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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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—Photo by Ruth Watkins

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month when I wrote to you I said that we were busy getting everything lined up for Juliana's arrival from Albuquerque, and this morning I feel as if I've only turned around twice since then — but the long-anticipated visit is over.

Is there anything that feels emptier than a house after your children and grandchildren have gone? When I went out to the kitchen this morning I sorely missed hearing James and Katharine say: "Good morning, Granny Wheels!" They always greeted me with so much enthusiasm that I felt downright flattered, and it really was a pleasure to put aside the morning papers until I had visited with them.

I'm a great one to start the day with good strong coffee while I read the *Des Moines Register* and the *Omaha World-Herald*, but this morning my interest in them was lukewarm, to say the least, because the kitchen seemed so empty and silent. Even Abe, my little Chihuahua, turned only one indifferent eye in my direction. He misses the children too.

Well, I'm grateful that they could be here for two very busy and very happy weeks. What Howard said on Easter Sunday is the truth. Before the days of good highways and fast planes people parted from each other with the realization that it would probably be several years before they could be together again. Distance was truly distance in those times.

Only one untoward thing happened during their visit and it was something we could do nothing whatsoever about. Most of the time they were here we had disagreeable weather, and this was ironic because we'd had a long stretch of sunny days when it was a joy to be outside. Alas, almost on the heels of their arrival the whole picture changed, and thus we were shut up in the house far more than we had anticipated.

Easter Sunday was a perfectly gorgeous day, thank goodness, for we were celebrating Mother's 86th birthday with a big family dinner at my house and we knew that poor driving conditions would keep several family members from being here.

It was a great relief to wake up Easter morning to a brilliantly clear sky, and by 1:00 o'clock our cousin Gretchen and her husband, Clay Harshbarger, were here from Iowa City; Dorothy and Frank had arrived from Lucas; and Tom and Donna Nenneman, plus Lisa and Natalie, had arrived from Omaha. (Exactly 24 hours later none of them could have made it.)

We had the big dining room table pulled out to its maximum length so ten could be seated at it, and in addition we had two card tables that accommodated eight more people. Wayne and Abigail couldn't be with us, but they had had one of the local florists make up three perfectly beautiful Easter centerpieces. I don't know when I've seen anything more charming.

Mother sat at the head of the big table, of course, and after she had opened her gifts everyone headed for the kitchen to tackle the big assortment of food that was waiting on the island. (If I have more than six people for dinner I always utilize this method of getting plates served. It eliminates that endless passing of dishes up and down the table. By the time the last dish has made its rounds all of the food is cold.)

You friends are so good about telling us what you have to eat for company meals that I'll go ahead and tell you what we had for Mother's birthday dinner.

Roast turkey with Eula's stuffing (she makes the most delicious stuffing we've ever eaten), mashed potatoes, giblet gravy, baked ham with a bowl beside it to accommodate that delicious mustard sauce, candied ginger yams, fresh asparagus with a buttered crumb topping, creamed turnips, hot butter-

horns, assorted preserves (including a simply wonderful dish of tomato preserves that Mae made last summer), relishes of all kinds, frozen honey-base fruit salad, mustard ring and cranberry salad.

Incidentally, plates with a portion of the three salads were at each person's place at the tables and this saved taking up so many things at the last minute.

For dessert we had Mother's handsomely decorated three-layer birthday cake and Dorothy's famous cherry-berry concoction that tastes even better than it looks. After Mother had blown out the candles and made her wish, we took the cake back to the kitchen and served the dessert plates out there.

As you can well imagine, there were towering mountains of dishes to tackle and we were mighty grateful for the help of a very nice young Shenandoah girl who knew just how to go ahead and get things done. But even though everyone pitched in at some point it was around 5:00 before the last things were put away.

Well, it was a wonderfully happy Easter and all of us felt so blessedly fortunate to have Mother with us hale and chipper for her 86th birthday. She is still boundlessly interested in everything (this includes national and international events) and follows the ups-and-downs of her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren with encouragement and concern. She won't want me to say this, I know, but I'll go right ahead and state that she is a very remarkable woman who has evolved a philosophy of living that is an inspiration to all of us.

Those of you with children and grandchildren approximately the age of James (to be four on April 12th) and Katharine (to be two on June 7th) have told me that you like to hear about their development, and this gives me a wonderful opportunity to do the fond grandmother act.

James is very independent now and doesn't need the close supervision at all times that younger children require. He trotted up and down the alley frequently to see his Granny-Nanny Wheels (Mother) and to visit his Aunt Marge. He loves to be with other children and we were fortunate to have two little boys of old friends with whom he got along famously. He still eats everything (with the exception of eggs) and goes to bed without any kind of fussing or arguing. I never cease to be impressed by this, so I guess it tells you what kind of a tussle we had when bedtime arrived for Juliana at the age of four.

He still makes many very funny comments — Marge said yesterday that if I didn't jot them down while they were

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THIS PAST MONTH AN INTERESTING ONE FOR MARGERY

Dear Friends:

How I do love the first daylight hours in the springtime! No one could call me an early riser except during this time of the year. When the birds start chirping I'm ready to start my day.

It is amazing what can be accomplished with that first energy after a good night's sleep. I often tackle a little ironing, which is my least-liked household job. Somehow it goes easier than at any other time of day.

If I lived on a farm perhaps I would be working in the vegetable garden. I am just a bit envious of you who live in the country where you can look in all directions and see the land coming to life again. And baby chicks, and little lambs --

Although I don't live in the country, I'm happy to be living in a small town for in less than one minute I can drive into the country. In recent weeks I've made many trips back and forth to Clarinda, Iowa, (about 20 miles from Shenandoah) for physical therapy on my shoulder, and I've had the pleasure of observing the changes from winter to spring. I often thought of the song "The Green Leaves of Summer" and how meaningful the words must be to you who live on farms and enjoy "the moment of birth".

These trips to Clarinda provided the opportunity to drop by "Pinhook Farm" to visit with my cousin Ruth Watkins and her family. It was on one of these stops that Ruth gave me some pictures, including the one we are using on the cover this month. (I'll share some of the others in future issues.) When I arrived that particular day the younger children had arrived home from school, changed to playclothes, and were out flying kites. Their Irish Setter and Keeshund were bouncing with joy to have all this wonderful activity with the youngsters. I just wished I could have lingered long enough to join in the fun!

Ruth hadn't realized that a great deal of our son Martin's work was in the Congregational church in Billings, Montana. When I mentioned that he was working with a group on some short dramas to be presented at a union service, she wondered if by any possible chance he had met one of her close friends who is the wife of the chaplain at Rocky Mountain College. Since Martin had had contact with the chaplains at both the local colleges, I was certain that he knew them well. I remembered to ask him the next time he phoned, and sure enough! he was well acquainted with them. Indeed it is a small world!

Speaking of "World", does your



Many pictures were taken at Mother's 86th birthday dinner and one of the sweetest was snapped as Natalie and Lisa Nenneman (of Omaha) arrived looking like Easter and spring in their dainty pastel dresses. Their gift to their Great-Grandmother Driftmier was pastel-tinted mums.

church participate in the collections for Church World Service? The week before "Blanket Sunday" we had a clothing workshop in our church when Lila McCray, Church World Service Clothing Appeal Director, from Elkhart, Indiana, was our guest speaker. She gave a most comprehensive talk on the needs around the world for clothing and blankets. Mrs. McCray was a missionary in India and served as an area director for distribution of food and clothing, so she had stories to tell from her own personal experiences. Two film strips were incorporated in her presentation.

It seems unbelievable that there are between 23 and 25 million refugees in the world today! When the Church World Service was created after World War II, the appeal was for warm clothing and blankets for European war-torn countries, but now the areas of concentration have shifted to the Middle East, the Far East, Africa and Latin America, so the need is for light clothing.

COVER PICTURE

When Mother is busy, it's always nice to have a big sister around. That's exactly how Seth Watkins feels, and he is luckier than most little boys for he has the attention of sisters Wendy, Jennifer, Heidi (shown with him here), Nancy and Heather, as well as a brother Jed if it's rough-housing he wants. They are the children of our cousin Ruth Shambaugh Watkins and her husband Bob.

The Watkins moved from California to their farm near Clarinda, Iowa, (Ruth's hometown) to the beautiful barn-converted-to-a-home which is visible in the background. With a farm pond for swimming, horses for riding, numerous pets to tag along on hikes, they are appreciating the wonderful freedom that comes with farm living.

But blankets are always requested, for they are useful for clothes, beds, and tents as well as for covers.

I'm hopeful that our church women will work on layettes for their sewing projects next year. We will soon be winding up this year's working sessions and planning ahead for next year's service to the church. Mrs. McCray said baby garments have top priority, followed by children's clothing, blankets, then men's clothing (so they can be dressed to work at jobs) and lastly, ladies' clothing.

Since so many denominations participate in CWS, very likely you have worked on some of their projects, but if not, and if you are interested in information, write to Church World Service, Box 968, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

My! there are so many nice events in May. We have several May birthdays to observe besides Mother's Day. Oliver and I sort of "jumped the gun" on Dorothy's birthday and combined hers with Frank's in April to give them a tape recorder. Oliver and I will be out of town when she celebrates her big day -- another nice thing we are looking forward to for May -- for we are planning a vacation trip that will include a week in Montana to visit our son. There will be more details about that trip in next month's issue.

Clubs I belong to have guest day luncheons or coffees in April and May, which are very lovely. They are particularly enjoyed by older members who have had to miss meetings because of ice and snow. After being shut in it is nice to go out to something very special.

Oliver is glad for warm days again so he can play a little golf. Some of the men in the office go out after work once or twice a week to play a few holes -- not very seriously, but just to get a little exercise.

Many of you ask what we have been reading lately. Since it was in May of 1927 that Charles A. Lindbergh made his famous solo trans-Atlantic flight, it is timely that I'm currently reading Anne Morrow Lindbergh's book *Bring Me a Unicorn*. I'm enjoying it very much.

As a family we've experienced such happy times together. We always look forward to visits from members of the clan, and now that summer vacation will be here soon, we're counting on more.

Until next month,

Sincerely,

Margery

Motherly love is like an act of grace. If it is there, it is a blessing; if it is not there, it cannot be created.

—Erich Fromm



Let a Winner Lead the Way

A MOTHER-DAUGHTER PARTY CAUCUS

by Mabel Nair Brown

This being a year of great political activity, why not have our own little party caucus and nominate our moms to the Mothers' Hall of Fame as we honor Mother's Day? We can combine a few campaign tactics, a bit of nonsense, some imagination and, with tulips (two lips) to tell the story, come up with a fine afternoon or evening of fellowship.

DECORATIONS

WHO will be nominated? That's our cue for using huge question marks, cut from colored paper in tulip colors, as part of the decorations, along with large pennants bearing the question "WHO-ooooo o?"

To carry out the Hall of Fame idea, find pictures of mothers on colored pages of magazines and catalogues — lean ones, plump ones, angry ones, sad ones, clowning ones, active ones, "rocking chair" ones — and mounting them on frames cut from heavy paper, perhaps touched up with a bit of gold spray paint. Use these as wall decorations.

Since we're using the song title "Let a Winner Lead the Way" as our theme, large wall pennants lettered with the title might be displayed. For a backdrop for the program mark out a huge musical staff on a length of newsprint or wrapping paper. Add notes of colored paper in the shape of tulip blossoms. Write the words of the song title below the staff.

As each guest comes a tulip might be pinned on her, with a small pennant attached to the stem, reading "Mom's Always a Winner". Continue the tulip theme in programs and nut cups.

ENTERTAINMENT

We think plenty of music throughout the evening will do much toward setting the mood for the program. With electric organs often available for banquets and such special events nowadays, try to have one for this party. The organist can use a lively rendition of "Let a Winner Lead the Way" to introduce the mistress of ceremonies as the evening fun begins, and elsewhere in the program as it seems appropriate. Try to find selections to fit the names of all who take part in the program.

Welcome:

Here's two lips to bring glad greetings
To everyone in our caucus hall.
Relax now, smile, and be happy,
For we plan to have a ball!
Two lips to tell you, tulips to show
you,

We're very glad you came.

And we'll find out who-oooo the winner is

A little later in the game!

Salute to Mothers: Mothers are people who cook things like pizza and hamburgers. Mothers are people who fasten things which button or zip up the back. Mothers are people who blow things like balloons, kisses, and noses. Mothers

grow things like violets and puppies and roses. Mothers are people who bake things like cookies and pies, magical people who mend things like blue jeans and hearts. Mothers find things like mittens and homework and germs and mind things like cuss words and snowballs and worms. Mothers lend things like lipstick, perfume, bus fare, and hose — all with smiles most beguiling. Mothers are scaredy-cat people of fish hooks, caterpillars and bugs; soft-hearted people who keep things like artwork and hugs. Mothers are people who nurse things, a boy or a girl or a spouse — and you wanna know somethin'? There's worse things than mothers to have in your house!

(Unknown author)

Salute to Daughters: She stood beside me on a chair with powdered sugar in her hair, and lipsticked with the cooky dough, as she rolled and shaped her cooky-men just so. I saw the cookies in the pan as the symbols of a future man that she would mold with smile and voice and look, and he would praise me for his cook!

Here is Helen Steiner Rice's lovely poem entitled "A Tribute to all Daughters".

Every house should have a daughter, for there's nothing like a girl to keep the world around her in one continuous whirl.

From the moment she arrives on earth, and on through womanhood, a daughter is a FEMALE who is seldom understood.

One minute she is laughing, the next she starts to cry; men cannot understand her and there's just no use to try.

She is soft and sweet and cuddly, but she's also wise and smart. She's a wondrous combination of a mind and brain and heart.

Right from her baby days she's just a born coquette, and anything she really wants she manages to get.

Even at a tender age she uses all her wiles, and she can melt the hardest heart with the sunshine of her smiles.

She starts out as a rosebud with her beauty unrevealed, then through happy childhood her petals are unsealed.

She's soon a sweet girl graduate and then a blushing bride, and then a lovely woman, as the rosebud opens wide.

Someday in the future, if it be God's gracious will, she, too, will be a mother and know that reverent thrill that comes to every mother, whose heart is filled with love, when she beholds the "angel" that God sent her from above.

And there will be no life at all in this

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FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Here comes the month of May! I really thought that it would never get here. Our winters in New England just seem to go on and on and on and on. It is the rare year when we have a genuine spring, and for the most part we go from winter to summer with a bang. Our worst winter weather this past season came during the month of March. Oh but March was a cold month. There were some bright days in between the snowstorms, but very few. The weather this April has been some better, but not a lot. I suppose our weather is the chief price we pay for the beauty of our countryside, and we do have the most beautiful mountains and rivers and beaches. Florida has the climate, but we have the scenery. Every now and then I delight in telling my church people what a high price in fuel bills they have to pay for their New England scenery.

The other day someone was asking when I would go to Bermuda if I were to be given my choice of months, and I told them the month of May. I wonder if there is anywhere that is not lovely in May? The nicest trip Betty and I ever had to England was in the month of May, and I know it is the best month to be in Norway and Sweden. The first week of May is a great week to be in Holland, but it is a great month to be in Massachusetts, too.

I wonder if you ever have read any of the sermons by the noted Boston clergyman, Phillips Brooks? I think that he was the greatest preacher the Episcopal Church ever produced, and the wonderful thing about his sermons is the fact that they are so completely acceptable to any person of any denomination. For several years I have had one of his books of sermons, but a few weeks ago a dear friend in our church gave me four more books written by Dr. Brooks. All of the books have been out of print for at least fifty years, and so I consider myself quite rich to now have five of them.

I was fascinated to learn that Phillips Brooks became a clergyman because he considered himself to be such an utter failure as a school teacher. He had such a sad and difficult time as a teacher that he even contemplated suicide at one point! He once wrote: "I am sure that there is no teacher in all this world more detested by his students than am I." Yet it was that same man who as a preacher was to give hope and courage and inspiration to literally millions of people. God does work in strange and wondrous ways to get the most able men into



Mother much enjoyed Juliana's morning trips up to her house with Katharine and James. Like everywhere else, out come the cameras when members of the family come to visit. These are always memorable events and we like to keep a picture record of them.

positions of religious leadership. If Phillips Brooks had succeeded as a teacher, the world would never have known him as the greatest preacher of the age.

Did you by any chance see that little article in the newspapers a few weeks ago that told of a survey recently made by a big New York advertising agency? This agency made a survey of 402 adults living in New England, calling them at random on the telephone to ask them if they were happy. The survey studied the relation of several factors — wealth, age, sex, religion, etc., etc. It showed that sixty per cent of the people believed themselves to be somewhat happy, and that women for the most part are happier than men. But the thing that interested me the most was the fact that the happiest people were the same ones who believed themselves to be very religious. In other words the people who said that they were very

THE FARMER

My father was a man who loved the soil,
His eyes, hand-shaded, he scanned the sky for rain,
He never seemed to tire, or mind the toil,
But visioned ripened yields of golden grain.

In hands of steel, he gripped the handled plow,
Made long, straight furrows to receive the seed,
A generous man, he always did allow,
Enough to share with those who were in need.

With great expectancy, he watched things grow,
And nurtured every grain and greening pod,
He cultivated faith into each row
And formed a partnership, he said,
"with God". —Delphia Myrl Stubbs

religious were the same people who said that they were not just somewhat happy, but very happy. That same survey showed that it is the middle class which has most of the happy people, and not the upper class or the lower class.

Of course it is easy to understand why religious people are the happiest; they are the most grateful. People who learn to thank God for their daily blessings, are the people who are aware that they have many blessings. Some of the unhappiest people I know are the people who have hundreds of blessings and don't seem to know it. The world has its share of complainers, and for the most part they are not very religious. The beginning of personal salvation is a sense of gratitude, and once one has it, he begins to appreciate what Christ has done for him.

One day last week I was talking to a group of young people about love, and several of the youngsters wanted to know what I considered to be the greatest enemy of love. I was thinking quickly and on the spur of the moment, but I told them I thought love's worst enemy is resentment. Since then I have been thinking more about it, and the more I think, the more sure I am that resentment is the greatest killer of love. Resentment and love simply cannot live very long in the same heart. If love doesn't manage to get rid of the resentment, then surely the resentment will kill the love.

It has been my observation during twenty-seven years in the ministry that the worst and bitterest kind of resentment comes out of unjust criticism. When people blame us for something we did not do, or when they accuse us of saying something that we did not say, we resent it. Many times the criticism does not have to be spoken. Silence can be a form of criticism, and we resent it when we never are thanked for our hard efforts to please another. We resent it if no one ever shows any sign of appreciation, for when there is no indication of appreciation we have a right to assume that others are critical of what we did. I suppose that that is one of the reasons why I write an average of at least five or six thank you letters a day. How often I have told younger clergymen to get the habit of thanking their church people for the good jobs they do.

Our Sunday school children had a contest to see who could think up the best name for the beautiful stuffed arctic owl that sits on my desk at the church study. The church secretaries formed the committee to choose the best name, and the winner was given a beautiful and very expensive book on wild birds. A boy in the eighth grade

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Happy Birthdays

by
Judy Schaper



Birthday parties, though no longer the gala events of my childhood, complete with fussy dresses, gorgeous cakes, and uncomfortably dressed-up little boys, still crop up now and then. Customarily, today's youngster has one or two official parties for friends during his childhood. At our house, we believe in birthday parties and lament their decline. Today's affairs involve presents that are usually more expensive than necessary. There, I feel, is the downfall of birthday parties. Parents are embarrassed to issue invitations, knowing that an invitation subtly asks for an admission fee of a very nice gift. Let's go back to annual parties, but without the uncomfortable attire, and institute a custom of simple gifts — a coloring book, a bag of marbles, toy jewelry, water pistols, and other items from the less-than-a-dollar counter at the "dime" store. Well-planned parties are never forgotten and provide a rich experience for party-goers that can't be found in today's sit-and-watch-it-happen entertainment for children. Instead of TV and movies, treat children to their own happening, in which they are an active part of the fun.

Birthday parties for our son have always been easy, informal affairs, due mostly to the happy fact that he blessed us with his July 24 arrival. It is easy and fun to turn blue-jeaned boys loose in the yard for a treasure hunt and active running games. Picnic tables and paper tableware absorb the mess created when boys attack chocolate cake, ice cream bars, and pop.

When our placid, dainty little girl reached the age of birthday parties, we assumed her natal celebrations would be even easier, due to the femininity of her guests. The fact her birthday was November 1 only meant a change to indoors. That change became a major one, however. An indoor party must be planned down to the last detail, with extra games and activities planned to fill any unexpected gaps.

Our first gap, the only troublesome one, appeared forty-five minutes before the party was scheduled to begin, when

our first guest arrived! Fifteen minutes later, two more little girls rang the bell — and rang it and rang it. Don't underestimate the value of a doorbell as entertainment! First lesson learned: Hold the party at the local customary time, or else make it very, very clear that you've been unconventional in your timing. We had chosen a time a half hour after the usual time for Saturday afternoon parties. Invitations are easily lost, and from then on, mothers assume the starting time. As a result, I was caught unready, without extra activities, even without peanuts hidden for a treasure hunt. I had to send 3 little girls up the birthday child's room to play while she dressed for the party and I raced around the downstairs, planting peanuts.

Susan's first birthday party turned out to be full of other surprises. I had not been prepared for giggling girls. Boys, I had learned, either shout with joy and jump into new activities, with a zest, or they loudly deride a suggestion that does not please them. When a new idea or game was presented to our group of girls, the repeated response was giggles — just giggles. As Susan's dad and I proceeded with game after game, we were-greeted with giggles. As each game progressed, we learned only during the game whether or not it was successful. We learned, to our amazement, that some six-year-old girls do not like to be blindfolded, whether because of party coiffures or just plain fear, we never discovered. We only knew that reluctant girls backed off from the blindfold, giggling. Blind Man's Buff was not a success. A balloon-popping game that would have delighted boys of the same age also brought forth giggles of fear (yes, that is just what they were) whenever a balloon popped. Several girls absolutely refused to participate.

We let Susan choose just the six friends whom she wanted to invite. That old rule of thumb for children's parties that recommends asking the number of children equal to the birthday age works very well, and we al-

ways adhere to it. It seems to provide the right number of children with whom to cope at their particular ages. And it gives a definite cut-off point when the birthday child thinks of more and more friends whom he would like to include.

Among Susan's six was a neighbor boy. His mother was warned that he and Susan's older brother would be the only boys, but the boy decided to come, much to his later regret, I imagine. A strong, silent type anyway, he was reduced to absolute stone imagery as he moved through the motions of the party with a straight face, changing his expression only to open his mouth to allow the passage of ice cream and cake. Another rule learned was that as children reach school age, all-girl or all-boy parties are best.

The only time our giggling girls became serious and earnest was at the table, after presents were opened and candles breathily extinguished. When the dad at our house generously offered a choice of the half-dozen ice cream flavors waiting in the freezer, he was greeted with a loud chorus of choices, including flavors not mentioned. As he slowly untangled the voices and worked out a list of preferences, the little girls, given time to think during this confusion, began to change their minds. Eventually, everyone had ice cream, but not before we had made mental vows to offer only two kinds next year.

Prior to the party, I had unearthed from a long-forgotten box in the store-room, a collection of brightly striped popcorn sacks, one for the loot each guest was to take home. This was a stroke of genius, for in addition to the table favors and party prizes, the little girls wanted to take everything else possible home — ribbons, both from their prizes and in one case, from the gift package the girl had brought; their napkins; a candle from the cake; a candied letter from the frosting; peanut shells from the peanut hunt. Little girls at parties are pack rats. I had to resort to bigger sacks for some of the girls, and I kept a wary eye on the contents of our wastebaskets as the girls gathered up their bits and shreds of birthday party. There was a time of imagined embarrassment as I pictured some girl handing her mother empty envelopes, used facial tissues, and pencil sharpener shavings, saying, "Look what Susan's mother gave me to take home."

At last, the party was over. As I collapsed over the dishwasher, my husband loaded his giggling passengers into the car and drove them homeward — mercifully delivering the silent boy first. The final surprise of the afternoon came to him as the shiest, most demure young lady, afraid of both balloons and

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I Remember Grandma's Farm Kitchen

by
Fern Christian Miller

All we grandchildren loved Grandma's big farm kitchen. Partly it was because we were always made entirely welcome by the smiling face of our little grandmother herself. But, no doubt, it was also the fragrant, delicious foods she prepared that provided a part of the kitchen's come-hither magic!

I think of those custard, rhubarb and raisin pies in early spring; cherry, blackberry, strawberry and gooseberry pies in early summer; peach, apple, apricot, damson caramel, cream and chocolate pies of later summer and autumn; then, as winter came, pumpkin, squash, dried apple, mincemeat and canned fruit pies of all descriptions. For our gentle, small grandma was noted for her delicious pies. The grandchildren were her most appreciative tasters.

Then the bread and cakes! It makes me hungry just to remember the fragrance of that brown, yeasty, light bread. The warm "heel" spread with sweet home-churned butter was surely the best taste in the world. And the cinnamon rolls and fresh gingerbread with milk! Remember? The applesauce and carrot cakes spread with thin caramel icing, the black layer devil's foods, the tall fluffy angel foods, the mincemeat and fruitcakes were quite out of this world. (No wonder Grandpa was a bit heavy!)

Besides the baking, the meats produced on the farm were always being cooked either in the oven or in a big black iron pot. Grandma didn't think too much of fried meat, unless it was chicken in deep fat, or young squirrel in the spring, or sausage or bacon for breakfast on a cold winter morning. Vegetables and chowchows, piccalilli and apple butter were all cooked to perfection on the big black range. It was a wood- or coal-burning stove called Round Oak. Many were the festive dinners eaten at the long dining room table that were prepared in that beloved kitchen.

Actually the big northwest kitchen

was quite modern for that day. A large gray enamel sink with a drain, and a pitcher pump (which had to be primed each morning to bring the water up from the cistern well just off the back porch), stood against the west wall. A long shelf was above the metal-topped kitchen cabinet with its flour and sugar bins and its pull-out breadboard. On the shelf stood the family lamps, a clock, a match box, a neat row of cookbooks, and the clipped recipe box.

The stove had a warming oven, trivets for the flat irons and handles, and a large water reservoir, which was always kept filled. Painted cabinets for dishes and counters for working had been built in by Grandfather. The walls and cabinets were a light, clean sand color, and the linoleum was blue and tan checked. On the west and north were windows with narrow, starched, white curtains tied back to give sun and light to cheery house plants. By each window stood a comfortable hickory chair with bright patchwork cushions and back pads. Grandma always sat down while she peeled potatoes or apples, or cleaned vegetables. Her knitting bag hung on one chair post, and a box of mending sat under the house plants. Grandma knitted, mended and rested while she kept an eye on her cooking.

Opening off the kitchen at one side of the north window Grandpa had built a lean-to pantry. It had screened ventilator vents left open in summer, and closed and covered with old pieces of rugs in winter. This dark, cool little room was used to store supplies other than those kept in the cave and the meat house. Under the eaves of this unsealed "magic closet" hung strings of onions, red peppers, dill, sage, tansy leaves, sassafras bark and root, and cheesecloth sacks filled with dried apples, corn, peaches and raisins.

Big covered stone jars and crocks held dill pickles, corned beef, fried-down sausage, honey in the comb, and sorghum molasses. Canisters with tight

lids sat in a row on a shelf, all labeled in Grandma's neat writing: rice, cornmeal, flake hominy, popcorn, oatmeal, coffee beans, brown soup beans, navy beans, crowder peas, and brown sugar.

This aromatic lean-to was kept tightly closed except when Grandma opened it for supplies. She kept mouse traps set in the corners, although I never saw a mouse in her home. On very cold winter nights she banked the range fire, and opened the pantry door a crack so the onions wouldn't freeze. (Milk, cream, butter and cheese were kept in the ice chest. Apples, potatoes, turnips, extra pumpkins and squash, and all canned food were stored in the cave. The yams, or sweet potatoes, kept best scrubbed and wrapped in newspaper, and stored in the warm attic over the kitchen. A stepladder enabled one of the boys to scramble through the attic door in the low kitchen ceiling. This attic had been partly floored and sealed for extra storage.

The other grandchildren and I loved best of all to sit on the high-backed bench at the long table in the kitchen's center. We missed nothing of the talk or food preparations here. The oilcloth was white with blue clusters of flowers. Usually a blue bowl of apples or other fruit sat in the center. Here the family ate when there wasn't company or "hands". Here all the good food was dished up before being taken to the dining room on festive occasions. The older grandchildren often ate at this kitchen table when the entire family gathered. Here, after the dishes were done in winter, we youngsters played checkers, dominos, jacks or Flinch, or colored and cut pictures, depending upon our ages.

Yes, I remember Grandma's kitchen. It was important in my learning, for Grandma loved being a woman and making a home just as I do. When I read articles on women's liberation I feel slightly ill. Perhaps women's place is in the home; otherwise, what is going to become of homes?

MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 14

God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers. —Jewish Proverb

A mother is a person who sees enough ice cream for five when six people are at the table and announces she dislikes that particular flavor.

—John Raydell

No man is really old until his mother stops worrying about him.

—William Ryan

No man can ever appreciate the debt he owes to his mother, but sometimes a little thing may come up to set him thinking. —Edwin Arlington Robinson

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The calendar year begins the first of January; the fiscal year for many businesses begins the first of July; I always think of the farmer's year as beginning whenever he can go to the field on the tractor and begin disking the cornstalks or bean ground. We had a very open winter in our part of Iowa, with little snow compared to the northern part of the state, and some farmers in southern Iowa were seeding oats and plowing as early as the middle of March.

The last few days in February were unseasonably warm, with temperatures in the seventies, and Frank said, "This is perfect weather for the baby calves to arrive, but we won't be that lucky." Sure enough, on the first day of March we had sleet, snow, freezing rain, and a cold wind, so a heifer had her first calf. She refused to claim it, so Frank carried it all the way to the shed. I mixed up some formula, and with some warm milk inside his tummy he soon perked up. Only once before have we had a cow that wouldn't claim a calf, and that cow had twins. She claimed one, but would never have anything to do with the other one. Frank named the new calf Heathcliff, and he is becoming such a pet it will be a sad day around our house when he has to be sold.

They say it is a sign of getting old when you do a lot of reminiscing, so I must have reached that age. This spring when the trees began to get green and the little wild flowers shot up through the grass in the timber, my mind went back to the happy, wonderful days when Kristin and Juliana were small, and we took long hikes in the woods to hunt for Jack-in-the-pulpits, Dutchman's-breeches, violets and little May flowers. The ground was carpeted with Sweet Williams, and in very special places we found blue bells in abundance. We even found one patch of pink ones.

We lived in our little house in the woods on top of the hill, and the timber came right up to our back door. We used to walk down hill through the timber, then through the pasture, across a little brook, through some more timber, and then we could see Grandma and Grandpa Johnson's house (where we now live). I would guess the distance to be about a mile.



Aaron, with his afternoon snack in hand and mouth, was concentrating on cartoons on television.

The spring before Kristin was four she was after me and after me to let her walk down to Grandma's house alone. She wanted to pick some flowers on the way for Grandma. We had walked that trip a hundred times and I realized she knew the way as well as I did, but she looked so little to turn loose in that big timber that I hadn't been able to cut the apron strings and let her go. Finally one day I said she could. She wanted our old dog Shep to go with her but he didn't want to go. I gave her a slice of bread and told her to break off little pieces to give him once in awhile so he would follow her. She had just barely gotten started when she came home crying and said all the bread was gone, that Shep had taken the whole slice. I started her out again, and she didn't know until years later that I followed along behind her until she was safely in the pasture and could see the buildings. From there I knew she couldn't possibly get lost. I think spring on the farm has always been Kristin's favorite time of the year.

Frank and I are keeping our fingers crossed, but we are hoping that our grandson Andy will be able to spend a little time with us this summer. He will be eight by then, and this will be his first time away from home for a long period. He has visited a few days with his other grandmother without his parents, but this was when they lived only forty miles apart and he knew he could go home if he wanted to. A thousand miles is too far to be able to turn right around and go home. The plans are, for this trial run, for me to go after him when school is out, and Kristin, Art and Aaron hope to come after him the latter part of June and spend a week or ten days with us. There will be lots of new and exciting things for Andy to do when he first gets to the farm, and he will have his parents' trip back to look

forward to. Of course there is the possibility he will fool all of us and not get homesick at all, which we certainly hope will be the case. Since our other grandson Aaron is only three, it will be several years yet before he can come alone to visit us. We will just have to be content with the visits he can make with Kristin and Art. He is growing so fast he isn't a baby any more.

Bernie and I had to make a trip to Marshalltown, Iowa, the other day, and it was the first time I had seen the big Red Rock Lake. This lake is only about forty miles from our home, so Bernie was surprised when I said I hadn't seen it until then, but I reminded her that all my trips take me in the opposite direction. For those of you who don't live in Iowa, Red Rock is a new lake which was made two or three years ago at the completion of the big Red Rock Dam across the Des Moines River a few miles north of Knoxville. Every time Mother has visited us I have wanted to take her over to see the lake, but something always came up that kept us from going. The new Iowa Mother is from Marshalltown, so the annual house party to honor her will be held in her home town soon, and if our plans go according to schedule, I will be driving Mother to this event so at last she will get to see the lake.

Frank and I were disappointed that Juliana and her children weren't able to make their planned trip to the farm when she was visiting in Shenandoah. All the plans had been made for Lucile, Eula, and Juliana to spend a weekend with us, and I even had my menus planned and food fixed in advance so I wouldn't have to spend all my time in the kitchen. James was going to ride the pony, go with Uncle Frank on the tractor to feed the cows, and catch a fish in the bayou. The weather turned bad and all plans had to be cancelled. Maybe by the time they get back to Iowa again we will have something else to entertain the children with. Ever since our first grandchild was born I have wanted to get a pony cart and harness and train one of our ponies to drive. No oftener than it will be used I hated to put a lot of money into a new cart and harness, so have been keeping my eyes on sale ads, hoping that someday I will find some advertised not too far from home. Now that I know Andy and Aaron will be here this summer my enthusiasm and determination are at an all-time high.

Frank just came in to say he had to go to town on an errand, so I'll ride along and mail this letter. Until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy



May Celebrations, Old and New

by
Fern Christian Miller

What does the first day of May mean to you? A trip to the country to see spring wildflowers; the delightful fragrance of lilacs in your yard? Does your town or school have some type of May Day festival? One year our Homemakers' Club had to answer this question for roll call. Several women said it was just another day. Others told interesting stories of various May Day celebrations. Since May second is my wedding anniversary, I told of the happy preparations for this event, and of many other precious memories connected with May Day.

As a child I learned to make pretty little May baskets of small boxes and colored paper with ribbon or gay yarn for handles. Then Mother took us out in the warm sun to gather grass or fresh green leaves to line our little baskets. Next we picked small flowers: pansies, violets, spring beauties, a few white narcissus, always pink flowering almond, and bits of lilac clusters. We enjoyed our May baskets, set in a cool shady spot until dusk, when Mother took us by the hand, and walked with us to the nearest neighbors. She waited by the front gate while we hung the basket on the front door and called "May Basket" at the top of our lungs. Then we ran quickly, grabbed Mother's hands, and scooted for home before we could be caught. I do believe our young mother enjoyed this as much as we did.

The next day the neighbor came calling on Mother and gave us peppermint sticks because the "May fairies" had brought her a basket of flowers. How we loved that neighbor!

As we grew a little older we went alone to our friends' homes to hang May baskets, but we hid and let the children find us, and they took us in for a treat and a bit of fun. This sport usually started on the eve of May first and lasted all week, since each family of neighbor children had to visit each of the others before we would call it quits. Some years we ganged up on one family and two groups would walk together to a more distant friend's home. What fun it was! Do any children hang May baskets today as we country children did? My children did when we had near neighbors, with children. But one of my daughters-in-law says she never heard of the custom.

In literature class in high school I learned that very ancient Romans cele-

brated the goddess of flowers, Flora, on May first. These gay festivals were called *Floralia*. Everyone decorated their homes and themselves with flowers, and had gay processions, feasts, and dancing.

In the days of "Robin Hood and his Merrie Men dressed in Lincoln green", the English villages chose a Queen of the May. Everyone came to the village green for parading, games, contests, songs, the crowning of the May Queen, and the dance around the flower-and-ribbon-decked Maypole. The gayest of spring raiment and flowers and ribbons were worn by all. Remember the story of Robin Hood and his men winning the archery contests? This gay custom continued until the time of the Puritans, who considered such merriment sinful. However, after the Stuarts came back into power, the young people of England once again celebrated May Day.

In high school I once was one of the happy girls in the ribbon dance as we sang and went through our little drill as we wound the pole with pastel ribbon streamers to match our long spring formal dresses. We wore flowers in our hair to match the ribbons. A young teacher had been teaching us English literature. We read of such a gay festival in England, and she told how she once participated in a May Day festival program. We begged to try it. Her plans spread until she had the teachers and all the merchants of the town sponsoring the occasion. A May Queen was chosen and crowned the night of the festival. Special music, songs by the glee club, the ribbon dance around three Maypoles, and music for all played by the town's most gifted music teacher provided entertainment for a large audience gathered on the school lawn. I shall never forget that merry, colorful evening! I read that many schools and colleges still hold special programs for May Day, but none of my own children's schools did.

Hawaii, our newest state, is a land of gorgeous flowers. They wear flower leis for many occasions, but May Day is the biggest flower festival of all. It is called "Lei Day". It is celebrated with much colorful pageantry, dancing, and feasting, with the brightest of clothing and flower leis worn by all.

Yes, May Day means a great deal to me!

Timber Church

by
Grace V. Schillinger

When I walked in the timber early last week the May apples (*Podophyllum peltatum*) were unfolding their large umbrella leaves. Down in the hollow it was so beautifully quiet that it seemed as if I were in church.

You may not believe me but I heard the May apples growing.

In this special secluded valley, last year's oak leaves carpeted the ground in deep piles. At first I thought the sound might be bugs crawling through those dry leaves so I got down on my knees to look. Not a single bug did I see!

But as I knelt there in my timber church the faint little growing noises continued. And when I got to my feet and looked down again, I just know those May apple leaves were larger.

If you're not one to believe that you could call it the tender movement of Mother Earth herself, stretching in enjoyment of the soft warmth in the timber hollow. Just for fun, I stretched luxuriously myself.

That same afternoon our daughter Carol and I rode along the roadside near their country place, looking for wild asparagus. We weren't very lucky; we found only three slender shoots. "Drive on," Carol said, "and I'll show you one of my special mushroom places."

Now, I realized that I was being treated royally — because — answer this question: How many times will someone share a secret mushroom-hunting spot with you?

Carol and I climbed fences and hills and looked around the trees she knew so well and we found lots of the edible morels, or sponge mushrooms. As we climbed the steep hills, decorated with tiny pinkish-white Spring Beauties, wild strawberries, and wild columbines, and looked down through the pale green leaves on the trees, it seemed as if we gazed through the translucent glass windows of a cathedral. This was another part of my timber church.

Sheila Burnford, in her book *The Fields of Noon*, calls mushroom hunting the "peaceful pursuit". It is true.

How could anyone feel depressed while carrying a basket, or a pail, or a plastic bread sack, (my favorite) while he tramps contentedly over hills and through valleys, hunting for these quiet little things. One of our small grandsons told his father, "You have to walk real quiet or you won't catch any mushrooms." I believe Randy really understands mushrooms.

Here's an idea, too, for folks who want to lose weight: always pick them

(Continued on page 22)

ABIGAIL AND WAYNE TREAT THEMSELVES TO VACATION TRIP

Dear Friends:

The last of the goblets and pans are washed, dried, and put away. Now that the kitchen is cleaned up and everything in its place, there is time to sit down and write to you.

Last evening we invited some friends here for dinner, and perhaps you'd be interested in the menu. Appropriating one of Alison's specialties, I prepared Cornish game hens with rice stuffing (a combination of wild and brown rice), cranberry relish, fresh asparagus spears with green goddess dressing, tossed salad, sourdough hard rolls and pineapple chiffon meringue pie for dessert.

Having been fortunate enough to receive a package of wild rice as a gift, I made my own wild and brown rice stuffing combination and did not use any of the commercially packaged mixes. To make stuffing sufficient for eight Cornish game hens, one day in advance prepare one cup of wild rice according to package directions; refrigerate overnight. On day of dinner prepare one cup of brown rice according to package directions, adding three chicken bouillon cubes to the water in which the rice is cooked. About ten minutes before the end of the rice cooking time, add about a third of a cup each of chopped celery, onion, and green pepper. At end of the cooking time combine the two rices and add one small can of mushroom stems and pieces, including the liquid. Season with two or three tablespoons of crushed sage, salt, pepper, and garlic salt.

Bake in a 350-degree oven for one and a half hours in a large pan or roaster, uncovered, with about an inch of seasoned water in the bottom, basting every twenty minutes or so. To season the water, I add the giblets and necks, about two chicken bouillon cubes, salt, pepper, and a little powdered garlic. In my opinion Cornish game hens tend to be a bit "blah" in flavor, and need careful seasoning to enhance their taste.

To make the green goddess dressing for the asparagus, I use a regular commercial dressing to which I add a little herb-flavored vinegar. This is equally good on almost any green vegetable as well as on tossed salad. Incidentally, I never add dressing to tossed salad any longer. People vary so in the type of dressing they prefer that it seems more considerate to let them choose their own from about three varieties. Also in this way no salad left in the serving bowl needs to be wasted; just refrigerate the leftover in a plastic bag until another meal.

One of our dinner guests had open heart surgery just a few months ago.



The government maintains a very fine visitors' center at Carlsbad.

He came through this drastic surgery and was making a fine recovery when he was stricken with hepatitis. No one knows for certain, but the presumption is that he contracted the hepatitis through the blood transfusions he received. Isn't it terrible that people will lie and deny having had this disease just so they can sell their blood? And isn't it unfortunate that no reliable tests have yet been discovered to detect this terrible disease? Our friend says now he would urge anyone contemplating surgery to round up his own blood donors to avoid the use of commercially donated blood if at all possible.

I mentioned that preparing Cornish game hens was one of Alison's specialties. She seems to be following right behind her cousin Juliana, as well as members of previous generations, in her love for cooking and good food.

After Clark left for Brazil, Wayne and I left for a much anticipated vacation in the Southwest. We stopped overnight with the Lowes in their wonderful new home in Albuquerque, but instead of partaking of Juliana's culinary skill, we satisfied our desire to eat in the Chinese restaurant that so many members of the family have raved about. After all the marvelous meals at this restaurant we have heard about, we were fully prepared that it would be our fate to go there on the one bad night in history. In spite of our dire prediction, the food was marvelous; it lived up completely to all the compliments we had heard about it.

The next day we drove to Hobbs, New Mexico, for a brief visit with Alison and Mike and Mike's parents, Jack and Connie Walstad. Alison had taken time away from her painting chores (she and Mike were doing some exterior painting for Jack) in order to prepare dinner for us. In addition to the stuffed game hens, she had acquired a delicious recipe for preparing spinach from Juliana, and had also made one of

her father's favorites, frozen fruit salad.

Connie is quite a successful artist, and their beautiful home shows her skill and talent. Even though she doesn't play the game, she accompanied Jack, Mike, Alison, Wayne and me for a round of golf on a beautiful sunny, wind-free day. Hobbs is a relatively young community, having been settled in the 1920's when petroleum was discovered there. Unfortunately, it has about as uninteresting a natural setting as is possible. The terrain is flat, the vegetation is dull, and it is miles from any mountain or lake. So while the people there are delightful, I'm afraid I would have to own several nearby oil or gas wells in order to choose to live there.

From Hobbs we drove for our first visit to Carlsbad Caverns and then on to El Paso for the night. We walked across the Rio Grande into Ciudad Juarez. Wayne and I both thought it a terrible way to encounter Mexico. We were hassled continuously for trashy tourist attractions, and after a very brief time we hurried back across the border.

The next day we had a long and interesting trip. We drove on Interstate 10 to just west of Lordsburg, where we turned south on U.S. 80 through Douglas and Bisbee, Arizona, where we wished we could have taken the daily noon tour of the huge copper mine that dominated the town. Instead, we stopped far too briefly in Tombstone, a town that is doing a fine job in preserving and restoring its colorful history. I would recommend to anyone making this trip to spend the night in Tombstone in order to have more time to spend there and in Bisbee. Instead we drove on via Highway 82 to Nogales, Arizona, through some lovely, charming country.

Walking across the border into Nogales, Mexico, was a pleasant contrast to our previous night's experience. No one hustled us for anything, although the area is teeming with shops for tourists.

The next day was filled with golf, first at the delightful 9-hole course in Nogales, Arizona, and then at the Tubac Valley Country Club. We also toured the mission ruins preserved at Tumacacori National Monument. The following day we found the public golf course we chose in Tucson to be horribly crowded. Later we enjoyed the Papago Park public course in Scottsdale a great deal more. As a finale to our holiday we enjoyed a long-overdue reunion with my brother Clark and his family. All too soon the vacation was ended, and it was time to head back home.

Sincerely,

Abigail



Potluck Party

by
Erma Reynolds

There's nothing like a Potluck Party for the gayest of informal of get-togethers. And, it's easy on the hostess and her budget.

Here's how you work it. First of all plan your menu. Then, divvy up the list, assigning a food item to each invited guest, keeping in mind their cooking skills and resources.

Send the following invitation, written with white crayon on a pot cut from black construction paper:

For food and fun that's hearty
Come share our Potluck Party.
Please bring an "eat" for the pot
Next Friday — six on the dot.
(Name . . . Place)

Your "eat" is (food). If not convenient please let me know.

Serve the food buffet style. Small tables, set up in the living room, porch, or patio, are equipped with silver, napkins, and salt and pepper shakers. The beverages may be brought from the kitchen already poured, or there may be a "pourer" at the buffet table.

After the "eats" are consumed, what then? Fun of course.

Start off with a Potluck Contest. Each guest is given a pencil and numbered sheet of paper. In the middle of the floor place a large pot containing a supply of mystery articles, with each item sewed inside an opaque-numbered cloth bag. Suggested items for the bags might be: safety pin, eraser, key, tea bag, potato masher, book of safety matches, flashlight bulb, elastic band,

grater, candle stub, suspenders, card of hooks and eyes, snap clothespin, screw, pinchers, lipstick, cork, dry prune, steel wool, pine cone, golf tee, deflated balloon, medicine dropper.

At the signal, players pick out bags from the pot, and by handling and feeling each hidden article they try to guess its identity. Guesses are listed by the corresponding number on the guest's paper. When everyone has examined each bag, the hostess reveals the identities of the mystery articles. The player who has guessed the most items, wins a prize.

A jigsaw puzzle competition is challenging and entertaining. Have puzzles ready, with each one containing the same number of pieces. Four players work together on one puzzle, competing against other groups of four. The team finishing the greatest portion of a puzzle within a given time limit wins the tournament, and each member is rewarded with an inexpensive puzzle.

Mirthful diversion describes a white elephant swap. For this fun ask each guest to bring lots of articles to swap. Each person lays out her swaps on display, and the bargaining begins. Heated trading goes on as the guests extol their wares, higgie and haggle with each other, and swap and reswap.

Good taste means only that you enjoy the valuable and the creative with understanding.

WHAT A WOMAN!

Fun Skit

by

Mabel Nair Brown

NOTE: The idea of the skit is to compare our modern mothers with those depicted in songs and paintings and stories of the past. The narrator can use word descriptions, or hold up paintings (many libraries can help you obtain these paintings which are on loan, just as are books), or call for a song as indicated in script, and then helpers appear on stage to show the modern counterpart. The wilder and funnier the costumes, the better!

Narrator: It's great to read and study great women of the past. Their lives and pictures make great stories, true enough. But I wonder, in this year of 1972, how do our mammas do their stuff?

Pioneer Mother —

Now there was a woman to admire,
So courageous, so brave, so fine,
So full of adventure and git-up-and-go —
Pride of our ancestral line!

(Enter helper dressed in a colorful snowmobile costume, busy tying on a scarf.)

Narrator:

Well, let me tell you not great-great

Granny

Or the "Perils of Pauline"

Had anything on our mama

In her snowmobile machine!

Whistler's Mother —

There she sits, a-gently rocking

In her easy rocking chair;

Supper's over, dishes washed,

Leavin' her with time to spare.

(Enter Mother in fancy lounging pajamas, carrying Coke bottle, box of snacks, magazines, transistor radio, and some knitting.)

She's not so picturesque,

But we've got a mom who's rocking
To records or transistor —

Gosh! Would Old Whis find that shocking!

(Helper turns on transistor and does a bit of dancing.)

Mother Machree — What a sweet Irish lassie was she. (Solo: "Mother Machree".)

(Enter helper dressed in height of fashion and wearing or carrying a wig.) Dear Mother Machree, in her day Her white hair they did "dig"; But many a silver thread today Is hidden 'neath a wig!

Little Old Lady Passing By — (Sung as solo, then narrator speaks.)

Little old lady passing by, catching everyone's eye

Well, so does the one you now see, out jogging so peppily!

(Helper dressed in shorts and gay top jogs merrily across stage.)

(Continued on page 20)



Recipes Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

GLAZED HAM BALLS

Ham Balls

- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh pork, ground twice
- 1 lb. smoked ham, ground twice
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt

Combine all ingredients and shape into small balls. Place in flat baking pan.

Glaze

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup pineapple-orange juice
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

Combine and bring to boil. Pour over balls. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour basting frequently. —Margery

LEMON COOKY BARS

- 1 cup sifted flour
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- Mix this together and pat into an 8- x 8-inch pan and bake 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine these ingredients in the order given and pour on top of the baked crust. Return to the oven and bake for 25 minutes. —Dorothy

DEVEILED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

- 2 lbs. Brussels sprouts
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. catsup
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook Brussels sprouts, covered, in a small amount of boiling, salted water until just tender. Drain well.

While the sprouts are cooking, prepare this sauce. Melt butter or margarine in a small pan. Add rest of ingredients and stir until smooth. Pour over the Brussels sprouts and serve immediately. Serves 6 to 8. —Mae Driftmier

CURRIED PORK ROAST

- 4-lb. pork shoulder roast
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1-lb. can chop suey vegetables, drained
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup long grain rice
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Rub the pork roast with the 1 tsp. salt and 1/2 tsp. of curry powder. Heat the oil in a Dutch oven and brown the roast on all sides. Add the 1/2 cup of water, cover, and roast in a 325-degree oven for two hours. Drain off all the liquid and fat. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour around the meat. Cover and roast another 1 1/2 hours.

—Dorothy

SCRUMPTIOUS SALMON MOLD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 - 1/4 cup cold water
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 - 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 - 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
 - 1 1-lb. can red salmon
 - 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
 - 1/4 cup finely chopped celery
 - 1 Tbls. minced onion
 - 1/4 cup chopped green olives
- Soak gelatin in cold water until soft and then liquefy by placing over boiling water. When liquid, combine with mayonnaise, dressing, lemon juice and pimiento. Break up salmon into small pieces (drain it first) and fold into the dressing mixture along with the remaining ingredients.

If you have a fish mold, this is ideal for such a salad. Otherwise use one big mold or 8 individual molds. Combine equal portions of mayonnaise and Kitchen-Klatter French dressing for a topping. —Lucile

EASY BUT ELEGANT CHERRY SQUARES

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk (not evaporated milk)
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1-lb., 5-oz. can chilled cherry pie filling
- Whipped cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Combine cracker crumbs with melted butter or margarine and press firmly into bottom of square baking dish — 8 by 8 inches. Beat together the very soft cream cheese with condensed milk. Add lemon juice and vanilla. Spoon this over the crumb crust. Let stand until firm.

Lastly, spoon out cherry pie filling over the top and cover with a thin layer of heavy cream, whipped, to which cherry flavoring has been added.

This is very delicious and very rich — cut small squares. It could easily serve as many as 15 people. —Lucile

CHICKEN LUNCHEON SALAD

- 3 cups chopped chicken
- 1 cup very finely chopped celery
- 3/4 cup sliced white grapes
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits

Dressing

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- Dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder

Combine the first 4 ingredients with the dressing and chill thoroughly. Serve in lettuce cups. This type of salad is ideal for luncheon guests who enjoy a change from just the usual "old" chicken salad. —Lucile

ROUND STEAK WITH RICE

- 2 lbs. round steak, 1 inch thick
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
 - Flour
 - 4 to 6 onions, sliced (depending upon how much you like onions)
 - 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
 - 1 cup raw rice
 - 1 bay leaf
 - 1 10 1/2-oz. can tomato soup
 - 1 soup can of water
 - 2 1/2 cups green beans, drained
- Season meat and sprinkle with flour. Brown onions in fat; remove and brown meat. Place meat in casserole, add onions, rice and bay leaf. Pour over soup and water. Cover. Bake in 350-degree oven for 2 hours. Arrange beans around meat and cook 15 minutes longer. —Margery

BUTTER BRICKLE BARS

- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
(about 24)
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1 cup coconut flakes
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk

Grease bottom and sides of a 9- by 13-inch pan. Mix together the graham cracker crumbs and melted butter or margarine. Pat firmly into pan. Sprinkle over crumbs the chips, coconut flakes and nuts. Pour over all the sweetened condensed milk. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cut after they are completely cooled.

—Mary Beth

MUSHROOM-ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

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

Cut asparagus in 1 1/2" chunks and cook until just tender. Drain thoroughly. Saute mushrooms in butter or margarine until tender. Remove mushrooms. Gradually and carefully stir in flour; slowly add milk and cream and cook gently until thickened. Add salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Place alternate layers of asparagus, eggs and mushrooms in a greased casserole, ending with mushrooms. Pour the sauce over and top with layer of bread crumbs and grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in 350-degree oven about 30 minutes or until bubbly. Serves 6.

—Abigail

GOLDEN GLOW SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice, plus enough water to make 1 cup of liquid
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup crushed pineapple and juice
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup grated carrot
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped onion

Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup of boiling liquid. Add the salt, crushed pineapple and lemon juice. When beginning to thicken add the grated carrot, green pepper and onion.

Turn into 6 individual molds or into a square baking dish. Top with salad dressing when serving on lettuce leaf.

This is an old-time favorite that's quick to make and ideal to serve if the meal is heavy.

—Lucile

**PINEAPPLE-CHEESE DRESSING**

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 4 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt in top part of double boiler and blend until smooth. Stir in all of the fruit juices and flavorings and cook over hot water for 20 minutes, stirring very frequently.

Add a small amount of this mixture to the beaten eggs and beat vigorously. Then return to remaining mixture and cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and beat in very soft cream cheese.

(Cream cheese can be softened very swiftly by putting it tightly wrapped in foil in a colander and placing it above boiling water. It is wonderfully easy to work with if softened in this way.)

This dressing will keep a long time in the refrigerator and is delicious alone or with a small amount of whipped cream folded into it just before serving.

—Lucile

JULIANA'S VERY GOOD RICE

- 1 cup long grain rice
- 2 cups liquid

I like to use chicken broth for the liquid, adding enough water to make a full 2 cups, but not adding salt unless only water is used. Place in the heaviest saucepan you own, drop in a small piece of butter or margarine and bring to a boil.

Add rice and boil hard, uncovered, for 5 minutes. Reduce heat, cover and cook for 20 minutes at a very low temperature — simmer, if you have this type of burner. Then turn off heat entirely and let stand, still covered, for another 20 minutes.

Rice cooked in this way is tender but each grain is separate.

(Lucile's note: "When I first ate this at Juliana's house I thought it tasted more like the rice in a good Chinese restaurant than I'd ever run into. Now I prepare it the same way.")

ROUND STEAK CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. cubed round steak
- 2 Tbls. fat
- 1 1/2 cups sliced celery
- 2 small onions, chopped
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 1/2 soup cans of water
- 2 to 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Roll meat in flour and then brown in hot fat in a heavy skillet that can be transferred to the oven. Add all the rest of the ingredients and bake, covered, for 1 1/2 hours at 325 degrees. If you want to serve this at the table you can use a 2-quart casserole if it has a cover.

Since this dish combines meat, vegetables and rice, you need only add a salad and dessert to have a complete meal.

Caution: Soy sauce is salty, so don't add too much salt to the ingredients.

—Lucile

MANDELBREAD

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup oil
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 cup slivered almonds

Beat eggs until light and frothy. Add oil and sugar gradually; beat well. Add flavorings. Sift dry ingredients and add. Stir in almonds. Divide dough into 4 parts and form strips about 3/4" thick, more or less. Place touching each other on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes. Slice diagonally and serve with coffee. Easy and delicious — not too sweet!

—Margery

APRICOT CREAM PIE

- 1 29-oz. can apricots
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 6 Tbls. heavy cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped

Drain the juice from the apricots into a saucepan and bring to a boil. Combine the sugar, cornstarch, 6 Tbls. cream and the almond flavoring, and add to the boiling juice. Cook just until thick. Remove from the stove and cool. Cut the apricots into small pieces and stir into the sauce. Pour into the pie shell and chill. Cover with the whipped cream when ready to serve.

—Dorothy

HAM AND MACARONI SALAD

2 cups cooked ham, diced
 1/2 cup cheese (American, Cheddar or whichever type you prefer)
 2 cups cooked elbow macaroni
 1 cup celery, chopped
 1 small onion, grated
 1/2 cup pickle, chopped
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 1 tsp. salad mustard

Dice ham and cheese into 1/2-inch cubes. Combine with macaroni, celery, onion and pickle. Combine remaining ingredients and mix with macaroni combination. Chill until time to serve.

—Evelyn

JEFF'S PROM COOKIES

2 cups shortening
 1 cup white sugar
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 2 eggs, beaten
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 4 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. salt
 2 tsp. soda
 2 tsp. cream of tartar

Cream shortening and sugars. Add eggs and flavorings. When well beaten, sift dry ingredients together and stir in. Chill. Roll into small balls about the size of a walnut. Dip tops in water, then in granulated sugar. Bake on greased cookie sheet about 8 minutes in a 400-degree oven.

This is a wonderfully good cookie. It is excellent as a base for various Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. It is also good with nuts, chocolate chips or raisins added. As you can see, it is a large recipe and could be easily cut in half.

—Evelyn

OLD-FASHIONED CREAM PUFFS

1 stick butter or margarine
 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 4 eggs

Put butter or margarine and boiling water in heavy saucepan. When butter is completely melted add the flour and salt all at once. Beat hard. In a very short time it will cook into a ball. Remove from fire. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating hard after each addition.

Drop onto a greased cookie sheet — I made 12 puffs from this amount of dough. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes. Then reduce oven to 325 degrees and bake for an additional 25 minutes. Puffs are done when a golden brown without beads of moisture on them.

When cold, cut off tops carefully and fill the puffs with a cooked custard filling or with heavy cream, whipped, to which you have added Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring — 1 tsp. to 1 cup of cream. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

I'd forgotten how quick and easy this dessert is — hadn't made any for several years. You can use the mixer for adding 2 of the eggs, but when the final 2 are added the dough climbs up the blades, so it is better to beat them in by hand.

—Lucile

BUFFET SCRAMBLED EGGS

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup milk
 1 dozen eggs
 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
 1/3 cup milk
 Salt and pepper to taste
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Combine 2 Tbls. butter or margarine and flavoring in a saucepan. Melt and add flour, stirring to a paste. Remove from heat and add 1/2 cup milk, stirring until blended. Return to heat and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add 1/2 cup milk. Simmer, stirring, 4 or 5 minutes or until quick thick. Set aside.

Combine remaining ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with fork until just blended. Pour into buttered frying pan (electric skillet is great for this — set heat at 320). Cook over moderate heat, covered, lift with spatula as mixture thickens so uncooked part can run underneath. While still quite soft blend in previously cooked white sauce. When eggs are done, turn skillet to warm or place in 200-degree oven to keep warm. This will hold the eggs for an hour or so. They might also be served from a bowl set over a candle warmer.

The buffet eggs might also be cooked in a moderate oven, following directions as given. A delicious way to prepare eggs for a company breakfast or the special church or club breakfasts often served in the spring.

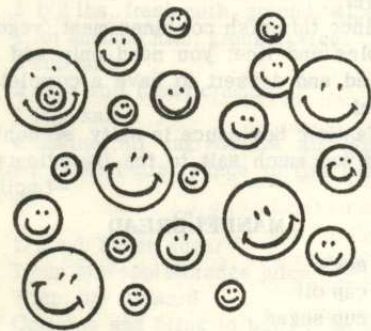
L.Y.N. CLUB DESSERT
(An ice cream topping)

1/2 cup sugar
 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
 Dash of salt
 1/2 cup maraschino cherry juice
 1/2 cup peach juice or water
 1 cup well-drained peaches, chopped
 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, cut
 1 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 Food coloring if desired

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in pan. Stir in juices or water. Cook over low heat, stirring, until thick. Fold in fruits, lemon juice and flavorings. If a pretty red color is desired, add a few drops red food coloring. For orange add a bit of yellow food coloring. Chill. Makes about 2 cups of delicious topping. Great on vanilla ice cream. Equally good on white cake, spice cake or gingerbread.

Fresh peaches may be used for this with water as part of the liquid. The friend who gave this to me said she liked the canned peaches better along with the added flavor the peach juice gave to the sauce.

The L.Y.N. (Love Your Neighbor) Club is a community group near Malvern, Iowa, which has been meeting for many, many years. This topping was served at a recent club meeting.

**HAD A SHORTAGE OF THESE LATELY?**

Smiles been at a premium around your house? Rainy days coming a little too close together? Maybe the family needs a lift . . . a change . . . a surprise.

You can do it, you know, very easily. Simply take an old favorite recipe (a gelatin salad, pudding, cake, pie) and give it a surprise lift with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. Use your imagination!

It won't take more than a few drops, whichever flavor you select. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** are made to go a long way. And that super-realistic flavor and delightful aroma won't cook out or bake out, either. Wake up your family tonight with a taste surprise. Your pantry should contain all sixteen: **Maple, Butter, Raspberry, Mint, Almond, Burnt Sugar, Vanilla, Lemon, Blueberry, Pineapple, Banana, Strawberry, Cherry, Coconut, Orange and Black Walnut.**

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$1.50 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.00. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

MARY BETH AND DONALD WILL MISS THEIR NEIGHBOR

Dear Friends:

As I mentioned last month, the days for visiting college are upon us. Donald left this morning not quite at the crack of dawn for Rockford, Illinois. We tried to make arrangements for Katharine to travel by bus to Rockford, but it appears that Rockford is not the center of convenient bus arrangements. Being a good father and a considerate one, too, Donald was up and waiting (as seems to be our fate with a girl of almost 17 years) for Katharine to take her to visit the college. Fortunately it is only a two-hour drive to the campus, which meant that she will be there for the entire day and most of tomorrow to visit classes and see the inside life on a small campus.

Tomorrow we leave here bright and early and you can believe me that we will leave promptly. Donald is not one to sit and allow people to putter around when there is a time schedule to be kept. Adrienne and Paul are not going to do the college circuit with us, but have been invited by their grandmother in Indiana to fly down there for a visit with her. They must be in Chicago at O'Hare airport by seven o'clock tomorrow morning, which means from our position 35 miles due west of Milwaukee we will have to leave here by 5:30 in the morning.

I am heartily in favor of children's learning to be punctual, so I am happy to cooperate with Poppa on the time schedule. I do remember very distinctly, however, nearly driving my father to distraction by not being ready to leave for church or for work when we drove to the same office after I was out of college. He frequently threatened to drive off and leave me, which I cannot remember that he ever did, but by the same token I did not deliberately set out to be late. I was not geared to be a hurrier as I am now. I don't know quite what the secret ingredient is that makes one learn to hurry, unless it is as simple an element as maturity.

The children will stay with my mother while we drive to Rockford for Katharine and then east to Hillsdale College in Michigan. Katharine has made arrangements to be met there, and they will show her this campus and allow her to visit any classes or departments which especially interest her. We have high hopes of trying to squeeze in some time to visit the campus at Ames, too. Katharine appears to be headed in the direction of animal work or the biological sciences of some type, and Donald feels that Iowa State has a very fine school of veterinary medicine.

Paul has gone off for a busman's holiday today. He was very much inter-



Martin, son of the Oliver Stroms.

ested in visiting the neighborhood schools where the fellows right around here attend. He was pleased to be out of school for vacation, and I never expected to see him voluntarily take one of his days off to go to another school. Adrienne went yesterday on the same kind of jaunt with the neighborhood girls. She thoroughly enjoyed herself, and although she said she would not care to change schools, it was good for her to see some other kinds of schools.

Did I tell you that I finally hit the age where I began to put on weight? I guess when one crosses over the forty border and then some his body decides that all other things are no longer equal, and I, who had always watched my weight with a considerable degree of success, found myself watching my weight go up with basically the same diet. This little phenomenon went on for the better part of a year, and I finally determined to see my friendly doctor at the clinic and discuss it with him. I am happy to report that he gave me an outline of a diabetic diet, which for me was a good combination of chemically balanced foods. (I am not, gratefully, diabetic.) I have happily taken off 15 pounds since December and yesterday when I went back to see my doctor and report on my progress he was as delighted with me as I was with me.

Katharine has her biology experimental fish and turtle tanks emptied from school. We have had to give them a home here at our house, and all of a sudden our aquarium looks lovely again. We put the turtle tank in Paul's bedroom, and how in the world he sleeps with all of the bubbling gurgles that are emitting from that tank I shall never know, except that he sleeps regardless of any surrounding racket.

The lovely clock radio that he received for Christmas, which was to guarantee that he would be awakened pleasantly, has taken an unexpected turn for the ridiculous. He enjoys listening to the radio after he turns his light out in the evening, and his music goes on and on and on! Finally when

Donald and I go to bed one of us makes a stop in his bedroom to rouse him and remind him that he has not yet turned off his radio or set it to turn itself off, and invariably he also turns off the wake-up alarm. So we end up having to act the part of parent alarms in spite of our well-laid plans. Boys surely are boys despite all the great plans their parents try to devise!

We're all a little sad in our neighborhood this week because the loveliest lady who has lived here the longest is moving away. She finally decided that keeping up her yard in the summer and battling the leaves in the fall and struggling against the snow in the winter were more than her eighty years could overcome. She put her house up for sale, and in this beautiful nest of woods it sold almost immediately. She has been such a wonderful lady to have next door. She has given all of the children in the area someone for whom they could do something nice in the spirit of Christian charity. She has been a widow for a long time and she has no family in town.

All of the men in the neighborhood have taken a protective view of her, and they have tried to ease her burden of running a house alone as much as they could. The people who lived here before we came had been the most active of her helpful neighbors. She is going to live with her sister in northern Wisconsin someplace, and our neighborhood will sorely miss her. I only hope I can be as active in my late years as she was. I am convinced that because of the kind action of her neighbors she was able to remain independent in her own home for as many years as she has. Delightful as these homes for the elderly may appear, I know that I will prefer to stay in my own home for as long as I am able.

Donald and I have signed contracts to teach school again next year. I was given the chance to fill in the higher grade level of almost fourth grade, and after considerable thinking I decided to try it. The immediate result is that I have a new math book to acquaint myself with before September rolls around. I will be teaching far more complex material than before, so it will require lots of home work both this summer and during the school year. But the challenge will be interesting, and I believe the new reading material will be refreshing. I was beginning to feel like one of Beatrix Potter's little animals after spending almost three years deep in the reading of her little animal books.

I must close now. Adrienne is in the kitchen so I think I'll join her.

Until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

SPRING OF '72

by
Evelyn Birkby

Spring is a marvelous time to be young — or to live around the young! The exuberant sons of this family are keeping us youthful in spirit in more ways than one. They insist, for example, that we cook outdoors when the air is warm and the sun shining brightly. The badminton set is up. The horseshoe stakes pounded firmly into the ground. The croquet wickets are in place. Challenges to play any of these games are presented frequently. Frequently, too, the boys find many reasons, which defy all arguments, for long hikes in the bluffs. If I don't want to be left out of the fun I best grab up a few sandwiches, a package of cookies and several bananas and go dashing along.

Keeping up with all the activities as the end of the school year comes into view is another way to keep young (or die of early exhaustion, whichever comes first)! But it really is inspiring to participate in the projects which involve our young people.

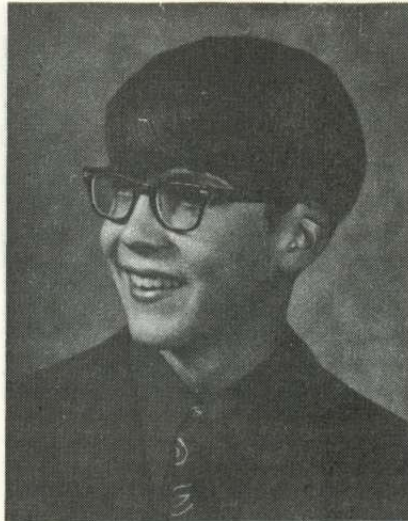
The Iowa State Speech Contest was held right here in Sidney and brought some nine hundred young people from the southwestern quarter of the state to our small community. In fact, that is almost as many people as the entire population of Sidney! I assisted by announcing in the Original Oratory division and found it inspiring. Each contestant, as the name implies, had written his own speech. It gave me renewed confidence in today's youth to hear the wide range of serious subjects discussed in a thoughtful and concerned manner.

Craig participated in the contest, his first experience in speech competition.

Just a week following the speech contest was the small groups and solo State Music Contest at Treynor, Iowa. Jeff took a piano solo, Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" (Op. 23, No. 5). He also accompanied a tuba soloist. Jeff and Craig both played trombone in small brass groups. Again, it was tremendously inspiring to see and listen to so many fine young people seriously intent on performing to the best of their talent.

Then prom time arrived with all its gay social excitement. The Sidney juniors and seniors joined, as they have for a number of years, with the two similar classes from the Fremont-Mills High School at Tabor, another small town just north of us. The theme for this year was "Southern Garden of Love" and it was a marvelous choice for a truly beautiful setting.

The gymnasium was transformed into a southern scene with a large mansion



Jeff Birkby, son of Robert and Evelyn Birkby, is graduating from high school this spring. He will continue his education next fall at Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebraska.

built at one side with a porch upon which the band played for dancing. A summer house, a covered bridge and a swing provided interest areas and backgrounds to be used for the pictures which were taken. Many flowers were used but predominant in the scene were rose trees, beautifully fashioned and bright with blooms. Since a gym ceiling does not lend itself much to decoration, the whole effect was changed by dropping it with wire and midnight blue crepe paper hung to make an evening sky. Flying through this lovely "ceiling" were white doves.

I marveled at the ingenuity of the members of the junior classes of the two schools and their sponsors (Alice Omer of Tabor and Margaret Fuelling of Sidney) in the way they created such a lovely setting in what could be very uninspiring surroundings.

Now we are moving along to May and an entirely new dimension to our life as a family. Bob will be graduating from Morningside College on May 14th and Jeff will graduate from the Sidney Community High School on May 18th.

In fact, Bob's afternoon graduation ceremony in Sioux City is scheduled for the same day as Jeff's evening baccalaureate service. How we are going to work out the mechanics of this conflict with the one hundred and fifty miles which separate the two events has not yet been resolved. We do not want to neglect either son!

One of my favorite stories comes from a *Kitchen-Klatter* writer who mentioned how fast children grow up. She said that one day she was out at the clothesline hanging up her little boy's baby clothes and the next moment she turned around to find he was graduating from high school.

This expresses my feelings exactly! One just cannot believe how fast children grow up until he has experienced it in his own family. This is reason enough to treasure every moment spent together.

Do other mothers look back at interesting childhood experiences as they see their children all grown up and ready to launch out on their own? I am thinking of the time when I first looked at each of our babies with joy, love and appreciation that he had come to us. It was a humbling and sobering thought to realize how important a part parents play in creating an environment where a young life may grow. Fortunately, few of us must do this completely alone; the school, the church, friends and relatives all play an important part as well.

We have tried to give each of our children his own special place. Bob became our three-year-old "Company Keeper" when our first child and only daughter, Dulcie Jean, died. We tried desperately to keep from overprotecting him — something his father did much better than I. A year later Jeff came along to be our "Comfort and Joy", and fill up the empty, echoing corners of our home. Craig arrived just twenty-two months after Jeff to become our "Big Bonus", and our family circle was complete. Each one we tried to accept for himself. Each we hoped would develop in his own way and not feel that any one was more special or more loved than any other.

Robert has a favorite comment he has used when the boys are trying something particularly difficult — when they go out the door for a speech contest, or a music concert, or a severe test — "Just remember, whatever happens you'll always have a bed here!" As Bob graduated from high school his dad mentioned this to him. As Jeff is stepping into the same role the statement comes out again. Wherever the boys go and whatever they do, each one will have his own special place here in our home and in our hearts.

Home is truly a launching platform. Hopefully, it is also a sturdy, secure place where a person can return for rest, for relief from pressure, and encouragement and help in time of stress. As Bob said to us when he left home for college four years ago. "You both be careful; I want to know you are here at home cheering me on."

Young people need to get out on their own to try their wings. We would not have it any other way. We'll be here cheering Bob and Jeff along the way and, in two more years, Craig, too. But we trust the same wings that carry them away will bring them back home whenever they feel the need.

* * *

THE TREASURE ON YOUR SHELF

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

Now that bottles have become collectors' items, we care for each one, regardless of its age, color, shape, or size. Not to use, you understand, but to look at. It adds interest to that drab corner; yes *that* bottle is just what is needed to touch up a space.

One homemaker has a collection of colored bottles on the windowsills of her kitchen. They are of various shapes and sizes, giving bright touches to the room which requires so much of her time. As she talked of these, I was inspired to learn more about glass, which resulted in my search through encyclopedias and other volumes at the city library. Some of the finer magazines give sections to the study of glassware.

When one gathers pieces from shelves, closets, medicine chests, or basement storage, he is amazed at the quality of glass, its age, where made, and how used at present. One of my collection is a dainty pink bottle, about ten inches tall, shaped like a violin, and marked "Made in France". I learned that it is valuable today. So I began checking and studying.

I decided to use my pieces about the house wherever possible. While many collect only colored glassware, the clear can be of equal value. Look about and choose the spot "just made" for your piece of glass.

We are informed glass is the foundation of real science. It is the means by which man controls light and can have light in his home, and glass enables him to renew his vision as eyesight fades. Cameras and X-rays have altered the destiny of man.

As we study the many kinds of glass, we absorb a few notes which help us evaluate our pieces. Good glass has a ring that is lacking in the inferior product. Brilliance is achieved by creating a faceted surface. Flint glass was produced by a lime glass, less expensive, and of higher quality. It lost much brilliance in pressing, but this was remedied by "fire polishing". It was brilliant, sparkling, and bright, and continued to be so.

Sandwich glass was the first American pressed glass, and our finest. It is rare today, and selling at prices higher than silver. But going back to the pieces more familiar to the average home . . . remember the glass slipper which Grandmother kept on the parlor table? She paid five cents for it, but it is valuable today and hard to find. The ornate cake plate that sold for fifteen cents demands forty dollars today. The dime stores sold lovely pieces at five or ten cents, and much of our finest



was given as premiums or included in packages of cereal. All are collectors' items now.

One well-known pattern was advertised: Set of glassware: sugar bowl, cream pitcher, butter dish with cover, spoon holder — 15¢. Another favorite pattern sold for 19¢ per set. Pitchers held their place; these were ornate, sparkled like cut glass, and sold for 25¢ each. (Perhaps our plastic pieces, which we toss about so carelessly today, will be collectors' items later.)

Competition in 1800 has given us many exquisite patterns. The fine quality of pressed glass has made it a collector's item for many years. One learns that choice glassware is a collector's item today, regardless of its age.

Books have been written on all kinds of glass, going back to its discovery centuries before history was written. During Bible times glass was worth more than its weight in gold. Gradually the secret of its making spread, by trade, from Venice to Spain. The Romans also became artists in glass. The Egyptians were perhaps the first to make it, but Phoenicians gave it to the world.

History tells us of Syrian merchants who beached their galley filled with niter and proceeded to cook their meal on the sand. They used pieces of niter from the boat on which to set their kettle. When they had finished, and the fire was out, they started to take up the blocks of niter and found they had melted, combined with the river sand, and had formed a strange, transparent substance. This, tradition tells us, was the first step in glass making.

One is amazed to learn the colored mosaic glass was the result of defective processes used.

Men of science say glass is still an

A WORD ABOUT THE WEDDING IN EVERY SENTENCE

1. For a big picnic, a *keg* of lemonade is needed. (cake)
2. A hungry *wolf lowers* his head before leaping. (flowers)
3. If *bray* is spelled with *one y*, "moo" needs two o's. (honeymoon)
4. "Which *urchin* threw the ball?" yelled the angry man. (church)
5. We may have the big *room* or the small one. (groom)
6. The man asked for her *address* and telephone number. (dress)
7. Were you ever *in* Greenland? (ring)
8. I have little, but what I have I'll give to you. (veil)
9. There are never *icebergs* this far south. (rice)
10. *Bob rides* his bicycle every day. (bride)

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
won the prize. He named the owl: ARTEEKKEBOO. Where did he get a name like that? Well, that is the way it sounds when you say arctic owl in French: *Arctique hibou*. One little boy in the second grade had suggested the name "Drifty". As he said: "Arctic owls sit on snowdrifts, and this one sits on Driftmier's desk."

Many thousands of persons listen to our Sunday morning radio broadcasts from the church, and one of those listeners sent me the loveliest gift. It is an album of recorded bird calls. The first night I played it on our big stereo set here at the parsonage was the night that we had Mary Leanna's cat with us. When the cat heard the call of the great horned owl booming out over the stereo, it made a mad dash to hide itself behind the kitchen door. Of course the poor thing must have been nearly frightened to death. Great horned owls can and do kill cats!

Watch out for this month of May! These old maxims and proverbs are warnings from the past:

"Change not a clout
Till May be out."
"A hot May makes a fat churchyard."
"If you are sick in May, you'll be well the rest of the year."
"A dry May and a leaking June
Make the farmer whistle a merry tune."

Sincerely,
Frederick

unknown world and its nature is yet to be discovered. My brief study of the subject was enough that, had I done so ten years ago, my beautiful old pieces of cut glass would be in my china cabinet today!

A bit of glass, colored or clear, regardless of cost, will be a collector's item someday. Enjoy it today while it is yours.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"My neighbor grows a cucumber that starts bearing days ahead of ours," writes Mrs. Frank J. "She says she got the seed from a seed catalog and forgot its name. Because it was a hybrid, or so she thought, she did not save any seeds. Now both of us would like to grow this cucumber and we don't know what variety to order. Can you help?"

Mrs. J. probably planted an F1 hybrid called "Spartan Dawn". It is a gynoeocious (all female) hybrid and thus sets an amazing number of fruits early in the season. The plants produce enough male flowers to insure proper pollination. You can get Spartan Dawn from the catalog of Geo. Gurney, Yankton, South Dakota, where it is listed as New "Miss Pickler". I found "Spartan Valor" cucumber listed in Burpee's catalog (Clinton, Iowa). The Earl May Seed and Nursery Company of Shenandoah, Iowa, has marvelous new cucumbers called "Mrs. Pickler" and "Mrs. Slicer".

For the past three seasons we have been planting two hills of a new hybrid cucumber at one end of the garden. The fruits grow very long and slender and will not curl when grown on a trellis so they can hang down. Try it! The flesh is mild, crisp and delicious for salads and wonderful for bread and butter pickles as they have small seed cavities when picked before matured. Two hills provide us with plenty of cukes for the table and some for pickling.

On rare occasions I get to a store that offers gourmet foods and these always fascinate me. The last time I bought a bottle of capers because I had never used this — shall I call it a condiment? Anyway, capers are used to give flavor to certain foods such as green salads. Like all seasonings, a little sometimes goes a long way. When I found the time I looked for more information on capers. They are the flower buds of a small, prickly Mediterranean shrub. Picked at the proper stage, the buds are processed and pickled. They are available in most super markets which carry gourmet seasonings. The small bottle of capers was inexpensive and gave us a new taste sensation.

GREEN THUMBS WILL OUT

"I will not plant so much next year,"
I vowed
Last summer when the work was drear.
But picture catalogs prevailed:
Aloud
I "oohed" and "ahed" and orders mailed.
Enticed by dreams of what will grow
I'm bowed
Down on my knees again to sow!
—Irene Rose Gray



Katharine, inspecting a hurt finger, receives some comforting from Great-Aunt Margery. Incidentally, Margery is busy smocking a dress for Katharine's second birthday.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF

by

Ruth E. Jensen

I love to be alone. I know that if it were my lot in life I would not feel quite this way about it. I love people and thoroughly enjoy being with them; but I do not *have* to be with people to be happy.

Maybe that is a mark of emotional maturity. However, my forefathers must have been rather self-sufficient people or they would not have migrated to the Midwest and its wide, open spaces.

I am so grateful that nature placed me in such an environment. I cannot imagine having to live in a noisy, busy, man-made environment. Many people have to, and must make the best of it. Many, I am sure, love it.

But I was reared in a quiet environment, where some of my greatest childhood pleasures came from discovering the surprises nature provided for us. There was the thrill of finding in the spring the first brilliant orange tiger lillies nestled among blue-green spears of meadow grass, or the first shooting stars down by the railroad track. There was much joy in finding a new family of kittens in the hay mow, and in our beloved pony who so patiently stayed put beneath the bag swing so that his two mistresses might enjoy an added thrill.

Playmates were not regarded casually. It was an occasion when our home duties permitted us the opportunity of spending an afternoon with a friend.

And today, when my family is off to work and school, it is pleasant to sit down for a few minutes and let myself become engulfed within an atmosphere that is decidedly spiritual. I have such a love for the outdoors, I have but to reach out, touch the beyond, and it is mine to commune with. It is a time for spiritual reading, for mental and emo-

tional relaxation from the rush of busy lives.

I know many mothers feel the need to have a few spare moments in which to recharge their spiritual battery. One mother of a various age group of growing children told me that the only time she had for herself was early in the morning before anyone was out of bed.

Of course people should not want to alone to the point of being antisocial. But why need any of us apologize for our self-sufficiency? God gave us this trait and I am sure He intended that we use the right to be ourselves.

There is a competitive social world for both adults and children, but it is filled with heartaches if one takes it too seriously. How much better if children can assert their independence as individuals, even to the point of entering alone into periods of creativeness. Some children have a need to be alone, more than others do. How have musicians and scientists been able to give their accomplishments to the world without first having spent much time alone in preparation?

Our sons have experienced moments of joy that have not required friends to share them with. Our younger son, during the summer months, has taken his sleeping bag outdoors many times and slept alone under the stars. Often he has said to me, "Mom, why don't you do it sometime?"

Just recently our older son saw a most beautiful and tranquil sunset. He summoned the family for a look, and then sat himself down on the porch steps to watch until crimson and gold faded away into dusk.

I feel that their ability to enjoy a moment of nature, alone, lays the foundation for an inner peace and stability that will help to carry them through the troubled years that lie ahead for them.



"MOTHERING DAY" IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

The first Mother's Day most similar to our own was celebrated in medieval England. On that day, called "Mothering Day", all young men and women who were apprenticed away from home were asked to travel back to their home towns to visit their parents.

For a time, the practice to go "a-mothering" was a very real part of life in England — a time when children expressed their love for mothers through special celebrations and gift-giving.

In the U.S., Congress made Mother's Day a national holiday on May 10, 1914, resolving that "the nation honors its mothers — the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration."



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Songs America Voted By (Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, Pa., \$12.95) which is compiled and edited with historical notes by Irwin Silber, contains words and music that won and lost elections and influenced the democratic process. The first great singing campaign was begun in the election of 1840 with the development of mass techniques. In the Harrison vs. Van Buren campaign, Harrison was transformed into the "people's candidate" as the hero of the much-heralded Battle of Tippecanoe (1811) which was not the military triumph Whigs proclaimed it to be. The song which set the nation to tapping its feet was "Tip and Ty" which gave us the phrase "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too".

The earlier Twentieth Century held some ragtime campaigns including that of Teddy Roosevelt, who, at forty-three, was the youngest man ever to assume the presidency. A colorful figure who shouted "Speak softly and carry a big stick!" TR supervised an unprecedented American growth and campaign songs were "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight", and "You're All Right, Teddy".

There was a decline in campaign singing with the advent of radio and television replacing the old-fashioned campaign rally. The 1948 win of Harry Truman, an upset, was helped by a re-worked version of "I'm Just Wild About Harry". Voters during the 1952 election proved that the people were for Dwight D. Eisenhower as they sang the Irving Berlin tune "I Like Ike". Later campaign songs used were "Let's Go With Adlai", "Hello, Lyndon", "Go With Goldwater", and "Nixon's the One".

In the 200 songs treasured here, there are echoes of campaigns that reveal the social values of an era. Libraries may be especially interested in this book.

According to Walter Lippmann, "The underworld lives by performing the services which convention may condemn, the law prohibit, but which, nevertheless, human appetites crave." The much-discussed subject has been written about by Gay Talese in the book *Honor Thy Father* (World Publishing Co., \$10). Written in the style of a novel, this is a factual account of the underworld. In *Honor Thy Father*, three generations of one family are made



What do you call Great-Grandmother when you have two grandmothers? James calls his Granny Nanny. He enjoyed having her read to him.

known to the reader. Mr. Talese, a former staff writer of the *New York Times*, has done a remarkable piece of work.

While visiting with Mother recently, I found delight in checking through her collection of scrapbooks. I'm sharing bits and pieces with you readers:

Psalm 19 — a favorite Bible verse — "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock and my redeemer."

Notes on a farmer: "He is the world's greatest optimist. He believes that the fact that he has come this far is proof that he can continue to the end. He buries last year's disappointments with the spring plowing and lives for the future. His faith is not in himself alone."

Definition of vacation — to get a new approach to things.

With a group of inspirational pictures, a favorite psalm — "I will lift up mine

eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength. My strength cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." Psalm 121:1-2

The poem "My Mother's Old Checked Apron":

My mother's old checked apron was a garment full and wide,
It filled its humble mission and a million more beside.

Two complete articles on the picture by Eric Enstrom entitled "Grace". You are familiar with the pose of the peddler with head bowed in a mealtime prayer. Placed by him are the family Bible, a pair of spectacles, a bowl of gruel, bread and a knife. He seems to be saying that although he does not have much of earthly goods, he has a thankful heart.

A complete scrapbook on Royal Ironstone China, most about the Tea Leaf Pattern. Charles Mason of Fenton, England received a patent on it in 1813. The Lustre Spray or Tea Leaf Pattern is white with center sprig and edge line of copper. This was Grandma Maasdam's favorite set of dishes. Mother has a beautiful collection of Tea Leaf.

A poem book — *Poems Worth Knowing*, publication date, 1912, with the Golden Rule in verse:

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

—Anonymous

My next trip to see Mother, I'll do more scrapbook reading. As I ask myself *why* I keep so many clippings and scrapbook materials, I realize I'll keep on collecting. It's *definitely* an *inherited* trait!

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:

A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes



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on her Special Day
with a gift
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HAPPY BIRTHDAYS – Concluded

blindfolds, burst into life as she bounded out of the car, calling back a friendly and most unladylike "So long, Buddy" as she raced up the walk to her door. Delivering children to their homes at the end of the party is a plus if mothers know ahead of time that their youngsters will be returned within a generous time period. It is a service to parents of little guests if you provide one-way transportation, and taking the children home gives the party more flexibility at the end. If things aren't going well, if excitement causes tempers to fray as youngsters tire, the party can be ended a bit early. And chauffeuring lets the driver in on some very candid opinions of the festivities!

Through several years of parties, we have picked up additional tips which help parties run smoothly. Do arrange for more than one adult to be present. If Dad can't help, hire a favorite babysitter and brief her (or him — a great idea for a boy's party) ahead of time.

Be supplied with plenty of inexpensive prizes. A thoughtful and under-



Katharine and James enjoy the little parties Juliana plans for them.

standing hostess to children will arrange for each guest to win something and have a moment of glory, even if brief. At our house, we give prizes for the reddest dress or the most freckles, or the shiniest shoes, or whatever other characteristic we can find to apply to the one or two children who seem to be born losers when it comes to the games.

Birthday parties can be a fine growing experience for children. It is good

for a little guest to learn that he can have a good time even if another child is the real queen, or king, for a day. And country children, especially, need social experience with other children. Birthday parties are a good way of providing that contact in a happy setting.

Since birthday parties can provide pleasant memories, happy good times, and valuable social experiences, how can we let them die out? Start planning a party for the next birthday on your family calendar.

WHAT A WOMAN! – Concluded*Feeding Her Birds –*

This old painting was in many a reader in dear great Grandma's day

When long, slow cooking and baking, my dears,

Was simply the ONLY way.

(Enter helper as young mother with two or three children. She hands out hamburgers, or snack boxes, or individual TV dinners.)

Today's young thing, by great Granny's standards

Would be considered a — shh! — a "sinner",

If she ever laid eyes on this "store bought" stuff;

And imagine — a TV dinner!

Closing:

So it all goes to show that times do change,

And someday '72

Will be ancient stuff to your great grandchild

When she looks at pictures of you!

**THINK**

Think about yourself a bit.

Think that you could have spoken softly, kindly, instead of harping with a mean, critical voice.

Think that you could have tried harder, used greater effort to solve that problem.

Think how difficult it is, at times, for your associates, friends, even members of your family to get along with you.

Think of the times you could have helped but excused yourself for completely selfish reasons.

Think of those who need your understanding and encouragement.

Think of other people who are disagreeable simply because they do not share your opinions.

Think that you, too, were once young and inexperienced or perhaps shy or frightened.

Think of the times you were given a helping hand when you needed help.

Think of being good, kind, sympathetic . . . Think of being a true human being in every sense.

Think . . . Then, do and be.

**Does your family
raid the refrigerator?
Yes, it's a big job
keeping up with
hearty appetites.**



Listen to KITCHEN-KLATTER every day for new recipes to satisfy the tastes of every member of your family.

We visit with you each weekday over the following radio stations:

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 2:05 P.M.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER PARTY — Concl.

world or the other without a *darling daughter* who, in turn becomes a *mother!*

Salute to the Grandmothers: The old rocking chair is empty today, for Grandma is no longer in it. She is off in her car to her office or shop, and buzzes around every minute.

No one shoves Grandma back on the shelf; she is versatile, forceful, dynamic. That is not a pie in the oven, my dear; her baking today is ceramic!

You won't see her trundling off early to bed from her place in a warm chimney nook; her typewriter clickety-clacks through the night, for Grandma is writing a book.

She ne'er seems to take a backward look to slow her steady advancing; she's too busy to tend babies for you anymore — she and Grandpa are out on the town — or gone dancing! (Adapted)

BUT, dear modern Granma, we love you!

Music: "Ain't She Sweet?"

SKIT: MOTHERS' HALL OF FAME

Musical Prelude: "M-O-T-H-E-R", then theme song as skit begins.

Each speaker should escort her nominee to the stage, where she is presented with a tulip corsage. If possible, have someone ready with a Polaroid camera to take a picture as each nominee is presented. This picture can be given to the nominee as a special souvenir.

Each speaker will begin his nomination by saying, "I nominate Mrs. (name) as our 'cleaning-est' mother (or whatever her qualification may be) to our Mothers' Hall of Fame."

Cleaning-est Mother: (Music — "This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes".) When this gal cleans, she never stops 'Til she's scoured away all marks and spots.

She grimly scrubs each pan and pot, Walls and windows, blinds and floors, In the house and out of doors.

She moves every bed and chair around, And puts a kid's things where they can't be found.

When she is through this moving and cleaning spree,

I can't even find where I'm supposed to be! (Adapted)

Gadding-est Mother: On Monday she lunched with the Housing Committee, with statistics and stew she was filled; then she dashed to a tea on "The Crime in Our City" and dined with the Church Ladies' Guild. On Tuesday she went to Voter's League brunch, and a tea on Good Citizenship. At dinner she spoke to the Trade Union bunch. On Wednesday she managed two dinners, one at noon and the other at night; on Thursday a luncheon for Overseas Orphans, and a dinner on "War, Is It

Right?". "World Problems We Face" was the Friday noon date, another luncheon address, as you've guessed; then she wielded a fork while a man from New York spoke on "Social Unrest". On Saturday noon she fell in a swoon, poor thing, she had had it; she may never come to, she's out with a spoon in her hand!

(Adapted from *SOS Signal*)

(Music: "Here We Go 'round the Mulberry Bush", or "East Side, West Side".)

Best Kid-Watcher: What am I watching? My most-valued possession, of course! I'm watching my girl grow to womanhood. I watch the books she reads; therein lies the key to much of her ideals and dreams. I watch the way she plays the simple games of childhood, for there is where she begins to form her rules for the game of life.

I watch the friends she chooses and hope they'll be a good influence. I watch the boys she dates — one might be the one she chooses for her husband.

I watch the mistakes she makes and hope she profits by them.

I watch her achievements proudly, but hope for her they are not something to boast of, but regarded as stepping stones to broader horizons.

I watch her as she chooses a college and a career, and hope she finds that in work well done there is happiness, security, and peace of mind.

Then when she is ready to leave home for a home of her own, I shall still watch — and pray — and love.

Peppiest Grandma: Do I look a bit stooped in the shoulders? Have my eyes the bleak sag of a hound? By these signs you will know that since early cock-crow I've been herding my grandchildren around. There's been feeding and changing of diapers. There's been rocking and bathing and naps; so, if you will excuse me, I think 'twould amuse me to kick off my shoes and collapse. (Selected)

Other nominations might include: Grooviest Mother, Best Preserved Mother, Political Mother, Friendliest Mother, Most Fashionable Mother, Best Generation Gap Jumper, The Smiling-est Mother, Most Neighborly Mother, Musical Mother, or Talented Mother.

Closing Poem:

"There's no one just like Mother",
So runs an old, old song.
It's true for me, for you,
And will be all life long.

We all are blessed in so many ways
By gifts from Heaven above,
But the most special gift of all, I think,
Is that of mother love.

So today we've tried to give her
A few moments of fun and fame —

Three cheers for Mom, girls,
She's really quite a dame!

It's no secret anymore. Every week, thousands of midwestern housewives are discovering what so many already know: Two great laundry products combine to turn blue Mondays into sunny singalongs.



Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops is the laundry detergent that does so much in every load of wash: lifts out the dirt, even stubborn dirt, and gently drops it down the drain. Low suds for efficiency, biodegradable so that it doesn't clog sewage systems and septic tanks with foam and froth. Add **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, and the team is complete. Whites, prints and solid colors come out like new, wash after wash. And never a worry about fabric damage or "bleach rot". Even the new synthetics and permanent press fabrics are safe.

Now you know the secret. Try this new team soon.

**Kitchen-Klatter
BLUE DROPS
and
SAFETY BLEACH**

A mother is as different from anything else that God ever thought of as can be. She is a distinct and individual creation.

—Henry Ward Beecher

Mother is but another word for love.

—Joseph Dubovik

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

fresh I'd forget them in no time . . . and she's right.

When I refer to "funny comments" I'm thinking what he said the first night he was here and I offered to read to him from one of his fine Richard Scarry books. These are big books loaded with wonderful pictures and they have hard-back covers.

When he handed me the book I noticed instantly that the back cover was intact but the front cover was missing. I said to him: "My goodness, James, how did this happen?" He replied:

They all have one thing in common



... DIRT!

Oh, these people aren't dirty . . . but the nicest, cleanest houses still manage to get dirt in them. Tracked in. Carried in. Blown in. Dragged in.

Fingerprints. Smears. Grease. Footprints. It all gets in. You know it.

And you probably know what to do about it, too: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. The easy-to-use, fast-to-work household detergent that goes into solution the minute it hits water (even cold, hard water). That cuts quickly through grease and ground-in grime. And never, never leaves scum or froth to be rinsed away. Isn't that what you're looking for in a cleaner?

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



Katharine will soon be two and needn't be fed, but Lisa and Natalie were excited to have a little girl to play with and enjoyed mothering her. Katharine was delighted with the attention and joined into the game.

"Well, Katharine tore off the cover and I think it was a good idea because this way you can get right to the pictures."

By the way, I think so highly of these Scarry books that before I write to you next month I'll get a list of the titles so you can take action on it if you're interested.

Katharine has an extensive vocabulary and uses many phrases of all kinds. She still has a passionate interest in food and eats everything that is put before her. She too goes to bed for her nap and again at night without any kind of commotion. In fact, every day as soon as she finished her lunch she headed right for the upstairs saying: "Nighty-night, everyone."

The first day she was here she got her mind set on something that struck me as very funny. Almost immediately she spotted the folding gate that had been installed at the head of the stairs last summer - it had been removed since then and was tucked into a corner.

Nothing would do but she had to have that gate in her crib, and believe me, it didn't leave much room for her. She slept with it every night she was here.

Well, I seem to have used every bit of room that was reserved for me and Marge may even have to cut something out, so I should wind this up right now and head for the kitchen. I'll by-pass the dining room on my way because it piled with toys and equipment that will go down to the basement late this afternoon.

Always faithfully yours,
Lucile

TIMBER CHURCH - Concluded

with your knees straight; it's fine for the waistline.

Old clothes are perfect for mushroom hunting because no doubt you'll go through brambles, and slosh through mud while crossing a bog, and when you're trying to hang onto a steep hillside, it's fun to just fall into a relaxed heap sometimes. You'll feel so good, you might take a little snooze in the sunshine on some hillside. Your heavenly Father will watch over you and the tenseness of modern living will flow from your body like water.

Last week I'm sure I came across a fox's hole. I looked down deep into it but didn't see anything. At the entrance, small plants of wild Bee Balm grew, and they'd been trampled on recently because the definite minty smell was in the area. This plant has pale lavender flowers and is a wild relative of the red Monardra Mint in our flower garden.

A pair of mourning doves flew quite close, their wings making a lovely whirring sound as they flew. They're called the Wild Doves of the East in one of my bird books. They look like small brownish-gray pigeons with sharply pointed tails.

For years we've called them rain crows, and believed that their soft, mournful "coo-coo-coos" predicted rain. How could they feel mournful with their entire timber floor carpeted with Dutchmen's britches, violets, and wild ginger? If you'll hunt, you can still find secluded timber churches in your area and their serenity will soothe you.

✕ ✕ ✕

"Little Ads"

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

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While passing a demolition house, my young grandson remarked, "Look, Grandma, they are building that house down!"
-Mrs. C. Albert Lister

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To the Wild, Shy Violet

by
Margie R. Messner

I gathered a small bouquet of violets in my backyard. In a few moments I was traveling down Memory Lane to a small meadow in southern Missouri where each spring, come May basket time, my sisters and I always gathered flowers. How we shouted for joy when we found a violet with two dark velvet petals, along with May apple blossoms, regal and white, Dutchman's breeches, funny little pants, large wild pansies with happy faces, and many other flowers.

Looking at the violets in my hand, I wondered how long they had grown on this land, for we had bought the plot over twenty years ago and built a home where no house had ever stood. How did these violets get here? Were the seeds carried by wind or bird? For they are the wild variety, lavender-blue to deeper purple, according to which side of the house they grow on. For after the house was built the black, rich topsoil was spread over the lawn. They have never been encouraged to grow, but each spring the backyard is a soft carpet of eye-catching blue. They border the fence and their roots help keep a terrace from erosion.

Is this small plant an example to man? I pondered; it asks nothing of man, and grows in sun or shade. It will thrive in cracks and crevices of sidewalks and driveways. It is never quite the nuisance the dandelion is. It is often called shy and sweet, and yet in its own way it will replace the bluegrass, left entirely to itself. It has been walked on, mowed over, and yet it remains.

We also have some dogtooth violets with their ragged leaves. Some of the short-stemmed yellow violets also have found their way into the yard. A departed friend gave me a start of the white one with a lavender spot and a few white ones without a trace of lavender. These pure white ones can be found in some areas of our Missouri woods, and can be transplanted and still retain their whiteness.

In the spring I have often gathered the violets with a few bleeding hearts and placed them in a soft blue, fluted, fan-shaped vase. They make a lovely table decoration.

The violet has no thorns, takes very little growing space, and tends strictly to its own business of bringing beauty even in the fall.

The shy, sweet, wild violet is worthy of man's respect. Has not the Master said in Matthew 6:28-29: *Consider the lilies . . . How they grow . . . even Solomon was not arrayed like one of THESE.*



PAUSE . . . THINK . . . THIS MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 29

In 1868, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, John A. Logan, issued a general order designating May 30, 1868, "*for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion . . . with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year.*"

The traditions of Memorial Day, or

Decoration Day as it was called then, have indeed "kept up from year to year." But today we honor not only the Civil War dead, but also those Americans who have given their lives in World War I and II, the Korean War, and the war in Vietnam.

Yet the real meaning of these external remembrances can only be measured by the depth of personal feeling they evoke within each American.

So on May 30, let us not forget to pause for a moment of silence to reflect on the significance of this holiday and its ceremonies for each of us — as a memorial to the men and women who have died in war to protect our freedom, our liberty, our way of life.



fast, Fast, FAST relief from those salad "blahs"

Wake up the salad (and the whole meal) with dressings that SING! We're talking about **Kitchen-Klatter's** two new salad dressings: **Country Style** and **French**. Made with the finest ingredients we know how to find, and to our own secret specifications, these rich and creamy dressings will make any salad a real taste-tingling sensation.

Of course they're different from one another, just as they're different from ordinary dressings. But the quality is the same in both: smooth, with just the right combination of oil, vinegar, spices and flavors. You'll soon be finding more uses for them, too: as marinades, bastes, etc.

If your grocer can't yet supply you, send us his name. But check his shelves carefully first, because we're spreading fast. Yours for better salads!



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