncheon I attended and I think every single lady asked for the recipe. It was elegant!
 —Margery

GUMDROP NUT BREAD

3 cups sifted flour
 3/4 cup sugar
 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1 cup tiny orange, lemon and lime gumdrops
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 Into a large bowl, sift the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt together. Cut the gumdrops into thirds, lengthwise. In a small bowl combine the egg, oil, milk, flavoring and juice until blended. Stir this into the flour mixture, until just blended but still a little lumpy. Fold in the gumdrops and nuts. Pour into a well-greased bread pan. Bake approximately one hour in a 350-degree oven, or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool bread in the pan on a wire rack. If you wish to decorate this, you can brush the top of the bread lightly with corn syrup and make a design using colored gumdrops cut into quarters.
 —Dorothy

LENTEN SCRAMBLE

3 English muffins
 6 slices cheese
 Split the muffins into halves and butter lightly. Toast in the broiler. Place one slice of cheese on each muffin half and return to the broiler just long enough to partially melt the cheese. Top with the following mixture.

Topping

6 eggs, beaten
 3 Tbls. milk
 1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1/4 tsp. thyme
 2 Tbls. butter
 Melt the butter in saucepan. Add eggs, milk, chopped olives and seasonings which have been thoroughly blended. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until eggs are firm but not dry. Spoon over muffins and cheese and serve immediately.
 —Abigail

PECAN STICKS

1 cup flour
 2/3 cup finely chopped pecans
 1/3 cup sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Combine flour, pecans, sugar and salt. Cut in butter until crumbly. Add egg yolk and flavorings. Mixture will be crumbly. Pat *firmly* into jelly roll pan. Beat egg white slightly and brush over top of dough. Sprinkle with 2 Tbls. finely chopped pecans. Bake at 350 degrees for about 12 to 15 minutes, or until very lightly browned. —Margery

PUFF PILLOW BUNS

1 pkg. dry yeast
 1/4 cup lukewarm water
 1 tsp. sugar
 1/2 cup milk, scalded
 1/3 cup salad oil or melted butter
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 2 eggs, beaten
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 3 cups all-purpose flour
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/4 cup milk
 Dissolve the yeast in the 1/4 cup lukewarm water to which the 1 tsp. sugar has been added. In a bowl, combine the hot milk, sugar, salt and salad oil or butter. (Margarine may be used with 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring added.) When the milk mixture is cool, add the eggs, lemon flavoring and 1 cup of flour. Beat very

well. Stir in the yeast and the remaining cups of flour. Knead lightly on a bread board, adding enough flour to keep the dough from sticking. Place in a greased bowl, cover with a damp cloth and *refrigerate* several hours or overnight.

Soften the cream cheese with a fork and beat in the 1/4 cup milk. Remove the dough from the refrigerator and divide into four sections. On a floured board, roll each part until it is a rectangle 9 by 6 inches in size. (Keep the rest of the dough in the refrigerator as you work with one section.) With a sharp knife, cut the rectangle into 3-inch squares. In the center of each square put a small tablespoonful of the cream cheese mixture. Bring the corners of the dough up and over the cheese, pinching them together in the center. Brush with melted butter and put on a greased cooky sheet. Do not let them touch each other. Let rise, uncovered, until about half again as large. Bake at 400 degrees for about 10 minutes or until nicely brown.

These are a pretty, delicious and *different* kind of roll. The lemon flavoring and the cream cheese centers make them especially good with the salads using whipped cream or marshmallows. They are equally good to serve hot with coffee.

CLEANING DAY CASSEROLE

1 lb. hamburger
 1 can tomatoes (about 2 cups)
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup rice

Brown the hamburger in a little fat. Add the tomatoes, salt and rice and cook gently in a large skillet, covered, until the rice is done and the liquid has cooked down. This dish can be made in about 35 to 40 minutes — is quick and easy!
 —Margery

COMPANY HARVARD BEETS

1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup vinegar
 1 cup water
 1/2 cup raisins
 1 cup crushed pineapple, including juice
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 1-lb. can beets drained

Mix the sugar, cornstarch and salt in a medium-sized saucepan and stir in the vinegar and water slowly. Add the raisins, pineapple and butter. Stir this constantly as you cook it over medium heat until thick. Add the beets and continue cooking over low heat until they are thoroughly heated.

This is just another way to fix Harvard beets to add that "something different" to your menu.
 —Dorothy

STUFFED BAKED SQUASH

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 small can tomato paste
- 2 tomatoes, diced
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, diced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Acorn squash for family

Wash squash. For small squash cut off tops, for larger squash cut in two. Clean out seeds. (The seeds may be washed, toasted in the oven and salted for a tasty snack.) Combine all ingredients and stuff inside of each squash generously with this meat mixture. Bake in 375-degree oven until squash is tender and meat is done. If meat seems to cook more rapidly than the squash, cover after 1/2 hour of baking time. Aluminum foil caps will work

nicely for this. Bake at least 1 hour, or until tender.

This meat mixture will also be very good used as a stuffing for green peppers. Cut top from peppers and clean out seeds and white membrane. Cook in salted water over low heat for about 5 minutes, or just enough to soften green peppers. Drain. Stuff with meat mixture and stand peppers upright in muffin tins. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 or 40 minutes or until meat is cooked through.

A meat loaf may be made with this recipe, also. I like to add an *extender* — cooked rice, bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, raw oatmeal, etc. — shape into a loaf and bake in a moderate oven until done. A very versatile recipe as you can see.

—Evelyn

HAM LOAF

- 1 cup chopped cooked ham
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. catsup
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 2/3 cup hot milk

Combine ingredients and mix well. Put in loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Margery

TOMATO AND CHEESE SALAD

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 cups tomato juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/8 tsp. celery salt
- 3 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/4 cup salad dressing
- 1 Tbls. green pepper, diced
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Soften gelatin in cold water. Heat tomato juice, seasonings, onion and sugar. Simmer gently 2 to 3 minutes. Strain. Stir gelatin into hot mixture. Stir to dissolve. Cool, but do not harden.

Soften cream cheese to room temperature, combine with remaining ingredients. A little minced or grated onion may also be added. Stir into this cream cheese mixture 1 cup of the tomato mixture. Put tomato mixture into refrigerator and let set until firm. Top with cream cheese mixture and return to refrigerator to harden.

(Either layer may be used on the bottom or the top as desired.) Makes a lovely salad to serve with roast, turkey, chicken or ham. May also be used with crispy crackers for a light refreshment.

—Evelyn

DELICIOUS ORANGE CAKE

- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup lard
- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/3 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Beat the egg whites until frothy; gradually beat in the 1/2 cup of sugar and beat until stiff. In another bowl, stir the lard to soften, then add the sifted dry ingredients and milk. Beat vigorously for one minute. Add the juice, egg yolks and flavorings and beat one more minute. Fold in the egg white mixture. This can be baked in two layer cake pans or in a large loaf pan, greased and floured. The oven temperature should be 350 degrees, and the time will depend on the size of your pans, approximately 30 minutes for layers, 35 to 45 minutes for large loaf. Frost with a white icing, and be sure to add Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

—Dorothy

JUST GREAT FRUIT PANCAKES

- 1 cup flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring
- 1/2 cup fruit, chopped
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Combine egg yolk, milk, salad oil and flavorings. Beat into dry ingredients. Stir in fruit. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fry on pancake griddle or in a lightly greased skillet. Makes 8 nice-sized pancakes.

Serve with Kitchen-Klatter maple syrup or fruit syrup or top with whipped cream and a little fruit or sprinkle with a little powdered sugar. Excellent with whipped honey butter.

This recipe may be used for a variety of fruits and Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings. Blueberry is delicious, banana, peach, apple (I use almond flavoring with the peach and apple) cherry, raspberries, etc. Coconut pancakes may be made also with the addition of a little coconut in the batter and a little of the Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring. A great recipe!

—Evelyn

**ME? An Expert?**

Of course you are. An expert in tempting lagging appetites with little lunchtime surprises. An expert in coming up with attractive dishes that taste as good as they look.

That's why we knew you'd be delighted with new **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing**. Sweet enough to tempt the kids, tart and spicy enough to keep Dad eating till the last sliver of lettuce. A smooth, tomato-y blend of finest oils and spices, colorful and fragrant.

So, Mrs. Expert, expect compliments tonight, when you serve salad enlivened with

**Kitchen-Klatter
Country Style
Dressing**



MARY BETH'S WEEKENDS ARE BUSY TOO

Dear Friends:

We're having one of our *leisurely* weekends at home. The snow is falling and has been since breakfast. Katharine is home this evening for a change since her baby sitting date next door was cancelled because of the icy roads. I really was going to carry the joke about a "leisurely" weekend at home a little further, but decided that the sarcasm would undoubtedly not sound like a joke when it appeared in print. We just don't have any leisurely weekends with our children the ages they are.

Last evening we stayed in Brookfield and had a sandwich at a hamburger stand. Usually on Friday evenings we stay for the basketball game at school, and celebrate the fact that it is Friday by eating our hamburgers "out". After the basketball game we brought two of Katharine's friends home to stay over, and they giggled and gossiped until long after I was asleep.

This morning it was French toast by the loaf for our extra guests, and then the girls began to map their trip around greater Delafield. They wanted to see the antique shop where Katharine is now working every Saturday. And then there is The Steeple, another of Delafield's antique and novelty shops which attracts people from miles around. Katharine was due at the shop ready for work at eleven o'clock, so she said goodbye to her company about then and her father took them back to Brookfield.

On his way home he stopped at the dairy where we bought our wonderful raw milk last summer. They have since been forced to stop selling this good milk, but we have remained loyal to them and are continuing to buy their pasteurized milk. It is a little bit cheaper, considerably more inconvenient, but the greatest thing about it is the fact that they use glass bottles. I love milk from a cold, frosty glass bottle. While he was gone I took Adrienne and Paul to Pewaukee to the movie theatre to see some movie about a cougar — the animal, not the automobile. I came home, did some arithmetic with the checkbook, and before I was ready it was time to go back to Pewaukee to bring the youngsters home!

I stopped in Hartland to try a pair of pants and a sweater on Paul at a mens' and boys' shop where they were having a good sale. A quick dash across the street to the Danish pastry shop assured me of a beautiful Sunday morning breakfast of chocolate eclairs.

We finally got home and I finished my accounting department work. Donald



A fellow teacher, Larry Schlick, photographed Don's and Mary Beth's house.

was busy entertaining himself with the new mixer I got for Christmas by mixing up a batch of oatmeal cookies. Katharine got home about 5:15 from the antique shop. We stirred up some nice hot chile for supper, cleaned up the kitchen, and I am finally getting around to this letter, which was number one on my trusty job sheet for Saturday morning.

Incidentally, I am simply delighted with the mixer. I have just about burned out the motor of the one we got for a wedding present by making our annual fruitcake and an occasional batch of very heavy cooky dough. This new mixer has a very strong motor and three dandy styles of beaters. There is one for cake and pie dough, a wire whisk for blending very light mixtures, and a large hook for breads and coffeecakes and yeast doughs. Don is just waiting for me to go out of the house for half a day so he can get up to his elbows with flour and yeast and bake himself several loaves of bread.

While I am typing this letter in the middle of the evening, Donald is outside clearing the driveway against the possibility of our being snow-bound by morning. We're having a real, old-fashioned winter this year. Our house is simply beautiful with the blanket of snow around it. I'm sending you a picture of it taken in January when we didn't have nearly as much snow as we have now.

One teacher at our Academy is, in addition to his other interests, a photographer of no small talent. He was formerly a photographer for *The Worthington Daily Globe*, newspaper in Worthington, Minnesota, before he came to our school to teach. We had never talked on any particular personal level until he came to our house over the

vacation we had in December and January. He and his wife were visiting us, and there on the end table were copies of *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. He picked one up and got a strange look in his eyes as he passed the magazine to his wife. They then told us about the years she had spent working for radio station KWOA in Worthington when she would program-in the time for the Kitchen-Klatter program. They knew Margery and Lucile and Dorothy. They had never tied them in with those two Driftmiers teaching at the Academy. He has since graciously taken pictures for me. He is among other things a collector of antique phonographs, guns, and weapons like guns. He has four sweet children in our school and I think you are going to like the pictures better because he is terrific with a camera.

This new friend of ours is Lawrence (Larry) Schlick. His wife, the former Pat Cramer, has a family that I found intensely interesting. Her father, like Leanna in the radio field, was a pioneer in the field of aviation. He and his brother Parker had two of the first seven licenses issued to pilots in this country. They were pioneering a route across the North Pole when his plane crashed and Parker was killed. This was shortly after World War I, when there were actually about 17 recognized pilots in the country. Pat's father Bill continued to be active in a number of pioneering activities all of his life until his retirement. Life is surely full of interesting people.

The next time Larry Schlick is out here I shall ask him to take a picture of Katharine's and Adrienne's room. We have hung a pattern of pink plastic beads and oddly shaped dangles from

(Continued on page 22)

CATCHING UP

by
Evelyn Birkby

March isn't really a very good month to catch up — one should have that part of the year's schedule completed in January and February. Now we should be moving ahead into spring housecleaning, painting the walls in the bathroom or laying out the plans for the soon-to-begin gardening.

In fact, I did do a great deal of catching up in January: scrapbooks, notebooks, picture albums and identifying and filing clippings. The heavy blizzard the first of that month gave these activities a real boost!

Mending came next: buttons needed to be put into place, pockets in trousers and jackets and knitted cuffs on coats needed replacing. Some of my dresses needed lengthening or updating with new collars or a waist cincher. The large braided rug I finished last summer needed a few stitches repaired here and there, so that was done.

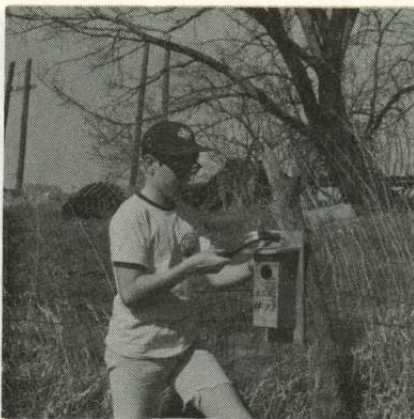
Then in February I dove into the huge project of starting the round braided wool rug for the dining area. This is to be as nearly the same in color and texture as the one in the family room. The two rooms run into each other making them as one room for decorating purposes, so matching rugs will give a feeling of unity which they need.

Now the round rug is beginning to take shape and I am working on it as fast as possible, setting a goal for each day. It is easier to do than the first one, now I know better what I am doing. Hopefully, the rug will be finer and firmer than the first.

Already I've decided what to do with the leftover wool when the rug is completed. I'm going to make similar braided covers for the early American maple chairs which go with our round dining room table. It should certainly add color and comfort to those chairs.

What a relief it is going to be to get that pile of woollens used up. One corner of the basement and a chest of drawers have been tied up for months as I added the woolen garments and began the process of tearing and rolling the strips. Instead of adding, now, I am subtracting and the pile is diminishing!

A few of the materials I have purchased recently at the Goodwill and Salvation Army stores will not go into rugs and seat pads, however. I have discovered that lovely materials for handmade ties are available at such outlets. For example, I found two *real silk* dresses in gorgeous colors and patterns perfect for ties. These have already been ripped apart, washed and pressed. Cut with the tie pattern on the bias of the material, each dress will



Craig Birkby has several catching-up projects for this month. One of them is nailing up new bluebird houses along fence rows in the timber. He also is cleaning out the older bluebird houses which have been a part of his Scout conversation work for the past several years.

provide several ties. The scraps of material will be pieced together and I will use them for either a patchwork skirt or pillow covers. As you know, the patchwork designs are very popular now, and such lovely colors of scraps from tie-making projects could go into head scarves, drawstring bags, neck scarves or even blouses if desired.

Besides looking for pretty dresses which provide material which can be cut and stitched. I also watch for large scarves which can be cut into ties. These can be found in the secondhand clothing stores, but also watch for the sales in the department and clothing stores. I recently purchased a gorgeous silk square originally priced at \$3.00 for only 69¢. I made a beautiful four-inch tie. From the scraps I made one of the cute "bulldogger" ties with the little pleats that tuck up under the collar.

Through trial and error, I have found I can make three of the four-inch ties from one yard of the wider materials (not the 36 inch). Sometimes the back of one tie needs to be pieced to get the cutting done on the true bias. Incidentally, knit material does not have to be cut on the bias since the straight of knit materials stretches.

OLD-HEN-AND-CHICKENS

(*Sempervivum*)

Patiently she waits
Through winter's howling
Wind and twisting swirls
Of snow. She knows
Her destiny.

Broody hen, deep within
The barrel's darkened warmth,
Dreams of spring — and
New-born chicks of purest
Emerald green!

—Leta Fulmer

While you can buy commercial patterns from several companies, you can take an old tie apart, study how it is made and cut your own pattern. Study ready-made expensive ties in the shops to get ideas as to how really fine handmade ties are put together. For example, the most expensive ties have the lining set back a bit from the edge of the tie and carefully mitred.

The Pellon polyester fleece interlining is best to use for a washable tie. Be sure the facing fabric is also washable for this type of tie. For a tie which is to be dry cleaned the soft hair canvas is excellent. It is extremely important, too, to use polyester thread when sewing the ties for the thread will stretch. This helps with washable ties for it keeps puckers from developing.

I started making ties when Jeff wanted a wide white tie to wear with a dark-colored shirt. Not one white tie was available in the stores the day I looked. One of the clerks suggested I get the fabric and make one. With her experienced help, I chose the pattern, material, lining, interfacing and thread. She gave me some helpful hints, showed me a tie she had made and cheerfully predicted I would thoroughly enjoy the project.

When Jeff looked at the white textured material he turned it over to expose the shiny, satiny, wrong side.

"I want a shiny tie. Can you make it with this side out?" he asked.

So, whether it was proper or not, I made my first tie wrong side out. It turned out nicely. Since then I have made bright paisley ties, ties with a snake skin (Craig chose this design!) and black ties to go on white shirts especially for high school band concerts. ("Mother, we can't possibly wear our old black ties when the concert band plays. They are too narrow!")

Thank goodness ties can be made out of most any kind of material, for I have visions of this tie-making project continuing on into infinity.

And what does one do with all the old narrow ties which are so woefully out of style? Well, we can put them away towards the day when the wide ties are no longer fashionable, and that day will come of course, but I plan to take the old ties we have left, rip them apart and make a rainbow skirt. It will be fun to run the colors together in wild abandon with the narrow parts at the top for the waist and the wider areas of the ties stitched near the bottom.

At this rate I'll never get completely caught up with all the exciting projects. Truthfully, I'm not sure I would want to reach the point where everything was done and no more interesting activities beckoned.

LIVING LIKE A MILLIONAIRE—Concl.
would trade the running water and sanitary flushing of the modern bathrooms for any sort of hand-painted flowers? *This is living like a millionaire?*

Next I walked down the hall to the Hamill bathroom. It had a flush toilet that had been added at a later date, after the turn of the century. The sink was marble topped, but the bathtub was zinc coated and distinctly ugly. A water heater? Well, yes, of sorts, an ingenious and moderately efficient arrangement. A water tank was placed on the third story in a sunlit window. During the day, the brilliant Colorado sunshine would heat the water, which then would be drawn for the family baths each evening. I suppose that on the rare days that they received no sunshine, they resorted to the poor man's water heater, a teakettle atop the kitchen stove.

In the nursery were a four-poster bed with a trundle bed beneath, plus scads of toys of the time — some quite fascinating. There were tea sets and carpet sweepers, miniature stoves, horse-and-buggy outfits, and dolls by the dozen. I noticed that the dolls' clothes were painstakingly made, with a great deal of intricate handwork. Someone surely had time to spare, or did this for a hobby during the cold winter evenings, for there were endless hours of time required to accomplish that handwork. The children's playhouse was contained in a separate space, similar to a closet, upon which the doors could be whisked shut in a moment to give the room a tidy appearance. Yes, it did seem that a millionaire's life afforded more time and space than that of a poor man, or than the lives that we can afford today.

The tour of the house completed, I visited the buildings at the back of the grounds. Hamill's private office was built there of granite, hand hewn by Italian stonemasons. (I wonder what became of all his Italian workmen? Did they settle in the area, push on west, or were they summarily returned to Italy when their work was completed?) Two rooms of this building are now devoted to a museum-type exhibit. In one glass case are shown a number of Mr. Hamill's checks; apparently he wrote them for amounts of \$7,000.00 and \$10,000.00 much more casually than we would make out checks for \$70 or \$100.

Another case showed how the elaborately carved woodwork was done. Patterns were first cut full-size from cardboard. Walnut blocks were glued to a pine board, and carved by hand to match the patterns. Next the water-soluble glue used was wetted; the blocks would easily pop off, to be glued permanently to the door or win-



Now that Katharine crawls everywhere, she can maneuver around to reach what she wants. Fortunately, she is entranced with the toy chest and its contents and hasn't discovered the kitchen cabinets!

dow frames.

I spied a washing machine. It had a huge oval copper tub, and a primitive-looking wringer. But I couldn't believe my own eyes — the machine was powered by an electric motor, yet the date molded right onto the brand label said 1900. Inquisitive again, I took my questions to the supervisor of these back buildings. Yes, he said, that was correct; the machine was purchased in 1900, complete with electric motor. It seems that electricity came early to the mining areas, where the demand for it was great, to power the mining machinery. This meant, of course, that the neighboring towns soon had electrical power, too.

The kitchen equipment used in the heyday of this home was also displayed in this building. The kitchen heater was totally different from anything I've ever seen, anywhere: the top was equipped with a couple of covered iron cooking pots that seemed a permanent fixture, while all around the sides there were depressions to neatly hold the flatirons they used, the sort cast with a metal handle rather than a removable one. These sat at a slant, and I counted eight of them. This apparently was the most modern ironing equipment offered when the home was built, whether one was a millionaire or not.

The rest of the kitchen equipment was equally depressing; they surely employed a full-time cook, for the user of such dismal equipment would have no time to accomplish anything else whatsoever. We "average American citizens" just don't realize how fortunate we are in some respects — and among them are the simple luxuries of daily life as a smoothly operating can opener, or stainless steel kitchen knives, to name only two.

At last, and with reluctance, I left the grounds of Hamill House and re-

joined the rest of the family. Questions flew thick and fast. "What was it like?" "What was most unusual?" "Tell us about it."

I tried to tell them about it, about the diamond dust mirrors, about the Symphonion Chimes music box — and yes, about the camel's-hair wallpaper. I read aloud from the leaflet about the Silver Crash that broke William Hamill; his great fortune lost through no fault of his own, he died nearly penniless in 1904.

Such, then, was the life of a millionaire. When we returned home, I looked with new eyes at today's homes and today's conveniences. We enjoy luxuries that few people then even dreamed of, and every passing year offers more — some that we hadn't thought to dream of. The more I consider their lives, the more convinced I am of one thing.

"And what is that?" you ask.

Simply this: I wouldn't trade. Would you?



IN WALKS SPRING

... on muddy feet. This time of year, even the most immaculate house suffers from slush, mud, snow and dirt. Add a little childish carelessness, and the cleaning problems seem to pile as high as the winter's tallest drifts.

Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! It's the one that cleans deep, without the necessity of rinsing or scrubbing. It goes into solution immediately, even in hard water (hot or cold). And, because you use so little, it's economical, too!

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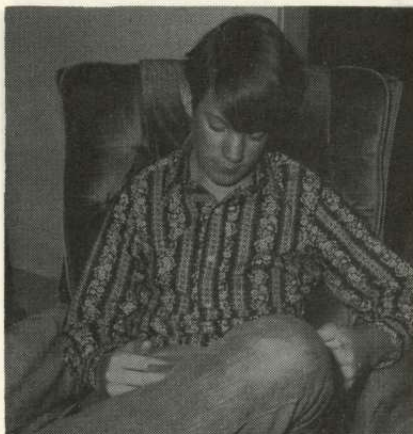
by
Armada Swanson

Having read excerpts in magazines from the book *My Father's House* (Random House, \$5.95), I was anxious to read the book in its entirety. I hastened to our branch library when the librarian telephoned that the book was there. *My Father's House* did not disappoint me. It is a touching, beautiful book. Don't miss reading it.

It was in 1963 that Philip B. Kunhardt's father died of a heart attack. Six years later Philip had a serious heart attack. It was during his convalescence that he thought of his father and so began going through the contents of his dad's old flat-top desk, where he found all sorts of memorabilia concerning himself and his brothers and sisters. He began writing about his father.

The author's mother once told him: "Everything you've said or done makes a difference on other people's lives, so that long after death you live in the world in a different form."

"That is what the book is about," writes the author, "... along with crunching gravel at the end of a long day and golden weekends ... It is about a child's world and finally having to leave it. It is about the need to hold on to good memories during the dark. It is about stars and storms, about an old house upon a hill, about mountains and ocean, about a hero.



It has often been said that people who love to read are never bored. Clark Driftmier is such a person.

"It is a book written to a father, from a son, with love."

The special appeal of *My Father's House* is the goodness of the author's father and his love of family, friends, and nature. He hated cities and said he needed the clean air of the hill. His country was ponds and lakes and mountains, where he taught the sons about fishing and mountain climbing. It was working in the garden or swimming or helping with the bees or snow shoveling. It was Sunday night salad — "Pappy's Own" — for men only. The women had milk toast because of the earlier Sunday dinner, but the men used refrigerator leftovers and what sighs of delight were heard about "Pappy's Salad". It was the tidy, exact way he kept finances. It was belief in self-sacrifice and service to others.

My Father's House by Philip Kunhardt is worth your reading, and as you do so, it will remind you of the background and upbringing in your own life. Mr. Kunhardt is now Assistant Man-

aging Editor of *Life* Magazine. He and his family live at Chappaqua, N. Y.

Readers will enjoy many a laugh from Jean Kerr's latest book *Penny Candy* (Doubleday & Co., \$4.95). You'll recall her earlier successes *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* and *The Snake Has All the Lines*. She has plenty of help from the home front in producing humor, with five sons and a daughter and husband Walter Kerr, distinguished New York *Times* critic.

Her subjects in *Penny Candy* include entertaining at home, how to talk to a baby, what to do when your husband gives up smoking, why Mommy can't read, and her twenty-one minute shape-up program. She confides they have made mistakes with their children, which will come to light when the children get old enough to write their own books. But she feels one thing they did right was teach them not to be afraid of poetry. They bought some paperback anthologies, helped the boys with the meaning of the poems, and after a few Sunday nights the "Culture" time became quite endurable. John was able to recite "The Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes and go on to "Barbara Fritchie". Eventually they realized that poetry had not washed over the boys in vain as an apt quotation was often in readiness. They even ran some films of talks by Leonard Bernstein on music. That this made an impression was shown by Colin building a fort in the backyard and naming it *Fort Issimo*.

Yes, Jean Kerr is an expert at producing laughter, as you will find when you read *Penny Candy*. She also has good ideas about family life.

For those of you who like to read old cookbooks, *The Old Cook's Almanac* by Beatrice Vaughan (The Stephen Green Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$2.95) is now available in a paperback edition. Besides a large amount of old-fashioned recipes, there are many tidbits of advice, some of which follow:

"One keep-clean is worth a dozen make-cleans.

"Nothing in the world is so difficult that it can't be better met with a full stomach.

"To clean the inside of a bottle, pour in 1 part salt to two parts vinegar; shake well, then rinse thoroughly with warm water." My comment: How about some Kitchen-Klatter Kleener?

Here's one last quote from the *Almanac*, that may bring back memories: "My grandmother believed that soup stuck to the ribs of folks who had to brave the cold. The standby noon meal on winter Mondays was *Washday Soup*, simmering all morning in the three-legged iron kettle that was pushed well to the back of the wood-burning stove, while the wash boiler hissed and bubbled across the front."



FIRST THINGS FIRST

My dishes are stacked in the kitchen;
My ironing isn't all done.

My house is all topsy-turvy —
I simply don't have my work done.
But I don't care — it doesn't matter —
I just received the *Kitchen-Klatter!*
Until I read what it has to tell,
The chores will have to wait a spell.

—Helen M. Peterson

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KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Sweet peas have been known to gardeners for nearly 300 years and are still in high fashion because they are easily grown from seed and are so fragrant and long lasting as cut flowers. Plant breeders have come up with types that bloom over a longer period of time, have longer stems, and larger, more fully ruffled blooms. You can get both the climbing type and the bush type which needs no trellis.

Sweet peas should be planted as soon as the soil can be worked in the spring, but don't "mud" them in — wait until the earth is dried off enough to handle easily. We like to start several peat pots, planted with two seeds each, indoors for one small area reserved for this purpose in the garden. By doing this we are able to cut sweet peas two weeks earlier than otherwise.

The finest climbing sweet pea available is the *Royal Family*. The ruffled flowers are much larger than any other kind we have grown and the colors are clear, bright and the blooms fragrant. Sweet pea *Knee-Hi*, a recent introduction, is a bush type that grows about 2½ feet high and needs no support. It furnishes long, straight-stemmed flowers in all the good sweet pea colors. *Bijou* sweet peas grow only a foot high and are well suited to beds, borders and window boxes. The early flowers are born in great profusion and are also fine for cutting, having sturdy long stems. The *Little Sweethearts* make mound-like plants only 8" tall but bear large, ruffled Spencer-type flowers in a color range of cream to crimson. These are excellent for borders.

You can almost tell whether sweet peas will be white or cream colored by the color of the seeds. White sweet pea seeds will produce white- or cream-colored flowers, the mottled seeds produce the lavender blooms and the dark seeds produce the reds. The darker seeds usually have very hard shells and should be soaked in tepid water for several hours before planting. Being legumes, a nitrogen fixative will assure better, stronger vines. You apply the powder to the seeds after they have been drained and just before planting. As soon as the seedlings appear in the outdoor trench, give them a moderate application of fertilizer and water as needed if rainfall is light. To assure continuous flowering no seed pods should be allowed to develop. We have solved the problem of keeping the



While we're waiting to get our hands into the earth, we have our houseplants to enjoy. Pictured is a fine collection of African violets.

blooms picked from our pansies and sweet peas (when we are too involved and busy to do the job ourselves) by handing a pair of small pruning shears to whoever wanders into the shop. Most of them are delighted to get a bouquet of pretty flowers just for the cutting.

PRELUDE TO SPRING

A spring breeze zips past my nose
And I sniff a promise of coming warmth
Elusive and swift as a robin's wing,
Heading into high thermal certitude
That cannot be denied.
As sure as day follows night
Spring will push back the curtain
Of slow, cold days and wrap
Its rain-drenched skirts
Around the limbs of early, warm days.

—Alice G. Harvey



**IN THE DARK
ABOUT LAUNDRY
DETERGENTS?**

HOME

This is home
Where the roots of living
Have reached down
to the core of the good earth.
The arms of the house
Protect me from the furies
of the wayward elements —
The winds, the rains,
The hails, the snows,
The forked prongs of lightning,
And the crashing rolls of thunder
Beat against the house shell
that repels them
As the glow of home
Sinks deep within my heart.
Always it is reaching out
When I am away,
Calling me back,
Promising security,
And when I am close within
contentment abides.

—Alice G. Harvey

HIDE-A-WAY

I've locked my closet and hid the key
So prying eyes will never see:
Out-dated dresses, hats and shoes,
Souvenirs I'll never use,
Faded suits, all long out-styled,
Boxes, precariously piled,
Two tattered coats, a misfit shirt,
The year's accumulated dirt,
Gifts received but never used,
Toys, battered and abused,
Things I just might need someday,
Useless now, but stashed away
On shelves piled high from top to floor —
A housewife's nightmare behind the door.
If ever opened, without a doubt,
My treasured trash would tumble out.

—Mary Margaret Trapp

Confused about all the conflicting claims about "miracle" detergents and little dots that gobble up stains? Well, here's some straight talk about **Blue Drops**.

Blue Drops is a highly concentrated, low-suds detergent that's designed for use in all washers: front- and top-loading automatics as well as wringer washers. Its super-cleaning strength makes it ideal for heavily soiled work clothes and diapers, but it's gentle enough for silks, rayons and washable wools. It has a delicate, clean fragrance and it's economical, too.

Sheds some light on the subject, doesn't it?

**Kitchen-Klatter
Blue Drops**



Those are things not found in **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. So much for what we're *not*. Now here's what we *are*:

We're an oxygen-release bleach. That's the kind that brightens and whitens as it removes dullness and stains.

We're a safe bleach. Everything that's washable can be bleached with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** . . . even sheer synthetics and the new permanent-press fabrics.

We can be used with enzyme pre-soaks. We work *with* them, not against them (and we remove stains that enzymes won't touch).

And we're as near as your grocer's shelves. Pick us up, bring us home, and bleach with confidence.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

Suggesting a change requires only an idea and words.

Making the change work requires time and effort.



VANE TAIL AND THE WEATHER REPORT

by
Evelyn Witter

"IF YOU DON'T STOP looking at yourself you'll be sorry!" Old Doc Squirrel told Vane Tail, who sat posing on the birdbath.

"I'm just getting the daily weather report," Vane Tail apologized, bushing out his tail to get the feeling of the air currents. Vane Tail, who had the most beautifully full tail of all the squirrels on Windy Hill Farm, had been appointed weatherman of the Hill by Old Doc Squirrel several weeks before.

That's how he got his name. His tail was so long and full that when he held it up, there was plenty of area for the wind to go through and he could tell, before anyone else in the squirrel colony, when the wind changed. His tail was a perfect weather vane.

After Old Doc Squirrel moved on, Vane Tail went back to looking at his reflection in the water in the birdbath. He turned this way and that, noticing how his tail had almost plume-like

quality and how the silken hairs floated gracefully in the breeze.

"The breeze is from the south. No change in weather today," he decided. "I should be about my nut gathering, I suppose."

He made a hasty run to the ground and was headed for the butternut tree when he noticed a puddle in the chicken yard left over from the last rain. He walked around and around the puddle, watching his reflection in the water.

His body and his tail were in perfect balance, he observed. He spent so much time bushing his tail to see at which angle it looked the best that he never did get to the butternut tree.

And that's how it was with Vane Tail all summer and into the fall. There were so many places on the farm where he could see reflections of himself that he never did get much nut gathering done. But he was happy. Was he not the most beautiful squirrel on Windy Hill Farm?

When winter came and his friends spent most of their time in their hollows eating the choice nuts they had gathered all summer and fall, Vane Tail became unhappy. All the water was frozen over and he could not see his reflection anywhere. Besides, his hollow was almost empty of nuts and his stomach churned with hunger.

It was a hard cold winter for Vane Tail, running from hollow to hollow begging a few morsels to keep himself alive. "But in the spring," he told himself, "things will be different. Food will be plentiful — and once again I'll be able to see myself."

Spring finally came as the ice and snow melted. Vane Tail waited for the water to appear so he could enjoy his favorite pastime of admiring himself. One day he noticed a puddle in the chicken yard and scampered over to it as fast as his starved little body would permit.

He glanced eagerly at the reflection. "No! No!" he shouted. "Is this really me? This skinny, bony body with a great big tail? I look so odd and out of balance! My tail doesn't fit my body any more! Oh, woe . . . oh, most unhappy day!"

Just then Old Doc Squirrel came frisking up. "You are not pleased with yourself, Vane Tail? Or should I call you V-A-I-N Tail?"

"Maybe my name has really been V-A-I-N Tail up to now," replied Vane Tail sadly. "But Doc, my vanity got me nothing — nothing at all. I have suffered hardship all winter because I was vain. From now on I'll tend to my weather reports and my nut gathering, as a right-thinking squirrel should."

"I'm sure you will, Vane Tail," Old Doc Squirrel nodded wisely. Then he gave Vane Tail two choice butternuts.

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WEE BIT O' ERIN - Concluded

around until the new "It" raps for them to halt.

At the Dublin Fair: This is a game of charades and great fun. The players are all visitors to the fair. They are divided into groups about the room. Each performing group is given a slip of paper with instructions for their actions before the other fair visitors; for example, "At the Toy Booth - Sink down to the floor, puff out cheeks and rise again." "Cotton Candy Booth - players go through motions of swirling the spun sugar around the cone and then handing it out to a child." "The Prize 4-H Calf" might include instructions to stand contentedly, chewing slowly, and rolling the eyes. Perhaps you will not want to give the players any clues as to actions. You'll think of other charades as you think of the various booths, entries, and concession stands at the fair, which may be acted out - "Throw for a Stuffed Animal Booth", "Prize Pig", "The Sword Swallower", or "The Ferris Wheel Ride".

Refreshment Ideas: *Pig Biscuits* - to serve with potato salad. Instead of making the usual round biscuits, pull them into oblong shape. Shape one end pointed for the snout. At the other end pull out a small piece and twist up over the back for a tail. Pull out little pieces of the dough to form the ears. Use the tip of a paring knife to pick holes for eyes and stick in a currant. When browned these look quite like little pigs. You can give them toothpick legs if you like.

A pretty dessert is made by cutting slices of sponge cake with a shamrock cookie cutter. (Or make a paper pattern and cut around it.) Cut the same size shamrocks from a layer of lime gelatin which is firmly set. Cover cake shamrock with a layer of whipped cream and then place the gelatin layer on top. Top with a dab of whipped cream and a nut or a green cherry.

**TO A GRANDCHILD: THIRD SPRING**

Let me lead you by the hand.
You are Child and Spring is young.
You should see the ready land
and hear the water's rippling tongue.

Several years, now, I have known
myself a winter-toughened tree,
but Springtime has, as ever, shown
something young and fresh to me.

I should like to show Spring, now,
something rain-drop sweet, leaf-new,
blossom-tender, Little Bough.
Spring will want to meet you, too.

-Helen Harrington

**FOR SALE**

A lot of prejudices which have ceased to be of use to me; a stock of envy of the rich, some slightly shopworn jealousy; a large supply of gloom that I shall have no use for from today; I offer bargains - who will buy? Come and bid, and take the stuff away.

A lot of wishes I've outgrown, a stock of foolish old beliefs; some pride I once was glad to own, a bulky line of misfit griefs; a large assortment of ill will, a job lot of bad faith and doubt; harsh words that have their stingers still. Come on, come on, I'm closing out!

I need more room for kindness, for hopeful courage and good cheer. For sale, the hatred I possess, the dark suspicions and the fear. A large supply of frailties I shall have no use for from today. I offer bargains - who will buy? Come, bid, and take the stuff away!

-Author Unknown

FOLKS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY

Strangely enough the folks most apt to lend a hand to you,
Are those who are already rushed with countless things to do.
And should bad luck befall you, and misfortune smack you prone,
The ones who'll help you most are those with troubles of their own.
The folks whose sunny slant on life helps heal its smarts and stings
Are often those who know firsthand the seamy side of things;
And he was right it seems, who said life is what you make it;
It's not so much what happens, as the way in which you take it.

-Anonymous

CHANGEABLE LADY

A head of curlers - what a sight!
She looks like spaceman off for flight;
But she's a dream and quite a pleasure
When she steps out as hubby's treasure.

-Romi Rich

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



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KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:10 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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people who live in wheelchairs are just about 100% house-bound.

We're having a family dinner at my house tomorrow and I want to do as much of the preparation as possible in advance, so I think I should stop typing now and head to the kitchen for a session with the stove.

Until April . . . and Spring!

Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
have larger maintenance staffs than do we, and I think that one reason we get along so well with so few employees is the pride our people have in their church property. Actually, all of us work at keeping the church clean, and after any church meeting many of the persons present pitch in to get things cleaned up before the next day dawns.

Speaking of church, I have some phone calls to make concerning a Lenten service, so I'll bring this to a close.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded
unexpected surprise to see Aunt Bertha Field, who boarded the train at Red Oak enroute to Illinois. She was just as surprised to see me, and we had a nice visit. It had been a long time since she had seen Frank, so when I got off the train at Chariton and he was there to meet me, I told him to run fast down the platform and wave to her. She was watching for him.

I have used up more than my allotted space and haven't mentioned any farm news, but at this time of the year there is very little to report.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded
the ceiling in a strip which extends halfway across their bedroom. It is an airy divider which more clearly defines the room halves but doesn't cut out the light as a more solid wall would. For a change on the girls' big dresser their father turned the mirror, which had formerly hung the entire length of the bureau, to its end over one end of the bureau. Now it accommodates Katharine's five-foot, nine-inch height as well as makes the dresser look more modern. In the area over the other end of the dresser we hung a swag lamp in a lovely shade of green with green beads hanging all around the bulb. It appeals to the fifteen-year-old set and makes the girls' bedroom look much cuter.

I have to get myself off to bed so I'll be ready for my chocolate eclairs. Is the year going as rapidly for you as it is for me?

Until next month,

Mary Beth

"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.

May ads due March 10
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HOROSCOPE. 25¢ and stamped envelope. Birth Date. Box 153-K, Creston, Iowa 50801.

SAVE \$10.00 to \$15.00 on your food budget refunding box tops, labels. Hundreds of places to send for **FREE** cash and gifts. 3 monthly issues — \$1.00; full year — \$3.50. **GOLDEN COINS REFUND MANUAL**, 364K, Muscatine, Iowa 52761.

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MOTHER'S and FATHER'S Day plates. Danish, German and others. Send stamp for list. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Kansas 66112.

SHELLED HAZELNUTS, Brazils, Cashews, English Walnuts, Black Walnuts, Pecans \$1.75Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50Lb. 60 Double-edge Razor Blades — \$3.00. Peerless, 538E Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

WANTED HOMEWORKERS. \$100.00 weekly addressing envelopes. For details send 25¢ and large, stamped, self-addressed envelope, to **WJR Enterprises**, Box 44125, Dept. I-14, Cincinnati, Ohio 45244.

FOR SALE: Kitchen-Klatter's, Workbasket magazines. Write: Edna Buis, Savannah, Mo. 64485.

DAINTY FLORAL TATTING hand decorated note cards, envelopes — 8 for \$1.25. Esther Gommels, Manson, Iowa 50563.

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THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

Beware the Ides of March! I'm quoting a bit taken from an old 1899 journal: "The measly month of March emerged from its lair last week and raved around like an infernal idiot. We suppose we will have to put up with several carloads of beastly weather before it gets through." So 72 years ago people were using the weather as a conversational topic.

I like: a spring thaw; little puddles of water here and there and a patch of greening grass peeping through . . . yonder hill which is almost snow free . . . the feeling that the worst of the winter is past and once again the air has a softness — almost caressing —, the sun, at high noon, is a bit warmer and I'm reminded of these words, "I need not shout my faith, the hills are mute, yet how they speak of God."

John Greenleaf Whittier must have loved Spring! He wrote, "With calm patience of the woods I wait for leaf and blossom when God gives us Spring."

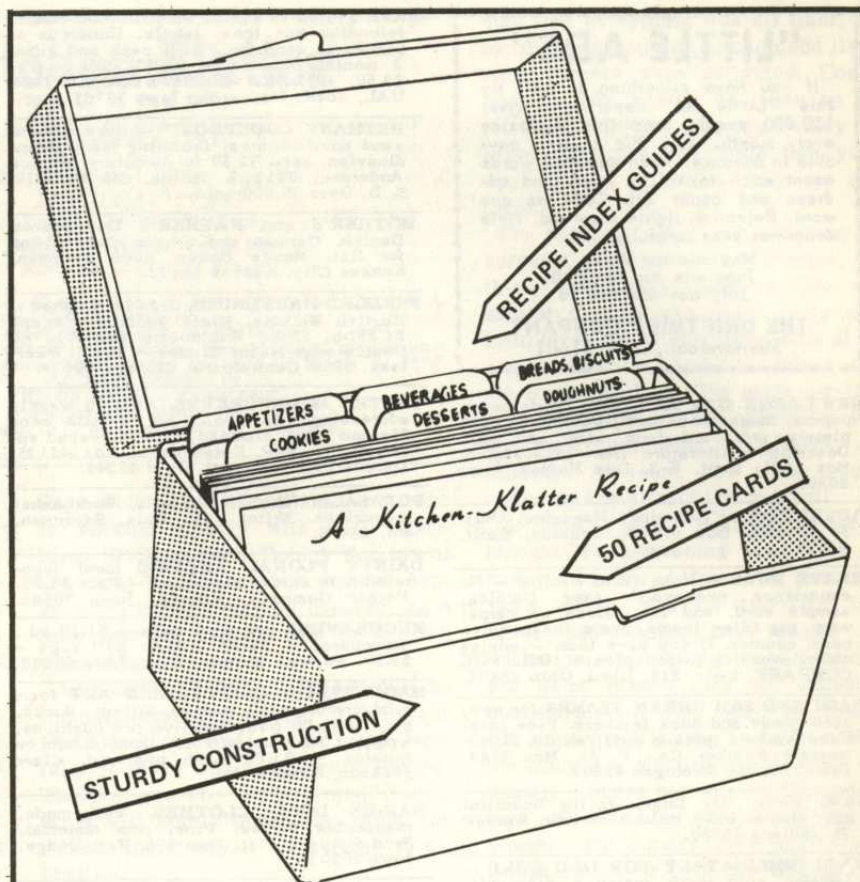
What is happiness? It is a will-o'-the-wisp; it is always just over the hill or around the bend. The pursuit goes on from toddling steps to tottering ones, and in between each of us has found, to some degree, our hidden paradise.

Horseradish is a harbinger of spring — it is about the first green thing to emerge from the chilly earth. I remember my grandmother grinding the bleached roots (her eyes brimming with scalding tears) and mixing the potent horseradish with a seasoned vinegar. This concoction would really tease the taste buds!

Did you know? The Most Costly Bible in the World is in the royal library in Stockholm. One hundred and sixty asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 309 pages of writing and each page falls but one inch short of being a yard in length. The covers are solid planks four inches thick.

It's time to: Clean drawers . . . get your paintbrush in hand . . . chart your flower or vegetable garden . . . "weigh in" and shed those unwanted pounds you've picked up during the winter . . . dream of a spring hat (more are going to be worn) . . . and listen for the song of a spring bird.

551
B



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