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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Springfield, Mass.

My dear Friends:

Well, here we are at our journey's end after a very wonderful ride across this beautiful country of ours. I want to tell you something about this trip, but first I'd like to go back and mention things at home.

I have never seen Iowa as beautiful as it was through May and early June. Because of the wonderful rains we'd had, none of us could ever remember seeing the lawns so green or the trees so full of leaves. Certainly the tulips appreciated the moisture, and they were very large and lasted for weeks. With all the rain we've had that finally broke the back of the drought we'll feel justified this fall in planting many bulbs to make up for the skimpy planting we'd done when sub-soil conditions were so discouraging.

I regretted leaving home just as the roses were beginning to bloom because our bushes were loaded with buds just ready to open. I only hope that you folks who drove to Shenandoah were able to enjoy those roses in our place! Frederick and Betty have some beautiful roses in their backyard, so we're enjoying those while we hope that you are enjoying ours.

Back in May we had a wonderful visit from my brother, Sol Field and his wife Mary. They drove through from their home in northern California—Sol's first trip back here since 1948. Mary has many relatives around Shenandoah so they divided their time among all of us.

I had what might be called a "house party" over one weekend when my sisters, Jessie and Martha came from Clarinda for a family get-together. We had a big dinner on Saturday evening (baked ham, creamed potatoes, fresh asparagus, hot rolls, peach preserves, fruit salad, angel food cake with strawberries and ice cream) and then moved into the living room for the picture that you'll see in this issue. What a thin group we now are compared to what it was such a short time ago.

Jessie is anticipating a trip to Europe toward the last part of the summer. She plans to be part of a personally conducted tour of the most beautiful gardens over there, and it sounds like the kind of a trip that any garden lover would certainly enjoy. This is something she's wanted to do for years, and we're all happy that she finally

just up and decided to go. We hope that Martha will stay at our house while Jessie is gone.

We are sorry to be away when several of our nieces and nephews will be in Shenandoah, but this trip had to be made now if we were to visit with Frederick before his trip abroad that he told you about in last month's letter. At least we know that Fred Fischer isn't lonesome in our absence because he will have his daughter Louise, her son Carter and her daughter Jeanne with him until almost the first of July. Louise drove through from California with Carter and was in Shenandoah when Jeanne (you saw her picture on the June cover) arrived from Oberlin.

Juliana and Kristin rode with us as far as Anderson, Indiana and are visiting their Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary Beth while we're in the East. If you've ever had two teen-agers in the back seat you'll know how amused Mart and I were as we listened to their conversation!

Our first night was spent in Havana, Ill. We had driven through some quite bad weather in the afternoon — rain and wet highways. At one place we met several big trucks on an 18 ft. road and in giving them room to pass we got our two right wheels off the pavement and slid over against a little embankment. It wasn't a ditch, but the ground was so soft we couldn't pull out again so we had to call a wrecker to get us back up on the pavement. And muddy! You should have seen our car! It was just a sight when we pulled up at Donald's house.

We stayed over Sunday in Anderson, and since Mary Beth had all her meals planned and salads and desserts made it gave us time to do a lot of visiting out on their sunny patio that faces the back lawn. Little Katharine, the baby of our family, is just putting words together now and is a real chatter-box.

We left Anderson at 7:30 in the morning and drove north-east where we entered the Ohio Turnpike at Bryan about 11:00 o'clock. For safe, easy driving these Turnpikes are wonderful, but they do get monotonous after several hours since you don't have the variety of passing through small towns.

We were in Ashtabula, Ohio by 5:00 o'clock and turned into a motel. They are on Eastern daylight saving time and it was hard for us to get adjusted

to this since it didn't get dark until after 9:00 o'clock.

Our ride the next day took us along Lake Erie on Highway 20. This was a beautiful drive through orchards of peach and cherry trees, and many grape vineyards. We thought Westfield, N. Y. the most interesting town with its many old houses covered with ivy, huge maple trees, and lovely lawns with magnificent displays of roses and rhododendrons in full bloom.

At noon we reached the N. Y. Thruway, and by 4:00 o'clock we were ready to leave it at the Canastota exit and look for a motel. We had traveled 295 miles and were ready for a good rest at the nice place we located.

On the last day of our trip we left the Thruway at noon and took Highway 20 through the city of Albany, N. Y. to the East boundary of Massachusetts where we entered the Mass. Turnpike that took us to Springfield. I imagine that before too long a person will be able to travel from coast to coast on these safe roads.

We drove straight to Frederick's office in his church (you'll remember we had a picture of it in last month's magazine) because we knew how to get there all right while we weren't sure how to find their house. Frederick drove us to our motel, the Federal Plaza, where he had engaged a room for us. The Congregational parsonage doesn't have any bedrooms on the first floor, so until I can buy a wheelchair with wings I'll have to forego second floor bedrooms and stay in motels when we visit our children who don't have downstairs bedrooms.

We are going to have a wonderful visit with Frederick and his family. Mary Leanna showed me last night how destitute her doll is for summer clothes, and David says that he's been waiting for a long, long time to get the chance to push my wheelchair to a nearby park so I can see his favorite places.

After a visit here in Springfield and with old friends in Shelburne Falls and several other points we hope to see our nieces and nephews in Connecticut and New Jersey. This means a stop at Ruth Shambaugh Watkin's home so we can see the new baby (Greenwich, Conn.), a stop at Margery Conrad Sayre's home in Montclair, N. J., and another stop at Dwight Eaton's home in Westfield, N. J.. On the road out of N. J. we hope to see Mary Fischer Chapin and her family at Glen Gardner, N. J. Then, homeward bound, we'll pick up Juliana and Kristin in Anderson.

Mart and I are so thankful that we're together and that our health permits us to visit our children in their homes. We are in our seventies now, but as we drove through our beautiful country I found these words passing across my mind:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which
The first was planned.

When we get home I'll tell you about the rest of our trip.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna

JULY, AN IMPORTANT MONTH IN THE GARDEN

By
Hallie M. Barrow

The postal department and some other business firms start their fiscal year July 1st. This means an inventory is taken, losses written off and plans made for the new year.

For the gardener, July is a natural dividing line . . . the few weeks in between spring and fall planting. But even with no planting schedule, July should be one of the most profitable months, for during this interim an inventory of all plants should be made, lessons learned from losses and plans made for next year. July is the month the gardener should stop frantically sowing and weeding and do some "head-work."

My first July garden chore is with the iris. I try to achieve a color design, and while they are in bloom the names and colors are penciled on the flat green leaves. I tie different colored strings on the clumps that are to be discarded, divided and reset. I make out my order for new iris so it will arrive the latter part of August. And now I'll come right out and say that I'd like to convert everyone who has a long row of old-fashioned cream colored iris to stop taking the line of least resistance. Root it out completely and this August set out a dozen of the gorgeous, newer varieties; with these you can rival the rainbow. A bed of modern iris is as beautiful a picture as any artist can conceive.

"Rooting up" and "thinning out" are the hardest garden lessons I've had to learn. But I have found that the price of being a soft-hearted gardener is just too devastating to be tolerated. My family accuse me of holding funeral services over the old iris I just have to discard, but I can never forget how dear they were to me in their day. I'd hope and wish for several seasons until I managed a trade or sold enough turkey eggs to buy a fifty center (quite an extravagance years ago)! When they bloomed, I'd be radiantly happy and loved them as real friends. I hope they accept my apology as I discard them now, for really they are not even listed in the catalogs of today. But I feel wretched the same way you feel when you realize you have been ungrateful to old people who have once given you joy!

However, July is clean-up month in the garden. It's just like cleaning the attic in spring and having the courage to discard old, useless things. I'm trailing along now with many other iris fans and as I discard those dearly loved older ones, I fill in with the newer dwarf and table iris. They bloom before the tall iris and set off the tulips. More later about this companion planting or blooming.

July is the month to check on your hems. Be sure to visit gardens testing the newer varieties and be sure to take and use your pencil and notebook. Most hem and iris fans make a most unassuming start . . . they accept cast-offs from a friend's garden and call it a day. They are so sure they are not "going off the deep



Hallie Barrow uses her old-fashioned kettle for summer water lilies. It seems to us that you could fix up such a kettle with a fine display of annuals for an equally effective spot of brilliant color.

end" with this hobby, not going "hog-wild", as their friends have done! But when they learn how satisfactory iris and hems are for our Midwest climate, what a glorious show they make, how little care they require compared to many more delicate flowers . . . well, then they are real converts. They join hem and iris groups, take the special magazines, make tours and become collectors of the rarer and more expensive varieties and end up by being rabid fans.

With iris and hems, sooner than you think you are faced with that difficult decision . . . whether to let those first more common ones take over your garden, or, heartlessly tear them out by the bushel basket. There is one small crumb of comfort to those of us who have loved our first iris and hems. If the roots are tossed in the alley or along a farm ditch, throw over them a shovelful of dirt and they'll take root happily and live. I have been told by tourists that there are drifts of day lilies along the roadsides from Mexico to Canada, lilies that once graced gardens but now are just gyp-sying around the continent! So maybe you are just helping Mother Nature carpet some of her bare spots with your surplus roots.

If you tell about throwing away such roots, there is always some one who remarks how much she would have loved to have had some. Don't feel remorseful. My experience has been that you cannot give away the more common varieties. I've had many visitors to my garden who knew not one variety from another by name. Yet, when I'd offer them a plant, without fail they would walk right past a wheelbarrow full of discards, step over to my best, most expensive hems or iris and jauntily offer, "I'll just take some of this . . . I'd never think of paying \$10 for a plant myself!"

July is the month I "audit" my garden notebook. Every garden club meeting or show I visit, I jot down

names of new plants I must have next year, odds and ends of garden information, names and addresses of new garden friends, what they specialize in and what they have to trade. It's not a sketch book, yet there are pages of very rough sketches of garden furnishings, bird houses, unusual arrangements, bed and border plans. My garden notebook is a real treasure to me and it's July when I have time to sit down and start "deciphering." I check the columns. As each package of plants arrives, each is given a page in the notebook and where and when set, the price, where they came from . . . all is set down for future consultation. The last column is reserved for the date of blooming.

This is the most important column to me because I prefer making outdoor arrangements to cutting the blooms for indoor bouquets and compositions. Even with the most accurate records, the pictures I try to paint with flowers aren't always successful . . . it depends on the season! There just isn't space to go over my garden inch by inch to tell you about companions that bloom together. Our most successful one this past spring, however, was the grape hyacinths which made a purple carpet under the magnolia tree. They bloomed exactly together and we even had camera fans come and ask to take slides because the coloring was so exquisite. My, were we ever flattered!

A garden rest in July? Not for me. Besides making out my iris and bulb order, my 1958 spring order is made out in July, 1957. Some folks love to make out orders in January . . . but color, details, etc. are hazy then. Do it in July when color is still in your eye.

July is the natural time for a garden inventory and for making lists: of garden books to be read, gardens to visit next year, seed and bulb orders. Too, there may be a few slack, lazy summer days when we can just concentrate and garden philosophize. Time to stop, be quiet, and thank God for that supreme blessing of gardens and flowers. Surely a gardener can read with more understanding than any one else about the joy God felt in His own beautiful garden of Eden.

And while being grateful, let's not forget the ones I call, "The Flower Missionaries of the Middle West" . . . I mean members of the Field family who started so many of us gardenward. If Henry Field and our beloved Helen Field Fischer could return and see the thousands of new gardeners and the advancement of flower culture — they would feel that the missionary work they started over a quarter of a century ago had come to full fruition. Leanna took up the torch next and now it's Russell and Lucile. What an inspiration it has always been to visit all these gardeners and their gardens.

And when the garden movement moved along by leaps and bounds, garden clubs started organizing to be of further help. The clubs have sponsored flower shows, field trips, lectures, have given us the incentive to

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings Dear Friends,
Near and Far:

I know, of course, that Kitchen-Klatter goes to very distant places, but the word "Far" that I wrote above really has a ring in it at this moment because right here on my desk is a small mimeographed leaflet from Colombo, Ceylon. It was addressed to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa, and since there was no letter with it I can only conclude that far, far away we have a missionary's wife who works on this leaflet and wanted me to see the publication for which she is responsible.

Well, it's a very interesting piece of work and I'm sure that it means a great deal to the hard-working men and women who have gone from the United States to serve their respective churches in the far corners of India. When I saw that marvelous film of the work done by a medical missionary deep in the interior of Africa, I couldn't help but wonder if the mail that arrived by boat once a month could possibly include a copy of Kitchen-Klatter! Dr. Ross was reared in Kansas and some of his relatives were kind enough to write to me after I mentioned on our radio visit how deeply moved Russell, Juliana and I had been by his wonderfully selfless work. As long as there are men of his caliber in this world we don't need to take a dim view of human weakness!

Our house feels pretty lonesome and empty these days because Juliana is in Anderson, Indiana visiting her Uncle Donald, Aunt Mary Beth and little Katharine. Dorothy's letter hasn't arrived yet and she may give you details of this trip, so I'll just make the remark that I certainly didn't know what Grandpa Driftmier was going to say when Juliana arrived with a plastic sack that contained horse-hair petticoats! The folks had a lot of luggage of their own, then Juliana arrived with two suitcases PLUS the sack of petticoats, and just how they were going to fit in Kristin with all of her stuff was beyond my powers to answer. When I told Juliana that she was certainly taking a lot of things she said: "Why, you should just see what Kristin's going to take. I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't haul along everything she owns."

You can see why I felt a little gloomy and doubtful about what would happen when the folks stopped and picked up Kristin!

Well, those two girls should have a wonderful time—their first real out-of-town visit together. I had to say all of the things that mothers usually say, of course.

"Now keep a sharp eye out and see what you can do to help Aunt Mary Beth."

"Don't wait to be asked to do something. SEE IT and DO IT WITHOUT BEING TOLD."

"If you're responsible for Katharine, remember that her life is in your hands."

"Jump right up from the table and clear it."



When Russell's mother visited us we had this three generation picture taken. Juliana is at the left, her Grandmother Verness is in the middle, and Russell is at the right. How much this picture will mean to Juliana in years to come!

"Make your bed the very first thing when you get out of it."

Oh dear, that's just a sample of the final words that went floating through the air as she departed. Now please don't write and tell me that I'm the only mother in the world who issues such a battery of admonitions! After all, we want our daughters to be a help, not a hindrance, and when they're fourteen you have to say it firmly and frequently. Have you noticed how little they seem to *hear* at that age? In recent weeks Juliana has taken to replying "Yes, mother, you're coming in strong and clear" after I've laid down the law. When she says this I know that I've "gotten through" and can take a deep breath and relax.

This past month I read a book that really held my interest from beginning to end. It is titled "Nothing Whatever To Do" and is the account of the experiences two city people had in opening and developing what is now a very successful and famous summer resort.

Elsie and John Masterton, the writers, started out to have a ski resort. After working like the proverbial horses and putting in every cent they could lay their hands on, they moved into a season when it decided not to snow in Vermont. How they ever pulled through at all is beyond me. I've never heard of such a long streak of poor luck as they ran into. I've never heard about people who worked harder, either. They came out on top all right and although I've never met them and doubt that I ever do, I'm genuinely happy for them. They deserve it.

Mrs. Masterton has a wonderful sense of humor—I actually found myself laughing out loud as I read. Russell enjoyed it just as much as I did, and we're both interested in trying some of the famous recipes at the end of the book. If you want to read something interesting and amusing and off-the-beaten track this summer, I can certainly recommend this book without a single reservation.

Elsewhere in the July number you're now holding in your hands is a tribute to an old car, and when I read it I found myself remembering all kinds of things from years gone by.

I told some friends once that I arrived on the scene when our country was first beginning to "get on wheels". I can never remember when Dad didn't have a car, but at the same time I can remember clearly that

when we went to visit Great-Grandmother and Great-Grandfather Knost (this was on Dad's side of the house) we rode in a buggy with old Ginger between the shafts. I came in on the tail-end of horse-and-buggy days, you see, but also got in on the first commotion about cars. Also, when I was four years old I saw Lincoln Beachey fly his airplane at the County Fair in Clarinda. When I see pictures of the very first planes they always look familiar to me because that's exactly the kind of a plane Lincoln Beachey flew. Dad said that it was terribly dangerous—such a contraption. He was right too—Beachey was killed not too long after we saw him fly at the County Fair.

We used to take long rides every Sunday afternoon and I don't believe we ever, ever had a drive that we didn't see at least one car in trouble with the owner tinkering around the engine. I don't think that anyone aside from mechanics fools around with an engine today—if you break down you simply have the garage haul you in and that's that. But in those days men got underneath cars and tried to get the thing going—and of course you always stopped to see if there were tools in your toolbox that would help. Sometimes there would be five or six cars pulled up with all the men working on the ailing engine, and the kids tearing up and down the road, and the wives fanning themselves and visiting. If nothing helped and the car still couldn't budge, then you promised to send someone right out from town if you made it there yourself without breaking down.

Grandfather Driftmier had a car that had to be backed up steep hills so the gasoline could run into the engine. That always interested me—how we had to turn around and back up hills. Do you remember, too, how everyone in the front seat had to pile out so the gas tank could be filled? And how mad the men of the family got if the kids poked out isinglass from the side curtains?

I remember something else about old cars too. As clearly as if it had happened last night I recall how Dad came home from the store and told Mother that he had a wonderful chance to buy a Kissel car at a reasonable price. There was only one thing wrong: it had glass windows instead of side curtains.

"People would think I'd bought a hearse," Dad said. And because of this angle he passed up the Kissel car and we stuck with our old Reo and its side curtains. Who would have dreamed then (1917) that before too long every car would have glass windows?

Oh yes, one more thing about old cars. Does *anyone* remember the Carter Car? This model had to be pumped to get it started and I was scared to death that the thing would blow up. I've talked to many, many people and heard countless cars named, but I've never run into anyone who was familiar with the old Carter Car.

We had *such* a good visit with Russell's mother. When she was ready
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TO THE FOLKS . . . ON YOUR ANNIVERSARY

By
Mabel Nair Brown

Wedding anniversaries are memory making events. It's a wonderful time for strengthening family "togetherness" with everyone pitching in to do his part in honoring Mother and Dad on this happy occasion.

There seem to be many ideas floating around for Silver or Golden wedding anniversaries, but when it comes to a 47th, a 55th, a 20th or a 60th, we sometimes feel at a loss to know what colors to use, what arrangements to make, etc. Certainly these milestones are as treasured as the more "special" ones, so perhaps some of the suggestions given here can be worked out to suit *any* anniversary by using suitable colors and making the necessary changes.

50 GOLDEN YEARS OF HARMONY sets the theme for a lovely musical motif for a golden anniversary.

Invitations can be written on white gold-edged cards, and a small golden harp sketched in one corner with gold ink will add a great deal.

A stunning centerpiece can be created by making a large gold harp — this can be cut from cardboard and covered with gold foil paper. Gold flowers and ferns should surround it. Pipecleaners dipped into gilt paint can be twisted into stemmed musical notes and placed here and there in the floral arrangement.

If dinner is to be served, miniature gold cardboard harps can carry the individual's name. If a favor is planned, cut harps from a double thickness of gold paper and on the inside write the couple's names and the date.

Is there a large mirror in the dining room or living room where the anniversary is to be held? If so, use gold paper to make a large musical staff and notes across the face of the staff.

A Mr. and Mrs. Centerpiece is highly attractive and simple to make. For a base cut a long rectangular shaped cardboard and cover with foil. Over the foil lightly glue on lacy paper doilies. Cut a sheet cake into squares that resemble a child's building blocks, and on each block write one letter. These blocks will be lined up on top of the cardboard base to spell the names such as Mary and John Jones. Small flowers and greens should encircle the cardboard base.

A candle centerpiece always calls forth much comment. Use short fat candles in the color that was predominant in the original wedding decorations and line them up in a row on the table — one candle for each five years, perhaps. A long mirror makes a fine base for this arrangement, and when flowers and greenery are twined around the candles it makes a lovely sight.

Off-hand I can think of three different arrangements of this type that I have seen. In one case soft pink candles were used, and combined with these were sweet peas in lavender to purple tones; loops of pink to purple shades of ribbon were entwined among the flowers and greens.



All of us felt a sharp awareness of the vast changes these last few years have brought as we looked at this latest picture of the Field family. When Uncle Sol Field last visited here the family circle was intact—we have a lovely picture of the seven sisters and brothers taken by the pool of Aunt Helen Fischer's garden on August 22nd, 1948. In the back row here are Aunt Bertha Field (Mrs. Henry Field), Uncle Fred Fischer, Dad (M. H. Driftmier), and Uncle Sol Field. In the front row are Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh, Aunt Mary Field (Mrs. Sol Field), Aunt Martha Field Eaton and Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier).

At an "open house" celebrating a 20th wedding anniversary I admired beautiful white lilies and delicate blue delphiniums used with pale blue candles. And at a 50th wedding anniversary celebrated in May I saw yellow candles combined with yellow and purple pansies, plus delicate fern fronds.

The Open Bible Cake also makes a lovely centerpiece. On one side of the "page" use your cake decorating attachment to write the couple's name and marriage date. On the opposite "page" write the names of the children in the family and the year of each birth.

If it can possibly be managed, plan to have the whole family group attend church services together on the Sunday that falls the closest to the anniversary day. If notified in advance, many ministers are more than happy to arrange to have the couple's favorite hymns and scripture used on that day. And it is always particularly gratifying to have a solo or duet sung by any of the children or grandchildren who are musically inclined.

If your parents were married back in the "horse and buggy" days you might plan a little surprise by having a horse and buggy at the church ready to take them to the place where the celebration is being held. In a large city this would be difficult to manage, of course, but in small towns or in the country it can often be arranged. One couple I knew who were given this surprise buggy ride ranked it as one of the top thrills of the day.

At most anniversary celebrations people seem to enjoy simply coming together to visit and reminisce, but if a short program is desired you have a wide leeway in the selection of entertainment. Probably the nicest thing of all is to have the music that was performed at the wedding, and if the people who played the piano and sang are still available it is

doubly touching. Should this be out of the question, consider the classic wedding songs such as "I Love You Truly", "Oh, Promise Me," etc. Either of these lovely songs played very softly would furnish highly appropriate background music while someone reads "Musings On An Anniversary" that appears in this issue.

Many times the honored guests prefer that no gifts be given so how about passing the word around for some amusing, inexpensive gifts that can be opened for fun and laughter?

Be sure that on a table you have the original wedding pictures plus other photographs and snapshots that tell the story of their years. If the bride's wedding gown and the groom's hat or coat have been carefully treasured through the years do have them modeled for the guests by the children or grandchildren.

And of course you'll arrange to get pictures taken of this happy, happy day, for they, in turn, will become treasured family mementos in years to come.

One last little word of warning seems fitting at this point: be *sure* your honored couple truly want a special celebration. I've known of parents in poor health who dreaded the confusion and drain on their strength, yet couldn't bring themselves to discourage their enthusiastic children by saying "no". Frequently what one generation thinks should be done is exactly the opposite of what an older generation thinks. Be guided by your parents' wishes. If they seem hesitant and suggest that it would be easier simply to have a dinner limited only to the immediate family, fall in line without protests. Elderly people know pretty well how much they can stand, and their wishes should be respected.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

FREDERICK FACES AN ISSUE THAT ALL PARENTS MEET

Dear Friends,

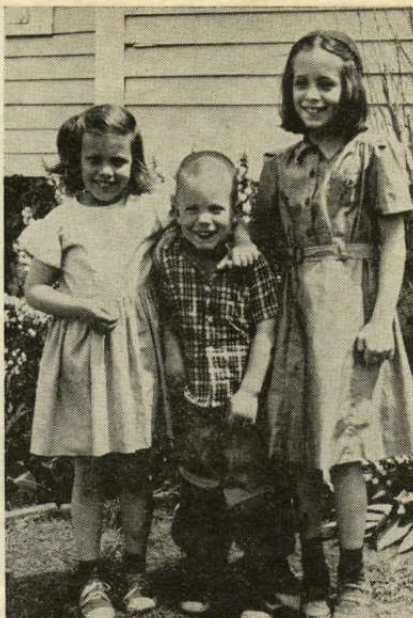
I wish you could sit at my desk during any single week of the church year and hear some of the problems that are brought to me by worried and concerned people. One of the most important jobs a clergyman has today is to listen to the problems of other people and try to help them find a solution or a remedy. Sometimes at the close of a busy day my wife tells me that I actually walk with a stoop; and I don't doubt it, for there are many times when I feel weighted down by the burdens that other people carry on their hearts. And it isn't just the result of the counselling that I do in my study, for every day's mail brings letters from people who desperately need spiritual help.

Betty and I rarely have a social evening together, but a few weeks ago I told her that we would celebrate my birthday by going to see the motion picture "The Ten Commandments." Because we so rarely go to the pictures, this really seemed like a big occasion in our lives, and you can imagine my chagrin when, as we were leaving the house, the telephone rang. It was a call from a man who told me that he was going to commit suicide within the hour. Before taking his life he wanted to talk to someone, and even though he was not a member of my church, he wanted to talk to me. Well, what was I to do? Actually there was no choice for I felt honor-bound to see if I could do something with the man who was obviously mentally ill.

I said to him: "Now look here, I don't want to hear any more talk about your committing suicide! You may think that you have some pretty grave problems but I happen to have some too, and I don't intend to talk about your problems or my problems tonight. Don't you think that you could wait until tomorrow morning before making any definite decisions? I want you to come to my office at the church at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Now mind you, I want you to be sure and be there, and there is no reason why you cannot commit suicide tomorrow just as well as tonight. If you did kill yourself tonight it would be a great inconvenience for me, because this is my birthday and I want to take my wife to see the "Ten Commandments."

Well, do you know, the man waited and came in to see me the next morning. As of this date he is still alive and doing better than he has done for some time. I usually work on the rule that a person who speaks of suicide, never does it. On occasion I have been wrong, but I am glad to say that most of the time the rule is right.

A few days ago a young mother came to me with this problem: her child's fear of death. She wanted to know what she could do to help her child understand the fact of death. Of course, death is naturally something that most of us don't like to face, and because we fear it so, we expect that our children will naturally



Wayne and Abigail's children seem to be shooting up like the proverbial weeds this summer! Alison, Clark and Emily can scarcely be called "small tots" any longer.

fear it too. That is why we go to such elaborate lengths to act as though death were not so, as though it were only a phantom, something from which our children should be shielded. Sooner or later, however, the child is going to ask questions about death, and we parents should have some kind of an intelligent answer.

One of the worst things that any of us can do is to sidestep the questions about death, for avoiding the questions only adds to the child's confusion. Death is just as necessary for life as birth, and we should at least give them equal treatment. In the early years of childhood we will not give an answer as complete and detailed as we plan to give to the child later, but there is always the danger of giving more of an answer than the questioner demands or understands.

One of the most natural opportunities to talk about it comes with the death of a family pet. If a pet dies, the children could be helped to understand the causes of death; and there are occasions when the child could be given the opportunity to bury the pet.

All children go through stages when they are very concerned about the possibility of the death of their parents, and the right kind of an answer to the question: "Will you die, Daddy?" can do much to avoid emotional upset. You know very well that one day you will die, and you should say so. It is much more comforting to the child to hear: "Of course I shall die sometime for all living things have to die just as they have to be born, but mommy and daddy probably won't die until long after you have grown up," than it is for the child to hear, "Don't mention death! You don't want to talk about things like that! You just want to talk about nice things!" The clear-cut, straight-forward answer is always the best in the long run, and that kind of an answer does more to satisfy the child's interest and calm his fears

than does an evasive, half-truth answer.

On last Memorial Day we took our children for their first visit to a cemetery. It was a wonderful experience for them, and they asked dozens of questions. We even took them inside the large mausoleum and let them wander about looking at the various crypts. I am sure that it helped them to get a more natural view of death. I had to deliver an address to a gathering of several hundred people there at the cemetery, and I was glad that it turned out to be one of the most beautiful days of the summer. As we drove home that afternoon, the children anxiously asked if they could return for another visit to the cemetery very soon.

Betty and I are both great believers in letting the children learn by experience. That is why we have seen to it that our children have had opportunities to fly in airplanes, to ride in motorboats, etc. Last Saturday when I returned from the office I asked Betty where David was. She replied: "Oh you won't believe me when I tell you! Your six year old son is down at the railroad yards driving a switch engine up and down the tracks!"

That was exactly what he was doing, too. A friend of ours has a high position in the railroad, and he had taken David down to the yards to learn all about railroading. He drove a switch engine, sat in the yard tower and talked over the radio-telephone to crewmen on passing trains and inspected a caboose. It was quite an experience for a six year old boy.

In my reading this week I came across an interesting prayer that I want to pass on to you. I don't know who wrote it, and so I can give no credit. It is called: "A Prayer Seldom Heard."

"Almighty God, as I sit here by the fire this lovely Sunday morning, surrounded by the Sunday paper and half-listening to one of the big preachers over the radio, it has just come over me that I have lied to Thee and myself.

"I said I did not feel well enough to go to church. That was not true. I was not ambitious enough! I would have gone to my office if it had been Monday morning. I would have played golf if it had been Wednesday afternoon in the summer. I would have attended my luncheon club if it had met this noon. I would have been able to go to a picture show if it had been Friday night.

"BUT IT IS SUNDAY MORNING and Sunday illness covers a multitude of sins. God have mercy upon me! I have lied to Thee and to myself. I was not ill—I am lazy and indifferent. Amen."

One of these days I am going to print that prayer in our church paper. How true it is! It reminds me of a minister whom I heard say the other day: "It was a terrible Sunday morning—rain, wind, hail—the kind of a morning when only the aged and infirm are able to get out to church!"

Isn't it the truth?

Sincerely yours,
Frederick

LOOKING AHEAD

Yes, we know that next May and Mother's Day observances seem far, far away, but there are times when it pays to look ahead and that's why I'm mentioning this right now instead of waiting until next spring.

From a friend in Wichita, Kansas came one of the most unique and interesting things I've ever seen for a Mother's Day affair, and I'd like to describe it in detail. For one thing, you'll need one of those big pattern books that are found in stores where yardage and patterns are sold. As a rule it pays to know someone in that department, for if you ask to have the old book when the new books have arrived, you'll get it. It would be my guess that in late September, for instance, you'd stand a pretty good chance of picking up the big pattern book that had spring and summer designs.

Now the programs were contained in a plain white envelope just about the size of a regular pattern envelope; you could buy these at any print shop or stationer's store. In large letters at the top these words had been printed: ALL STYLES 1957 (yours would be 1958, of course). In smaller type at the right was printed: *Pattern For Living*.

Pasted on the front was a charming looking young mother and beside her a little girl; these had been cut out carefully from the pattern book and pasted on very neatly. Running down the side of the envelope were these words: *Mother and Daughter* dessert.

On the other side appeared the following; and the pattern number, of course, was the date of the affair.

No. 5-8-57 Pattern For Living
Mother and Daughter Style All Sizes

Material Required:

Love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance. Gal. 5:22,23.

Notions needed:

Elasticity, vanity, sense of humor, interfacing of forbearance, lip zipper, backbone stiffening.

Measurements:

How wide is your understanding?
How long is your patience?
How deep is your love?

The envelope contained an instruction sheet and this was what one saw when he took it out.

IMPORTANT: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path".

PLANNING THE LAYOUT: "Let all things be done decently and in order." Cor. 14:40.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CUTTING: "Cut out all unkind criticism, gossip, fault finding."

SEAM ALLOWANCE: Give others the benefit of the doubt. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." I Samuel 16:17.

LIP ZIPPER: "Lord, fill my mouth with proper stuff and nudge me when I've said enough."

FACING THE TASK: "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works."

FINISHING DETAILS: "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." II Timothy 4:7.

When this sheet was opened it contained drawings of typical pattern pieces such as you see with every pattern. These were numbered and to give you an idea I'll describe a few.

Number 1 was shaped like a collar and read: Piano Solo "The Wood Nymph's Harp" by Dana Coopridge. Number 2 was shaped like a sleeve and read: Mother-Daughter Look-Alike Fashion Parade; Yvonne Clark M. C. Number 8 was shaped like a belt and read: Dessert Prepared and served by Priscilla Circle. Number 11 was a short puffed sleeve and read: Recognition of Oldest Mother, Youngest Mother, Youngest Grandmother, Mother of Youngest Daughter.

The largest piece was a circular skirt (number 9) and it contained the following words headed with LET'S ALL SING.

Stack up the dishes in the kitchen sink, and Smile, girls, smile. Now that we've had enough to eat and drink, Smile, girls, that's the style; What's the use of washing them, It's hardly worth the while, so—Stack up the dishes in the kitchen sink and smile, girls, smile.

There are smiles in Mississippi,

There are smiles in Idaho,
And you'll find them down in dear old Georgia

And in every part of Ohio!
There are miles of smiles in Minnesota
And in Michigan and Tennessee,
But the smiles you get in sunny Kansas

Make you feel that's the place to be.

Just a song at twilight

As the sun sinks low,
And the friends we've met here
Make our glad hearts glow,
Happy hearts now singing,
In our memories long
Will remain the hours
Spent here in song
Spent here in joyful song.

The friend who sent this material said: "Our church secretary did the printing and three of us the rest. They really were quite a lot of work, but we felt well worth it. We made 100 and had 140 reservations, so couldn't give them to the smaller children.

"We had the first part in the sanctuary and then went downstairs for the dessert and rest of the program. We had a pineapple icebox dessert and on top was a little hat made with a pastel mint wafer. For the crown they used a tiny gumdrop with a ribbon around it and a tiny paper flower stuck where the ribbon ends crossed. It was all very nice."

Now as I said, next May seems far away but you're going to need the pattern book and it will be quite a job to do the whole thing, so that's why I wanted to mention it far in advance. If your group decides to carry through this idea you could work on it during cold winter days



If you have a youngster going-on-two this will probably look like a VERY familiar scene. Mary Beth said that as she started breakfast she gave Katharine some plastic bowls to play with—and this picture proves what all of us mothers know: children like to be RIGHT UNDER YOUR FEET!

and have the entire project completed long before you come right up to the date. Many people wouldn't have the help of a church secretary and in this case you'd simply have to type out the material given here and paste it on. The various pattern pieces that contain program information would have to be drawn with pen and ink. All in all, you can see why I figured that you ought to have the material right now—not in the April or May issue of next year!

SIMPLICITY

I get much pleasure from the simple things—
Each homely task my housework daily brings:
I need no funds of wealth, no castle grand
To show the treasured joys on every hand.

I like the ruffled crispness of sheer curtains white—
The jeweled gleam of jelly glasses bright;
The fresh clean smell of laundry newly done,
Clear window panes reflecting morning sun.

The table set with brown loaves freshly baked—
A pinafore that happy hours helped make;
Porch steps responding to the easy sweep of broom,
And daily dusting of a much-used living room.

O — I find joy in all these simple things—
And with them all my glad heart ever sings:
A happy challenge in each day I find,
For life is sweet — and truly, God is kind.

—Lola Taylor Hemphill

DOROTHY'S LETTER TO YOU FRIENDS

Dear Friends:

Our house seems so empty tonight without Kristin! She left yesterday for Anderson, Indiana to spend three weeks with her Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary Beth Driftmier. For her this has been a dream come true because ever since she and I attended Donald's and Mary Beth's wedding three years ago Kristin has wanted to visit them. They had asked her to come last summer but Kristin had so many other things lined up that she just couldn't get there. This spring when Mother and Dad made their plans to go to Massachusetts to visit Frederick and his family they asked both Juliana and Kristin to go with them as far as Anderson; on their return trip they will pick them up.

When the folks and Juliana picked up Kristin yesterday the trunk of the car and the back seat were already packed full and I didn't see where Dad was going to put another suitcase and another fluffy petticoat, but he managed to get everything in. I think these 30 and 40-yd. petticoats look awfully pretty under full skirts, but did you ever try to pack one? It is impossible to get them into a suitcase. I noticed Juliana had hers in a large plastic bag, and Kristin's completely filled a big shopping bag. I was surprised that Dad didn't say something about all the extra space the petticoats consumed, but I have heard him make the comment that he thought the young girls looked awfully pretty when they were all dressed up in their full skirts, so I guess he just thought it was worth it.

This has been a busy month for us. Frank finally got the last of his corn planted today. The ground has stayed so wet here that he just had to plant a little patch here and a little patch there as fast as he found a piece of ground dry enough to work in. He said yesterday he would hate to count the number of times he has been stuck this spring. We have a couple of fields where the corn is up several inches.

Our garden looks awfully nice this year in spite of the fact we were so late getting it in. We have been enjoying radishes the past few days, and hope to get our second planting of sweet corn in the ground tomorrow.

I enjoyed attending the last P.T.A. meeting of the year at Lucas this month. I was asked to show the Hawaiian pictures at this meeting. The rest of the program was put on by the second and third grade children whose teacher is Mrs. Edwin Allen. Mrs. Allen was Kristin's third grade teacher at our country school and we all love her dearly in our family. The children acted out stories in their reading and health books and did a very good job.

We had our 4-H Mother-Daughter tea the 18th. The girls put on a nice program of poetry and music for us and then each girl presented her mother with a potted geranium plant.

After the tea I took Kristin home

to keep house for a few days for her Daddy while I took the train to Shendoah to see my Uncle Sol and Aunt Mary Field who were visiting there from California. I hadn't seen Uncle Sol since I was just Kristin's age and I had such a nice visit with him. Frank was very anxious to meet Uncle Sol because they have so many interests in common, so Margery and Oliver drove me home and Uncle Sol came with us for the day. Margery and I drove into Chariton in the afternoon and picked Kristin up at school so she would get home in time to see her Uncle Sol. She thoroughly enjoyed her visit with him because he gave her lots of advice on how to break her colt, Stardust, and how to teach him the different gaits.

The last week of school is always a busy time. Mr. Langdon, the Junior High and High School music teacher, gave a party for all the 8th grade students who had taken music from him this year. From all the talk for the past month this party was the most important thing that had happened all nine months of the school session just completed.

The 8th grade graduation exercises were held Monday night of this week. Kristin felt very honored to be asked to sing in the girls' sextette that night. The speaker for the evening was Mr. Gerald Dinsmore, Wayne County Superintendent of schools, and he gave an excellent address for young people just entering high school. Kristin is still talking about it and I know she isn't the only one because I have never seen boys and girls that age listen so attentively to a speaker.

I have spent all day at our Lucas County 4-H Rally Day. This is the first time Kristin has missed Rally Day since she joined 4-H, and I was sorry she couldn't be there today because we heard a very interesting and entertaining talk by Patricia York who was one of the International Farm Youth Exchange girls. Miss York, who was a 4-H member for ten years, spent four months last summer living and working on three different farms in Switzerland. She illustrated her talk with colored slides of the farms and villages where she stayed, and the families with whom she lived. Every year on Rally Day our 4-H girls bring pennies to correspond with their age and we have a Penny March. These pennies go to help support the IFYE, and after hearing Miss York today I'm sure the girls have a much clearer understanding of what these pennies are used for.

I must close now and drop a line to Kristin before I put my typewriter away. She will be anxious to hear what girls were elected to county offices today at Rally Day.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

LAST MINUTE NEWS

In the same mail with Dorothy's letter came our first letter from Juliana and I thought you folks might like to get a glimpse of what Kristin and Juliana will be "up to" in these days ahead.

Dear Folks:

Well, here we are at Anderson, Indiana and you should just have seen the meal that greeted us when we arrived. It was a happy sight to sit down to a delicious rib roast, mashed potatoes, gravy, asparagus, cookies and sherbet. I just ate and ate and so did everyone else.

Kristin's mother gave her the same kind of orders you gave me, so we got right up from the table and did the dishes. Boy, there sure was a stack of them and it took an hour of hard work to get everything cleaned up. But already we know almost the whole kitchen.

Uncle Donald and Mary Beth (Kristin and I don't say Aunt Mary Beth because that just takes too long) have such a very nice house here in a neighborhood where there are velvety green lawns with every blade of grass even and the trees and shrubs kept trimmed. Most of the houses are sort of built the same, but so many different kinds of brick are used that it makes them look different. All in all, it is just lovely.

Kristin and I are really happy. We have a double bed in Katharine's bedroom and she gets us up at a quarter of seven in the morning. She is just a little doll and it's so much fun to take care of her. It makes both of us feel as if we had a baby sister to look after.

Yesterday Kristin and I went to church with Uncle Donald. They have a wonderful minister and he gave one of the best sermons I have ever heard. It was about power and the key that unlocks it, and I felt that I learned a great deal from it.

Katharine just started to cry so I must run. Much love to you and Daddy from

Juliana

SUMMER FUN

In that wonderful summer of long ago
They played in the old hammock . . .
Swung in the swing made of old pump chain . . .
Rolled their hoops up and down the lane . . .
Then played at visiting with each other—
One lived in one corner, one another,
Those two little girls, one dark, one fair,
Dressed up with corn silks in their hair.

—Lula Lamme

TWELVE THINGS TO LEARN

The value of time.
The need of perserverance.
The dignity of simplicity.
The pleasure of serving.
The true worth of character.
The power of kindness.
The obligation of duty.
The influence of example.
The wisdom of economy.
The virtue of patience.
The nobility of labor.
The teachings of Him who said, "Learn of Me."

MY OWN TRIBUTE TO THE FORD

By
Grace Sigsbee

There is an article in the February issue of the Readers Digest entitled, "A Flivver For The Family," by Robert Strother. It is billed as a nostalgic tribute to a love of yesteryear and it's about a Model T Ford. There's a Model T in my background, too, and although it was of a vintage of ten years later than the Ford of Mr. Strother's, there never was, nor there never will be, any automobile quite like it.

When I was eight years or so old, my Dad's grandfather passed on and left him some money. It was five hundred dollars. That still seems quite a large amount of cash to me, but I have a notion that it was a great deal more in those days and it was not a sum to be treated lightly. We kids had lots of ideas on how the money was to be spent and I imagine our parents did also. But the choice was finally made. It was decided that the whole blooming five hundred dollars should go up in one grand splurge. We would get a family car!

The night that Dad drove up in the brand-new, black Model T still stands out as a red letter occasion. The car was definitely above the flivver class; it was Henry's latest development, a two door sedan with the emphasis on the se part. Dad shot the works and the car had all the extras—balloon tires, a windshield wiper and an electric horn. It had upholstered cushions instead of the slippery leather kind and only the driver had to get out so the seat could be lifted up to fill the gas tank.

The car had a new-fangled gadget on it called a speedometer. The thing would turn every time we went another one-tenth of a mile and when the numbers 99.99 were about to shift to 100.00, the suspense was terrific. But the speedometer had one drawback—it told how fast we were going. In spite of his advanced age, (he was almost 30), Dad was quite a reckless character and he would watch his chance and gun that car up to forty miles per hour! If Mama had her eye on the speedometer and caught him at it, she didn't like it very much.

I have told you that this car was a deluxe model, and to prove it even further, let me state that it had nickel-plated bumpers on both the front and the rear! I suppose they were really chrome, but 5¢ being the exact amount of us kids' weekly allowances, nickle sounded so much richer. Years later they were painted bright red and we could always distinguish our car from the hundreds of other black Ford sedans. The bumpers were also called "cow catchers" and sometimes if our folks didn't hush us in time, all four of us kids would lean out of the windows and yell at a farmer driving his herd, "You better watch out. We got cow catchers on our car!"

On the frequent Sundays when there were dinners with all the relatives gathered, we kids were all but insufferable about the virtues of our car. Uncle Art had an Overland, Cousin Alfred had an Essex and I think



Martin misses Snowy, his pure white kitten that gave up the last of its seven lives, but a little cousin, Kathleen Anderson, has a kitten almost identical that he held for this summer picture.

somebody had a Hupmobile. They were big cars, they purred loudly and they rode much closer to the ground. But they were all touring cars. Shucks! When it rained they had to go out and button up the isinglass curtains while all we had to do was roll up the windows on our sedan. "That long-legged puddle jumper," some of our cousins were known to hoot at us. But then they were just jealous.

Until the advent of our sedan, my previous experiences with cars had taught me that automobile trips were both uncertain and uncomfortable. Flat tires were the rule rather than the exception. Everybody piled out while the tire kit was extracted and the puncture mended. But our car was notably immune to flat tires and once we took a 500 mile trip without a single blowout. In the wintertime we didn't have to take all the quilts and blankets along to keep warm for our car had a heater in it with registers in both the front and back seats. Some mighty peculiar odors had a way of emanating from the back seat heater outlet for we kids were always stepping on it with our overshoes and once in a while we'd drop peanut shells down it and then it would really smell. Our Ford had home-like touches in it too, for there was a roller shade on the rear window and two little vases on either side in which we could put either fresh or artificial flowers.

The sedan was still going strong when we moved to Algona, although our oldest brother had sort of appropriated it for his special use. There wasn't much nonsense about driving licenses in those days and he'd been expertly wheeling that Ford around since he was ten years old. The time came when I wanted to go out with boys and my parents agreed that I was old enough but they put down some restrictions to my dating. I could go, but only if I went with my brother and that meant going in the Ford. So,

we'd start out together, pick up his girl and the boy I was supposed to be with and on the return trip, the process would be reversed. It was two or three years before I ever had a young man call for and return me home without my brother or the Ford having a thing to do with it.

Now, some good cars, like old soldiers, don't die—they just fade away. That's the way it was with our sedan. Dad used yellow service trucks in his business and after he bought another family car, the Ford was fitted with a box in the rear, painted, and it became a pick-up. We kids drafted it sometimes after working hours and there are quite a few adults around these parts right now who remember riding in the rear to go on watermelon parties and picnics. Then there were those roller-coaster type thrills, when we'd rev the car up for that ride over the bump down by the railroad tracks known as Tedo's Belly.

Even after the Ford's parts failed to work as a unit there was still good left in her and the carburetor, pistons or what not were transferred to other cars. Who knows, maybe some of those parts are functioning today in some jalopy of the 1950's. I'd like to think that they are. Present day cars have automatic shifts, decorator colors, they can go a hundred miles an hour and they cost four or five times the amount our early car did. But as far as I'm concerned, they don't have a thing that could surpass that 1927, black, model T Ford Sedan!

— Reprinted by courtesy of the Algona Upper Des Moines paper.

THE POWER OF WORDS

A careless word may kindle strife.
A cruel word may wreck a life;
A bitter word may hate instill;
A brutal word may smite and kill.
A gracious word may smooth the way;
A joyous word may light the day.
A timely word may lessen stress;
A loving word may heal and bless.

—Author unknown

OLD CHIMNEY

Across the rocky, deep brown fields
Along the boundary wood,
A chimney stands of native stone
Where once an old house stood.
Its crumbling sills grown over now,
A tangle of sweet briar,
Dead elders choke its blackened throat
Since long is dead the fire.
So silent and tremendously high
This pile of weathered stone,
And on its topmost broken ledge
A cardinal calls alone,
—Annie Parish Slankard

INSPIRATION

"What do ye more than others?"—
Matthew 5:47.
Give me a faithful heart, likeness to Thee,
That each departing day henceforth may see
Some work of love begun, some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

FROM THE MEMORY BOOK

By

Martha Field Eaton

When we were children growing up at Sunnyside, the most important times of the day came when we sat down at the table.

If I happened to be away and came in and found the rest already eating, I often used to cry. It was not that I was afraid all the nice food would be gone and my place was always waiting for me, but somehow it just gave me an awful, desolate feeling that I could not explain. The best part of the meal seemed to have been snatched from me—the moment when we all gathered around the table and looked at Father and Mother and each other and then bowed our heads and folded our hands and waited for the blessing to be asked. Just the thought that I had missed this part of the happy occasion and that they could actually be happy and eat without me—well, it made me sad.

Mother's table always looked so nice just as it came from her hand before all had been disarranged by the progress of the meal. In the first place, the glass and silver were always bright and shiny for Mother always insisted on careful dish washing.

The table was carefully set with everything in its own particular place. No cracked plates or handleless cups or cups that did not match their saucers adorned Mother's table. If it was summer, a few fresh flowers or a dish of beautiful fruit formed a centerpiece and the food was served in as dainty and appetizing a way as possible.

Everyone who came to our house remarked about mother's nice table. She took great pride in her table linen and always kept a good supply on hand. I remember one set that she double-hemstitched all the way 'round.

At some seasons of the year there were many men to cook for and the nature of their work was such that red and white or blue and white cloths were more practical but they were always of good quality, neatly finished and of sufficient number to make frequent changes possible. The napkins matched the cloths and the table was always neat and attractive. Surely this was a restful sight to the weary, labor-stained men.

There were always two sets of dishes. The ones we used every day and the better set that was used on Sunday or when there were guests. The china cupboard was as orderly as the table. Mother always saw to it that the dishes were put away in perfect order. One might go to the cupboard in the dark and easily put his hand on whatever he wished. If we had a stomachache in the night, we knew right where the sugar bowl would be and had no trouble finding the sugar spoon and cup for our peppermint water.

Growing children need plenty of good, nourishing food. Much of their health in after life depends upon it. That was what Father and Mother knew and nothing was lacking in food

both good and nourishing, although money was often none too plenty. Eggs were not sold if they were high if we needed them nor the butter used sparingly. The cream was never milk and the choicest of vegetables and fruit were not too good for the home table. Meat was used in sufficient quantity to give zest to the diet and redness to the blood.

But, although we liked the good things to eat, there were other things that made our meal hour a happy one and our table was a good place to be. It was then that the happiest bits of news were exchanged, the choicest plans laid out and matters of greatest interest discussed.

It was there that Father told the jolliest stories and Mother was the most gracious and queenly. And it was their presence and the impartial love that they unconsciously shed upon everyone in the circle about them that warmed our hearts and nourished our spirits and sent us to our work stronger and happier and better able to do whatever lay before us.

Henry had a funny peculiarity. He could not stand it not to eat in his own place. I have seen him get up and leave the table after trying to eat in another place if someone who possibly did not know it was his place happened to get into it. So Mother always tried to look after him and even for some time after he was married and gone she kept it set for fear he might happen in at meal time and feel bad if he saw someone else in it. When Helen went away to teach, she begged that Mother would keep her place for her—and she did. I think we all felt that way.

Editorial Note: In the May issue, 1957 you will find an explanation of the *Memory Book* from which this was taken.

A BIT OF THIS AND THAT

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

The little country church near here looked beautiful this spring with the varied colored spring bulbs blooming gaily around its white clapboard exterior. A lovely planting in a church yard is so easy and pays such high dividends in beauty that it's a wonder the boards or yard committees or women's groups don't do more!

Along the same line of thought, it seems important to a preacher to have a pretty home, but many do not stay long enough to carry through much in the way of long term landscaping. Sometimes it is the complete responsibility of the church to see that such work gets done. Occasionally a preacher comes along who is interested and gets much accomplished during his stay. Well do I remember the rose bushes, the fruit trees, the iris and other permanent plantings my dad and mother put out in each place they lived.

"If we don't get to eat apples from this tree someone else will," my dad would remark. And like as not, we would move before many apples grew. We took with us the knowledge that we passed on a bit of extra good will to the next preacher.

Many professions wouldn't think of swapping secrets, but when a farmer finds out a better way to feed hogs or a homemaker discovers how to fix a lighter roll they are glad to share their secrets with anyone who is interested.

Heard a good story the other day. A friend of the family inquired of the older brother, "Can the baby talk yet, Johnny?"

"You betcha," came the answer. "Now we are teaching him to keep quiet."

Which reminds me, yesterday Bobby and Jeffrey were watching a caterpillar wiggle its way across the sidewalk in front of the grocery store. A man stopped to see what exciting object had caught their attention. He turned to Bobby and greeted him pleasantly, then looked at Jeffrey. Bobby looked up at the tall man, "That's Jeffrey," he reported seriously. "He is getting older. Now he can talk just like people."

When the last little child is tucked in bed and the house settles into unaccustomed quiet, it is restful to sit on the steps and watch the wind move the big leaves on the cottonwood trees; it does the soul good to look at the stars and get a new perspective on the universe; peace seeps slowly in after the rush of a busy day.

Even the yard seems to rest after the onslaught of the three who claim it for their own. The children's yard it surely is! The iris withstand the trappings without too many casualties, the hollyhocks come up year after year despite the proximity of the sandbox and the tire swing, and the roses carry their own armor to keep the children at a respectful distance. A stranger who comes unexpectedly would have little difficulty in recognizing it as a children's habitat. From the line of tiny red cars and trucks parked by the red geraniums to the balls tucked carefully in the hollow at the foot of the big tree, it proclaims to the most casual observer to whom it belongs.

In the center of the yard itself rises a pup tent still resounding from the shouts of three little Indians . . . cowboys . . . scouts or what-have-you. I can see holes where beans were planted a few hours ago and the mounds of dirt pulled up by a little hoe. No wonder the lawn needs a bit of quiet to recuperate from its day.

Even for all its restful appearance the yard is chock-full of booby traps. Bob came in from the final check of the sheep a few minutes ago and contacted the small red fire engine with his big work shoe. For a loud moment the yard was ablaze with noise and confusion. Surely it must be morning and the children were starting their activities of the day! But quiet has been restored. All is peaceful now. The path of sand that led to the scuffed shoes under the bed has been swept up. The small, freshly scrubbed faces look angelic in their sleep. One last happy look, one final patting of the blankets, one thankful kiss on soft tousled heads. Night is here.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter

Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

ELAINE'S FROZEN DIVINITY FRUIT SALAD

- 1 tsp. gelatin
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup finely chopped dates
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 No. 2 can drained crushed pineapple

Soften gelatin in lemon juice in glass cup. Set this cup in a pan of boiling water until gelatin dissolves; stir occasionally. Add this to the cheese which has been thoroughly combined with the mayonnaise, salt and sugar. Fold in dates and drained pineapple; lastly add the whipped cream. Pour into mold and place in refrigerator until firm.

My friend, Elaine Powell, brought this recipe back from a trip to Battle Creek, Mich. She was invited to a luncheon where this was served and lost no time in getting the recipe so that we could share it with you folks.

REFRESHING ORANGE SALAD

- 1 pkg. orange flavored gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 small can orange concentrate (not frozen juice)
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1 can drained mandarin orange sections

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water, add orange concentrate and the can of crushed pineapple. When it starts to set, stir in the mandarin orange sections. When firm, cut in squares and serve on lettuce with a bit of mayonnaise. This salad was served at a church meeting and was very refreshing. One lady commented that it would be very nice to serve at a brunch because it was not rich and not too sweet.

PEANUT BUTTER MACAROONS

- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- Heat, but do not boil.
- Add: 1 cup peanut butter
- 2 cups corn flakes

Drop on greased waxed paper. Do not bake these. They get firm very quickly. Peanut butter is one of our richest sources of protein. Children will love to make them and they are very good for them also.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE ROLL

- 4 eggs, room temperature
- 1/2 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 squares baking chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 3 Tbls. cold water

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together 3 times. Break eggs into a deep bowl; slowly add the 3/4 cup sugar while beating until thick and lemon colored. Melt chocolate over boiling water. Add the flour mixture to the egg mixture all at once, folding until combined. Add vanilla. Remove chocolate from the heat and immediately add 2 Tbls. sugar, soda and the water. Stir until thick and light; then fold into the batter and blend well. Turn into a 15x10x1-inch pan that has been greased, lined with waxed paper and greased again. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes or until done.

Quickly cut off any crisp edges from the cake; pull away from the sides of the pan with a knife, turn out on a towel. Peel off the paper and cool exactly 5 minutes by the clock. Quickly spread the almond cream filling on the cake and roll up like a jelly roll and wrap tightly with the towel and lay with open end of cake underneath to keep it from unrolling.

FRENCH ALMOND CREAM FILLING

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Heat milk in double boiler until scalded. In a small bowl mix together the flour, sugar and salt. Slowly stir in the milk. Return milk mixture to double boiler; cook, stirring, till smooth and thick enough to mound, about 15 minutes. With fork, beat eggs (you can use the same bowl) and slowly add milk mixture to egg, while stirring. Return to top of double boiler; cook 5 more minutes over boiling water, stirring constantly. Pour into bowl, add butter, chill, then add flavoring. You can see that this part of the chocolate roll dessert is not a recipe you whip up at the last minute, so prepare it before starting on the chocolate roll.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE COATING

- 2 squares chocolate
- 2 tsp. butter

Melt the chocolate and butter together over hot water. Cool slightly, then pour over the roll and spread. Cool until firm. Slice roll about 1 inch thick with a very sharp knife to serve.

Naturally, whipped cream or other fillings may be used.

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 3 drops onion juice, if desired

Beat eggs until light and add gradually, while beating constantly, melted butter, lemon juice and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Cool, add cream, beaten until thick but not stiff, and remaining ingredients.

MABEL'S SALAD DRESSING

- Part 1
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup warm water
- 1/2 cup flour

- Part 2
 - 1 egg
 - 1 cup salad oil
 - 1/4 cup vinegar
 - 1 Tbls. sugar
 - 1 tsp. mustard
 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. red pepper
- Melt butter in sauce pan. Add flour and blend. Gradually add the warm water and stir constantly. Cook until flour is cooked.

Put all ingredients of Part 2 in a bowl, add paste mixture while hot and beat until smooth, white and creamy. This can be made into a fruit dressing by substituting pineapple juice for water and lemon juice for vinegar.

MAYONNAISE

- 2 egg yolks
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 3/4 tsp. mustard
- Few grains of pepper
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 1/4 cups salad oil

Combine egg yolks, seasonings and 1 Tbls. vinegar. Beat well and while beating add salad oil, beating thoroughly after each addition of 1 Tbls. until 1/2 cup is used. Then add 1 Tbls. vinegar. Beat in remaining oil gradually, and then last Tbls. of vinegar. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

PEPPERMINT PIE

- 1 Tbls. gelatin dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water.

Dissolve over hot water.

Beat 3 egg whites until light but not dry. Fold in 1/4 cup sugar and 1/2 cup crushed pure peppermint candy, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring, 1/4 tsp. mint flavoring and 4 Tbls. chopped almonds. Fold this mixture into 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, to which the gelatin has been added. Be careful not to over-whip the cream, or over-mix. Pour into a baked pie shell or chocolate wafer crust.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

1 ounce chocolate
 2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
 2/3 cup water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
 Melt chocolate over boiling water, add milk and stir 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water and mix well. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze until ice crystals form around sides of pan. Add vanilla. Whip cream until thick enough to hold a soft peak, fold into chilled mixture and freeze. When mixture is half frozen scrape from sides and bottom of tray, beat until smooth but not melted and freeze until firm. Serves 6.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE
(Delicious over ice cream)

1 well-beaten egg yolk
 1/4 cup butter
 1/4 cup water
 2/3 cup brown sugar
 1/3 cup light corn syrup
 Combine all ingredients and mix well; cook in double boiler until thick, stirring frequently. Beat before using. Serve hot or cold over ice cream.

CHERRY ALE

1 cup sugar syrup
 2 cups canned cherry juice
 2 cups freshly brewed tea
 1 quart gingerale

When you are canning your cherries and have cherry juice left over be sure to make this refreshing drink. Add the sugar syrup to cherry juice. Pour tea over ice. Stir in the cherry sugar mixture and add ginger ale. Makes 2 quarts.

SOUR CREAM CHERRY PIE

2 cups pitted cherries
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 8 Tbls. flour
 1 cup thick sour cream

Put cherries in an unbaked pie shell. Mix together 1 cup sugar, 5 Tbls. flour and pour over cherries, then 1/2 cup sugar and 3 Tbls. flour mixed with the cream and pour over the top and bake in a moderate oven.

CRISS-CROSS CHERRY PIE

1 No. 2 can red sour cherries
 1 cup sugar
 1/8 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. flour or
 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. almond flavoring
 2 Tbls. butter

Drain cherries, reserving juice. Combine sugar, salt and flour or cornstarch. Stir into cherry juice. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils up. Remove from heat, add almond flavoring, lemon juice and butter. Stir in cherries. Pour into pie shell. Cut half-inch strips of pastry, lace over and under. Bake in 425 degree oven for 25 minutes.

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Yes, Folks, when we asked you what you'd like for a new premium you said that you needed good quality food saver bags. We knew just what you meant because our own supply was practically exhausted—and we were downright shocked at how much they cost in most places.

It took a lot of figuring, but here's what we came up with and we think it's a terrific bargain—don't know where you'd ever turn to equal it. These are good sturdy plastic bags that will hold up for a long, long time, and here's exactly what you'll get:

For only **50¢**, plus **3 BLACK STARS** from the back label of any Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring, you'll get **20** plastic bags in the following sizes: 2 (4x2x12); 4 (9x15); 3 (6x3x15); 4 (12x15); 4 (8x4x18); 3 (10x8x24).

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 ★ Lemon

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GRAHAM CRACKER DESSERT

22 graham crackers finely crushed
 1/3 cup melted butter
 2 egg yolks
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup milk
 4 level Tbls. lemon gelatine
 2 egg whites
 1 cup whipping cream

Crush crackers and reserve 1 cup to sprinkle on top. Mix melted butter with the graham crackers and pat firmly in the bottom of an 8x8x2 pan.

Make a custard from the egg yolks, sugar and milk. The friend who sent this recipe from Emerson, Iowa then says: "You know with what care you must cook a custard, but many people fail with this recipe because of the custard. It must be cooked over low heat and stirred constantly. I tip the pan occasionally and when it coats the spoon and pan and bubbles lightly I remove it at once."

To this hot mixture add the gelatine and do not dissolve it in water first. Then set aside to cool. Beat 2 whites until stiff and fold into 1 cup of whipping cream beaten until stiff. Fold this into custard mixture, pour over the crumb crust, sprinkle top with crumbs and put in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Cut in squares to serve.

WHY MAPLE SYRUP IS A LUXURY

By

Evelyn Witter

Every economy-minded housewife frowns as she reads the price on a bottle of pure maple syrup. Still if she realized WHY the price seems high, WHY maple syrup is in the luxury class, she'd accept the price as unemotionally as she does the price of a loaf of bread.

There are only about ten or twelve states in the United States that produce maple syrup, but the production of one maple tree is alarmingly small. Thousands of trees are tapped that yield less than a quart of syrup in a season.

A big handicap in tapping trees is the fact that sap will flow only during those comparatively few days in the year when freezing temperatures occur at night and thawing during the day.

Maple sap varies in sugar content, but it takes 35 gallons of average sap to be evaporated into ONE gallon of syrup!

(Lucile's note: These grim facts about maple syrup remind me to tell you that if you use our Kitchen-Klatter Maple Flavoring you won't be tempted to get the least bit emotional about the pure New England variety! If you don't believe me, just give it a try and see for yourself what wonderful maple syrup it makes.)

GOOD TIPS ON SERVING BIG CROWDS

(Note: Although this particular banquet was served at a time when the Valentine motif could be used, the basic ideas are so sensible and practical that they could certainly be applied to any occasion at any season.)

Oakland, Nebraska

"Our rural church of about two hundred adult members was host to the annual Brotherhood banquet of the eleven congregations of our district in the fine auditorium in our neighboring town of Uehling.

Two hundred and eighty plates were prepared and served by 39 people, plus the cooperation of many others, of course. Everything went off beautifully and so many asked, "How did you keep all that food hot?"

Well, as you know, with careful planning and cooperation you can do it.

But first, the decorations in Valentine motif—the nine women (and don't have any less) on the table committee met several afternoons and made the red nut cups, red menu booklets decorated with white doilies and cups, and the 12-inch upright padded hearts, be-ruffled and beribboned which formed the striking centerpiece for our Valentine banquet.

These hearts were flanked by bouquets of sweet peas in small red glass dishes. Red salt and pepper shakers were used. The three long tables looked very striking with all those big Valentines and red touches. A huge red cyclamen plant centered the speaker's table.

This same committee set the tables and filled water and fruit juice glasses.

Now the secret of the hot food. At our banquets we have the meat committee (usually 4 women) prepare the meat elsewhere and bring it to our kitchen in electric roasters at 4:00 P.M. This leaves the kitchen free all day for preparing the potatoes, gravy, and later, the coffee. The buttered vegetable is always cared for by a committee of two on a portable stove in the hall or elsewhere.

The mashed potatoes and gravy were prepared and stored in heated stone jars set in hot water by the time the meat was brought to be finished in the ovens. Our menu was chicken fried steak, mashed potatoes and gravy, buttered peas, salad, and ice cream with wafers. The salad was a mixture of pineapple, whipped cream, cheese and nuts with a gelatin base; we solicited this and it was dished up by six women in the cloak-room. These same women also dished up the ice cream later. I should explain that the cloak hangers were put in the main auditorium, a better arrangement for a large crowd.

It has always been our experience that when the actual kitchen committee has to work with as little food as possible they do a better job on the assembly line. Aim to have all food ready at 4:00 o'clock except for the vegetable. You need two hours to line up everything after that. It gives each woman time for a coffee break and,



We took this hilarious picture out of our photo album to share with you. It was taken on a hot July afternoon about four years ago when Kristin, Juliana and Martin played on Grandpa and Grandma Driftmier's front porch. They had rigged up a canopied throne on an old kitchen chair that had big casters, and in this shot it was Juliana's turn to be queen while Kristin and Martin furnished power to move the throne.

in turn, ten or fifteen minutes in the powder room. They need that to keep going through those next busy four or five hours.

A simple meal, but generous portions and they got it to the table *hot* and in *record* time because of a well planned assembly line. That's the secret of a successful banquet. When a lot of swell people pull together you can certainly put things over."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO ABOUT THIS?

Scarcely a week goes by without at least one letter that presents a downright puzzling problem. At first glance the answer seems simple and obvious, but when you put your mind to it you realize that there isn't any easy, snap-judgment solution.

I'm a great believer in giving people an opportunity to speak up and say what they think. Now surely there must be quite a few ideas on the problem contained in this letter, so why don't you think it over and then sit down and say what you think?

I never pay any attention to the kind of paper you write on, if you pick up pencil or a pen, or anything of this kind. And never, never apologize for any mistakes in spelling or grammar. Some of the wisest people I've ever known didn't have the opportunity to go to school, but their ideas were certainly worth listening to, no matter how they were stated.

As all of you know by this time, we never identify anyone in any way whatsoever. You can write *anything* and know that your name and address will never be printed. We'd like to see your ideas on this particular problem, and will send a check for \$5.00 to the people whose ideas seem to be the most sensible and down-to-earth. (Incidentally, please write at the top of your letter "My ideas about visiting grandchildren" because if you do this your letter will be safely tucked away in a special place the minute it is

opened.)

Here is the letter:

"All of my grandchildren live out of town and get to come here seldom. We look forward to their visits, but in spite of earlier preparation of food and beds, still it is a constant jump all the time they are here. I'm always preparing last minute food, and it seems the children are into everything. I try just to let them run and clean up after they leave, but so much confusion and everything out of place and their clothes, etc., strung all over the place . . . well, when it is time for Sunday church we can't get breakfast over and find clothes and bathe, etc., without being worn out before we get started.

Their mothers don't want them to make me nervous and I know it is hard for them to be away from home with children too, and they want to visit their old friends while here. Yet I'm just too tired to baby-sit for them when I would love to, and of course I do anyway. Seems the mothers could make things a little less confusing, or is it me?

After they leave I feel so lonesome, like I haven't had enough time to enjoy the girls or their children, but I just can't let the table stand and sit down and play when there is another meal coming up. Really, I don't know what to do and I wish with all my heart that I knew how to manage."

A REPORT ON A FORMER PROBLEM

Do you folks remember the letter from the women in a certain church regarding a member whose poor housekeeping had led to difficulties? We printed this letter in October, 1956 and asked for an expression of opinion. Then in November, 1956 we printed the letter that seemed to us to be the best solution to the problem.

The other day a letter arrived from the woman who wrote the original letter. It was signed by all the women who had signed the original letter. They wanted us to know that they had followed through on the suggestions given in reply and found that their entire difficulty had been most happily resolved. They wondered, they said, why it had never occurred to them to assign this woman duties that didn't involve preparing food! She has proved to be a terrific organizer and they've never had a single hitch since she was given this responsibility. No one was hurt. No one violated the true meaning of Christian fellowship. All in all, the whole thing worked out wonderfully well and we were mighty happy to think that we had a tiny part in helping this group of women to find a Christian answer to their troubles.

Those of you who suggested the course of action that was followed (and most people who wrote actually suggested almost the identical solution) can be quietly happy in your own hearts that you took time to write and express yourself.

No opportunity is ever lost; the other fellow takes those you miss.

ALUMNI BANQUETS AND MEMORY TIME

By
Mabel Nair Brown

Alumni Banquets can be such a wonderful time for fun and for reminiscing. It means a great deal of work for those on the committees who must get the address list in order, plan the program and the meal, take charge of the decorating, etc., but isn't it worth it when you hear the departing guests exclaim: "Oh, what a grand time we had!" "Wasn't it wonderful to get together again?" "Next year maybe EVERYONE can come!"

The following suggestions are offered to help those on the program and decorating committees for such a banquet.

HERE COMES THE SHOWBOAT: The picturesque showboat sets the theme for this banquet. Call in the artistic hands among the alumni, plus those handy with hammer and nails and construct a "deck-wharf" scene at one end or at one side of the banquet hall. This will be the center of the decorative interest and also the stage setting for program.

Set up first the "deck" (stage floor). On the wall behind it fasten strips of wrapping paper or heavy white wall paper (backside out) and let someone paint a portion of the ship upon it, such as the railing of the deck, port-holes, etc. A portion of blue sky should show above the "deck", of course—perhaps a starlit night sky. Across the front of the deck build a deck railing. To give the effect of the wharf, arrange some bales of hay or straw and a few big wooden boxes immediately in front of the deck stage upon the floor. If you want a true southern atmosphere, wrap a few bales of hay with burlap sacks and cover the ends with cotton to represent cotton bales.

Nut cups can be covered to represent miniature showboats.

Centerpieces can be larger showboat models. These boats, as well as the side of the boat backdrop on the stage, should carry the boat's name—perhaps using your school's name such as "The Shenandoah", or "The Merry Union City".

Scattered over the tables have black paper cutouts of anchors and pilot wheels. Use larger ones to decorate the walls of the room. Make festoons of fishnets on some of the large wall spaces.

Large cardboard pilot wheels covered with black paper could be used as centerpieces, also, with flowers for accent. Miniature bales of cotton might be used as part of the table decorations, too.

The program should be cut in the shape of a boat or, using rectangular pages, you could have a large outline of the boat on each page and print the program within the outline.

Name cards could be cut in the shape of an anchor or pilot wheel and propped against the water glass or nutcup. Or, if a boat nutcup is used, each guest's name might be written as the name of the boat, or upon a

flag attached to the boat.

The program following the Showboat theme might run somewhat like this:

The Pilot Speaks—Invocation
Crewtime Harmony—Group Singing
Showboat Belles—Ladies quartette
Scanning The Passenger List—Introducing alumni

Shipboard Messenger—News from absent alumni

Showboat Jubilee—A small minstrel show or a mixed chorus that will sing popular showboat tunes; they should be dressed in gay nineties costumes. Perhaps a costumed Barbershop quartette might be featured.

Ship's Log—Main talk of the evening
Sailor's Chant—Group farewell song

Various stunts and acts might be introduced for fun, and appropriate showboat titles can be chosen for these.

School Daze Banquet

This banquet will remind the alumni of old schooltime days, but all with a decidedly humorous twist.

Decorations: Use maps, blackboards, freehand drawings and other "hand-work" on the walls to get a genuine schoolroom atmosphere. Be sure to get in the humorous angle by having some games of "Old Cat" and "Tic Tac Toe" scribbled along the walls or on blackboards, together with the familiar "John Loves Mary", etc. (Sketches of Teacher, of course!!)

One map of central interest might be a huge map of the United States with tiny pennants in the school colors that will mark the different states to which the alumni have scattered.

Globes will also add to the schoolroom atmosphere.

Table centerpieces might feature any number of things such as globes, old-fashioned slates, dunce caps, the little red schoolhouse, etc. How about a cake decorated as a model of your school building as the centerpiece for the speaker's table? Even the old familiar school lunch pail can be featured in the decorations!

Name cards can be fashioned of black construction paper with a red and white border as a replica of the slate with the names written upon it with white ink or pencil. Nut cups might be little construction paper lunch boxes.

The program can be made up as the rolled diploma tied with ribbons in the school colors.

You might consider using some unusual trophies of which your school is especially proud as one of the main table centerpieces—say a state basketball trophy with miniature basketballs as place favors; score cards and game programs can be scattered over the table.

PROGRAM

Opening Assembly—Invocation
Lunch hour (meal time)

Physical Training—some group participation action stunt.

"Tell It Time"—Check up on alumni present, roll call, etc.

Glee Club Practice—Musical number
Hall of Fame—Report on absent alumni or ones who have gone on to

be outstanding in their particular field in life.

Dramatics or Professor—Main speech
Music

Closing exercises

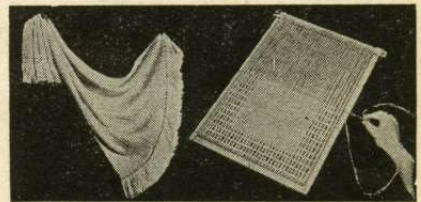
Recess

If the toastmaster (or mistress) is dressed in the typical clothes of an old-fashioned school teacher, plus horn-rimmed glasses, ruler, etc., it will add to the merriment.

For some of the special novelty numbers, consider costuming the women in old-fashioned Gym (bloomer and middies) suits, or some men in old-style football togs, etc.

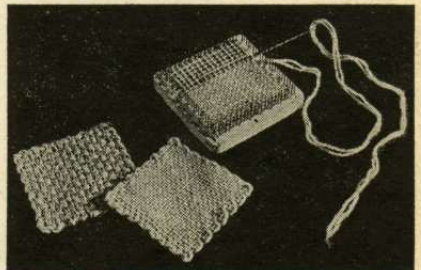
A small trouble is like a pebble. Hold it too close to your eye and it fills the whole world and puts everything out of focus. Hold it at proper viewing distance and it can be examined and properly classified. Throw it at your feet and it can be seen in its true setting, just one more tiny lump on the pathway to eternity.

The best helping hand you can find is at the end of your arm.



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1401 S. Main St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

THE FIRST SOUNDS OF SUMMER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Oliver and Martin are washing the car so this leaves me with a clean, quiet house and time to write my letter to you.

Helping to wash the car is one of the summer chores assigned to Martin and he has become very efficient. Like most youngsters he prefers washing the wheels and bumpers and shining the chrome, and as I recall, that is just what I liked to do.

Besides the car washing he digs dandelions, pulls weeds in the garden, burns the trash, carries out the garbage, makes his bed and brings in the milk and morning papers. He helped decide what his chores would be so consequently he likes to do them. The only chore there is any question about is the bed-making. He said this morning that he wished he didn't tear up the bedding so much so it would be easier to make!

Usually when Oliver and brother Wayne are gone for a meal, Abigail and I take the children to one of our lovely city parks for a wiener roast. They love to go, for what is more fun than toasting wieners and marshmallows over an open fire? So far we have lost few items of food in the fire and the youngsters are becoming experts.

The first time we went Abigail asked me if I would bring sticks or wiener forks. I told her I didn't have any real forks, but would furnish something. When we were unloading the car she shrieked, "Marge, you forgot the forks. What shall we do?" I pulled some wire coat hangers out of the car and said that I hadn't forgotten for there they were.

Have you ever made wiener forks from coat hangers? Whoever thought up that idea really had an imagination! You bend the hook out straight, then pull the bottom of the hanger down until you have a nice point on one end for your wiener and a double handle on the other. It is very convenient and we don't call it a makeshift at our house, but consider it our standard wiener roast equipment. Try it sometime.

I told you last month that we hadn't papered the kitchen because of spring work but we are starting this Monday. I haven't enjoyed cooking in a half-finished kitchen so it will be a great joy to me to have the work completed. Then we plan to paint the back porch and steps and we will be finished for this year. We spend quite a bit of time on our back porch, not only for eating, but for evening relaxing since it is on the south and we get such lovely evening breezes after a warm day. As a matter of fact, it is so comfortable that we hate to go back into the house. Perhaps someday we can enlarge it so we can even sleep out there.

This Monday Martin starts his six-weeks' course in the grade school band. He hasn't decided yet what instrument he wants to play, but the band director said not to rush him into a decision so we're hoping that after a



In one of her recent letters Margery told you about the big redecorating project in their dining room, so I won't go into details about the color scheme. Those stunning louvered doors opened into Martin's room when the work was done, but now he has moved upstairs and behind those doors is a very efficient "office" where Margery answers your letters.

day or two of listening to demonstrations of the various instruments he will come to some decision. Grandmother remembered that Frederick's old cornet was in their basement so he dragged it out one day. There are a few parts missing and it is in general bad repair, but he has enjoyed marching around the house blasting away on it.

The cornet has replaced the vacuum cleaner in attraction at our house for little Clark. The moment he steps into the house he starts looking for it and yesterday when I was looking after him while Abigail took the girls to the dentist he got that wonderful look in his eye and told me that next Christmas Santa Claus was going to bring him a horn just *exactly* like it!

When I reported this to Abigail she said that it would no doubt be better than the *real* diesel train that Aunt Dorothy and Kristin ride on!

Before I leave the subject of instruments I must tell you about the grade school concert they have in Shenandoah every spring during the closing days of school. All fourth-graders study the Tonette. (I've heard it referred to as a sweet potato pipe.) This is a very important part of the youngsters' musical development for it is the forerunner to the fifth and sixth grade band. Perhaps that is one of the reasons so much interest is shown in band in our city. We have a very good Junior High concert and marching band as well as the Senior High band.

Well, back to the concert, the fourth graders played several numbers on the Tonettes and the rest of the program was made up of the fifth and sixth grade chorus and band. It really was thrilling to hear this wonderful program put on by such young children. We are fortunate indeed for the superior musical direction our Shenandoah youngsters receive throughout our school system.

Last month I told you about the

nine baby pups we had at our house. Certainly we were fortunate that there were eight males and only one female, because that made finding homes for them much easier. As a matter of fact, I put an ad in our local paper and in less than thirty-six hours every pup was in a new home and we had as many more phone calls from people after the last pup had gone. It was pretty lonesome around here for a while and some long faces too, for we were becoming quite attached to them.

We have quite a baseball diamond in our side yard. In the evenings the boys in the neighborhood collect and start a game. That is one advantage we have in a big yard. When Martin and his friends aren't playing baseball or at the swimming pool they are in a neighbor's pasture looking for garter snakes. This sounds like typical boy activities, doesn't it? This summer I have had to get over my fear of snakes because looking for them, plus toads is the chief source of entertainment. When we go on our picnics I've learned now to take along jars for them if I don't want them loose in the car!

There have been some nice coffee parties lately. I mentioned last month that we were planning one for the church ladies. It was a perfectly beautiful morning and certainly a joy to have coffee with friends at the start of such a day. My friend, Margaret Welty, and I made small favors out of laceron and artificial flowers that looked like little miniature nose-gays. We used a huge bowl of potted pansy plants for the table centerpiece. Fruit chunks on picks and assorted rolls were served with the coffee.

Have you ever played this for a mixer at such an affair? As each guest arrived she was given a sheet of paper marked off in twenty-five squares (five rows across and five down) in which she was to get the sig-

(Continued on next page)

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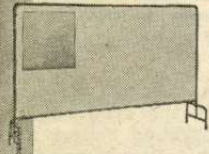
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A PRAYER FOR THE NEWLY MARRIED

Father, we know that Thou art the Author of Love; that the love which we bear each other is Thy gift to us, precious in Thy sight, precious in ours. Help us, as we negotiate the highway of life, never lightly to regard this gift.

We know that the relationship into which we have entered is more than moonlight and roses, much more than singing of love songs and whisperings of our vows of undying affection. We know that our marriage will stand and endure—not by the wedding ceremony or by the marriage license, but rather by the strength of the love which Thou has given us and by the endurance of our faith in each other and in Thee.

We thank Thee that Thy blessing will go down the years with us as a light on our way, a benediction to the home we have established. May our home always be a haven of strength to all who enter it—our neighbors, relatives and friends. In the name of Christ we ask and thank Thee. Amen.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

natures of twenty-five women. Then the names of all the guests were called off and the object of the game was to see who was the first to have a row across, down or diagonally. It was simple, all could participate, and it gave the guests an opportunity to mingle. After our coffee we had a very inspiring musical reading.

This week two friends and I had a coffee for a friend who is leaving soon with her husband for a trip to Bermuda. We used Beauty Bush, Weigela and Mock Orange for flowers around the house. We served something I have never used before at a coffee. We put a dipper of orange sherbet in a goblet and poured orange juice over it. It was served with straws and a spoon. This was passed to the guests. After the goblets were collected the guests came to the table for raspberry coffee cake, assorted cookies, nuts and coffee. Again we were blessed with an absolutely perfect morning, the kind I laid awake the night before dreaming and hoping for.

Tomorrow the children are being promoted in Sunday School. Martin will receive a new Bible so it is a day he will long remember. In the afternoon we plan to drive over to Stanton, Iowa to see how Viking Lake is filling at the new State park. We haven't been over since last fall when they were in the midst of grading. We plan to take a picnic lunch with us and Uncle Fred Fischer said he would like to go too, so it sounds like a nice day for us, doesn't it?

This must be all. The car is washed and it is time to put the potatoes on for supper.

Sincerely,
Margery

MISSOURI RIVER MUSINGS

By
Elaine Derendinger

I live near the river. Actually it's a muddy mass of movement, and yet it's beautiful! A river is at its best in early morning or late evening — when the mists hang low — and the rays of the sun cast varicolored streaks on the shimmering ripples.

Do you ever wonder why the presence of large bodies of water is soothing to the mind and causes tranquil thought? I believe this is why: it is not mechanical, like so much in our daily lives. It does not move at supersonic speed, nor is it jet-propelled. The river is a reminder of the romantic age of river travel, river mansions, river lore. And time stood still — or so it seems now! The river is seemingly eternal; without beginning or end. While its murmur is gentle, it can be stronger than any of us.

I know how strong it can be! Six years ago in July the river moved into our house, and we moved out. Only temporary. They say real river folk always return. The messy memories have long vanished, but I often think of these things

Our daughter, Christy, age 5, going



Faith Field Stone, Uncle Henry Field's eldest daughter and Mother's eldest niece. She and her husband, Weldon Stone, make frequent trips from San Diego to see the folks when they are in Redlands, Calif.

up to everyone she met and proudly informing them that WE had water in OUR basement.

The two Irish setters climbing on an abandoned table in the neighbor's basement, floating about with wagging tails, as if it were a palace basement, at the very least.

Our sensations when we came to the inside of the house, just after the water receded and felt so dismal at the sight of mildewed paper and warped floors. Then I looked at Mike, age 4. He was staring at all this with love in his eyes and voice as he exclaimed, "My home!"

After we moved back, I noticed bunches of dry grass hanging to clothespins on my neighbor's line, exactly as if she had hung them up to dry.

We lived for weeks with a box of dishes under the bed and queer noises at night. On investigating I saw that we had been sharing our bedroom with a large family of happy mice.

Then there were the weeks we stayed at my sister's home while the house "dried". I kept her four children — along with my own three — one afternoon while she went to town, and I wasn't concerned as they had always seemed like paragons of virtue, compared to my own!

When the sound of the car died in the distance, the oldest girl immediately went to the basement and began to grind coal in the genuine, antique coffee-grinder. The next to the oldest staged a parade in the front yard, clad only in an ancient girdle, decorated with a gold chain. The third climbed to the roof of the hen-house, and raced daringly around the edge. The youngest located an evil-looking corn-knife and started chopping at trees in the yard.

Aghast, I asked, "Does your Mother care if you do these things?" "Oh no," they assured me, serenely — so I went bravely to drag my own away from the pond, highway, and attic window. When my sister returned she was stunned to hear the escapades of her model children. We still laugh when we mention the year the Missouri river moved in and we moved out!

Money may not go so far as it used to but it has just as hard a time getting back.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

to leave, Richard and his wife drove down from Minneapolis to get her, and now she is visiting them. I thought that the first letter she wrote after she reached the old neighborhood was a comment on how quickly things change. Mother and Dad Verness left their home (it is now Richard's home) only three years ago, and yet in so short a time there were so many changes that she said in her letter: "So many of the old neighbors are dead or have moved away that it feels very lonesome."

In no other country of the world is there as much moving around and shifting as we have in the United States. Our towns change so rapidly that if one is gone only four or five years he scarcely recognizes the place when he returns. Not since the first great opening of the West has there been such a tremendous number of people moving towards the Pacific. Whole new towns, sizable towns, have sprung to life. Cities such as Phoenix have grown unbelievably in only ten years.

A good friend of mine once said thoughtfully: "You know, an American is lucky if he walks up the same flight of stairs twice during his life." And sometimes I think she was right.

I hope you'll keep your ears peeled for the very special bulb offers we're going to make this summer on our radio visits and also watch our Kitchen-Klatter magazine with a sharp eye for the terrific bargains we'll be offering. The dream of my life is to go to Holland someday and see the wonderful farm where the bulbs are grown that we order for you. Right at the moment I can't imagine when this will ever be, but there's no law against hoping, is there?

I've taken far more space than I should take! Yet I have only this one opportunity a month to write to you and there always seems so much to say that I can't get it all on one page. I hope that you'll answer this letter and tell me what you're up to these days. And if you'll tell me what you'd like to see in Kitchen-Klatter that would be helpful to you, I'll do my very best to round it up.

Now it's time to get supper (meat loaf tonight) and I must run to the kitchen. Until August . . . Lucile.

COVER PICTURE

All set for happy summer days are Jean Marie and Kerry Lee Cathcart, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Cathcart of Jerome, Iowa. All of you know Mildred Cathcart, their mother, because of the many years she has contributed helpful material to Kitchen-Klatter. In a recent letter she said they had some new ponies so tiny that the children carried them around as if they were dogs! We've never seen ponies of this size and only wish that we had time to drive over to Jerome (not far from Centerville, Ia.) and see them with our own eyes. Perhaps we can get a picture of them before too long.

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Remember the great flaming, scarlet-crimson Tulips that dazzled your eyes only a short time ago? Those are Red Emperors, the giant beauties that can lift the heaviest heart with their wonderfully radiant glow. The ones in our own gardens were bigger this year than ever before, and they were planted long, long ago.

In the fall prices will be higher. You can take advantage of our summer special and place your orders **right now**. As soon as these superb quality bulbs come in from the great Holland bulb farm where they are grown, we'll be all set to ship them on to you at the prices quoted here:

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MUSINGS ON AN ANNIVERSARY

I was your bride . . . filled with hopes for the future, hopes for children and a home, with you as my companion through the years ahead, assured that we would share and be as one. "I will" was the troth I pledged to you.

I have four children who have now grown to adulthood. Have I done my part in developing a family tree which would give protection and security to these branches? Or have I given inspiration which has led to plants that have put down roots in foreign soil? I pray I may have taught wisdom in choosing only fertile soil in which their lives might flourish. Have I taught them to seek God in all their ways?

I have a good house . . . have I made it a home where love has kept the windows clear and shining, an open door, a hearthstone warm? Have I given food that has nourished the mind and soul as well as the body?

Have I done my part in making a home respected in the community? Have I given Christ His rightful place in our home?

I have you beside me . . . am I still that bride in your mind and heart? Have I kept the candle glowing through two wars, sickness, death, through tragedy, sorrows beyond our understanding, emotional struggles, economic insecurity and problems demanding my best efforts?

These I, with God's help, have tried to do. The years ahead are in His hand. I shall continue on, hoping that I have lived up to that troth I pledged to you, trusting that He shall guide me through 'the last, for which the first was made'.

And thus as your wife I speak to you Browning's golden words:

"Come, grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made.

Our times are in His hand!"

—Gladys Niece Templeton

Good Summer Reading

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 AMERICA REMEMBERS by Rapport & Schartle\$3.95
 TO MY SON: Faith At Our House by Dale Evans Rogers\$2.00
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For The Children

MRS. LONGTAIL SEES THE NIGHT

By
 Myrtle E. Felkner

"Do wake up," Mrs. Longtail Mouse said to Mr. Longtail. "We are going out."

"Hmmm?" asked Mr. Longtail sleepily. "Out? Out where, my dear?"

"Out in the night," answered Mrs. Longtail. "Cousin Lydia Fieldmouse told me that the meadow is alive at night. I want to see an alive meadow."

"It sounds dangerous to me," commented Mr. Longtail mildly.

"Oh, pooh," said Mrs. Longtail, and off she went, without even waiting for her husband.

Mrs. Longtail scampered out of the potato bin where she lived with Mr. Longtail, out of the basement, over a wooden gate, and along the little road that led to the meadow.

"What a lovely night for adventure," thought Mrs. Longtail. The moon was as big as a platter. It shone on the little road that led to the meadow until it was as bright as day. Mrs. Longtail shivered a little with excitement. "At least I won't get lost," she said.

"Why not? Where are you going?" asked a young red fox beside the path.

"I am going out," replied Mrs. Longtail. "Is the meadow alive tonight?"

"Oh, yes. But I can't let you go there. You are the first mouse I ever caught."

"Really?" asked Mrs. Longtail, who was very interested. "Who usually catches your mice?"

"My father. Only tonight I am old enough to hunt for myself. And you are my first fieldmouse."

"What a shame that you can't keep me," said Mrs. Longtail. "I am not a fieldmouse at all; I am just a housemouse."

The young red fox looked confused, so Mrs. Longtail flicked her tail and was gone.

"I am really quite a competent mouse," mused Mrs. Longtail. "Even Mr. Longtail will have to admit that."

Soon Mrs. Longtail came upon three young coons playing in the tall sweet grasses.

"Good evening," she said politely. "Is the meadow alive tonight?"

"Alive?" asked the first young coon. "Oh, yes," said the second young coon.

"Why?" asked the third young coon. "Because I have never seen an alive meadow. Is it far?"

"Far?" asked the first young coon.

"Just a ways," said the second young coon.

"I've got you," said the third young coon, and sure enough, he had.

"Please let go," said Mrs. Longtail. "It's my birthday."

"What's a birthday?" asked the first young coon.

"It's the day you were born."

"Were you born today?"

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Longtail. "It is the anniversary of the day you were born."

"Where did you hear about it?" asked the second young coon.

"At the house," explained Mrs. Longtail. "Mrs. Baldman is always talking about birthdays."

"How old are you?" asked the third young coon.

"My goodness, such curious coons," said Mrs. Longtail. "I simply wouldn't tell."

"Away you go," said the young coon, and he gave Mrs. Longtail a little push up the path.

Now Mrs. Longtail was in the meadow. She lay under a wild mustard leaf to rest and to think about the alive meadow.

The great black cows were in the meadow. They lay on their sides and chomped the wind. There were rabbits who hopped a little ways and sniffed and snuffed and hopped a little ways further. There were many fieldmice, but they scurried along without paying any attention to Mrs. Longtail. There were four little skunks who paraded behind their mother and a porcupine who dropped a quill in the meadow. There was a big bullsnake who crept beneath the wild mustard leaf and stuck out his tongue at Mrs. Longtail.

"Hello," said Mrs. Longtail. "Is that polite?"

"For snakes it is," said the bullsnake. "Besides, I am going to eat you. I always stick out my tongue first."

"Really?" asked Mrs. Longtail, who was very interested. "How do you do it?"

"It's simple. I'll show you. Open very wide and then poke your tongue out. Like this." The bullsnake opened his mouth, and while he was busy with his tongue Mrs. Longtail flicked her tail and was gone.

Mr. Longtail was making ginger tea for breakfast when Mrs. Longtail came home.

"Was the meadow alive?" he asked with mild curiosity.

"Most of it is," said Mrs. Longtail. "You will have to see for yourself."

Then she drank a cup of Mr. Longtail's tea, kissed him on the nose, and went to bed.

THE JUG AND THE WATER

A stranger was passing through a desert country when his car stalled. The day was hot and the man began to suffer from thirst. Along came a cowboy carrying a jug of water. The stranger asked for a drink.

"You are welcome to a drink," answered the cowboy, "on three conditions. You must not take out the cork, nor make a hole in the cork, nor make a hole in the jug."

The thirsty man hesitated only a moment, then he took the jug, complied with all three conditions and drank to his heart's content of the refreshing water. How did he do it?

Answer

The cowboy did not forbid the man to push the cork into the jug and that is just what he did!

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JULY IN THE GARDEN—Concluded

clean up and beautify our small towns, parks, school grounds and roadside parks. If garden clubs keep up their present momentum, the culture and arrangement of flowers may be added to our art courses in schools. And after our love of beauty becomes a natural characteristic, may it in time become an international bond. Perhaps if we were exchanging horticulture lore, slips, seeds, plants and garden ideas with other nations instead of bombs and bullets, the language of the flowers might bring world peace.

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\$2.95 Per Pair DIRECT FROM FACTORY Sizes for Men and Women

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A blessing for foot sufferers. Relieves weak arches, callouses, tired, aching feet. Unexcelled cushion-comfort! Adjustable, soft, flexible. Metatarsal and longitudinal arch easily adjusted. No metal. ORDER TODAY! Give shoe size and width. If for man or woman. Money back guarantee. Postpaid except CODs. STEMMONS MFG. CO., Box 6037, Dept. K K7 Kansas City, Mo.

TRY IT!



DUSORB

MAKES ANY CLOTH ABSORB DUST

ASK YOUR LOCAL GROCER

ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM

No more sore stiff joints, muscles, aches or pains. Send for my 750 word easy to understand letter. Cured all my aches and pains with common kitchen foods. Without doctors, drugs or medicines. Greatest health blessing you may ever receive. I will explain low cost letter which is a valuable schooling on foods any one can afford. Write me your troubles. B. G. Burt, Box 369 — Santa Rosa, California

FILM FINISHING! 39¢ per roll
Jumbo Prints 6-8-12 Exp.

12 Exposure Rolls, 39¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

For an Exact Value **LINCOLN STUDIOS** Box 13 Dept. 66 Lincoln, Nebr.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Join us for a visit every day Monday through Friday over any of the following stations.

KFEQ—ST. JOSEPH, MO. — 680 on your dial 9:00 A.M.

WJAG—NORFOLK, NEBR. — 780 on your dial 10:00 A.M.

KRVN—LEXINGTON, NEBR. — 1010 on your dial 10:30 A.M.

KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920 on your dial 9:00 A.M.

KFAB—OMAHA, NEBR. — 1110 on your dial 1:00 P.M.

THIS MADE US HAPPY

Dear Lucile:

You may be interested to know that my story in the January, 1956 issue of Kitchen-Klatter was entered in the Kansas Press Women's annual contest as a "Feature story in a magazine" and placed first. A Kitchen-Klatter story also won a first the year before."

Sincerely,
Frances R. Williams

The best pay that I ever got was experience, which I think is still the most valuable thing in the world. It is the one thing no man can take away from me.

FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVINGS!



LIST PRICE \$49.95

YOUR PRICE **\$16⁹⁵**

POWERFUL 2-SPEED COOLING UNIT

- Tremendous air-moving capacity—change air in room in 3 minutes
- Portable—use it as a window or floor fan, exhaust or intake
- Slow or fast speed • Quiet motor—ideal for bedroom

Why suffer in stuffy, muggy rooms when you can relax in cool, refreshing comfort. This modern fan is the most advanced design on the market! Four balanced blades and efficient, powerful motor change air in room in 3 to 4 minutes; exhaust stale air at same speed. Just dial for fast or slow speed. Ideal anywhere: home, attic, office, store. Completely portable—convenient handle. Clips quickly in and out of window panel (included) for use as window fan (panel adjusts from 25½" to 34½"). Four rubber-tipped feet make it a floor or table model—won't mar, tip or "walk." On-off switch. Quiet, dependable motor. Double guards enclose both sides of fan, complete protection even for small prying fingers. Attractive, chip-proof turquoise finished all-steel cabinet with white grill. 13 x 14 x 6" deep. A.C. UL approved.



FAMOUS ALCAMATIC STEAM & DRY IRON

- Uses ordinary tap water
- Instant change steam to dry
- Big 34 sq. in., 9-vent soleplate

YOUR PRICE **\$8⁹⁵**

With Alcamatic you get professional results. It dampens thoroughly, presses quickly with big 34-square-inch soleplate. Turns ordinary tap water into vapor that steams gently, continuously. No need to keep expensive distilled water on hand. Easy-to-fill reservoir holds enough water for an hour or more of steam ironing. Automatic fingertip Safety-Set Fabric Selector dial for all fabrics. Weighs just 3½ lbs. Cool handle with double thumb rests. 110-120v, A.C.



TAKE OFF UGLY FAT

For a Glorious Figure

YOUR PRICE **\$8⁹⁵**

- Take off fat where it shows
- Aids circulation—relaxes!

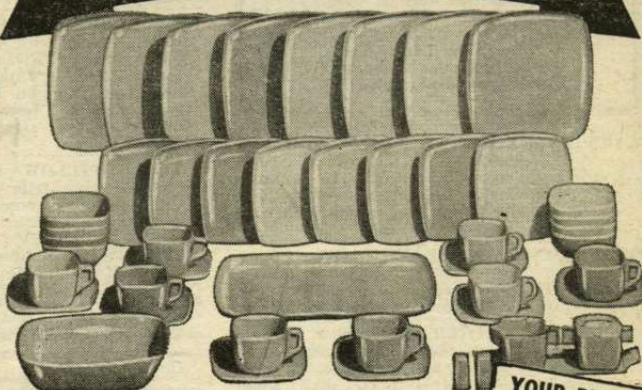
ELECTRIC GLORIFIER MASSAGER

Gets at the strategic spots—tummy, hips, thighs. 4 rubber rollers vibrate flabby tissue—2-way action takes off inches. Same type massage costs just as much per massage in fashionable salons. On-off switch. A.C. Fully U.L. approved.

NIRESK INDUSTRIES • CHICAGO 40, ILL.

New! Lifetime Tranquilware

Won't Break—Chip—Crack—Craze! Guaranteed!



• COFFEE, TEA AND CITRUS WILL NOT STAIN

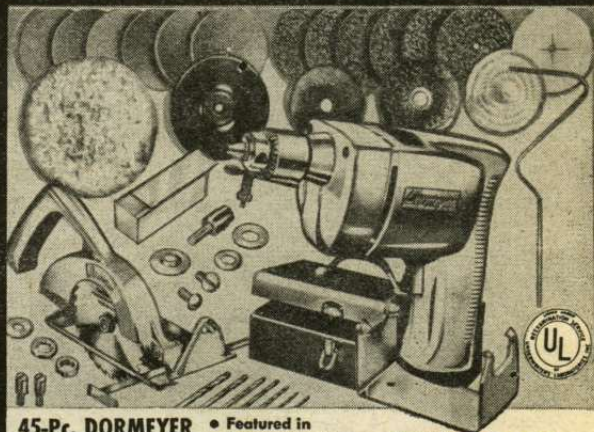
Miracle C-11 Tranquilware by Bakelite Company. Satin gloss is permanent—even thru repeated washings in heavy detergents. Comes with written guarantee. Rainbow sets: 16 pcs. 4 each, 10" dinner plates, salad plates, cups, saucers.
16-pc. Starter Set.....\$5.95

20-pc. Set. Same as 16-pc. set plus four 12-ounce soup bowls. (\$15.99 value.).....\$6.95

- Blue, green, pink, yellow pastels
- Decorator shape—china-like lustre

48-pc. Set. Service for eight in rainbow set. Includes 8 each: 10" dinner plates, salad plates, cups, saucers, 12-oz. soup bowls, plus creamer, sugar bowl with cover, salt and pepper shakers, tray, 15 x 10-inch platter, generous-sized vegetable dish. (\$34.99 value.) \$14.95

YOUR PRICE **\$5⁹⁵**
List Price \$12.99



45-Pc. DORMEYER POWER SHOP

- ¼" kit with famous Jacobs chuck

- Featured in Popular Mechanics
- Never before so low priced

YOUR PRICE **\$23²²**
List Price \$59.95

Famous Matched Craft #5-2122 ¼" drill with Jacobs Chuck. Accessories convert to power saw with rip center fence, sander, polisher, grinder or buffer, horizontal stand; 4" saw blade; twelve 4" sanding discs; 4½" lambswool bonnet; 4" rubber backing pad; 4" sandpaper pattern; 3" grinding wheel; 7 drill bits; 3" wire wheel brush; paint mixer; 3" buffing wheel; 6-piece arbor set in plastic case. Steel carrying case.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Niresk Industries, Dept. AB-3
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please rush items checked. Purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

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|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Fan..... | \$16.95 |
| Tranquilware Dishes: <input type="checkbox"/> 16-pc. Set..... | \$ 5.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20-pc. Set..... | \$6.95; <input type="checkbox"/> 48-pc. Set..... |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam and Dry Iron..... | \$ 8.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 45-piece Dormeyer Power Shop..... | \$23.22 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Glorifier Electric Reducer-Massager..... | \$ 8.95 |

Due to these low sale prices add 80c for postage-handling.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ Enclosed find payment of \$; ☐ Ship COD, plus COD & postage charges.