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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 37

MAY, 1973

NUMBER 5



Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier

NOV 73
MRS. M. E. PEARSON
302 HAMBURG AVE
ST. JOSEPH MO 64505

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When I wrote to you last month I was foolish enough to say that it actually looked as if we'd gotten over the hump of a long, long winter and were finally launched into more promising times.

Well, it was a great big mistake to make such a statement. In the weeks that have passed since then I don't believe we've had more than a half-dozen beautiful days, and these were spaced so far apart that there was no sense in getting up one's hopes for an end to rain, rain and more rain.

This morning it is snowing and a 40-mile per hour wind is blowing. I cannot imagine a more disheartening day for farmers to get up to. Our daily mail for months has contained harrowing reports of what this winter has meant to Midwestern farmers, and to ranchers west of us who have suffered terrible losses from unprecedented weather conditions.

Juliana told me in a recent letter that in northeastern New Mexico it is estimated that 98% of the newborn calves have died from exposure. They had one extremely severe blizzard after another in that area, and as a result the livestock losses have been catastrophic. You can also use that word to describe the losses suffered by Midwestern farmers.

This week James will be five years old, a fact that I find hard to believe since it seems only yesterday that the phone rang and it was Jed telling me that I was a grandmother. Juliana plans to make decorated cupcakes for him to take to school, and then for a little party at home he will have a big cake decorated with pirates, his current great interest.

This began when he was here in March and I read to him *Peter Pan*, a large book profusely illustrated with vividly colored pictures. He was crazy about that book and couldn't get enough of it. I told Juliana when she was packing that she should take it back to Albuquerque, but she thought it would be

a good idea to leave it here so he would have it to anticipate on the next visit.

I never like to say "I told you so", but that book really should have gone home with him because he talks about it constantly and laments the fact that it's back in Iowa at Granny Wheels' house. When I asked Juliana what I could get him for his birthday she said: "Just send Peter Pan, Mother. It's all he wants."

So . . . the book is on its way and will be there in time for his birthday.

Mother's 87th birthday was a wonderfully happy occasion that we celebrated with a family dinner at Margery's and Oliver's home. Dorothy and Frank braved heavy rain to get here, and our five Wisconsin Driftmiers were also present. It made for quite a crowd to sit down around 1:30 to the proverbial groaning table.

Let's see . . . we had roast turkey, baked ham with curried fruit, a rice casserole, (this was a combination of long-grain rice and wild rice with mushrooms and water chestnuts), fresh asparagus, hot rolls, a variety of relishes, a molded vegetable salad, and a perfectly elegant birthday cake that Dorothy brought. A friend of hers made it and decorated it beautifully — it really was a masterpiece.

Mother received several hundred cards from you friends all over the country and she enjoyed them tremendously. Her absent children and grandchildren called during the evening, so she wound up the day feeling that she had been greatly blessed to observe such an occasion.

We hadn't seen Donald and his family since they were here two years ago for Shenandoah's big Centennial, and we noticed such great changes in their children, although I almost hesitate to use that word since they are definitely young people.

It pleases me that Katharine has a great interest in genuine gourmet cooking and looked over all of my kitchen equipment with a very knowledgeable

eye. She can put on a good meal without a lot of stew and fuss, and this is a big help to Mary Beth who gets home very tired from a day in the classroom. Adrienne can also put on a creditable meal, not as adventurous as Katharine's productions, of course, but dependable and tasty.

At the rate Paul is growing it won't be long until he's as tall as his father, and this means six feet and four inches. Perhaps he'll even get taller than his father! Photography is his great interest, and with money he saved from his paper route he bought an unusual-looking camera that is quite a challenge to him. (If I had that camera for ten years I doubt that I could ever master it.) His other absorbing interest is science, and he's fortunate enough to attend a school where he gets the maximum attention and encouragement. It made me feel almost a little younger to have a visit with my nieces and nephew even though their stay was necessarily so brief.

This year Juliana has been attending night school once a week at the University of New Mexico for a class in high altitude gardening. It's her second year on this subject and she feels that she has learned a great deal. The only hitch here is the terrible weather they've had that makes it hard to put any of this knowledge into practice. She's afraid she's lost most of her spring planting, but she's going ahead with plans for a big vegetable garden. She bought all of her seeds at May's when she was here in town, and I was surprised at the size of that collection. Given any decent growing weather at all they'll have enough to feed the whole neighborhood.

Katharine will be three in June and this is a great milestone for her because it means that in September she can go to school two mornings a week. She's never made her peace with the fact that James could go to school while she had to stay home, and she understands very clearly that once she is three she can go to school also. This is a nursery school that has a really wonderful program for small children. I'm astounded by how much James knows about Albuquerque, and a great deal of this has come from the interesting "field trips" that they make frequently.

Eula and I hope to spend two weeks in Albuquerque this summer, but right now with the worst blizzard of the year raging away it seems like an idle dream to give it any thought!

At any rate, I HOPE IT'S A GORGEOUS DAY WHEN YOU TAKE THIS MAGAZINE OUT OF YOUR MAILBOX!

Always faithfully,

Lucile

FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

As I sit here in my study writing to you, the big jet planes from Westover Field just outside of town wing their way over our treetops. My but they do make a thundering racket! They are off to who knows where? Probably to Honolulu or to Anchorage on their way to the Far East. Tomorrow they may be back after having flown halfway around the world. We wonder what Benjamin Franklin was thinking when in 1786 he said: "We have conquered space. Now it is but an easy holiday trip to go from Boston to London." Good heavens!

In the paper this morning there was an advertisement for helicopter charter service, and I am going to investigate. All my life I have wanted to learn to fly a helicopter, and this may be my chance. When we were in the Northwest last summer, we were dumbfounded to learn how expensive helicopter charter service is out there. If the cost back here in Massachusetts is the same as out there, I won't be able to get within a mile of the airport!

Here in New England we love our ocean and we love our hills. Right now I lift my eyes from this typewriter and look out over the Berkshire Hills that are more properly mountains. The Berkshires do not give us the spectacular views that we get in the White Mountains a little to the north of here, but they do give us memorable views, gentle and soothing.

If you were here, I would leave my church work a few hours early today, and we would drive over meandering roads lined with stone fences, past long-abandoned homesteads with their tumble-down chimneys covered with vine and brush. In just minutes we could be lost on some little mountain road that would seem a thousand miles from civilization, and then all of a sudden we would round some bend to find ourselves in some little sleeping beauty village with an old mill and a tiny white church. Betty and I never tire of our mountain wandering, and no matter how often we do it, we discover places only a few minutes from home that we never have visited before.

Yes, you can get away from the tourist-crowded highways in New England. Our states are small by western standards, and our cities large, but once you are here, you will get the impression that seventy-five percent of our land is forest. While driving to Boston the other day I remarked: "Look at those forests! How is it possible that this is one of the most densely populated states in the nation?" Of course the answer lies in the fact that all through our woods there are little villages so



Frederick and Betty Driftmier, at the entrance to a friend's home.

surrounded by hills and trees that they cannot be seen until you are in them. In some of the villages it is not unusual to find colonial inns that have been in constant use since the time of the Revolutionary War.

Not long ago one of my friends from Kansas City asked me why we New Englanders ever want to travel anywhere else when we have so much of beauty and so much of history all around us all the time. I am not sure of the answer, but it often has occurred to me that the more we travel, the more we appreciate what we have at home. That is what we mean whenever we say: "The change does us good." Every now and then we need a change in our perspective, and travel gives us just that.

COVER PICTURE

About ten days before Mother's 87th birthday this picture was taken in the corner of the living room where a good light makes it easier to thread needles and follow stamped lines.

Mother says that among the hundreds of blessings for which she is truly grateful is the fact that she can still embroider and read to her heart's content.

This year marks the 47th anniversary of the founding of her Kitchen-Klatter program. Who would have dreamed back in the beginning, almost a half-century ago, that her life and, through her, the lives of her children, grandchildren and now her great-grandchildren would touch the lives of countless thousands of people?

Her work and her wonderfully serene philosophy of life have made a tremendous difference to those thousands of people whom she has always called her good friends even though most of them were never met face to face.

We're sure they all join with us in great expectations for a 50th anniversary in 1976 that will mark a completely unique milestone in radio and in publishing.


As we grow older our travel interests change. At the age of fifty-six, I find my interest in mountain climbing much diminished. There was a time when I thought it the greatest sport in the world, and I have climbed beautiful mountains in this country and in Europe, but I do very little of it now. Perhaps it is laziness on my part, but I like to think it is simply a change in taste. Now I am much more interested in boats of all kinds. I prefer sailing boats, but any kind of a boat can tempt me away from a mountain trail. Many people go to Norway for mountain climbing, but when we go there again it will be a boating expedition first and last.

About the time you receive this letter, my Associate Minister, the Rev. John Willard Ames, will be guiding a party of twenty church members through the Greek Islands in the Aegean Sea. After several days of island-hopping, they will go on to Rome, Florence, Milan and Venice, and then they will spend several days soaking up the mountain scenery of Austria. It will be the fifth consecutive South Church Tour to Europe under the direction of Mr. Ames, and how grateful our church people are for this part of our church program. If your own church has not yet had some travel tours for its people, I heartily recommend such to you. There are few things that give to church people a stronger bond of common interest and a greater source of common inspiration than a successful tour. Each year our people come home with exciting stories of magnificent churches they have attended, of splendid church leaders they have met, and of the way their friendship for each other has grown. Without fail, each tour has increased the church loyalty of the people participating.

Right here I must warn you of some of the pitfalls. There have been church tours that were not as successful as those of our church. For example, one of our local churches organized a cut-rate tour to the Holy Land which left many persons with a bad taste for that kind of travel. Their tour was a rushed and tiring one; their accommodations second rate; and their time schedule frequently altered to their sorrow. Our church, on the other hand, does nothing on a cut-rate basis. It is our policy to make certain that the trip is a comfortable, leisurely, safe one in every detail, believing that what is for most people a once-in-a-lifetime experience, should be the best that money can buy. When people have saved all their lives to make that one grand tour, it is too bad to risk spoiling a single day of it just to save a few dollars.

Some of you may be making your first trip abroad this year, and I want to

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There've been some changes made!

A MOTHER-DAUGHTER HAPPENING

by Mabel Nair Brown

Changes of diapers, changes in baby care, changes in times. Indeed, there have been many changes in the "bring-in' up o' young-uns" since Grandmother was mothering her babies. So we'll take some changes, add some of the color and beauty of the springtime, and presto! we will set the mood for our Mother-Daughter happening this year.

DECORATIONS

For the main room decoration make a large nylon net flower tree. For this you will need a good-sized tree branch, which you can set up in a Christmas tree holder. You may leave this tree its natural color or spray it white. Conceal the tree holder with Easter grass. For the "blossoms" on the tree make large balls of ruffled nylon net, just as they are made to use for dish and pan scrapers, using net in lovely springtime colors — orchid, yellow, pale blue, pink, mint green, and rose. Tie these to the tree branches with thread. Your tree branch may have just enough new little leaves upon it so that if it is placed in water, it will stay green with the net balls adding the color. A few of the Kitchen-Klatter feather butterflies would add additional color, too, if fastened here and there on the tree. Also make small diaper "triangles" of white material and scatter about on the tree, with perhaps a few pretty little baby rattles.

Program Booklets: Make these booklets of a size that will fit inside a diaper that has been made by folding a napkin (use plain colors in spring shades) in the familiar triangle and pinning it with a small gold safety pin.

Nut Cups: If you plan far enough ahead, why not ask young mothers with babies to save the small baby food jars? Use these to hold the nuts and mints. To decorate the jars, after labels have been removed and the jars washed, tie narrow ribbonette around each jar — blue and pink, yellow and lavender, green and white — and curling some of the ribbon to make a little pompom bow on each jar.

Carrying out the changes from then and now — not only a change of dia-

pers, but in the diapers themselves! How about displays of old-fashioned baby rattles, nursing bottles, the old curved handle feeding spoons, baby cups and feeding dishes that families have kept from yesteryears? These could be used as conversation centerpieces on banquet tables, or as a display set up in one area of the party room. This might also include a display of baby clothes dating back through the years, and don't forget the pinning of blankets and the belly bands! Even baby pictures of the guests present would show an interesting change, also.

PROGRAM

Table Grace or Invocation:

Welcome:

We welcome each and every one.
Wish I could mention every name,
But will just say, "It's good to see ya;
We're so glad you came."
Our theme is "changes" — of pants and
babes, young and old!
Our plans have all been laid,
We've found since Granny was first a
mama

There've been some changes made!

Changes of diapers, yes, millions of
those,

But other changes, too;
And we hope you'll share some chuck-
les

As we point them up to you.
Now relax, everybody — and smile!
Be happy! Join us in our fun!
We want you to be as glad as we are
That you "babes" all could come!

Salute to Mothers: What is Mother? She's a big smile with love in the middle. She's two eyes filled with hope and pride, and just a hint of fear. She's America's hardest working career girl. She's old and young and in-between. She's short and tall and rich and poor. She's the hope of the world with love in her heart. Mothers like: fathers, children, quiet nights at home, family outings, the happy shouts of boys and girls, A's on a report card, and clean faces.

Mothers stand over hot stoves, push irons back and forth over frilly ruffles,

pick up toys, darn socks, lend a listening ear, and kiss a bumped head well. Mothers soothe hurt feelings, sing lullabies and worry about the food budget. They like to look pretty like other people, and to cry at graduations and weddings.

Mother is a housekeeper, plumber, gardener, carpenter, chef, nurse, psychiatrist, and judge. She is pediatrician, seamstress, janitress, chauffeur. She is a diplomat holding a safety pin, and a philosopher with a cake in the oven.

Mother thinks a grubby dandelion given by loving hands more beautiful than a basket of orchids.

She holds back a tear when she fits her daughter into her first formal and she holds back her tears when the last child goes off to kindergarten. She holds back a tear when the clouds of war gather, or when she sees a starving or sick child on a television program. Part of each Mother's Day is spent holding back tears, because mothers cry only at night and on special occasions.

Mothers like wet kisses, sticky love pats, crayon pictures, new hair-dos, and descriptions of parties.

Mothers have the courage that brings gentleness to nations; she gives roots to the family and warmth to the world. She's a mother.

(Adapted from Dan Valentine)

Music: "M-O-T-H-E-R", "A, You're Adorable", or some humorous parodies by the whole group.

Salute to Daughters: Little daughters are cute, and thank goodness they don't know it. But when they start to grow, it becomes a mother's duty to explain that beauty isn't everything in the world, and that she doesn't need a brand-new outfit everytime some junior high boy might come over to her house to study after school.

Daughters are precious when they become old enough to want to be in the kitchen and help Mummy cook; but not so precious when they have the gang in for pizza and fudge and leave a sink filled with dishes, pots and pans. But remember how proud and pleased her dad was the night she cooked a delicious dinner all by herself and had it ready and waiting when Dad and Mother returned home from an out-of-town trip?

Daughters can look so pretty in frilly dresses with bows in their hair, or in bright plaids with white collars. But not when they go around with hair in huge rollers, sawed-off jeans, downstretched jersey tops, and faded sneakers. (Anyway, you know they CAN be pretty if they want to!) Then, when you see her in the dress she made in home-making class, her hair brushed to a burnished sheen of pure loveliness, or

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

A friend and I were discussing the other afternoon how hard it was to get anyplace now days if you didn't have a car and know how to drive it. You either have to depend upon friends who drive, or you stay home.

On the way home I was thinking how drastically things have changed, transportation-wise, in just a few short years in our country. Two main lines of the railroad went through our county seat town of Chariton, the Rock Island and the Burlington. You could get on the Rock Island passenger train in Chariton and go all the way to Los Angeles without getting off the train; or you could go north to Minneapolis on the same train. By changing trains in Chicago or Denver, you could go to the east coast or the west coast by getting on the Burlington train in Chariton. These tracks are still used several times daily by freight trains, but the only passenger train that goes through town is the Amtrak, and it doesn't stop.

There has been no bus line into Chariton for many, many years, and now with no passenger trains it is very difficult for elderly people who can't drive, or are no longer physically able to drive, to even get outside the city limits. There are thousands of towns all over the country in the same situation.

I am constantly amazed at the number of people I talk to who have never been on a train, and I mean people in my age category. I'm not surprised that 99% of the young people have never ridden on a train, but to me the most "fun" way to travel has always been by train. I do not like to fly, and not until they took the trains off so it was impossible to get to my destination that way, did I ever take a long plane trip. This wonderful country of ours has some beautiful scenery, and to me the best way to see it is not from 30,000 feet in the air above it.

I have always found it easy to make friends and get acquainted with people while riding in a train. I have made several trips back and forth to California, especially during the war years when we lived on the west coast, and most of the people I knew and saw much of while making my home there were those I had met on the train. We used to refer to them as "Dorothy's



Margery and Dorothy were asked to say a few words to the ladies in the audience at the cooking school held in Shenandoah last month. Dorothy, on the right, was giving greetings from all of the Kitchen-Klatter Family when this candid shot was taken.

train friends". To me there is something romantic and exciting about riding across the country in a train, looking at the small towns you pass through and waving at the people whose cars are stopped at the crossings. I like to ride in the dome car at night, and look for the lights of the small towns as we approach them. I hope the next time Kristin comes back home for a visit she and the boys can take the train from Denver, so they can have the experience of eating in the diner and the fun of riding in the dome car. When Aaron was a baby Kristin brought the boys and came by train from Laramie to Omaha, but they are both old enough now to really enjoy the trip, and it would be a wonderful learning experience for them.

This is the time of year the baby calves are arriving. The other day when it was pouring down rain (just like every other day this month) Frank walked all over looking for a cow that was missing when he went to feed, and finally found her with a new baby. She brought her down this morning for the first time, and Frank called me to look out the window at the baby he named "Raindrop".

A good friend of mine, Norma Pim, lives on a farm about four miles from us, and she raises a lot of sheep every year. When her husband died a few years ago she had a son and two daughters still at home, and they just continued in the sheep business. Now her children are all grown and out on their own, but she still raises sheep. Just before Christmas, when she was in the barn pulling hay down for them, she fell and broke her knee, and has been laid up ever since. She was unable to attend our Birthday Club luncheon in January, and asked us if we would come to her house soon to eat

with her. She fixed the leg of lamb and we took in the rest of the food. That was absolutely the best leg of lamb I have ever eaten, and I asked her how she fixed it. She said she sprinkled quite a lot of garlic salt on the bottom part that was down in the old-fashioned roaster, and a little garlic salt on the top, then covered it and roasted it in a slow oven all morning. That was all she did, and it was absolutely elegant. Everything else we had to eat was good too, and in spite of the fact it poured down rain all day, we had a wonderful afternoon.

Mary Allen, one of our members, had just returned from a trip to Hawaii, so we were all anxious to hear about her trip. She had several souvenirs to show us, and also passed around the pictures she had taken. I had several colored slides of Hawaii the folks took when they were there, and Mary asked me to bring my projector and show these.

Norma is the curator of our Lucas County Historical Museum, and this requires a great deal of her time, so she doesn't have time to take care of the orphan lambs as they come along. Before this year she said she has always just given them away to someone who would take care of them. But this year, for some reason, there has been a great demand for the orphans because people are buying them for Easter pets for their youngsters. She said she had sold eleven and could have sold a lot more if she had had them. This brought back memories for me. We raised a few sheep when Kristin and Juliana were small, and they had pet lambs to feed on the bottle.

Bernie and Aunt Delia were hostesses recently for their Sunshine Club, and since Aunt Delia is now living in a nursing home, Bernie had it at her house. I offered to help them out by fixing the refreshments, but Bernie wanted to fix the food. She said if I wanted to help her I could bake something to sell at the food sale, so I baked a butter-pecan pound cake. For Delia I made four quarts of caramel corn. The food sale items were all put on the dining room table and the women went around and put bids on the items they wanted. Then maybe someone else put a higher bid on it. Since I was going to see Mother the next day, I took her a delicious coffeecake and a dozen homemade rolls. I think they replenished their flower fund with close to \$40.00 in this way.

Either the ice on the bayou went out earlier this year, or our little wood ducks were late in returning. For the past few years the bayou has still been frozen over when they returned, and they have had to wait on the creek until it thawed out. When they arrived

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The Tulips' Awakening

A CHILDREN'S PLAY

by
Evelyn Witter

Time: Early spring.

Setting: A house yard.

Characters: First Tulip, Second Tulip, Third Tulip, Other Tulips (as many as desired), Spring Sunshine, Spring Rain, Bob, Barbara. (Any of these parts may be taken by either boys or girls.)

Costumes: No costumes are required. However, it may be suggested that Tulips wear flower-shade clothing and crepe paper hats resembling blooms.

Setting: The garden may be designated by five or six feet of 12" picket fencing, or by cardboard or other material made to resemble a low, garden fence.

As the scene opens the Tulips are behind the garden fence facing the audience. They are on the floor in a crouching position, heads down and motionless. They are *not* wearing their hats. Hats are in pockets or otherwise concealed.

First Tulip: (raises head and yawns) It's been a long sleep.

Second Tulip: (raises head) I'm beginning to feel cramped in my bulb. (squirms)

Third Tulip: (raises head) I feel rested enough now too. (yawns)

All Tulips: (raise heads and yawn)
(Enter Spring Sunshine stage right, skipping over to the garden, smiling brightly. She raises her arms and moving back and forth in front of the garden moves her fingers, as if she were playing the piano, directly above the tulips' heads.)

Spring Sunshine: Wake up dear Tulips! It is spring! This is part of God's plan for you. Come out of your bulbs in the spring and grow and bud and blossom. You will bring so much joy and pleasure to all who see you. Wake up.

First Tulip: Oh! The earth around me is getting nice and warm.

Second Tulip: I feel so warm I don't want to huddle in my winter bed anymore.

Third Tulip: It must be Spring Sunshine sending us the news that spring is here; that it is time for all growing things to wake up!

All Tulips: We heard! We heard! It is

part of God's plan.

(Spring Sunshine stands stage left in profile to the audience, but still twinkling her fingers in the direction of the tulips.)

(Spring Rain enters stage right, walking gayly and saying "pitter-patter, pitter-patter, pitter-patter" as she walks.)

Spring Rain: I have a drink for you! (Moves back and forth before the Tulips holding a sprinkling can over their heads as if watering them.) I have gathered this drink from rivers and streams and oceans. And it is God's plan that I give it to you.

First Tulip: (raises head a little higher and holds out hands as if feeling rain gratefully) I didn't realize I was so thirsty.

Second Tulip: (same motions) How good the rain feels to my tender leaves!

Third Tulip: (same motion) What a blessing this rain is for us!

All Tulips: The rain is part of God's plan for growing things.

(Spring Rain stands stage right holding sprinkling can high.)

All Tulips: (begin moving and squirming and stretching. Then they begin rising very, very gradually. Finally they are all standing erect.) We give thanks to Thee, O God, we give thanks.

(Enter Bob and Barbara stage left.)

Barbara: Oh! Oh! Oh! Look! the tulips are up!

All Tulips: (sway back and forth as if in a gentle breeze)

Bob: Seems like they like the spring breeze, too, the way they're waving back and forth.

Barbara: Soon they'll have buds, and then they'll bloom.

Bob: Their leaves will stay pretty green all summer. In the fall they'll wilt. Then they go back to sleep for the winter.

All Tulips: That is God's plan.

Barbara: I'll be anxious to see what they look like when we come back after spring vacation.

Bob: Me too!

(Exit Bob and Barbara stage left.)

(Spring Sunshine returns to garden, skipping back and forth and twinkling her fingers. Then returns to stage left.)

(Spring Rain returns to garden using sprinkling can saying: "Pitter-patter, pitter-patter." Returns to stage right.)

All Tulips: (put on crepe paper hats to indicate the tulips are now in bloom. Spring Sunshine and Spring Rain come forward and stand together stage center.)

All: (Song: "This Is My Father's World".)

(Enter Bob and Barbara stage right.)

Barbara: The tulips are all in bloom!

Bob: The tulips are in bloom!

All Tulips: It is God's plan for this wonderful world! (Curtain.)

FUN WAYS FOR MAY DAYS

by
Virginia Thomas

Quick Cooky May Basket Cups:

Choose your favorite frozen cooky dough and use medium-sized muffin tins to bake the cups in. For each cup cut four slices of cooky dough. Place one round in one of the muffin cups and then use the other three rounds to place around the sides of the cup, overlapping each other, and gently pinching to seal edges. (For larger size muffin tins you may need four slices of dough for the sides.) After all the muffin cups are lined with cooky dough, bake as directed on the package. When cool, carefully remove from the pans. These cups can be filled with ice cream, sherbet, or mixed fruits for a pretty and tasty party dessert.

Pansy Fortunes are fun for May parties. Pansies are supposed to foretell the future, so the hostess may pass a basket of pretty pansy blossoms and ask each guest to choose one and then study the lines to be seen on the pansy "faces" to learn her fortune. The lines are said to mean as follows:

1. Four lines mean that your dearest wish will come true.
2. Five lines mean hope with fear.
3. If the lines lean toward the right, it means prosperity.
4. If they lean toward the left, it means trouble ahead.
5. Seven lines mean your loved one is true and constant.
6. Eight lines denote fickleness.
7. Nine lines mean a change in your life.
8. Ten lines foretell riches.

Semester Test Quiz: (May brings the end of the school year for many sections of the country, so how about your guests taking a quiz to see if they pass?) Answers are all old proverbs.

1. Never subject a presented equine with dental inspection.
2. You garner the centimes and other larger units will manage their own welfare.
3. A vessel under optical supervision will never reach state of ebullition.
4. Plumaged bipeds often prefer common assembly.
5. An asinine one and his collateral are soon estranged.
6. Who hooks my receptacle availeth zero.
7. Vented sentiments of canine usually finds bicuspid nil.
8. If possible in twenty-four, never choose forty-eight.
9. The humidity is not comparative but absolute.
10. An instrument used with psychological precision will be tantamount

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A Tribute to Aunt Reka

(AND ALL WOMEN WHO TAKE A
MOTHER'S PLACE)

by Mrs. Henry Kuhr



The name Aunt Reka was sheer magic to me long before she ever came to take our mother's place after our parents were both killed in a tornado which also destroyed our home.

Sixty years ago it was unusual, to say the least, to move from one far city to another, but we received picture post cards of parks and tall buildings to prove that Aunt Reka did. Weren't there postmarks from Sioux City, Iowa; Pueblo, Colorado; even Los Angeles, California? There were also the gifts — cups and saucers with "Souvenir of Pueblo" and beads which had the fragrance of California roses to prove it.

When she occasionally spent a short vacation with us, that was the highlight of our young lives. Little did we dream of the tragic death of our parents in the roaring fury of an Easter tornado which left 19 dead and over 30 injured in our small village. I was ten, the oldest of four girls. Our home, of course, was in shambles. It would take months to clean up and rebuild.

The relatives nearby and those who had come for my parents' funerals had decided each to take one of us, but then Aunt Reka came from Los Angeles and said, "No one takes any of them. I'm staying here and they can all stay with me."

How she worked to renovate furnishings and clothing, and even to clean bricks from the wrecked house to be used in the foundation for a new one! The house belonged to our grandmother, and the Red Cross helped to rebuild it.

By late summer our house was ready. I had stayed with relatives in northern Nebraska, and Aunt Reka and my three-year-old sister came to bring me home.

Aunt Reka had a wonderful sense of humor. How she loved to tell or read stories to us! She often sat on the front porch on summer evenings and read from a fairy tale book, sometimes in her native German, and as she translated, she laughed harder than we. My younger sisters often brought out a pitcher of cool water so Aunt Reka wouldn't get too thirsty and have to interrupt the story.

I've never tasted such delicious golden fried chicken or such wonderful apple pie as she made. Apple pie was perhaps her favorite dessert, which she served with a generous wedge of cheese. As she set the pie before us, invariably she dramatically recited, "Apple pie without the cheese is like

a kiss without a squeeze."

Years later one of our neighbor boys, home from the State University, had Sunday dinner with us. "Aunt Reka," he said, "now I know why I've never married. I couldn't find any one who could make apple pie or fry chicken like you."

Food was not to be treated lightly. She was almost insulted when we couldn't eat all she set before us. She often made cornstarch pudding, molding it in cups and serving it with a gooey, luscious chocolate sauce. She called it "blanc mange", which of course it was. Plain cornstarch pudding was a dessert for a king.

Aunt Reka had a big garden, and flowers in every nook and corner. Each spring as I plant my garden, which I love as much as she did, I too plant "peas" and "beas". (Aunt Reka was sixteen when her family came from Germany. She spoke with scarcely an accent and wrote wonderful letters, but somehow instead of "beans" and "peas" it always came out "peans" and "beas".)

There were also fruit trees in our yard, and Aunt Reka dried, canned or preserved everything available. We had exceptional meals on a limited budget. I'll never know how she managed on the small amount from our inheritance. In fact, she couldn't. She must have used her own money to supplement ours, even though she washed and ironed for other families, cleaned houses, helped cook for threshers and shellers, besides being janitor in our church for years.

She taught Sunday school and sang in the church choir as long as she was able. One of the first things she did for us was to have us baptized. I was too young to know why my father objected to infant baptism. For this, and the deep, abiding faith in God which she instilled in us, I shall always be grateful. If she ever doubted that God would take care of us, none of us ever heard of it. She also taught us not to be afraid of storms, for God takes care of us. Each Christmas, in memory, I hear her sing the carols and the old German Christmas hymns as we gathered around the tree at Aunt Julie's on Christmas night.

Aunt Reka was the life of every gathering. Our pastor's wife was heard to say, "I tell you when Aunt Reka comes, then the fun begins." Every summer we held a Sunday school picnic down by

Platte River. We played games, ran races, and had a good time in addition to the mountains of food. At one picnic, after we had run all sorts of races, Aunt Reka announced, "Now we'll have a fat lady's race. I'll run. Who else? You come, you're fat, too; and you and you." No one was insulted; all took part in the fun. Some one called, "One, two, three, go!" All the fat ladies ran, but where was Aunt Reka? Oh, she started out all right, but a little way down she sat on the sidelines, laughing. Every one of the participants had a good laugh, too.

Each one of us had enough college to teach school, and as three of us married, Aunt Reka was as proud of her "grandchildren" as any grandmother I ever knew. When our first daughter was about eight, she confided to me, "Some little girls have two grandmas. I have a grandma and an Aunt Reka. That's lots nicer." When this same little girl had her first son, Aunt Reka insisted on a four-generation picture to send in her Christmas cards to all her friends.

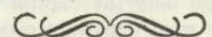
I doubt if many of the people in our small town knew her last name, but everyone knew her and called her "Aunt Reka".

She was old when a radio station had a contest for "A Special Good Neighbor". I sat down and wrote and mailed a short sketch about Aunt Reka and promptly forgot it. Aunt Reka won, but neither she nor I heard the announcement. The special delivery letter came on Saturday afternoon, and in our small town there was no special delivery. But it didn't take long before our telephone began to ring. Everyone was delighted. Aunt Reka received a radio, an orchid corsage, and an expensive wrist watch. We tried to tell her to sell the watch and buy a comfortable rocker, but Aunt Reka was stubborn. "I guess not. When I win a watch, I keep it." She never wore it, but our sister who lived with her wore it until she passed away last year. It is still running, and my oldest granddaughter's prized keepsake, just as the radio, which still plays, is mine.

We must have grieved her, as I realized when my own family was growing up, but if she ever regretted coming to be our mother, I never knew of it.

When she passed away after a long illness, someone in expressing sympathy to us concluded with, "There'll never be another Aunt Reka. Do you know the girls in our family used to argue about who could help with the spring cleaning at church? It was so much fun to work with Aunt Reka."

To all of us Aunt Reka is a loving, blessed memory. I only hope and pray that I can leave for my children and grandchildren a memory half as dear.



ABIGAIL TELLS MORE ABOUT TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

Dear Friends:

Almost without exception travelers in South America rank a visit to Macchu Picchu as one of the most memorable of their lifetimes. Its magnificent blending of setting and architecture provides powerful demonstration of the genius of Indian architects and engineers. You know from history that wherever Europeans encountered the civilization of the natives of North and South America, they set about to destroy those civilizations as completely as possible.

One of the few Indian cities never located by Europeans during the early centuries of exploration and conquest was an Inca ceremonial center now called Macchu Picchu. So perfectly blended was the stone construction with the dramatic mountain setting that the abandoned city was not discovered until sixty years ago. This was after centuries were spent in fruitless search for this sacred Inca site.

Nowadays Macchu Picchu is reached easily via a railway trip from Cuzco, Peru. After first ascending the mountain pass, the train descends several thousand feet to follow the Urubamba River for an hour or so. When you step off the train you search the surrounding terrain in vain, knowing the city is situated right at hand, completely concealed somewhere on the mountains covered with lush vegetation. Mini-buses whisk the passengers 2000 feet up a series of switchbacks, and minutes later you are standing in Macchu Picchu, looking directly below to the train parked beside the river.

The Incas built their cities of stone without mortar, iron tools, or knowledge of the curved arch. They fitted together immense stone blocks weighing many tons so perfectly that a knife blade cannot be inserted between two stones. Frequently, as at Macchu Picchu, the location was a very steep mountain slope, which they modified here, as they did everywhere, with marvelously designed and constructed terraces. We also succumbed to the enchantment of this place and regretted immensely that we did not have reservations to stay overnight at the small but modern hotel located nearby.

Cuzco's elevation is over 11,000 feet. From here one morning we flew again over the towering, snow-covered Andes down to Lima, Peru, located adjacent to the Pacific Ocean. To traverse this same distance by surface would have meant a three-day journey by bus or automobile over poorly maintained, even dangerous, roads.

Lima is not only the capital of Peru but also the most important city for the



Little shoe-shine boys were everywhere in Peru. Wayne stopped for a shine in the plaza of a small town near Bolivia.

western half of South America. In spite of its location next to the sea, it has rained in Lima only once since Europeans began keeping records. When it rained two years ago it caused havoc, for the city is totally unprepared to cope with rain. Although located on one of the worst deserts in the world, rivers originating in the mountains provide water for this city, founded by Pizarro to be the showcase for Spanish colonial life.

Lima was the least favorite city we visited. This was probably due to the fact that it was here we had to confront all the difficulties arising from Emily's stolen documents. In spite of this we did find the museums truly outstanding. Three in particular are "musts". The Museum of Art and Archeology has exhibits of the truly great pre-Inca and Inca cultures. The Rafael Larco Herrera Museum has a fabulous collection of pottery, mostly from the Chimu culture. And the Mujica Gallo Museum, the "gold museum", not only houses an outstanding collection of gold creations of the Indians, but also a large collection of guns and other weapons.

After the desert drabness of Lima and its environs, including the ancient ruins of Pachacamac, we found Quito, Ecuador, a refreshing gem. This sparkling capital city, situated in a high, rather narrow, green, green valley, its thoroughfares brightened by colorful floral plantings, its skyline highlighted by three towering snow-topped volcanoes, captured our hearts. The bustling, noisy old colonial center of the city sees many Indians dressed in their colorful native costumes. Yet the nearby suburban areas are spacious and serene, with numerous modern buildings. Although Quito is located practically on top of the equator, the climate is delightfully moderate because of its 9000-foot elevation.

There are a number of nearby Indian villages noted for their markets. We chose to visit Sacquisili because its

weekly market day was held at the most convenient time for us. This is a market patronized solely by Indians, and for this reason we found its wares extremely interesting. However other markets have a better selection of the hand-crafted items so appealing to us tourists. The Sacquisili market was held in a number of open plaza-like areas. All people selling like products or services gathered in one particular location.

Emily has visited many different markets in Central and South America and she saw something in this market she had never encountered before. Lined up in one location were about twenty Indian men sitting at foot-powered sewing machines. They were available for hire to mend or sew anything that could be done on the machine. An unusual meat animal (to us) was being sold in the animal section — guinea pigs. In this part of the world guinea pigs are purchased live, taken home and fattened to provide a choice delicacy for an important meal.

In every city we visited there were a sizeable number of churches. The magnificence of the gold and silver altars is just plain overwhelming and defies description. We noticed that the churches named "San Francisco" were apparently very much favored by the Indians. Very apparent also was the evidence of terrible poverty among these devout people.

The final stop on our three-weeks' journey was Bogotá, the capital of Colombia. This is a thriving modern city of well over two million people. Situated in a very broad, high valley, about 9000 feet elevation, and surrounded by mountains, it has unlimited room for expansion. It is an important commercial center, with an impressive array of new skyscrapers. Colombia is world famous for its emerald mines, and emeralds are for sale everywhere. Also world famous and absolutely spectacular is the Gold Museum sponsored by one of the leading banks. Pre-conquest Indians living in these regions are regarded as among the finest goldsmiths the world has ever known. These Indians did not use gold for money; its uses were strictly decorative and ceremonial. Unfortunately most of their outstanding artistic creations were melted into bullion by avaricious Europeans. The world's finest collection of surviving examples of their artistry is located in this stunning museum.

The National Museum's building is quite a contrast. It is an old prison which also houses a most interesting collection. We've never seen the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace in England, but we thoroughly enjoyed the colorful late afternoon parade and

(Continued on page 22)

To Catch a Memory

by
Leta Fulmer

Gingerly I picked my way across the kitchen floor, favoring the tender area just above my missing gall bladder. My first day at home alone after surgery — and the day was as grey as my mood. I could do little but watch T.V. And every channel featured some poor soul agonizing in intensive care, hovered over by head-shaking doctors and wild-eyed nurses. I'd had enough of that! I looked past the collection of bells that lined my kitchen window, to the ridge of the barn. Several pigeons teetered there, performing their intricate balancing acts. And suddenly I remembered a little bird that I hadn't thought of for years.

Though we still lived in the city, my husband and young son were frantically repairing an old farmhouse we'd just bought. One evening I watched as Johnnie leaped out of the pickup and rushed toward me. Very gently, he pressed a trembling little body into my reluctant hands.

"We found him out in the manger, Mom. His mother won't take him back. And we couldn't just leave him there." Johnnie's dark eyes were pleading. "Please, Mom, can't we take care of him? I'll help."

"Well, he certainly is gorgeous," I exclaimed sarcastically as I surveyed the pitiful little creature. Most pigeons are lovely, but this scrawny youngster was a grotesque caricature. Scratchy down covered his hot little body, with only an occasional rough feather jutting out in disarray. And his outsized bill curved like the nose of an ancient Roman gladiator. Gorgeous (the accidental description immediately became his name) stared at me with mournful eyes and Johnnie held his breath, awaiting my decision — I was lost! If I'd realized that this pet would require force feeding I'd have reneged right there. And since Gorgeous adopted me, and only me, as his foster mother, the children soon lost interest in "Mom's pigeon". Like it or not, this bird was mine!

Bread soaked in milk — that was the only formula. Gorgeous cooperated in his feedings only to the extent of opening his bill like a pink-lined Carlsbad Cavern. The rest was up to me, cramming the gooey bread into his gullet with a jabbing finger. He swallowed with relish while I gulped hard to fight back nausea. Once my son obligingly brought a huge night crawler for a change of diet. But one bout of trying to force a wriggling worm down that slick little throat was just too much for me. Gorgeous would just have to get his own worms. But when would that ever be?



Every sunny day James and Katharine were visiting in Shenandoah, they spent hours on their tricycles. So much concrete was a real treat.

Through the passing weeks he lost his gawkiness and became quite splendid in his coat of iridescent feathers. But I could not teach him to peck, until the day I almost forgot his feeding time. When I opened his cage, he gave his first peck. And it was a lulu — taking a good chunk of my finger with it. And with that first bite, Gorgeous approached maturity. Oh he still waited for me, greeted me with that rumbling little coo. But a strange restlessness made him search the sky with a listening look. More and more, he patrolled the front of his cage, begging for increased freedom. He tagged at my heels as I hung the wash on the line. He perched on my shoulder as I worked in the flowers. But always he tilted his head, eyeing the sky, as though he heard a distant call. I remember the first day I saw him circle the house, then soar toward the sun. I thought he was gone forever. But evening found him back in his cage, head tucked under his wing. But his safaris into the outside world began to last longer. And one day he didn't return.

Though I insisted to myself, and to everyone else, that I was relieved to be free of a distressing burden, a strange emptiness rolled around in my throat. It was more than a month later that he returned for a final visit. He brought with him a lovely snow-white girl friend. With strutting invitation, he enticed her into his old home. I eavesdropped as he gurgled out a long-winded spiel about his past life. As I ventured near, he swooped so close his feathers grazed my cheek. Then he was gone.

A frantic fluttering on the roof of the barn brought me back to the present. And I sighed thoughtfully. Maybe there was a small bonus to this business of being temporarily out of commission. Perhaps it allowed small memories to sneak back into my memory for a poignant rerun! It was much too easy to forget.

BULB WELCOMES

When a new family moved on the bare-looking Mathews property last fall, the neighbors had a welcome party.

Since our community is a landscape-the-premises-minded community, it was decided that each neighbor would bring flower bulbs for the newcomer.

"The place definitely needs more than just a well-tended lawn," several said.

This spring the new family had a community party to which they invited all last fall's bulb givers.

The old Mathews place was a sumptuous riot of blooms!

We were all thrilled to see what our bulb gifts had developed into and what a beautiful transformation job they did on the homestead grounds. But the really big thrill our bulb gifts brought us was our neighbors' joy. Their cheeks glowed with the pink glow of pleasure and pride. The blooms and the blooms' gardeners gave all of us a glow that only giving and sharing can give!

FAVORITE FOOD GIFTS

When I have visitors, friends or relatives who especially enjoy one of my cooking efforts, I make a note of it.

Then, come birthday or any special-day occasion, I box up, in attractive boxes, as many of the ingredients as is practical to box. And together with the recipe, give the "favorite food" . . . ingredients, recipe, and a friendly note reminding the recipient where, when, and how he had enjoyed this dish . . . to the person who had expressed pleasure in eating this particular dish.

This culinary activity has brought tasteful delight to many friends and relatives, and it has given me much pleasure in giving what I am sure will please.

—Evelyn Witter

LAFEMME PACK RAT

If money (the lack of!) is one reason you have never started a hobby, let me suggest to you the collection of match covers. The cost is slight, they are available everywhere, and in many places they are given away as advertising.

Many collectors have albums in which to keep their covers, but any box would do just as well for a starter.

I have seen match covers of certain subjects tacked on to a bulletin board and hung as a wall decoration.

Several magazines are printed for those interested in this hobby.

A related hobby is that of collecting cigar bands. These could be arranged under a piece of glass as a wall decoration, or on a desk or table top.

Be original! Think of your own way of displaying your collections!

—Mrs. Eugene Kiso

LIFESAVERS FOR BABY SITTERS

by

Elizabeth Burningham

With so many religious and civic groups providing nursery service for young mothers, you may find yourself involved as one of the planners or arrangers of such a nursery, or as baby sitter.

Long, low tables, small chairs, a blanket and (or) playpen, toys, easy puzzles, coloring books, crayons, blunt scissors, and colorful storybooks can make a suitable nursery of almost any room. Avoid small things, such as marbles and toys that pull apart into small pieces that can be put into the mouth. Have on hand, for unexpected or spare time, play materials such as Pla-Do and small rolling pins or dowel sticks and cookie cutters; macaroni or cut-up colored drinking straws to thread; simple card games like Fish, Pick Up Sticks, bubbles to blow (those little metal blowers, please, and hold the bottle yourself, giving each child a turn); books to look at; pictures from old catalogs or magazines to cut out and paste. If you are one of the sitters, have many finger plays, rest games, songs and song games memorized.

A flannel story board makes an enjoyable change from the picture storybook. A flannel board can be made quickly by covering the front or one side of a big carton with a piece of new, white flannel, and gluing the overlap to the back. Your characters can often be found in coloring books. Color and cut them out and glue strips of Pellon on the backs to make them stick to the flannel. If you are at all artistic, you can draw your characters and objects directly onto the Pellon. Put each item on the flannel board as it is mentioned in the story.

Unless there are two sitters, it is seldom practical to take the children out-of-doors. If there are two sitters, it is best to separate children into two age groups. This leaves one sitter free to direct activities suitable for older children.

Most disorder comes from not keeping children occupied. The "hitter" sits on a chair until he will play co-operatively. The "toy cornerer" is made to share. Rowdiness can sometimes be checked with the explanation that that kind of noise is outdoor noise. An unruly child can sometimes be diverted to something new. Guide a child who comes in crying to another child he knows, or something out-of-doors, or notice something new or pretty he is wearing. You may have to ask for help from the mother of the occasional bully.

If children are to be given lunch, thumbtack or tape cheap white paper over table tops. They usually like sim-



An "A" board makes two easels. Shelf at bottom has holes for three plastic glasses, holding red, blue, yellow; big clips at top hold wrapping paper. A powder paint can be bought that mixes with water, for little artists wearing men's old shirts put on backwards for smocks.

ple food, such as tuna or peanut butter sandwiches, cookies and a juice drink. Songs and finger plays help to keep order while they are waiting at the table.

The schedule seems to fall almost automatically into a pattern something like this:

Coloring and playing with toys until everyone arrives.

A simple project, probably seasonal, such as making red and green paper Christmas chains.

Clearing up.

A game — any active game, or marching to records or songs while beating rhythm sticks.

Putting chairs into a circle and sitting down.

1. A song or two.

2. One or more finger plays or song games, or you might stand in the center of the circle and toss a big, soft ball to each child.

3. A story and cookies. Have children wait to eat cookies until the story begins.

4. Let children choose finger plays, songs, etc.

5. Let children individually choose what they do with remaining time.

If there is still time left, the children can make a train, or a house with chairs and play with dress-up clothes, or choose spare time activities listed above.

YOU — PART OF IT ALL

You are part of all your senses and more.

For you are part of the wholeness, the fullness of the entire world. More, of the entire universe.

And whether or not you understand — or care — the world and its inhabitants will continue its determined course through time and space.

Travel your course with equal determination.

MAKE GET-WELL NOTEBOOKS FROM USED CARDS

by

Grace V. Schillinger

Save all your greeting cards and use them to make get-well notebooks for your children, grandchildren, and friends. Keep all kinds and match them up, according to size, and picture type — humorous, scenery, animals, birds, and the contemporary kinds. Trim the pages to fit the envelopes you have or make new envelopes from plain paper, either white or colored, using an old envelope as a pattern.

All it takes is a little time, imagination, and love to make them. I seldom make many ahead because I like to dream up something personal for each person.

For instance, when our seven-year-old Mike was sick I made this one for him. The first page said: "A Get-Well Notebook for You" at the top of the page; underneath were two bright red birds, and at the bottom of the page it said: "From me — Grandma Grace." (Children like to know immediately who sent it.)

Page 2 continued: "It's making a bee-line straight for your door — part way on this tricycle" (picture of two children on a tricycle).

Page 3: "And the rest of the way on skis." The picture shows a child dressed in red, riding through the clouds on skis. (Mike has skied since he was three years old.)

Page 4: A picture of a child sitting under an umbrella — with, "Hope you'll soon be well and playing outdoors and going to school."

Page 5: A bright basket of red roses with "and gathering flowers in spring" beneath the picture.

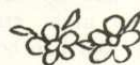
Page 6: Picture of a child carrying a baby lamb, with, "and playing with your pets and toys" written at the top of the page.

Page 7: Picture of a white bunny with a short tail and "I hope your illness will be like a rabbit's tail — REAL SHORT!"

Page 8: "And listen, the sunniest thoughts are a-beaming your way . . . because I love you."

Punch holes at the left edge of the pages and tie with bright ribbon or yarn.

Try making some get-well notebooks. They'll give pleasure twice — to you while you're making them, and to the person who receives them.



UNDERSTANDING AT LAST

As children, they love their parents.
As students, they tolerate their parents.
As adults, they forgive their parents.
And as parents themselves, at last, they understand their parents.

IT'S BEEN AN EXCITING MONTH FOR THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

I'm writing you this morning with the monotonous, drumming sounds that accompany a piano's being tuned. Since I wrote you last we have been enjoying the renewal of musical interest in the family. Adrienne has long been bringing up the subject of learning to play the piano, and we listened with more or less half an ear, considering that the child has many obligations on her time and an added hour of piano practice might not be the most ideal thing for a little girl. However, her pleas continued and finally her father stated that if she could locate a teacher in this locality (please, no more long trips on his busy weekends) he would be more than happy to have her learn the pleasure of playing the piano. She knew several girls in the neighborhood who took lessons, so she set about contacting their teachers.

This really should have been a task for a mother but this is one of those necessities of a working mother giving birth to the inventiveness of a youngster. Ordinarily I would have done this investigation but Adrienne knew I was busy; in fact, she chose an exam weekend when I was so busy I didn't get any laundry done. The first series of calls proved unfruitful and she was a little discouraged. But as our minister says to expect the unexpected, she overheard Paul talking to his friend's mother, who said that this boy was having his piano lesson. Within the hour Adrienne knew who the teacher was, and before the week was out she had the man lined up to come to the house and start her with lessons.

Mr. Andersoo, who speaks broken English (with a wife who is *very* difficult to understand), was her final choice. They came to America from Estonia in 1947 as displaced persons following the war. He was brought here under the auspices of the Lutheran Welfare League, and he and his wife were then hired by the father of Paul's friend. He takes care of their large property and full care of the house for this owner who is busy with his business. Mr. Andersoo has now worked for this same family every day except Saturdays and Sundays until 4 o'clock for 26 years, and during these two free days of his, and those hours from 4:00 until 9 o'clock in the evening, when many of us are resting from our day's activities, Mr. Andersoo has been giving piano lessons. He now has a waiting list of people eager to become his students, and he teaches a handsome total of 70 students each week in his free time.

He was a graduate music student, and



Donald, Mary Beth and their family came from Wisconsin for Mother's 87th birthday celebration. Adrienne, Paul and Katharine are pictured with their grandmother.

knew he could earn a living in America once he got here. When their homeland was wiped out, he had to pray that they would be able to get help from the Lutheran Society. He still has that endearing charm of a continental European gentleman, and he simply charmed Adrienne with his kind approach. His wife came in to visit with me while he was giving the piano lesson (having a teacher come to the house is almost unheard of any more) and in spite of the language problem she was just as charming as her husband.

Katharine is swishing around on cloud nine with the moment of graduation nearly upon her. We found a fine store way down by Lake Michigan which allowed us a handsome discount on luggage, so she now has a shocking burnt-orange collection of suitcases standing proudly in the corner of her bedroom where she can see it. We'll be watching the July white sales for sheets and towels and bedspread and the other essentials that she must have to go away in late August.

I cannot believe, as I am sure every parent since the dawn of history could not believe, that that little one, who used to sit and take forever pulling on her socks and underwear, is old enough to be leaving home. I started writing for *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine when Katharine was a wee bit of a girl, and here I am, this many years later, not ready to have her fly away. But I think I know the major change it will make in our family, besides the loss of a licensed driver who does lots of errands for me; all of a sudden Paul, the middle child, will become Paul, the oldest child!

Speaking of Paul, I must thank all of the ladies who so generously took time to send suggestions for his planters' warts. I am absolutely floored with the

kind response we got to this plea. Paul said he felt like a celebrity, but he was a little reluctant about starting a new cure program. There must be a little time allowed for these cures to prove themselves. I enjoyed the letters immensely and I thank each one of you.

Would you like to hear our latest woe? When we arrived home from school one Friday evening recently, Paul shouted, "Oh, boy, look at the rug in front of the refrigerator!" We bought a house with lovely soft green kitchen carpeting covering (I now learn 28 square yards), the entire cooking and eating areas of the kitchen. Well, there in front of the refrigerator and well beyond it was a dark, moist-looking area. It was moist, all right. It was standing inch deep in water over almost two-thirds of the entire carpet, and there, dripping steadily from the front corners of the freezer section, which is at the bottom, thank goodness, were two steady streams of water. We knew instantly what had happened, although not why. The automatic ice cube maker, which has been such a lovely added feature, was malfunctioning, and had not turned off, I am sure, since we shut the door at 7:30 that morning. The freezer was full of water, all the meat was thawed, the inside of it was like a well-chilled, fifty-gallon fish tank, and down in the basement was the overflow which had dripped after soaking through the moisture barrier in the rug, onto the floor in the basement.

My first impulse was to sit down and cry, and then I thought of drilling a large hole in the floor and letting the standing water drain down to the basement where there was a floor drain. Donald vetoed my plan, and we set about absorbing it in our giant beach towels, which we spun out in the washing machine and then reapplied to the rug. This we kept up for almost five hours. The next morning there was still enough water trapped between the sub-flooring and the older linoleum that we still squished as we walked across the kitchen.

The gentleman who carries our insurance suggested that we get the carpeting up off the floor so the floor would not buckle with the trapped moisture. This we had done by a man who is a neighbor and a floor covering man, besides. The floor dried, finally, and we are now still hunting for the best replacement for the kitchen floor covering. We like the silent effect that a rug gives, especially to a large kitchen area, but it is by no means as easy to care for as a linoleum.

Must run to fix dinner for my part-time realtor husband, who is hoping to sell a house this fine Saturday afternoon. Until next month . . . Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

HALLIE'S RHUBARB PUDDING

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 1/2 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Blend together the flour, white sugar, baking powder and milk; stir in rhubarb. Spread mixture into greased 9-inch pan. Sprinkle brown sugar over top of batter. Combine water and flavoring and pour over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serve with cream or top milk.

CHICKEN IN TOMATO SAUCE

- 1 frying chicken, cut up
 - Seasoned flour
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- Dredge chicken pieces in seasoned flour. Brown in butter or margarine. (Don't have the skillet too hot or the butter will brown.)

- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 - 1 can of water
 - 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
 - 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- Blend together and pour over browned chicken. Cover and bake for 45 minutes to one hour at 350 degrees.

COCONUT-PECAN TORTE

- 4 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1/2 cup pecans
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Whipped cream or ice cream
Beat egg whites with salt until stiff. Beat in sugar gradually. Fold in graham cracker crumbs, coconut, pecans and vanilla flavoring. Place in greased 9-inch pie tin or cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream. Cut into 8 or 9 wedges.

—Margery

FOUR-LAYER DESSERT

1st Layer

- 1 cup flour
 - 1/2 cup margarine, melted
 - 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pat into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 15 minutes in moderate oven. Let cool completely.

2nd Layer

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
 - 1 cup powdered sugar
 - 1 cup Cool Whip
- Mix ingredients together and spread on top of first layer. Chill thoroughly.

3rd Layer

- 2 pkgs. instant pudding mix (either butterscotch, chocolate or vanilla)
 - 3 cups milk
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Mix together and beat till thick. Pour over top of second layer. Chill again.

4th Layer

Top with additional Cool Whip and sprinkle chopped pecans over top. Chill again.

—Margery

ELEGANT RHUBARB DESSERT

- 3 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 1/4 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 cup nuts, chopped (optional)
Dice rhubarb into 9- x 12-inch baking pan. Sprinkle marshmallows over rhubarb. Spoon brown sugar over all.

Cream shortening and white sugar until light and fluffy. Blend in eggs and beat until thick and creamy. Sift dry ingredients together and beat in alternately with milk. Add flavorings. Pour over rhubarb mixture. If nuts are used, sprinkle over top of batter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour, or until cake topping tests done. Cool a bit and serve with ice cream or whipped cream. Very good either warm or cold.

A truly elegant way to use the common rhubarb. This recipe serves 12. It may be stretched by adding more rhubarb if desired. Other fruits could be used for variation.

—Evelyn

HAM WITH ORANGE RICE

- 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 - 3 Tbls. chopped onion
 - 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 3 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 2 cups coarsely ground or finely chopped cooked ham
 - 2 cups cooked rice
 - 1/2 cup orange juice
- Cook green pepper and onion in butter or margarine until tender. Stir in brown sugar. Add remaining ingredients; mix well. Heat through. Serves 4.

BAKED ASPARAGUS

- 6 cups fresh asparagus, cooked
- 1/4 cup ripe olives, diced
- 1/4 cup green olives, sliced
- 1 Tbls. onion, finely minced
- 1 4-oz. jar pimiento, diced
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 1 cup Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Buttered bread crumbs

Cook fresh or frozen asparagus until barely tender. Place in baking dish. Add olives, onions and pimiento. Beat flour into milk until smooth. Add seasonings and cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until sauce begins to thicken. Add cheese and butter flavoring. Continue stirring and cooking until cheese melts and sauce is smooth. Pour over vegetables. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in 350-degree oven about 35 minutes, or until nicely brown on top. Serves 6 generous portions.

For an excellent variation, add 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing to the cheese sauce. This fine sauce may be used with other vegetables — cauliflower, green beans, peas, etc.

HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. wild rice and long grain rice, cooked according to directions on package
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- 4 slices cheese

Brown hamburger in shortening. Add mushrooms, tomatoes and Tabasco sauce. Cook about 10 minutes until juice of tomatoes has cooked down. Add cooked rice and pour into casserole. Cover with cheese slices. Heat in 350-degree oven about 15-20 minutes or until cheese has melted down into casserole a little and slightly browned.

—Margery

RUTH'S RHUBARB CAKE

1/2 cup margarine
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, packed
 1 egg
 1 cup buttermilk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. soda
 2 cups flour
 1 1/2 heaping cups rhubarb, cut fine
 1/2 cup sugar
 2 tsp. cinnamon
 Cream margarine and brown sugar until fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add buttermilk and flavoring alternately with the salt, soda and flour which have been combined. Fold in the rhubarb. Pour in greased 9- by 13-inch cake pan. Combine sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle over top of batter. Bake 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Margery

BLUEBERRY SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
 1 3/4 cups boiling water
 1 cup blueberry juice
 1 cup pineapple juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 1-lb. can blueberries, drained
 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple, drained
 1 cup commercial sour cream
 Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; add juices and chill to consistency of egg whites. Beat until frothy and add remaining ingredients, pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill until firm.

Topping

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 cup whipped cream, or if you prefer, 1 cup whipped topping
 Mix softened cream cheese with lemon juice. Then add and mix thoroughly the whipped cream or whipped topping. Spread on top of the chilled salad.
 This salad can also be made in a large mold and frosted with the topping.

—Mae Driftmier

HAWAII PINEAPPLE PIE

3 large eggs or 4 small ones, beaten
 1 cup white sugar
 1 cup white corn syrup
 2 heaping Tbls. flour
 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
 1 cup coconut
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 Mix first 7 ingredients together and pour into pie shell. Melt butter or margarine and pour over top of pie. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

BROCCOLI-CHEESE CASSEROLE

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed cheese soup
 1/4 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1/2 cup coarsely crumbled saltine crackers
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 Cook broccoli according to package directions; drain well. Place in a one-quart casserole. Blend together the soup, milk, salt and pepper. Stir into the broccoli. Combine cracker crumbs and butter or margarine and sprinkle on top of casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until heated through and bubbly. Serves six.

—Mae

PINEAPPLE PORK CHOPS

6 pork chops, cut an inch thick
 6 slices pineapple
 1 cup pineapple juice
 Sear chops in hot fat. Remove and lightly brown pineapple slices. Lay chops in a flat casserole and place a pineapple slice on top of each one. Pour juice over all. Cover tightly and place in a 350-degree oven to bake until done — at least one hour. Remove to platter. Thicken juice with a little cornstarch and serve over cooked rice.

MEAT PIE IN RICE SHELL

1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 cup flour
 2 cups chicken or turkey broth
 1 cup cooked ham, diced
 1 cup cooked chicken or turkey, diced
 1 2-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
 1/4 cup onion, chopped
 3 Tbls. parsley (optional)
 2 Tbls. pimiento, diced (optional)
 2 1/2 cups cooked rice
 2 slightly beaten eggs
 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 Melt 1/4 cup butter or margarine in saucepan or skillet. Add 1/4 tsp. butter flavoring and flour. Stir until smooth and bubbling. Add broth and continue cooking, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add ham, turkey or chicken, mushroom stems and pieces including the liquid and the onion, parsley and pimiento for color.

Prepare rice shell by combining remaining ingredients. Press into an ungreased 9-inch pie pan. (The pottery pie plates are excellent for this.) Spoon meat mixture into rice shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes, or until rice shell is firm and meat mixture is bubbling hot.

—Evelyn

RHUBARB JAM

(Or Ice Cream Topping)

5 cups rhubarb, diced
 5 to 6 cups sugar
 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Combine rhubarb and sugar. (Use the larger amount of sugar if rhubarb seems very tart.) Simmer, stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes. Add gelatin and flavoring. Continue cooking about 12 more minutes or until thick. Remember, it does thicken up a bit more as it cools. Stir occasionally to keep from sticking. Spoon into glass containers. Refrigerate or freeze.

This makes a delightful jam. It is also very good as a sauce to put over ice cream or fruit sherbets. —Evelyn

JULIANA'S POUND CAKE

1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
 2 Tbls. instant coffee
 1/4 cup water
 1 cup butter
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 3 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3/4 cup buttermilk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 4 eggs

Melt together in double boiler the butterscotch chips, instant coffee and water. Cream butter and sugar and blend in butterscotch mixture. Combine flour, soda and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk and flavorings. Add eggs one at a time. Beat at medium speed. Bake in greased Bundt pan at 350 degrees for 55-60 minutes. Cool 10 minutes before removing.

ELEGANT GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

3 10-oz. pkgs. frozen French-style green beans
 1 8-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
 1 1-lb. can bean sprouts, drained
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
 1 medium onion, chopped
 2 cups of your favorite medium cream sauce
 1 cup grated cheese
 1 can French-fried onion rings

Cook the beans in salted water according to package directions. In a 2-quart casserole place half of the beans, half of the water chestnuts, half of the bean sprouts, half of the mushrooms and half of the onion. Cover with half of the cream sauce and sprinkle on half of the cheese. Repeat each layer. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes. Top with the onion rings the last 10 minutes of baking time.

CANDY BAR COOKIES

- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. evaporated milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted flour

Cream butter or margarine and powdered sugar; add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring, evaporated milk and salt and mix thoroughly. Blend in the flour and roll to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut into 2-inch rounds and bake at 325 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes or until done.

Filling

- 28 light-colored caramel candies
- 1/4 cup evaporated milk
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine caramels and evaporated milk in top of double boiler over simmering water and cook, stirring constantly until caramels have melted. Remove from heat. Stir in butter or margarine, powdered sugar and pecans. Put a small amount of filling in the center

of each cookie and then ice with the following icing:

Chocolate Icing

- 1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate bits
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar

Melt chocolate bits in the evaporated milk over low heat. When thoroughly melted and blended add butter or margarine, Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and powdered sugar.

—Lucile

**SHRIMP DIP**

- 1 cup salad dressing
 - 1 cup cucumbers, finely minced and thoroughly drained
 - 2 cups cooked shrimp, finely diced
 - 2 Tbls. minced onion
- Combine all ingredients thoroughly and chill. This is an unusual and exceptionally tasty dip.

—Lucile

MUSTARD-GLAZED CARROTS

- 2 lbs. carrots
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley

Scrape carrots and halve lengthwise, then into 2-inch sections. Cook in boiling salted water, covered, until just tender. Drain. In small saucepan, cook butter or margarine, mustard and brown sugar to make syrup (about 3 minutes). Pour over carrots and heat 5 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley just before serving.

—Margery

SAUCY BRUSSELS SPROUTS

- 1 Tbls. instant parsley flakes
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen Brussels sprouts, cooked

Add parsley flakes to milk and set aside. In a medium-sized saucepan cook onion in butter or margarine until tender and limp but not brown. Stir in the flour, brown sugar, salt and dry mustard till blended. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thickened and flour is cooked. Blend in the sour cream, add the Brussels sprouts and stir gently until thoroughly heated but do not allow to boil. Six to eight servings.

—Mae

EMILY'S BLUEBERRY COFFEECAKE

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups well-drained and washed blueberries

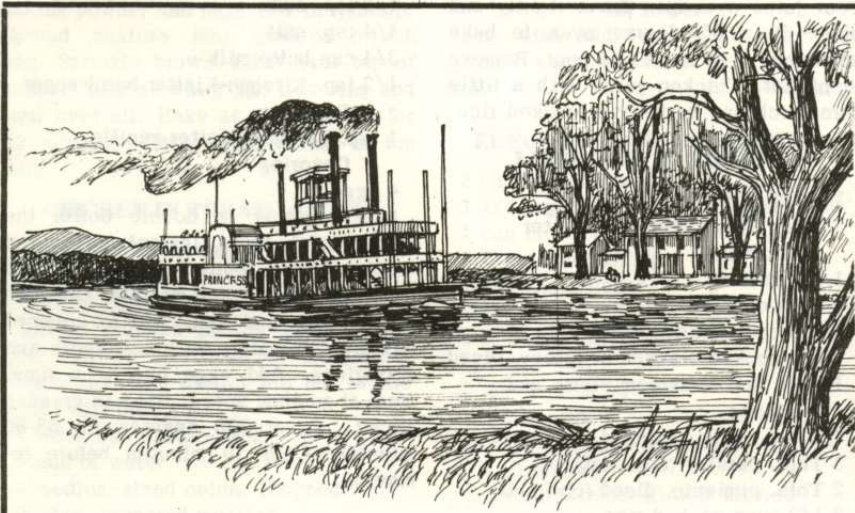
Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat in the egg, milk and flavoring. Sift the dry ingredients and stir into the creamed mixture only to blend. Carefully stir in the blueberries. Bake in a greased 9-inch square pan.

Topping

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup soft butter or margarine

Blend these ingredients and sprinkle over the top of the batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes.

—Emily Driftmier

**Things Were Different Then**

When most of the food was home-grown or home-preserved (or brought up the river or overland at great expense), diets had very little variety. Citrus fruits were treats saved for Christmas stockings. Bananas were a rarity. Coconuts unheard of. Now, these fruits are year-round grocery items. Better still, their flavors (and many more) have been captured in bottles for every day cooking. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** are true to life in taste and aroma. They're handy and inexpensive. They don't steam out. And there are sixteen:

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

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

ASK YOUR GROCER FIRST. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

A GOOD COOK NEEDS THREE I'S

by
Cecile Moore

You've often heard it said that we need an extra hand when we are attempting to do a difficult job. Just so, we need three I's to be a good cook. The three I's we refer to are: imagination, improvisation, and ingenuity. These make the difference between just cooking up a meal, and cooking up memories for a lifetime.

Having brought up a large family on a farm before the days of home freezers, I learned a few tricks that stretch the budget, dress up old standbys, and turn otherwise dull meals into special treats. And using the three I's in your own kitchen, there is no limit to those you can cook for your family too, once you try.

I used the first two once while trying to figure a way to use up some apples my family refused to eat because they were harvested before fully mature. I had some perfectly delicious peaches on hand, so, making a cobbler, I placed a layer of the apples in the pan, then topped them with a layer of the peaches, seasoning as usual, buttered and topped with crust and baked, and got raves from everyone. After that I tried mixing pineapple, cranberries, and other fruits with them, and all were excellent combinations. I soon got rid of the apples and learned a valuable lesson in the process: Necessity may be the mother of invention — but it can also serve as a stepping stone to using one's talents and imagination!

Continuing on the fruit subject. If you make your own jelly, try mixing juices. Apple juice with a bit of crushed pineapple added, plus a bit of the cooked apple for texture, even a bit of crushed peaches added, and you have a rare flavor treat that is delicious, and uses up your non-jell fruit as well.

We love okra and potatoes fried together. Never heard of it? Neither had we until one day unexpected company dropped in right at lunch time, when I had gathered a small pan of the first okra of the season from the garden, and not having nearly enough to go around, I quickly peeled and diced several potatoes, seasoned the usual way, sprinkling the cornmeal over all and fried to a golden brown. The family and guests all thoroughly enjoyed it, asking over and over, "Where did you learn to do that?" Since that day we, our friends, and many others, cook and enjoy this combination many times throughout the year.

There's no end to the way one can mix vegetables. Once I happened to have an abundance of lima beans on hand, which the family did not particularly care for. At the same time we



It has been many years since we've had a picture of Donald and Mary Beth with Mother. We think this is especially good of all three.

were short of field peas, a family favorite. Mixing the two together the peas having the stronger flavor predominated, the family enjoyed them, and thus we were able to stretch the peas and use the less-liked limas.

I've found a new way to put some color and nutrition into the old favorite, chicken and dumplings, (and I use a fryer more often than a hen). Into a large pot, along with the chicken I add some chopped carrots, one large diced potato, about one tablespoon of onion, and a few sprigs of celery tops. Cooked till tender, this makes a delicious broth for dumplings, goes a long way, is quick and economical.

Ever try topping puddings and pies with marshmallows? Especially good on banana and other puddings; it also makes your eggs go further. Best to toast under broiler just before serving. Halve the marshmallows flat ways for plate pies. The pie chilled preferably, then mallow added and browned just before serving. Different and delicious!

Our favorite hamburger mix is made of bread or cracker crumbs, beaten egg, dashes of regular and garlic salt, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, and catsup. Mixed into the hamburger it preserves the meat and is ready to cook, easy and economical. Especially appreciated on busy days.

Can't make good pies? Try using the instant mix that calls for bringing to a boil. Now, add a couple of eggs to regular recipe, saving whites for meringue, a bit more sugar, and an extra cup of milk before cooking. This must cook a few seconds longer than called for, and stirred vigorously. I always whip mine when taken from fire to insure smoothness. No one will guess it was made from a mix, and there's no end to the ways one can improvise with them.

Try the chocolate and serve it warm topped with halved marshmallows, slid under the broiler to brown just before serving.

With the coconut mix, try adding a bit of extra coconut, vanilla and butter to the cooled pudding. Top with meringue and more coconut and brown. Delicious!

Try topping the butterscotch pie with chopped nuts. This, too, we prefer to serve while still warm.

The vanilla pudding mix can be combined with crushed pineapple, peaches or other fruits, after pudding has cooled. This can be served with whipped topping, cream, marshmallows, or meringue. (With the 16 Kitchen-Klatter flavorings on hand, variations are almost endless.)

If you've never tried cornflake crumbs for baking pork chops, chicken, pork steaks, etc., do try them. Just season as usual, shake meat and crumbs together in a bag, place on baking sheet and forget it. If you like a crisp product, drizzle meat with cooking oil before baking. Chicken requires about an hour's baking time, 350-degree oven, pork takes only forty minutes, same temperature.

So . . . using your imagination create new ideas of your own. Improvise, be clever and original. Using the third I, ingenuity, why not begin today with what you have, and start putting a little bit of "YOU" into that pot! Ask any grownup what he, or she, remembers best about childhood and home. Ninety nine times out of one hundred the answer will be, "Mom's cooking." That special loving way Mom prepares the meals for her family will be handed down from generation to generation. So . . . you are cooking up a lifetime of memories!

✦ ✦ ✦

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 28, FOR PEACE

This year, on May 28, we honor those men and women who gave their lives for world peace.

This Memorial Day, remember those who have fought for what we have today. And think of what you as an American can do to provide a stronger peace for the coming generation. After all, the increasing horrors and wastes of war make world peace and security more vital than ever.



MEMORIES OF MEMORIAL DAY

by
Fern Christian Miller

What is the truth mankind must
learn

Before all wars must cease?

—B. Y. Williams

We are told that when we people of the United States decorate the graves of our loved ones on Memorial Day, we are carrying on a tradition as old as Father Time. Even the most ancient peoples decorated the graves of their ancestors. Different localities and different people claim to have originated Memorial Day in America. Most of these stories tell us it all started with mothers of those killed in the Civil War (both the Blue and the Gray).

Today wherever American soldiers are buried throughout the world, Memorial Day is observed. Through the years there have been many noteworthy ceremonies in honor of war heroes.

When I was a child I always connected Mother's Day with Memorial Day because they both came in May. Then I married on May second, and four years later, to the day, my mother was buried. May is now memorial month indeed!

When I was a little girl my parents always observed Memorial Day. They started out very early, driving our best team to the carriage. Our destination was the pretty, old cemetery at the little prairie town of Green Ridge, Mo., where both of my mother's grandparents were buried. (My own grandparents were still hale and hearty at that time.) It was quite a distance for most of us, but the big family turned out full force.

Under the front seat of the carriage was a big box containing ham or chicken sandwiches, pickles, deviled eggs, cookies or fruit pie, and a jug of cold water. We were all dressed in our nicest spring clothes. Folded in the seat were dark quilts to spread on the grass for women and children to sit on while they shared the delicious picnic lunches at noon. All of the relatives made this a time for a pleasant family reunion at the shady little town park at noon, and for as late as all could stay and visit.

Very early in the dewy morning I carried the basket while Mother snipped big sprays of fragrant shrub roses, mock orange, honeysuckle, and giant peonies in our large farm yard. We could smell their delightful perfume as we rode along the smooth dirt road in the warm sunshine. The flowers rode in buckets of cool water under the back seat. The folks told us interesting little

stories about these ancestors we were going to honor with our floral offerings. Memorial Day was a happy, sharing time, never a sad time — a time for remembering all the fine things about our relatives.

After we tied the big dapple grays to the hitch rack under the oak trees by the fence, it was fun to skip along over the soft green grass between the old white stones. Mother spread the flowers out in big jars by the gravestones, adding fresh water from a well. The cousins and uncles and aunts read names aloud from the stones, talking about the different ones as they arranged flowers. These stories quite fascinated me. Later we stood respectfully silent as the parade of blue- and gray-clad veterans of the Civil War passed by in the parade. Next came the young men in khaki. There was music and flags were waving. A service was given by a minister for the war dead. Father explained it all to us children on our trip home well before milking time.

No, my parents did not make Memorial Day a time for grief and tears — just a pleasant, loving, remembering time. It is still true today when my husband and I go to the Windsor Cemetery to decorate the graves of our parents. We want to go for a period of loving remembering. Few people today have the time, or live near enough, to observe Memorial Day in such an old-fashioned way. Is this ancestor worship? I think not. To us it is just another way of renewing our link with the past, which our children should understand as a rich heritage.



RIDGE TOP SPRING

First to awaken, first to bask
In the frost-kissed breeze;
You doze in luxurious motion
Rocked by lordly trees.

Long before the lowlands stir
You have caught the sun
That soon will heat the turning
For planting yet to come.

On weeping nights along your heights
The hunt goes on and on
And your evening often blazes
When the valley lights are gone.
—Ann Parish Slankard

SPRING RAIN

In silver rivulets spring rain
Trickles down my windowpane,
Flaming lightning, flaring fast —
Thor with his hammer thunders past.

All is quietness within,
Lamplight's gleaming 'midst the din.
Thunder rolls, recedes and then
Rainbow gleams, sun shines again.
—Grace F. Williams



The Little Angels

Always moving, always learning.
Our life-brighteners.

And our house-dirtiers.

The house with children certainly should be a house with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. For muddy halls. Fingerprints. Smears. Stains in the tub. Grease. You know them all.

The minute **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** hits the water, it's ready to go to work. On all those messes mentioned above . . . on all grease and ground-in grime. No suds to rinse off; just fast-acting cleaning power, even in hard or cold water.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

MAY AT HONEY HILL

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is very, very early and the sun and I have just gotten out of bed. It is an involuntary act on the part of the sun and it is the same with me! Robert decreed that I arise earlier than I really wanted to because he needed to get a fast start on his day's work. His responsibilities as executive director for the Fremont County ASCS are always demanding but this is a particularly busy time of year, as every farmer will testify.

Bob was up early and ate breakfast with us so he could get off to his job. He has done a number of interesting types of work this spring since returning from his long bicycle trip. In June he will go back to the Philmont National Scout Ranch in New Mexico for his fourth year on the staff.

Craig was up early, also, and ate breakfast with us before he went off for an early band rehearsal at school. The state concert band contest is May 5th so every spare moment is spent smoothing out the rough areas. The Sidney band received its 25th consecutive number 1 rating in state marching band competition this past fall and is now reaching for the 25th consecutive 1 rating in concert band. It is a time of great effort and many frazzled nerves for the young people and the director and the parents!

Jeff is not home from college so no one knows here what time he struggled out of bed. Hopefully, it was in time for whatever needed to be done as the final weeks of his freshman year at Nebraska Wesleyan come into view.

As I grumbled out of bed this morning I threatened to get out our marriage license and check the wording on it. Robert chuckled. He has long maintained that our contract contains a clause which says I must get up each and every morning and prepare breakfast. To date I have not had this legally verified but who is going to argue with a muscular 6 foot 2 inch husband? Besides, once the trauma of awakening and getting into the kitchen has been achieved I am happy to start my family into the day with a nourishing meal. It makes me feel needed. I can sit down and take the opportunity to eat and visit with my sons and husband before they scatter to their work and study.

The breakfast table is situated by the sliding doors which face to the east so we can watch the full beauty of May at Honey Hill. Each warm spring day finds the doors pushed back so the sounds of morning can come inside: the energetic crowing of the rooster who lives in our neighbor's barn, the cheerful chirrup of the robins who have a nest carefully



Spring means cleanup time. Craig Birkby is clearing brush from an area of land.

tucked in the branches of the mulberry tree, the happy twitter of the tiny song sparrow who has made his home in the low bushes near our house for eight years (or is it now his children or grandchildren who return to gladden our lives?). Even the trucks which go so noisily along the nearby highway add to the sense of awakening activity to our corner of the world.

One day soon we'll carry our breakfast trays out to the picnic table on the terrace. With the shade of the mulberry tree, the companionship of Attu and Ahab and the view of the rolling bluffs stretching off to the east, our breakfast will take on broader dimensions than in the house.

Our terrace serves many purposes besides eating. When the garden comes into full production it is a favorite place to sit and snap beans, shell peas, silk corn and pick grapes from the stems. It is a great place to hold committee meetings, Scout patrol planning sessions, family gatherings and games which require a smooth surface. The boys have about outgrown the roller skating — skate board age, but our young nieces can use it for hopscotch, rope skipping and jacks.

One of the best times on the terrace at this time of year comes late in the evening. We watch the martins as they finish their work of getting the mosquitoes removed from the air and wearily go into their tall apartment house for a well-deserved rest. Sitting under the stars as the day comes to an end gives us a happy sense of serenity.

At this moment bedtime is many hours away. The typewriter is pulled out near the west window of the study and my day's work holds much which needs to be done. The fingers of the sun are reaching long from the east and bounding back from the slopes of the bluffs which rise gradually to the west. The new houses across the road, which mark a growing development near Honey Hill, are receiving a bath of molten gold.

At breakfast Craig and Robert were discussing the work which needs to be done this weekend with the beehives. They both enjoy working with the productive insects and stand in awe of their industry and highly complex society. The ten hives which make up our bee colony need to be brought into condition for efficient production when the heavy honey flow begins. A new swarm was given a home in a fresh hive just last week when one of the neighbors called to report a large collection of bees hanging from the low limb of a tree in their yard.

For years we have used honey on the table as one of our favorite sweet spreads. Now that we have had our own supply for several years the fun of baking and cooking with honey has been added to our routine uses. Since it is a natural sugar it is great to add to our menu in many ways during these busy days.

You should be here when the honey flow is heavy and Robert and Craig bring in the long combs of honey! They place these frames into an extractor which whirles the liquid out of the beeswax holders. This is strained into kettles and turned over to me.

The kettles go onto the stove where I warm the golden sweet liquid until it is 160 degrees, then immediately put it into sterilized fruit jars and seal. Stored in our cool basement, this honey keeps very nicely. I have had a few jars develop some sugar crystals after long storage but these melt out very easily and are no problem.

By the time the work is finished we feel immersed in sweet stickiness! Even the cleaning-up tasks are pleasant, though. It is a family project and the results are jars and jars of delicious additions to the year's food supply. Extra amounts go for gifts and to a few special neighbors whose flowers and vegetables contribute nectar and pollen for our workers.

The day is now moving rapidly along. Before long I must think of a menu for our evening meal. Robert will be coming home from his office, Craig will be bounding in after a school committee meeting and Bob will arrive tired and ready for a shower. They will be hungry! Talking so much about honey has made me hungry too! A batch of raisin-honey cookies sounds like a fine beginning for our supper menu so I think I'll go to the kitchen, plump up some raisins, open a jar of our honey and begin preparations for the happy moment when the door opens and our evening together begins.

Better learn enough to appreciate things you cannot afford than to have them and be too ignorant to appreciate them.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

While browsing at the library a certain book caught my eye. The book is a reminiscent letter by Charles A. Lindbergh *Boyhood on the Upper Mississippi* (Minnesota Historical Society, 690 Cedar St., St. Paul, Minn. 55101, \$4.50). This was fulfilling a request, for the guidance of the Historical Society, to write of his life and activities on the farm near Little Falls, Minnesota, during his maturing years, before and during World War I. The letter finally evolved into an eighty-five page handwritten manuscript, written under unusual circumstances. The first letter was begun in the Philippines in 1969. He wrote, "I don't know when this letter will be finished or from where it will be mailed." The installments were composed in such places as a grass hut in Luzon, aboard a Philippine Airlines jet nearing Hong Kong, on an early 747 airliner en route to Europe, and in a corner of a locked hall on the



Katharine has her "quiet time" with her daddy, Jed Lowey. Juliana told her mother, Lucile Verness, that the children alternate being first for a turn to save squabbles, and the system has worked out fine.

tenth floor of a New York office building!

According to Russell Fridley, director of the Minnesota Historical Society, "The events, adventures, challenges, and satisfactions that shaped his boy-

hood years on a farm along the pine-covered banks of the Mississippi River in central Minnesota remained etched in Lindbergh's memory throughout an active and versatile career that continues today at a vigorous pace. The enjoyment of the outdoors that he never lost is clearly discernible, as is a deep and continuing attachment to the 'old farm at Little Falls.' "

The Charles Lindbergh State Park was established in 1931 for his father, the widely known progressive Republican Congressman. The administration of the house and surrounding acres of the park is now with the Minnesota Historical Society.

Details in his letters show a precise memory. They describe the farm and the family's residence there. Lindbergh tried a variety of crops — he raised dairy cows, sheep and chickens. Throughout the book there is shown a love for his father and the out-of-doors as they went on hunting and fishing expeditions. His mother was a good cook and used a wood stove, a Majestic. They raised a garden of vegetables and flowers. Mrs. Lindbergh often made her son a Swedish butter cookie, his favorite. Showing interest of things mechanical at an early age, Lindbergh learned to drive in 1913 at the age of eleven. He was fascinated by automobiles.

My friend Mildred was so excited about this book after having visited the Lindbergh Park, she made me want to jump in the car and drive to Little Falls to see the home for myself. When our daughter Ann visited Little Falls with her cousin Annette, she was fascinated with the kitchen and dining area. Leafing through the book, she remarked about the dining room table set with Chinese dishes, "That's just the way it looks!" Yes, history can be fun.

Anyone visiting the Little Falls area would enjoy seeing the Lindbergh Park and Home. *Boyhood on the Mississippi* adds a fine touch to the lives of the Lindberghs.

The latest book written by Marjorie Holmes is *Nobody Else Will Listen A Girl's Conversations with God* (Double-day and Co., Garden City, New York \$3.95). In this new collection of "conversations with God," Marjorie Holmes turns her special talents to expressing the tumultuous feeling of a teen-age girl. With reassuring directness and simplicity, she writes of the problems that confront every young woman: the confusing changes in her body and emotions, the struggles of school and the strains of family life. These prayer-poems cover as well a young girl's comforts, her triumphs and her exuberances. All her feelings are here to share with God — when nobody else will listen.

(Continued on page 22)



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Did you spray your strawberry bed this spring with a good insecticide? Oftentimes the plants are simply white with blossoms but very few berries develop and you wonder what happened. Your plants could be infested with the "strawberry weevil". These pests are about 1/8 inch long, are of the order Coleoptera, and feed on the buds and stems of strawberry plants.

If you have experienced a small crop after a big display of spring bloom, the trouble could well be these weevils. Start a spray program using an all-purpose fruit spray material. Apply according to directions on the package and discontinue several days before harvest.

Last summer we had a fine crop of Sparkle strawberries but as soon as a berry turned pink, a robin would spot it and dive down for a bite. We stretched a wire full length of the row and attached strips of aluminum foil, but still the robins ate their fill. They would fly to a nearby lilac hedge and scold us loudly for fooling around in *their* berry patch. A neighbor stopped by one day when I was picking berries and I complained of bird damage. He said the birds only wanted water and if it was supplied, they would not bother the berries. I rounded up several pans and placed them at intervals along the row. A brick was placed in the deeper containers and all were filled with water. It really worked! The birds turned their attention to the water and left the berries for me.

Most every gardener has his or her favorite variety of strawberries. For the main crop we like the June bearers because one can quickly get enough fruit to freeze, can and preserve in just a short time. Ever bearers supply us with fresh berries for the table in late summer and fall. We think Robinson, Surecrop and Sparkle are excellent June bearers and Ogallala and the old Wayzata the best of the ever bearers.

Remember you don't need a large area to grow enough strawberries to supply you with fresh fruit. As few as twenty-five plants can give you a start in growing strawberries. Do set out plants this spring for next year's enjoyment.

SIGNS

When south winds murmur softly,
And pussy willows purr,
As tiny little catkins
Don their coats of fur,
When frogs call out, down in the brook
And bluebells sweetly ring,
I need no meteorologist,
To tell me it is Spring.

—Carrie Wiggans



Katharine and James, who had just learned to climb trees in their own yard in Albuquerque, were happy to find one they could manage in the front yard at Granny Wheels' house.



GARDEN QUIZ

The blanks to be filled in with names of flowers, fruits or vegetables.

1. You make my heart _____ faster. (Beet)
2. Her hair was a _____ color. (Radish)
3. They made a good _____. (Pear)
4. She was the _____ of his eye. (Apple)
5. You are the _____. (Berries)
6. I don't _____ all for you! (Carrot)
7. He tried to _____ the bug. (Squash)
8. _____ all try to do better. (Lettuce)
9. _____ grow in the woods. (Violets)
10. She hoped to _____. (Marigold)
11. They went for a ride in a _____ ot. (Cherry)
12. He _____ with the dawn. (Rose)
13. The little boy saw _____ of sheep in the meadow. (Phlox)
14. Her boy friend's name was _____. (Sweet William)
15. _____ is a girl's name. (Lily)
16. She had a _____ friends. (Hosta)
17. _____ is a part of the eye. (Iris)
18. The little boy said the spinach was _____. (Yucca)
19. Her _____ was the result of a broken love affair. (Bleeding Heart)
20. _____ tell of true love. (Daisies)
21. Mom, _____ go swimming? (Canna)
22. She was _____ to have a friend call. (Glad)
23. Sweet as _____. (Baby's Breath)
24. _____ rolled down his

face. (Job's Tears)

25. _____ if she loves me. (Aster)

26. _____ flower is found on most every farm. (Straw)

27. The _____ were always missing. (Bachelor's Buttons)

28. The _____ were ringing. (Bells of Ireland)

29. _____ of corn were standing in the field. (Stocks)

30. She was cool as a _____. (Cucumber)

—Mrs. Howard Dean



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and
SAFETY BLEACH

MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET -

Concluded

when she walks across the stage to receive her diploma, your eyes suddenly fill with tears and a lump of pride rises in your throat. That's YOUR GIRL!

Daughter is lovable as she rocks her dollies, but oh, the joy when you see her holding your grandchild in her arms! Surely that is a moment to sing praises to God for all His blessings, and to say a special thanks for this precious gift of a daughter.

Song: "Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me", or other appropriate song.

For Grandmothers:

Our very special love to you, Grandmothers.



Although Mother (Leanna Driftmier) has reached 87 years, her eyesight is excellent. She spends her leisure hours embroidering or reading.

We can't forget you on this day,
For there's a precious part of our life
O'er which you alone hold sway.

We can't begin to list your virtues,
You seem to have them all!

We've known you as someone dear and
good

Since we were very small.

We can only wish that your later life
Be filled with sunshine and few tears.
We know our life will be the richer

For having shared the past, and now
your "sunset years".

Tribute to Some Very Special Mothers:

We would also honor today some very special mothers — our husband's mother whom we call our mother-in-love, for surely it is through love she came into our lives. To her, who had so much to do with making of our special man, we say "thank you" and God bless you. We also give thought, too, to those mothers who have been denied children of their own, or have wished to widen the circle of their own family, and so have mothered someone else's child. May they reap many blessings from this outpouring of their love, that someone else's child might know a home and a mother's loving care.

There've Been Some Changes Made:
Assign different areas of *change* to different persons and ask them to bring it out through reminiscing, displays, or however they choose. Suggestions:

1. Begin with the change in diapers. Grandma made up dozens of outing flannel or bird's-eye diapers, because she washed once a week and hoped to goodness they would get dry.

2. The change in baby's clothing. Grandma made many kimonos, pinning blankets, petticoats, and sacques, but no cozy sleepers, as today. Here again laundry was a big chore, so she had to have a big supply. Remember, the fun of awaiting the new baby was showing off the new layette with many pretty embroidered designs.

3. Changes in the birthplace from home to hospital. The old family doctor

saw baby through from birth to adulthood; now we have obstetrician, pediatrician, and other specialists. The old "Family Doctor Book" told of the various home remedies used for childhood illnesses, cuts, and burns. Remember the goose grease or skunk oil for chest colds? the mustard plasters? sassafras tea?

4. Changes in the feeding of infants — the new canned baby foods, now the feeding at such an early age, and of course even a change in feeding implements.

5. Changes in traveling with baby then and now.

6. Changes in schools and changes in games and toys used to amuse children. Carom board and dominoes versus T.V. Homemade toys.

There are many other possibilities for humorous comparisons to use for the program — changes in the way we keep house, having baby sitters instead of taking children along. Changes in entertaining company — big dinner at home (which might mean chasing a chicken or opening a jar of canned meat for unexpected guests. Now we go to a restaurant, or hubby runs to a drive-in for a box of fried chicken)!

7. Modeling changes in maternity clothes can be a laugh riot!

Closing Music: "When There's Love at Home" or other suitable music to let your program end on a note of love and fellowship.

Closing Thought: "Children are the jewels of our country, the most precious of the land, God only lent them to their parents for a polishing by hand."

—Marjorie Brewer

MOTHER'S DAY DUE MAY 13

Mother's Day is almost here, so . . .

Kiss her for no reason at all before that Day.

Be tolerant of her shortcomings. After all, she is older.

Try to understand the music she digs.

Use these sentences occasionally: "I'll do the dishes tonight" or "Let's plan a shopping spree just for you." Even these few words, "Sure I'll do it if you like," spaced at appropriate intervals, will make her day.

Listen to her likes and dislikes and sympathize with her. Understand that her problems are as important to her as yours are to you.

Remember to bring her an unexpected flower occasionally.

Praise her efforts at home.

Love her a lot. She deserves it! She's Mom!

Cheerful people are usually more healthy than those who are glum. Scientists have proved this fact. The cheerful simply resist disease more readily.



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KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr. 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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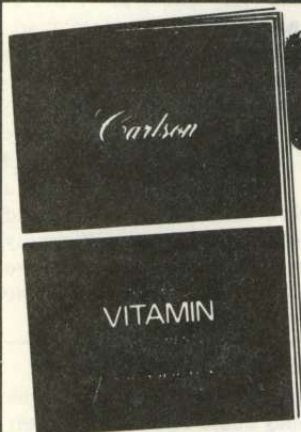
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The Stroms' new dog, Wendy, looks like a little ball of white fluff.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

ceremony accompanying the changing of the guard at the President's Palace in Bogotá.

I don't suppose Wayne, Emily, Clark, and I will ever forget the beautiful Christmas Day we spent in Colombia. We traveled by bus, the only foreign tourists in sight, to the delightful village of Zipaquirá. Here there is a large cathedral carved in and from salt in one portion of an enormous salt mine. No, it isn't white and gleaming; it is black and glistening; salt so hard you can break off a piece only with an iron crowbar. Later that festive day one of Alison's closest friends joined us for dinner. She is a new Peace Corps volunteer completely captivated by her life in Colombia.

The next day we concluded our sojourn in the Andes Mountains. Emily returned to Brazil for another year, and Clark, Wayne and I returned to the United States. Naturally we were awfully glad to get back home. But we were also awfully grateful we had the good fortune to enjoy such a tremendous trip together in another world.

Sincerely,
Abigail

COME READ WITH ME - Concluded

One special prayer is "For Parents Who Can Be Counted On".

"Thank you, God, that I can always count on my parents. That they will stand by me whenever I need them. And not just for now but as long as I live. Only lately have I realized this, and it's good to know. It's oh so good. I pray that I'll always be worthy of their loyalty and their love. That I'll be someone they can be proud of, and that I won't add too many complications to their lives.

"They are like you, Lord. They make me realize the wonder of your forgiveness and your love."

This is another inspirational book by Marjorie Holmes but aimed at the younger generation. Good reading for others, too.

FIRST GARDEN IS AT THE DOOR

by
Beulah M. Huey



I plant my lettuce very early in the spring in a small space at my rose garden's edge, just off the back patio. It is pleasant to watch it grow from my kitchen window, and is easy to gather when I must hurry up lunch or dinner.

I think it also adds beauty to the landscape. The dark green varieties of lettuce, or the lighter green, the russet, the russet-edged, the fancy curled, all make a pleasant picture.

And when I gather it, the long, lacy, curled edges, crisp under the water at the sink, are pieces of nature's art. The wide, deeply veined, palm-like varieties glisten like leaves in dew. The plain, dark green bib lettuce (oh! how tender) sheds water like lovely green bird feathers. How edible and healthy it is, and how beautiful in a special yellow dish! I'm sure we would eat more lettuce and have our supply of vitamins if we planted it where we could watch it grow and where we could gather it easily.

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

last week the ice was all gone from the bayou and they could start getting their nests ready. We have a neighbor who recently built a new pond. He is going to put up some boxes for the wood ducks to nest in. They have been known to build nests as high as 20 feet off the ground.

It's time to start dinner and then I must make a trip to town for some groceries. Until next month...

Sincerely,
Dorothy

FUN WAYS FOR MAY DAYS - Concl.

to great advantage.

11. Accidents are prone between aperture and vessel.

12. Accelerated execution produces faulty results.

13. One biped imprisoned digitately equals double at large.

Answers: 1. Never look a gift horse in the mouth. 2. Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves. 3. A watched pot never boils. 4. Birds of a feather flock together. 5. A fool and his money are soon parted. 6. Who steals my purse steals trash. 7. A barking dog never bites. 8. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. 9. It never rains but it pours. 10. A stitch in time saves nine. 11. Many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. 12. More haste, less speed. 13. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.

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share with you something that I learned the hard way many years ago. Never, never take a tour which boasts of how many different countries and how many different cities you will get to visit in one short tour. Rather, choose a tour which takes you to only a few places and stays several days in each. As much as possible, our church tours are so arranged that each hotel stop is for three nights at least. Few things are more exhausting than having to sleep in a different hotel every night one is away from home. The best tours are the ones that travel the least and show you the most of the few places they do visit. The people who try to see all of Europe on one short tour are the people who never want to go back again.

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Poems

SHARING

Don't be a miser, with your talent,
If endowed, why not share?
If asked to sing, play a tune,
Or offer simple prayer.
Perhaps you're good at baking bread,
Or poems you may write,
Painting pictures, growing flowers.
Try to bring sunshine, bright,
Into a corner filled with gloom,
Show others that you care,
Don't hide your light beneath a basket,
Let it shine — SHARE!

—Carrie Wiggans

A SWEET SOMEBODY

Two sparkling eyes
A small button nose;
Ten busy fingers
Ten wiggly toes.

Lots of dark hair
On a round little head;
A tiny mouth
That so often gets fed.

A winsome smile
Like the wisp of a breeze;
Each time it appears
She looks like a tease.

A chin that can quiver
At nothing at all;
And fat little legs
That will soon learn to crawl.

A cuddly body
Just made to love;
A precious daughter
Sent from above.

She is pretty special
And dear as can be;
There's no one quite like
Our Trisha Leigh. —Dorothy Van Gundy

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Please let me keep on going, Lord,
From dawn to setting sun,
Till I'm no longer needed
And all my work is done.

Please let me be around to see
My little ones grow strong,
And keep my shoulder handy
For their tears when things go wrong.

Please let me make our home a place
They're happy to be in —
And help me by example
To keep them free from sin.

For not until they're all prepared
To face life's rocky road
Does any mother dare to drop
Her burden and her load.

It's only then that she can feel
She's truly earned her rest
As thankfully she whispers, "Lord —
I've done my very best!"

—Irene Liles

THE SHARED THOUGHTS

The shared thoughts —
Those that penetrate
To memory's depth,
There to await
The fantasy
That breathes new life to them;
And then — to leap anew
To consciousness
To stir and warm
The heart again
With unexpected flame. —Kristin Brase

MAY PICTURE

The chart for May is white on blue
With hazy outlines scrawled in pink,
While sketchy peach and apple boughs
Are washed in fresh rain-silvered ink.

And as I pass this rich design
Where time is told by shrub and tree,
I know that while rare paintings fade
An age called Spring shall always be.
—Rosalie Barnett Spindler

COLOR

Orioles trill from the orchard,
A hawk cleaves the blue above,
Chipmunks nest in the gray, stone wall;
Spring is the color of love.

Peppermint-striped petunias
Brighten the sunny hours,
Hollyhocks flaunt stiff ruffles;
Summer's the color of flowers.

Birds get the urge for migration,
Man takes to plane or ship,
The season's tired leaves drift earth-
ward;
Autumn's the color of trips.

Thanksgiving calls family members
From wherever they have roamed,
Christmas renews blessed memories;
Winter's the color of home. —Inez Baker

THINGS DO WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it
wouldn't;
Because we do what we often shouldn't;
Because crops fail and plans go wrong
Some of us grumble the whole day long.
But somehow, in spite of care and
doubt,
It seems at last, that things work out.

So bend to your trouble and meet your
care
For the clouds must break and the sky
grow fair.
Let the rain come down as it must and
will.
But keep on working and hoping still,
For in spite of grumblers who stand
about,
Somehow it seems, all things work out.
—Author Unknown

I clear the table in a flash,
I hide the ironing, dump the trash.
I close the closets, smooth my hair
And scoop some paper from a chair.
I open wide the door with zest —
And greet my unexpected guest.
—Author Unknown

TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE

Scrape up bits of temper
With the supper plates.
Gather up all prejudice,
Peevishness and hate.

Saturate each petty grudge
With gooey coffee grounds
And mix that green of envy
With all the scraps around.

Blend them in the garbage,
They're not the things to keep.
Let them fizz and fume — ferment,
Right in the compost heap!
—Leta Fulmer



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