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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A few minutes ago I hung up the phone from my usual Sunday visit with Juliana, and when I asked her what she had to do beyond the ordinary routine in this coming week she said that she was scheduled to entertain her bridge club.

I sighed when I heard this, and then she reminded me what great changes there have been since this twice-a-month club was organized.

These are eight young women, and when they first started out they went in for a lavish production. Entertaining the bridge club meant going into convulsions of housecleaning, polishing silver, hauling out the best china and linen, and preparing fancy, time-consuming refreshments. That's the way they started about five years ago.

Today they just try to get the worst of the clutter out from underfoot, use paper plates and stainless steel tableware, and the refreshments are limited to dips and crackers or potato chips. As a consequence it makes for an easy time and much more fun. This, it seems to me, makes a lot more sense. And I'd be willing to bet that it's the story of countless groups of young women who have small children to cope with while they're trying to have the bridge club (or what have you) when their turn to entertain rolls around.

The other day I went through a big stack of old *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines, and in pawing through them I came across the issue of January, 1960, in which my own letter was devoted primarily to an account of how I felt about my new kitchen (I went from a Model-T kitchen to a Cadillac kitchen so I had plenty of adjusting to do.)

In looking at my comments about the dishwasher I realized again that for some peculiar reason I have never yet seen an elevated dishwasher in all of the countless big advertisements for dishwashers.

When my dishwasher is open it is at

the same level as the counter top — no stooping whatsoever to load it or unload it. I am really at a loss to understand why they are still being installed below the counter instead of on a level with it.

Although the issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* to which I refer was back in 1960, I had lived with my kitchen a good full year by that time, so fourteen years have passed — and still no elevated dishwashers!

I've always thought that with a family of several people it would be wonderfully handy to have a dishwasher, but with only Eula and me in the house we have to remind each other to run that thing through its cycle just to keep the plumbing for it in good condition. However, even if I were alone and building a house I would most definitely include one in the kitchen plans because it's a feature much in demand when the place comes up for sale.

Last fall I purchased a piece of equipment that is new on the market: a compactor. This is the appliance that pulverizes all kinds of trash into a heavy sack that can be hauled out for collection (or otherwise disposed of) about once a week.

I bought this for a very good reason. We had to take all of our trash down a flight of steps and then across a rather long walk out to the garbage cans at the back of the lot. This wasn't an overwhelming problem in good weather, but that flight of steps and the walk were a real hazard during the winter months. I couldn't make it at all, of course, and I was most fearful that Eula might slip on the ice.

We had our compactor installed in the garage — it's surprising how small that unit is to do such a powerful job of crushing everything. I would say that given our circumstances it is a wonderfully useful piece of equipment. And circumstances, of course, govern a final decision on anything of this nature.

Juliana and Jed are young and able-bodied, but my Christmas gift to them was a compactor and I'll tell you why.

They live outside the city limits of Albuquerque where there isn't a trash collection of any kind, and this meant that every Saturday morning Jed loaded up the week's accumulation and hauled it to the designated dump for their area — about 3 miles away.

That wasn't bad and if the same conditions had continued I wouldn't have thought about the compactor as a Christmas gift, but last fall that huge official dump was closed and this meant, in turn, a round trip drive of 29 miles to haul the trash every week. Over the holidays I saw this operation in action and I was appalled. Thus the compactor as a belated Christmas gift.

For anyone in their situation (or a comparable situation) it has proved to be a real Godsend. Now they store those big sacks in the garage and need to make the trek to the dump only once a month. (Incidentally, James and Katharine aren't enthusiastic about the compactor! They always made the trash run with their father on Saturday morning and now feel deprived that they get to go only once a month.)

It came as a great surprise to me when I learned quite some time ago that the Albuquerque public school system doesn't provide for kindergarten. Our Shenandoah school system has ALWAYS provided for kindergarten and I just took for granted the fact that this was a universal practice.

However, two elementary schools in the big Albuquerque school system have been operating an experimental kindergarten this last year, and one of these schools happens to be within only three blocks or so of Jed's and Juliana's home. Last week Juliana took James over to enroll him for the opening of school in September, and she was thrilled with what she found.

Not only do they have every conceivable kind of equipment that children of James' age need and enjoy, but they also teach in both Spanish and English, a bilingual program that is wonderful for the Southwest; or anywhere, for that matter, since you never know when the command of another language will come in mighty handy.

Juliana was thrilled with everything she saw and James was too, so it came as quite a shock to learn at the end of the session that they won't know until the last week of August if there will be funds to continue for another year. You can imagine how hopeful all of us are that James can enter public school kindergarten right in his own neighborhood.

While his future hangs in doubt we are at least certain that Katharine will get her heart's desire to start to school for she has already been enrolled in the pre-school where James has been this past year. I still think it's a terrible

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MARGERY TELLS ABOUT OLIVER'S RECENT ACCIDENT

Dear Friends:

Life has certainly changed for the Stroms since I wrote my last letter to you!

About six o'clock on a Monday morning, as Oliver was preparing to leave for his work in Council Bluffs, he slipped on the back steps. He realized instantly that he had injured his ankle, so crawled back into the house and lay down on the kitchen floor. I heard his calls and rushed downstairs. One look and I knew his ankle was badly broken! After a call to the doctor, we phoned for an ambulance and he was rushed to the hospital. Our wonderful orthopedic surgeon (the one who operated on my shoulder) was there when the ambulance arrived.

Surgery could not be performed until Thursday, so our son Martin had time to arrange his schedule at the seminary so he could come home on Wednesday afternoon. It was a comfort to have him here for a few days. Oliver got along fine and after a 13-day stay in the hospital was able to come home. He is still in a wheelchair, but we hope he can be up on crutches soon.

When he has sufficiently recovered, he'll return to his job with the Iowa State Employment Service, but back to our local office instead of the one in Council Bluffs. Since he will be unable to do anything about moving things from the Council Bluffs apartment, I'll be taking care of those details this week.

There were two interesting events in Iowa City this past weekend which I was very interested in attending. Oliver had mastered his wheelchair so well that we decided I could spend the weekend away from home. One of his sisters said she would be very happy to stay with him while I was gone.

Accompanied by a good friend, I left Shenandoah late Saturday morning, arriving in Iowa City around four o'clock. That evening we attended a banquet in honor of Dr. William J. Peterson, recently retired from forty-two years of service with the Iowa State Historical Society, the last twenty-five as its Superintendent.

Dr. Peterson is an authority on steamboating and is most often referred to as "Steamboat Bill". He conducted an annual steamboat trip down the Mississippi and we went on one of them years ago when Martin was a young boy. It was especially exciting for our son because he got to help hold the pilot's wheel for a few minutes. He still remembers that occasion!

The speaker at the banquet was the noted Iowa author, Mackinlay Kantor, so widely known for such books as



This is the picture Margery refers to in her letter.

Andersonville and Spirit Lake. Mr. Kantor is an interesting speaker and very entertaining. He never lost the attention of the more than 400 persons in attendance.

On Sunday Virginia and I were joined by my cousin Gretchen Harshbarger of Iowa City for a kitchen tour sponsored by the local chapter of the United Nations Association. Five kitchens were visited, each featuring food from a different country. Samples were served in kitchens featuring Lebanese and French foods. At the other three homes we could purchase German breads and cakes, Chinese egg rolls and cartons of an elegant rice dish, and delicious American breads.

The kitchens were especially interesting and certainly different from one another. I studied each very closely and came away with ideas to share with you from time to time. The women were selling the recipes for the foods, so we'll share these in the future too.

Although we had bad weather both days — rain, rain, rain — we didn't let it "get to us". We just kept well covered and tried to ignore it. (We've had so many dark, drippy days this spring that it is a surprise to wake up to sunshine!)

During the two weeks I was running back and forth to the hospital several times a day, there was precious little time to test recipes. I *really* fell behind! But as soon as Oliver came home I got busy in the kitchen again. We are doing more entertaining since Oliver is housebound, so I've been using our dinner guests as "guinea pigs". One meal consisted of nothing but tests — five new recipes. Of course I would only take such a chance when the guests are very close friends! Fortunately, every one turned out as I hoped they

would. We are planning to have company again this week and I'm serving another menu consisting of untried recipes.

Speaking of dinner parties, I just ran across a picture of Lucile's table as it looked at a dinner this spring. There are so many ways one can use flowers and something with them to make a perfectly charming arrangement. If you are careful, you can use those cute little "somethings" for many years, bringing them out for special occasions.

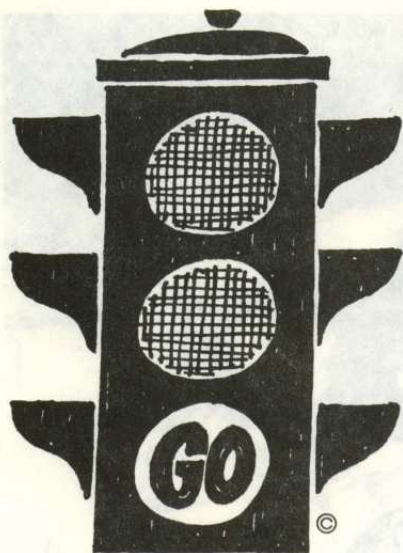
We had great fun at a club meeting recently when the program was on fashions. The speaker used fashion magazines to illustrate her talk, as well as some items of clothing she brought with her. One suit was pictured as it could be worn by women of all ages, from sixteen and up, with only changes in accessories. Then we all started reminiscing about clothing we wore when we were high school age. Since so many ages were represented in the group, it got hilarious!

Before you receive this issue of the magazine, our son Martin will have graduated from the United Theological Seminary in New Brighton, Minnesota, with his degree of Master of Divinity. We have been looking forward to this day for a long time, of course, and are so in hopes Oliver can get around well enough to make the trip with me. I thought I would be able to tell you what Martin's plans are, but he is still exploring various possibilities. There is a chance that he might be going on for a Master of Theology degree before starting into his ministry.

I must get back to the laundry now, so until next month,

Sincerely,

Margery



Watch the Signs!

A FATHER-SON BANQUET

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Knowing that cars seem to have a special appeal for men — from small fry to grandpas — what better theme for a Father-Son party, with some traffic signs thrown in for good measure?

DECORATIONS

Locate as many miniature car models, current and vintage, as you can to use as centerpieces for the tables. They will prove sure-fire conversation starters. Along with the cars use a variety of familiar traffic signs and symbols. Cut the signs from construction paper of the correct color and shape and letter it (or mark symbol) with a black marking pen. Fasten the signs to short lengths of small dowels and anchor upright in a styrofoam base. For place favors make smaller traffic signs glued to toothpicks and stuck into large gumdrops.

Ask local car dealers for large posters which picture the latest car models and fasten these on the walls. If you can locate some old magazines or newspapers, clip car ads from them and have them on display, along with old photographs of local people with their early cars.

Short candles set in low red glass bowls would make "flares" to place beside some of the signs on the table.

For *nut cups* use plastic pill bottles to make "cans" of motor oil. Cover the bottles with Contact paper, or spray paint in colors such as red, royal blue, and yellow. Add a label which reads "Smoothie Oil" on one line and below it "Manufactured by Love and Son".

You might inquire of the state highway commission office or the highway patrol department to see if they have road maps and state driving rule booklets which they would give you free to be used as favors for your party, or perhaps you can find placemats that feature a map of your state or the United States.

PROGRAM

In your program booklet the various numbers of the program might be listed under such headings as "Excuse My Dust", "Stalled", "By-Pass", "Curve", "Car Wash", "Go", "Stop", etc. If you have a speaker, perhaps you could give him the theme and ask him to talk about both the practical and humorous aspects of good father-son relationships and entitle it "Slow-Construction Ahead". Consider inviting a highway patrolman to give a talk on highway safety.

Group singing, especially humorous parodies, is always fun at such an affair, so here are some songs for a "Song Sheet":

(Tune: "Jingle Bells")

My car was getting old
So bought one bright and gay;
The salesman's pitch was good
So we added extras, too —
A transistor radio
Power steering, oh, so grand,
Conditioned air and other stuff,
On the easy payment plan.

Chorus:

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Each month I hafta pay.
The collector drives me up the wall,
But he won't stay away!

(Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket")

1. How dear to the heart are the signs
on the highway,
Where fond advertisers present
them to view.
From all indications you know it's buy-
ways;
Those silent monstrosities beck-
oning you.
You ride 'long for hours, your heart
full of sadness,
You can't see a thing that good
Dame Nature has made.
The wind blows a sign down; your
heart's filled with gladness,

You might catch a glimpse of a
cow in the shade.

Chorus:

The bright-colored signboard;
That nerve-racking signboard,
That fences you in like the Great
China Wall.

2. "Fine Bargains at Mitchell's",
"Use Come-On for Shaving",
"Flannigan's Flour for Biscuits
and Cakes".
"Jink's Pills for the Liver", "Try
Sloan's Bank for Saving",
"Drive In and See Mac for Your
Squeaky Brakes".
"The Sure Rest Motel Invites You to
Stop There",
"Try Shake It for Sore Throat, or
Cold in the Head".
"Stop Worrying About Baldness, Try
Doc's Wigs of Real Hair",
"Tony's Grand Barbecue One Mile
Ahead".

INVOCATION

Welcome:

WELCOME to you, dads and lads,
Glad to see ya, don't cha know.
The signals are all set on green,
So now let's go-go-go!
Unfasten your laugh-belts, join right in,
The evening's just begun,
But we're goin' to try our darndest,
To make you glad you "cum".

Signs from the Scriptures: *The father of children shall make known thy truth.*
(Isa. 38:19)

Better a poor man who walks in his integrity than a man who is perverse in speech, and is a fool. (Prov. 19:1,5)
A righteous man who walks in his integrity — blessed are his sons after him. (Prov. 20:7)

Good sense makes a man slow to anger, and it is his glory to overlook an offense. (Prov. 19:11)

Listen to advice and accept instructions, that you may gain wisdom for the future. (Prov. 19:20)

A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches, and favor is better than silver or gold. (Prov. 22:1)

And He said unto them, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the great first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself." (Matt. 22:27-39)

(Note: As the following tributes are given, let someone stand to one side of the stage holding the designated traffic sign, printed on a large placard, tacked to a length of lath; or the signs might be placed upon a large easel.)

"STOP" — A Tribute to Fathers:
Stop! Yes, stop and take time to think a moment about that great man in your life — your father.

When we were small boys, anything we'd want to know

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

I always have been proud of the fact that "I am a cornfed Iowan". Here in New England very little corn is grown, and therefore I was puzzled when a member of our Springfield church told me that he was in "the corn business". Right away I began asking questions, and I learned that he is the New England agent for a large corn products firm located on the banks of the Mississippi in Illinois and also in Iowa. He said that he sold cornstarch used on stamps and envelopes, corn oil used in food manufacturing and in paints, rubber substitutes, and soap. He also sells a commercial alcohol made from corn. Feeling the material in my jacket, he said: "I am willing to bet you that the cloth in your jacket has some corn products in it!" Little did I realize what science has learned to produce from corn, and now I am more proud than ever of my "cornfed" status.

Every time I go to Europe I remind myself to be careful about the way I use the word "corn" in my conversation, because the word has such different meanings. In some places it means the hard seed of any plant. In Scotland it invariably means oats, and in some of the northern countries it means rye, or wheat, or barley. What we call corn our English friends call "maize", and of course, that is its original Indian name. How strange that the Europeans use the Indian name for it when we do not.

After we have been abroad for several weeks, we discover that we are hungry for corn of any kind. We Americans have much of it in our diet, but the rest of the world does not. I suppose that at least three-fourths of all the corn in the world is grown and consumed right here in the United States. How nice it would be if the other peoples of the world developed a taste for it like ours, because that certainly would increase the market and help all of us interested in corn production. Some friends of mine tried to get the French people interested in popcorn, but with no success.

Did I ever tell you about my desire to have our church young people raise money by selling popcorn? Since most of the motion picture theatres have moved out to the suburbs, there are very few places where one can buy freshly popped popcorn in the city, and my idea is to have our young people manage a popcorn cart that can be placed in the corner of the church parking lot on Saturdays and special holidays. Like every other project for fund-raising, there are many problems to be overcome, but I still think the idea is a



Frederick's church has many projects of great worth. One of them is a class for teaching children to speak English.

good one. I am told that motion picture theatres make as much money from the popcorn they sell as they do from their pictures. Our young people will use the money for their mission project.

One of the nice things about our church here in Springfield is the fact that it does not have to depend on "fund-raising affairs" to support its budget. Our people support the budget with their annual pledges, and all the money we make on special projects of one sort or another we use for extra things like missionary gifts over and above our regular giving. We find that the biggest benefit of fund-raising projects is the fellowship it provides for those involved. People do get a great deal of satisfaction out of working together.

Right now I am going through the agony of making a big decision about television. Whether or not the church should invest several thousands of dollars in the purchase of portable television equipment to be used by the Sunday school in its teaching program is a decision I must make personally because of the restrictions placed on a special gift. Like so much wonderful, modern equipment to be used as teaching aids, the value of it will depend on the people trained to use it. So many times churches make the mistake of buying fine equipment only to have it a useless expenditure because of the failure to train the right people in its use. Many public schools now use elaborate electronic devices, and it is amazing what the children have learned from these new methods.

Of course, television is such a miracle to me, that I do not try to understand it! The very idea of our being

able to see men on the moon and to listen to them talk, is completely beyond the scope of my understanding. You can imagine my embarrassment when an eleven-year-old boy corrected me when I was speaking to a Sunday school class last week. I had said something about the marvel of television and the way it carries pictures through the air over long distances, when this young man spoke up and said: "You are not quite correct, Dr. Driftmier. Pictures are not sent through the air. What actually is transmitted are electrical impulses. This means that a picture has to be changed into electrical impulses at one end, and then those same electrical impulses have to be changed back into a picture at the other end." I was flabbergasted! That little boy telling me more about television than I ever had known. And he wasn't through! He saw my look of incredulity and with a very serious face went on to say:

"You know about camera lenses, don't you Dr. Driftmier? Well, a camera lens focuses a picture on a light-sensitive plate of glass, and this plate throws off electrons. In the bright areas of a television picture, the plate throws off many electrons, and in the dark areas of the picture it throws off just a few electrons."

I just could not believe my ears — that young boy telling this old-timer about television pictures that I was watching ten years before he was born! He did not let my amazement stop him. He told me all about the electron gun that is in every TV set and how the gun sweeps back and forth across the picture tube shooting a beam of electrons. When I got home that day I told Betty I had an entirely new perspective on today's youth. They must know more in a minute than most of us of our generation know in an hour. However, that does not mean they have better judgment! That does not mean they have the moral knowledge or the moral experience you and I have had.

You will remember that last summer I gave a series of ten nature talks on the radio out here in New England. The talks were very well received, and the radio station would like to have me continue the series this summer, but I am not sure whether or not I shall. This does not mean I am losing my interest in nature. Indeed, both Betty and I are more interested in birds every day of our lives. We have had the greatest pleasure watching many different species of birds use our feeders this past winter and spring. Right now we are particularly interested in a pair of turtledoves which has adopted us.

Do you know that turtledoves are not the great lovers they always are made

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“Pepper in the Spice Box”

by
Dorothy LaBelle

Papa was not a handsome man. He carried his two hundred pounds on a small-boned, five-foot seven-inch frame. His sole claim to physical attractiveness lay in his unusual coloring. Jet black hair inherited from an Irish mother contrasted sharply with the florid complexion and sandy red moustache and eyebrows that were his birthright from a Scottish father. Light blue eyes reflected the impatience and emotionalism of a highly volatile nature.

Mother was his antithesis. Beautiful, gentle and soft spoken, she raised her large family with patience and unfailing optimism.

I often think of my mother as the salt of the earth. But if Mother was the “salt” there is no doubt that Papa was the “pepper” in the spice box. Opinionated, quick tempered, generous, kind, humorous, he was the vital force that sparked my childhood years.

I have always been proud of the fact that during my twelve years of grammar and high school, I was absent from my studies only one-half day. This unusual attendance record was worthy of a double column of newsprint in several area papers the year of my graduation.

One might deduce from this information that I was an unusually healthy child, but this was not the entire truth. We children all had our share of colds, childhood mishaps, and childhood diseases. No, I think it would be more accurate to say that I owed my brief brush with fame to Papa and his home remedies.

Papa was the delight of the patent medicine manufacturer, for he was an easy mark for any new product that came on the market. Each new pill and salve and cold remedy found its way into our medicine cabinet. The cabinet itself was unusually large and recessed into the wall of the bathroom. Despite its size and depth, one still had to be careful, for upon opening its doors, a cascade of bottles and boxes would invariably crash into the washbowl.

However, despite his love for patent medicines, Papa placed his first trust in the time-tested home remedies. For example, an upset stomach always resulted in a liberal dose of Epsom salts. The results were always immediate. No sooner had the wretched victim downed the glass of liquid than a miraculous cure took place. The victim was suddenly well again!

It never occurred to Papa that the law of self-preservation is the strongest law of nature. The plain unadulterated truth was that, although the human system was strong enough to withstand and even benefited under these onslaughts, the spirit was weak. We simply couldn't take it. We managed to avoid future incidents by the simple feat of recognizing the symptoms and placing ourselves strategically out of reach of Papa's ministering hand.

However, as in all games of war, there were booby traps. Experience didn't always come to the rescue. For instance, it could be most unfortunate to cut one's finger in Papa's presence. Before a mere child's reflexes could hide the wound, Papa's eagle eye would have taken note of the incident, brought the bottle of vinegar from the pantry and poured the contents over the offending digit.

“There,” he would announce in a satisfied tone, “now there's no danger of infection.” And, as usual, Papa was right. But the memory of the stinging and smarting lasted long enough to evoke within an ever renewed resolution not to “get caught” the next time.

Our childhood was marked again and again by such incidents. As a result we children grew to adulthood conditioned by Papa's home remedies to accept the fact that it was far better to suffer in silence. We had arrived at the early conclusion that the cure was always worse than the ailment.

One might, after reviewing the above evidence, arrive at the conclusion that Papa's interest in these life-giving remedies extended to and included himself. This was far from the truth. For

Papa, like the usual strong, virile male, was a notoriously poor patient. He consistently refused to suffer in silence. His loud lamentations could be heard throughout the neighborhood. On more than one occasion our cautious mother had to make certain that all doors were closed to keep a curious neighborhood from wondering what type of mayhem was being committed within.

With Papa, a slight attack of indigestion immediately showed symptoms of a heart attack. His head colds were the most severe. His earaches were the most painful. No human had ever suffered as he did. After a return to normal health, he would steadfastly defend any assaults on his courage. He would become highly indignant when Mother, on occasion, would tell someone that she would rather nurse all nine children at one time than to nurse Papa through one illness.

For some reason, Papa's illnesses were mostly beyond the reach of his own favorite remedies and required the skill and superior knowledge of an accredited M.D. An attack of measles in his mid-forties left him hard of hearing, and a ruptured appendix kept him from the grocery store for several months.

In his later years, overweight and high blood pressure brought on the stroke that robbed him of his speech, and that several months later resulted in a fatal heart attack.

I often think that life is like the art of cookery. It takes a “pinch” of this and a “dash” of that in the right proportions to make a culinary masterpiece. With the “pepper” in the spice box forever gone, an important ingredient was missing. Life was never quite the same.



IN THE CHICKEN YARD

In the chicken yard I'm walking,
Some hens scratching, some are
squawking,

In the chicken house, some laying
While I'm waiting, hoping, praying

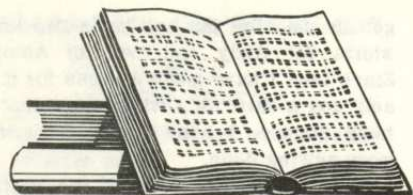
There'll be eggs enough for buying
Special things for which I'm sighing.
Lots of thread I'll need for quilting,
How my spirits now are liting!

Music to my ears — hens cackling!
Housework, though, I should be tackling.

Then horse to buggy I'll be hitching,
For that trip to town I'm itching!

Dear! I hear the roosters crowing!
Wide awake, I now am knowing
All this I've been planning, scheming,
Of years back I have been dreaming!

—Mollie Pitluck Bell



A Home Library

by
VaDonna Jean Leaf

Reading could be called the interstate highway of farm life. Besides the main-traveled road of seeking knowledge, there are so many clover-leaf turns to explore, bringing adventure, excitement and pleasure to each member of the family.

In general farm families are readers and make good use of the public libraries but too often we parents, conscientious about creating a learning environment in the home, overlook the need of building a library in the farm home. We rely on school and public libraries. These sources should supplement but not be a substitute for a good library in our own home.

How do we build a home library? Is it expensive? What kind of books should I buy? How do I make room in our house for a library?

Building a home library doesn't need to be an expensive project. Books do cost money but when we consider the usefulness and importance of good books they are a necessity and not a luxury. Books last for generations but the trinkets we buy for our children are soon lost or broken.

Books don't have to be new to be worthwhile. Used book sales are excellent places to buy books. Auctions, Salvation Army and Goodwill stores sell used books for ten to twenty-five cents each.

A timely child-oriented encyclopedia is an essential part of the home library. This will take a major share of the library budget and perhaps will seem like a large chunk to spend on books. But it is a one-time purchase and you get around twenty books.

Encyclopedia, used for ten or twelve years of school, (graduates often take them along to college especially if yearbooks have kept them up to date) brings the cost to around fifteen or twenty dollars per year which doesn't sound so expensive. Good used encyclopedia are offered for sale in the newspaper sometimes and can be a bargain. However much care should be used in selecting the right encyclopedia for your home library.

As well as being useful, encyclopedia can be a "security blanket" for a child. We've all experienced waiting for the "U" book at school, a report due the next day and the dismissal bell rings. How good to know that reference books are available at home eliminating the need of an extra trip to the library in town.

Dictionaries are needed in the home library. Since this book is used so frequently, make sure the binding is strong and durable.

A vital part of the home library is a Bible. Different versions, especially one in modern English, adds to our understanding and appreciation of this best seller of all books.

A Bible commentary is helpful as it explains the meaning of difficult passages. A Bible dictionary gives quick information on people, places and terms. A concordance to find words and verses on any subject in the Bible is invaluable help.

Books like these are used often in preparing Sunday school lessons and in Bible study classes. A hymn book is handy to have in this section of the home library too, as well as books on archaeology, missions and devotional guides. Old Sunday school lesson books could be saved for reference as well as church magazines.

A book of quotations should be included in the home library. A book of etiquette is often helpful. An almanac, yearbook, atlas, a set of maps and a globe will be used often by parents as well as children.

Books of poems, fiction, biography and historical books should be on the shelf as well as some good science books. Be sure to include farm related books, agricultural handbooks, manuals on livestock, feed, veterinary medicine, farm supply catalogs and farm county directories.

Don't forget to include a variety of picture books and easy readers for the younger child. This section of the library will prove its worth many times over when visiting children discover it.

If you notice your child enjoying and rereading a certain library book, order it (from the publisher if need be) and see how delighted your child will be to find his favorite book in the home library.

Magazines geared for young readers should be included in the home library budget. Children look forward to getting a magazine of their own in the mail.

Magazines, especially those with nature, history or informative articles should be made a permanent part of the home library. They are often used for reference.

One of the most useful and inexpensive sections of the home library is a clipping and picture file. Clip the columns, articles and pictures that are

of family interest. These are used often by the adult members of the family as well as grade school students.

Other good sources of reference material are inexpensive government and extension service bulletins, calendars, health pamphlets and old school textbooks.

Reading interests are personal, however the following list of questions can be a guideline to follow when selecting books for the home library.

Is anyone in our home interested in this subject? Will the book be enjoyed? Will it stimulate or provide information? Does the book interpret life in a wholesome and true way? Is the book factual, accurate and timely? Is the style and vocabulary appropriate, the type clear and easy to read? Is the book well made and in a size easy to hold?

The home library should be an attractive part of the home, a magnet for the whole family. Shelves can be made by painting boards and laying them across brick or cement blocks. The home craftsman can design and make inexpensive bookshelves.

Bookshelves filled with books are pleasant in any room, a hall, guest room, bathroom or entry. A shelf in the kitchen with an array of colorful cookbooks adds a special homey atmosphere.

Books should be dusted often, the tops vacuumed, torn pages mended and smudges and stains cleaned off. These family happenings are not reasons to put books away until the children are older. An explanation on how to care for books plus the example of older children and parents is usually all that is necessary to teach a toddler to love books.

Old books can be made attractive by adding plastic or cloth dust covers. Children may enjoy making book plates for the family library books. Investigate the possibility of rebinding well-loved books that can't be replaced. Check the yellow pages in the telephone book for this service.

It's a good idea to keep an inventory of your home library for personal use as well as for insurance purposes and also for a check list when loaning your books to others.

In addition to providing books for our children we should read to them. Besides establishing a warm parent-child relationship, reading together plants curiosity for words and interest in reading.

True, some children are born readers and some couldn't care less. But reading skills can be encouraged. Arrange family library trips. Let children buy books. There are many colorful inexpensive picture books. A low bookshelf

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

As I sit here at my desk and look out the north window I can see the big bonfire Frank has started. It makes me want to get some wieners and have a wiener roast. We have many dead elms that have to be disposed of and a man came from town this winter and sawed up a lot of it the size he could burn in his stove. But this still left the large logs which Frank has been pulling together and burning as he has time. A lot more trees fell down during our last big storm.

Two weeks after I wrote my last letter to you we experienced the worst storm we can ever remember. It started on Sunday with a light, wet snow that melted about as fast as it hit the ground. Bernie and Belvah came out for dinner. I had called and told Bernie they didn't have to come if they were afraid of the weather, but she said, "We'll be out. I don't think this snow is going to amount to anything." I reminded her of her "famous last words" several times in the next few days.

Frank had turned the cows out into a different pasture that morning because the grass was a lot better than where he had had them. Sometime during the night when the storm got much worse, they found a way to get back in, and when Frank went out to look for them the next morning after we got up and found the storm to be so severe, all the cows and calves were in the shed except one cow. He found her and tried to get her in three different times but she would come half way and turn around and go back. She had her calf sometime that day, and the little newborn was the only livestock we lost. We feel fortunate because many of our neighbors lost several head.

We felt lucky in other ways, too. Our electricity went off at noon and didn't come on again until about 7:00 the next night. We heat with oil, cook with gas, have a well at our back door, and lots of candles, and found we were in much better shape for a black-out than our friends with electric stoves and gas furnaces.

We had snowdrifts ten feet high in the yard and barn lot. There was between 15 and 17 inches of snow with 60-mile-an-hour winds, and it really paralyzed all activities here. The members of the snowmobile club in Lucas County did a fantastic job helping stranded motor-



Aaron Brase is working hard on his croquet game so he can beat his Grandma and Grandpa Johnson when he visits the farm this summer. Aaron, along with his brother Andrew, has been talking of nothing but tractors, wagons and livestock (especially their little pony who lives at the farm).

ists and delivering medicines to those who needed it to name just a couple of ways they helped.

Since the first of January our creek has been out of its banks eleven times, which certainly must be a record of some kind for our farm. I don't think there has been a section of the United States that hasn't been hurt in some way by the weather this year. There hasn't been any farm work done here as yet. Frank has been out several times to try to disc stalks, but even the fields that haven't been under water are too wet.

The wild flowers have been beautiful. I don't know when the violets have been so large and long-stemmed. Frank brought me in a bouquet of bluebells and peach blossoms for the kitchen table, and they are lovely.

I keep a daily journal, and in the back of the book I keep track of the articles I sew during the year, just for the fun of it. In looking at last year's record I found that I had made 48 items altogether in 1972, and over half of them had been stitched up during January, February and March. I have certainly slipped this year, having made only one garment during the same period. I was in Rose Caylor's shop the other day, visiting with her and looking at all the beautiful materials. One of my Christmas presents was a gift certificate in there, but I told her I was disciplining myself, and had made up my mind I was not going to buy one more piece of material until I had made up what I had at home. The next day I

got my machine out and made two knit shirts for Andy and two for Aaron. Since then I have made a dress for myself and a skirt for Kristin. Now that I have started, I hope I can get some more sewing done.

This is the time of year the traffic gets heavy around here with mushroom hunters. There are cars parked along the roads everywhere in the country. We haven't been out to hunt for them yet because according to my diary and the dates we first found them in other years, it is still about a week early. Last year was the best year for mushrooms that we have ever known, and if moisture has anything to do with it, this year should break all records. We should be able to get plenty put away in the freezer for Kristin's anticipated visit this summer. All Frank really cares about is finding enough so she can have a special treat when she comes home.

It's a funny thing about mushroom hunters. People are pretty well trained now to ask permission to hunt for rabbits, squirrels, deer, etc., but it's a rare occasion when someone asks if they can hunt mushrooms. We could save them a lot of time and energy if they would. There have been times when we have seen as many as fifty people comb the same little piece of timber in one afternoon. Of course I guess part of the fun of hunting mushrooms is the walk through the timber on a beautiful spring day. Several people have told me that they like to hunt for them even if they don't like to eat them.

Our Birthday Club is serving a dinner this week at the community hall, the first one we have had for almost a year. We are hoping the weather will cooperate so we will have a big crowd. This is the second date we have set, the first falling at the time of the blizzard. Since there is no cafe in Lucas anymore, people really enjoy these dinners when they can get together and eat out, and they are always asking us "When are you going to have another dinner?" It's a lot of work, but fun too, and we like to do it once or twice a year.

Kristin and her family are fine and she really enjoyed her spring vacation so she could work in the yard and get some odds and ends done around the house. It won't be long until school is out for the summer and she and the boys hope to spend part of their vacation here at the farm. Needless to say we are looking forward to this.

I have some rhubarb I want to get into the freezer today while it is still tender, so that will be my job for the afternoon.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

IOWANS A RADIO TRADITION

The following article appeared recently in the Omaha World-Herald, and we received so many letters from people who enjoyed it that we decided to reprint it for you friends . . . particularly our new subscribers who are trying to get the family straightened out.

by

Omaha World-Herald staff writer

"An American Family" is making considerable clamor on television these days, with its camera-recorded case history of the California Louds.

Last week, an Iowa family — probably far more typically American than the Louds and known for 47 years to hundreds of thousands of radio and magazine fans in and beyond the Midlands — celebrated the 87th birthday of the matriarch and head of the clan.

She's Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier of Shenandoah, familiarly called "Leanna" by two generations of "radio friends", who began listening to her Kitchen-Klatter program in 1926, and readers of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, which she founded at about the same time.

The program, the nation's oldest continuous radio show for homemakers, is taped in Shenandoah and carried six days a week on 13 stations in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Minnesota.

The magazine, a 24-page monthly printed at the Kitchen-Klatter plant in Shenandoah, has a paid circulation of approximately 86,000, with subscribers in all 50 states and several foreign countries.

Leanna Driftmier no longer regularly participates in the daily radio chatter, nor does she write for the magazine.

But she still takes a keen interest in both — and with good reason.

The two enterprises, plus others that are spin-offs from the original Driftmier Co., have been kept in the family for more than 4½ decades.

When the late Martin Driftmier and his wife decided that it was time for the next generation to take over, their son Wayne became president.

Then, in 1957, the company was purchased by the Driftmiers' son-in-law and daughter, Russell and Lucile Verness. The latter has been president since her husband's death in 1963.

No doubt the secret of Kitchen-Klatter's long-lived success on the air and in print lies in the fact that listeners and readers identify with the Driftmiers and relish the homely down-to-earth, day-to-day account of a Midwestern family like their own.

From the beginning, Leanna Driftmier devoted her daily radio talk to chatty anecdotes about her friends and relatives, including the seven Driftmier



Leanna Field Driftmier.

—Photo by Omaha World-Herald

children, who were frequently put in front of the microphone to sing or recite.

She passed on interesting tidbits of information gleaned from her mail, along with practical recipes and useful household hints.

She followed the same approach in the magazine, which was originally entitled "The Mother's Hour Letter — Published Every Little While".

Kitchen-Klatter fans rejoiced with the Driftmiers' windfalls and good luck, sympathized with their occasional misfortunes, followed the careers of the children as they grew up, married and had children of their own.

In an ever-widening circle, names of the Driftmiers became household words.

Along with the parents, there were Howard, Lucile and Margery (now Mrs. Oliver Strom), all still living in Shenandoah; Dorothy (Mrs. Frank Johnson) who lives on a farm near Lucas, Iowa; Frederick, who today is the Rev. Dr. Driftmier, minister of a large Congregational church in Springfield, Mass.; Wayne, owner of a Denver nursery business; and Donald, a former industrial engineer, now teaching in Delafield, Wis.

All seven are contributors to the magazine, if not in person then through let-

ters written by their wives.

And when visiting in Shenandoah, they and their children join the radio roundtable.

Anonymity is an impossibility for any Driftmier whose voice has been heard on the air or whose photograph has appeared in the copiously illustrated magazine.

Frederick and his wife, who have traveled worldwide on vacation trips and church assignments, have been hailed by "radio friends" in such unlikely spots as the Swiss Alps, Norway and Germany.

Frederick's daughter, Mary Leanna, ran into Kitchen-Klatter devotees during a six-month sojourn in Italy.

The Vernesses' daughter, Juliana — now Mrs. J. E. Lowey of Albuquerque, N.M. — was on one occasion recognized and joyfully greeted by Midwestern tourists picnicking at remote Nambe Falls in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains outside Santa Fe.

Most startling of all was an incident that occurred in Dalhart, Tex., where Mrs. Verness and Mrs. Lowey had stopped overnight en route from Shenandoah to Albuquerque.

While they were breakfasting at 6 a.m. in a coffee shop, an Arizona tourist in

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LETTER FROM ALISON

Dear Friends:

It has been almost two years since my picture as a blushing bride appeared on the cover of *Kitchen-Klatter*, so perhaps I should re-introduce myself.

I am Wayne and Abigail's second daughter, Alison, and that cover picture was taken on the day of my marriage to Mike Walstad, April 3rd, 1971. These past two years have been exciting and rewarding for us, and quite a challenge for me, for I was faced with the task of transforming a nineteen-year-old college girl overnight into a competent homemaker and wife.

I think that most men feel that just being a woman automatically qualifies one as an excellent cook, meal planner, and family manager. I wonder which newlywed receives the greatest shock when the realization strikes as to just how many years of experience it takes to become all of these things — the groom or the bride?

I'm sure many of you found yourselves as newlyweds in the same predicament as I. Even my mother, a very accomplished cook, could find empathy with my situation. Prior to marrying, I had done very little cooking, just an occasional batch of cookies or a birthday cake, and the task of preparing and executing meals day after day on a limited budget seemed at times almost too monumental a job to ever overcome! But with several factors aiding me, I was able to turn what is to some a daily drudgery, into what is sheer pleasure for me.

I was fortunate enough to have an entire family of excellent cooks to copy — all of my aunts, my cousins (especially Juliana), my grandmother, Leanna, and most especially my mother. I have also had access to the finest recipes from the Driftmier kitchens. I make it a habit never to visit one of my relatives without picking up a few choice recipes.

But the credit goes most of all to my husband, Mike, who with infinite patience and encouragement never gave up on me. What woman could not find pleasure in cooking for an appreciative and loving husband? Many of my single girl friends tease me in good fun about being so domestic and "unliberated", but perhaps many people could be happier if they were able to find joy in simple things, like pleasing someone you love. So I pay them little attention, and will wait my turn to tease them when they are married and have the same feelings as I.

But the culinary arts had better wait for another time, for I am anxious to share with you some of our adventures of the past two years. We have been so



Margery Strom and the tea cart her mother gave her for Christmas.

much on the go, that these past few months have really given me the first opportunity to catch up on what has happened and to do some reflection.

The travel bug has long had its grip on Mike and me, and quite often we are afflicted with what we call the "Big Road Blues" — the urge to travel. Fortunately, up until now we've been able to be quite mobile, traveling summers in between Mike's last few years of college — and we've taken full advantage of it. In fact, I was amazed when I did some calculating, and realized that we had changed residences over thirteen times in the past twenty-four months!

However, this fall Mike completes his last year of school, an internship in a medical technology program, and I imagine our traveling days will have to be somewhat curtailed then. But I think it's beneficial for young people to get the quest for adventure out of their systems before they settle down. I know we'll be much more appreciative of our permanent home after having spent so much time in transit. Besides this, our travels have given us friendships that stretch across the entire country, and a wealth of experiences to remember and enjoy for years.

I do, however, feel rather sorry for the parents of such children. I imagine it's quite a shock when all of the children leave the nest after so many years at home. And it must be even more disconcerting when the youngsters leave and travel to such great distances, as was the case with my parents.

Acquaintances often asked them how they could survive with their children so far away — Emily and Clark both in South America, and Alison not usually close to home either. Often they just shrugged their shoulders and replied

that it wasn't easy, but that they wanted their children to have some of the opportunities that were unavailable to them during their younger years. But for some parents, (mine included), the departure of the young 'uns has given them the freedom to do many more things than were possible with the kids at home. Even with the increased availability and lower costs of traveling these days, traveling any great distances with a family of five is still far too expensive for most families. My sister and brother and myself are all happy that Mom and Dad have finally been able to take the trips that they've been planning for years, but were previously out of the question with three children, such as their trip to South America last Christmas.

Although Mike and I have never made it quite that far, we have probably enjoyed our shorter excursions just as much. Most of the past two years has been spent in Colorado and New Mexico. We really do consider the Southwest our home, even though, at times, we could call Tennessee and even Mexico "home"! It is not difficult to see why these Southwestern states are experiencing such a population expansion, for anyone who has witnessed the open skies, broad landscape, ideal climate (although my parents in the nursery business might have considered this spring's heavy snows anything but ideal — as was the case almost everywhere), and beautiful scenery is destined to forever be a westerner.

Fortunately for us, many relatives and friends feel this same way. All within a day's driving distance for us are Mike's parents and sisters and my parents, as well as my cousins Mary Lea in Las Vegas, New Mexico, Juliana in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Kristin in Durango, Colorado — (one of our VERY favorite places), and we get to see them all several times during the year. Since both my sister and closest girl friend are currently in the Peace Corps in South America, it is a special treat to visit with my female cousins. I am so looking forward to the fall of this year when my sister returns! We will have many, many stories to exchange!

I had hoped to share more of them with you, as I have seen so many places that I would like to recommend, but they will have to wait for another time. Until then, this short introduction will have to suffice, for space is running short, and unless I start the bread soon it will never be ready for dinner tonight. Since we have been married I have always baked all of our bread, rolls, and breakfast rolls — and Mike has really come to expect it!

Sincerely,
Alison

OF FOOD AND TREASURES AND HIKES AND SUCH

by
Evelyn Birkby

Ideas for any project can begin in a variety of places, can simmer underground for a long period of time and then, hopefully, erupt into an active stage which moves thoughts into results.

The Junior High and Senior High classes of the Sidney United Methodist Church School took such an idea and shifted into high gear in a remarkable way. It all began the middle of this past winter when the two classes were moved. For many years the older group had met in the pastor's study. The younger class had met in several areas of the church through the years, including the past four years when they had their class sessions in the kitchen.

Now the two classes are sharing the large room off the sanctuary. It is like many such rooms, divided by sliding doors from the main part of the church. The room was sometimes used when a funeral was held in the church, occasionally for the gift tables or reception line at weddings, and sometimes for small group meetings.

The space had many possibilities and it was not long until the young people began to talk about some of the needs of the area and decided to take on the project of fixing it as attractively and useably as they possibly could.

The most important need, the youth decided, was for a carpet. Going to the administrative board, they asked if the church would pay for half of the carpet if they could raise the rest of the money; this was approved. (I might add that the first estimate given on the carpet was too low and threw everything into a tizzy before the project even got off the ground. I mention this so that *anyone* checking on *any* project be very careful about double checking on prices before quoting them to the governing body!)

Now the young people had to decide how to raise their share of the money. They came up with a long list of ideas and settled on three: 1. a Food Sale, 2. Slave Auction, and 3. a Treasure Sale. A fourth was added later when the minister, the Rev. Clyde King, suggested a Hike.

The first project was the *Food Sale*, a very simple way to earn money quickly if a group is willing. With a fine amount of food — some made by the young people and some by their helpful mothers — decorated cakes, cinnamon rolls, pies, eggs, brownies, cookies, frozen foods, etc., were sold from one of the store windows downtown.

The second project was the *Slave Auction*. It was advertised that the



Two eager buyers look over the flower, plant and vase table at the "Treasure Sale" held recently by the youth of United Methodist Church at Sidney, Iowa. Several of the young clerks are arranging jewelry and waiting to make a sale.

—Photo by Craig Birkby

"slaves" would be at the church at 8:00 on a Saturday morning and would be available for half a day's work. Calls came in for helpers to baby sit, vacuum rugs, scrub and wax floors, wash walls, clean windows and run errands. One mother took two girls to help her make pies for her freezer. The weather did not cooperate so outside work was cancelled. This made it the least productive of the four projects held.

The *Treasure Sale* was an amazing success! For several weeks items were put in the church newsletter and the local newspaper asking the church people (and anyone else who cared to) to glean unused items from their closets, cupboards and attics and bring them to the church. As soon as the date for the sale was scheduled, a deadline was announced for bringing in the items.

The day before the sale the young people came to the church immediately after school and began setting up tables, sorting out the "treasures" and pricing the articles. Each of the youth had chosen the area committee where he wanted to work so this went smoothly. On the morning of the sale the doors were opened at 9:00 and until 3:00 in the afternoon a constant stream of people came and went, amazed at the amount of fine merchandise for sale and pleased with their bargains.

(Lucile and Margery each sent over some excellent items, some new, to add to our sale. The young people in charge were most appreciative.)

The sale truly did combine the fun of an old-fashioned bazaar, a garage sale, an antique hunt, a morning coffee, a noon luncheon and a rummage sale! The areas set up and clerked by the youth were: Clothing and Household;

Antiques; Toys; Books and Records; Flowers, Plants and Vases; Country Store (baked goods, canned goods, etc.); Odds and Ends; and a Coffee and Sandwich Bar.

Martha Snyder (Mrs. Harold Snyder, the Junior High teacher) and I (the Senior High class is mine) were surprised the following day to have so many of the same hard-working young people arrive for the church school session and to sing in the choir for the morning church service. In fact, we were surprised *we* even managed to get there!

We no sooner recovered from the sale than we swung into the last project, a *L-O-N-G Hike*. I had heard of hikes for worthy causes but knew nothing of the mechanics of such a project. Each one of the young people tried to "sell" his hiking ability to someone for \$1.00 per mile. Some of them sold ten miles to one person. Some had several people buying one mile each. Two of the church groups contributed money and hikers. One of our church friends, Mrs. Lillian McElroy, who is the State Representative from southwest Iowa, heard about the hike when she came to the Treasure Sale and agreed to walk with the group.

For safety we chose a back road west through the bluffs and south to Wau-bonsie State Park. The sheriff of the county was contacted for his approval. Two cars with slow-moving vehicle signs drove at some distance behind the group and one went on ahead to caution oncoming traffic. The hikers had two long poles with red flags on top, one carried by the first hiker in line and one by the last. Going over the hills made these red banners extremely useful safety features.

(Continued on page 23)

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT SALAD

- 1 6-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 tall, slender can crushed pineapple with juice
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries with juice, thawed

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Cool. Add flavoring, pineapple and strawberries. Pour into an 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm. —Margery

ELEGANT PORK CHOPS

- 8 pork chops
- Fat for browning
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- 4 tart apples, cored and sliced in rings
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup raisins

Brown chops in the hot fat. Sprinkle with salt and sage. Place in baking dish and top with apple rings. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Add flour to fat and blend. Mix in water and vinegar. Cook until thick. Lastly, add raisins and pour over chops. Bake uncovered in 350-degree oven for one hour. —Margery

GLAZED CARROTS

- 8 large carrots (about 2 lbs.), pared and sliced
- 1/2 cup honey
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 4 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cook carrots, covered, in boiling salted water to cover in a large skillet for 10 minutes. Drain well and add honey, sugar and oil. Cook uncovered over low heat, stirring occasionally until carrots are tender and well glazed. This will take at least 20 minutes. Add lemon rind, ginger and salt and stir well. This amount will serve 6 people.

CONFETTI VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 cup diced pimiento
- 2 slices bread
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Cook the vegetables as directed on the package until barely tender. Make a cream sauce with the 3 Tbls. of butter or margarine, flour, milk, salt and pepper. When the mixture thickens, add the cheeses and stir until it melts. Stir in the pimiento. Place the drained vegetables in a buttered casserole and cover with the cheese sauce. Tear the bread into tiny pieces and toss with the 2 Tbls. of melted butter or margarine. Scatter this over the top of the casserole. Bake in a 450-degree oven about 10 minutes. —Dorothy

QUICK-AND-EASY CREAMED HAM

- 1 Tbls. instant minced onion
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 2 cups finely diced cooked ham
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. diced pimiento
- Pepper to taste

Combine onion with milk and let stand a few minutes. Add to celery soup, stirring until smooth. Stir in the ham and heat slowly just to simmering. Remove from heat and add cheese, pimiento and pepper and stir until cheese is melted. Serve over hot buttered toast or hot biscuits. Serves four. —Mae

SOUTHERN MEAT LOAF

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/3 cup molasses
- 3 Tbls. mild vinegar
- 3 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup tomato juice
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 1/3 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients. Pat into a baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour or until done. A little of the molasses may be reserved when combining ingredients and used to brush over top for a glaze. A great flavor combination first put together in the South, brought north by Bob from his trip to Florida and updated with the Kitchen-Klatter French dressing. It promises to become one of our favorite ways to prepare ground beef. —Evelyn

CRAB MOLD

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups tomato juice, less 1 1/2 Tbls.
- 1 7-oz. can crab meat, drained and washed in cold water by putting in strainer and running cold water over it
- 1/4 cup pickle relish
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 3 Tbls. diced green pepper
- Softened gelatin in the lemon juice.

Heat tomato juice and lemon flavoring. Dissolve gelatin in this liquid. Chill until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in crab meat, pickle relish, diced celery and green pepper. Pour into mold and refrigerate until firm. —Margery

COCONUT POUND CAKE

- 1 cup margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup flake coconut

Cream together the margarine and sugar. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the flavorings. Sift the flour and salt together and add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Stir in the coconut. Pour into a well-greased and floured tube pan. Bake in a 325-degree oven for one hour and 30 minutes. Cool ten minutes in the pan before removing cake to a rack. —Dorothy

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 3 whole eggs
- Pinch of salt
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 1 1/2 cups cream
- 2 cups strawberries, mashed
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Blend the sugar, eggs and salt. Add slowly to the scalded milk until sugar has dissolved, stirring fast to prevent curdling. Add 1/2 cup of the cream, berries and flavorings. Place in trays. When partially frozen, remove and beat, adding the remaining 1 cup of cream, whipped. Return to refrigerator and freeze for several hours.

ICE CREAM*(Gallon freezer)*

- 4 eggs
- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 5 cups milk
- 4 cups thick cream
- 4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Beat eggs. Add sugar gradually; continue beating till mixture is stiff. Add milk, cream, vanilla flavoring and salt. Mix thoroughly. Pour into gallon freezer and freeze.

—Margery

ORANGE-MARASCHINO ICE CREAM TOPPING

- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 1/2 cups orange juice

Mix cornstarch, sugar and water together until smooth. Add orange juice. Bring mixture slowly to boil, stirring constantly, and boil gently about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Chill. Add to chilled sauce:

- 3 Tbls. chopped maraschino cherries
- 2 Tbls. maraschino juice
- 1/3 cup slivered, salted almonds
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

This sauce will become one of your favorites.

GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE PIE

- 1 pkg. (4 oz.) German sweet chocolate
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 2/3 cups (14 1/2-oz. can) evaporated milk
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 1 unbaked 10-inch pie shell, fluted
- 1 1/2 cups flake coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Melt chocolate with butter or margarine over low heat; stir until blended. Remove from heat; gradually blend in milk. Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt thoroughly; beat in eggs and flavorings. Gradually blend in chocolate mixture. Pour into pie shell. Mix coconut and nuts; sprinkle over filling. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes or until top is puffed and browned. (Filling will be soft, but will set while cooling.) Cool 4 hours or more. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

Note: If you have a deep-dish pie pan, I suggest you use it rather than a regular pie pan.

—Margery

CURRIED FRUIT

- 1 large can cling peach halves
- 1 large can pear halves
- 1 large can pineapple slices
- 10 maraschino cherries with stems
- 1/3 cup butter
- 3/4 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed

- 4 tsp. curry powder

Drain fruit very thoroughly and pat dry on paper towels. Arrange in large flat baking dish. Melt butter, add sugar and curry powder and spoon over fruit. Bake 1 hour uncovered.

Refrigerate overnight. Reheat 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven before serving with ham or poultry.

This is an extremely spicy and most tempting fruit dish to accompany a baked ham.

—Lucile

ELEGANT SPINACH

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen spinach, or the equivalent of fresh garden spinach

- 1 tsp. garlic juice
- 1 tsp. seasoning salt
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature

Cook spinach and drain. Blend garlic juice and seasoning salt with cream cheese. Spoon over top of spinach and gently stir in until blended. Heat until mixture is hot, then serve immediately.

VIRGINIA'S CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 4 5-oz. cans boned chicken
- 2 10 1/2-oz. cans cream of chicken soup
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can chicken and rice soup
- 1 14 1/2-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 5 1/2-oz. can Chinese noodles
- 1 cup slivered almonds

Flake the chicken. Blend the soups with the milk and mix with the chicken. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle the noodles over all, and then sprinkle with the slivered almonds. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

—Margery

FROZEN RASPBERRY PUREE

- 1 quart raspberries, sieved
- 3/4 to 1 cup sugar
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Combine ingredients. Spoon into freezer containers. Freeze.

Use as topping for ice cream, or combine with whipped cream or whipped topping and serve on cake. Add to gelatin salads. Stir into fruit punches or add to a fruit frozen dessert. Use with raspberry cake or raspberry roll recipes.

This is so simple to make and absolutely delicious. Sieving the berries removes most of the seeds and gives a soft puree. Sugar amount is varied for those who like such mixtures more or less sweet.

—Evelyn

REFRESHING SUMMER SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup frozen lemonade concentrate
- 1 7-oz. bottle ginger ale (cold)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 cups fresh peach balls
- 1 cup honeydew melon balls
- 1 cup seedless green grapes, cut in halves

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the lemonade concentrate, ginger ale and flavorings. Stir until dissolved. Chill until partially set. Fold in the fruit balls and grapes. Pour into a mold and chill until firm.

—Dorothy

SUPER RASPBERRY PRESERVES

- 1 cup raspberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Combine ingredients. Bring to a boil. Boil 3 minutes. Do not stir at any time, just gently shake pan to keep from sticking. Seal *boiling hot* in sterilized jars. Makes 2 half-pint jars. This method keeps the berries whole. If you double or triple recipe it will still be good but the berries will tend to cook up. If you cook in larger amounts, double or triple the cooking time.

STRAWBERRY ICE BOX DESSERT

- 2 boxes frozen strawberries, drained or 1 quart fresh strawberries, sliced and sugared
- 1/3 lb. crushed sugar wafers
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup nutmeats
- 1 cup whipping cream

Thicken strawberry juice with 1 Tbls. cornstarch and 2 Tbls. strawberry gelatin per cup — cook until clear, and then mix with berries.

Spread half of the crushed wafer crumbs in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cream butter and sugar together; add egg yolks and beat well. Fold in egg whites that have been beaten until stiff. Spread this on top of the crushed wafers. Add layer of nuts, then the layer of strawberries, and cover with whipped cream. Top with remaining crushed wafers.

The amounts given here will not make a thick dessert. I doubled the entire thing (I used 3 packages of frozen strawberries rather than 4) when I made this to serve for club refreshments. The squares were much thicker, of course, and it worked out to very good advantage to serve a crowd.

—Lucile

CURRIED ASPARAGUS

- 1 lb. asparagus
- 5 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1/8 tsp. black pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. instant minced onion

Cook asparagus in salted water until tender. Arrange in small shallow baking dish. Melt butter or margarine in small saucepan and add 2 tablespoons to the bread crumbs. Mix crumbs well and put aside. Blend salt, flour, curry powder and pepper into remaining melted butter. Add milk and cook, stirring, until thickened. Add onion, pour over asparagus and sprinkle with the crumbs. Bake in preheated 425-degree oven about 15 minutes. 4 servings. —Mae

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**The Meal-Maker**

In most of our homes, the salad is the introduction to dinner. It's the first thing we see, and the first thing we eat. No wonder so many homemakers consider it the "meal-maker". If it's blah and lifeless, or so tart it brings tears, it's bound to influence our outlook on the balance of the meal. Rely on **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**.

Rely on **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** to get each meal off to a great start. Whether you choose **Kitchen-Klatter Italian, French or Country Style**, you'll be adding great flavor and excitement to your salad greens. Not too tart, not too bland. Just a great combination of herbs, oils and vinegar. A great start to a great meal.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

CHERRY NUT REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 cup (8-oz. jar) maraschino cherries
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup chopped walnuts

Sift flour with salt, cinnamon and soda. Cream butter or margarine. Add brown sugar, flavorings and milk; cream well. Add dry ingredients gradually; mix thoroughly. Stir in cherries and nuts. Divide dough in half. Shape into rolls, 12 inches long. Wrap; chill 4 to 6 hours or overnight. Cut into 1/4-inch slices. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes until golden. —Margery

BLUEBERRY TORTE

- 40 saltine crackers
- 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 21-oz. can blueberry pie filling
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Crush saltines and combine with melted butter or margarine. Pat into 8-by 11-inch cake pan. Beat egg whites stiff. Add sugar gradually. Spread on top of crumb crust and bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees. Cool. Combine blueberry pie filling and flavoring. Cover baked crust with blueberry mixture. Refrigerate 6-8 hours. May be served with or without whipped cream. —Margery

HONEY HILL MARINADE

- 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 4 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 or 2 garlic buds, minced
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 2 Tbls. onion, minced
- 2 Tbls. catsup

Combine ingredients and mix well. Store in jar with tight lid. Coat meat with marinade in shallow pan and marinate meat for several hours or overnight before cooking.

Remove from refrigerator and let stand at room temperature at least 1 hour to warm a bit before beginning cooking. When ready to cook, remove from marinade and cook as desired.

This is excellent for steaks, roasts, chicken, cubed meat used for shish kebabs or spareribs. Fine for grilling. Baste meat occasionally with the marinade as it cooks. —Evelyn

BLEU CHEESE MOLD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/4 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup crumbled bleu cheese
- 2 cups finely diced unpeeled red apples

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water and juice. Then blend in sour cream. Chill until very thick. Stir in cheese and apples. Pour into 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. —Mae

KATHARINE'S SUMMER FRUIT COMPOTE

- 2 cups rhubarb
- 1 cup raw honey
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 1/2 cups fresh hulled strawberries (or frozen)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Cut the rhubarb into 1/2-inch pieces without peeling and pour over this the honey and baking soda which have been combined. Allow these three ingredients to stand for at least 6 hours. Then add strawberries and Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring. Cook the sauce until it is soft (about 20 minutes). Serve with cream. —Mary Beth

BARBECUED PORK CHOPS

- Thick pork chops
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. cloves

Brown pork chops in a little fat. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over chops which have been placed in baking dish. Bake 1 hour at 325 degrees.

REUBEN SANDWICH

Use either Russian rye bread or pumpernickel bread. Spread with butter or margarine, then add a layer of sliced corned beef. Drain sauerkraut well and put on a layer of this, then a layer of sliced Swiss cheese. Top with another slice of buttered bread. Wrap in aluminum foil. Heat in 375- or 400-degree oven until hot through and cheese melts.

This may be made in individual sandwiches using sliced bread or one long loaf may be sliced through the long way and the entire loaf layered with the corned beef, sauerkraut and cheese. Wrap in foil, heat through and then cut off in chunks for the number who are to be served. An excellent camping food, for this may be warmed in a camp oven or heated on top of a grill. —Evelyn

MORE WATER PROBLEMS FOR WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

It seems most unlikely to begin my letter to you this month with a repeat of the kitchen carpet saga, but I must tell you chapters two and three of our watery spring. After returning from our ten-hour drive back from visiting in Shenandoah, the first person in the kitchen noticed that there was water standing all over the kitchen cabinets and dripping down into pools on the cracked, peeling, water-soaked linoleum. I was so startled at such a repeat performance that I didn't know where to look for the source of the water. One of our cats had jumped up on top of the fish tank and had pawed the filter return for the water pump so that it was emptying out of the fish tank instead of returning the water into the tank. The water filter was still submerged in quite a bit of water and there were many gallons of water left to drain out. So, as we unpacked the car, Father and the children limbered up their stiff joints with the string mop and the wringer bucket which we *now* own for such moist calamities.

This didn't prove to be as wretched a clean-up operation as the freezer story, but we were grateful that for once our procrastination in getting carpet chosen had saved us from having it already installed so it could get soaked with somewhat fragrant fish-tank water.

And as if this were not enough to try one's patience, one busy, frantic Saturday morning I noticed that the drains were gurgling ominously. Every year about this time the roots in the big tree between the house and the septic tank begin to grow and flex their muscles (if tree roots can be supposed to flex their muscles) and our house drains slow up to an eventual stop. At this point we call in a plumber and have the system run through with a wire snake, and all is well for another year. I was doing a laundry, as usual for Saturday morning, Katharine was taking an unusual Saturday morning bath, so there was lots of water flowing through the house pipes. For some reason Don went to the basement and such terrible moans as came up from the lower area! I thought for sure he had struck his poor head *again* on the low heating pipes, but no, it was WATER!

Squirting out of many pipes, like a worn-out garden hose, was all of Katharine's bath water (we could tell by the fragrance of her bath oil) and apparently many gallons of laundry water. Poor Donald rigged up a plastic sheet drape and managed to direct the water into several large buckets so it wouldn't squirt under the ceiling of the finished



This picture of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier was taken at the Strom's home when, along with their three children, they visited Shenandoah this spring.

part of the basement. A plumber quickly arrived and all seemed to be under control. He opened up the house drains with the wire snake, but added that the septic tank *had* to be pumped out the very next morning, (an expensive bit of news to say the least).

Donald sent word from the back yard to run water into the kitchen sink to see if it was coming through the pipes where they were working. This I did, but the water ran into the sink and directly out of the *filled-up* dishwasher and thence out onto the kitchen floor. The dishwasher was filled to the lower door hinge with water and the amount I was running in the sink never reached the men in the back yard but rather sought the nearest exit, which was the kitchen floor. Out came the string mop again and the wringer bucket. What a mess! We've really had a clean kitchen floor these days. I had to run several cycles of bleach water through the dishwasher to remove the foul water which had penetrated all of its insides. That's the end of our story, I hope.

We did, of course, have a perfectly wonderful time in Shenandoah. Too short a visit because we were uneasy about the weather, which, if you remember, leveled us here in the Milwaukee area with almost 15 inches of snow the very weekend after we got home. Our school was not able to start because we were shut in from every direction. I took advantage of the extra days off by cooking up a veritable refrigerator full of food. I always come back from Shenandoah terribly impressed and inspired to cooking endeavors by my super-good sisters-in-law cooks. They are something else, let me tell you. I do not get

HOMEMAKER'S CREED

I BELIEVE

Homemaking is a noble and challenging career.

I BELIEVE

Homemaking is an art requiring many different skills.

I BELIEVE

Homemaking requires the best of my efforts, my abilities, and my thinking.

I BELIEVE

Homemaking reflects the spirit of the homemaker.

I BELIEVE

Homemaking should be my best efforts to make it a place of peace, joy, and contentment.

I BELIEVE

No task is too humble that contributes to the cleanliness, the order, the health, the well being of the household.

I BELIEVE

A homemaker must be true to the highest ideals of love, loyalty, service, and religion.

I BELIEVE

My home must be an influence for good in the neighborhood, the community, the country. —Author unknown

ON STAGE, EVERYONE!

"All the world's a stage," noted Shakespeare. "And all the men and women merely players: They have their entrances."

If "all the world's a stage", then we ask what roles we should play on that stage. If we are only spectators, not a part of the action, we play a limited, disengaged role. If we want a piece of the action, we must be participants, not watchers-on.

To be, obviously, is to learn, to do, to take part, to participate.

to cook as much as I would like nor as much as I did formerly. But I still love it and so I cooked and cooked those house-bound days. I taught Adrienne to make split pea soup with a ham hock and then two days later I started on lentil soup which recipe I got from a French restaurant in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, when Don and I were there on our honeymoon.

When you read this my part of school will be within a week of being over. The little children remind me of house plants which are bending their heads toward the sunshine. Many of the teachers take their classes outside to read under the big blue spruce trees near one side of the school and I am tempted to do this, too.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

A RADIO TRADITION - Concluded

an adjoining booth recognized their voices and saluted "Lucile" and "Juliana" with a hearty, "Good morning, folks!"

Mail is heavy at the Kitchen-Klatter plant located on the western edge of Shenandoah — a building purchased by Russell Verness when he headed the company.

At Christmastime there is an unsolicited flood of gifts for Leanna and her family from Kitchen-Klatter friends.

Year 'round a stream of personal letters pours in, directed to Leanna and to her successors on the radio program — Lucile and Margery, Dorothy (when she's in town), and Evelyn (Mrs. Robert) Birkby, a friend from nearby Sidney, Iowa.

Mail also includes orders for premiums on a variety of products manufactured at the plant and distributed through the Midwest.

In a bold and energetic expansion program during the Russell Verness regime, companies were set up to make and sell household products, food flavorings, salad dressings.

The sales organization is headed by Ed Maxine of Shenandoah.

Lucile Verness is the "mover and shaker" behind the organization's latest venture.

The Prairie Press was incorporated just last week and will soon publish as its first offering a 464-page cook-

book.

Along with numerous other projected publications, Mrs. Verness plans to re-issue "The Story of an American Family", which she wrote and serialized in *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine during the 1940's and published as a slim paperback volume in 1950.

Her story is a chronicle of the Driftmiers and their pioneer forebears.

The heroine is Leanna Field Driftmier, one of seven brothers and sisters whose parents settled in Iowa's Page County in 1870.

Among the Field children's early memories were trains of covered wagons, heading for homesteads in the West.

An unfailing refuge for weary travelers was the Fields' Sunnyside Farm, located between Shenandoah and Clarinda.

Leanna's mother remembered that on the cover of one wagon was painted in bold letters: "To Kansas or Bust!"

Two years later, the same wagon passed the farm, going east. This time the legend on the cover read: "Busted, by Thunder!"

As the Field youngsters grew up, each developed a special talent.

Leanna's sister, Jessie Field Shambaugh, was one of the founders of America's 4-H Clubs; Helen Field Fischer was Shenandoah's "Flower Lady" and a notable garden expert; Martha Field Eaton was a poet; Sue Field Conrad

was a artist; brother Sol, who went to live in California, worked with Boy Scouts as a hobby, teaching them to ride horses; and another brother, Henry, helped establish Shenandoah as one of the nation's nursery centers.

Henry was also a pioneer in the radio field, and over his station, Shenandoah's KFNF, his sister Leanna made a hesitant debut.

By that time, she had been graduated from California State Teachers College at Los Angeles, had come back to Shenandoah and married Martin Driftmier, a widower with a small son and daughter, Howard and Lucile.

And five more Driftmier children had been added to the family circle.

A major crisis for Leanna — and all the Driftmiers — was an automobile accident in 1930 that eventually relegated her to a wheelchair.

Undaunted, she turned her home into a broadcasting studio, managed to keep house, sew, cook and participate in activities of the YWCA, the PTA and the Congregational Church.

Before Mr. Driftmier's death, the couple traveled widely, sometimes by plane, sometimes in a wide-doored car that could accommodate a folding wheelchair.

In 1954, Leanna Field Driftmier was named Iowa Mother of the Year.

Leanna Driftmier now lives with a housekeeper-companion, Mrs. Ruby Treese, in the family home on Shenandoah's Summit Avenue, a comfortable, unpretentious house remodeled to suit her special needs.

The Kitchen-Klatter studio is a sound-proof room in the Verness home on Clarinda Avenue.

Since Lucile Verness is also confined to a wheelchair, she seldom sees her mother during Iowa's rigorous winter months, even though the gardens of the two houses are almost back-to-back.

Thanks to the telephone and the mailman, Leanna Driftmier keeps in touch with every member of her far-flung, four-generation family.

Although not a sentimentalist, she treasures a Memory Book that belonged to her parents.

On the last page, her mother had written in a shaky hand a quotation that ended:

"Gone were the years of their manhood and womanhood — even as the days of their boyhood and girlhood were gone.

"The man and the woman now live in their girls and boys — and in the children of their children."

ALWAYS

Always expect the best . . .
Always prepare for the worst . . .
Always accept what happens.

"Hurry up — they're playing the theme song for KITCHEN-KLATTER!"

Yes, Mother, your little "reminder" did his job well! Now put that sack of groceries away, settle down with a cup of coffee, and enjoy our morning visit.

We can be heard over the following stations each weekday:

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN'S DAY

by
Evelyn Witter

There is a prelude of music before the children enter.

Suggested Hymn: "All Things Bright and Beautiful".

Children enter church and advance slowly toward the front.

Each child carries a fresh flower.

Each child wears a pastel-colored crepe paper hat. (These hats need not be elaborate to be effective, but they should resemble buds rather than fully grown flowers.)

Setting: At the front of the church there are four small vases and one large vase or flower basket.

There are four speaking parts and one verse for the entire group. The four children who have the speaking parts are in the center of the group. They stand and face the auditorium.

After each one of the four speaks his lines he turns and places his flower in one of the smaller vases. Then they take places at the end of line in order that they may act as leaders in seating the group when the exercise is over.

First Child:

Flowers brighten Children's Day —
Their beauty makes us glad and gay!
(Places flower in vase.)

Second Child:

These flowers we have come to share.
They speak of God's kind, loving care!
(Flower in vase)

Third Child:

Flowers are the sign of spring,
And tell God's love for everything!
(Flower in vase)

Fourth Child:

Flowers are so sweet and mild,
Like whispered prayers of a little child!
(Flower in vase)

There is soft music as background for prayer. Children bow their heads in prayer. (Suggested music: "My God, I Thank Thee".)

Prayer by teacher or superintendent:

O Lord, Thou hast been the inspiration of our children. We open our hearts to Thee this Children's Day. We as parents trust in Thee, and our children love Thee. Help us all to remember God's love for us that we may return that love in constant service. May our hearts ever be glad that we are all Thy children. Amen. (Pause)

The entire group of children in unison: (Holding flowers forward)

We too are buds that flower and grow
As the word of God points the way to go!

The children follow their appointed leaders to their seats, placing their flowers in the big vase or baskets as they go.

The music plays: "Jesus Loves Me! This I Know".

SNATCHES

by
Wilma Smith Leland



Eavesdropping has become a habit. Traveling alone, eating alone, walking alone, I always have company. I listen to other people's conversations. I've even eavesdropped on trains and buses in France despite the fact that I am not proficient in the language. Watch facial expressions or nodding of heads, pick up key words and you have the news or the gossip. You can't be sure which it is, of course.

Snatches of conversation can remind one of the whispered game we used to play. I start by whispering a word to the person next to me; she adds one and whispers to the one next to her. Remember how the sentence used to come out at the end of the line or when the circle was completed? In snatches of conversation, the listener supplies the missing facts.

"I asked the clerk if the purse was new stock. She said yes it was. I paid \$3.95 for it and see, it has a Saks Fifth Avenue label in it." The speaker was on the bus, visiting with a stranger next to her. I looked at the purse. It was a pretty one of heavy brocade, well made. I missed the name of the place where she had bought it. Was she in New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago? Was the merchandise sent to a discount store? Had she bought it at a basement or garage sale? Maybe she wanted to pretend that she had bought a bargain. Well dressed, she might have paid the full price for it.

Discipline is necessary when one eavesdrops. You have not been asked the question even though you know the right answer. Your opinion has not been solicited even though you have the background to offer a fine alternative.

The alert eavesdropper is never bored. She "goes" to weddings and funerals. She "sees" the faces of new babies who look exactly like Mother or Father. She "worries" over domestic problems and illnesses.

In the restaurant she eats alone, but she is never lonely. Those about her share with her, but they never know it. Her smiles and her frowns, if they are noticed, seem to come from her thoughts, not her observations nor her hearing.



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Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"The Sound of Music" will be returning to the movie screens soon. I plan to see it *again*. How about you?

Although circumstances surrounding the sale of the story of the Trapp Family Singers did not make it a financial success for the family, it did bring about rewards in other ways. Letters have been received from all over the world, telling Maria von Trapp that looking at the film "The Sound of Music" has strengthened their trust in God. In that, Baroness von Trapp is grateful for the movie. When someone asks how she likes the film, she answers, "I really like it very much,



Betty Driftmier, in her favorite chair, snatches a few moments' rest between household duties.

especially the beginning where you can see beautiful Austria photographed from a helicopter. The pictures were taken from the air around Salzburg, and I could see this view every morning at breakfast."

If you want to read a book that is filled with many emotions — laughter, joy, tears and sorrow — I suggest the story of the life of a musician, mother, homemaker, lecturer, world traveler, and writer. The book? *Maria* (Creation House, 499 Gunderson Drive, Carol Stream, Illinois 60187, \$5.95) by Maria von Trapp.

The author grew up in Austria, an orphaned child at an early age. She joined a convent on the hopes of becoming a nun. Later, as "the will of God" she married Baron Georg von Trapp and became the second mother of his seven children. Then Hitler struck Austria and the family fled. As time went on, the Trapp Family became known throughout the world as a singing group.

In *Maria* she writes of her love for the Baron, the growth of her children, and the building of the Family Lodge at Stowe, Vermont. This interesting Lodge, restaurant and gift shop is in the heart of the ski country. She has led an adventure-filled and spiritually-overflowing life, with a new dedication to God.

If you've seen her on television shows during the year, you know what a charming appearance she makes, and how she enjoys life. Her sense of humor is great, especially when she tells of learning to ski and to ride a horse. Now that her son has taken over the Lodge management, Maria has time for traveling and for her family. *Maria*, her true and little-known story, makes good reading of the life of a great lady.

Plants Are Like People (paperback, \$1.25) by Jerry Baker is a very readable book for gardeners. He looks upon plants as people, with their own personalities and special language. Mr. Baker recommends the three P's — Pride, Persistence and Patience — and tells how they can save both gardener and garden. He advises that they are the three most important gardening concepts. He writes:

"Take pride in what you are doing. Don't be satisfied with a halfway job. Make it the best you can possibly do or don't even attempt it. The pride you put into your garden will be reflected in the end result.

"Persistence is another absolute must for 'growing success'. Mother Nature has a way of punishing anyone who quits in the middle of a gardening job — by making it twice as difficult to finish when he returns.

"Perhaps the most important of the three 'P's' is patience. You can't rush Mother Nature or her helpers, but you can sort of prod her on with a few tricks I've learned over the years." The contents include help for lawns, evergreens, trees, shrubs, roses, annu-

As homemakers, one of our biggest responsibilities is preparing those three meals a day.

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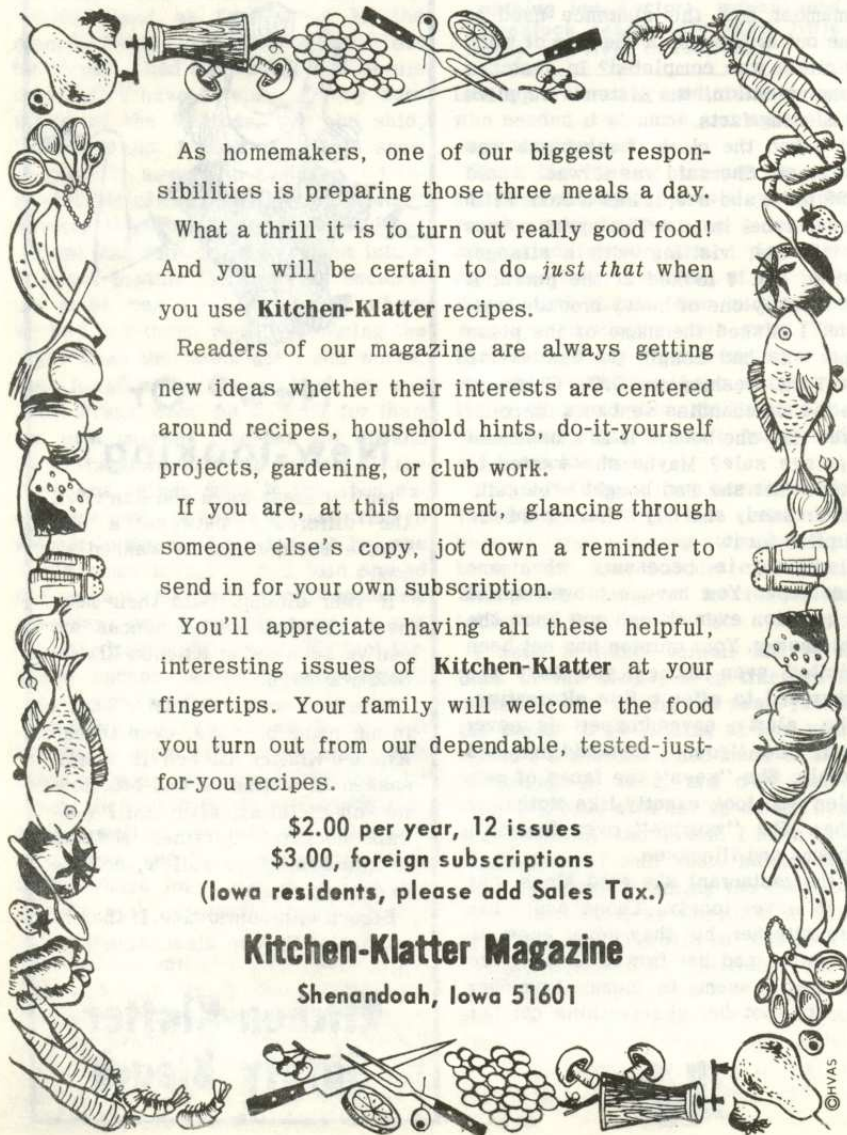
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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



(Continued on next page)



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Fairy Ring is an age-old name for a lawn phenomenon that many home owners try to control because they do not like the rich green surface of their lawns interrupted. Fairy rings often appear in early summer and seem to be a continuous circle of dark green growing grass. Sometimes a thin ring of dead grass develops inside or outside the circles and then large numbers of mushrooms follow.

Fairy rings are caused by one of several soil-inhibiting fungi. The growth usually starts when a spore germinates and then the growth spreads outward in all directions forming the circles. When the fungus breaks down organic matter in the soil it causes an increased amount of nitrogen; this in turn stimulates the grass which grows lushly.

When we first noted fairy rings developing on our west lawn, I tried fertilizing the dead areas, but this seemed to stimulate more rings. Next, we tried spraying the affected areas with a good fungicide (one that contained mercury), but *still* the rings appeared. Finally, my husband said if you can't get rid of the pests, let's enjoy them. So he put a small sign out that said - "STEP INSIDE AND MAKE A WISH". When the various 4-H clubs toured our yard, the youngsters had great fun making wishes in our fairy rings. Last summer we were unable to find a ring large enough to use the sign and the children asked for the fairy rings. Perhaps the fungicide had worked after all.

Question: I have a vining philodendron with heart-shaped leaves. It is growing in a low bowl on a coffee table. When the plant gets out of hand, I nip off the tip ends and give them to friends. One lady told me recently that if I would let the vine grow it would bloom. I have never heard of such a plant flowering. Is this possible? I have grown this type for many years and some of my plants were quite old before I discarded them.

Answer: Your informer is correct. With few exceptions (true ferns produce spores instead of flowers) all plants bloom, and if the flowers are fertilized they produce seeds. Most amateur gardeners are content with the pretty green foliage and easy culture of the heart-leaved philodendron (*P. oxycardium*) and do not attempt to make it bloom.



How much Mother is enjoying these beautiful, sunny days after such a long winter! Cold weather joined us early and stayed late. This meant many more weeks confined to the house, but now she can be outside every nice day. She usually has her little pointed hoe in hand to work the earth in the borders close to the walk around the house. Traditionally, the petunias are planted there.

COME READ WITH ME - Concluded
als, bulbs, house plants, and the "solution to pollution."

Mr. Baker writes that when he was a small boy he spent a school year with his Grandmother Putnam. He learned more about love and tenderness during that year, because his grandmother knew the language of the flowers. He would hurry home from school, head for the cookie jar and then go to the garden. There would be Grandma sitting in the garden in her wicker chair, her Bible in her hand, under the shade and protection of Great Grandpa Coolidge. Great Grandpa had planted that maple tree himself as a living monument.

Mr. Baker suggests we might do the same. He says that shade trees give so much and ask so little. They shade you, cool you, calm you, and bring your mind closer to happiness. Flowering shrubs can be used for beauty, color and fragrance at a very low cost.

There is much more of help and interest in *Plants Are Like People*, including questions and answers at the end of each chapter, such as:

"I love bouquets on the table at mealtime. Any suggestions?"

"I always have a suggestion. We have a fenceful of sweet peas, with a backup of zinnias, asters, cosmos, stock, larkspur and snapdragons."

(If you cannot find *Plants Are Like People* at your bookstore or where paperbacks are sold, send \$1.25, local sales tax, if any, plus 25¢ to cover mailing to: Mail Service Dept., Pocket Books, 1 West 39th St., New York, New York 10018. Send check or money order.)

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER



Wayne, pictured in the family room of their home in Denver, Colorado, and his wife Abigail, have been collecting books for many years. Space for them had become a great problem until they added this room a few years ago.

A HOME LIBRARY - Concluded
 in a child's room will encourage him to start his own library.

Reading and spelling games or a discussion of a current event will stimulate reading interest at home. Clippings on a bulletin board or an open book lying on the table or reading a book review might excite a child's curiosity.

Perhaps allowances for older children could be increased to include the purchase of a good book occasionally.

There are several good book clubs available for children and adults and a membership in one makes a lasting birthday gift. Gift books are always welcome.

Sometimes we think busy farm days are too crowded to add yet another activity, especially reading which requires quietness. But what better way to spend the time when you're on duty at the farrowing house or waiting for the family to come for supper. For farmers, the not-so-busy months of winter are made to order for reading. Reading is good therapy when we are worried or upset or can't fall asleep quickly at night.

Being constantly exposed to good reading material will help a child develop judgment in selecting worthwhile books. *With a solid background of good reading the chances are reduced that pornographic material will grab his interest later on.*

Reading is a major influence in our lives. The written word contributes to our outlook, our habits and occupations. Our thoughts and feelings are shaped by what we read. Ideas and facts that we have read and tucked away in our mind often "surface again" for fresh enjoyment or help or understanding. Most of these experiences are the result of childhood reading.

Someone once called a library the memory of the human race. Perhaps a home library should be called the heart-wood of the home.

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
 Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse. The answer will be at the end of this column.

VILED TUP EHT NO FO SWILE HET TGAANIS DTSAN EHT ELWHO OT BELA EB YAM EY MOARRU FO DOG TTHA.

Losing weight helps women to live longer, and their dressmakers to live better.

Has your family discovered the exciting and easy "crayon rubbing" way of turning out interesting artistic endeavors yet? Let the children experiment first. They will need only a black crayon, a soft, thin paper (preferably newsprint or shelf paper - typing paper will do) and the figure or figures they wish to transfer to their paper. Let them first place the paper over a coin and rub it with their crayon; the result is a rubbing. Now let them find other objects to transfer to the paper - a carved plaque, linoleum block, woodcut or stencil. Or they may make their own. They can cut animals, flowers, trees, initials, or other designs from construction paper or cardboard, and arrange them on a flat surface. Next, cover them with paper and rub the surface with the side of a large black crayon, until the outlines of the shapes underneath emerge clearly. The crayon must be held flat against the paper and pressed down firmly and evenly. The children might want to frame their rubbings and hang them on the walls of their rooms. They may also decide that they would like to decorate stationery and greeting cards with crayon rubbings.

You may decide that you would like to make a very large crayon wall hanging for your living room or den. You can use decorative iron work, commemorative and historic plaques, cornerstones or emblems on buildings for your designs. Or you may wish to make your own - the family coat of arms, or an abstract or geometric design. Cut the pattern from heavy cardboard in the design that you wish. Tape your paper over the design, and rub over the area with the large crayon. Frame, and hang your very "in", modernistic wall hanging!

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Ephesians 6:11. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

FATHER-SON BANQUET - Concluded
 Daddy knew, you can bet your life!
 Any word and any bird,
 Any tree, and any knife,
 From the special skinnin' blade
 To the newest knife 'at's made.
 Where to find the biggest bass,
 How to snag that foxy trout;
 What to do whenever you
 Jes' had to go and knock a feller out.
 He knew where we git pearls or tin -
 Anything I didn't know, I'd just ask
 him!

Later, as we older grew,
 He taught us even greater lessons
 true -

That a man's as big as the way
 He treats his fellow man.
 This standard has the measure been
 Since time itself began.
 That man's not measured by social
 rank,
 When character's the test;
 Not by any pomp or show,
 Displaying wealth possessed.

A real man's measured by his justice,
 right,

His fairness at his play,
 His squareness in all dealings made,
 His honest upright way.
 And when we were older we could
 plainly see

Our own dad, the best example there
 could be!

So this one night let's make a big fuss -
 Hats off and cheers to the guy who
 means so much to us.

"GO" - Tribute to Sons: Go, Son, go!
 Go on growing into the man that you
 can be - a good man, a kind man, all
 that in your dreams you hoped you'd be.

When you were little I could tousle
 your head,

Warm your bottom, if need be, or send
 you early to bed.

I could untangle knots in your fishing
 line,

Or if you broke your bike, I could fix it
 fine.

I could assign you chores and see that
 you did 'em,

And that you did your homework with
 no fussin' an' fiddlin'.

Through everyday caring and teaching
 I tried to show

My love for you, and to help you grow
 Into the kind of a guy whom everyone
 can

Tell by his livin' he's truly a man.
 Our sons, may you always follow the
 right sign:

GO for clean habits and a clean heart,
 When a wrong needs righted, GO, do
 your part.

GO for laughter, 'twill brighten the day
 When naught but trouble seems coming
 your way.

GO for service rather than self, do the
 best you can

To lighten the load of your fellowman.
 GO for work, for good honest labor

Commands the respect of God and your
 neighbor.

GO for loving and caring for those near
 and dear -

Show it by your actions, each day of
 the year.

GO for a faith, sons, steadfast and true,
 GO, meet LIFE, boys, and may God
 bless you.

**"EXPRESS WAY" - Tribute to Grand-
 fathers:**

Grandpas have a special knack for
 bringing lots of joy -

The EXPRESS WAY, the thru' way, to
 a boy.

They know how to whittle a whistle or
 to spin a top,

Always have loose change in pockets
 for buyin' soda pop.

Grandpas always have the time to help
 you with a kite,

Or explain just how it is that fireflies
 light up at night.

Grandpa knows the best stories about
 the olden days -

And say, 'cording to Gramps, Dad
 wasn't the easiest boy to raise!

It's their EXPRESS WAY - Grandpas
 have a special hunch

When a fella needs a listener, why you
 just had to give that Jim a punch!

Yes, sir! Gramps is good at solving
 problems, he truly is,

But, say, if you're in the wrong he let's
 you know, and no "monkey biz"!

There just aren't words enough to say
 our thanks to him,

So as our EXPRESS WAY, let's have
 three cheers for Grandpa, let's hear
 it with vim! (Leads in the cheers)

Reading: THAT FIRST CAR

There's no other thrill quite like that
 Of owning your very first car.

You think it's the coolest thing on the
 road,

More dazzling than any bright star.
 You may paint it purple, paint it in
 stripes,

Or maybe a robin's egg blue,
 Whatever it is that jalopy'll "grab ya"

Like no other possession will do.
 It will rattle and groan, quiver and
 shake,

Lose a nut or a bolt here and there,
 But you'll wire 'er up and be on your
 way,

A lad with a my car air.
 It may be intended to seat three, or six,
 But you'll pack 'em in outside and
 in

With all your gang that can hang on the
 thing, then

Rev it up and be off with a grin.
 You'll wash it, polish and shine it,
 Tinker on it from morning till late

For days before that occasion
 When you take it to get your first
 date.

Though the cars you own in the future
 be newer,
 And cost more money by far,

They will never equal the thrill, or the
 joy,

You knew with your very first car.

-M.N.B.

Recognition Time: For one coming
 the farthest, a compass to find his way
 home. For the oldest father present, an
 atlas for his guide on retirement trips.
 For the youngest father, a box of
 cleansing tissues to carry in the car
 for baby's emergencies. For the father
 with the most sons present, pass the
 hat; he needs help in these days of
 high prices. The largest generation of
 one family present - memo pads, or
 address books, to keep in touch.

Benediction: (Your selection)



Yes, your Kitchen-Klatter **BLUE DROPS** box is your one-stop shopping center for washday detergents. Wash-and-wears, nylons, linens, cottons, washable wools, all come clean with **Blue Drops**. . . in wringer washers or top- or front-loading automatics. Exclusive new brighteners are built right into **Blue Drops**. And our special soil suspension system guarantees a clean wash every time, with a spring-like fragrance that assures you that everything is clean clear through.

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The Lowes use their fireplace for burning papers. It helps take the chill out of the living room on cool evenings. One of James' duties is cleaning the ashes away — a job he loves, as you can tell by the smile on his face.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

drive through freeway traffic, but Juliana takes it completely for granted.

And this reminds me, in turn, that when I was last in Albuquerque over the holidays Jed told me about plans for a new apartment house (many units) that had come across his desk. There was space allotted for a day-care center so that little children of working mothers wouldn't have to be transported miles and miles in all kinds of weather. This surely makes a tremendous amount of sense to me under any circumstances, and if we get into the threatened gas rationing it will make even more sense.

Once again the lovely trillium that Russell brought from his grandfather's Wisconsin farm 28 years ago is in full bloom. I suppose our incredible moisture of winter and spring is responsible, but never have the flowering trees and shrubs looked more beautiful than they do right now. Shenandoah has been a beautiful sight these last few weeks.

However, I feel almost guilty as I write this because the weather that brought us so much beauty has been sheer disaster for countless people. I, for one, would have been willing to forego these spectacular flowers of spring if by so doing it made farming less of a misery. After all, if we had no source of information in this world beyond your letters we'd still have a very vivid picture of what is going on.

My space is gone, so until next month

Faithfully yours,

Piper

COVER PICTURE

During our most happy visit with the Wisconsin Driftmiers we had some family pictures taken, and this is one of them.

Seated on the davenport from left to right are Mary Beth Driftmier, Mother, Donald Driftmier and Katharine Driftmier. In front of them are Adrienne and Paul. I guess we can no longer think of these Wisconsin youngsters as little children!

FIRST THINGS FIRST

by

Eva Segar

We farm women probably have our personal plans interrupted more often than any other women. Perhaps we have planned to finish that dress to wear tonight, write to an especially interesting friend, or search the thesaurus for just the right words for the poem we are trying to write about the tender scene we saw yesterday between our son and his kitten. But then, some livestock gets out and we have to help head them back in, or our husband breaks a piece of machinery and we have to go to town for a part. We could fill a book with past unexpected demands on our time.

It's times like these that we are apt to forget all of our past accomplishments, deplore the present interruption and despair of ever being able to accomplish any of our personal desires in the future.

These are times when it helps us to review what is the most important thing to us in our lives. We probably begin by listing our home, family, etc. But if we had to choose only one, we would find the only word left on our list would be "life", our life and the lives of the people we know and love.

Then, when we are feeling unfulfilled because we aren't able to do as many personal things as we would like, we might ask ourselves, "Will someone die if I don't get to do this thing?" How many of us will ever have to answer "yes" to that even once in a lifetime?

LIFE'S BEST THINGS

Looking out of my window I can see A beautiful blooming acacia tree, A bouquet of gold against the blue sky, Its limbs gently swayed by the breeze passing by:

And a mockingbird sings a sweet serenade

From its topmost branch. He is not paid For this concert he gives. Oh, can it be true

Life's best things are free for me and for you? —Mabel Banks Piper

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

out to be? An acquaintance of mine watched a female turtledove practically kill her mate, and eventually it did die of the abuse. The two doves had lived together all winter and then one day they started to fight. The female simply would not let the male alone, and she literally pecked him to pieces.

When it comes to fighting, turtledoves do their share, but the worst offenders are the male and female woodpeckers. They are at each other's throats all the time. Of all the birds, the most faithful mates are to be found in the swan and goose families. The gray geese make the most exemplary marriages, and once they are mated after a long courtship, they are very fond of each other, and very proud of each other. It is really touching to see how affectionate these two wild creatures are with each other. The male is constantly finding delicious little bits of food and taking them swiftly to his mate who thanks him with little love whispers. Even after many years, the males still speak to their mates in the same low tones of love, tremulous with inward emotion, that he whispered to her in the first year of their engagement. It is my personal opinion that many a human has much to learn from the geese. As for turtledoves — well, that is something else again.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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417 W. Sheridan

OF FOOD & TREASURES & HIKES & SUCH — Concluded

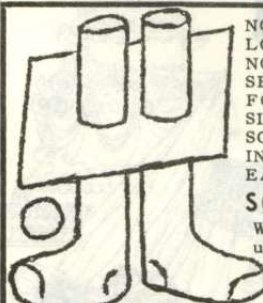
Each person took a sack lunch and the president of the church women's group, Mrs. Robert Hume, prepared a cool drink and coffee for our lunch in the park. Altogether thirty-one people went. Not all of them sold all of their ten miles, but it was a clear profit venture and one that was great fun for all.

Not only did these four projects raise enough money for the youth's share of the carpet, but put enough extra in the treasury for some badly needed equipment and furnishings. The room promises to become an area which will not only be a more efficient learning situation for the young people but a finer meeting place for other groups as well.

Next month I'll tell more about the work done on the room itself and how that was as much work, as creative and as much fun as the money-raising projects which went before.



Keeps tissue box in place in your car! No more searching for tissues... no more crushed box. Simply snap tissue bar into bottom of the box and gripping device holds box securely to floor carpeting. No installation... can be moved at will and may be used over and over. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$1.00 for package of 2 plus 25¢ for postage and handling to: Hughes Research Sales, Inc., P. O. Box 690, Plattsburgh, N. Y. 12901.



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A LESSON REMEMBERED

by

Flo M. Tidgwell

Human relations are burnished every time someone says, "Thank you." Happy is he who early makes those two words a glistening part of his



A lovely bride . . . but what kind of cook will she be?

A "mod" cook, full of young ideas like fondues, crepes and souffles? Or an old-fashioned one, with a box full of Mom's recipes for "scratch" chocolate cake and all-day stews?

Whichever she is, or a blend of both, she'll be a better cook if she uses dependable, delicious **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Even old and trusted recipes can use a dash of difference now and then, and these quality flavorings do the trick. They never steam out, but add flavor and aroma to anything you make or bake.

There are 16: Mint, Raspberry, Almond, Blueberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Burnt Sugar, Maple, Pineapple, Banana, Coconut, Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, Butter and Black Walnut.

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

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

being, words that do something for the person from whose lips they fall and for that one upon whose ears they fall — something good.

Thoughtful people everywhere are impelled to express gratitude in that way and in more concrete ways — letters, cards, gifts, service, and in original ways of their own devising.

"I'll do as much for you some time" is an expression of a grateful person committed to remembering materially.

Using your own special gifts and abilities to convey appreciation endears you immeasurably to the one lucky enough to be on the receiving end. It was my good fortune to have first-hand experience of talent so at work many sunrises ago.

A needy-appearing tramp appeared at the house just north of the little one-room country schoolhouse one cold early-winter day at just about dusk in that Middle Western community. Alpha, eleven or thereabouts, was the only person in the house. Others of the family were at the barn, busy with the evening chores. In response to the tramp's polite request for food, Alpha buttered a couple of slices of freshly baked light bread and put them in a paper sack with slices of home-cured ham taken from the well-filled platter in the kitchen stove's warming oven and capped it all with a piece of fried dried-apple pie, sharing things made ready for the family's lamp-light supper to follow when the chores were done. The man was plainly moved by such consideration and was warmly articulate in expressing appreciation. Carefully grasping his sack of cheer, he turned away and plodded down the Big Road south.

In those days the schoolhouse was never locked, and extra wood was brought in at the close of the day and piled on one side of the big, comfort-oriented, box stove, ready for the morning. Several of the long sticks were chucked into the stove's hankering hollow at the last minute and the drafts checked. This assured us of a warm room and a good bed of coals for a quick take-off of the day's fire when 9 a.m. next rolled around.

On the morning after the traveler's appearance at the farmhouse, teacher and pupils arrived at the schoolhouse to find a cheery fire going, an indication of more wood's having been added to the fire in the night or early morning, and on the floor by the stove, there was evidence of someone's having lain there. The warm, open schoolhouse was a perfect hostelry for a night's lodging for a homeless wayfarer.

The wonderful part of it was our discovery of a big, beautiful calligraphic bird fashioned with chalk on the blackboard in flourishing, graceful strokes,

the kind students in penmanship classes in business colleges used to turn out. Beneath it, in sublime handwriting, was the inscription, "To the kind little girl first house north." How we all envied Alpha and plied her with questions.

It must be remembered that this was before the days of radio, television, and automobiles. Even reading matter was in scant supply. Human contacts were confined to small isolated circles, so this rare happening that touched our lives loomed very large to us.

Any formal instruction that day went begging, eclipsed by the indelible lesson left behind by the tramp teacher.

The bird was long a-wing on the rough schoolhouse blackboard. We couldn't bear to think of erasing it. As the man was thankful, we, in turn, were thankful for the eloquent expression of thankfulness of the "Ship that passed in the night". Gratitude is an add-a-pearl necklace.

"JES OBSERVIN' "

by Mabel Nair Brown

There are two kinds of people — good and bad — and the classifying is done by the good.

Even if you're on the right track, you'll be run over if you sit down too long.

It wasn't raining when Noah built the ark.

An optimist gets up in the morning and says, "Good morning, Lord!" A pessimist gets up and groans, "Good Lord, morning!"

The way to keep from losing your shirt is to roll up your sleeves.

Criticism is the disapproval of people, not for having faults, but for having faults different from ours.

Two things are hard on the heart — running uphill and running down people.

It's not too hard to make a mountain out of a mole hill — just add a little dirt.

A man may make mistakes, but he isn't a failure until he starts blaming someone else.

Sometimes it seems life is one everlasting struggle to keep money coming in and teeth and hair from going out.

There is always free cheese in a mouse trap but you never saw a happy mouse there.

Sometimes we think we are good, when we are only neutral.

Prejudice is a great timesaver. It enables you to form opinions without having to get the facts.

It costs more now to amuse a child than it used to cost to educate his father.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, how many of us would want a second look?