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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier

—Photo by Stern Studio



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month when I wrote to you I said that I was trying to set a definite date for our departure to visit Juliana and her family in Albuquerque.

Well, this morning I'm back at my old, old desk and the two weeks' trip is an event that belongs to history.

After hanging around for a long time listening to long range weather forecasts, etc., Betty and I finally decided just to strike out when things sounded promising, and this trip we missed snow, to be sure, but we *did* run into such dense fog that it seemed to us we simply crawled across Kansas. Moreover, this fog didn't lift until we reached Stratford, Texas; so we had three nights on the road: Salina and Liberal (both in Kansas) and a third night at our old, old stand in Tucumcari, N.M.

(When I called Juliana from Tucumcari to tell her that we'd be in the next day she said: "Are you sure you won't spend tonight in Cline's Corners?" This is a stop just 60 miles from Albuquerque! Needless to say, we made it into Albuquerque.)

Shenandoah looked bleak and cheerless when we departed on our little trip, and about 2½ weeks later when we returned it looked exactly the same way. However, we enjoyed glorious spring in full sway while we were in New Mexico, and this means that in 1974 we'll have the chance to enjoy two spring seasons: one in the Southwest and one right here in Iowa.

Juliana's apricot trees (three of them) were in full bloom and my! they were a lovely sight. Her borders were a riot of color with Red Emperor tulips, hyacinths, crocus, scillas, daffodils (a tremendous variety of these) and even pansies in full bloom. I couldn't begin to describe the beautiful centerpieces that she made for the dining room table while we were there.

Oh yes: one thing in full bloom really startled me. She had been given a

dozen big *Crown Imperial* bulbs last year and all of them were planted in the same bed where they had identical growing conditions. Now *Crown Imperials* are June-flowering bulbs, so you can imagine my astonishment to see one of them, just one, in full bloom the third week in March. I think this is amazing, and Juliana was simply flabbergasted by it.

Once again I was surprised by the changes in James and Katharine in only three short months. Both of them seemed to me very much grown up, everything considered. James is off in his Huckleberry Finn world to such a degree that I was surprised (and very touched) when he threw his arms around me impulsively one afternoon and said: "I love you very much, Granny Wheels."

He enjoys his school work tremendously and considers the weekends unfortunate because he cannot trudge four blocks up that little dirt road to his big school. His two teachers seem to me completely dedicated in the pure sense of the word. They are constantly doing things far beyond the call of duty for their little students, and this is one big reason James is so very, very happy at school.

Katharine is at home alone until around 11:30 during the week, but I noticed that she plays by herself most peacefully and imaginatively. She hums little songs constantly and keeps up a running barrage of comments addressed to no one whatsoever.

These comments continue to amuse me to no end. One day she announced that the reason the big shovelful of carrots out of their own garden tasted so good was because they'd been in the ground for 13 years. Now really! Her favorite occupation is to scrub vegetables and she can amuse herself indefinitely at the sink while she works away.

On another occasion I heard James say to her: "What became of the bathroom rug, Katharine?" And she replied: "Well, our father took it up be-

cause Granny Wheels couldn't get the door closed when it was on the floor and now that it's up she won't have to crawl in there on her hands and knees." In view of the fact that I couldn't get in there under such circumstances even if my life depended on it, I thought her explanation to James was hilarious.

As I write this letter today I know that Marge and Oliver, plus Juliana, James and Katharine are spending two days in Gallup, New Mexico, as a base for visiting two Indian reservations that they've never seen. Planes are an old and weary story to both children because of their many trips to Massachusetts and Iowa, but for some reason they got wildly excited about motels and were panting to spend the night in one. I've no idea what their expectations were but I hope they won't feel let down after two nights at a motel in Gallup.

Betty and I got back to Shenandoah shortly before Mother's 88th birthday, so we planned a family dinner here at my house . . . such a thin, thin crowd of us compared to years gone by. However, Donald drove down from Delafield, Wisconsin, to spend April 3rd with Mother, and they had a perfectly wonderful visit together. The two of them spent several hours opening the great pile of cards and letters sent by you friends, and to all of you who were so thoughtful to remember her may our family express profound gratitude.

I'm always at you folks to tell us what you have to eat, so I'll go ahead and say that we had a pork loin roast with spiced apple rings, mashed potatoes and gravy, tiny little frozen onions combined with peas and served with a hollandaise sauce, hot rolls, relishes, a delicious salad that Mae will try to share with you soon, and for dessert the birthday cake (made by Ruby) and small balls of assorted fruit sherbets.

During the evening Mother had calls from all absent members of the family, plus visits with some of her grandchildren too. When I think how Mother was given only a 50-50 chance to live after her terrible car accident, it seems to me nothing short of miraculous that she should be celebrating her 88th birthday. I feel that the will to live has had a great deal to do with all of it.

Juliana is always in close touch with her cousin, Mary Lea Driftmier Garcia, so her reports are heartening on the soon-to-be-born baby. After the disappointment of losing two doctors (one moved away and one had to give up his practice because of poor health) she finally located one who seems able to see her through. I can visualize all of this because her baby will be born at

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Our neighborhood here in Springfield is in an uproar! Would you ever believe that a problem about a zoo could put neighbors into a mood to fight one another? Betty and I are staying out of the matter completely, but we are both amused and interested onlookers. About one-half of the people in this part of the city want our old zoo completely modernized and enlarged, and the other half of the people do not want any zoo at all. Persons who love wild animals are on both sides of the fight. Some say that their love for animals makes them protest the enlarging of the zoo, and some say that is their love of wild animals that is causing them to sacrifice their wealth, their friends, and much else to get a new zoo. We live only a few blocks from the zoo, and so I suppose that we should make our opinions on the matter known, but we have a policy of staying out of all neighborhood disagreements of all kinds.

Some years ago we learned our lesson! Some of our neighbors then persuaded us to sign a petition requesting that all state highway traffic be moved off our street and directed down another street nearby. We signed. Then guess what happened? We moved from that street over to the new parsonage on the street where the traffic was redirected. Now we live right beside the people who were angered when our petition was answered and the traffic made to annoy them. Every now and then one of our neighbors will ask: "Well, how do you like the sound of that traffic your influence sent over here?" We love our neighbors, and they always ask that question in a joking way, but nevertheless, we get the point!

Actually, I am not sure how I do feel on the zoo issue. If a new zoo is built, there will also be built a new parking lot fourteen acres in size, and to do that they will have to convert beautiful park land to black hardtop. If we are going to have any kind of a zoo at all, we should have a new, modern one, something on the idea of a wildlife game farm like those in California, Florida, and a few other places throughout the country, but I don't think New England is the best place for that sort of thing. So many animals could not survive a New England winter.

In a radio broadcast here in this part of Massachusetts I spoke for thirty minutes about the sin of exterminating any of God's creatures. If God created wolves, for example, it is obvious that God loves wolves and that He had a purpose for creating them. Who are we to decide that we know more about



The members of Frederick's church had a grand time when they held on "Old Hat Sale". This would be fun for any group for entertainment following a church supper. Why don't you try it!

God's purpose for the world of nature than He does? In the past few years our New England wolf has become extinct. There is not a one of them left even in a zoo. Now what right did we have to kill off all the wolves?

Another species of beautiful animal to be exterminated was the Eastern Elk. Think of it! One of the most regal and proud animals in God's kingdom has been wiped right off the face of the earth. How I do pray that God will forgive us for that. God is a just God as well as a loving God, and I have a feeling that all of us are going to share in a type of justice that we are not going to like.

More than fifty birds, fish, and mammals have become extinct because of the inroads of our civilization, and all of them have disappeared during the 20th century. It makes me want to weep! God created the human as a hunting fishing animal, but that did not give us the authority to exterminate God's creatures.

Here in New England we have a waste disposal problem of enormous proportions. As you know, we live in the Boston-New York City megalopolis where we have millions of families. Along our seacoast it is just one big urban area. This makes many problems for our area, but perhaps the most crucial is one of waste disposal. Where do they put all of the waste? Well, most of it is dumped into the ocean. So much waste has been dumped into the ocean that one can see from an airplane how our off-shore waters are being filled up with trash. The fish are being killed off, and that is increasing the cost of fish, but worse still, it is making some species of fish extinct.

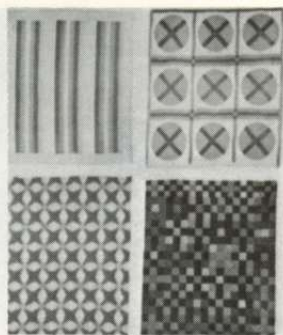
My point is this: if we have the scientific expertise to send men to the moon and back, then surely we are intelligent enough to find some way to dispose of our waste without turning God's beautiful world into a cemetery for all living creatures including ourselves.

Do you people do any "fiddleheading" during the month of May? Or for that matter, do you do any fiddleheading in late April? That is one thing Betty and I would do if ever we could get the time to get out into the woods in the late spring. Fiddleheads are the graceful green ferns that poke their way out of the ground in tight clumps of dark green curls and are considered a delicacy in rural New England. They are so easy to prepare, and so delicious! All you have to do is to steam them for a few minutes, and then add a dash of butter and a little salt and pepper. We think that they are much better than dandelion greens, with a unique taste unlike anything else. Some people think that fiddleheads taste like mild asparagus with a slight bit of avocado flavor, but I wouldn't try to describe the taste that way. All I can say is that it is just a fiddlehead taste, the taste of spring in New England.

The two spring vegetables that we love the most are asparagus and green peas. Often Betty and I make a full meal of nothing more than some meat dish and a bowl of peas or asparagus with gelatin for dessert. We both watch our diets, and we are so grateful that green vegetables are low in calories. I think that I could eat fresh peas until they came out of my ears.

With Mother's Day soon upon us, I want to share with you a very interest-

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Quilt-O-Rama

FOR WOMEN'S GUEST DAY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This year let's take a different approach to the usual mother-and-daughter party in May. With the changing pattern of life these days we find more and more mothers whose daughters live too far away to come, and vice versa. Then, too, we have the widow, with perhaps no family at all, and the women who have never married. Although in the past these women may have "borrowed" a mother or daughter for the occasion, still it is not the same. This year let's plan a guest day fun event that everyone can share and enjoy, using handmade quilts as our theme. Quilts have been tied up with a woman's homemaking, her hobbies, and her memories down through the years, and now we are seeing a renewed interest in this creative craft by young and old alike.

Even though you are not interested in planning such a May party, file these plans anyway. They would make a wonderful start in planning a money-making project for your organization. In that case, open it up to the whole community, and sell tickets which would entitle the purchaser to a luncheon or tea, to the program, and to view the quilt display. Be sure to allow for plenty of room for this, for be assured you'll have a crowd!

Perhaps instead of the titles used above, you'll want to use "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" and make that song your theme song for the program. In that case, *invitation* or *program booklet covers* might have a score of music sketched on them and the title printed below it.

Another idea for the *program booklet covers*: make small four-patch quilt blocks from scraps of materials. Glue a block to each cover. Use the same idea to make blocks to glue in the corners of *napkins*, except you can use gift wrap papers to make the quilt pieces. I have also seen napkins which have a patchwork design printed on them.

Quilt Block Pattern Program: Use a quilt block pattern which has the number of pieces corresponding to numbers on your program. Number the pieces in order, and type the name of the program number on the correct piece after you have cut them from con-

struction paper in colors of your color scheme. Place the pieces for each "block", or the program, in an envelope, making one for each guest.

Table Decorations: For a luncheon, nothing could be more of a conversation starter than to display as many quilt pattern books, books on quilting, and histories of quilts on the tables. With these you might use a few old-fashioned sewing baskets (with thread, needles, thimble and a few quilt blocks, or quilt patterns, or pieces in them). How about stitching up patchwork tablecloths for the tables using scrap materials?

Nosegay favors would fit in with this theme, especially if the miniature vases which held them were empty gold-colored spools such as much thread comes on today. You may use artificial flowers or sprays of lily of the valley or other small flowers.

Quilt memories go back through the years, so instead of the usual nut cups, use old-fashioned chocolate drops, lemon drops, peppermint candies, even horehound candy, offered from an old-fashioned candy dish. Even a cellophane-wrapped stick of candy would be an appropriate favor, especially if tied to a quilt piece pattern cut from heavy paper with a piece of print material glued to it.

If you are using a *tea table*, it, and the refreshments served, might remind guests of yesteryears by using old cut glass and perhaps a kerosene lamp. Serve pound cake, pudding or cookies that great-great-grandmothers might have served at a quilting bee. Perhaps these will be made from old, old recipes, handed down in certain families. In that case it might be nice to have mimeographed copies made and pass them out as souvenirs.

The Quilt Display: It will take work to collect and display the quilts attractively, but you will be well rewarded for your efforts. Begin by canvassing the community for quilts, striving to get quilts with interesting histories, of as many different designs as possible, old heirloom quilts, those brought here from other countries, quilts which have won prizes at fairs, baby quilts, newer ones that have been designed to go with a particular room decor, quilts

reflecting patriotic or political interest, "state quilts", "bird quilts". Be sure that a card is attached to each stating the pattern name (if known), the name of the quilter and the owner, its age, and history connected with it. Was it made for a bride's hope chest, or did Great-Aunt Stacey make it while Uncle Rueben was fighting the War Between the States? Were the pieces cut from scraps of all the women's dresses in the family, or had Grandma Jones made it, using pieces from Aunt Millie's dresses from a tiny girl until her marriage? All this information is interesting to the viewer. Even the method of travel for some quilts is fascinating — in a steamer trunk, in a box in covered wagon, by airplane, in a saddle bag?

I do hope you will have a large room so that the quilts may be displayed to advantage in various ways. String wires or ropes along the side walls and hang some quilts over these. A collapsible spoke-style clothesline makes a fine display rack. Folding clothes racks offer another possibility. Others can be arranged, folded, on tables, especially if they are fragile and might best be displayed folded in plastic cover. If quilts must be folded on tables, a hostess might be at that table to display each one and tell about it.

Even though each quilt is tagged with a card, it is nice to have a guide stationed at key spots among the displays to point out interesting quilts, give a bit of history, etc. In many instances this is a nice honor to give to the quilt owner — allowing her to tell about her quilt.

If you are a church group fortunate enough to have an educational unit with plenty of classrooms, consider the possibility of displaying the quilts in several of these rooms, which allow for better display, and also cut down on crowding and confusion. Plan to have two hostesses to each room to act as guides. This will allow you to leave the fellowship hall for serving and for the program.

Program: Have someone give a brief history of quilt making — perhaps one person might tell about quilt making in general while another would go into the history of some of the designs. You can find books about quilting in, or through, your local library; many current magazines are carrying articles on this art; and *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for May, 1962, carries an interesting article called "Just a Quilt". Also see the May, 1951, issue of the magazine for more program ideas and poems.

Thoughts on the Making of a Quilt: Have you ever thought about the making of those heirloom quilts we so cherish as being one of the earliest

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THEY PAY TRIBUTE WITH SOAPSUDS AND TULIP BEDS IN PELLA, IOWA

by
Evelyn Cason

Surely pollution should be no problem in Pella, Iowa.

Not if the activities which take place during the Tulip Time Festival in May are any indication.

Living up to their Dutch ancestral tradition, streets are scrubbed clean and shining during festival days by the Pella citizens, with the accompaniment of much frivolity and good-natured frolic. Young and old, men, women and children, armed with mops, brooms, mounds of soapsuds and full-scale application of elbow grease, are pressed into bucket-brigade service.

Marceta Roberts, now in her first year at Iowa State College, likes to reminisce of the excitement of having been crowned as the 1973 Tulip Queen of Pella, located 40 miles southeast of Des Moines.

Marceta claims Pella as her adopted, but very favorite city. Her enthusiasm for the Pella way of life comes through as she talks of her introduction to the Tulip Festival.

Marceta was eight when her parents moved there from Kansas. Her reaction to the sturdy heritage she found there is told quite naturally in her sincere way.

"When my parents brought us to Pella," Marceta explained, "there was the usual strange feeling of leaving my friends in Kansas and wanting to make new ones here. We were strangers at first in an unusual and unique community because of its Dutch heritage. Where else had we ever lived that there were no sounds of machinery running on Sunday, not even a lawn mower? And why? Because to know Pella is to know that part of its unique heritage is the deep religious feeling of the people of the community. This has been a good example to us and has become our way of life. My family now belongs to the First Baptist Church of Pella, which is one of the 13 churches here." She went on to comment, "We have worked hard at becoming part of the community of people of Pella."

Marceta stressed "people" in a very mature manner, as though she had caught the pride of kinship which thrives in the Tulip City.

Marceta recalled hearing the excited comments about Tulip Time, as her first Pella school year went by. Her mother, a Home Economics teacher, researched historic books at the library, and by late spring had completed an authentic costume for Marceta to wear in the school children's parade.



Marceta Roberts, the 1973 Tulip Queen of Pella, Iowa.

Costumes were also made for herself and older brother, Stan, by Mrs. Roberts.

Marceta has done her bit to combat pollution. That first year, she was asked, along with her mother and Stan, to join the street scrubbers. She found it fun, and has continued to enjoy participation in this part of the festival. Families from oldest to youngest work at scrubbing down the street for the Queen, her attendants, and the parade following the Coronation. Bubbles of laughter are as much in evidence as the soap bubbles; lively chatter keeps pace with the scratch of scrub brushes, as the street is washed in its own ceremonial manner into immaculate shape which will pass inspection that would do justice to a navy white-glove test.

Perhaps the Tulip Queen misses the fun of being up to her elbows in soapsuds, as she reigned over the Festival with the same sincerity she had shown in her many roles in and out of Tulip Time festivities. Including street-scrubbing.

She chose for public appearances a copy of an historic costume from the Island of Walcheren, Province of Zeeland. As Marceta described it:

"There are many similarities to costumes worn in other areas, but to one who knows, the individual characteristics of the costumes tell not only where the girl is from, but often her age, religion, and whether or not she is married.

"The bright colors used as in my costume indicate youth; the shortness of the hat (in the back) would indicate protestant; a flat ornament worn halfway across the forehead would indicate that I was married which is not the case.

"The sleeveless blouse which is called a 'tight wrap' was originally of beadwork; later crewel embroidery and

later yet as in mine, multicolored cross-stitch.

"The richly embroidered bodice has been copied in a colorful brocade and the typical 'Dutch' stripes in a modern-day version of polyester. Theirs no doubt was a silken or woolen fabric.

"The overskirt is now worn as an apron, but 1870 there were likely to be several skirts worn over one another, and if that did not add enough bulk, a roll of cloth would be worn over the hips.

"Worn under the hats are the spirals called 'golden curls' and again the watchful eye will see that they differ in shape from those worn anywhere else as they are corkscrew rather than spiral; they are worn higher on the forehead, and that the ornaments hanging from them are a basic clover design with pearl drops."

Marceta brought experience to her role, having served as a page to the 1967 Queen; with the other pages, acting as escort to the Queen and riding on the royal float during each of six parades.

At the Tulip Time Festival, historic attractions are also in plentiful evidence. Proud of their heritage, the Dutch settlement enjoys showing it off in appropriate style. And who can resist a demonstration of wooden shoemaking? Of weaving, pottery-making, smithing and spinning. These and other arts of canning, milling and weaving, are drawing attractions of the Pella Historical Museum.

The Pella Garden Club flower show features artistic displays of prize-winning tulips. Tours are conducted through Tulip Lands, Formal Tulip Gardens marked for identification, the Wyatt Earp Boyhood Home.

A miniature Dutch Village. Sunken Gardens featuring a Dutch Windmill, Wooden Shoe-shaped Lagoon. Spontaneous groups of strolling Dutch performers singing and dancing to Holland's traditional music. The Volks Parade of bands, floats and unique novel entries, led by the Burgemeester and Town Crier. And everywhere, a feast for festival eyes, the glorious tulips in rainbow bloom.

Through her Pella school years, Marceta had been active in band, mixed chorus, drama, speech and as member of the "Dutchesses", who perform with Dutch songs in personal appearances with the Queen. She is a member of the Swing Choir, Madrigal Singers, the Dutch Dancers, and had been Varsity Cheerleader.

The 1973 Tulip Queen is the daughter of Kenneth and Miriam Roberts, both graduates of Kansas State University. Dr. Roberts is a veterinarian in
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FRIENDS AND MEMORIES

BRING HAPPY HOURS

Dear Friends:

Just before sitting down to write this letter, I read a big folder of mail from you friends. I wish it were possible to share all the letters with you for you would enjoy them as much as we do here at Kitchen-Klatter. We are especially appreciative that you take time from these busy days to write about your activities.

One thing particularly stands out, and that is the number of people who are raising their own vegetables this year. How good that fresh produce will taste. I can see there will be a lot more canning and freezing this summer.

This reminds me of a news item that came in our mail some months ago about the annual dinner a county historical society had. Dishes at the dinner, with the theme "Living off the Land", ranged from pawpaw pie to mulberry pudding for desserts to barbecued coon and jack rabbit to fried quail and baked duck for meat dishes. Also, milkweed buds to green beans and corn for vegetables, along with homemade bread, persimmon bread and homemade butter. There were around 80 separate dishes. Wouldn't that be an exciting dinner to attend? Perhaps some of you readers were there and could write more details about it.

Another interesting letter from a friend in Minnesota said that a balloon had landed in their vicinity, near the town of Marshall, and attached to it was a message that the balloon had been sent forth by some little youngsters from a school in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Would you believe the name of the school was MARSHALL! That balloon had traveled well over 900 miles to find a town with the same name!

Several letters mentioned having heard our son preach in their churches this past month. When Martin told us he was going to fill in for services at Booneville and Maple Grove, rural churches near Des Moines, we told him he very likely would meet some of our Kitchen-Klatter friends, and sure enough, he did. We wish we could have been there too, but it is quite a distance from Shenandoah. It is interesting that our good friend, Evelyn Birkby, went to Maple Grove church many years ago when her father was minister there. Several members mentioned that they remembered her well.

This month of May will be an especially busy one for our cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her friends in Iowa City. No doubt they are up to their eyebrows getting ready for the Green Garden Fair which will be held on the 18th. Gretchen has been busy for



Natalie, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman, was the youngest at the shower, and helped her cousin Mary Lea open her gifts.

months starting plants in big flats and transplanting them to individual pots when they reached the right stage of growth. This has been a special fund-raising event for Project Green members in recent years and is always a huge success.

Project Green has received a great deal of publicity — it even made the *New York Times* — and a number of cities have picked up the idea for the betterment of their own communities. I think it is great. The more concrete we put down, the more attention must be given to greening up where we can.

One of Project Green's big ventures has been bicycle trails. More than ever are returning to riding bikes, not only to conserve gas and cut down on pollution, but for good exercise.

Something else I've noticed more of this spring is kite flying. A number of towns in our area had contests and they created considerable interest. Adults have been out flying kites with their children, and seemed to be having as much fun as the youngsters.

This reminds me of our family's favorite kite story. Maybe you'll remember having heard it in years past.

One of our brothers was making a kite and asked Mother where he could find some rags for the tail. Mother suggested that he look in boxes or trunks upstairs. There surely were some rags that would make a good tail. Well, Mother's wedding dress was torn into strips for a kite that day! You busy mothers with large families can understand how things like that happen. And even with an only child, such things happen. I remember when Martin was young and he wanted a big container to mix something in. I only half listened when he popped the question, and suggested that he might find something suitable in the basement. Well, I can't

remember what substance he was mixing, but my big cast aluminum roaster was done for! After that I paid more attention when he asked for anything.

It is about time for sandboxes, and I'm reminded of the pleasure children get from using household utensils — pots and pans, mixing spoons, flour sifters and the like. If you aren't careful, things can disappear from the house. I solved this problem by buying a big box of such items at a household sale. They were really beat up, but for the price of a quarter the children had an entire summer's worth of pleasure out of that box of junk.

We're all so excited about the new baby expected before long. Mary Leanna is busy getting things ready for it. When she was visiting in Shenandoah, she was making some little gowns, and then we surprised her with the family baby shower. I took a few pictures as she was opening her gifts and am sharing one with you.

Oliver and I are leaving for New Mexico as soon as Lucile gets back to Shenandoah. We haven't been to the Southwest for two and a half years, so have been looking forward to this vacation. We're so anxious to meet Mary Leanna's husband, and expect they'll turn up at Juliana's and Jed's soon after we get there.

When I talked to Juliana on the phone last night she said the weather had been absolutely perfect for Lucile's visit, so she hoped for the same for ours.

Mother just phoned and asked me to pick up some eggs for her. She knows how much Lucile loves cup custards and wants to have some waiting for her in the refrigerator when she arrives home tomorrow.

Sincerely,
Margery

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Although spring is officially here, we have had a few days recently which made this hard to believe. We are glad so many of our calves had already arrived during a warm spell and were off to a good start before the temperatures took a nose dive again.

Frank and I have felt fortunate to have escaped the severe colds and influenza that have been so prevalent this past winter. I have had several friends in the hospital off and on this winter, and one or two who probably should have been, so I feel lucky. The only misfortune we have had was an accident Frank had while working with a piece of machinery. He broke a small bone in his hand, which necessitated having the hand in a short cast for a while. Since it was his left hand, and the doctor left his fingers free, he wasn't too badly handicapped.

My last few letters to you have been accounts of the interesting out-of-town trips I took last fall, so I have a lot of catching up to do with some of the activities I have participated in or just attended in the past few weeks. After one of our Birthday Club luncheons, instead of playing bingo we drove out to a farm home to look at hobby collections. Mr. Curtis, a brother of one of our club members, Angie Conrad, and his wife graciously invited us to come out to go through their little Red Barn, the building her husband had built to house their hobbies and the family mementos they prize highly.

I don't know the dimensions of the little barn, but it is one nice large room, equipped with an air conditioner for summer comfort and a stove for winter heat. I can't begin to recall all the collections they have, but just to mention some of them — there are stone jugs in all sizes, graduating from the tiny half-pint to a large five-gallon size. There are shelves and shelves of antique dishes of all kinds, including some doll dishes. There is a collection of spoons of all kinds and sizes; another one of combs, plain and fancy. Mr. Curtis has collected old tools of various kinds, and something you don't see very often anymore, ice tongs. They were utilized in a clever way, being hung up by the door, holding a roll of paper towels.

Another interesting collection is the



Kristin Brase, pictured here, writes that spring comes late in western Montana, but she hopes for warm sunny weather by the time her mother gets there.

bells. They have these hanging from a rope stretched across the room overhead, graduating from the tiniest to the largest. There are sheep bells, cow bells of all sizes, camel bells, and even an elephant bell, which of course is the largest. And I mustn't forget the sleigh bells of all sizes. They have also collected horseshoes — from pony size to Belgians.

Our friend Gerald Griffiths, who has lived for years in Alexandria, Virginia, and worked in Washington, D.C., has moved back to the farm he owns near Albia, Iowa. He has always been quite a hunter and sportsman and has a lot of large trophies to show for it. His home in Virginia had a recreation room large enough to hold these trophies, but he has no room like this where he lives now. I told him about the Curtis's little Red Barn and suggested something like this might be the answer for getting his trophies out of storage.

I joined the Chariton Woman's Club last fall, and have thoroughly enjoyed their luncheon meetings and programs this year. I can understand how they have been able to maintain such a large membership through the years. Most of the meals have been served by various church groups, and have been very good, and the programs have been most interesting and entertaining. One of the recent programs was a style show in which all the outfits were made by the models from the same pattern, using their own ideas and variations of the pattern to suit their own tastes and wardrobes. The fabrics and colors were all different. There were short skirts and long; slacks; lined and unlined jackets, both short and long; vests belted and unbelted, with buttons and without; long-sleeved and short-sleeved blouses. There were so many beautiful and varied outfits it was hard

to believe they had all been made from the same pattern.

There were also darling little girls modeling the clothes their mothers had made for them, again from the same pattern number. Of course all the little girls weren't the same size, so each mother bought the pattern to fit her child, but the patterns used were identical in style. There were party dresses both short and long, with pinafores and without; shorts and slacks; smocks and blouses; jackets and skirts. The entire program was charming and represented a lot of talent and work, plus a lot of planning and co-ordination on the part of the committee in charge.

We hadn't had many overnight house guests for several months (most people preferring to come during the summer or fall months when they can be outside to enjoy the timber hikes and the fishing), so when Margery and Oliver turned up recently to spend the weekend with us we were happy to see them. We didn't do much except talk and eat. We invited Gerald Griffiths to drive over on Sunday for dinner and to meet Margery and Oliver. All in all we had an enjoyable weekend, with good company and conversation.

We hadn't seen Frank's sister Ruth since last summer, so when we had a couple of nice warm days in March another sister, Bernie, and I decided to drive to Kansas City to see her. We got there in time for a late lunch Ruth had all ready for us, and later in the afternoon we drove downtown to see the fabulous new Crown Center Hotel and shops. It is almost impossible to describe this place, because it is just like a city within a city, and you could probably spend several days there and then not see it all. There are several floors of beautiful shops, covering everything from furniture to food. The hotel lobby has a beautiful hillside garden with a waterfall and a rustic spiral walkway leading to the top, and a swimming pool. There are glass-enclosed high-speed elevators which go up the outside of the building to the observation room on top of the hotel, and I understand the view is wonderful, but we didn't have time for that. Some other time I want to spend an entire day there and eat in one of their several restaurants. They say the entire center covers 85 acres, and I can believe it. I know it would be easy for me to get lost in it. We had parked our car in one of the underground parking areas, and had quite a time finding it.

Ruth came home with us and stayed with Bernie in Lucas for ten days, but she and Bernie had supper with us most evenings, so we got to see a lot of her, too.

Before I visit with you again I hope
(Continued on page 22)



Tools of the Trade

A MOTHER'S DAY SKIT

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: In center stage place a bridge table. On it place the largest mixing bowl you can find. The narrator can have her script hidden behind the bowl, out of view of the audience. The narrator comes on stage, garbed in chef's apron and cap. Her helper is dressed as a nurse. Beside her, on a small table, she has laid out in neat, orderly manner a line of kitchen gadgets: eggbeater, big mixing spoon, strainer, spatula, flour sifter, knife, measuring cup, rolling pin and ladle. As the narration is given, the narrator will call for each gadget as it is mentioned in the crisp, clear tones of the surgeon, as he says, "Scalpel!", whereupon the helper will quickly slap the named gadget into the narrator's outstretched hand. The narrator must move quickly from one gadget to the next with a brisk manner so that the "operation" goes smoothly. The announcer makes the opening statement, whereupon the chef and helper walk quickly on stage and go into their routine.

Announcer:

Each year about this time
We get all choked up with our emotions
As we think about our mothers,
And seek to praise their great devotion
To their loved ones and their job.
From early morn, through midday, to
long after supper,
(Our skit intends to show you)
Mom's quite a stir-er-up-er!

Narrator: (Barks out to helper) EGG-BEATER! (Beats vigorously; then less so as she speaks.)

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit —

There's not a place in earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,

There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,

That has a feather's weight, or worth —
Without a woman in it —

To stir things up! —Anonymous

Narrator: SPOON! (Stirring and folding motion)

No matter if it's her husband, her kids, or what, a woman better learn early to handle what she's got! "They

all sat round in friendly chat, discussing mostly this and that, until a neighbor's wayward lad was seen to act in ways quite bad. Oh, 'twas sad!

"One thought she knew what must be done with every child beneath the sun; she had none. And ere her yarn had been quite spun, another's theory was begun; she had one. The third was not so sure she knew, but thus and so, she'd do; she had two. The next one added, 'Let me see, these things work out so differently.' She had three.

"The fifth drew on her wisdom's store, and said, 'I'll have to think it o'er.' She had four. Then one sighed, 'I don't contrive fixed rules for boys; they're too alive!' She had five. 'I know it leaves one in a fix — this straightening out of crooked sticks.' She had six.

"And one declared, 'There's no rule given; just do your best and trust to Heaven.' She had seven." —Unknown

Narrator: STRAINER!

It's easily seen — there's nothing plainer. A woman often has need of a handy strainer; for instance: My trousers have good pockets, all stored with precious treasure. I carry with me where I go the things that give me pleasure — harmonica and marbles, some gum and taffy candy, a piece of string, some rubber bands, and look, this knife's a dandy! My mother has a handbag; it's crammed with lady plunder. If ever she can't find a thing, it's always way down under — her grocer's list and billfold, her coin purse, comb and mirror. —Anonymous

But listen, there's more, and some even queerer! Safety pins, a pill box, and powder for her nose, and for emergencies — an extra pair of panty hose. Just see my pockets, one, two, three, four. Even if Ma had my pockets, she'd still need some more!

Narrator: SPATULA! (Spreading motion on table.) There are times in a woman's day — not quite like they play it in the movie when Mom has to hang in there. Her nerves can use a "smoothie"!

Scorched pots and pans
And empty tin cans

With spatters of grease everywhere.
The stove is a sight.
The floor is a fright
With bits of eggshell here and there.
A nerve-racking mess,
I must confess.
I turn my back — just can't look.
But her eager smile
Makes it all worthwhile.
My daughter is learning to cook!

—Church paper

Narrator: SIFTER! Society rounds, or minorities; a woman must decide her priorities —

She mended a doll
And the washing waited.
The dust lay thick
While a fishhook was baited.
When outlaws attacked,
Her dinner burned up.
She provided a bed
For a straying pup.
A two-year-old
Helped with the cookie dough.
The ironing dried out
While she romped in the snow.
Her neighbors whispered
To one another.
Her children laughed
And ADORED their mother.

Narrator: KNIFE! Mom must cut through to realities, practice what she preaches. What she does, how she speaks — that is what she teaches. I used a phrase in anger once,
Directed at my partner;
I find it coming back to me,
Mouthed by my kindergartner.

The moral of the story is: with copy-kittens around,
The old cat better make sure she's treadin' on firm ground!

Narrator: MEASURING CUP! Measure her time a good mother must, making time for the essential, or she'll "go for bust"!

The while she dams the children's
sox
She prays for little stumbling feet;
Each folded pair within its box
Fits Faith's bright sandals, sure and fleet...

And when she breaks the fragrant
bread,

Or pours a portion in each cup,
For grace to keep her spirits fed
Her mother heart is lifted up.

O busy ones whose souls grow faint,
Whose tasks seem longer than the day,
It doesn't take a cloistered saint
To find a little time to pray.

—Ruby Weyburn Tobias in
Kitchen-Klatter

Narrator: ROLLING PIN! The rolling pin comes in handy, though a woman is not always sure whom or what she wants to flatten out. There are days when —

Preheat oven; check to be sure there
(Continued on page 20)

LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS

by
Cecile Moore

My grandparents were true pioneer stock. Grandfather walked from Georgia to his farm home in Arkansas when the Civil War ended, where he married my grandmother. They settled down and reared a large family, and lived in that one place until their deaths many years later.

Grandma wouldn't weigh ninety pounds soaking wet, yet she was a human dynamo as she arose at four o'clock every morning, washed her face with homemade lye soap, cooked breakfast for her large family by the light of a kerosene lamp on a wood-burning stove, and had everyone fed and ready for work by the crack of dawn. As someone so aptly put it, she didn't wait for the break of day, she went out and broke it.

The kitchen was a peaceful place, as the fire crackled in the old wood stove, with the odor of the pine wood smoke mingling with the spicy aroma of Grandma's homemade sausage frying. The big brown eggs brought in from the hen house the evening before were golden rafts cooking alongside the sausage. And on the table there was always a pitcher filled with rich, brown sorghum syrup, and a ball of rich yellow butter fresh from the churning and all ready to be spread on Grandma's good hot biscuits, fresh from the oven. With bowed heads and humble hearts we gave thanks to God for a bountiful breakfast and were truly ready for the day's work.

After breakfast there were the cows to milk, the other livestock to be fed, and then the day had just begun in earnest.

Usually some of the boys went to plow the fields, some tended the garden, and Grandpa and the older boys would do the blacksmithing. Or in the fall they operated a cotton gin there by the barn. And all day long the wagons rattled in and out from under the platform, unloading their fluffy white loads to be baled into neat bundles, then to be hauled to market. At noontime anyone left at the gin got invited up to the house for one of Grandma's delicious dinners. (Sometimes we suspected they deliberately planned it that way.)

In the summer months there was the gardening to do, the hundreds of jars of fruits and vegetables to be preserved and canned, and the cabbage to chop and salt down into kraut in the big crockery jars. The barnyard was always covered with fluffy yellow chicks and clucking hens, which supplied the delicious fried chicken and big brown eggs for the table later on.

And in the fall there were the sorghum plants to be stripped of their



How similar are the stories we hear about pioneer days, whether it was in "cotton country" or "corn country"! Our grandmother, Mrs. S.E. Field, holding her first baby (Henry) in this old tintype, and Grandfather had many interesting tales to tell about early days on the Iowa prairies.

leaves and ground into rich brown syrup. One fall when the men were on their way to harvest the corn crop, my grandfather noticed that the mules and horses were acting very strangely. They ran and bucked and whinnied all over the pasture. Grandpa sent me running back to the house to round up the rest of the men, saying, "Hurry, Hon. There's something wrong with the animals!" We finally discovered what was wrong with them. They had eaten the stalks left over from the sorghum where we had made the syrup, and the stalks had been left out in the sun where they fermented. The animals were actually intoxicated. It was a sight to see as they cavorted all over the place, and then fell down. The men climbed up on the fence to watch, and Grandpa got very little work out of them that day.

I think winter was the best time of the year, or the one we looked forward to the most. That's when the hogs were butchered and turned into big juicy hams, and some ground and made into sausage and hung in long slender sacks from the smokehouse rafters. In the cellar the rows of multi-colored fruits and vegetables in their jars were a lovely sight, with strings of green and red peppers and drying onions lending their background of colors.

At night, time when the chores were all done, how peaceful to gather around the open fireplace, the old churn sitting on the hearth, a pan of popcorn popping on the coals, and Grandpa telling tales of the Civil War days or of fishing or hunting trips he had made. Now and then someone would tell a hair-raising ghost tale or two.

Bedtime was a peaceful time, with the soft light from the fireplace casting a magic glow over the bedroom. One had to literally climb into the bed, as the feathers in the featherbed had been beaten and fluffed so high they sort of settled around the body with a cuddly feeling. And Grandma's warm quilts and comforters soon lulled one into peaceful slumber.

Christmastime was anticipated all year long. Treats were all the sweeter because of their rarity, and happy was the boy who got a barlow knife or a top or harmonica. The stockings hung by the fireplace usually contained an apple, an orange, sometimes a banana, and a few peppermint sticks. One relished the peppermint sticks by sucking on them slowly and making them last a long while. Santa wasn't on the street corners as he is today, but was truly a mythical magician straight from the North Pole. And no one ever got a glimpse of him, or even tried, for fear of getting hot pepper in the eyes and Santa's never visiting them again. Christmas was a magical time indeed!

Going to church on Sunday afforded a time for relaxation and pleasure as we rode in a wagon. And the clop, clop of the horse's hoofs on the old dirt road, the buzz of the bees and insects in the grass nearby, and the slow pace of the wagon soon lulled one into the tender mood for worship. All along the road other church-goers called out their "good mornings", and God was very real and life seemed good.

When we worked, we worked hard, and when we played, we played hard. Every boy worth his salt knew where every huckleberry bush, every grape vine, persimmon grove, blackberry vine, muscadine vine, swimming hole, and watermelon patch was, and came a rainy day, holiday, or Saturday, he looked them up. Persimmons must hang until a frost fell to be really sweet. Watermelons iced with an early-morning dew were pure nectar. Rabbit traps were set for delicious catches of frying-size cottontails, and deadfalls yielded an abundance of fat quail and blackbirds for a breakfast treat.

Days were slow and living filled to the brim. Virgin pine timber, when cut for the winter's wood, was so thick that after it was felled my grandfather could stand beside the log and could not see over it.

Grandpa was very careful with his timber, his farm, and his boys. He always said we were stewards of all that God had entrusted to our care. On foundations such as these we had our beginnings — fearing God and loving our fellow man, being the best we could with what we had, where we were, and proud of the opportunity. Thus was life lived in the early days.

IT'S INCREDIBLE!

by
Evelyn Birkby

Several years ago I was talking to a mother whose youngest child was graduating from high school. Encouraging thoughts came to mind as I tried to make her feel this adjustment would be easy.

Now, as Craig's graduation draws near, I find myself in the same position as this mother was. Suddenly, it is MY friends who are thinking up encouraging statements to make me feel the adjustment can be simple!

One mother stated, "I am so glad to have lived long enough to see my children through high school. Now I know if anything happens to me they really can manage on their own."

Another friend encouraged me by saying she had a much better relationship with her offspring now that they are all grown. "They have become my friends," was her expression.

A neighbor commented that it came as a relief to her when she had her family raised and they all turned out to be good people. "That is something about which to be proud in this day and age," she concluded.

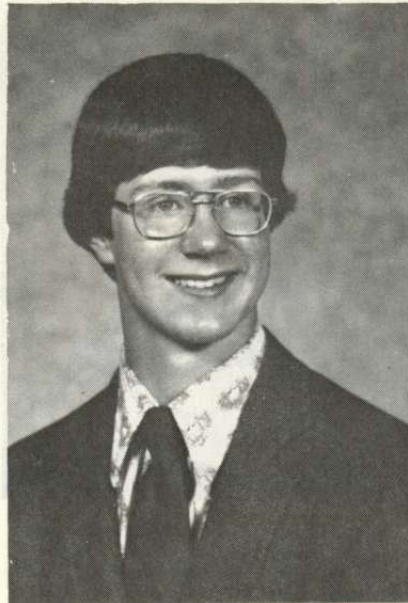
The guidance counsellor of our Sidney school, Mr. Ken Long, just laughed at me when I stated that after twenty-seven years of having one or more children at home it was not proving easy to adapt to the idea of not having any.

"Nonsense," Mr. Long chuckled. "You'd hate to have your sons sitting around the house when they are fifty years old. You'll soon appreciate their independence and yours."

When our daughter, Dulcie Jean, died at the age of 5½, I promised myself I would never regret Bob's growing up. As Jeff, and then Craig, arrived to join our family, I reaffirmed this resolution. Now I am trying to remember that promise and remind myself of the joy of having men who have grown up with intelligent minds and sturdy bodies.

Incredibly, it is time for our youngest son, Craig, to graduate from high school. It has been said that a thousand years seems like only a moment in God's eyes. The eighteen years Craig has been a part of our family now seems like a twinkling!

This past year has gone especially fast. Craig completed his Eagle Scout work and we had planned to hold a Court of Honor when his two Eagle Scout brothers could both be home. At this writing we still have not been able to come up with a sensible time to hang the silver eagle on Craig's chest. Possibly, when Bob and Jeff get home from college the end of May, we can go out in the woods, gather the



Craig Birkby, son of Robert and Evelyn Birkby, is graduating from the Sidney, Iowa, high school this spring. He will continue his education next fall at Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa.

local troop around a campfire, and formally give Craig the badge he has had earned for some time.

Music has been an important part of Craig's senior year. He has participated in both vocal and instrumental activities. Fall contained the marching band contest. Then came holiday programs, a winter concert, the small groups state contest and then the state concert band and choral contest. Speech contests, both district and state, got sandwiched in between, somehow, and a trip with the wrestling team.

The senior class play was great fun. The one chosen was an old-fashioned "mellerdrama": *A Fate Worse Than Death, or, Adrift on Life's Seas*, by Dunstan Week (Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., N.Y.). Craig played the part of the villain, Cassius Carstairs, "skilled in the ways of villainy, a dyed-in-the-wolf rogue". A great black

FEELING

A big house can be a little home if the people are little.

A little house can be enormous if the people are big hearted.

Any wealthy house can be a poor home. And warm houses can be cold homes. And brilliantly lit houses can be dark, indeed.

It's people in those houses that make the difference.

People make houses large, though small.

For people, though very poor, can be quite rich.

Only people make houses, homes.

Loving people . . .

mustache, dark suit and flowing cape made him look the part of the dastardly, dashing scoundrel. It was an exciting senior presentation and one the class will certainly long remember.

One of Craig's major jobs this year has been President of the school Student Council. The various projects the Council sponsored came to a smashing conclusion in April when they developed a series of Mini-Courses. This program has been very successful in a number of schools in this area and certainly proved to be of value in our Sidney school.

The Mini-Course idea is based on one of the cardinal principles of education, namely, "to instill in students a worthy use of leisure time."

As the first step in getting underway in the Mini-Course project, the Student Council passed out questionnaires to all the students to find out the areas of greatest interest. The subjects finally chosen for concentrated study were: ESP, Speed Reading, Special Sewing, Body Language, Knitting, Law Enforcement, Card Games, Painting, Creative Writing, Slimnastics, Theater, Pottery, Art Exploration, Creative Ceramics, Mythology, Video Tape, Photography, Bookkeeping, Cooking and Baking, Modeling and Fashion, Guitar, Ham Radio, Motorcycle Maintenance, Welding, Leather Craft, Archery, Weight Lifting, Comparative Religions, Yoga, Pop Lyrics, UFO, Crafts, Typing, Camping and Backpacking, Chess, Indian Artifacts, Bachelor Living, Girl's Auto Mechanics, Theory of Athletics, Recreational Games, First Aid, Horsemanship, Gun Safety and Hunting.

Each student chose four classes. The program took one week with each class meeting 1½ hours each day. The secondary teachers taught the classes — some taught two and some three. It proved to be a most successful sampling of the various leisure-time activities and potential hobbies.

The end of the school year is now rapidly approaching. The Junior-Senior banquet and prom are over and the final days of school will soon be completed. Our school still has baccalaureate services with the ministers of the town participating. Then graduation night will come a few days later with its excitement and emotion. It will be a poignant moment no matter how well prepared we may be for the experience.

This Irish blessing has been used frequently for graduation ceremonies. It is fitting for this class of 1974:

"May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face, the rain fall soft upon your fields. And, until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of His hand. Amen."



May Music

by
Grace V. Schillinger

It's an early morning in May as I sit here at the big oval table that overlooks the Rock River. A lovely breeze sifts through the screens and bird music is everywhere. A wild canary pecks away at the new maple leaves near the river. I suppose there are insects lurking there even if the season is so young.

A few minutes ago a kingfisher swooped down to snatch a minnow at the water's edge. His call sounded so like a wooden castanet you'd hardly believe it was a bird. As soon as he caught the tiny fish he flew to a dead limb in a basswood tree that leans over the river's edge.

There goes a flicker down to the water. It drinks and then swoops across the river, where I imagine it has a nest. The dead elms that are still standing over there are filled with holes they've drilled.

We see American goldfinches feeding on the lawn in the early mornings. They are bright yellow with black foreheads and wings. A sure way to distinguish them is by watching them fly; they do graceful loop-the-loops in the air.

Another bird that feeds close by is the yellow warbler, yellow with darker wings and longish red marks on its breast. Yesterday, when the water skiing was at its height, a white-breasted nuthatch kept busy, creeping down the maple tree closest to the dock. It didn't mind the noisy children at all. Its entire interest was in hunting insects on that tree trunk.

Last night the whippoorwills called until very late. Each night the moon grows larger, and I hope it doesn't rain when it is full. I never sleep much on nights with a full moon, because I get up and wander around to see which spot is the most beautiful. I walk around inside the house, then outside, sit on the little south stoop, then out on the north deck, then wander out on the dock. Why worry about mere sleep? I might miss the songs of the whippoorwills and the night owls that serenade each other across the river. Sleep? I'll do that in cold weather.

I painted a sign on an ancient board



MEMORIES IN WAX

by
Grace V. Schillinger

Instead of putting her yellow and brown chrysanthemum corsage in the refrigerator to get faded, our daughter Sunny preserved it.

If you'd like to try it, here are the things you'll need:

- Elmer's Glue
- heavy metal container
- 1/4 lb. Parawax
- small scraps of green construction paper
- yellow and brown and black tempera paints
- a little time and patience

First, remove the nylon netting, ribbons, and real leaves. Melt the Parawax in a heavy pan, using a low flame, then pour it while still warm (not hot)

that floated down the river in flood time, and nailed it near a bird feeder. "If you've once heard a whippoorwill, you'll listen for it every spring of your life."

A little nature drama took place here this week. In the top of a small black spruce a chipping sparrow made her nest of hair and fine grasses, a dainty creation three inches in diameter. One day she laid a pale blue egg in it. The next evening, when my husband Ferd and I looked in the nest while she was away, we saw a large beige egg with brown speckles right next to the tiny blue egg.

"This belongs to a cowbird," Ferd said. "The cowbird laid it and expects the little sparrow to hatch it and take care of the bird when it's here."

This lazy habit of the cowbird was something I'd read about, but

into a shallow dish. It's not necessary to remove the flower stems. Each flower should be dipped into the warm wax, carefully, being sure that the backs of the flowers are well covered, too.

As one flower is finished, let it harden on a piece of waxed paper, then wax another one. When all are waxed and set to harden, use the paints to tint them. Next, make artificial leaves from green construction paper and glue them to the leaf stems. The florist had used thin wire for the stems so it was a simple job to glue the leaves around the wires. Add tiny veinings and shadings on the leaves in black and brown.

Re-assembling the corsage will be fun, inserting the netting, ribbons, and the leaf stems. Now it will make a pretty decoration for the living room or use it as a dining table centerpiece when you want something unusual.

never seen. Ferd removed the egg and destroyed it. The next night there are two blue eggs in the nest. I wonder how many more she'll lay. This chipping sparrow is about the size of a wren only more slender — sort of like a wren on a diet.

The hummingbird feeder that my sister gave us must be hung in a tree so the hummingbirds can drink sugar-honey-water if they can't find the flowers they like.

When Ferd and I were working in a new petunia bed, we saw a half-grown English sparrow fluttering under a bush. I can recall the days when Ferd would have killed it, but now he believes in "letting live". It's a better philosophy, even if one is not too crazy about English sparrows.

What magic are you enjoying these lovely May days?

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

QUICK-AND-EASY LEMON PIE

- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 4-oz. carton Cool Whip
- 1 graham cracker crust

Combine the sweetened condensed milk and the lemonade concentrate, beating until smooth and well blended. Stir in the lemon flavoring and the Cool Whip. When it is well mixed, pour into the graham cracker crust and chill. This can be garnished with a thin layer of whipped cream, with a maraschino cherry on top of each piece.

—Dorothy

COLE SLAW

- 3 cups finely shredded cabbage (I chopped mine in the blender with water, then drained it.)
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Combine all but cabbage and green pepper. Then add the vegetables. Chill well, tossing ingredients occasionally. Delicious!

—Margery

BAKED PORK CHOPS AND SWEET POTATOES

Rub salt, pepper and flour on both sides of one-inch thick pork chops. Brown in a frying pan. Remove and place in a roaster. Surround pork chops with parboiled, peeled sweet potatoes and some small cored apples that have been filled with seedless raisins and currants. Cook one sweet potato and one apple for each pork chop. Bake at 325 degrees for about 1½ hours and moisten or baste with consomme and reduce temperature if necessary to keep chops and apples from burning.

—Margery

SIMPLE RHUBARB COBBLER

- 4 cups rhubarb, diced
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Dash of nutmeg
- Rich pie dough or biscuit dough

Combine all ingredients except the pie or biscuit dough. Spoon into 8-inch square baking dish. Top with a layer of rich pie dough or biscuit dough. Be sure slashes are cut in the top to allow steam to escape. Brush top with a bit of milk, cream or canned milk and sprinkle with sugar to make a nicely browned crust. Bake at 435 degrees until golden brown and filling is cooked through, about 20 to 25 minutes.

When using a biscuit topping, I like to heat the filling first to keep the bottom of the dough firm. The pan could be popped into the oven long enough to heat the filling through; then place biscuit topping over all or drop cut biscuits or dumpling-style biscuits on top the hot rhubarb mixture. Either way you prepare it, this is a simple and delicious dessert. Ice cream, rich cream or whipped topping may be served over the warm dessert. —Evelyn

BAKED PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops, 1 inch thick
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 6 slices onion

Season the chops with salt and pepper; arrange in a baking pan large enough so they will not be crowded. Combine the sugar, catsup and cold water; mix thoroughly. Pour sugar mixture over the chops and place onion slices on chops. Cover pan with foil and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Uncover pan, baste with the sauce and continue baking until nicely browned and very tender. Serves six. These are great to serve for company.

—Mae Driftmier

VEGETABLE DIP

- 1 1/2 cups commercial sour cream
 - 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise
 - 2 tsp. parsley flakes
 - 1 Tbls., plus 1 tsp. Beau Monde
 - 1 Tbls., plus 1 tsp. dill weed
 - 1 Tbls., plus 1 tsp. minced onion
- Put all the ingredients together into a bowl and beat until smooth. This is very delicious with all kinds of raw vegetables; in fact, it is very good with cooked vegetables too. We also like it spread on meat sandwiches. (Beau Monde is a Spice Islands seasoning.)

—Dorothy

FROSTED LEMON DROP COOKIES

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 3/4 cups flour
- 1 cup sour cream

Cream shortening, margarine and sugar. Add eggs, water and flavorings. Sift soda and salt with flour and add alternately with sour cream. Drop onto cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees until light brown (10-12 minutes). Frost when cool.

Lemon Frosting

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 4 Tbls. soft butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Mix together until smooth and add some cream if not thin enough to spread.

—Margery

POTATOES AU GRATIN

- 1 12-oz. pkg. frozen hash brown potatoes, defrosted
- 1 cup milk, or light cream
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned pepper
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/4 cup sliced green onions
- 1 1/4 cups grated cheese (I use more cheese.)

Spread potatoes in a shallow pan. Scald the milk with the butter or margarine and salt and pepper. Sprinkle onions over potatoes and the cheese over the onions. Pour scalded milk over all. Bake covered for about 30 minutes, or until potatoes are done and the cheese melted and lightly browned. Serves four.

—Mae Driftmier

HAMBURGER ROLL

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 recipe of your favorite biscuit dough

Brown ground beef in skillet. Add salt and pepper. Mix well. Add cheese, catsup and onion and mix well. Prepare biscuit dough and roll into a 10- by 12-inch rectangle. Spread with hamburger mixture. Roll up lengthwise and seal edges and ends. Place sealed side down on greased baking sheet. Bake at 425 degrees for 25-30 minutes. Serve hot with chili sauce or catsup.

CRAB CASSEROLE

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 2/3 cup sifted flour
 2 2/3 cups milk
 2 cups flaked crab meat
 1 large bunch celery diced
 1/3 cup green pepper, minced
 1 large pimiento, minced
 1/3 cup blanched almonds, quartered
 4 hard-cooked eggs, cut up
 2 tsp. salt
 Dry bread crumbs, buttered
 Make white sauce of butter or margarine, flour and milk; cook about ten minutes. Blend in remaining ingredients except crumbs. Pour into buttered baking dish; sprinkle with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serve topped with mayonnaise mixed with chopped sweet pickles. (I omit the mayonnaise and pickles.) Serves eight.
 —Margery

COCONUT SOUR CREAM COOKIES

1/3 cup soft shortening
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup sour cream
 2 cups flour
 Pinch of salt
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/3 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 cup coconut
 Blend shortening and sugar. Add eggs, flavorings and sour cream. Beat. Sift dry ingredients and stir in. Lastly, add coconut. Drop by spoonfuls onto cookie sheet. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 375 degrees.
 —Margery

DOROTHY'S BANANA BARS

1/2 cup margarine or butter
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 2 eggs
 1 cup buttermilk
 3 bananas, mashed
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 Cream the margarine or butter and sugar well. Beat in the eggs, buttermilk, bananas, and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients and add to the sugar mixture, blending well. Stir in the nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 12- by 18-inch jelly roll pan and bake for 20 minutes in a 375-degree oven. When cool they can be dusted with powdered sugar or frosted, and cut into bars.

PEAS, CELERY AND OLIVES

2 cups sliced celery
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 2 10-oz. packages frozen peas, partially thawed
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 20 pitted ripe olives
 In a large skillet over low heat cook celery in the oil, covered, for about 10 minutes or until tender crisp. Stir occasionally so celery doesn't stick. Add peas, cover and cook for only five or six minutes, stirring once in a while. Add salt, pepper and olives which have been halved. Continue cooking until olives are heated through. Serves six.
 —Mae Driftmier

BEEF-CABBAGE CASSEROLE

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
 1 cup chopped celery
 3/4 cup chopped onion
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 #303 can tomatoes
 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 4 cups coarsely chopped cabbage
 2 cups thinly sliced, pared potatoes
 2 cups bread cubes
 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
 Brown the beef, celery and onion in a large skillet. Stir in the flour, tomatoes, tomato sauce, salt and pepper. Bring the mixture to a boil; then remove from the heat. Alternate layers of the meat mixture, cabbage and potatoes in a large casserole. Cover and bake in a 375-degree oven for approximately one hour. Combine the bread cubes and melted butter or margarine. Remove the lid from the casserole and sprinkle the bread cubes over the top. Return to the oven, uncovered, and bake 10 minutes longer.
 —Dorothy

CHICKEN-RICE PILAF

2/3 cup regular rice (dry)
 1/2 pkg. of onion soup mix
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup (or celery)
 2 Tbls. pimiento
 1 1/4 cups boiling water
 2 boned chicken breasts, 2 drumsticks and 2 thighs
 Melted butter or margarine
 Salt and pepper
 Brush chicken pieces with melted butter or margarine; then salt and pepper. Place them on top of the combined rice, soup mix, soup, pimiento and boiling water. Cover. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 1 1/4 hours.
 This is excellent put into the oven in the morning on the way to school when I can put the chicken into the oven still frozen and return to find it tender and steaming at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.
 —Mary Beth

PUFF BALLS

1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
 Sift this together into a bowl. Combine:
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 egg
 1 Tbls. melted shortening
 Blend the two mixtures together and drop by small teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat (360 degrees). They will turn themselves and brown on all sides. When cool, put a little sugar and cinnamon into a paper bag and put a few puff balls at a time into the bag and shake until coated.
 —Dorothy

BROCCOLI SUPREME

1 10-oz. box frozen chopped broccoli
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
 1 Tbls. grated onion
 1 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
 1 cup herb-seasoned stuffing mix
 Pour boiling water over the broccoli and drain at once. Combine the slightly beaten egg, broccoli, corn, onion, salt and pepper. Combine the melted butter or margarine and stuffing mix. Set aside 1/4 cup of this stuffing mix to sprinkle over the top; then add the rest to the vegetable mixture. Bake uncovered in a 350-degree oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

DATE-CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE

1 1/4 cups chopped dates
 1 cup hot water
 3/4 cup margarine
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup chocolate chips
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 Stir the dates into the hot water and set aside to cool. Cream the margarine and sugar together. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in the date mixture and 1/2 of the chocolate chips. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle the nuts and the rest of the chocolate chips over the batter and bake in a 350-degree oven approximately 45 minutes.
 —Dorothy

CHERRY-PEACH MOLD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. black cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. orange marmalade
- 2 Tbls. chopped pecans
- 1 large (1 lb., 13 oz.) can peach halves
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup peach syrup
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice

Dissolve the cherry gelatin in the 1 cup of boiling water. Add the 1 cup of cold water and the cherry flavoring. Pour into a rectangular glass dish approximately 7 by 11 inches, and chill until partially thickened. Blend together the softened cream cheese, orange marmalade and chopped pecans. Drain the peach halves, reserving the syrup. Fill the cavities in the peach halves with the cream cheese mixture.

Arrange them cut side up in the partially thickened gelatin and return to the refrigerator until almost firm. Dissolve the orange gelatin in the 1 1/2 cups boiling water, add the flavoring, the peach syrup and the lemon juice. Cool until partially set. Pour over the peaches in the cherry gelatin. Refrigerate until firm. When ready to serve, cut in squares so that each person will get a peach, place on a lettuce leaf.

—Dorothy

VARIEGATED RHUBARB CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups, plus 1 Tbls. flour
- 3 cups finely chopped rhubarb
- 1/3 cup or 2-oz. jar coconut shreds
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Cream 1 1/2 cups sugar and shortening. Add egg and beat well. Combine sour milk or buttermilk with soda and salt and add to cream mixture alternately with flour. Fold in chopped rhubarb, coconut shreds and strawberry flavoring. Pour into well-greased 7- by 11-inch (or comparable size) pan. Combine 1/3 cup sugar, cinnamon and nuts. Sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes, or until it tests done.

This is delicious just as it is. Whipped cream or ice cream will add a company touch if desired. The original recipe called for a lemon sauce to be poured over the warm cake and served hot.

Lemon Sauce

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients in 1-quart saucepan. Bring to boil. Continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly until thick and clear. Serve warm over warm cake. An excellent sauce to use over plain yellow, white or spice cakes as well.

If the coconut shreds do not sound familiar, look in the cake-decorating section of the market. They come in various colors and are like tiny long candies. The amount is really not important. If you find the candies in the bulk, the 1/3 cup is fine. The jars which contain 2 ounces are also fine. The shreds add bits of color as well as an interesting flavor.

—Evelyn

RICE PUDDING DESSERT

- 1/2 cup rice (uncooked)
- 1 dozen large marshmallows
- 1 cup crushed pineapple with juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1/3 cup whipped cream

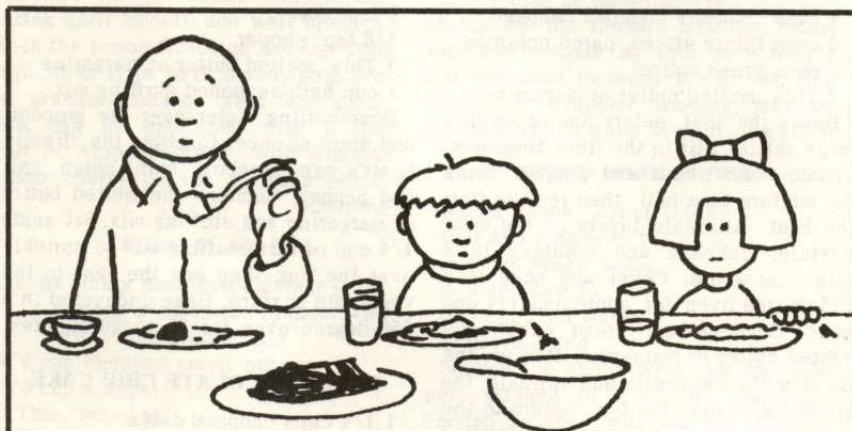
Cook the rice until tender. Remove from heat. If there is still some liquid in it, drain this off and add the marshmallows. Stir until melted, then set aside to cool. Stir in the crushed pineapple and flavoring. Fold in the whipped cream. Chill.

—Dorothy

HOUSEWIFEY WISH

This, each evening, is my wish,
And stamped with the first bright star;
I wish, I wish, I'd invent a new dish,
Nor be asked what the ingredients are;
I wish I'd stir up some choice thing in
a minute,
And the family would not ask,
"What has *this* got in it?"

—Beulah M. Huey



ANOTHER EXCITING MEAL AT OUR HOUSE

Dinners with the family needn't be dull. Maybe they're a little boring because they've become so predictable. Always baked potatoes with the chops, mashed with the chicken, french-fried with the burgers. And the same old desserts.

Why not try a change of pace? Chinese food, or a curry. Or surprise the family with an unexpected flavor in an old favorite (black walnut in the custard, or mint in the chocolate pie). Take a look at those sixteen great flavors on the **Kitchen-Klatter** shelf. They'll inspire you to try new recipes . . . or new twists to old favorites! Here they are:

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

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If they're not available at your grocer's, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is \$1.00, and all are postpaid. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

MARY BETH'S LETTER FROM WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

Just about a year ago our family was packing itself into the car for a spring visit to Shenandoah. This year we are having to stay home for a variety of reasons, the biggest being the gasoline problems. And then there is the fact that our vacation and Katharine's do not coincide! And everyone has a dentist appointment to have his 6-month check up, which, with our busy schedules, has actually worked out to be 12-month checks.

As I kept my fingers busy making doctor and dentist appointments, little did I realize that we would be getting involved with an optometrist again! Last year in all of Paul's pictures in Iowa, his glasses were literally taped together to keep them on his face, their having been broken just a few hours before we left in the car. This year once again they are broken and he is wearing some remnant of years past which are missing one entire temple bar. When he commented that surely contact lenses would not be so easily broken, we had to admit that perhaps he was right.

Adrienne has been saving her snow-shoveling money for contacts, so next week, for better or worse, both children will start the process of measurement, fitting, and getting accustomed to the feeling of lenses in their eyes. The last experience we had with Katharine was miserable, and we can only hope that our baptism by fire with her will not be exceeded by these two second tries at glasses in the eyes. Katharine has never had any trouble with her lenses after she finally got over the first wretched six or eight months with them. She hasn't lost them or even had one of those hysterical mob scenes where everyone is down on his hands and knees, gently massaging the floor in search of some transparent hemisphere of plastic. Fortunately from the time they arrive until the end of school will be minimal, and we won't have too many nightmarish scenes of getting to school while someone eases his lenses into place.

Paul gave me a lovely pair of geode bookends which I have sitting on my desk in the bedroom. He is bending more and more toward the biological sciences, and this particular interest sent him out in search of a geode for my birthday. He plans to mount them on some walnut bookends, but until that is done I still have an exquisite work of nature. Geodes are formed by mud-covered bubbles of trapped air which are sun dried on the outside and then begin centuries of rolling about near some source of moisture. During



This school year is winding to a close for Katharine. She enjoys college very much, and is an excellent student. Much to the delight of her parents, her special talent seems to lie in math. She may be changing colleges next year for one with an exceptionally fine department in math.

this rolling period they leak a small bit of water which then dries and leaves the minerals and crystals of matter which were carried in the water deposited on the insides of the spheres. Again they leak moisture and again it dries out. After many centuries of this activity some geodes are entirely filled in while others remain with their innermost centers still hollow. The geode Paul bought me is gray to lavender, and quite beautiful, and certainly heavy enough to hold up a respectable pile of books. He declares they came from the great Southwest, perhaps even Mexico.

His report card last term demonstrated a general improvement in his scholastic endeavors. He does smashingly in biology! His history and literature and English courses are better than aver-

age! But foreign languages are pure misery for him and he for them . . . and would you believe he isn't passing math? (His poor father wavers between red angry frustration to deep-brown discouragement.) But he is a hundred percent better student than he was last year, and we hope he will be even better this time next year. He surely knows now the sting in failing a course, and I can't think of a better way for him to learn the necessity of doing a job correctly the first time. He will be taking two math courses next year which will not be easy.

His story is similar to Katharine's. She struggled with her high school math, and now is majoring in it. She is considering transferring to a university which has an exceptional math department, so we'll wait and see what develops in that new chapter.

Because Don and I have teaching obligations which keep us away from the college Parent-Weekend celebrations, we are allowing Adrienne to visit Katharine during May by herself. There are some parents from our church who will be driving over there, and we are in hopes that she can get a ride with them. That would surely be a big experience for a little girl. She is getting it as a reward for having worked so hard on her studies. Her first term she missed honor roll by six-tenths of a point and this last term she missed again, but this time by only four-tenths of a point. Slow and steady wins the race, we remind her, and one of these days she will surely be on top.

The family is calling for supper, so I'll close until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

WHAT IS A MOTHER?

A mother is someone who slaps liverwurst, dill pickle and mustard between two pieces of rye in six seconds flat. Someone who tends to dirty diapers, dirty faces, dirty floors, dirty dishes, and complains but never wavers. She's someone who dispenses Band-Aids, guards the refrigerator door, spends all the money, delivers the kids to school, has safety pins and handkerchiefs for emergencies.

She's a mother — tense and worried of how her child is growing up — tense and frightened of the world he is growing up in. A mother — laughing and pushing a squeaky swing, laughing and singing, a child with arms encircling another child.

—Marcia Schwartz

I REMEMBER GRANDMA'S PANTRY

by
LaVerna Hassler

I know that I can never really go back again to Grandma's pantry but I can keep forever those happy fleeting memories in the recesses of my mind.

Ah, that spacious early American pantry where all the homey, heartwarming tasks took place.

Indelibly marked on my memory is bread baking day. How incredibly good the house smelled when it was filled with the fragrance of homemade bread baking in the oven. What a delight to open the oven door to a gust of sweet yeast fragrance and the sight of beautifully browned loaves.

It was when the crusty loaves were placed on the work table in the pantry to cool that my sister and I found our greatest joy. We advanced slowly, reaching over the table top to peel the warm slivers from the bread. Danish rye bread, caramel colored and tasty, was extra delicious, although we had no particular favorite.

When it was still warm Grandmother sliced the bread and spread it liberally with butter. I can still see melting butter in pools of gold topping the bread, some of it dribbling over the crust. For an extra treat she would spread homemade strawberry preserves or grape jelly on the bread. Thus simply nourished it gave a refreshing dignity to our young lives.



Now we fill our shelves with items from the supermarkets. This picture of Dorothy was taken by a radio friend from Spencer, Nebr. We thank her for sending it to us.

The old wooden churn stood behind the door ever ready to perform its rhythmic plop, plop, plop. The satin cream would gather in the hole around the top and tiny bits of golden glow appeared as the task neared completion. The buttermilk splashed about until the chunks of softened gold clung together into a mass of delicate butter.

The buttermilk was drained off, the butter washed several times in cold, clear water, then salted. The crocks and butter paddles would be washed and put back on the pantry shelf while the churn and dasher were cleaned and

returned to the familiar place behind the pantry door.

Then there was the coffee grinder in which my sister and I were fascinated. While one turned the crank with lightning speed, the other dropped the roasted beans into the little black cup on the top. It squeaked and groaned its defiance but never failed to fill the little drawer below with the most delicious blend of coffee goodness, rich and pungent, that brewed into the most delicate cup of coffee.

The large pantry window accommodated a large kettle of green, growing parsley dug in late autumn from her garden. It fairly bubbled over in feathery greenness. Freshly snipped and minced, it made a superb seasoning when sprinkled into rich, creamed potatoes. It was added to chicken soup or cream gravy for an extra bit of flavor.

Perhaps it was the lower shelf within the cupboard itself that I remember best of all, for there was always a supply of lemon drops placed exactly right so small hands could reach them. We were especially fond of the tart — yet sweet — lemony flavor and turned the candy drops over and over in our mouth until they melted away to nothingness. Then back to the pantry cupboard for another lemon drop.

When the past gets in my eyes, I find it nourishing to the spirit to remember Grandma's pantry. It is a happy echo of that bustling activity and simple tasks performed with love that bring tranquility to my days. I could ask for nothing more.

A LITTLE LESS LONELY

As I watch the stars in the sky
I'm wondering if you're watching too.
It makes me feel a bit closer
Knowing we can see the same view.

—Jacqueline Ritter

AUNT NAN'S COFFEE MILL

My mother took me often,
To Aunt Nan's across the hill,
Where entranced, I watched the grinding
Of the wall-type coffee mill.

From a cup she dumped the coffee
beans

Then she turned the crank around,
I still can hear the whirling wheels,
That crushed the beans of brown.

Then soon the coffee ground would
spill

Into a wooden drawer below,
The sniffed aroma, haunts me yet,
Of those days of long ago.

This ancient coffee grinder
Brings back memories to my mind
When I buy coffee in the can
That says, Drip or Regular grind.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

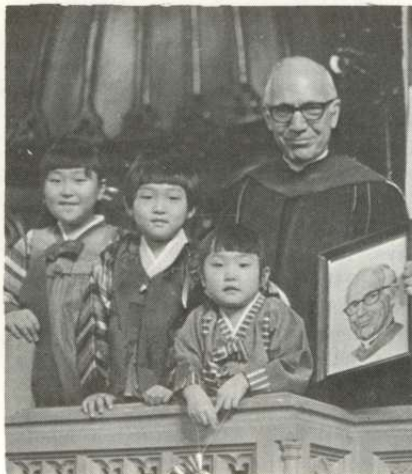
"I feel respect and friendly feelings for everyone. In particular I cannot help but feel respect and warm friendship for small children. And my heart brims over with a desire to help make all the children born upon this earth fine human beings, happy people, people of superior ability. My whole life and energies are devoted to this end. This is because of my discovery that every single child, without exception, is born with this possibility," writes Professor Suzuki in his book *Nurtured by Love*. The professor is president and founder of the world-famous Talent Education School. In *Nurtured by Love*, the famous violinist and teacher, Shinichi Suzuki, presents the philosophy and principles of his teaching methods by which the natural abilities of every child can be developed. Pedagogic theory is dispensed with as he illustrates by examples the amazing success of his work with young pupils at at his music school in Japan.

He presents convincing evidence to support his idea. It applies not only to musical talent but to all fields of learning. What is essential is proper environment from the day of birth.

Professor Suzuki writes that it was about 1932, when he was teaching violin at the Imperial Conservatory, that a father asked him to teach violin to his four-year-old son. The boy is now a world-famous musician: Toshiya Eto. Mr. Suzuki pondered how to teach the little boy. Since Japanese children speak the mother tongue fluently, he decided to apply this method of training to teaching the violin to young children. The method was named Talent Education, using repetition and experience. The parent is trained to create the proper environment. The teacher teaches the parent and the parent teaches the child.

Today the Talent Education School and the Suzuki Method are world famous. Professor Suzuki believes in education that develops the human potential. He reveals that he searched for the meaning of art in music, and it was through music that he found his work and his purpose in life.

"The real essence of art turned out to be not something high up and far off. It was right inside my ordinary daily self. The very way one greets people



These dear little Korean children took part in one of Frederick's church services recently. Their father painted the portrait Frederick is holding.

and expresses oneself is art. If a musician wants to become a fine artist, he must first become a finer person. If he does this, his worth will appear. It will appear in everything he does, even in what he writes. Art is not in some far-off place. A work of art is the expression of a man's whole personality, sensibility and ability," writes Mr. Suzuki.

Nurtured by Love (Exposition Press, 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, New York 11753, \$5.00) is a beautiful book. Thanks to my friend at the library who recommended it to me. Anyone concerned with the happiness and welfare of children ought to read it. It is an unusual account of a great music educator's experiences in his work with small children.

As I was reading this book, an article appeared in our newspaper about nine-year-old Margaret N. She will be in Japan for a tour sponsored by the American Suzuki Institute. There she will meet Professor Suzuki and will play in a spring festival with 3,000 other

young Suzuki students. What a wonderful experience!

Between 1855 and 1934 over twenty million men, women and children who sought freedom and opportunity in America arrived at the Port of New York and were "processed" through Castle Garden or Ellis Island. The terrifying voyages across the Atlantic, struggles to gain foothold in a new land, and years of hardship which many suffered are among the most vital and dramatic sagas in our nation's history. *Strangers at the Door* (Chatham Press, Riverside, Connecticut, \$12.50) reaches back in time to the earliest immigrants and forward to the present day. It is the history of our national attitudes and laws towards immigration and of some immigrants' westward press to the frontier seeking land on which to settle.

A separate chapter depicts such famous immigrants as Knute Rockne, Father Edward Flanagan, Samuel Goldwyn and Elia Kazan and their struggles to achieve success in their fields. Irving Berlin, songwriter, and born in Siberia. His father, a Russian rabbi named Baline, is said to have led his family of 8 children through the first station on Ellis Island in 1893. Knute Rockne, football coach of the University of Notre Dame, emigrated with his family from their Norwegian village when he was five. His mother tied her three daughters and small son together with long ribbons as they disembarked from the ship.

Strangers at the Door is a fascinating book with interesting pictures. Ann Novotny, the author, has herself immigrated three times in her life. Born in Sweden of British parents, she moved to England in 1941 and ten years later to Canada. Families whose ancestors immigrated to the United States would become more knowledgeable of the great migration to America by reading this book.

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MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR DEPARTED MEMBERS

by Mabel Nair Brown

On a small table have ready a flower bowl filled with greenery, and beside it a rose for each member to be honored in the memorial service. As the speaker speaks each name she picks up a rose and places it in the bowl as she reads a verse of Scripture. Later these roses might be given to the closest relative present, if desired.



Even if you have to leave the house, you can still listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio visits.

Tune in each weekday to the following stations:

KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial - 11:15 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.

Speaker: Today we are taking a few moments to honor those of our members who have been called Home this year. Let us not think of them with sadness, but rather think of the joy of Christian love and service. Surely these women knew that joy and have left behind them an example and an inspiration for us who can still serve and love. God's love and strength sustained them as they went about their earthly tasks and we know it abides with them still, just as we know God's love surrounds us whatever we do, wherever we are.

These, our members who have gone on before us, had dedicated hands.

Turn your thoughts with mine for a few moments to how Christ used His hands.

In His youth Jesus toiled in His father's carpenter shop in Nazareth. There He learned to use His hands in constructive work as He hewed logs, carved out plows and yokes, drove nails and sawed timbers, doing whatever His hands found to do.

In doing this He set an example, showing us that no matter what one would like to be doing, what dreams one has for the future, one must first be willing to do those tasks at hand. This, in the end, prepares us for the tasks that lie ahead. Begin where we are; begin with the now. Jesus began His work in the carpenter shop, a humble, honest, faithful worker where there was a job to be done - and He did it.

Then came the days of His spiritual ministry, and His capable, tender hands touched a fevered brow to banish sickness, or to give sight to the blind. They gave strength to crippled feet; their warm handclasp soothed a troubled spirit. With understanding and kindness He divided the loaves and the fish to feed the five thousand. We picture Him lifting little children into His arms and giving them His blessing, holding them, loving them, His hands caressing them. Ever His hands were busy about His Father's business.

Can a Christian woman do less than to give Him the willing service of her hands, especially as we remember His promise to be with us always, to guide and uphold us?

Christ has no hands but our hands

To do His work today,
He has no feet but our feet

To lead men in His way.
He has no tongue but our tongue
To tell men how He died,
He has no help but our help

To bring them to His side."

This is the spirit in which our deceased members served.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful
and loyal,

Their hands ever willing to do
Tasks big and small, humbly, loyally,

Steadfastly, earnestly, all the years
through.

They did not say, but we know the way
Must oft have seemed rough, long, and
lone,

But their church family, they served
faithfully -

Her needs, they made their own.

They claimed no special talent, these
friends of ours,

But to us they will ever stand
As some of God's own "faithful few" -
Theirs were consecrated hands.

May we walk each day as faithful as
they

Bearing our share of the load;
Loving and caring, working and sharing,
Together, with Him, on Life's road.

-M.N.B.

Roses of memory, I now bring to you,
(Here the speaker calls the name of a
deceased member, places a rose and
then reads a Scripture; then calls the
next name, etc. Each Scripture contains
the word "hand" in it.) The following
are suggested Scriptures: Psalms 24:
3-4; 73:23; 90:17; 16:8; 16:11; Prov.
3:27; I Peter 5:6; Ezra 8:22; II Cor. 5:
1.

Prayer: Eternal God, Thou who hold-
est each of us in Thy loving hand as
we go about our daily tasks in our
home and our community, we offer Thee
our praise and our thanks. We thank
Thee, too, for the lives of these who
have witnessed among us, in word and
deed, and who now have been called to
rest with Thee. Grant, O Lord; that we
may be worthy and faithful to the tasks
Thou dost find for our hands to do.

(The hymn, "O Young and Fearless
Prophet", vrs. 1, 3, 4 and 5 might be
used at the beginning of the service,
and one verse of "Blest Be the Tie
That Binds" at the close, if desired.)



A SONG FOR COMFORT

The things that are too hard to bear
God does not bid me bear.

I never yet have walked alone
Through dark hours of despair,
And always He has kept His word:
The promised strength was there.

And so today, my heart, be still,
He knows that you are torn,
He also knows that even this
Great sorrow can be borne.
His voice still speaks across the years:
"Blessed are they that mourn."

The grief that is too hard to bear
We need not bear nor fear,
Be comforted, remembering
That One Who cares is near,
And He will hold us by the hand
Until the dark skies clear.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Katherine T., Iowa, writes that she received a lovely begonia plant from a friend who did not know its name. The plant has large, Nile green leaves that have a "quilted" appearance. In the center of each leaf is a brown cross-like pattern. The plant was small when she got it but now, almost nine months later, it is a big, beautiful specimen. Her husband made a small tablette to fit the center of her television cabinet which stands in front of an east window. The begonia sits on the tablette which revolves, so it is very easy to turn the plant daily. Everyone who sees her plant admires it. Katherine writes, "This begonia does not produce stems so one can't take cuttings and I hesitate to divide the roots as this would spoil the symmetry of the plant. Can you tell me what kind of begonia I have and if there is any other way of propagating it other than root division? It has bloomed but the flowers were not very pretty, so I pulled the stems out as they appeared. Perhaps I could have let seeds develop and planted them."

You have the lovely Iron Cross begonia, Masoniana, that is listed under "Rhizomatous Begonias" in specialists' catalogs. Propagation is best made by taking leaf cuttings and rooting them in damp sphagnum moss. This can be done just as one starts African violet leaves by placing the leaf stem or petiole in the moss and then waiting patiently for small plants to form at the base of the leaf. Or you can lay a whole leaf on the surface of the moss and make small slits across the veins. The leaf should be pressed or weighted with small pebbles so the veins that have been slit will come in contact with the damp moss. The container should be slipped into a clear plastic bag to help retain moisture. Little plants will eventually form at each slit. Later these can be pricked out of the moss and potted up singly. Use a mixture of 1/3 sand, 1/3 rich loam and 1/3 leaf mold or peat moss for potting soil. Be sure the container has good drainage or the rhizomatous roots may rot.

MAMA'S GARDEN

I remember Mama's garden,
Charted, planned on wintry days;
Poring over seedsmen's pamphlets,
She weighed products, means and ways.
Lettuce, yes, the bright red radish . . .
Her list started out with these,
Then went on to corn, cucumbers,
Beets and beans and early peas.
Now, as spring days ever lengthen,
End's in sight of winter snow,
Fondly I recall Mom's garden,
Seed packs marking every row.

—Inez Baker



Wendy Watkins, with garden hoe in hand, poses for her picture.

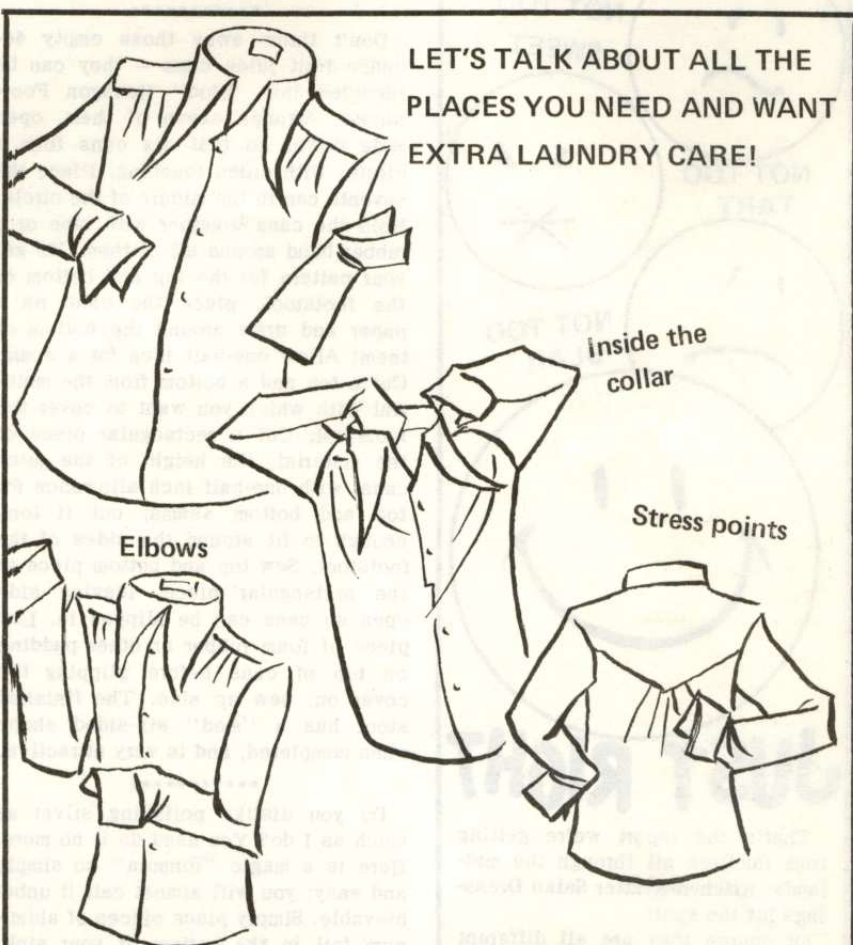


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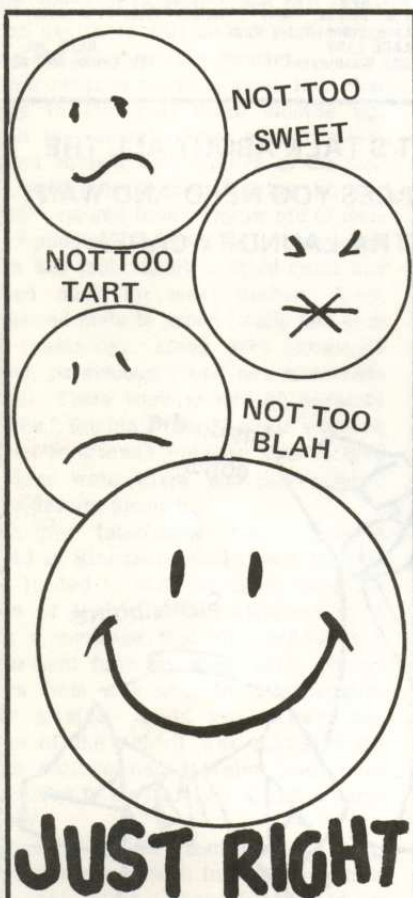
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Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

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Try all three: **French, Country Style**, and new **Italian**. You'll love 'em, too!

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and the 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.

LESSNOUC A DEARGINSNUTDN SIWE
SIWE LASHL ANM OTNU LIWL REAH
SEARCEN A ADN GAELRINN ILWL
DAN NATAIT FO NMA.

The parent who does not put his foot down gets best results teaching youngsters safe driving habits.

Don't throw away those empty 46-ounce fruit juice cans — they can be recycled into "Mod" Hexagon Footstools. Arrange seven of them, open side down, so that six cans form a circle, with sides touching. Place the seventh can in the middle of the circle. Hold the cans together with tape or a rubber band around all of them. To get your pattern for the top and bottom of the footstool, place the cans on a paper and draw around the bottom of them! Allow one-half inch for a seam. Cut a top and a bottom from the material with which you want to cover the footstool. Cut a rectangular piece of the material, the height of the juice cans, with one-half inch allowance for top and bottom seams; cut it long enough to fit around the sides of the footstool. Sew top and bottom piece to the rectangular piece, leaving side open so cans can be slipped in. Lay piece of foam rubber or other padding on top of cans before slipping the cover on; sew up side. The finished stool has a "mod" six-sided shape when completed, and is very attractive.

Do you dislike polishing silver as much as I do? You need do it no more. Here is a magic "formula" so simple and easy; you will almost call it unbelievable. Simply place pieces of aluminum foil in the bottom of your sink, place silver in and cover with warm water; add and dissolve about one-fourth cup of salt. Let set about 20 minutes, and presto, chango, your silver will be bright as a new dollar! Wash with detergent, rinse and dry.

Saving time with a dash might mean serving time with a crash.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Proverbs 1:5. A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

MOTHER'S DAY SKIT — Concluded

are no rubber balls or plastic soldiers lurking on the shelves; remove blocks and toy cars from the table. Grease pan. Crack nuts. Measure 2 cups flour; remove Johnny's hands from flour; wash flour off him. Remeasure flour. Crack more nuts to replace those Susie ate.

Put flour, baking powder, and salt in sifter. Get dustpan and brush up pieces of bowl Johnny knocked to the floor. Get another bowl. Grab Susie's hand and wipe off shortening she intended to spread on her hair. Answer the doorbell.

Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from the bowl. Wash Johnny's hands. Answer phone. Return and remove 1/2 inch of salt from greased pan. Look for Susie. Grease another pan. Answer phone.

Return and remove Susie's hands from bowl. Wash Susie. Remove layer of nut shells from greased pan and head for Johnny, who runs, knocking bowl off table and hitting Susie, who upsets cup of milk. Wash kitchen floor, table, walls, dishes and kids. Call bakery; place order. Take two aspirins. Lie down. —Rephrased from unknown author

Narrator: LADLE! Ladle love generously, but with caution, too. There are times when even love can get the best of you!

Do I look a bit stooped in the shoulders?

Have my eyes the bleak look of a hound?

By these signs you will know
That since cock-crow

I've been herding my grandchild around.
There've been feeding and changing of
diddies,

There've been rocking and bathing and
naps;

So if you will excuse me
I think 'twould amuse me

To kick off my shoes and collapse.

—Church paper

(Chef and helper walk tiredly off stage.)

SOAPSUDS & TULIP BEDS — Concl.

Pella. The youngest members, who have joined in the scrubbing, are 8-year-old Marcia, and Stewart, 4½, who with his own-sized pail followed in Marceta's original footsteps, getting more water on himself than on the streets.

Last fall, Marceta entered Iowa State College at Ames, to study Home Economics and Education. And again this year comes Marceta's good word, "Please don't rain on our parade. The homefolks will make sure our streets are scrubbed shipshape-clean as soapsuds and tulip beds create their usual stir in true Tulip Town traditions."

QUILT-O-RAMA - Concluded

ways of "liberation" for our great-grandmothers?

In her book, *Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them*, Ruth Finley points out that in the early days of this country it was the men who laid down the laws which the women and children were expected to obey. The author says that in the area of needlework alone the woman held sole domain and was free to express her creativeness. She may have been making a patchwork quilt out of old worn clothing or leftover scraps, but she could let her fancy go in design and quilting. She found joy in exchanging patterns and scraps with her neighbors.

As Ruth Finley tells us, it was around the quilting frames that women really shared their ideas, the news, and opinions, and it was around the quilting frames that the first ideas for women's suffrage and other progressive ideas for women were first heard.

Patchwork probably began when some prehistoric woman, for the first time in the world, mended a hole in the husband's bearskin wrap-around by patching it with another piece of bearskin. Perhaps bearskin was scarce that year! Someone has said that patchwork was created by poverty. Certainly it was thrift and poverty in America that brought forth patchwork as an art that is admired the world around. With her needle and the scraps in her scrapbag the American women brought beauty into their homes without a penny of extra cost.

Other peoples in other countries have had their laces and embroideries and knitting for hundreds of years, but the patchwork quilt, as we know it, is a true American folk art, full of meaning and beauty to the one who stitches it as well as to the one who views it. For two hundred years or more we have poured into patchwork our whole American history, picturing our homes, our gardens, our political opinions and our journeys; hence, Log Cabin, Rising Sun, Flower Garden, Double Wedding Ring, Lincoln's Platform, Rocky Road to Dublin, to name a few of the favorite patterns.

Perhaps it was in the field of applique, a French word meaning "laid on", that the greatest originality is shown from an artistic point of view. Here the early quilt maker really let her imagination have full sway to come up with exquisitely beautiful quilts, truly museum pieces, certainly to be used as counterpanes, never hidden beneath bedspreads. The quilting on these masterpieces is truly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" - tiny, tiny stitches in feathery sprays and circles. No wondersome of them took years to complete!



Alison Walstad, 22-year-old daughter of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, is an enthusiastic quilt maker. This "Cathedral Coverlet" took two years to complete.

Oh, the memories tied up in the baby quilts! The pieces that go into them might belong to the auntie or grandmother-to-be, and two or three generations of relatives might do the quilting; putting love in every stitch.

There is much to be said about quilting, an art as old as our past, as new as today. "Try it, you'll like it!" They will be among your dearest treasures just as they were for your great-grandmother.

Song: Here would be a good spot to use the song "Memories".

THE QUILT MAKERS

When Cousin Lucy sits and sews,
In and out her needle goes,
In and out till she has built
A flower garden in a quilt.

The songs once sung, the fairy tales,
The thorn-torn hand, the childish wails,
The sunny beach, the well-worn stones
Drift through her thoughts in autumn tones -

Drift like lazy autumn bees;
These treasure-laden memories
Drift into quilt in little rows
Like flowers in her garden grow.

Cousin Lucy sits and sews,
"Jacob's Ladder", "Sharon's Rose",
Or forms a square, a cross, a star -
Why she could piece "The Gates Ajar"
So beautifully - it seems to me,
Folks in heaven would like to see -
There might be ladies up there who
Once made quilts as great. And, too,
Knew thoughts of gardens. Sunshine
spilt

Glowed brighter in a patchwork quilt.

When Cousin Lucy sits and sews,
In and out her needle goes,
Weaving the now with a bit o' the past
Into an heirloom that will last and last.

-Author Unknown

Other musical numbers to include on the program would be such old songs as "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party", "Love's Old Sweet Song", "There's an Old Spinning Wheel in the Parlor". Then get some laughter by using a modern number and ask what design the audience thinks could be quilted to that rhythm!

By contacting them well in advance, certain persons might be willing to give brief talks on such subjects as "Quilting Bees I've Attended" (or a quilting bee now in progress), "How I've Decorated a Bedroom around an Heirloom Quilt". Someone who does a good deal of quilting might tell how she has come by her patterns, a new, young quilter might tell how she became interested in the art. You might ask anyone in the audience to tell of the most historic quilt they have seen. Another might talk on "Baby Quilts".



INSIDE . . . OUTSIDE . . . ALL AROUND THE HOUSE

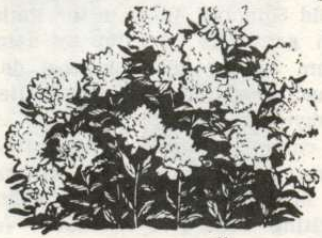
Wherever there's dirt, wherever there's grime, wherever there's something that isn't as clean as it should be, that's the place for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. From patio to porch, from attic to basement, if it needs cleaning off it needs **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

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This isn't the sharpest picture in the world, but we're lucky to get anything of Juliana's and Jed's new library. The tall plant in the planter (foreground) is a tomato tree; other plants are mostly rare varieties of cacti. The walls are white adobe, the floor is paved brick, and the double door you see leads out to a patio that will soon be finished.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

St. Vincent's Hospital in Santa Fe, and goodness knows I've spent enough time there.

Incidentally, if the baby is a girl (which both Mary Lea and Tony hope for very much) she will be named Isabelle Maria. At last report they had been hopelessly bogged down in trying to select a name for a boy.

Another piece of family news is the fact that Howard retired on April 1st from his many years of conscientious service to the Earl May Seed Company. I know he had been there for 25 years, but how many beyond this has skipped my attention right now. Mother had a surprise dinner for him — and it really was a *big* surprise all the way around. Howard has a marvelous workshop fixed up in his basement and is anticipating time now to create the things that he just couldn't manage before.

One of these days very soon we'll be having a visit with Emily Driftmier. She is on a month's vacation from her work with the Peace Corps in Brazil and is spending most of this time with her parents in Denver. There is also the hope that Alison Driftmier Walstad will be able to see us before long.

Thank goodness I can now supply you with information about *Midnight at Noon*, the marvelous record (photographs and text) of the Dust Bowl in the 30's. It is \$1.00 per copy and can be ordered from Mindon Cards, P.O. Box 11127, Kansas City, Mo. 64119.

My space is gone for this month, so until June I am

Faithfully always

Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

ing bit of Biblical exposition taken from the ancient Hebrew. An old rabbi explained why God made Eve out of Adam's rib, and he did it in the following way:

"God considered from which part of man to create woman. He said, 'I will not create her from the head that she should not hold up her head too proudly; nor from the eye that she should not be too curious; nor from the ear that she should not be an eavesdropper; nor from the mouth that she should not be too talkative; nor from the heart that she should not be too jealous; nor from the hand that she should not be too acquisitive; nor from the foot that she should not be a gadabout; but from a part of the body which is hidden that she should be modest.'"

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

my plans go according to schedule and I will have been to Livingston, Mont., and back. This will be my first visit to see where our daughter Kristin and her family now live. I am looking forward to meeting all of Kristin's friends, and especially the lovely lady who lives next door, Mrs. McCutcheon, whose picture you saw in last month's issue with Aaron.

Frank wants me to run an errand for him right now, and I can mail this letter at the same time and "kill two birds with one stone", as the old saying goes. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

"Little Ads"

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

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LITTLE FREAK

I love the twisted apple tree
That looks each morning, up at me
From our back lawn —
Strange, it ever grew that way
Or did I train it day by day
To keep it winding on —
Stranger still, that it chose the
Burden of an old white rose,
Entwined they are one —
In Maytime when their petals blow
They are white as winter snow
Drifting in the sun.

—Annie Parish Slankard

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New 1974 Citizen's Guide to Social Security says: You can collect from Social Security at any age!

Would you like to know exactly how much money you have poured into Social Security payments? And would you like to know how soon you can start to collect cash benefits, including all the benefits due you right now under the 1974 Social Security laws?

First, to find out precisely how much money has been paid into your own personal Social Security account fill in the left half of the coupon on this page. It will be sent directly to the proper government agency. This agency will check your personal account and send you a confidential report of your year-to-year contributions to Social Security. You will not be charged for this service, not even the price of a postage stamp.

Second, fill in the right half of the coupon. It will serve as an order form for your copy of a new book, "1974 Citizen's Guide to Social Security". If you think Social Security payments are made only to elderly people, or folks who have retired, then there's good news in store for you.

This guide is actually a handbook that translates the language of the Social Security Act into plain English—including brand new Social Security benefits just passed by Congress. Here are just a few of the subjects in this easy-to-read guide:

- ★ How to find out if you are eligible for Social Security benefits right now, regardless of age or income.
- ★ How to make your whole family eligible for Social Security — including your youngest children.
- ★ Is there any advantage to having two Social Security cards?
- ★ How to hold a good job and still get Social Security benefits.
- ★ What to do if you have lost your Social Security card.
- ★ How to increase your benefits if you are already collecting Social Security.

- ★ What to do if you have lost or misplaced a Social Security check.
- ★ How to get Social Security benefits for students between the ages of 18 and 22.
- ★ How to collect Social Security payments in one lump sum.
- ★ What papers you must produce to file a Social Security claim.
- ★ How to get Social Security benefits even if you've never contributed a penny into it.
- ★ Special Social Security benefits available only to veterans.
- ★ How to be sure your employer is not cheating you on Social Security.
- ★ How to get a refund if too much Social Security tax has been withheld from your salary (two out of three people are eligible for refunds).
- ★ How to get health insurance for the elderly members of your family.
- ★ What the new Social Security laws just passed mean to you in cash benefits.
- ★ How to estimate quickly what your Social Security retirement benefits should be.
- ★ How to collect disability pensions at any age.
- ★ Can you collect greater Social Security benefits after a divorce?
- ★ How to get fast answers to any Social Security problem without leaving your house.

This valuable Citizen's Guide can mean hundreds, even thousands of dollars to you and your family right now. Ten million people—whose average age is only 30—are collecting Social Security today. Should you be one of them? Remember, it is not enough simply to be eligible for Social Security benefits. You must know how to apply for them. This handbook not only tells you what you are entitled to, but how to qualify, whom you should contact and what you should say.

The cost for this 1974 CITIZEN'S GUIDE TO SOCIAL SECURITY is just \$3. And this offer is backed by a 100% guarantee. If you are not completely satisfied, for any reason, return the Guide and your \$3 will be refunded immediately. You will still receive your confidential report on your Social Security account as it has been recorded year-by-year.

Please act now. To get all the up-to-date Social Security benefits you deserve be sure to fill out both parts of the coupon on this page. Mail the completed coupon and \$3 in check or money order to American Consumer, Dept. SO-40, Caroline and Charter Roads, Philadelphia, Pa. 19154. Your 1974 Citizen's Guide will be sent promptly, and your confidential Social Security report will be mailed to you from the proper government agency in Washington, D.C. as soon as your account has been checked. You owe it to yourself to take advantage of the new Social Security benefits that are rightfully yours. Please mail the coupon now.



REQUEST FOR STATEMENT

SOCIAL
SECURITY
NUMBER →

--	--	--

OF EARNINGS

DATE OF
BIRTH →

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
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Please send a statement of my Social Security earnings to:

NAME { MISS _____
MRS. _____
MR. _____ } *Print Name and Address in Ink Or Use Type-writer*
STREET & NUMBER _____
CITY & STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

SIGN YOUR NAME HERE
(DO NOT PRINT)

Sign your own name only. Under the law, information in your social security record is confidential and anyone who signs another person's name can be prosecuted.

If you have changed your name from that shown on your social security card, please copy your name exactly as it appears on your card.

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My check or money order for \$3 each is enclosed.

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