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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

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APRIL, 1967

NUMBER 4



— H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

The person who started the saying "the older you become, the faster time seems to slip through your fingers" knew what he was saying. Here it is almost spring again and I'm just getting used to winter!

It has seemed a bit like spring inside the house these past few days for I have a pot of hyacinths on the television set and an arrangement of forsythia on the dining room table. The latter was the gift of a neighbor who forced some forsythia into bloom and shared the branches with me. The hyacinths were part of my Christmas gift from our oldest son and his wife. Usually one of our children gives us gifts of flowers to be delivered at intervals from Christmas until spring, and this year that gift came from Howard and Mae.

Speaking of Howard and Mae, many of you have asked how their little granddaughter Lisa is coming along. She has had several severe attacks of asthma and bronchial infections this winter which have sent her to the hospital, but since certain foods and items have been eliminated she is getting along much better. Her little baby sister Natalie is growing like a little weed. We'll be sharing some more pictures with you soon so you can see how they are growing. We're also anxiously waiting for new pictures of our other little great grandchild, Andrew, our granddaughter Kristin's little son.

We've had another dry winter in our area — at least to the time of this writing — and the moisture level on some of the land is much below normal. There are two wells on our farm north of Shenandoah. One is located near the center of the place to supply water for stock when they are in that location, and the other is about a quarter of a mile from the house and feed lots. The one nearer the house went dry — the first time ever — and water had to be hauled from the other well. How

glad we were that they didn't go dry at the same time! We drove out to the farm on our first warm day to see how things were coming along and found a newly dug well finished, supplying water much clearer and softer than that from the old well.

When warmer weather is here to stay we'll drive out frequently to see the baby pigs that arrived this winter. The big barn is heated and lighted and used for a "maternity ward" when the weather is cold, so we really don't have a chance to watch them grow until they can come outside.

My husband got through the winter very well. None of us came down with colds, and we give a lot of the credit to the humidifier (which also purifies the air) that we installed last year. Also, we were careful that colds didn't "come into the house".

We were so pleased to have another visit from our granddaughter Juliana when she came to spend a few weeks with Lucile after her graduation from the University of New Mexico. She will be doing substitute teaching and volunteer work the balance of the school year which will give her some time to spend with her mother before she takes on a regular teaching position. We celebrated with a family dinner when she arrived in Shenandoah and called it her birthday party.

By the time this magazine reaches you we will have had a visit from our youngest son Donald and his family. Although Donald is able to stop in occasionally when on trips to our vicinity, it has been several years since Mary Beth and the children have been here. Since Mary Beth's and Paul's birthdays fall about that time, we'll have another birthday dinner for them while they are here.

The last time our daughter Dorothy came to Shenandoah for her "magazine week" she brought a big box of scraps left over from her winter's sewing. Ruby, Mart's nurse, uses them to make

dressess for children in an Indian mission which her church sponsors. This month she turned out seven of the cutest little dresses. She sets up a sturdy card table in the library for the portable sewing machine and, using a basic pattern, can turn out a dress in her spare time in a day.

Many of you have expressed an interest in the rugs I'm hooking for our children. I've completed five so far and have Howard's and Margery's on order. They took a little longer in making their selections, so I'm embroidering a tablecloth while waiting for theirs to arrive. This gives me a little variety in my handwork.

My sister Jessie, who has spent the winter with us, may be in California by the time you read this for she hopes to spend a few months with her daughter and her family in San Mateo. Each morning she keeps busy writing letters to her many friends in faraway places, and in the afternoons, after a good rest, she works on an afghan.

My brother Henry's son Philip and his wife Marie have left their home in Africa after their three-year tour of duty with the State Department and are headed for the United States. This will be an exciting trip home for them, for they are returning by way of Israel, Rome and London. While in England they are going to Leeds to take a look at the Field family's ancestral ground. My! how I wish I could sneak myself into one of their suitcases and make that visit with them! I'll have to be content until their return and enjoy the trip by means of their camera.

I would like to close with this lovely poem by Carlita Pedersen.

THE HILLS OF HOME

There is a green and rolling land

Where columbine and larkspur grow,
Where cottontails and black squirrels play,

And Nisnabotna waters flow.

Where white-faced herefords graze in peace

'Neath skies as blue as blue can be.

Where apple blossoms scent the air,
And winter wheat's an emerald sea.

Where windmills sing a squeaky song,
And cornfields spring from rich, black loam.

This is the land, the land I love,

The green and rolling hills of home!

Margery will be here in a few minutes to take this to the office, so I'll say goodbye from the Nisnabotna River valley. Sincerely,

Leanna

MARGERY SHARES AN AMUSING CLIPPING

Dear Friends:

When I stopped to pick up Lucile on the way to the office, we agreed that there is a lot of *fury* in the wind this March day. The car door was almost whipped from its hinges!

This time of year can be a little discouraging for one day one shivers in wool clothes; the next day is balmy and oppressively warm. But, the days are longer and we appreciate *that*. And, too, a little color is becoming evident, welcome after the drabness of winter. (This winter we didn't have enough snow to hide the drabness for long.) Weather is fickle this time of year, and we don't know what will be around the corner, except that somewhere spring is hiding and she is bound to make her appearance soon.

One afternoon recently, Lucile stopped in for a chat after work. It wasn't warm, by any means, but the day was milder than the days before so I opened the back door to freshen up the house a bit. We heard some youngsters chatting gaily as they were homeward bound from school. One child said, "Yes, but those aren't the rules. You have to move to another tree before I count to ten." Obviously, they were playing wood tag *and* making up the rules as they went along. I remembered something I had read recently concerning children and their rules and it took me several hours to locate it, but it was so amusing that I wanted to share it with you. I think you'll get a chuckle out of it too.

"What'cha doin'?"

"Playing."

"Can I play too?"

"Sure. But you gotta play according to the rules."

And so another child becomes involved in that great game world of rules.

Recorded here are some of the rules dictated by various groups of normal little kids:

"Okay, you're the good guys, we're the bad guys, and we lose the fight this time. But in the next fight, *we're* going to be the good guys."

"But I don't want to play house unless I can be the mother. Just because you're bigger doesn't mean I can't *ever* be the mother."

"We don't have enough guys to play real football, so let's not use anybody in the backfield except the guy who runs with the ball. Everybody else is a guard."

"When you get shot you got to stay dead until the General is captured or



A new picture of Margery Strom and her mother, Leanna Driftmier.

unless your mother calls you."

"The boys don't want to play house so let's make Spot the daddy."

"No fun playing follow the leader if you stand on your head 'cause I can't do that yet."

"I'm at bat first! Remember it's my baseball."

"I want to be a king too, so let's make two kings of the hill."

"If you take your finger off the checker for a least two seconds, that means you've got to leave it there and it's my turn."

"No girls allowed to play war. Girls don't make good spies, and you're not supposed to shoot them."

"No fair throwing the ball hard if the player has no mitt."

"This Saturday you're supposed to bring the money for popcorn at the movies."

Editor's Note: And what kind of rules do you follow for the games you play?

Along about this time of year we have "Clean-Up Week". (It's so hard to keep all those special weeks in mind since it has become the popular

SO YOU'VE JOINED A CLUB

Some members keep their club so strong,

While others join just to belong.

Some dig right in . . . some serve with pride;

Some go along just for the ride.

Some volunteer to do their share,

While some lie back and just don't care.

On meeting days some always show,

While there are those who never go.

Some always pay their dues ahead,

Some get behind for months instead.

Some lag behind . . . some let things go;

Some never help their club to grow.

Some drag . . . some pull . . . some don't . . . some do . . .

Consider . . . which one of these are you?

pastime of someone, obviously, to keep dreaming them up!) As I read Dorothy's letter this month, I thought up another one — "Throw-Out Week". (Now, if anyone is so inclined to push it through to the public, I'll be a willing member of the club!) Doesn't this suggest to you many things in the house that need to be gathered up and presented to the rubbish man or the garbage can? At one time or another we've all mentioned the Driftmier habit of saving. The only way we can account for it is that we still remember the great depression — at least, that is how we excuse ourselves! There is some reward in being a saver though. When there is a bake sale I can always produce stacks and stacks of paper bags; at a rummage sale I can turn up with dozens and dozens of wire coat hangers. Torn sheets, anyone? I have a shelf full! And pretty tins with flowers on the lids, and candy boxes, and jelly glasses and balls of used string. You name it, and I'll produce it!

When Martin brought two college friends home for a weekend recently, I overheard a conversation on saving old magazines and one of the boys said, "My mother saves them too. I guess she saves *everything*." My! it was a comfort to hear that!

As I think I've mentioned before, Oliver has an apartment with a friend near their office in Council Bluffs, which is much nicer than renting a room. He comes home on weekends and on occasion during the week when there is a church meeting or club meeting to attend. I had an opportunity to see the apartment soon after they moved in when a dinner was given in honor of an employee who was retiring. Leo's wife came from their home in Des Moines, so I had an opportunity to meet her for the first time. We made a list of things they needed to bring from home which they had overlooked, and now they are pretty well set up. Oliver and Leo figure they are saving enough by doing their own cooking to make up the difference in rent. Angela and I send things back with them, too, of course, and that helps. Martin finds it easy to catch rides to Council Bluffs with students and ride home with Oliver on Friday evenings, so he has come home oftener in recent weeks. How those weekends do fly!

Now I must start our evening meal, for Oliver is coming home to attend a deacons' meeting at the church tonight and we'll have to eat on the dot.

Sincerely,

Margery



"As the Twig Is Bent"

A Program for Family Night

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Let the theme for decorations and program be centered on "the family tree". Small tree or shrub branches can be anchored in plaster of Paris bases, molding the plaster in cans or small boxes and inserting branches while plaster is still wet, for table centerpieces. Flowers (artificial corsages which are taken apart work fine for this) and little plastic or fabric butterflies and birds fastened to the branches will give a springtime effect; however, the highlights of these "family trees" are little objects of home — baby shoes, rattles, miniature baseball bats, children's mittens, cookie cutters, doll clothes, hair rollers, and so on. Here is where the committee's imagination and originality can make of these "family trees" real conversation pieces. A family Bible can be placed against the trunk of each tree.

Program booklet covers might carry the title "Twig Bending" with a sketch of a tree in one corner, or might be patterned to the idea of "The Diary of a Family", or simply inscribed "The Family Tree". The booklets might also be cut in the shape of a tree.

For favors stick small twig trees in large gumdrop bases. On the branches hang tiny paper or felt mittens and socks, or pictures of "home" items cut from catalogs and magazines.

For a touch of humor place paper bookcovers over regular books, with such titles as "How to Survive the Frug and Like It!", "Telephonitis, Cause and Cure", "Mama Don't Allow No Stereo Blasting in Here", and "Parents — How to Live with 'Em". Use these on the tables or about the room.

PROGRAM: TWIG BENDING

Setting: On a small table place an outsized family tree patterned after the popular family-tree-type photograph holders. This is made by inserting a shapely branch in a sturdy base. Attach five large discs of heavy white

tagboard, each having printed on it, in large letters, one of the following words: Home, Love, Song, Truth, and God. Place a Bible against the tree trunk.

Prelude: Medley of "Home Sweet Home", "Old Kentucky Home" and other such songs. Continue the quiet music through the opening poem and Scripture reading.

Leader:

Happy is the family
In which each member is free
To be his best in his own way,
And not that of another.
For good material can be damaged
By shaping it to the wrong pattern,
As a tulip would be spoiled
By trying to make it a daffodil;
And every leaf and flower
Grows from within,
And not by outside pressure.

—Selected

Ever, always, let us bear in mind,
"AS THE TWIG IS BENT, SO IS THE
TREE INCLINED."

Scriptures: (A boy and girl reader would be effective.)

1st Reader: *Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord; and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might. And these words I command you this day shall be upon your heart; AND YOU SHALL TEACH THEM DILIGENTLY TO YOUR CHILDREN, and shall talk with them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise. And you shall bind them as a sign upon your hand, and they shall be frontlets between your eyes. And you shall write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.*

2nd Reader: *Finally, brethren, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things.*

What you have learned, and received and heard and seen in me, do; and the God of peace will be with you.

Hymn: "O Love Divine and Golden" or "Happy the Home When God Is There".

Prayer: Our dear heavenly Father, as Thou art our guide from day to day, help us as parents to be worthy guides, especially to the young in our own homes, and those within our neighborhood, and in the larger world community. Grant, O heavenly Father, to the young the knowledge and understanding of our love for them and a tolerance with that we do which they do not understand. May we all grow together each day in wisdom, and understanding, and in love with each other and with Thee. Amen.

Leader: My little son was kneeling on the floor building with blocks. I stood by to adore. He smiled, and blue eyes trustingly, lovingly, raised, he said, "You never touch things do you, Mother?" My little son will build his house of life with press of other things, a house, a wife. Please Lord, help me satisfy his eyes and keep my hands from touching, mother-wise. "The twig is bent toward HOME."

Meditation — Home: Blessed is the child whose heart is bent toward HOME, to simple pleasures shared therein — the security in the firelight's glow, and beloved faces gathered round the kitchen table; in the beauty of gay petunias beside the back stoop, and the luscious softness of green grass beneath bare toes; the sense of well-being and pride in a humble task well and cheerfully done. In Proverbs we find a veritable gold mine of keys to a happy home. "Happy is the man who finds wisdom, and the man who gets understanding, for the gain is better than gain from silver, and its profit better than gold." With such a value placed upon those who make up a home, can its members be satisfied to strive for anything but the best in wisdom, understanding, and appreciation of one another, and the simple everyday pleasures of family life?

Meditation — Love: The joy of a home is LOVE. Only the home that is surrounded by love is a truly happy one, a home radiating joy and friendship to all who come within its ever widening circle. Surely the twig must be bent toward love! Thus the hearts of those nearest and dearest find their moments of pain, of heartache, and despair may be lightened because they rest secure in the love of those who care, who will help, who will sympathize, who will share. Just so, happiness sparkles brighter and laughter is

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A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE KITCHEN-KLATTER FAMILY

Dear Good Friends:

Have you ever put off writing a letter that you knew you had to write and yet kept shying away from facing up to it? Well, this is such a letter and it cannot be put off any longer.

We've known for going on two years now that we simply couldn't keep on publishing our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine for only \$1.50 per year, but it's human nature to skirt around things we don't like to face and so we've kept putting off and putting off what might be called the day of reckoning.

But now that day is right upon us. There cannot be anymore — "Well, we'll think about that tomorrow" — and so I'm explaining to you why we are compelled to increase the price of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine to \$2.00 per year. (Please see page 17 for the new overseas subscription price.) I can't recall any other magazine that made explanations to its readers when it was necessary to increase the subscription price, but we're not like any other magazine — never have been and never will be — and this is why we feel a great responsibility to get everything straight and clear.

It has been twelve years now since there has been any change in the price of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine. That's a long, long time to stand absolutely motionless when dollars and cents are concerned. Just stop and think what you paid for *anything* back in 1955 compared to what you pay for it today! It's fantastic, isn't it, how swiftly and completely everything has changed.

I can't think off-hand of anything we haven't done to try and keep our price at the 1955 level. We bought all new printing equipment to help keep at bay the heavy expense in that direction. (Thousands of you have been through our plant and have seen this equipment.) We replaced other equipment, some of it so old that even the parts for it were no longer being manufactured! We tried to get everything up to date so we could keep down expenses by operating as efficiently as possible.

Along with all of these moves we studied every single thing that was done from the time we walked through the door in the morning until we walked back out at night. Did we have to do a certain job the old way it had always been done or was it possible to do it a new way? We were even careful with pencils and paper clips! Well, you name it — we didn't overlook a single thing, no matter how trifling



Marge Kimsey works with files of plates used to address magazine.

and puny it might seem — in our effort to keep going as economically as possible and somehow make ends meet.

But all of the time we were putting up this fight, things far beyond our control were creeping up on us. Every time big bills came due they were higher than they had been the last time they were paid. At night I could hear the echo of my voice saying:

"You mean ink has gone up THAT much in this last year?"

"Are you trying to tell me that we're facing ANOTHER increase in the cost of paper?"

"Am I to understand that the service calls to take care of our equipment are going up AGAIN?"

I'm afraid that people around here hated to give me this constant flow of bad tidings because it was perfectly clear that it worried me half to death. (Everytime postal rates changed we had a deathly silence down here at the plant! It cost us thousands of dollars just to zip code our files and this was something that we had no choice about at all — it just had to be done and that was that.)

"THE THINGS I LOVE"

The dawning of day in pink and gold light,

The quiet of dusk, the velvet of night,
The fury of wind in the top of a tree,
The drench of the rain, the break of the sea,

The sting of the frost as brittle as glass,

The breath of the rose, the feel of the grass,

The sound of a stream, the mocking-bird's tune,

The rustle of leaves, the cry of a loon,
The face of a field, the sweep of the sky —

These things I will love till the day I die!

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

Naturally our payroll in 1967 has nothing whatsoever in common with what it was back in 1955. We've tried to do the very best we can to enable our loyal and faithful workers to keep their heads above water while they're coping with today's cost of living. It isn't easy for anyone to manage these days (at least I don't know anyone who finds it easy) and when you're a tightly-knit group of people working closely together you're very much aware of all the problems.

So . . . in the end it all boiled down to the fact that for reasons far beyond our control we were putting up a losing fight and one of two things had to be done: we had to give up publishing our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine or we had to increase the price to \$2.00 per year. It was this simple. We had no other courses of action open to us.

Frankly, none of us can imagine not having our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine! Why, we grew up with it and it's part of the very fabric of our lives. Years and years ago we sat around the dining room table every night and put *Kitchen-Klatter* into envelopes, and then the next afternoon Donald carried those envelopes in a basket down to the post office and they started on their way to you. That world seems almost like pioneer days by comparison. Even the old post office is gone!

But all through these years we've felt very close to untold numbers of people who have shared our lives, who have watched our family move from generation to generation, who have rejoiced with us when we were happy and grieved with us when the bitterly hard times came. Friendships of this kind are growing increasingly rare in our terribly impersonal world of today where there seems to be so little left of human concern and warmth. Anyone fortunate enough to have such friendships is not going to abandon them casually and carelessly.

And so . . . we are clinging to our friendships. We want *Kitchen-Klatter* to continue. And we hope, now that the explanations for a 50¢ price increase have been made, that you will go ahead into the future with us.

Next month I'll get back to other things, but this month I felt that I had to use my allotted space for exactly what I've discussed. At least I had a beautiful Iowa day when I sat down to come to grips with all of this! The sun is shining brilliantly, there's a certain, soft, spring-like feeling in the air, and it's heartening to realize that we have the bulk of another Midwestern winter behind us.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile



How Not to Have a Green Thumb

by
Carole Hefley Reese

We all know people who have green thumbs. Maybe you have one yourself. If so, your house and yard overflow with all kinds of plants and flowers. The rest of us can't grow even a healthy weed.

I grew up surrounded by "green thumb" people. Not only did all the women in my family have one, but most of the men too! My father loves his garden and it appears certain our son will follow in his grandpa's muddy footprints. I used to gaze in awe at all those green thumbs, and wonder what was the matter with me that I couldn't get excited over seed catalogs and bug dust. But I finally figured out their secret. Now I know how people get their special thumbs, and I no longer feel like such a misfit.

Green thumb people *love* everything that grows. They indulge in hours of handling their plants and flowers. They dust them, water them, add soil, take away soil, and add peat moss — whatever that is. Some of that green stuff is bound to rub off on their thumbs! What's more, the plants flourish under all that attention. They have to grow; they don't dare not to!

Now it isn't that I don't appreciate the beauty of flowers. It's just that I never take the time to tell them so. I don't like the feel of dirt under my fingernails, and the sight of a worm sends me into hysterics.

When I get up the courage to plant flower seeds, I'm lucky if I remember to notice whether or not they come up! Sometimes it's months before I realize they didn't even venture out of the ground. When that happens, I can only assume that the seeds sensed my indifference and didn't want a life without love.

It's easy to spot the home of a person who does *not* have a green thumb. It probably looks something like ours. The most greenery we have is our grass, and sometimes we aren't too secure about that. We have *one* rosebush. It reminds me of a little orphan child; it never gives up trying to win my love. Every year it sprouts forth greenery, despite the fact that it withstood the winter's blasts without any special at-

tention. I know rosebushes should be protected against the chilling temperatures, but somehow I never remember it until winter is over and I marvel that once again our rosebush survived the ordeal. As if trying to encourage me, this faithful bush produces one, and sometimes two, perfect roses each year, despite its puny physical condition.

We do have a healthy stand of iris along one side of the lawn. But I must admit that every last one of them was donated by friends and relatives who grew tired of gazing upon our barren premises. I'm thankful for the hardy iris; it must be especially meant for people like me — it can grow even if tossed on top of the ground and totally neglected.

One summer I was very proud when, singlehanded, I produced a beautiful row of zinnias. They were the tallest, healthiest, most colorful flowers in the neighborhood. Despite the uncooperative weather and the fact that I never once touched them, they kept on blooming wholeheartedly until frost. I began to think there might be hope for my thumb yet. When I bragged about my rare accomplishment to a friend, she blandly replied, "Zinnias are very hardy and easy to grow. They'll survive nearly anywhere." My newborn confidence frosted before the zinnias did.

Just to prove my theory that flowers know when they are loved, we have one thing in our yard that does grow. It's a huge, old, lovely lilac bush that grows larger every year. It was just a small bush when we moved into our home; therefore just seeing its huge size reminds me of the years of happy living in our home. Lilacs are my favorite flowers. I love that bush and it *knows* it.

I can say that I had a measure of success a few years ago at growing something inside the house. My mother waved her green thumb over some cut leaves in a jar of water and thus started some philodendron vines for me. One vine in particular was headed for a life of fame because it took a

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APRIL

by
Muriel Preble Childs

April is one of my favorite months, perhaps because it is my birth month, and having a birthday was a great event, at least until I became five years old. Five years old meant that I could go to school the following fall. No birthday has been so much anticipated, nor so much enjoyed, as that fifth one was.

April is also the month of showers. I like to think that is the reason that so many things move me to tears. Real crises don't; I can rise to such occasions. But let a parade march by, with band after marching band of high school students from nearby schools, and I choke up and drip over.

April-type weepers, like me, can look up at a foot-taller son on his graduation day, and demand, "Why didn't you polish your shoes last night?" (She'll do the polishing while he *shaves*!) And then, at graduation, she'll blink rapidly as that boy, with the gold cord which signifies scholarship about his neck marches up to get his diploma. His shoes may shine, but that gold cord shines brighter.

April is heralded by April first — April Fool's day. What a wonderful fun day that is for children, and for parents who want to play along. But where did it start? History is so vague that nobody actually knows. There are two stories about it. Take your choice.

One goes back to a Hindu observation of a festival of spring. On the last day of the festival people were sent on meaningless errands. That is somewhat like our April Fool's day, and the dates more or less coincide.

This reminds me of foolish errands young and green helpers were sent on years ago. An apprentice mechanic might be sent around town to find a left-handed monkey wrench. Or a painter apprentice could be sent to buy a can of striped paint. Those were old but real gags when I was a girl. I think it was a way for a "town" man to have fun with a "country" boy who came to work for him. It was usually kindly, and made for a bit of humor in a community without movies, radio, or TV. People had to make their own fun. I rather doubt, however, that the Hindu rites influenced western Europe, and hence America, very much.

The other possibility is that it started when Charles IX of France adopted a new calendar in 1564 which made

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

On a beautiful day — half winter and half spring — I sit here in my church study with the sun pouring through the windows, and the lovely sounds of our big pipe organ spilling through the doors from the chapel. It is one of those days when "God is in his heaven, and all is right with the world." There are some days that are so much nicer than other days, and this is one of them. Today my heart is so filled with happiness and gratitude for no particular reason and yet for all the reasons in the world. I am in love! I am in love with the whole universe — nature, the Church, our beautiful city, all our people, and of course my dear, dear family.

The children will be home from their schools for a good vacation beginning very soon. Since David is in a preparatory school, he will have a few more days at home than will Mary Leanna. I don't know why that is the case, but it always is. When I think back to my teaching days in private preparatory schools I recall how I used to look forward to those long spring vacations. When you live with your students seven days and seven nights a week, in class and out of class, good vacations are the only things that manage to keep one's sanity. Until you have been a teacher, you simply cannot appreciate how wonderful vacations can be.

This vacation for the children will have two or three unpleasant days because of a series of vaccinations and inoculations that the entire family is taking. My goodness! Have you ever had shots for cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid-paratyphoid, poliomyelitis, and tetanus all in one short span of days? I don't look forward to it even a little bit.

Every Sunday there are members of my congregation who meet me after the service and tell me that they are a part of my big radio congregation at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. Most of such visitors are not members of our faith, and it pleases me to think that they want to visit our church and see what it is like and to meet me in person. A few Sundays ago a handsome young man from our local Air Force base introduced himself by saying: "I am Sam Rankin formerly of Shenandoah and Tarkio College!" I was so delighted to meet someone from my old hometown area, and I immediately arranged for him to have dinner and spend the afternoon with us. Sam's father was for several years a teacher



Robert Stanley Swan, minister of music, at the huge pipe organ in South Congregational Church.

in the Shenandoah High School, and we had a good time talking about the many friends we had in common. The following Sunday he went with me to take David back to school after David had spent a weekend with us. David said: "Dad, why don't you take me back to school by way of Boston so Mr. Rankin can get a glimpse of our big city?" That is exactly what we did, and then I added to the tour by coming home through New Bedford, Fall River, and Providence. In a few days we shall have another Iowa boy pay us a visit when we have as our guest Sam Brown, Jr. of Council Bluffs. Sam Brown's father was my college roommate back in Tarkio days.

A young mother sat here in my study some time ago and told me how bored she was with life. She said: "Being a housewife is so dull, so monotonous! I get so depressed some days and wonder what purpose there is in it." In the past year I have talked to several people, old and young, who have expressed the same sentiments, people who were caught up in feelings of self-pity because of the "routineness" of their lives.

If I were free to wave a magic wand on occasion, I would wave it over the heads of all the people whose lives are unnumbered days of routine living—routinely greeting the same people with the same old conversations on the same old subjects, routinely doing the same old job in the same old way for the same old pay, routinely being nice to the people who expect it, and overlooking most who don't, and routinely doing nice things in a mechanical sort of way from going to church on Sunday to supporting the missionary society on Monday. How careful we clergymen have to be about keeping out of the rut of routine. When a clergy-

man can conduct a funeral, or perform a wedding, or hold a baptism without a little catch in his throat and a bit of mist in his eyes, the disease of routinism has set in. Actually, whenever any of us go about our ordinary, daily tasks unaware of their human significance, and unaware of any sense of purpose in what we do, we are seriously infected with ROUTINISM.

Every now and then something will happen to remind me of the wonderful way God uses us for His purpose. Such a thing happened last Friday morning when, as I was putting on my coat to leave the house for the day, I glanced down at the newspaper on the breakfast table and saw the name of a church member. I paused to read the entire news item and learned that one of the oldest women in our church, a dear old lady who is nearly blind and very, very frail, was carried out of her burning apartment house and taken to the hospital suffering from smoke inhalation. Well, I dashed to the hospital and went directly to the intensive care ward where I asked a nurse to check on this old lady and see if it would be all right for me to call on her.

I heard the nurse say: "You have a visitor out in the hall; will it be all right for him to come in?" And then I overheard the lady say: "Oh yes! It must be Dr. Driftmier. I knew he would come!" She knew I would come? How could she have known it? It was only quite by accident, quite by chance that I happened to see her name in the paper as I was putting on my coat. As I took her hand in mine and said a little prayer of thanksgiving for her rescue from the fire, I thought to myself: surely God has been with us both. He it was that helped the firemen to rescue this dear lady, and He it was that directed me to her bedside. Experiences like that certainly help to break through any thoughts of being in a rut of routine.

As Betty and I talked about this incident at the supper table that evening, she reminded me of a little verse by Glenville Kleiser that goes like this:

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how.

If I can right a human wrong,
If I can help to make one strong,
If I can cheer with smile or song,
Lord, show me how.

With this thought I will say goodbye until next month. Sincerely,
Frederick

FREE FILMS FOR CLUBS

by
Joseph Arkin



If you're the program chairman for your club, you can make your own life simpler and increase the interest and appreciation of the membership by taking advantage of a vast film reservoir that remains virtually untapped although there are impressive figures on viewership. Many of these productions, which often compare in creativity and quality with the finest Hollywood productions, are available for a four-cent postcard. And the dimensions and rewards of this storehouse of entertainment and instruction are almost limitless.

Club program directors who investigate the possibilities of this film fare will find that they can offer their members a movie safari across Africa in a jeep, a view of turn-of-the-century Paris, or a tour of Florida's Everglades in a shanty boat. And if your membership wants practicality rather than adventure, you can obtain films showing how to suffuse the lowly hamburger with culinary charm, grow glloxinias, pamper a puppy, or survive an atom bomb attack — all for the price of the return postage of the film — all chosen according to your membership's taste and interest. And as an added bonus for the hard-pressed program chairman, this rich and varied source of entertainment will provide gilt-edged insurance against the speaker suddenly afflicted with laryngitis or the acrobat who slipped in the tub and sprained his shoulder.

To be practical immediately — let's answer the obvious question. How do you go about getting these films?

Perhaps the most complete listing of film sources available to groups and organizations is found in "A Direction of 3660 16mm Film Libraries", published by the U. S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, Washington 25, D. C. But there are other channels of film information, and we suggest you may take any of these steps to locate whatever may be suitable for your group.

Send a postcard to one of the professional film distribution companies for a catalogue of free films. It is the business of these organizations to get sponsors' films shown. These are usually industry-backed, and worthwhile.

Check your classified directory. Listed under Motion Picture Film Libraries, the classified section of many telephone directories lists dealers who offer entertainment shorts, features, animated cartoons and western motion pictures for rent — but some of these dealers also lend free, business-sponsored films and occasionally religious films.

Contact the local library. There are over 3,500 film libraries distributing from one to several thousand titles.

Contact the local high school, which may be able to lend your club a movie and possible even provide projection equipment and a place to show the film. Same for the State University — many have film libraries. Approximately 80 State Universities produce their own movies.

Contact branch offices of large companies. About 85% of the nation's largest companies sponsor business movies.

Contact local organizations such as state and government agencies, trade associations, social service and religious agencies. Many of these groups, too, sponsor good movies.

To fill in the background for this wealth of instruction and entertainment available to you, let's ask what may seem an obvious question. "What's the most popular motion picture film of all time?"

Do you say *Gone with the Wind*? Or *The Ten Commandments*? Or *Around the World in 80 Days*? Not even close!

The most popular film of all time — the one seen by the most people — isn't a so-called classic of Hollywood at all. It is instead a sprightly little picture produced by Walt Disney for the Kleenex people, titled "How to Catch a Cold". At last count (and it's still

going strong after more than seven years) it was seen by 170,000,000 people along the so-called nontheatrical film circuit and over television.

This picture is just one example of hundreds of similar 16mm productions that are racking up staggering audience totals. Other examples are American Telephone and Telegraph Company's "Adventures in Telezonia" (seen by more than 15,000,000 students in ten years) and "Mr. Bell" (35,000,000 viewers in ten years); National Live Stock and Meat Board's "Meat and Romance" (25,000,000 people in 15 years); and Weyerhaeuser Forest Products' "Green Harvest" (13,500,000 in 11 years plus an estimated 54,000,000 via TV sustaining showings).

These films are only a sampling from the unbelievably rich assortment of film fare now being seen by an estimated 20,000,000 people (including television) a week . . . but some are certainly new to your club. Embracing a range of subject matter from African violets to Zion National Park, they are part of a steadily increasing legion of films sponsored by business and industrial organizations and aimed at the so-called nontheatrical audience. This includes schools, clubs, business and industry, church groups, social agencies, stockholders, etc.

Familiar faces and voices are often seen and heard in these films. Alan Ladd, for example, did not make his film debut in a Hollywood production. He starred first in "American Portrait", presented by the Institute of Life Insurance Companies. Stuart Erwin, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Hutton, Marshall Thompson, Thomas Mitchell, Jimmy Stewart, Dave Garroway and Richard Widmark are just a few of the other stars who have shone in non-theatrical productions.

The type of film that you, as program director of your club, will choose depends of course upon the tastes and desires of your group. As a general rule, travel films seem to be the most popular. But there's something for all sexes, ages, and special interests.

For a predominantly male audience, for example, a tiger hunt may be chosen. The Government of India's Tourist Office in New York City has an excellent film on this, "Tiger Shikar". And "Twenty Years of World's Series Thrills" is sure to appeal to the sports fans in any groups. Armchair fishermen will be enthusiastic over the dozens of films available from the Canadian Government of fishing in the fabled waters north of the border.

For the ladies, a film similar to Hall-

(Continued on page 20)

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

As I sat down to write to you, Christmas flashed across my mind. It seems so long ago! However, when I remember my Christmas visit to Iowa, one of my fondest memories is the time I spent chatting with you over the radio. Although radio work is not new to me, I certainly appreciate encouragement — and what wonderful letters of encouragement I received from you. Thank you so much for taking the time to write to me. I would have enjoyed answering each letter, but my practice teaching schedule had me budgeting every minute.

Speaking of my practice teaching, many of you told me that you had college students involved in this procedure. I hope they are finding teaching as rewarding as I am. For me, it is truly the culmination of many years of study. I'll admit that when I first stood in front of my junior high students, I was terrified! All of my university courses could not actually prepare me for the first few minutes of addressing a class. The night before this first day I went over my introduction speech so carefully that it was memorized. But when I stood by the teacher's desk, I suddenly felt at a loss for words. This only lasted a second and I began to teach!

The first week was the most difficult. The students were carefully "testing" me to see whether I would be "easy" or "hard". Many teachers can be too easy and lose the respect of the pupils. On the other hand, some teachers can be such "hard" disciplinarians that their pupils feel stifled. I aimed for a middle ground which was not easy to achieve.

I am an art teacher, and I believe that a certain amount of freedom must be maintained in an art class. My students were allowed to talk to each other as long as the conversation pertained to their projects and did not bother their neighbors. This system worked well for me. The students were able to learn from each other as well as learning from me.

I planned my teaching around a variety of projects. I discovered that the interest span of junior high students did not extend much over three weeks. This meant that I was very busy just keeping ahead of the students. I couldn't count the hours I spent planning and replanning my lessons and unit plans.

Two of my favorite projects were papier-mache and a cloth-dyeing process named "batik". When we worked



It wasn't difficult for Juliana to get Punky to hold still for a picture for in her own words, "He's the laziest cat that ever drew the breath of life!" She's had lots of cats (some of you will remember Vincent and Saccafras of her childhood days) so we'll take her word for it.

with papier-mache I insisted that the students make BIG projects. I didn't guess that *big* to them meant *enormous* to me! As the result, we ended up with a six-foot giraffe and a huge hippopotamus. The students had also studied African art and many of them made masks big enough to cover the entire body. When the construction of these giant projects was completed, the children painted them. The giraffe was given a big, red bow for his long neck, and the hippo sported curly false eyelashes and a flower painted on his back. The youngsters were very proud of their work and we had many visitors between classes to view these "masterpieces".

The batik project was extremely successful. This wax-and-dye process originated in Java many hundreds of years ago. It is a complicated procedure, but the students were able to grasp the idea after very little prompting. We began the project with plain, white cloth which was furnished by the children. (Most of the cloth was worn out sheeting.) After applying melted wax to several areas, we dipped the cloth into dye. The areas which were covered with the wax resisted the dye and remained white. The material was allowed to dry, then more wax was applied to the colored area and the material was dyed again. The end result was a gaily colored piece of cloth with fanciful designs. During the drying process we had yards of clothesline strung around the room with the dripping material hanging from it. I was very amused to walk into the class one day and discover that the students had made a sign for the door — "Miss Verness's Chinese Laundry".

In addition to practice teaching I have been doing volunteer work with the Albuquerque Tutoring Council. This provides help for the slow students in the Albuquerque school system and is maintained in conjunction with the schools. Many of the children I worked with were having trouble with English. In New Mexico, Spanish is often spoken as the primary (and in some cases, *the only*) language in the home. This makes it difficult for some children to learn to speak, and especially to write, English. The volunteers who work with the children have given them an added incentive to master English. I found the children eager to learn and I was more than willing to teach them. Whenever I felt discouraged with my teaching, I remembered how much MORE discouraged the children must feel. One of the happiest moments in my volunteer work was when a little girl suddenly jumped out of her desk and said "I can understand!" She had learned to communicate in English — a foreign language to her.

I am still in the same apartment near the University. Mother and I have often laughed and said that I would need a truck to move as I have collected great piles of "things" which I can't bear to part with. I keep vowing to throw some of them away, but I haven't made much headway to date. I'm hoping to find a permanent teaching position near my apartment so that I won't *have* to move.

This spring my old roommate, Christine Crouse, is back with me. Her husband is in Denver finishing medical school and she is finishing her degree at the University here in Albuquerque. I didn't mind living alone, but it is nice to have company and someone to share the housework.

When I say I lived alone, I am forgetting my cat Punky. He is a wonderful pet, and since I've had him for two years, I'm very attached to him. When I first got him he was not much more than a ball of fluff that could sit in my hand. Now he is beginning to reach panther proportions. He weighs sixteen pounds and is threatening to eat me out of house and home! Thank goodness he is not a fussy eater. I call him my Mexican cat because his favorite food is highly seasoned chili. I always manage to save a little to put into his bowl.

Chris just came in the door. We had planned to do some grocery shopping so I must run.

Sincerely,

Juliana

COLORADO CLIMATE PERMITS VARIETY OF SPORTS

Dear Friends:

The sun is so blindingly bright on the latest snow that I've had to move away from the windows and into the dining room. We really enjoyed a delightful winter here in Denver. The mountains had wonderful snows to make skiing conditions ideal for weeks on end. Here, right in front of the mountains, we had frequent but short-lived snows. Newcomers from the Midwest or East are usually delightfully surprised by the mild weather enjoyed by Denverites during the winter months. They see pictures of the mountains buried in snow, hear the reports of "Frasier, Colorado, the coldest spot in the contiguous USA" and think the entire state is like that. Well, it just isn't.

During past weeks the eastern half of the country was reeling from one blizzard after another. In front of the Rockies we were playing golf with surprising frequency. If it was too windy for golf, then we took up bicycle riding for exercise. We do have snow frequently in Denver during the winter and spring, but it rarely stays on the ground very long. In just a day or so the bright sun comes out and warm air blows in and the snow just disappears. We do, however, have a lot of wind. And living on the west side of the city makes our wind especially strong, but we would rather take the extra wind and be just that much closer to the mountains.

Adult bicycle riding has become quite popular in our neighborhood. Perhaps it is because many of us have teenage children who hardly touch their expensive bicycles. However, we also face a problem — and are undoubtedly more acutely aware of the consequences of it — and that is finding a safe place to bicycle. Most of us find the nearby streets positively terrifying. But there is one nearby location that is ideal. The automobile traffic is very limited and those few drivers are moving at a slow speed. It is quiet, beautifully landscaped and has numerous routes to choose from. Yes, you're right if you have guessed that I'm referring to the large cemetery located just a couple of blocks from our house.

Our children think we're slightly weird for wanting to ride in this locale, but, frankly, I've always had a real fondness for cemeteries. Perhaps it is because so many of my relatives went there when I was a child. In any case, as a very young person I started accompanying my parents to our small town cemetery. Somehow I always had



One of the favorite ski areas of Clark and Alison Driftmier is only an hour's drive from Denver. In a good year, the slopes will be filled with skiers until early April.

the feeling that it was a very pleasant place — shady and cool with lovely flowers and shrubs and grass. It was much nicer than any hometown park in those days. The endless variety of names and dates on the gravestones has always provoked my imagination to speculate about the stories of these lives.

In our "neighborhood" cemetery there are, of course, several burials each week day, but because it is large, it is quite possible to avoid riding near any area occupied by mourners. There is also a large mausoleum-crematorium located on the premises which is one of the most prominent landmarks in the west part of Denver. For years it was the only tall structure within miles, but recent building has removed that singular distinction. However, it remains very easy to identify.

It never ceases to amaze me that while Wayne and I can be golfing or bicycling in balmy Denver, our children can be skiing in deep snow just an hour's drive away. Alison and Clark received a series of beginner ski lessons as a gift this past Christmas. Wayne and I feel that our youngsters should have some introduction to the proper way to participate in

this tremendously popular sport. Since we are unable to teach them ourselves, we enrolled them in lessons sponsored by a nearby recreation district. Under this program the recreation district arranges for supervised bus transportation to and from a ski area, lessons taught by certified ski instructors and the necessary tow tickets — all for one set fee. A local ski shop offers a reduced rental fee on skis, boots and poles during this beginner series. After all, it is to their advantage to have more and more beginners become acquainted with — and addicted to — skiing. Clark is most enthusiastic over the sport. Alison finds she enjoys it a great deal at times, but if the weather is bitterly cold and the wind is blowing down the slopes, she would rather be riding a horse in the big barn!

I'll change the subject abruptly now and pass along one of those odd items of information that made me wonder why I had never heard it before. Did you know that according to accepted medical procedure, a doctor is not supposed to sew up a cut after it is six hours old? I didn't know there was any such time limit and, naturally, had to learn the hard way.

Last Sunday night I was cleaning up some broken glass in the garage and cut my thumb. I knew in short order that it was a severe cut and I considered whether I should get it taken care of professionally at that time. In a city when something similar occurs at such a time, you don't call your doctor; you go to a hospital and get treated in the emergency room. I debated going the few blocks over to Lutheran Hospital, but then remembered that their emergency rooms would be jammed at this time. This is the hospital closest to the mountains and they do a "land office business" on Saturday and Sunday nights during skiing season. Rather than sit around and wait there with such a minor problem, I decided just to wait until Monday when our family doctor would be in his office.

When I saw him I got a brief education on the necessity for prompt seamstress action on cuts. He did agree to violate proper procedure in my case in order to speed healing and improve the subsequent appearance of my thumb. But he gave me quite a warning on the increased danger of infection that my delay caused. It has brought about only slight inconvenience to me. And since my usable fingers are now exhausted, I think I'll say good-bye.

Sincerely,

Abigail

THE WIND

The wind is a reckless vagabond
Of ever changing mood,
Now he's softly sighing,
Aftermath of a prelude.

When in his frenzied fury
He rears and rips and roars,
Rattling all the windows,
Slamming gates and doors.

Now his fury spent
He's calm and mild again,
While the merry breezes play
O'er the woodland, hill and glen.

Now he's getting bolder
As he turns the flowers about,
Now he's coming back again
To straighten them all out.

Ah wind! you restless mad-cap,
You're here, now there, now gone,
Sometimes a raging hurricane,
Sometimes a lilting song.

—Mary E. Boyles



It's a Backward Party!

by

Mabel Nair Brown

An invitation to a Backward Party can be an invitation to an hilarious evening where the sky's the limit as to fun and laughter. Slapstick comedy and pure "corn" will be the password for entertainment, but your guests are sure to have the time of their lives.

Invitation: Write it on the back of a piece of wallpaper, being sure to write it backward or upside down. It might read like this: Backward turn backward, For fun and delight. Get into reverse for this party night. *Backward's* the password. An inspector's to say, so better dress backward, Or a penalty pay! _____ is the day, Eight o'clock is the time; You'll find everything crazy — But we'll have a good time! (Signed)

Get right off to a slapstick start with arrows directing the guests to the back door, where the "inspector" is stationed to see if all are dressed backward, and to keep track of those who must pay a penalty. (Have several stunts planned which the inspector will assign those being penalized.)

The hostess greets the guests with "Good-by, I'm sorry you have to leave." There might be signs on the back door and around that part of the house reading, "It's been nice to see you, hurry back", "Farewell, Ladies," "Goodnight, Irene, Goodnight", etc.

As guests arrive, inform them that everything is backward, even the conversation, so all questions answered must be the opposite of truth! By the time someone has told another that her new dress looks horrible, and someone else is informed that she is certainly dumb about a game, or says, "I think this is a very dull game we're playing", everyone will be in the spirit and your party will be off to a good start.

Refreshments: Since at most parties the refreshments are served later in the party, you will serve them as soon as all the guests have arrived. If it is ice cream or dessert and sandwiches, be sure to serve the sandwiches last. Ice cream might be served in a cup or some other crazy container. Sand-

wiches might be stuck in a water glass. For napkins why not get out all your odds and ends of napkins for all the various holidays and events such as wedding, birthday, St. Patrick's, and Christmas, and give everyone a different kind. Make the guests sit astraddle of a chair to eat! Or bridge tables might be turned upside down on the floor and guests be made to sit on the floor to eat off them. A knife might be given instead of a spoon or fork.

Entertainment: Many of the familiar games can be turned around and thus prove very funny; for example, in the game "Drop the Handkerchief", the players run around the circle backward. Line the guests up for a spelling bee, but the words must be spelled backward!

This is the time to collect all the trick gadgets — the glass that dribbles, the rubber mouse, trick pencils — you will find any number of these at the variety store or novelty shop, and use them throughout the evening to keep things livened up.

Plan to do a number of trick stunts such as this one: Ask if there is anyone who thinks he can hold a goblet between two fingers. The volunteer is then taken to an open door and asked to stick two fingers through the hinged side. A goblet is then placed between his fingers. Then everyone casually goes off to other games, leaving him standing there helplessly holding the glass, with no way to let go without breaking it! No doubt there will be considerable fuss and fun before someone finally comes to his rescue.

Foolish Answers: Each sentence makes "sense" (pun sense, that is) if you insert one of the flower names in the blanks.

Flowers: Heather, Dahlia, Mimosa, Zinnia, Crocus, Wisteria, Daisy, Poppy, Jonquil, Lilac, Hyacinth, Aster, Tulips.

1. Riding the merry-go-round makes me _____. (Daisy)

2. He can _____ a trooper. (Lilac)

3. He doesn't bother _____ the time. (Mimosa)
4. He keeps pushing me _____ and yon. (Heather)
5. I'll bet you a _____ wrong. (Dahlia)
6. Do you think he's planning to _____? (Crocus)
7. I know where my mommy is, but I can't find my _____. (Poppy)
8. It's just a bad case of _____. (Wisteria)
9. Everything is _____ there is talk of war. (Hyacinth)
10. That pile of _____ only rust if you leave it there. (Jonquil)
11. _____ are better than one. (Tulips)
12. If you _____ I'm sure she will do it. (Aster)
13. So long I'll be _____. (Zinnia)

GROWING GAINS

by

Cora Ellen Sobieski

It seems like yesterday that I held his little hand — now it's his that holds my arm and guides me across streets, escorts me to places, or pats me occasionally to show appreciation.

Telltales of a toddler to teenager are present. Evidence is shown daily that the teenager will soon rightfully earn the title of young man. Little things — daily things — are giveaways that this change is in process.

For instance, the toothpaste cap is always securely on the tube. Towels are hung up neatly and the doorknob on the door in his room no longer holds an array of wearing apparel. Everything is hung neatly in the closet. Vacuuming his room is no longer a problem for underneath the bed it is no longer a storage place for a boy's paraphernalia.

When I ask, due to a long-standing habit, whether he wants to lick the fudge or pudding pan, his answer is a shocked, "Really, Mother!"

He doesn't just play with the dog anymore, but personally takes over the responsibility of seeing that the dog has fresh water, is fed, and has his daily walk.

I don't have to scold him to wear his boots when it's snowing, or to carry his umbrella when it's raining.

Instead of the usual question, "What am I getting for MY birthday?" he now asks, "What would you like for YOUR birthday?"

And I know he's really growing up when I'm no longer addressed as "Mama", "Mom", "Maw", but suddenly "Mother".

MARY BETH DESCRIBES TWO SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

It is with a sense of relief that I sit down to the typewriter this Monday morning because I'm quite frankly tired. Weekends are becoming simply hectic! Gone are the days of sleeping until seven o'clock. (And when I was young seven o'clock was the middle of the night, yet.)

Saturday mornings Katharine has choir practice at the church. And now that Paul and Katharine are taking chess lessons at school after dismissal I have had to move Katharine's trip to the doctor for her allergy shot (weekly, still) from Thursday afternoon until Saturday morning, also. Then Don and Paul drive downtown to the Eagles' club for their hours of physical fitness. Saturday afternoon Paul has a music lesson, and once again this means driving for miles and miles. Ah, suburbia!

Sunday morning is, of course, church, and when Katharine's choir sings at the early service it means a frantic race around the house to get going. Because I don't think Adrienne is old enough to be expected to be happy through two Sunday school sessions, Don and I go to church separately and come home separately. I have thought for many years that the people in our congregation probably think I am a widow because with Donald's singing in the choir we *never* sit together in church; and many of the mid-week functions at church are on the week Don is traveling for his company, so once again I go alone.

This particular weekend Katharine had a school friend stay overnight and because she was here we did a little extra for supper and the house needed a little extra attention. By the time everybody headed off for their respective offices and schools I felt like a wilted lily. However, the laundry hamper drop box affair in the utility room popped open, and thus begins another week just as it does for any other housewife in the world, except I haven't ironed last week's white shirts yet. Sob!

I mentioned that on Thursdays Paul and Katharine were staying after school to take chess lessons and I want to tell you a little more about this. One of the fine young men who teaches Western Civilization and Scientific Geography happens to be an expert chess player. Early last fall he began to challenge some of the boys to chess games over the noon hour. This became more and more popular



Paul Driftmier rides his bike the few blocks to and from his school.

as the bitter winter days became the rule, and the groups bringing their chess and checker sets began to mushroom. And so did the questions about how to do this and that and when to move which pawn. This teacher finally decided that it would be fun to have a class to teach the children from eight years of age and up the fundamental principles of chess one evening after school. Then on another evening they would have a competitive session where everyone played a game with an opponent while he would be there to advise and counsel. The initial note that he sent home to all parents who might have children eligible was wildly received. His class is enormous and they are having great fun — all this with no fee asked for nor expected. He simply likes youngsters and is challenged by the desire to teach them to play a game wisely and well.

Another thing the children are doing at school that has been a source of considerable learning and at times amusement is the opening of a general store. This was the brain child of another of the men teachers, with lots of youthful vim and vigor, who teaches our Katharine several subjects in the sixth grade. He determined that it would not be beyond reason that they could learn to handle money accurately, tying it in with their math problems, which are dealing now with interest, percentages, and general story problems.

At a meeting of the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades (there being no ninth grade, yet) he explained how a corporation is founded and asked them if they would be interested in selling shares of stock to get funds needed to stock the store with supplies as well as buy boards and chicken wire to build a cubicle to house the mer-

chandise. These children were fired with his contagious enthusiasm, and within a week they had a board of directors elected from among those who were interested in owning shares of stock, which, incidentally, sold for one dollar a share. They decided on the items that they would attempt to sell. After several weeks of sitting in the store with the student in charge at the hours it was open, this teacher more and more eased himself into the background and made it the sole responsibility of the students. He is always available in an adjoining office where he does his lesson planning, but these boys and girls sell the goods on their own and keep the records when someone may charge if he has lost his money or come without funds. Each day his purchase remains unpaid there is interest of one cent per day! They buy their merchandise from a supplier who sells at wholesale prices, so the stockholders will soon be collecting some dividends.

I think this entire idea is too good for words. They are learning first hand how the free enterprise system works on a very elementary level. Katharine has been hired at a dime a week to sweep-up and straighten the shelves each day after school and lock the store when she is through. In an actual business she would be paid for cleaning, and if she had a business herself she wouldn't find anyone who would come in and donate his time to clean her store, so it follows that in an actual business operation she should be paid. She is delighted with this extra money.

To follow up the program at home we have bought each of the children a desk bank and a double-entry cash book where we have begun to teach them to write down their allowances when they are given out on Saturday morning. Then on Sunday morning they write down the amount they put into their church envelope and subtract this from the balance. Wasn't it John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who as a boy was given thirty cents allowance — ten cents for church, ten cents for savings, and ten cents for spending as he pleased? So when one of the children decides that this is the day he would like to buy something extra at the store, he doesn't come to me for a hand-out! If they have it in their little bank after church and savings are deducted, they know they have the pleasure of spending a little bit for a treat at school.

The washer and dryer have stopped so I must get back to the laundry.

Sincerely, Mary Beth

**ELEGANT MINT MOLD**

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- Green food coloring
- 1 cup whipping cream

Mix the gelatin, 1/4 cup of the sugar and the salt in a saucepan. Beat egg yolks and milk together and add to the gelatin mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin and sugar are dissolved and the mixture thickens slightly, about 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and add the Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring. Add a few drops of green food coloring to give the mixture a delicate green color. Chill in refrigerator until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually adding the remaining 1/4 cup of sugar. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Whip the cream and fold it into the mixture. Turn into a mold and chill until firm. When unmolded, decorate with additional whipped cream and green maraschino cherries.

This is a beautiful dessert, and the flavor is refreshing. —Margery

BRAZIL NUT COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup Brazil nuts, slivered

Cream margarine and powdered sugar. Blend flavorings into the egg yolk and add. Add flour and nuts. Roll into balls, then flatten with heel of the hand and bake about 15 minutes in a slow oven, about 300 degrees.

These are very rich and delicious. You'll find them ideal for the tea tray.

—Margery

CRAB MEAT SALAD

- 1 pkg. tomato-seasoned gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3 ice cubes
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 can crab meat

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the ice cubes and stir until melted. Add vinegar, lemon flavoring, sour cream and salad dressing. Chill until mixture begins to congeal, then add sliced stuffed olives and crab meat. This is also good made with shrimp or tuna. —Margery

BAKED CHICKEN CZARDES

- 2 frying chickens, cut in serving pieces
- 1 1/2 tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1 small onion, minced
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 #2 1/2 can tomatoes
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste

Sprinkle chicken with 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate. Melt butter in large skillet on medium heat and brown chicken slowly on all sides. Transfer chicken to casserole.

Add onion to drippings in skillet and saute gently for 5 minutes. Blend in flour; add tomatoes, sour cream, and lemon flavoring and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Add paprika, 1/2 tsp. monosodium glutamate, cheese and salt and pepper. Pour over chicken in casserole.

Cover and bake in 350-degree oven 1 hour, or until chicken is tender.

Parsley rice makes a very good companion dish. —Abigail

LEANNA'S HONEY DRESSING

It was difficult to "pin down" this recipe, for Mother makes it so frequently she didn't have the recipe written down — just more or less kept it in her head. Sometimes she increases the onion a little, but feels that the ingredients listed here are "just about right, for all practical purposes".

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup honey
- 4 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. grated onion (sometimes adds more)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup salad oil

Combine all ingredients in small bowl of electric mixer with the exception of the salad oil. While mixer is turning at medium speed, add the oil in a very fine stream until all has been added. Keep in the refrigerator in a jar. This is especially delicious over pear salad, grapefruit salad, or peach salad, or with a combination of fruit on a bed of lettuce.

EASIEST CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 can cream of chicken soup
 - 1 can cream of celery soup
 - 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1/4 lb. melted butter
 - 1 1/4 cups Minute Rice
 - 1 fair-sized chicken or chicken parts
- (I tested this with chicken breasts.)

Blend together the soups, melted butter and rice. Lay the pieces of chicken over the top and brush with additional melted butter. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Bake for 2 1/2 to 3 hours at 275 degrees. Because of the low temperature and long baking time, this is an excellent recipe for Sunday dinner for it can be baking while you attend church services. —Margery

SKILLET DINNER

- 2 Tbls. shortening
 - 1 lb. hamburger
 - 1 can tomato soup
 - 1 soup can water
 - 1 can red kidney beans
 - 1 cup diced celery
 - 1/2 cup diced onion
 - 1/3 cup uncooked rice
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Brown hamburger in shortening. Add remaining ingredients. Mix and bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

BEEF-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple
- 1 #2 can shredded or diced beets
- 1/4 cup sweet pickle juice

Drain the liquid from the beets and pineapple and add the pickle juice. Add Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring. Add enough water to make 4 cups of liquid in all. Bring to a boil and add the three packages of gelatin. Chill until mixture begins to congeal and then add the beets and pineapple. This is enough liquid, although your first thought will be that there isn't enough. Enough moisture is left in the fruit that the 4 cups is adequate.

BEEF-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 5-oz. pkg. wide noodles
- 1/3 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1 #303 can tomatoes
- 1 cup cheese, cubed
- 3 slices bread, cubed
- 3 Tbls. butter

Brown the ground beef. Boil the noodles in salted water until tender, then drain. Sauté the diced green pepper and onion in the 2 Tbls. of butter and combine in a saucepan with the ground beef and noodles. Add the salt, mushroom soup, and the tomatoes which have been strained through a sieve. Heat the mixture to boiling, then add the cheese cubes and stir until dissolved. Pour into a 2-quart casserole. Brown the bread cubes in the 3 Tbls. of butter and sprinkle over the top of the casserole. Cover and bake a half hour in a 350-degree oven. Take off the cover and bake 10 minutes longer until the bread is browned and crisp. (Those who do not care for mushrooms, may substitute another cream soup.)

—Dorothy

THRIFT SPECIAL

- Seasoned mashed potatoes
- 3 cups medium white sauce
- 2/3 cup grated American cheese
- 2 cups cubed, cooked or canned ham
- 1 can cooked, cubed carrots
- 1 can peas, drained

Shape the potatoes into serving-size nests on a greased baking sheet and bake in a very hot oven, 450 degrees, until browned. Combine the sauce, cheese, ham, carrots and peas and heat thoroughly. Pour into the potato nest and serve.

—Dorothy

SPRING SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 pkg. orange gelatin
- 2 cups applesauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups 7-Up
- 2 or 3 fresh oranges, cut in pieces, removing all membrane

Heat the applesauce until boiling. Add gelatin and mix well to dissolve. Stir in the lemon flavoring. Add the 7-Up and stir well to blend. When mixture just begins to thicken, stir in the pieces of orange. When ready to serve, top with whipped cream to which a little salad dressing has been added.

—Margery

ESCALLOPED ASPARAGUS

- 1 can cut asparagus
- 1 pkg. potato chips
- 1 Tbls. finely minced onion
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/3 cup grated American cheese
- 3 slices of bread
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Drain the asparagus, saving the liquid. In the bottom of a buttered casserole place a layer of crushed potato chips, a layer of asparagus, sprinkle with half the minced onion, then repeat in the same order once more. Blend the asparagus liquid into the soup and pour over the top. Break the bread into small pieces and mix with the melted butter. Place the bread over the top of the casserole, sprinkle with the grated cheese and bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

HONEY RAISIN COOKIES

- 3/4 cup honey
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 2 cups uncooked oatmeal
- 1 cup seedless raisins

Cream honey, sugar, butter, eggs and butter flavoring together. Sift flour, salt, cream of tartar and soda. Stir into creamed mixture. Add oatmeal and raisins. Mix well. Drop by spoonfuls onto well-greased cookie sheet about 2 inches apart. Bake 12 to 14 minutes at 375 degrees.

Any baked goods using honey has excellent keeping qualities. For this reason, this makes a fine cookie to send through the mail. This cookie will also freeze nicely.

—Evelyn

BLUEBERRY DELIGHT

- 2 cups crushed graham crackers, about 12 double crackers
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 8-oz. package Philadelphia cream cheese, room temperature
- 1 #2 can blueberry pie mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Whipping cream

Blend together the graham cracker crumbs, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup butter. Press into a 9- x 12-inch pan. Beat the eggs, then beat together with the vanilla, 1/2 cup sugar and softened cream cheese. Beat *very* well. Pour over crust and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. It won't look done, but it sets as it cools. When thoroughly cool, Spread the blueberry mix, to which you add the blueberry flavoring, over the top and refrigerate until thoroughly chilled. Serve with whipped cream. Cherry pie filling or raspberry filling would be delicious also, as well as thickened strawberries. Don't forget to add a bit of our Kitchen-Klatter cherry, raspberry, or strawberry flavorings to perk up those particular fruits.

FRUIT COCKTAIL CAKE

Mix in order given:

- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 #303 can fruit cocktail and juice
Mix well and bake in a greased and floured 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan for 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Frosting

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2/3 cup cream or evaporated milk
- 2/3 cup coconut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cook margarine, sugar and milk until thick enough to spread, about 8 minutes. Remove from fire and add 2/3 cup coconut and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

This cake is also good served with whipped cream instead of frosting.

—Dorothy

BOYSENBERRY FLUFF TORTE

2 layers yellow or white cake (9-inch)
 1 can (17-oz.) boysenberries, drained
 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 cup boysenberry juice
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring
 1 8-oz. pkg. marshmallows
 1/2 cup milk
 1/2 cup whipping cream

Prepare cake layers, using mix or favorite recipe. Drain boysenberries, saving juice. Combine cornstarch and sugar in saucepan; stir in boysenberry juice. Cook over medium heat until thick, stirring frequently. Remove from heat; stir in lemon flavoring; set aside. Melt marshmallows in milk over low heat, stirring constantly. Combine with thickened juice. Let cool; chill. Fold in whipped cream and berries. Split cake layers making 4 thin layers. Stack layers, spreading each with berry fluff. Chill several hours.

CHOCOLATE ICING

Mix well and boil for 3 minutes:

1 cup sugar
 1 whole egg
 1-oz. square chocolate, grated
 3 Tbls. cream

Remove from fire and add:

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
 flavoring

Let cool for a little while. Beat until of spreading consistency.

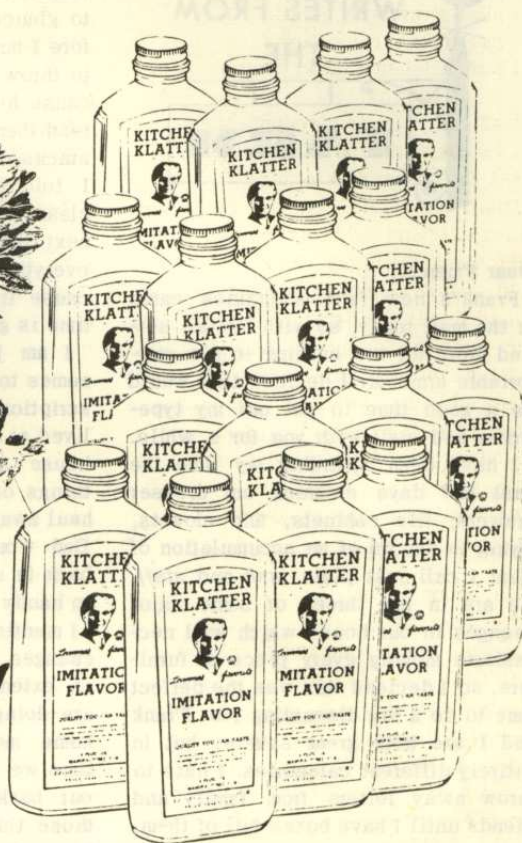
FROZEN BANANA SALAD

1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 tsp. salt
 4 Tbls. mayonnaise
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
 4 Tbls. crushed pineapple
 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, cut into quarters
 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
 1 cup heavy cream
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana
 flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple
 flavoring
 3 well-ripened bananas, cut into cubes

Add the lemon juice and salt to the mayonnaise and stir into the softened cheese. These ingredients will blend quickly if your cheese is room temperature. Add the pineapple, cherries, nuts and blend well. Add the flavorings to the cream and whip until firm. Fold gently into the fruit mixture and lastly, fold in the cubed bananas. Turn into a double refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Serve in squares on lettuce and garnish with cherries if desired.



Spring



AND 16 WONDERFUL WAYS TO WELCOME IT

The robins are back, the grass is turning, the air smells better, the buds are bursting, and what shall we have for dinner tonight?

If your pantry is stocked with all 16 **Kitchen-Klatter Flavors**, you can always turn there for inspiration. How easy it is to add glamour, goodness and aroma . . . and surprises, too . . . when you use economical **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Because they're made to cook into . . . not out of . . . whatever you make or bake, a little goes a long way, yet adds so much to every recipe. Here's the entire list:

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Dear Friends:

Frank's new farm magazines came in the mail today, so with him all settled down for the evening in his comfortable armchair I decided this would be a good time to get out my typewriter and visit with you for a while.

I have been spending my time the past few days cleaning out dresser drawers, file cabinets, and closets, trying to get rid of an accumulation of what I call just plain *junk* and *stuff*. We are in the throes of some major changes in our house which will necessitate moving every piece of furniture, so I decided this was the perfect time to do a big discarding job. Frank and I are both great savers, but in entirely different categories. I hate to throw away letters from family and friends until I have boxes full of them.

Today I decided they must GO, but I wasted an entire day because I wanted to glance through them once more before I burned them. Frank doesn't like to throw away his farm magazines because he doesn't always have time to read them when they come, so we have stacks of magazines in the storeroom. I told him today that we are going to clean the storeroom together the very next time it rains hard all day, and everything we have put in there because it might come in handy sometime is going to be disposed of.

I am just like my father when it comes to saving articles of every description. I can remember when I still lived at home how Mother would clean house and have us children carry things out for the trash collector to haul away, but before the truck arrived Dad would have carried most of it back in again because "it might come in handy sometime".

I mentioned that we are making some changes in the house. We aren't doing an extensive remodeling job, but we are doing a few things to make our home more comfortable. For a long time we have talked about closing in our back porch, but it was one of those things we just talked about — how nice it would be since it was such an eyesore the way it was, how much warmer the kitchen would be in the winter — so this spring we finally stopped talking and took action. What an improvement it has made in the looks of the place! Frank says he appreciates it even more than I do because he looks at the back of the house all day long when he is working around outside. It is all finished now except for a few things the carpenter couldn't do until the temperature warmed up a little more, such as pouring the cement step.

Our house has always been a little hard to heat because we have no halls or any way for the air to circulate. Also, since our dining room is seldom used, we decided to take out the partition between the dining and living rooms and make it one big room, which we feel will solve our heating problems. Bernie and Frank both say when they were children at home this dining room was the room the family just "lived" in because it was the sunniest and most cheerful room in the house. There were windows on the south and west walls at that time, but when Father Johnson added the bathroom and extra bedroom to the south side of the house this did away with the south windows, and since then the dining room has always been a rather dark room. By taking out the partition

we will lighten and brighten the room a lot.

You may remember when we sold our former home on the hill. The buyer did an extensive remodeling job on it, but just before they moved in, it burned to the ground. He sold the four acres to a young couple from Des Moines who wanted to build a home there, doing all the work themselves.

Richard and Barbara Guatney, a friendly couple, both had jobs in Des Moines, coming down every weekend to work on the yard, cleaning up the debris, and getting a basement room ready to live in while they built the rest of the house. We have watched with interest as each board went up and each window went in. Many times we could hear hammering until it got too dark to see.

It was a great shock to all of us when Richard was killed in a truck-train accident the first part of February. Our hearts all went out to Barbara who was left alone with their unfinished dream. She bravely plans to go ahead with the house and continue to live there. A younger brother plans to stay with her for awhile so that she won't be alone.

Kristin writes she and Art are both busy with their school work, and the year has gone by so swiftly, it seems as if she just gets her report cards made out and has her parent-teacher conferences when it is time to do it over again.

Most of the summer they will both attend summer school. We all hope that between sessions they will be able to spend a few days with us on the farm. Kristin says that our only grandson, Andrew, gets cuter and funnier every day. We do enjoy our taped letters from them. One night she had the tape recorder turned on in his room when she was putting him to bed so we could hear the playtime and conversations before he was tucked in for the night. Times like this give us a feeling of sharing in his activities much more satisfactorily than a telephone call or a letter.

My space in the magazine is filled. I feel as if I have had a real visit with you over a cup of coffee, and hope you feel the same way. Right now I'm going to pop corn, and join Frank in the living room in time to hear the news and weather, so until next month . . . Sincerely,

Dorothy

This is a good week to do the things you promised yourself you would do last week.

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Beginning on April 1st, 1967, the subscription price to our Kitchen-Klatter Magazine will be:

\$2.00 for one year (12 issues)

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(Please read "A Special Message From the Kitchen-Klatter Family" on page 5.)

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CHURCH KITCHEN EFFICIENCY

by
Martha Dudley Smith

Proof that the head can save the feet distinguishes the First Methodist church in Holyoke, Colorado, as architecturally unique.

As one enters the narthex, the first surprise is discovery of a small bride's kitchen, especially useful at receptions.

A door adjacent to the chancel area opens off a hall. This entry-way leads down a ramp to an alley, thus serving those in wheelchairs. Also, at funerals this forethought makes possible by-passing stair steps.

On the lower level the dining room easily seats 220 diners. The architect's concern continues to help set the tables and serve the food.

The built-in cabinets beneath a modern counter-top in the kitchen individually pull out completely. Each cart rolls easily to tableside with its own special item — whether plates, glasses, or flatware.

Similarly, other cabinet carts make serving everyone easy. One cart carries only salads, another meat entrees, and still others vegetables or pies.

The coffee station stands in the dining room. Besides a sink and large percolators, pull-out cabinet carts extending to the floor provide not only storage but also transportation for the cups and saucers.

After the dinners a free-standing sink island in the kitchen becomes the center of action. As dishes are washed and dried, they go directly onto the shelves of the cabinet carts, ready for storage again. When properly refilled, each cabinet cart is rolled back in its position under the counter-top, like file drawers pushed into place.

The congregation's largest dinner comes the last Sunday in September each year during the harvest festival. Dinners at that church for various groups average two a month.

The secretary opens the church office at 9 o'clock and closes it at noon Mondays through Fridays. The brick parsonage, home of the minister, the Rev. Gerald J. Dingman, is next door south of the church at 318 South Phelan Street. Visitors are welcome at any time, and it is worth one's time to tour the church, particularly if one is interested in church kitchen renovation.

PRESENT SHOWERS

Who says that April brings the showers That hasten buds into May flowers? It's May that hails the reign of showers,

With parcels ribbon-tied,
That ushers in toward church towers
June's orange-blossomed bride.

—Gladise Kelly

IMMORTAL

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we build temples, they will crumble to dust; but if we work on immortal souls, if we imbue them with just principles of action, the fear of wrong, the love of right, we engrave upon those tablets something which no time can obliterate, and which will brighten and heighten through all eternity."

—Daniel Webster

SPRING HOUSECLEANING

STARTED?



While you're making slip covers, hemming new curtains, or polishing the silverware, enjoy the daily radio visit

with the **Kitchen-Klatter** family.

Helpful hints — new recipes — family news make up a part of our daily visit with you.

We can be heard Monday thru Saturday over the following stations:

- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KSIS** Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KCFI** Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

by
Evelyn Birkby

What a day this is; what a perfectly wonderful spring day! I put my typewriter on the dining room table beside the long sliding window-doors which look out across the bluffs to the east of our house. This gives me a magnificent view of the out-of-doors surrounded by spring.

Since this is not a school day, the sound and sight of three boys comes in through the window, also. How happy they are, wild creatures at heart, to be free of the bungalows winter coats and caps. They have finished their chores for the morning and are running and jumping and yelling with all the energy stored up through the long winter.

The heavy rope "monkey swing" in the mulberry tree is having a fine workout. No relaxing tire swing or common board swing will do now. The heavy rope has knots tied along its length to help grasping hands and pushing feet. The challenge is to see who can climb to the top in the shortest length of time.

My boys do not hold the championship for rope climbing, however. Last spring our minister's son, Clyde King, Jr., returned from a tour of duty with the army's special forces in Viet Nam. He had been one of the famous Green Beret men. After his return home, we invited Rev. King and his family over for a cookout in the backyard. When Clyde caught sight of that rope hanging from the tree he didn't hesitate for one minute. With a leap he caught it and was up into the heavy branches in a flash. To the boys' amazement Clyde used only his hands!

"Wow," said Jeff, as he tried to follow Clyde's example. He did not succeed. Soon his feet were pushing wildly to get him moving up along the length of rope.

I learned my first lesson in feeding a soldier just returned from the Far East. As part of the menu I had prepared a skillet of buttered, spiced rice. It was the one food Clyde did not touch. He thoughtfully explained that he had eaten rice as a steady diet for so long he could not stand even the sight of it!

This started a discussion of the available food during his time in Viet Nam. One comment he made stayed in my mind, "If it moved we ate it!"

"Did you ever eat monkey meat?" Craig wanted to know.

"Once, and it was surprisingly good," Clyde grinned at the boys who were intent on every word he said.



Jeff, Craig and Bob Birkby, with their pet skunk Sniffles, came inside long enough to pose for a picture before rushing outside again into the spring sunshine.

As I look out the window I am brought sharply back to the present moment by the sight of Jeff down on his hands and knees gathering bits of green grass to feed several newly caught millers. The collection of spring insects is confined at present to the picnic table in the yard. How well I remember the large back porch of our farm home and the appearance of a museum which it took on each spring. Now the collections are a bit more sophisticated and insects gathered are soon prepared for mounting.

Bob found that the hobby of insect collecting helped him a great deal in his biology course in high school. He chose his very best specimens, put them in a new glass-covered box, classified them carefully and received a good grade on the project.

"I never imagined when I first caught butterflies for Cub Scouts that someday the experience would help my grade in high school!" he chuckled.

The view out the window is ever changing. Across the rolling hills are several farmers on tractors working their fields. Somehow, the farmer is the supreme symbol of faith in action. He knows his land and recognizes its potential. He has faith that the earth will not betray him, that the seed will sprout, the sun will shine, the rains will come and a crop will grow and be harvested to feed hungry people for another year.

Nearer the house I can see our garden which Robert has so carefully plowed and smoothed and marked into even

rows. Craig has the same love of growing things as his father and is really his right hand man. Gardening turns into a family project before the season is far gone, however. Robert says firmly, "If you want to eat around here you help!" No further argument is needed.

We talk as we work and wonder if any Indians ever stopped on our hill long enough in their wanderings to plant a little of their precious maize. Later, we are sure, a sturdy homesteader cleared the trees. With a homemade plow and a horse he could well have prepared a small piece of land right here to grow food for his family.

The giants I see moving across the distant field today are far removed from the handmade wooden plows of the pioneer days. These six- and eight-bottom plows can turn up wide swatches of black earth in the many-acred fields at a tremendous rate of speed. If the first man to till this Midwestern soil could see the tools used today he would be amazed indeed!

Growing a garden gives me a feeling of kinship with those around the world who do the same. In Africa a man may still use a stick to loosen the ground. In Asia two oxen may be harnessed to a primitive plow to turn the earth just as it has been done for 2,000 years. Anyone who loosens the earth, plants a seed and grows a flower is kin to anyone else who does the same, wherever he may be. Faith and hope is in the heart of each one. The willingness to work for the purpose of feeding a family and a neighbor's family comes from a deep sense of concern for our fellowman.

It may take a vivid imagination to see the creative aspects of farm work if you are one who has to tumble out of bed before daylight has pushed the darkness completely out of the sky, when the hours of work are long and hard and tiring, when the frustrations of capricious weather, cantankerous machinery, fluctuating market prices depress the spirit and when criticism from those outside the farming profession comes in thoughtless, harsh comments.

But farming is creative! The patterns on the hills outside my window today are as lovely as a Grant Wood painting. The farmers themselves are sturdy, hard working individualistic men. They are members of the oldest, most essential and *basically creative* profession in the universe.

It is time now to put away the typewriter and join the family. With a prayer of thankfulness that I belong to this happy group, I push aside the sliding glass door and step out into spring.

SIGNS OF SPRING

It's crocuses we often stress
And jonquils in their yellow dress,
Then irises their purple fling,
But lilacs bring true smell of spring.

—Gladise Kelly

COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Admirers of Robert Frost, the poet and the man, will enjoy *Interviews with Robert Frost* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.50) edited by Edward Conery Lathem. The book consists of interviews spanning a period from 1915, the year Robert Frost returned to America from England, through 1962, just a few weeks before his death. Covering this period of almost half a century, *Interviews with Robert Frost* gathers from over seventy sources a selection that records rich and diverse examples of the famous poet's encounters with interviewers including journalists, fellow poets, college professors, radio and television personalities and even members of a United States Senate subcommittee.

Frost, who said that a poem begins with a lump in the throat, has described poetry as being necessary and that without poetry it is impossible to live. A fascinating range of subject matter is included in the book: politics and international affairs, education and teaching, and simple matters of everyday existence, life and death.

Interviews with Robert Frost will be especially welcomed not only by literary students, but by all admirers.

The Old Cook's Almanac, a compilation of *Recipes, Rules, and Methods* from antique, handwritten cookbooks in the collection of the author, Beatrice Vaughan, has been recently published by the Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$4.50. "Cooking," writes food enthusiast Beatrice Vaughan, "is in danger of becoming a lost art, smothered under a tide of convenience foods." The author has prepared a fifty-two week helping hand of 150 old-time recipes completely adapted and tested for modern use. *The Old Cook's Almanac* features culinary activities appropriate to the season or to the ingredients in supply. Among the recipes are such delights as Apple Toot, Giffles (tarts), and Eggernoggin. In true almanac fashion, the digressions are as tempting as the recipes — "One keep-clean is worth a dozen make-cleans"; "Nothing in this world is so difficult that it can't be better met with a full stomach"; the author's grandmother had a reassuring explanation for thunder: "It's only God's woodpile falling over."

Illustrations from contemporary woodcuts and engravings add to the charm of *The Old Cook's Almanac*.



Take a little time to think of what's beyond the stars, and you will understand your place in the universe.

Some can teach you to do, and some can teach you to think. But you alone must decide after doing and thinking.



PICTURE YOURSELF

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God's World Is the Land I Love

by

Carlita McKean Pedersen

I am very well pleased with God's wonderful world where everything is new and different, yet ever the same!

The days repeat themselves with monotonous regularity, yet each dawn holds a golden promise, each day is an exciting challenge, each sunset is a glorious masterpiece. And each night has a million skylights! Who would want to change that?

Trees leaf out in the springtime and flowers bloom, and I love the beauty of God's world. Birds migrate from southern climes to sing joyous hymns of praise for the miracle of Spring. I listen dreamily and am truly grateful.

The farmer's plow etches the fields with furrows of rich, black loam, and I admire the exquisite symmetry. The rain drenches the earth with its sweetness, and I feel the music. Crops ripen into cornucopias of plenty, and I taste

the exotic tang of fulfillment. Winter comes in her frosty cloak to blanket the world with dazzling whiteness, and I recognize the Sculptor's design.

It is no wonder I am well pleased with God's handiwork. Who wouldn't be? It's a fine, beautiful, intricate world and I have been blessed with the ability to appreciate it to the utmost. What more could I ask than that? And yet, such as it is, I have been given a small talent, that of rhyming words one with another, and I try to put into poetry the love I have for God's wonderful world.

.....

I love the land for it smiles back at me
From every stalk of waving corn I see,
From every shock of golden, sun-ripened wheat,
From every grain of sand beneath my feet,

From every tree and bush and blade of grass,
From every stone that sparkles when I pass,
From every hill or mountain etched with snow,
From every stream or lake — where e'er I go —
From every pool of rain that twinkles bright,
From every flake of snow with diamond light,
From every dewdrop in the early morn,
From every white-capped wave the sea has borne,
From every rose that lifts its face I see
The smile of God reflected back to me!

TO LIFT MY HEART IN PRAYER

When pressing problems of the day
Seem more than I can bear,
A still, small voice then counsels me
To lift my heart in prayer.

When demands upon my time
Increase beyond compare,
My soul cries out for solitude
To lift my heart in prayer.

And when dear ones are burdened
With trouble and despair,
I know God helps them when I pause
To lift my heart in prayer.

—Inez Baker

WITH DIRT ON MY HANDS

The soft cool days of early spring
Find me with dirt upon my hands,
Digging here and planting there,
Pruning, spraying with great care,
Knowing sun and rain will soon
Bring young plants by early June.

Then transplanting comes along
With more dirt upon my hands,
Weeding, picking fruit and beans,
Digging up some garden greens,
All plants need most tender care,
But the dirt is everywhere.

—Alice G. Harvey

FREE FILMS FOR CLUBS — Concluded

mark's "The Art of Gift Wrapping" is sure to provide entertaining fare. There are many films on wild animals and natural life than can be obtained from state conservation agencies of particular pleasure — and instruction — for the children.

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APRIL DEVOTIONS - Concluded

more heartwarming when shared in love with others. Nowhere is the two-way dividend of love more evident than in the family circle.

Meditation - Song: The twig is bent toward SONG. Surely the home is twice blessed if those who dwell there meet each day with a song in the heart. How dear are the memories of those who remember a singing mother with her songs of joy, songs of faith, songs for courage, songs for comfort. "Precious memories, how they linger!"

"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he has done marvelous things." Lullabies at dark, a father's merry whistle, nursery jingles crooned to inquisitive little runabouts, favorite family hymns shared in fireside song-fest are precious chords of love and peace as the heart of a home is bent toward song.

Meditation - Truth: Wisdom is in the home when the twig is bent toward TRUTH. "Whatsoever things are true, think on these things." And in Psalms we read "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." The ways of truth, it is granted, lead us along treacherous paths and in tumultuous ways, but those who seek the paths of truth may also find the courage to overcome the stumbling blocks and barricades. Thank God there are still homes where integrity is cherished and honesty a virtue exalted! The Christian home built upon the principle of truth is a fortress against evil. In these days of uneasiness and fear, of great pressures and tensions, the home must quietly hold fast to those things which cannot fail.

Leader: Happy is the family whose heartstrings are bound together in GOD, for God is love. Family love is of God and thus love binds together the children of God on earth. Where a mother's heart is, God is revealed in the midst; and, where father's love is known, it is easy to know the love of the Heavenly Father.

Meditation - God: Gently, firmly, year by year, the twig is bent toward God. A Godly home where the spirit of Christ is made real in the everyday relationships of the family is the noblest heritage parents can give their children. No outside influence of a constructive nature can overcome a lack of the guiding light of faith in the home. It is through the home that the child is taught most thoroughly a love and knowledge of God - a faith that will be his fountain of strength throughout a life time. Do we, as parents, dare fail to give him this armor and shield? A God-fearing home, lighted by love, honor, truth, and sacrifice, is a home

to produce persons of faith, character, and service.

Hymn: "Happy the Home When God Is There", or other suitable hymn.

Leader: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it." If our family tree is to stand upright and firm against the storm of life, then it must be deeply rooted in the ties of a Christian home whose walls are sheltered on all sides by love, truth, songs of joy

and praise, anchored in God's eternal love. Shall we pray?

Benediction: As we count the blessings of home this day, dear God, make us mindful of those good homes which have not failed Thee and the loved ones whom they have sheltered. Lead us in making ours the kind of a home that will help others to see, to find, to walk in a spiritual way, closer to each other and to Thee. All this we pray in Jesus' name. Amen.



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One of Grandmother's lovely cakes climaxed the dinner for Juliana.

APRIL - Concluded

the new year fall on January 1 instead of April 1, as it had. People who had to change their ways of thinking, and of giving gifts on January first instead of April first, may well have had a reaction. Perhaps they gave funny gifts or played pranks on the old New Years day.

However it started, it is a folk day, and folk days and customs remain with children long after the reason for them is forgotten by adults.

When I forgot the day, I could be completely startled by something like this: "Mommy, Susie fell out of bed!" Hearing nothing, and panicking, I'd rush in to find her sleeping like an angel. And three little angel faces would beam at me and chant, "APRIL FOOL".

For the rest of the day I cooperated. "Mommy, your shoelace is untied." It always got weaker. But we played the game. As long as children love it, and parents react, April Fool's day will be with us.

GREEN THUMB - Concluded

growing spree that never seemed to stop. We placed it on top of the refrigerator and it began growing around the wall. It went halfway around the room before the leaves began to yellow, but it wasn't giving up yet. A new growth started out from the roots and grew in the opposite direction. This end eventually attained a length of approximately 25 feet. It was unbelievable. Visitors gasped at the sight of it, strung around the walls, and always asked if it were real. It was the most interesting conversation piece we could possibly have possessed. It was fantastic that such a vine could grow from the small container it was planted in, and everyone asked what I did to make it grow so much. I replied that I did nothing but water it, but I had to add that sometimes when my mother visited me I caught her feeding it some

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

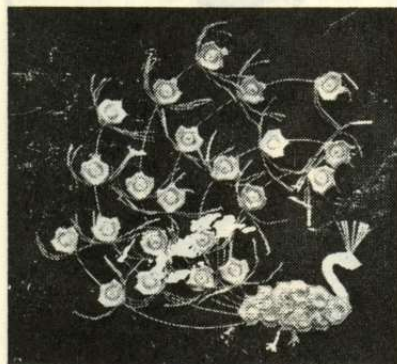
April marks the beginning of the busy garden season with a myriad of tasks to be done. If you plan on starting new perennials, or intend to divide old clumps of phlox, delphinium, pyrethrum, and Shasta daisies, now is the time to do the job. Most perennials do best if they are divided as soon as new growth is apparent. If you wait until the shoots are several inches high, there is danger of losing the transplants. Place an inverted clay pot over the newly set plants until they become established.

If you have used a cold frame to winter perennial seedlings, now is the time to set them in their permanent places, thus emptying the frame for annual seedlings. Give careful attention to ventilation during extremely warm days. Annual flowers will grow weak and spindly if the temperature is too high in the frame and if the plants are overcrowded. It may be necessary to shade the glass on the frame if the plants are very tender.

A reader wants to know the name of the tiny bright blue flowers that florists use in Memorial Day planters. She says sometimes the plants trail over the sides of the planters and others seem to grow upright. The flowers are those of Lobelia erinus of which there are both trailing and upright varieties and white and pink colors as well as the blue. Some good varieties are Crystal Palace, a clear dark blue; Rosamond, carmine-red blooms; Mrs. Clibran, dark blue with white eye; Cambridge Blue, delicate light blue flowers, and White Lady, pure white flowers. The above lobelia are all upright growing and are dwarf in habit, only 4 inches tall. They are lovely edging plants and combine beautifully with sweet alyssum. Sapphire is a pretty trailing lobelia and the type most often used by nurserymen for planters and urns.

Lobelia should be started early in the spring indoors as the plants are slow growing in the early stages. It is best to transplant three or four seedlings together as they are so tiny and delicate it is hard to separate them. Once the little plants are established, they will grow and bloom continuously until killed by frost. If the seedlings get too tall, clip before transplanting to the border or window boxes.

kind of plant pill. I have a sneaking suspicion that she also grabbed hold of a leaf and silently assured it that it was still loved.



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This and That

by

Helene B. Dillon

April, the capricious month! One moment the sky is blue, the sun is warm and the birds are having a joyous jamboree. The cardinal is calling, "Sphere! Sphere!" to his mate, the flute-like tones of the bluejay is heard — even the sparrows have a gay, special chirp. Within the next hour or two the sun has disappeared and a light rain is falling; after the shower the grass seems a bit greener and Spring fragrance fills the air. Again the sun is out. April, the capricious month!

A little town is where you step to your back door with a pan of scraps and call the neighbor's dog, and that same dog may choose to nap in the middle of the road while cars slow up to go around him.

If you spend Monday tying the "loose ends", the other days in the week seem to come neatly packaged.

A sure sign of Spring: A group of small boys squatting in the school yard shooting a game of marbles — the first game of the season.

"The grass on the other side of the road is always a bit greener." How true this is when the first tendershoots are peeping through the dead grass.

Within a few weeks it will be May basket time. Equipped with paste, scissors, coffee cans and wallpaper, busy mothers will take time out to help their children fashion lovely containers to be filled with candy and flowers. Many times the violets and fruit blossoms are pretty droopy by the time of delivery, but lots of love is piled into these baskets and we older people with our children grown and gone are very flattered to receive a May basket — and it is a gala night for the children.

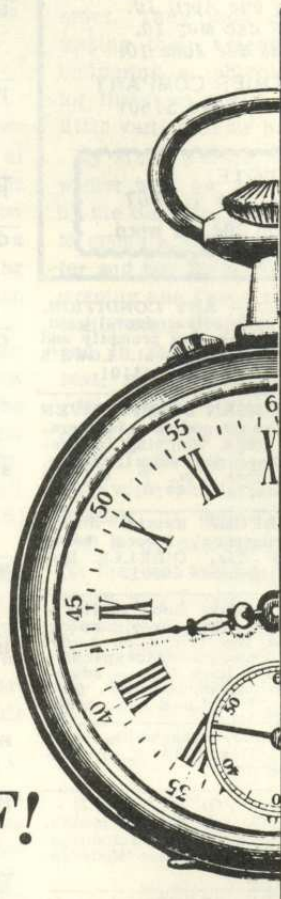
Remember the good homemade five-layered cakes Mother and Grandmother

used to whip up several times a week? The layers were put together with a very special "goop" and some of this would ooze out between the layers. The cake was placed on a beautiful cake stand. Many times the cake would be top-heavy and something was needed to anchor the layers until the filling would "set up". Mother would use several steel knitting needles, and

when at last the needles were removed it was an exciting moment — the cake was ready to cut and serve. Now most cakes are made from mixes, spread in a sheet pan, iced in the same pan and served from it. Somehow Grandmother's day of baking and serving was a bit more festive. What do you think?



CUTS TIME IN HALF!



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Now that spring housecleaning time is upon us again, don't you want to save some time for more important things?

You go through the motions . . .

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