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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

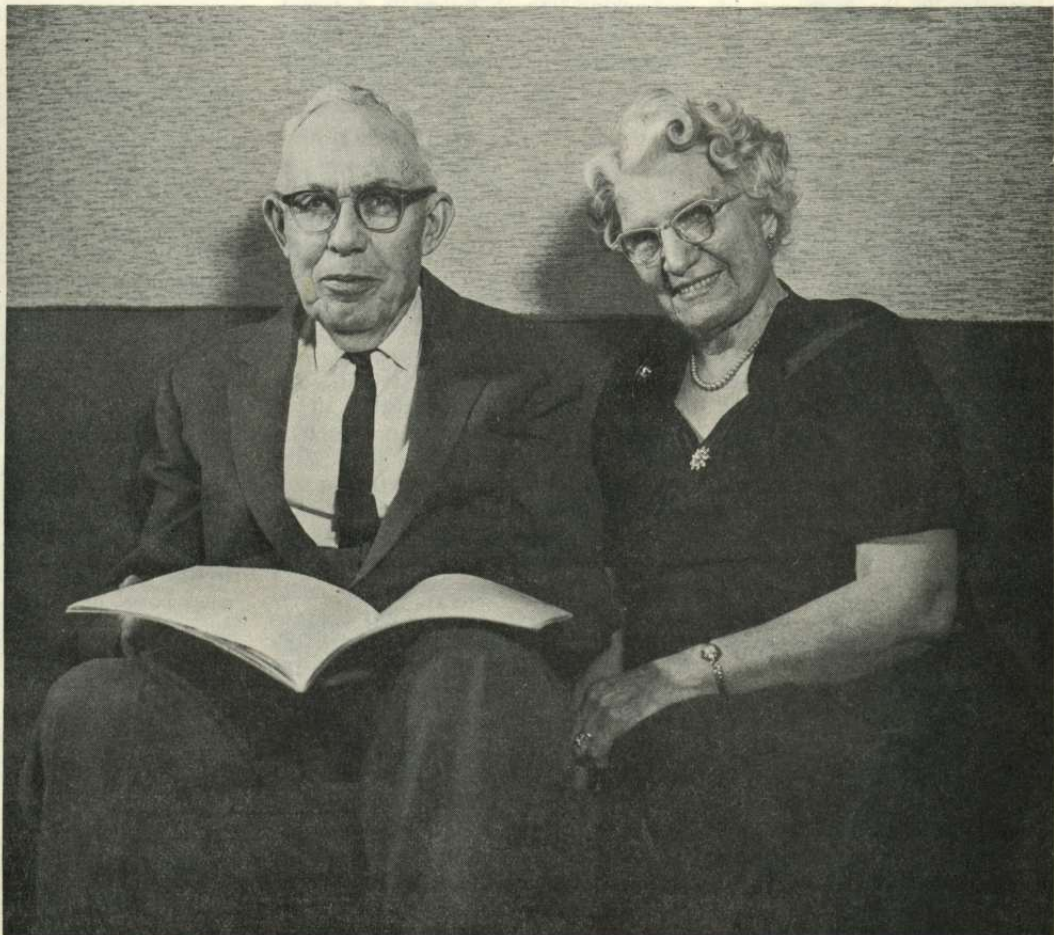
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 27

JUNE, 1963

NUMBER 6



- Photo by Burdick

Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier

PEARSON
302 HAMBURG AVE
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post
Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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My dear Friends:

When I look at this dining room table, I wonder if I can collect my wandering thoughts enough to write to you! Finally, after waiting several months for our turn, the workmen came to start the redecorating in the back part of our house. We never have all of the rooms downstairs redecorated at the same time so that we can at least stay here and not have to move out.

This year we are having the bedroom, small office, back hall, bathroom and kitchen papered and painted. We expect to have some floor covering in part of that area replaced, but our turn hasn't yet rolled around for that work.

Today the men said they would be ready to start in on the kitchen, so I've been emptying drawers and clearing off cabinet shelves. And yes! all of this accumulation is on the dining room table. I barely made room enough for the writing paper.

We've delayed spring housecleaning in this part of the house because of this work. Now, I wonder if it wouldn't have been wise to have waited on any cleaning until after the workmen had cleared out of the house for, looking at the accumulation in the dining room, this room, at least, will have to have another going over. Well, with the first warm spring days, I couldn't help but want to launch in on special cleaning jobs when everyone else was in the midst of theirs.

This is going to be a June to remember for Mart and I will be celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary, and all seven of our children, their wives and husbands, and our grandchildren plan to be here. It will be the first time all of our family has been together since the children married. It will be quite a reunion, won't it?

Since all of our bedrooms upstairs will be used (plus those in Lucile's, Howard's and Margery's homes) I made my "spring trip" upstairs last week to make sure that everything was in order and ready for company.

(For those of you who are curious as to how I manage the stairs, I get off of my wheel chair at the bottom step, and scoot up backwards until I reach the top. Our son Howard lifts me into my waiting wheel chair.)

Looking through things in a closet, I found a box containing letters written to us by our four sons when they were in the service. I spent a great deal of time getting them in order, and I'm sure they'll enjoy reading them after all these years. I should say with one exception. Howard, who was in Leyte, Okinawa, and many of the other islands in the South Pacific, said his family would be interested in them, but they contained much that he didn't care to recall. Many servicemen feel that way.

Martin (Oliver and Margery's son) was helping me with the sorting in the closets, and his eyes really lit up when we ran across, in another box, the speaker boxes that we used years ago when Mart was working in our garage office and I was alone in the house. If I needed him for anything, all I had to do was call to him from any room in the house and he could hear me. It was a wonderful convenience. I knew the moment I saw the excited look on Martin's face that the little speaker outfit, long unused, was going to find a new home. He rushed home with it and set it up in his room to see if it was still in working order. Margery says that he has been having a wonderful time with it.

The Iowa Mother of the Year for 1963 is Mrs. J. L. Lush of Ames, Iowa. The Recognition Service and reception were held in the Collegiate Presbyterian Church there on April 21st. During the week-end, the Iowa Mothers' House-party was held at the Holiday Inn in Ames, which was very convenient for it contained a large meeting room where we could congregate for visiting and business sessions. Margery went with me and we had a lovely time renewing friendships and making new ones.

Those attending were past Iowa Mothers of the Year and Merit Mothers (those who were nominated in their communities). This year there were 68 in attendance, and eight of those were past State Mothers. Those of you who are old friends of the family may remember that this honor came to me in the year 1954.

On Saturday we were invited to a tea at the Munn residence. Margery checked the steps to see if she could get me in and finding too many for her to manage, I remained in the car while she and the friends who rode with us went in for tea. When they returned, they had a pretty napkin filled with dainty cookies and gave me a description of the interesting antiques in the Munn home.

On Sunday morning Dr. and Mrs. Lush entertained the group for breakfast at their home. As I mentioned, there were over sixty of us, and we didn't see how such a large group could be handled in a private residence, but it was — and very nicely. Tables were set up in the dining room and den and also in a basement recreation room. Since everyone didn't arrive at the same time, we ate in shifts.

After breakfast, we drove to the church for morning services. There were a number of steps, but dozens of college boys around, so this was no problem for me at all. Four husky boys ran up and with two on each side, they carried me, chair and all, up to the sanctuary. The Recognition Service, followed by a reception, was held at the same church, and immediately afterwards we left for home.

We've had a beautiful spring this year—short on rainfall at times, but the flowers and lawns didn't seem to suffer. The last time Wayne, who is in the nursery business in Denver, came home, he suggested that we take out the tall cedars by our front steps and plant new ones. When he comes home this summer he'll be happy to see that the job is done. Martin, who is old enough to look after things in our yard now, took out the old trees and planted the little new ones. Until they have some growth on them, they'll look small for the space, but if time passes as quickly as it has in past years, they'll fill it out before we know it.

And if I'm any judge of space, this should be about the end of my page, so I'll say "Goodbye" until next month when I hope to be able to tell you more about the plans for our reunion.

Sincerely,

Leanna

YOUR LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends, One and All:

I just now returned from town with a big load of groceries, and as we pulled up in front of the house I studied it and decided that it looked *real good*! This happy impression was caused by the fact that we have just wound up an outside paint job and made such a drastic change of color, trim, etc., I'm sort of taken by surprise everytime we drive up--think for one split second we've stopped at the wrong house!

It has been approximately three and a half years since our rebuilt house was painted for the first time, and frankly, I thought it would hold for many years to come. I still remember, you see, when a house was painted and then you sat back and relaxed and didn't give it any more thought until quite a few summers and winters had come and gone. Well, this no longer seems to be true. Even though we had the very finest painter do the first job and even though we bought the best paint available, here we were, three and a half years later, doing the whole thing all over again. And since it had to be done, we decided to change the color and trim most drastically.

Originally the house was a deep, rather dark blue--I remember giving you the formula for this because the color had to be mixed. We painted all the shutters and trim a dead white. For a long time we were satisfied with this combination, but then it began to fade badly and get sort of a neglected, down-at-the heels look. We are hoping that our new choice of color will stay "even" much, much longer. It is a very soft, delicate shade of pearlgray--not heavy and dark, but light and airy looking. The trim is still white, and it looks exceptionally nice against the gray, but the shutters are a very dark green--almost a slate green. To our eyes, this is a fortunate combination of colors.

I told Russell when we drove home a few minutes ago that it was astounding how much bigger the house looked! We've always known that heavy-set people should stick with dark colors to minimize their size, but I never would have dreamed that a dark color could possibly make so much difference in the over-all impression of a house. I guess it's simply a principle that works for *everything*!

We managed to get something else done too that we've been "aiming" to get at since the house was remodeled: flower boxes permanently anchored to all of the areas under the windows on the front and side wings of the house. These were built of redwood (by far the most durable wood for outdoor use,



Lucile tells you in her letter about this plant which stands at the end of the living room.

as I'm sure you know) and lined with tin. We expect to fill these boxes with pots that contain caladiums of various colors, and I'm sure they will give a more soft and inviting appearance to the house. I love flower boxes and hanging baskets--somehow they call back to me a time so much more peaceful and pleasant than the world we know today. Many, many midwestern towns are making a real effort to utilize these things in their business sections (Shenandoah, for instance, has put forth a valiant effort), and it does make any Main street seem so much more attractive.

While we had our highly competent painter here (and never have we seen anyone work so fast and so carefully), we decided to have the kitchen and living room ceilings given another coat of paint. And it is most certainly our fault that we had to have them worked on in such a comparatively short period of time. At the time this original work was done we were so exhausted with the months of upheaval and so wild to get settled into the house that we settled for one coat of paint on those ceilings--just one. Of course it needed two right at the outset, but believe me, I was more than willing to forego the second coat and those of you who have lived for months in remodeling confusion know exactly what I'm talking about. Now, thank goodness, it is all done and done right.

The picture on this page probably won't give you too many clear details, but at least you can get an idea of the enormous size of the plant in the foreground. This was a gift from Aunt Helen Fischer many years ago, and we're glad it was not out in the greenhouse when the heat failed and everything froze. Russell has trained it along the wooden valance that runs entirely across that big expanse of windows, and we much enjoy its fresh green color both in winter and summer. The large planter that it occupies has

a tin lining, and the jar stands on chunks of brick so that it can have proper drainage.

Young people change their plans by fits and starts, but at this time we are looking forward to having Juliana fairly close at hand during the summer months. She wishes to go to summer school and has just about decided that at Creighton College in Omaha she can line up some of the courses that she needs. Of course she won't be running back and forth to Shenandoah at the drop of a hat, but at least she can come down for some weekends and certainly Omaha seems practically next door compared to Albuquerque. Classes run very late at the University of New Mexico, and I think it will be close to the latter part of June before she winds up her work out there.

In recent weeks Russell has made many trips to Omaha to see his dentist, and when I'm halfway caught up with things and feel that I can sneak away, I've gone along just for the ride. I guess people from other parts of the United States think that the countryside in these parts is pretty dull, but my! on a sparkling spring day it is surely a lovely landscape. (In all frank honesty I must confess that during the "mud season" and under a leaden March sky, this same landscape could scarcely be called lovely.)

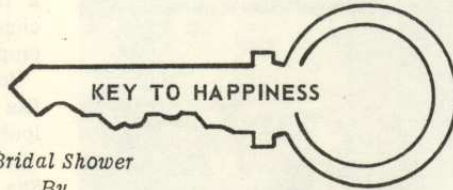
Our cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger in Iowa City has had a long, drawn-out session of hospitalization, weeks in bed at home, etc. etc., because of a ruptured appendix. If this had to happen at all, winter would surely been the ideal time because no one could miss spring in the garden more acutely than Gretchen. Many of you friends in the area around Cedar Rapids and Iowa City have gone on spring garden tours to her home, so you can imagine how she felt as the weeks came and went while not a finger could be lifted. We hope she is going to be well enough in late June to come here with her husband to the folks' Golden Wedding.

Since I hear from many of you friends I know that some of your households were hard hit by the flu. It's my own personal opinion that this was the kind of flu (by and large) that caused such dreadful devastation in 1918, and I think that without the modern antibiotics we would have had a comparable catastrophe this year. Both Russell and I had severe attacks of it that left us feeling completely worthless for about a month. I just can't remember when we've both been so SICK, and without the whole arsenal of modern miracle drugs I can't help but wonder what the outcome would

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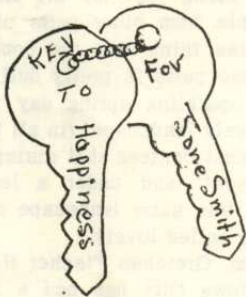


A Bridal Shower
By
Mabel Nair Brown



Big keys, little keys, plain keys, fancy keys; keys from front door on through the house; keys everywhere, when that is the word that is the KEY to the shower theme, "Key to Happiness".

Let the invitation be cut from construction paper in the form of a large key in one of the bride's colors, or use a key from each color, and tie them together with narrow ribbon in one of the colors. Thus your invitation will be written on a "key chain" of keys.



The invitation will read something like this: "This is to key you in on a shower we're having for Jane Smith to help her unlock the door to future happiness. We're all keyed up for a good time, so do plan to join us on June 14, at 8 P.M. (signed) -----."

Decorations

For the front door "bridal swag", cut a very large key from cardboard. Tie a bow of net in the bride's chosen colors, along with a cluster of the artificial lily of the valley, to the handle of the key. You may prefer to cut the large key from the white styrofoam.

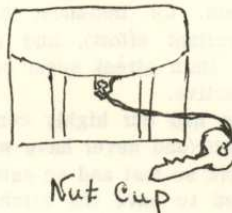


For a tea table centerpiece, use a large key, a short bridal veil attached to a bridal "crown", and a small bridal bouquet, or corsage. If you have

garden flowers available, by all means make up your own arrangement for this — even a pretty garden corsage made by inserting the stems of the flowers through a paper doily would be very lovely with this setting.

Cardboard keys (covered with foil) in all sizes could be suspended, by narrow ribbons, from the ceiling light fixtures, hung in door ways, or pinned to draperies. Bows of ribbon, or net, in the bride's colors might be tied to the larger key decorations.

NUTCUPS can be "treasure chests", which are the construction paper boxes such as kindergartners make. Sketch a keyhole on one side with a black crayon. Staple a short length of narrow ribbon to the box with a tiny key attached.



Presentation of the Gifts

Hide the gifts about the house, as the guests arrive, without the honoree's being aware, of course! Then at the proper time, make an exaggerated gesture of the "Presentation of the Keys", and hand her paper keys, upon which she will find the clues as to where to look for her gifts. Another idea would be to cut small paper keys in all sizes, two of each size and as many sizes as there will be packages. As gifts are brought, paste one of the keys to each one, keeping its mate to be handed to the bride later. The gifts can be placed around the room, and she must match up keys before she can open a package, or they might all be placed in a "treasure chest" (decorated carton).

Entertainment

QUIZ (Hunt hard enough and you'll find the "key")

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| 1. Part of a piano. | Keyboard |
| 2. So funny in a zoo. | Monkey |
| 3. The central arch. | Keystone |
| 4. Too, too fussy. | Finicky |
| 5. A treasure. | Keepsake |
| 6. A stubborn thing. | Donkey |
| 7. Conceited. | Cocky |

8. Some babies are. Colicky
9. From stem to stern. Keel
10. To have and to hold. Keep
11. A ruling principle. Keynote
12. Sharp. Keen

THE BRIDE'S KEYS FORECAST THE FUTURE

Wrap various articles in fancy gift wrap and place them in a shopping bag. Each guest draws out a package. The bride is given paper keys, upon each of which is printed the name of one of the wrapped articles and the fortune that goes with it. Each guest will open her package in turn, and hold up the article so all can see. The bride then chooses the proper key and reads the fortune upon it. She may then give the key to the guest for a souvenir. Here are a few suggestions as to what might be included in the fortune packages and written upon the keys.

1. Glove — You will decline a proposal soon.
2. Rice — You will be the next one to marry.
3. Envelope — Good news will come to you soon.
4. Pencil — You will become a famous author.
5. Coin — You are soon to fall heir to some money.
6. Stamp — You will win the approval of your in-laws.
7. Clock — You will be on time for your next appointment.
8. Bobbie pin — A man named "Bob" is coming into your life.
9. Rolling pin — You are one who is always prepared to take trouble in your stride.
10. Egg beater — Your life will be one that is constantly being stirred up by little emergencies.

THE BRIDE'S PORTRAIT Give each guest a pencil, a sheet of white paper, and a sheet of black. Have the bride pose for the "amateur artists", who then make a sketch of her profile upon the white paper. They then cut it out and mount it upon the black paper. A prize might be awarded the best silhouette. Then collect them for the bride's scrapbook.

KEYS OF GOOD WISHES FOR THE BRIDE The hostess will provide a dime store wedding ring. Each guest in turn puts the ring upon her left hand ring finger and makes a wish for the bride — the rule being that her wish must be one with words which start with the first letters in her name. As her turn comes, she will stand and tell her name and then her wish. (This is a nice way for guests to introduce themselves if it is a party where the guests are not all acquainted.) For an example: Mary Black might wish her "married bliss", "many babies", or "much backbone".

FREDERICK AND BETTY FOUND MANY CHANGES IN BERMUDA

Dear Friends:

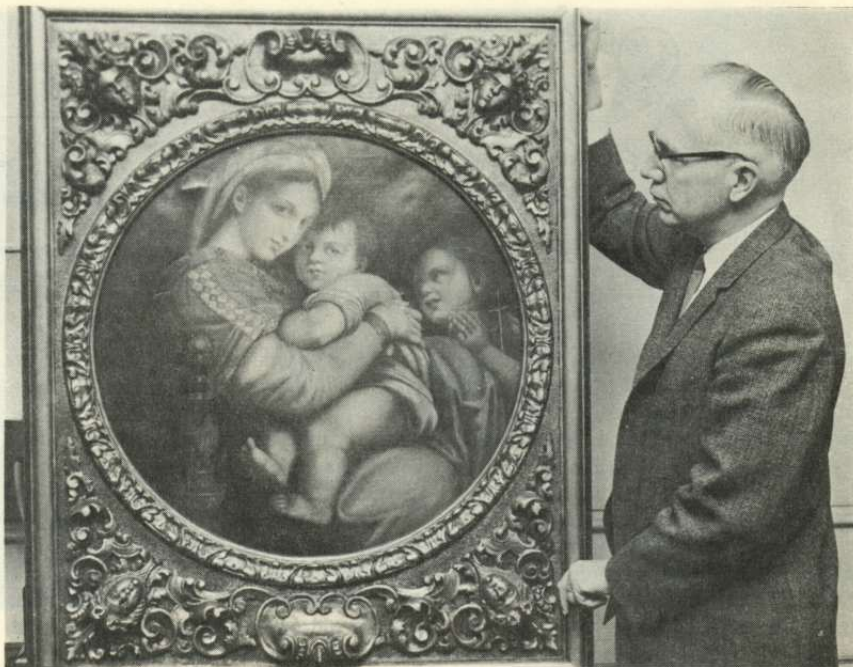
What a wonderful, wonderful trip we had to Bermuda! It came as such a surprise to us when I was invited to conduct the Protestant Preaching Mission at our Air Force Base there. Betty went with me, and even though I had a very busy schedule of preaching, we did have time to visit our old honeymoon spots, and to renew friendships with our Bermuda neighbors of sixteen years ago. Some of you will remember that I was the chaplain of the Naval Air Station in Bermuda at the end of the war.

Actually, it was because of this magazine that I was invited to conduct the Preaching Mission. Major Richard Trapp, the senior chaplain at our Bermuda Air Base, had read about my Preaching Missions for the air force in Germany and France in *Kitchen-Klatter*. Both Chaplain Trapp and his lovely wife come from West Union, Iowa, and they have been reading the magazine for years. Mrs. Trapp was the former Helen Stolle of West Union. The Trapps have two handsome sons, Paul and Mark, and we were delighted to make their acquaintance.

I can think of no Americans more deserving of our respect and our gratitude than the members of the United States Air Force and their families. I have seen them at air bases all over the world, and wherever I have seen them, I have been proud of them. They do so much for so many, and what they do, they do with true devotion and complete dedication. Their work always is hard, often dangerous, frequently lonely, and too often unappreciated. It has been my observation that most of us at home are not aware of the debt we owe to the thousands and thousands of air force people.

Every time I visit an air base, I find myself saying a prayer of gratitude for the work of the chaplains. A military chaplain does everything that a pastor in civilian life does—teaching, preaching, counseling, and comforting the sick and the bereaved. Would it surprise you to learn that we have a Sunday School for nearly 1,000 American children out there on that little island in the Atlantic? And if you think it is hard to get Sunday School teachers at home, how would you like to recruit teachers on an air base where there is a constant change of personnel?

Chaplain Trapp is fortunate to have working with him another fine Protestant chaplain, Captain Richard Carr



South Congregational Church was the recipient of a superb copy of Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*, better known as the *Madonna of the Chair*, derived from the chair in which the Virgin is seated. The painting, the original of which is in the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, Italy, was a gift to the church. Admiring the painting is Rev. Frederick F. Driftmier, pastor of South Congregational Church.

of California. He and his charming wife, Jean, and their three children take an active part in the religious life of the air base. Caring for the Roman Catholics on the base is the very friendly and energetic Chaplain MacDonald. What an inspiration it was to see these three fine men sharing the same chapel, and working together as a religious team for the benefit of all the personnel.

We did many interesting and entertaining things in Bermuda, but I think the high point of the trip was the evening we had dinner at the home of the Trapps. They rent a typical Bermudian house on a lovely hillside overlooking the ocean. Through a picture window they can watch the large ships come and go from Hamilton, the chief city on the island. Helen Trapp has learned how to boil all their drinking water, how to fight the battle against mildew and tropical insects, and how to prepare wonderful meals with a very limited amount of fresh fruits and vegetables. Most of their food has to be shipped in from the States. We were served a perfectly delicious dinner that would have been the envy of any *Kitchen-Klatter* recipe collector. Check my "Man in the Kitchen" column for one of Helen's recipes.

Several people on the air base introduced themselves to me as persons familiar with *Kitchen-Klatter*. The first night I was there a young lady came up to me after the service and said, "There is something very fami-

liar about your name. Do you happen to be the son of the woman who has her picture on all the flavoring bottles?" I laughed and said she was so right! She is Miss Verna Friesen of Beatrice, Nebraska, a teacher of the second grade in the public school for American children in Bermuda. Miss Friesen also conducts the Junior Choir in the air force chapel. I heard her choir sing on two different occasions, and it was most superior. She is a genius when it comes to getting good music out of children.

What fun it was for Betty and me to take the ferry boat around Hamilton Harbor and the Great Sound. When we lived in Bermuda sixteen years ago, we had our own boat and so did not use the ferry, but we did stop at the same piers and go in and out of the same little inlets and bays. Of course we visited the house we leased there in 1946 and 1947, and we found many changes. Our lovely cedar trees were all dead, and our flower garden had grown up to weeds. The diving board had rotted away and the artificial beach had washed away. But in spite of all that, there was a quaint loveliness about it yet. We met our old gardener and had a brief chat with our landlady. How kind they were to us when we lived there, and how nice it was to see them again.

Bermuda still is a nice place to visit during nine months of the year, but it has lost much of its picturesque beauty with the death of the cedar forests,

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"Blocks and Chips"

A Father-Son Banquet

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Take the old cliché "A chip off the old block", scramble it with the familiar "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow", and there's a provocative theme for a Father-Son banquet that's as easy to plan as "falling off a log"! If you are on a committee to plan such a banquet, just rally them around, follow the suggestions here, and "let the chips fall where they may"! Wherever they fall, however, there is sure to be plenty of fun and fellowship for all.

Decorations

Spaced every few feet along the banquet tables, have small blocks of wood. (Saw them from the trunks of small trees, or they may be lengths of larger limbs fallen from trees.) Cut an ax for each block from heavy cardboard. Paint the blade silver and the handle brown. Anchor an ax in the top of each block. Miniature "cross cut" saws with silver-colored blades could also be fashioned, and alternated with the axes in the blocks along the tables.

Scatter some wood chips and shavings around each block, and add clusters of acorns and colorful oak leaves here and there.

How about peanut pixies used as "busy little woodsmen" wielding miniature cardboard saws, axes, and hatchets on twig "trees"? Arrange them in scenes upon large pieces of bark and place them along the table between block arrangements. With imagination, one could make a grindstone, using a tiny wheel from a discarded toy, so that one pixie could be busy sharpening his ax!

To make stand-up construction paper trees to use in various ways on the table, simply cut two identical trees for each tree desired. Slit one tree half way up from the bottom, and the other half way down from the top. Slide the two together, and presto! it stands up.

A few "wise old owls" perched here and there on the blocks and trees will bring a chuckle. Use a peanut (in the shell) for the body. Glue on the pointed ears of brown paper, and big raisin eyes. Use crayon to sketch in the beak and wings. A short length of pipe cleaner run through the bottom cross-

wise, becomes the feet, and can be bent so Mr. Owl will perch on some object.

Brown nutcups, glued to a paper oak leaf, might have one of the owls perched on each cup, or a miniature ax stapled to each cup, to go with the tree idea.

The Program Booklets could be cut in the shape of a tree, perhaps with a wise old owl sketched upon the front cover. Let the different numbers of the program be listed under such appropriate titles as: "Sawing Wood"—by Chip off the Old Block (salute to fathers), "To Our Little Shavers"—by The Old Block Himself (salute to sons), "Bark Worse than the Bite" (music), "Sap" (humorous skit or reading), "Shavings" (stunt by sons), "Trunk" (welcome, or invocation), "Roots" or "The Tap Root" (main speaker, or feature). For other parts of program you might consider such terms as "Pruning", "Bark", "Sawdust", "Windbreak", "As the Twig Is Bent", "Side Branches", etc.

Program -- "Let The Chips Fall Where They May"

Scripture: (excerpts from Proverbs)
My son, hear the instruction of thy father. . . . Incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding. . . . A wise son maketh a glad father. . . . Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers. . . . The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. . . . the counsel of the Lord THAT shall stand."

Litany: (Let the leader instruct the audience, before he begins, what their responses are to be, or this litany might be mimeographed so everyone can read it as it is given)

Leader: Family love is a vital part of God's plan and of the enriched life. Let us thank God for it, and the happiness it brings for the love of father for son, and son for father, for the love of all the members of our family,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Leader: For all the kindnesses we have known as fathers and sons,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Leader: For the fun and the good

times we have shared together,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Leader: For the wisdom and understanding of fathers, for the obedience and respect of sons,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Leader: For the troubles we have shared, for the work that our hands have found to do together,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Leader: For the great brotherhood of man around the world,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Leader: For thy great love for all mankind, for us thy sons,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers"

TOAST TO FATHERS: This is one time when I'm tempted to throw a book. I'd like to throw the dictionary at Dad! It seems to me that's the only way I could find enough words to pay adequate tribute to these wonderful fathers of ours. There's a popular song entitled "Who?". It goes on to ask "Who stole my heart away?" Tonight, if we were to answer that question, we'd all come back with some questions of our own—"Who reached a big hand down to steady the first steps of an adventuresome toddler?" "Who sympathized with childhood's disappointment by a comforting pat on the shoulder?" "Who listened when I had a tale to tell, be it of the cardinal I'd seen flashing through the orchard, or the reason I'd just had to cut Joe Smith down to size with that new left hook Dad had just taught me?" "Who patiently tossed the evening paper aside to drill me in the multiplication tables?" "Who has always been the best fishing companion a fellow ever had?" "Who could be ring-leader when it came to playing a good joke on Mom or sisters?" "Who wore the biggest grin when I won a Scout award, or made the school honor roll?" "Who was the tough guy that became the biggest 'softy' of all when it came to birthdays and Christmas in the family?" "Who could paddle the hardest when I suddenly flouted his discipline, yet was my staunchest ally and friend when I needed him?"

He may wear last year's straw hat; his fingernails may need manicuring; his vest may yank loose, and his pants

may bag at the knees when he forgets himself in the enthusiasm of a task to be done. His face may show signs of a second day's growth of beard, and the tin dinner bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts, but don't call him "the old man". He's your father.

For many years now he has been rustling around to get things done. His old clothes and hat are worn that you may have new ones. His once erect figure is now bent from the struggle to provide for his loved ones. His constant endeavor is to do the right thing by you, and he thinks you are the best child on earth, even though you disappoint him again and again in many ways, through thoughtlessness, neglect, or indifference.

He is the man who won the life partnership of the dearest woman on earth—your mother. He is **SOME MAN**, and not "the old man". Your voice ought to ring with pride when you speak of him as **DAD**, or **MY FATHER**. To each and every father here with us tonight, we say, "God Bless you, everyone".

TOAST TO THE SONS: After a male child has grown out of triangles and has acquired freckles, and so much dirt that relatives do not dare to kiss it, it becomes a **BOY**. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, eat like a pig, bellow like a bull, and is Nature's answer to perpetual motion.

He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite; a noise covered with smudges. He is called a tornado because he always seems to come at unexpected times; hits the most unexpected places, and manages to leave a wreck behind him.

He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered, and kept warm, a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of our world.

A boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball-games, cars, boats, airplanes, and rockets, with equal fervor, **BUT** he won't watch a clock!

A boy, if not washed too often, and if kept in the quiet place of your heart, will survive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fist fights, and triple helpings of pie at a sitting.

When he grows up he'll trade puppy love, energy, warts, bashfulness, and a cast-iron stomach for a bay window, pride, ambition, pretense, a bald head, and will immediately begin to say that "Boys aren't what they used to be in the good old days".

As a tribute to all our sons, I'd like to read these lines on Youth from a speech made by General Douglas MacArthur on his 75th birthday.

"Youth is not a time of life — it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of

ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life. It means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease.

"Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, and self-distrust, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the spirit back to dust.

"Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and starlike things and thought the undaunted change of events, the unflinching childlike appetite for 'what next', the joy of the game of life.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

"In the central part of your heart is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur, and power from the earth, from men and the Infinite, so long you are young.

"When the wires are down and the central place of your heart is covered with the snow of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed."

May you, our beloved sons, remain forever young in spirit!

Skit -- "Seven Stages of A Boy"

At one side of the stage have a small table, beside which the narrator, or leader, stands. Place on the table the large letters that spell **F-A-T-H-E-R-S** (stand them on needlepoint holders to hold them upright) as indicated as he reads. On the other side of the stage, helpers might act out a scene from the life of a boy as told by the narrator. If unable to do the pantomime bit, perhaps helpers might be asked to read an appropriate poem, or sing a song, suitable to each age described.

"**F**" — No boy, or his dad, will ever forget the **FIRST FIST FIGHT**. Right, or wrong, he's sure of a bloody nose and sore knuckles -- to Mom, "a mess" is right!

"**A**" — Everyone knows a boy has a tremendous **APPETITE** --- bottomless, unappeasable; cookie jar, bread box, pie tin, refrigerator --- he soon empties everything in sight. At *all ages*, in capital letters, it's **APPETITE**!

"**T**" — Mom shuts her eyes and shudders, afraid to watch Sonny's first **TOUCHDOWN**, but Dad yells, pounds

the benches, advises the "refs" --- and is the proudest man in town.

"**H**" — The first **HAIRCUT**, 'cuz Dad says, "Ain't havin' my son look like a girl!" Mom sighs, sheds some tears -- then wraps, as a keepsake, each precious baby curl.

"**E**" — That first **ENGINE**, any motor, that could be taken all apart. Sure, 'tis through grease and grime you quickest reach a *real* boy's heart.

"**R**" — Who, that's seen, can e'er forget a feller's first **ROMANCE**--- when, without urging for once, he cleans his nails, for that junior high party?

"**S**" — The first **SHAVE** is an occasion of mingled dismay and joy: 'Tis then Mom and Dad first realize--- they've lost their **LITTLE** boy.

Leader: So now you see the ones whom these traits or antics seldom bother. They've gone through it all themselves! They understand! **OUR FATHERS!**

A tree grows quietly. No one can hear the slim trunk widen, or the shadow lengthen. No fanfare sounds the turning of the year as bud breaks into leaf, or branches strengthen. A noiseless chemistry unceasingly converts from earth and rain and sun, and then one certain year, strong in maturity, a landmark stands. And so it is with men.

"One day a boy, all legs and appetite, is here among us, angular and tall. The next, he looms before our startled sight. How quietly he answers to the call of destiny's imperious, upward thrust! Here is a man — to honor and to trust." (author unknown)

Song: "THAT LITTLE BOY of MINE"

The following words may be sung to the music of "Bless This House"; and could be mimeographed so that the entire audience can sing it as the closing prayer.

BLESS SONS AND DADS

Bless these Dads, O Lord, we pray
Be Thou near them night and day.
Grant that they may always be
Patterns good for sons to see;
Bless the work they choose to do,
May they keep their ideals true.
Bless these Dads, O Lord, we pray,
Guide them, keep them, all the way.
Bless these sons with courage strong
To seek Truth; know Right from Wrong.
May they know the power of prayer
To lighten burdens, banish care.
Bless these sons, be Thou their shield,
May they to Thy guidance yield,
Grant, O Lord, that they may be
Ever, always close to Thee.
Guide us all that one day we
May dwell, O Lord, with Thee.

A man can be rather accurately measured by the size of the thing that makes him angry.

MARGERY CONCLUDES THE ACCOUNT OF HER TRIP

Dear Friends:

Before I sat down to the typewriter, I got out all of the literature we picked up on our jaunt south and re-read it. It was like taking the trip all over again. I promised to tell you about Natchez, and it will be difficult to limit my comments to the amount of space here. We found everything so fascinating!

We had visited the old Courthouse in Vicksburg, Mississippi, in the morning, and drove to Natchez by lunch time, for it wasn't a great distance. We ate lunch at the beautiful Old Carriage House behind Stanton Hall, one of the most well known of the antebellum homes in Natchez. And if this isn't a small world! Just as we were leaving, an old school friend of mine and her husband pulled in right beside us! How surprised we both were! We couldn't visit long for we were on a schedule and so were they.

The headquarters for the Pilgrimage were in the Elks building, which wasn't difficult to locate, and here we purchased tickets for tours to homes. It is important to mention here that there are many more homes open to the public during March, Pilgrimage Month, than at other times during the year. Since these are private homes it is arranged that certain homes are open on certain days. Each tour includes five homes, and there are morning tours and afternoon tours. I would advise anyone planning to visit Natchez for the Pilgrimage to write in advance for the leaflet which gives the information on the tours and lists the homes with brief descriptions, for then you could plan your trip to see certain homes which especially interest you. They are *all* interesting, but you *might* have personal preferences.

Here, as in Vicksburg, guides are available at moderate cost. We chose to have a driver (who took her own car) for the tour that afternoon, for three of the homes were some distance out and we thought we would make better time if someone drove who was familiar with the roads. As it happened, everything is so clearly marked that we wouldn't have had any difficulty, but we did have the advantage of gathering more information from our driver.

Naturally, I can't give you a description of all 30 homes, but I would like to tell you a little about some of the things we found of particular interest.

First, one of the first questions to come to our minds *why* there are so many gorgeous antebellum homes located in Natchez—this small town on the Mississippi River. The reason is because an important fort was located here, and then followed cotton and



Margery describes this mysterious antebellum home in her letter.

sugar plantations, and the big shipping enterprises. The homes were magnificently furnished with imports from Europe. This, of course, brought up the next question: Why were all these furnishings from Europe? The answer to that is that ships loaded with cotton sailed for England, France, Italy, etc. and returned with cargoes of specially ordered furniture, silver, china, etc. Ships just don't return with empty holds!

Oliver and I couldn't stay in Natchez long enough to take in all of the tours but fortunately we saw some that we most wanted to see. At the top of our list was Longwood. For years I've seen pictures of this home in books of famous and beautiful antebellum homes of the south. It has one of the most fascinating stories of *any* home in the United States, so I thought you'd like to hear a little about it.

This octagonal shaped house, owned by the Ward family, stands unfinished, a magnificent and unique structure. A Moorish castle containing 32 rooms, its huge cupola over-towers a vast forest.

It was built by Dr. Haller Nutt, grandfather of the present owners (Mrs. James H. Ward, Natchez; Mrs. R. L. Blanchard and Mr. Robt. J. Ward, New York City; and Mrs. Leslie Pollard, Madison, Wisconsin) from plans of the Philadelphia architect, Samuel Sloan, who came to Natchez to supervise the construction.

In 1861, when the Call to Arms was sounded, workmen left pails of paint, brushes and tools in a state of disarray, where they stand today. The lower floor, furnished with handsome antiques, was occupied by the family thereafter. Absence of marble stairs, and empty niches which were to have held magnificent statuary, ordered from Italy but seized by the blockade, are

ghostly symbols which speak eloquently of the tragedies of war.

Claiborne's History of Mississippi states that Dr. Rush Nutt, scientist and planter, father of Dr. Haller Nutt, introduced and perfected a new variety of cotton after rot had practically destroyed the crops in the South. Later he improved the Whitney cotton gin, and was first to substitute, in 1830, the steam engine for horsepower. This gin as perfected by him was not further improved until after the Civil War.

There is so much more that I could tell you if I had the space, but I do want to get on with the trip.

From Natchez, we drove to Mobile, Alabama, staying over in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, enroute. Arriving in Mobile before lunch, we were able to locate our motel, unload the car, and drive to Bellingrath Gardens, just twenty miles south, in good time. These gardens are famous the world over for their beauty, and no matter what season of the year one views them, there is something in bloom. It covers 65 acres, and truly is one of the most beautiful gardens in the world. It is well worth the time to go out of one's way to see it. The beautiful Bellingrath home is also open to the public for a reasonable admission price, and for those who are interested in antiques, this home contains one of the most fabulous collections in the South.

Lucile and Russell had told us not to fail to drive out to Dauphin Island if we could possibly help it and since it is but a short drive from the gardens, we could manage it on the same little side trip out of Mobile.

This island is, historically, one of the most prominent and interesting islands in the Gulf of Mexico. Its history goes back to the 16th century with the Spanish, but the first United States

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Take Time for Relaxation



Ever think of taking up a hobby?

Everyone can afford to enjoy a hobby. In fact, few people can afford not to . . . especially in America today. We've never had so much leisure time.

Free time presents a challenge. Doctors warn against too much inactivity which can produce boredom. You may enjoy being lazy now and then . . . but excessive boredom makes many people cranky, depressed, even physically ill.

How can you invest your leisure hours?

Why not put them to work to make your life happier, more complete? You can find that kind of satisfaction in a hobby.

As an emotional safety valve . . . a tension-reliever . . . a pleasure always ready to be savored . . . hobbies are unbeatable.

Hobbies are practically gilt-edged insurance that you will win friends and influence people! When you have a hobby, you become a specialist of a sort . . . you have something new to talk about . . . something that will interest others.

According to the Hobby Industry Association, whether you enjoy the rugged outdoors, or the snug comforts of home and fireside, there's a hobby for you. It doesn't take much equipment or know-how to get started.

Hobbies come in just four varieties: You can decide you want to *do* something, *make* something, *learn* something, or *collect* something. In each case, you may have a hobby to enjoy in blissful solitude or one which calls for the companionship of like-minded — and therefore, highly desirable — people!

How many actual hobbies are there to choose from? Almost as many as there are people to enjoy them. You might resume a long-neglected interest like oil painting by numbers, leathercraft, or mosaic tile design. Your hobby may have a specific goal, such as beautifying your home with hand-made works in wood or needlework.

For the science-minded, there are exciting electronic kits — you can build your own transistor radio, experimental lab, intercom set. Chemistry experiment sets, telescopes, fascinating microscopes with all the necessary apparatus can be found in any good hobby shop.

Ever try woodburning? After a few practice tracings, you'll be able to

work out designs of your own, make unusual plaques and coasters.

You've heard of painting by numbers with oils on canvas, but did you know you can get figurines to paint the same way? They're of fine ceramic and the special color glaze you use requires no firing. Charming historical and religious figures are available . . . enough to line up in a handsome row on anyone's display shelf.

For your own enjoyment or to produce valued gifts, you might like to try your hand at copper enameling for jewelry . . . assembling full size colonial antiques . . . or constructing a shelf-long dinosaur.

Anywhere your fancy takes you . . . go there the hobby way. By allotting some of your leisure time to constructive activities, you will be a happier and more interesting person to know.

FISHING AT 70

by

Hallie M. Barrow

We live in a world of change. When my husband got to be 76 and his faithful bird dog was entering his 15th year, quail hunting became just a memory. He had to decide to take part only in "sitting down" sports, of which fishing is the most attractive. We started spending our summers in Minnesota. I had never fished—not once—for girls who were raised in the gay 90's never took an active part in any sport! But I loved the outdoors and often spent the day in the boat with the real fisherman. There was an umbrella over my chair, and I took along books to read or my knitting.

Then it happened. Some one asked me to hold *his* line while *he* was taking care of boat chores—the cork went under—and I pulled out a nice fish. I could hardly bear to give up that line, and after that I left my reading and knitting at home. But I soon learned to my sorrow that the prize pest in any boatload of fishermen is a woman who can't bait her hook or take off the fish. Of course, after 70 years of avoiding worms (I'm sure I had never held one in my hand) it didn't come easy.

Then my arthritis made it increasingly difficult to get in and out of a boat. So they built our dock out quite a ways, so that I could reach the current of the river. They put a stout railing around it and nailed down a comfortable chair on the end. (Getting up and down is

real trouble for me, but with a solid support to grasp, I can get up and down out of my fishing chair.) I practically spend the summer in that chair. The last improvement added was an old Missouri farm tractor umbrella, wired to the back of my chair. A shelf in front of my chair holds my tackle box, towel, gloves, etc. A wire fish basket hangs on a peg at the side to put my fish in, to keep them in water until they are ready to dress.

That was my next problem. Every day I'd bring in a mess of bull heads, crappie, and sunfish for my husband to clean. The second day he went on a STRIKE, and said he was not dressing pan fish every day of his vacation. So I learned to do that.

I am an expert now, and average cleaning 20 fish per hour. I bought a keen kind of a plier called a bull head skinner. I turn the fish over on its newspaper, cut first around the head, take the skinner and pull off the skin, often with just one pull. It isn't half as bad as cleaning chickens. Then I roll up the newspaper with all the waste, throwing the paper into one of those big heavy grocery sacks. When I'm finished, there isn't a scrap of refuse anywhere.

The top fin of the crappie is left on. Just before eating the fish, you can give that fin a quick twist and the backbone and most of the other bones come out nicely. Some folks fillet the bull heads; that is, take out the backbone when dressing them. This leaves two pieces of boneless fish which fry up and look like large shrimp when served.

I can not say too much about what a fine sport fishing is for older men and women. I really went all out for it, and when the Y.W.C.A. in St. Joseph offered a fishing course for women, I was the first to sign for it. The registrar said it was something new and they didn't know whether enough would be interested even to start such a class—that if they could get as many as ten, they'd go ahead. At our first meeting, we were told over 50 had applied. The reason the first instructor limited his class to 10 was that we were to practice casting in the gym. He said with inexperienced women all trying to cast, life might not be safe, and he didn't believe in "mass murder". True, at first we got our hooks caught in the chandeliers, balconies, chairs, etc., but we had no casualties as he feared!

I was the oldest pupil. The other nine had registered at their husbands' requests, and most of the husbands had given their wives casting rods and other things needed for a fishing trip. They wanted their wives to learn to cast correctly, so that they could go

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AN INSTALLATION SERVICE

By

Virginia Thomas

In the center of the stage the leader stands behind a table which is covered with a cloth. The cloth should fall almost to the floor on front and sides. The Aid (or club) emblem is fastened to the cloth at the front of the table. A single tall candle stands at the right end of the table, to be lighted by the leader at the proper time.

For this program several objects are used as symbols of desirable characteristics necessary for good officers. Each symbol is carried to the stage by the outgoing officer, and is handed to the leader, who holds it up in view of the audience as she discusses its significance. She then calls the new officer forward, and hands the symbol to her.

After each outgoing officer steps forward to present her symbol, she steps to the left of the table, so that, as the service progresses, the outgoing officers form a semi-circle to the left of the table, and the new officers form a semi-circle to the right.

LEADER:

"Take us on a Quest of Beauty,
Poet Seer of Galilee,
Making all our dreams creative,
Through their fellowship with Thee.

Take us on a Quest of Knowledge,
Clearest Thinker man has known!
Make our minds sincere and
patient,
Satisfied by Truth alone.

Take us on the Quest for Service,
Kindly Servant of man's needs,
Let us work for Thee for others,
Anywhere Thy purpose leads.

All along our Quest's far pathway,
Christ, our Leader and our Guide,
Make us conscious of Thy
presence,
Walking always at our side."

—Selected

SOLO: "My Task" or "Take My Life and Let It Be".

LEADER: "I now ask our able and efficient outgoing president, Mrs. - - -, to come forward. (Past president gives a LANTERN, or LAMP, to the leader, and then steps to the left of the table.) As we begin our new quest in the year lying before us, let this lantern sym-

bolize the quality of *leadership* we need in our president. Just as a lantern casts its beams ahead to light the way, we know that our president will lead us forward with wisdom, understanding, and love."

(The new president steps forward and receives the lantern, then steps to the far right.)

LEADER: "We know that you have the qualities needed for leadership, and so we are happy to install you as our president for the coming year.

"Of course the president needs a capable assistant, and Mrs. - - - has proved her capability many times when she has helped when help was needed. (The outgoing vice-president hands an OILCAN to the leader, and steps to the left.) This OILCAN stands for *cooperation* and the *spirit* that keeps us working together, just as a drop of oil helps to keep the most intricate machinery running smoothly.

"The vice-president must work quietly, behind the scenes many times, to keep the program of our organization working efficiently. She must make countless telephone calls, lend her moral support in every way to the program the president is trying to carry out, and see that all members cooperate for the good of all.

"It gives me great pleasure to call Mrs. - - - (new vice-president steps forward) to take her place in line, and to give her this symbol, which signifies the cooperation without which no organization can attain its aspirations." (Vice-president joins president at right.)

LEADER: "The records and the reports of our society are most important, not only to us, but to those who come after. So I am asking our past secretary to bring her symbol. (Secretary hands leader a small FILING CABINET or LEDGER.) Truly this is in good order, and good records, which tell of our efforts, our achievements, and our goals, are necessary to us.

"To our new secretary, Mrs. - - - (new secretary steps forward), I give the symbols of this office, knowing that you will, with diligence, record and file our activities, accomplishments, and failures, too, if such there be, so that we may compare, and learn from them.

"In organizations such as ours, there is always someone whose job it is to let us know if we are making ends meet, and our treasurer, Mrs. - - - (treasurer presents a MONEY BAG or small BANK) has faithfully served her term. I'm sure we all appreciate the painstaking work our treasurer puts into this office.

"These symbols, Mrs. - - - (new treasurer receives symbols), signify our *trust* in you, and our knowledge

that you will not let us live beyond our means!

"Every organization, if it is to keep alive and growing, needs to have a goal and a lively program. In the past year, Mrs. - - - (program chairman steps forward with a BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, or similar symbol) has proved to be a fine program chairman. She has kept us on our toes, mentally, and many times, physically, as we have tried to carry through our various projects.

"To our new program chairman, Mrs. - - -, I present this BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE as a symbol of *mental growth*, not that we possess it in abundance, but that we seek it diligently!"

(After each group of officers has lined up on each side of the table, the leader holds up a BATTERY.)

LEADER: "This symbolizes what all of us must have — officers and members alike — a BATTERY OF ENTHUSIASM, the energy that turns passive interest into active participation. Let us each resolve to be batteries, to generate *enthusiasm* in all our projects and our work. Only if we do this can we achieve great things."

LEADER: (as she lights the candle):

"This is the time of endings, but of new beginnings, too.

God sends to us another year, and maketh all things new—

Another hope, another chance,
another road to take,

Another star to follow, another start to make—

New beginnings, new adventures,
new heights to attain,

Golden opportunities to work and build again,

New and higher aspirations for the future days—

Seeking, dreaming, moving on, down bright and better ways."

(At conclusion the leader shakes the hand of each new officer.)

REJUVENATION

My neighbor cleaned
Her house today.
Winter's dirt and dust
She swept away.
I left my broom
And dusty pane
And followed the finger
Of a beckoning lane.

My neighbor sighed
As she washed and scrubbed,
Polished waxed wood
And silver rubbed.
The petal of a rose
From a peddler's cart
Brushed the cobwebs
From my heart.

—Mildred Grenier

YOUR LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

This morning dawned bright and beautiful and I'm filled with the desire to launch into the many extra jobs waiting for attention. There simply aren't enough minutes in the morning for me. I no more than get the breakfast dishes stashed away, the beds made, and perhaps one good-sized task taken care of, and it's time to start lunch.

As soon as the weather permitted, Katharine resumed her place at the table for her noon meal. For a while the enormous drifts left by the snow plows were too tempting, and she simply couldn't get home, eat, and return to school in the brief time allotted her, so during that period she ate lunch at school. But now she is back making her usual trek at noon-time, and how she welcomed the chance to walk through the woods again.

Incidentally, she apparently considered the woods her personal property and the little pathway that cut through them, her private territory. One day she came home in tears with the announcement that they were tearing up her woods! The ground was being readied for another new house. The only thing that consoled her was the fact that there might be some new children in the neighborhood.

As the days grow warmer, it takes her longer and longer to walk home after school because she finds so many glorious things to examine along the way. I haven't complained, though, because she *did* discipline herself at noon when it was *most* important that she hurry along. Until that time, it was tardy, tardy, tardy! She and a little friend in the same class—the two who lived the closest and didn't ride the bus—were consistently late to school. The school bus rolled directly past our house, but not once did she ride it, even though it was often—very often—quite cold and miserable. Well, she loves to walk, and we were so pleased at her gumption to walk the four blocks to school instead of ride the bus that we didn't make a big to-do over the tardiness, but rather, let it work itself out. It did, and now she is prompt as you please about arriving at school on time. The dawdling home in late afternoons isn't important right now. It, too, will pass, I'm sure.

At our last Brownie meeting, my co-leader and I helped the girls make potted pussy willow starts for the girls' mothers. This was our last large project for the year, and from now on, we'll devote ourselves to outdoor games and strictly "fun" meetings.



Paul, son of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, takes a lively interest in books, and is longing for the day he can go to kindergarten.

A neighbor of mine gave me clippings from her French pussy willow bush that had been started from a Girl Scout project identical to ours. I kept the cuttings in a bucket of water for three weeks so they would have some roots started. The girls made little cards to give to their mothers with the plants.

My co-leader and I felt very strongly from the start that we preferred to have projects and outings that would cost little or nothing in an effort to teach the girls that they didn't have to spend large sums of money to have a good time. As a result, our treasury has continued to grow and grow, and now we are faced with the necessity of using this money before school closes. I think we've come up with a trip that should give them all a thrill.

There is available from one of the large shopping centers, a Fire Engine that can be rented to come to your home, pick up a group of children, and take them to an amusement park for an afternoon of rides. A hot dog and soft drink are served at the end of the afternoon. It sounds like fun, doesn't it?

We had hoped to take the girls on many hikes and outings, but so frequently the weather wouldn't cooperate and they had to be postponed. Now that our lovely Whitnall Park is green and inviting again, we plan to take in some guided nature walks.

Don and I were so enthusiastic about the nature walk that we went on last year that we intend to take our children on the series of guided walks that will begin soon. This year, however, we'll not be such novices! We're early enough risers that dressing and eating and driving to the park by 7:15 A.M. is not difficult. And this year we'll go better prepared—graham

crackers for the children, a thermos of coffee for us, binoculars to identify faraway birds and ducks, and boots.

Do you remember my telling you that we had such difficulty getting pictures taken with everyone well at the same time? Well, the complication now is teeth! For the next two years you'll be seeing Paul minus his front teeth and long before time for that gaping space!

The other day we held a special Brownie meeting at the school gymnasium and let the youngsters have a good run around the room before we called the meeting to order. Paul had gone with me and joined in this wild running with the girls. The first thing I knew he was knocked to the hard floor and off we went to the dentist. The damaged tooth had to come out and some stitches had to be taken in his upper gum.

And do you know his greatest concern? It was the fear that he wouldn't be able to eat corn-on-the-cob this summer. This great concern is because he's raising some vegetables. He was very interested in where different vegetables came from so his daddy agreed that he could start some flats of seedlings. They were carefully tended in the house and he was *most* excited over his little row of corn. I can tell you that it is his other seeds that Don is excited over, and with the opposite emotion. Watermelons, vining gourds and peas! He has worked for the better part of two summers to get vining, runner-type growths out of our yard and now, for his little son, he plants them! We don't anticipate reaping much harvest from his garden, but Paul will enjoy it and learn how green things grow from seeds.

This is the most uninterrupted letter I've written in a long time. Paul and Adrienne couldn't wait to get outdoors in the sunshine and have been playing happily for hours. The big attraction to hold their attention is the house going up in the neighborhood. They establish themselves on our property line and watch with great interest.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

MEASUREMENT

Each year on his birthday
Our son stretches tall
While I measure and mark
His height on the wall.

Today he is eight
And I write on his chart:
How tall he has grown—
He just reaches my heart.

—Jean Calvert

**CHOCOLATE DESSERT**

- 1 cup flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sweet milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 square melted chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Topping Mixture

- 1/2 cup white sugar
 - 1/2 cup brown sugar
 - 2 Tbls. cocoa
 - 7/8 cup boiling water
- Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add the milk, melted butter, melted chocolate, flavorings and nuts. Stir well and pour into an 8 x 12-inch pan. Mix the dry topping ingredients and sprinkle over the batter. Pour the boiling water over the entire thing and bake at 350 degrees for 30-40 minutes. Serve warm.

ABIGAIL'S FRUIT PUNCH

- 1 small can frozen orange juice diluted according to directions
- 1 tall can pineapple juice
- 1 tall can apple juice
- 1 bottle lemon juice
- 1 bottle lime juice
- 1 quart ginger ale (add just before serving)

Sugar to taste

Mix up some of the punch ahead of time, with the exception of the ginger ale. Pour a small amount in a ring mold and arrange red or green maraschino cherries or fruit which will match your color scheme in an interesting design. Freeze this until solid, then fill the mold the rest of the way with additional punch and freeze. When you are ready to serve the punch, loosen the ice ring from the mold and float it in the punch bowl. This will not freeze as firm as water, but it keeps the punch from becoming diluted.

FRIDAY SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- 2 cups cooked peas
- 2 cups flaked fish (white-fish, salmon, halibut, tuna)
- 1 lb. shrimp, cooked and shelled (or 1 can shrimp)
- 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
- Grated cheese

Melt the butter or margarine. Blend in the flour. Stir in the milk and the seasonings. Cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until thickened. Add the peas, fish, shrimp and eggs. Put into a greased casserole and sprinkle the top with grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes, or until hot and bubbly.

ICE CREAM COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring as desired

Cream the sugar and butter together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the sour cream. Divide batter into two or three portions and flavor as desired. These make delicious fruit cookies by adding any of the Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings. You might also add coconut or nutmeats for variation. When I tested these cookies, I added 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring to half of the batter and 1 cup chopped pecans and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring to the other half of the batter. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake for about 8 min. at 350 degrees. These are delicious to serve with ice cream. — Margery

**SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN
(with cream gravy)**

Margery says, "I learned that there is a secret to preparing really fine Southern Fried Chicken. It's simple, and here it is."

- 1 frying chicken—2 1/2-3 lb., cut up
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 2/3 cup salad oil
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Few drops Tabasco sauce
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup light cream

Place the chicken in a shallow dish. Combine the lemon juice, salad oil, pepper, Worcestershire and Tabasco sauces. Pour this mixture over the chicken and let it stand for several hours, turning once in a while to be sure that it marinates evenly. Then drain the chicken and shake well in a paper bag containing the flour, salt, and paprika. Save the flour that is left to thicken gravy. Melt the butter in a large skillet and brown the chicken until a rich golden color, turning once in a while. Remove the chicken.

To make the cream gravy, stir 1/4 cup of the seasoned flour into the drippings; add milk slowly, being sure to scrape up all of the good crusty pieces in the bottom of the skillet. When thickened, turn the heat low and add the cream. Season if needed. Add the chicken pieces to the gravy, or serve them separately.

**RHUBARB RAISIN PIE**

- 3 1/2 cups diced rhubarb
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Make enough pastry for a two-crust 9-inch pie. Combine the rhubarb and raisins. Mix the sugar, salt, beaten egg and lemon flavoring. Pour over the rhubarb-raisin mixture, stirring lightly until blended. Place in a pastry-lined 9-inch pie pan and cover with top pastry. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees and continue baking for another 20 minutes.

PEACH-RASPBERRY LAYER SALAD

- 1 1-pound can sliced peaches
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 3-ounce pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 tsp. milk
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped pecans
- 1 10-ounce pkg. frozen red raspberries, thawed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 3-ounce pkg. raspberry gelatin

For the peach layer, you first drain the peaches, reserving the syrup. Add the lemon juice to the syrup and then add enough cold water to make 1 cup liquid. Dissolve the lemon gelatin in 1 cup HOT water and then add the syrup mixture. Chill until it starts to congeal and then add the peaches. Pour into a 6 1/2-cup ring mold and chill until set.

When firm, spread with the cheese layer which is made by mixing together the cream cheese, milk and mayonnaise, and stirring in the pecans.

To make the raspberry layer, drain the raspberries, reserving the syrup. Combine the syrup and lemon juice, and add cold water to make 1 cup. Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in 1 cup HOT water; add syrup mixture. Chill until partially set and then stir in the raspberries. Pour over the cheese layer and chill until firm. When you unmold this salad it is simply beautiful.

FRENCH COFFEE PIE

(A favorite of Abigail's!)

- 1 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar, divided in half
- 1 cup strong coffee
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 cup whipping cream

Soften gelatin in cold water. Beat egg yolks until light and lemon-colored. Gradually beat in 1/2 cup sugar, add coffee slowly, and then the salt. Place over boiling water and cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatin and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill until it begins to thicken. Gradually beat remaining 1/2 cup sugar into the beaten egg whites. Add vanilla flavoring and then fold this meringue into the thickened gelatin mixture. Turn into a baked pastry shell and chill. Top with the whipped cream when time to serve. Elegant!

FRANK'S FAVORITE COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the shortening, sugars, flavorings and salt until light and fluffy. Add the egg and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients and add along with the nutmeats. Drop by small teaspoons onto a lightly greased cookie sheet and sprinkle with a sugar and cinnamon mixture. Bake in a 350 degree oven eight to ten minutes, or until done.

For variation, I frequently substitute Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring for the lemon, and add a little shredded coconut instead of nutmeats.

**BAKED TUNA & CHEESE SANDWICHES**

- 1 6 1/2-oz. can tuna
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 2 Tbls. pickle relish
- 1/2 cup finely minced celery
- Mayonnaise
- 4 slices bread, toasted on one side
- 4 slices cheese
- Paprika

Drain tuna and flake it into a bowl. Add the onion, pickle relish, celery and mayonnaise. Blend together. Divide the mixture on the toasted side of the bread and place on a buttered baking sheet. Cover each with a slice of cheese and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees, until cheese melts. This will take about 8 to 10 minutes. Serve hot.

If you like hot sandwiches, you're bound to find these extra special.

—Margery

TAFFY TOAST

Spread slices of light brown toast with butter and School Day Peanut Butter. Dribble molasses generously over the top. Slide under the broiler for just a few minutes—until the molasses bubbles. A delicious variation of an old favorite.

CHEESY TUNA-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 1/3 cups precooked rice
- 1/2 lb. diced cheese
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 can chunk-style tuna
- 1/4 cup stuffed olives, sliced

Follow the directions on the package for cooking the rice. While the rice is cooking, place the milk, cheese, salt and pepper in the double boiler and heat until well blended and smooth, stirring occasionally. In a greased casserole place a layer of half the rice, then half the tuna, half the olives and cover with half the cheese sauce. Repeat the layers. Bake 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

STRAWBERRY DESSERT PIE

We've been asked to repeat this one for it is an excellent dessert recipe to have on hand at all times. It uses either fresh or frozen berries.

- 2 pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1 16-ounce pkg. frozen strawberries OR the equivalent of fresh, sweetened, mashed berries
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups whipping cream
- 1 10-inch baked pie shell

Dissolve the gelatin and sugar in the hot water. Add the strawberries and chill until partially set. Remove about 3/4 cup and reserve for the top. Whip the remaining gelatin mixture and whip the cream. Fold in 3/4 of the whipped cream. Place in the baked pie shell and spread the unwhipped gelatin over the top. Put the remaining whipped cream around the outside edge of the pie and garnish with a few fresh berries.

BAKED TUNA AND NOODLES

- 1 pkg. egg noodles, cooked in boiling, salted water
- 1 cup warm milk
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 1/2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1 can tuna
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 3 beaten eggs
- 1/2 cup milk

Soak the bread crumbs in the milk. Dilute the soup with the milk and blend with the beaten eggs. Combine all ingredients and pour into a greased casserole.

This is very good with crumbled potato chips over the top, or if you have more bread crumbs, sprinkle a few over the top before baking. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

BLUEBERRY-PINEAPPLE FESTIVE MOLD

This is one of the most successful molded salads we've ever come across. Not only is it delicious, but it's beautiful to look at—one we recommend most heartily for you to try the next time you're tackling a molded salad.

(Important: be sure the cream cheese is at room temperature. Also, since one ingredient is used in both layers, take note of this first—one package of plain gelatine dissolved in 1/3 cup of pineapple juice. As soon as this has dissolved, place the bowl in a pan of hot water so the mixture will turn into a liquid.)

First Layer

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/4 cup salad dressing
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 cup pineapple, drained well and cut into small pieces

- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 - 1 Tbls. dissolved gelatine mixture
- Combine cream cheese, salad dressing, sugar, flavorings and dissolved gelatine and beat until very smooth. This is quick and easy if the cheese is at room temperature. Add the pineapple, mix well, and turn into bottom half of lightly oiled individual molds. Place in refrigerator to get firm.

Second Layer

- 1 15-oz. can blueberries
 - 1 cup commercial sour cream
 - 2 Tbls. sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
 - 4 Tbls. dissolved gelatine
- Turn blueberries into a colander or sieve and wash thoroughly under running water until as much color as possible has been removed. Set aside to drain thoroughly.

Combine sour cream, sugar, flavorings and dissolved gelatine. After mixing thoroughly, place in refrigerator and let it stand until it is almost firm. Then very carefully fold into it the drained blueberries. Spoon carefully on top of the pineapple layer in the molds. Return to the refrigerator to get firm.

When ready to serve, turn out on lettuce leaf and decorate lightly with a can of commercial whipped cream.

This is extremely attractive in appearance with the blueberries scattered through the white layer, but unless the berries are thoroughly washed, well drained and then mixed in with care, the layer will be unpleasant in color.

The amounts given here filled to the very top eight good-sized molds. It would be possible to get ten individual molds from this recipe if necessary. A large mold could be used, of course, but the individual molds are exceptionally attractive with this type of salad.

—Lucile

CHOCOLATE DREAM COOKIES

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Pecan nutmeats
- Marshmallows

Combine the shortening, eggs and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients and add, mixing thoroughly. The dough will be very stiff. Place pecan halves on a greased cookie sheet, then roll the dough into small balls and press a ball lightly on each nut. Bake 8 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

Cut marshmallows in halves and place a half, cut side down, on each cookie. Return cookies to oven and bake 3 minutes longer. When cookies are cool, frost with the following icing:

Frosting

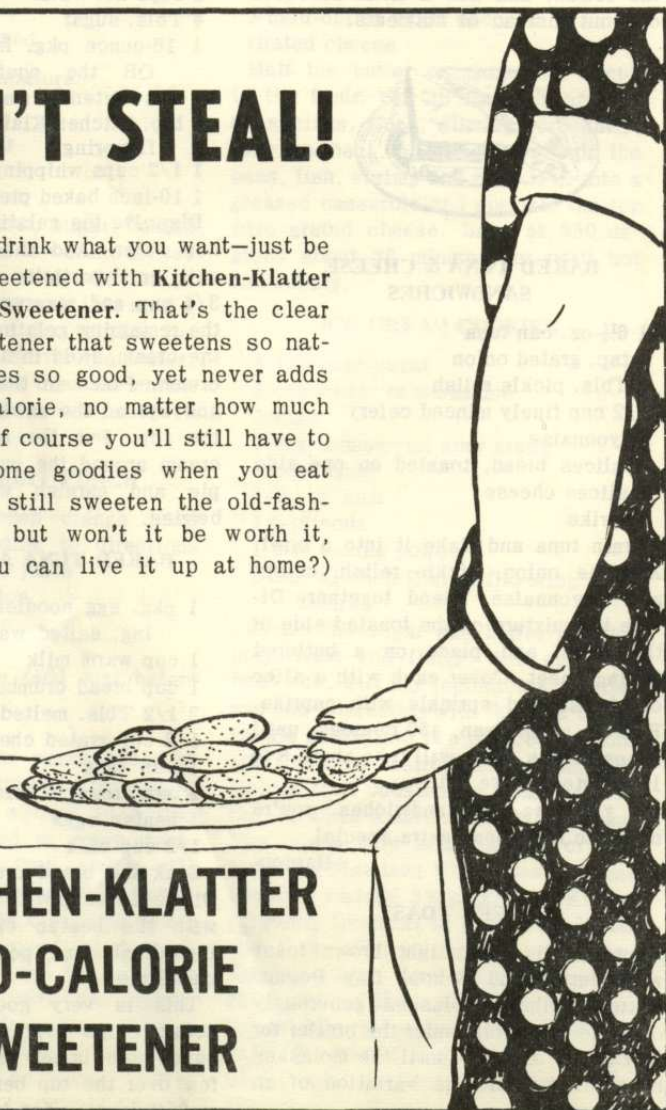
- 1 cup chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup cream or milk
- 1/4 cup margarine
- Powdered sugar
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Combine chocolate bits, milk and margarine and cook, stirring constantly, until blended, then boil for 2 minutes. Remove from heat and add flavoring and enough powdered sugar to make it a good spreading consistency (about one box).

DON'T STEAL!

Eat and drink what you want—just be sure it's sweetened with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. That's the clear liquid sweetener that sweetens so naturally, tastes so good, yet never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use. (Of course you'll still have to pass up some goodies when you eat where they still sweeten the old-fashioned way, but won't it be worth it, knowing you can live it up at home?)

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
NO-CALORIE
SWEETENER**



COPING WITH HOME FREEZER STOPPAGES

by
Joseph Arkin

Home freezers are a boon to economy-minded housewives, but a problem of serious magnitude when, for one reason or another, they stop running.

Freezers run on electricity and a power failure in your neighborhood, or a mechanical defect, can cause your unit to cease operating.

Rule number one to remember is *don't panic*. First try to find out why your unit has stopped operating. If caused by a power failure, call the local police station or your power supplier, or keep tuned to local radio stations (with your battery-type radio) to find out when it is expected that power will be restored.

Should the stoppage be due to mechanical failure put through a call to a local repairman and while awaiting him, check your instruction manual to see if there is something you can do to restore operations.

If you have reason to believe that your freezer will be operating within a matter of hours, you have nothing to worry about. Tests conducted by the Institute of Home Economics, Agricultural Research Service, indicate that food will usually stay frozen and unspoiled in a fully loaded cabinet for two whole days; in a cabinet with less than half a load, not more than a day.

Actually, how long the food in your freezer will stay frozen depends on 1) the amount of food in your freezer. A full freezer will stay cold many hours longer than a freezer only a quarter full; 2) the kind of food. A freezer full of meat will not warm up so fast as a freezer full of baked food; 3) the temperature of the food. The colder the food, the longer it will stay frozen; 4) the freezer itself. A well-insulated freezer will keep food frozen much longer than one with little insulation; 5) size of freezer. The larger the freezer, the longer the food will stay frozen.

A person who knows what to do when confronted with this type of emergency will not only save hard-earned money, but will also protect the family's health.

To keep food from spoiling when the freezer stops running, you should keep the freezer closed except to add dry ice (if available in your community), or move the food to a locker plant in your local dairy or a cold storage warehouse.

Dry ice is usually obtainable from dairies or from cold storage warehouses. It should be placed on cardboard which has been placed over the

food packages. For best results the food should have been moved to the storage compartment of the freezer unit.

A prolonged stoppage will cause some thawing and for safety's sake note should be made that meat and poultry products become unsafe to eat when they start to spoil. You should examine each package of food before you decide what to do with it. If the food still contains some ice crystals, it may be safely refrozen. If the odor of thawed food is poor or questionable, get rid of the food. It may be dangerous!

Recent tests show you can refreeze beef, veal, and lamb that show no sign of spoilage. If the package has not been opened, the meat's juices can be reabsorbed by placing the unopened package upside down in the zero compartment. If the package has been opened, the meat should be rewrapped before refreezing.

What about fruits? Fruits have a tendency to ferment when they start to spoil. A little fermentation will not make fruits dangerous to eat, but it may spoil their flavor. You can safely refreeze thawed fruits if they still

taste and smell good—or you can use them in cooking and baking, or for making jams, jellies and preserves.

Often you can't tell by the odor whether vegetables, shellfish, and cooked foods have spoiled. Bacteria multiply rapidly in these foods, even at 50 degrees Fahrenheit. It is best not to refreeze any of these foods which have thawed completely. Again, watch for ice crystals—the sign that you can refreeze if done immediately.

In any case, where the condition of the food is poor or questionable, get rid of it. It may be dangerous!

A freezer represents a sizeable investment and care should be exercised at time of purchase that the one you select has good insulation. Important too is the fact that care should be exercised in preparing, packaging and freezing food.

The more sanitary you are in preparing food for the freezer, the better it will be able to withstand a stoppage of the freezer.

Remember—sanitary preparation means fewer bacteria to cause spoilage. Frozen bacteria are not dead bacteria; they come to life again when warmed.

"The recipe
was in the
KITCHEN-KLATTER
MAGAZINE!"



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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Joyous June!!

By
Evelyn Birkby

The picnic table and benches are out on the terrace, newly sanded, stained and coated with a weather-resistant finish. They belie the many years they have withstood rain and sleet and wind. The old grill, standing nearby, has a fresh coat of aluminum paint and looks quite respectable.

We push the tea cart through the sliding door of the dining room and put our meal on the fresh bright oil-cloth. It has always been enjoyable to eat outdoors, but we are finding the new experience of having our *own* home and our *own* terrace a real thrill!

The redwood planter boxes hold gay geraniums and dainty, baby-faced pansies. The freshly-sown grass has a dewy, pale appearance, but, thankfully, covers the loose earth which has blown so prodigiously during the early spring months.

The mulberry tree, which we so carefully preserved when the house was being built, has really come into its own. It holds precedence as to age and height and, although it lacks the symmetry of many trees, we still view it affectionately. The branches shade the terrace in the morning and make it a pleasant place for breakfast. They are sturdy and spaced just enough for the boys to climb. A swing drops invitingly from one of the lower branches. Some of the topsoil was piled under the tree to level the ground up to a slight rise behind it. Now we have a fine, smooth circle under the tree. With rocks to retain the front slope and a few rock garden plants started, it promises to be a lovely spot someday.

Does anyone ever develop goldfish ponds in the yard anymore? When I was a senior in high school we moved into the parsonage here in Sidney. Much to my delight, a lovely fishpond and rock garden were part of the small back yard. The goldfish grew much larger than any I had ever raised in the house; water lilies and hyacinths became familiar, loved plants. The rock garden and pool were my retreat from the world and I dreamed dreams and made great plans in its quiet surroundings.

Several years after we moved from Sidney, the parsonage garage was moved and the change made it necessary to level and fill in the pool and small garden. Progress, no doubt, comes first, but it still makes me sad to know that the lovely spot is gone.

I'm not sure I want a fish pond in



The Birkbys love to hike and enjoy frequent outings to Waubonsie State Park where this picture of Bob and Craig was taken.

our yard right now; tiny children live in the neighborhood and small nieces and nephews come and visit. But I would like to create something of the same peaceful atmosphere around our terrace and under the mulberry tree. With three boys we know the place will have its noisy and confused moments, but with all the turmoil of this busy, worried world, it seems worth the effort to try to have a spot where a *little* calm and peace will prevail some of the time.

Speaking of trees, we did plant a number of the hard rock maple trees. While they still look scrawny and delicate, they have pushed out big, fat, sturdy leaves which give promise of strong trees to come. When we purchased the maple trees the nursery man smiled his approval, "You couldn't have chosen a better tree than the hard maple," he commented. "It is sturdy, disease resistant and nicely shaped. Of course, it takes 15 or 20 years to reach maturity, but you'll be surprised how fast 15 years will go by!" We agreed!

No matter how hard we try to talk of other matters, our conversations run to all the additional plantings needed, what we want to put *here* in the way of annuals, and what, eventually, we will put over *there*. We have started on the permanent plantings around the house. We used the blue pfitzer juniper right in front of the house and the blue scopalorum at each corner for the upright growth. These both have the silver-blue cast which we decided we preferred instead of the green. Until the flat, spreading juniper grows too dense, I plan to use the easy-growing petunias in bright red shades along the front.

The little evergreens, planted as a windbreak along the north of the house, look small and lonely 18 feet apart, but the nursery man insisted that each one of the trees should have a nine-foot circle in which to grow. "Just look at some of the old windbreaks which were started too close together and see how the lower limbs deteriorate. Many of the trees die eventually from overcrowding." So we did as he said and feel that his wisdom and experience was best to follow. Since it will take a *long, long* time to get any size on those pretty baby evergreens, we have put a simple, rather high fence as a shield and divider just north of the drive. This fence is high enough to make a little windbreak near the back door, and also cuts the view slightly from the road which goes past the front of the house. (Since the view was so very beautiful to the northeast, we had the building set at an angle. This brings the terrace into view of the road without something to break it.) Since the silver lace vine is recommended as the fastest growing hardy vine, we are using it to climb our small divider.

Oh yes, the vegetable garden is doing very well. We are eating the good, crisp, early vegetables which always taste so *good* after a long winter. Soon the canning will start and we'll be grateful to have a row of canned goods on the shelves and in the freezer after several years (for us, at least) of unproductive gardens.

But my daydreams are of the flowers to come: old-fashioned hollyhocks lining a fence across the back yard, bleeding hearts, sweet peas, lilies of the valley, coxcomb, snapdragons, four-o'clocks, nasturtiums, marigolds, zinnias, gladiolus, mums, and, someday, roses — lots and lots of roses.

It will take a long, happy time to get all of this beauty *planned* and *purchased* and *planted*. It will take *work* and *worry* and *sweat* and *frustrations*, for nothing beautiful ever comes without an investment of all of these things. But it is wonderful to walk out into the yard and see a beginning. It is fun to look into the catalogues and say, "Oh, let's do that --- someday!"

And, since none of this will ever get done if I keep sitting here, I'll put away the typewriter, right now, take my spade and package of seed in hand, and *get started!*

LEST WE FORGET

Each season has its tasks,
Each reaps its own rewards,
But let us not forget,
The giving was the Lord's.

—Virginia Corbin Spencer

A PLANT FOR EACH CHILD

By

Hallie M. Barrow

Does your love of gardening date back to the very first time you were given a plant for your very own? Many gardeners within a 150 mile radius of the Sefton Greenhouse at Chillicothe, Missouri, will answer, "That's exactly my case." Because for almost forty years, Trall and Grace Sefton have continued the custom of setting a day in mid-June, when they give a nice plant, often in full bloom, to every child who comes and signs the register. The kiddies in that area watch the paper for the announcement of that important date. They know it comes as soon after Memorial Day as the Seftons can get ready.

In many families, it is a custom handed down from their grandmothers! About 600 came this past June, and the pages of childish scrawls, which some write with such an effort, is a story in itself. If there is an X mark after the name, it means that their mothers came when they were children. A scattered few have a double X; this means that their grandmothers came. The children need not be accompanied by a grown person, and there is no age limit. Mrs. Sefton says that the earlier a child learns to love flowers, the better. So babes in arms, from three weeks up, all get plants.

Two long greenhouse tables are filled with a variety of plants. As fast as the children pass by, make a selection, and go out to have it wrapped, more plants are added, so that each child has a real choice.

Always there are dozens of pansy plants in full bloom, because the children are amused at the almost human faces. Pansy plants are one of their favorites, and there was a happy surprise last year for the pansy lovers. The Seftons had an over-supply, so when a child chose a plant, he was likely to find, when he got home, that there were two or three extra pansy plants.

We looked forward to being at the greenhouse on the day plants were given to children. Mrs. Sefton agreed to let us know the date, and said to come early. Even so, we didn't arrive in time to see the first little girl come. Seven-year-old Karen Wingo took no chances on plants being picked over, and was there by seven o'clock. Between eight and ten, we watched over a hundred children file around the tables and choose their plants.

"Do you ever have any trouble with these children?" we asked the motherly Mrs. Sefton.

"Not with the children, but the mothers sometimes make a little confusion." And soon we knew what she

meant. When alone, the little children walked quietly around and around the tables, and very soberly they eventually made a decision. Our first guess was that the little boys would all pick the flashy, red geraniums. To our surprise, the big majority of boys seemed to prefer green plants, such as ferns, vines, hen-and-chickens, and houseplants, with preference being given to cactus! If a mother were along, she was likely to take the little boy's arm, and insist that he put back the cactus and take, instead, that big double pink petunia! Some of the boys rather sorrowfully put back their choice and took their mother's selection. . . . others, with minds of their own, clutched their cactus that much tighter, and balked, and then there were likely to be words all the way to the car!

"Has anything very unusual ever happened?" was our next question. Mrs. Sefton studied a moment, and told us that the year before Lorrie and Denise Fountain, aged eleven months and two years, came with their mother, and selected two pink geraniums. The mother put the girls and the geraniums in the back seat. When she arrived home, there was nothing left of the geranium plants except two stubs. . . the girls had eaten the spicy geranium leaves!

This custom was started by Mr. Sefton's mother, who loved children, flowers, and nature, and who wrote poetry. She wanted every child to know the joy and love of growing flowers, and started setting aside a day in mid-June when every child was given a plant. Now her great-grandchildren were among those who traveled to the greenhouse to pick their plants. They are Nancy and Gary Sefton, children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sefton. A younger sister, Patty Marie Sefton, shared her playpen (set up on a nearby greenhouse table) with other toddlers, too small to make a tour of the tables of gift plants. This left mothers free to assist their other children in their selections.

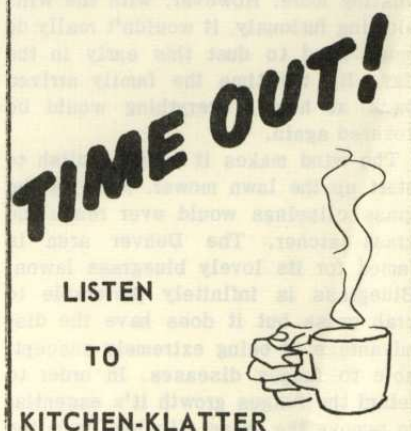
FISHING AT 70 - Concluded

with them on fishing vacations. We kept notebooks, and my! the questions we did ask. Our last lesson was a fishing rodeo! We went to a real lake, showed off before our husbands, and later fried the fish. We've had one alumni meeting.

How I do love to fish! My only regret is that all these years I was missing the greatest pleasure I could have known. I'm one hundred percent sold, however, on fishing for older people. It is a "sitting down" sport, does not take a lot of expensive equipment (a pole and a worm), does not call for a lavish outlay of sports costumes, nor

mean you must travel a great distance as you do for skiing and many other sports. We now live in the era of farm ponds and fishing lakes at all recreation areas. It's a sport you can enjoy with your husband or your children. You can sit on the bank alone or join a crowd.

Dig a can of worms and try it.



We suggest that you stop, pour yourself a cup of coffee, and catch up on the news, recipes, and household helps from the Kitchen-Klatter Family.

You can hear us each weekday morning over one of the following stations.

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KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.

TORNADOES AND EARTHQUAKES SURPRISE ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

This is one of those days when ordinarily it would be difficult to settle down to writing a letter. The grass needs cutting, the weeds are making far too much headway in the planting beds and the furniture has never needed dusting more. However, with the wind blowing furiously, it wouldn't really do much good to dust this early in the day. By the time the family arrived back at home, everything would be covered again.

The wind makes it rather foolish to start up the lawn mower. None of the grass clippings would ever reach the grass-catcher. The Denver area is famed for its lovely bluegrass lawns. Bluegrass is infinitely preferable to crab grass but it does have the disadvantage of being extremely susceptible to fungus diseases. In order to retard the fungus growth it's essential to remove the grass clippings from the lawn. The soil on our lot is rather heavy with clay so whenever the grass is not in seed, I dig the clippings into the earth in the planting beds. This requires considerable effort but the improvement on our soil texture is very noticeable.

The nursery is always on the lookout for new varieties of plants, shrubs and trees which may be commercially feasible for the Denver climate. To be commercially feasible, a variety must be suitable for the average homeowner, not just the gardening enthusiast. At least four plants of each variety are planted so as to indicate the plant's response on a north, south, east and west exposure. Somehow we always end up putting our plants in the most difficult exposure and often there are about five to ten sick or dying shrubs in our yard. Of course, most of these plants cannot adapt to our climate, but we do find it interesting to experiment with them at home.

One of our experimental shrubs provided us with a real surprise this spring. Two years ago the nursery brought in some lovely magnolia bushes for testing. A few nights later the temperature dropped below freezing, not at all an uncommon occurrence in May, and the magnolias froze back to within six inches of the ground. Ours was planted in a completely exposed position on the south, the most unfavorable location possible. The first summer the magnolia put out not one bit of new growth, but it didn't die. Last summer it put out several spindly branches about six inches long. This spring that sad-looking magnolia had two lovely blossoms on it. I can't tell you what excitement those two blos-



When we read in Abigail's letter that Emily's hair had been cut, we decided to print this picture. Not only is her hair almost to her waist, but she is almost as tall as her mother!

soms caused in the neighborhood; a magnolia blossom in Denver is a rare sight indeed. Unfortunately, those two blossoms may well be a bad omen. A plant, especially trees and shrubs, will make an unusual effort to propagate itself when it is dying.

Although many of the familiar plants of the Midwest cannot adapt to our Colorado climate, many of the more tender plants from California and Oregon can thrive here. Such anachronisms make this a very interesting, if unpredictable, horticultural section of the country.

The news recently contained the usual reports of tornadoes in the Midwest. When we moved out here I thought we had left the tornadoes back in the Midwest. I find that is not true. As Denver has grown, it has spread out away from the mountains sufficiently that an occasional cyclone is reported on the eastern edge of the city. Because we live on the western edge, closer to the mountains, I still don't indulge in those apprehensive surveillances of the sky to the southwest.

Not only was I mistaken in thinking we had left tornado country, I also had no idea at all that we were moving to earthquake country. Yet throughout the past year the Denver area has had numerous earthquakes. My concept of earthquakes was drawn from seeing, as

a child, the old movie, "San Francisco". And just a few years ago we were in Yellowstone Park the summer following the disastrous earthquake there. Those enormous rockslides just reinforced my idea that earthquakes are always tremendously violent upheavals of the earth.

It comes as a great shock to me to pick up the paper and discover we have had another earthquake here. Not only are there no gaping cracks in the streets, no buildings are crashing down, but, most surprisingly, none of us have felt a thing. The only evidence we could find at all was the plaster cracks we filled before painting this past spring. They may well be attributable to the house settling and not to any earthquake.

About the only really earth-shaking event around this house occurred when Emily decided *positively* that she wanted her hair cut. She has been toying with the idea for a year and a half. Since her hair reached her waist in back, you can imagine that there was a considerable amount of cutting to be done. A professional hairdresser cut, styled and set her hair. At the end of those two hours she had aged five years and grown five inches. Because she has also added glasses and braces since her grandparents last saw her, they may have some difficulty in recognizing her!

Two days after school is dismissed Emily plans to attend our church's high-school-age conference at Evergreen, Colorado, for a week. Then she will enter summer school to take typing if our June trip to Iowa will not make her miss too many classes. Alison has chosen to spend her savings on horseback riding lessons rather than camp this summer. She'll join the summer band classes, also. Clark won't be attending camp either, but will be busy with Little League baseball again. Inevitably, his team was assigned a practice field that is separated from our house by great distance and very dangerous streets. I'm in no danger of losing my chauffeur's status this summer!

Right now the big question in our family is whether the canned roses at the nursery in Denver will cooperate with the Driftmier family reunion in Shenandoah. The nursery has one of its biggest promotions of the year at the time the 10,000 canned roses come into first bloom. If those two important events coincide, Wayne will find himself in the difficult position of wanting to be in two places, 600 miles apart, at the same time. The airlines may have to come to his rescue if Mother Nature doesn't.

Sincerely,
Abigail

HONEYSUCKLED JUNE

Gay butterflies drift lazily
In honeysucked June.
They gather essence of the rose
To an ecstatic tune
Sung by the oriole and lark,
While pixie breezes play,
And children's laughter rings to lend
New magic to each day!

—Thelma Allinder

A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Do you ever experience times when your days are so full of jobs which have to be done that you feel as if you're on a merry-go-round which never stops? For the past few weeks this is just the way I've felt.

When I returned home from Shenandoah after addressing the April issue of the magazine, I learned that Frank's uncle, August Johnson, was very seriously ill with pneumonia and had been taken to the hospital. He has had a long siege of it and has been in the hospital for several weeks. Since his wife, Aunt Delia, doesn't drive a car, I take her to the hospital early in the morning. By the time the dishes are done, the bed is made, and the house is straightened up, the mailman has arrived. I read your letters and get the embroidery transfer patterns and peanut pixie orders ready to mail.

At 3:00 o'clock Frank takes me to the hospital so Aunt Delia can come home and rest until 7:00. The evening, then, finds me at the dining room table making little pixies to fill the next day's orders. This has been my routine for the past weeks, so you can see why I feel as if I've been on a merry-go-round.

Uncle August lives just a half-mile from us and in all the years we've lived on the farm, we've had a very close relationship with him and his wife. We're so very grateful to be near at hand to do everything we can to help them.

Uncle August loves Kristin very dearly and was eagerly counting the days until she would be home from the University of Wyoming for spring vacation. It was a great disappointment that he had to be taken by ambulance to the University Hospital at Iowa City for examination and treatment—and just four hours before Kristin arrived by train. She was home for only five days, but we took one of them to drive to Iowa City so they could have a little visit together. The same day that Kristin boarded the train to return to school, Uncle August was brought back to the Chariton hospital. It was just one of those unfortunate circumstances that he had to be gone the very days she was here.

Kristin hadn't been home since Christmas—the longest period she had ever been away from home—and the friend she brought with her remarked that in all the months he had known her, he'd never seen her so excited about anything!

The first morning Frank decided not to awaken us because he thought we all needed some extra rest. But Kristin was up before the alarm went off and



If Martin Strom and his grandmother (Leanna Driftmier) hurry, they'll have time to finish that game of Chinese checkers before suppertime. They both look happy so we can't tell who's winning.

she and her dad had already finished the chores at Uncle August's and were home for their "second breakfast" when I woke up! In the afternoon we drove to Allerton so Kristin could have a visit with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls.

Saturday was the day we drove to Iowa City. Since we arrived before visiting hours, we drove out to see our cousin, Gretchen Harshbarger, and her husband before going to the hospital. It had been many years since Kristin had seen Gretchen and Clay, and it was her first visit to their lovely home on the Iowa River. We thoroughly enjoyed the time we spent with them.

When we reached home, about 9:00 that evening, we were surprised and happy to learn that Frank's cousin, Edith Johnson of Omaha, had arrived on the afternoon train. She had come specifically to see Uncle August, not knowing that he had been moved to Iowa City. Our visit with Edith was very short because early the next morning she and Frank's sister Bernie went to Iowa City and returned just at train time. We don't have many opportunities to see Edith, so even a short visit was appreciated.

Early on Easter morning, who should drive into the lane but Frank's sister Ruth and her husband, Frank, who live in Kansas City. We were so in hopes that they would be able to come but didn't know for certain if they could. Since Edna had recently been in the hospital, we hadn't expected that she would be able to come, so we had yet another surprise when she and Raymond drove in a bit later. So this was the group which sat down at the dinner table at 1:30. We missed the Johnsons who were in Iowa City, but were happy

that the rest of us could be together.

We had beautiful weather early in the spring and I was afraid it wouldn't last for Kristin's visit. We anxiously listened to every forecast for the dates she would be at home. Rain was predicted, and we knew how disappointed Kristin would be if she couldn't be outside most of the time. She loves the spring of the year when the timber is carpeted with wild flowers. As it happened, the weatherman missed all of his predictions and we had a continuation of our beautiful warm days.

Our house seemed miserably empty and quiet after Kristin and her friend left, so we were especially happy that Martin (Oliver and Margery's son) picked that very next week-end to visit us. He loves to trail around with Frank and is a big help, always willing to do anything asked of him. Of course, during this visit Frank was busy in the fields, but Martin went along with him and kept busy burning the brush Frank had piled at the edge of the field last winter when he cut down some trees and trimmed them.

Martin is hoping to spend a lot of time at the farm this summer. The first six weeks he is going to take a driver's training course at the high school, but after he has finished that, he is planning to come to the farm.

Kristin's plans for the summer are still indefinite. She wants to attend summer school at least part of the time, and may decide to go all summer. She'll have two weeks at home before summer school starts, and longer if she decides to attend the second session only. At this time of year, all the children from kindergarten on (and teachers, too!) are weary of school

(Continued on page 22)

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Have you ever wished for a little greenhouse—just a small glass-enclosed structure where you could start vegetable and bedding plants in early spring as well as a place to summer house plants? I had longed for such a place for many years and last spring it became a reality. When my three "teaching children" came home to spend their spring vacations, they pitched in and constructed an 8- x 10-foot wood frame building. The framework is made entirely of 2" by 2" lumber (two-by-four pieces ripped in two), covered first with 2-inch wire poultry netting, and then by 5-mil clear plastic. The building is 5½ feet high at the eaves and 6 feet high in the center. The door and two ventilators are made of ½" plywood and the entire cost of the materials, including benches for the plants, totaled \$65.00. The labor was donated, of course, but

anyone who can wield a saw and hammer could build this little greenhouse.

How useful has it proved? For the first time in my gardening career, I've had all the annual bedding plants I needed to plant the beds and borders that surround our large farmyard. What's more, their cost was only a minute fraction of what I would have paid for started plants from a nursery counter. I started everything from seed and cuttings, and because almost ideal conditions of light, temperature, and moisture were provided by the little greenhouse, my luck was phenomenal. Vegetable plants of cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, Brussel's sprouts, tomatoes, pepper, eggplant, ground cherry, okra, and celery came out of the greenhouse in assembly-line precision. Even "fussy" hybrid petunias started readily in damp sphagnum moss-filled seed pans. Other annuals that germinated readily were snapdragons, asters, zinnias, marigolds, calendulas, pinks, larkspur, celosia, morning glories and sweet peas. The

latter two were planted in peat pots so transplanting was no problem.

You might ask, how practical is such a greenhouse? I do not know—the answer as yet for much depends upon how well the 5-mil plastic will stand up to the weather. While the chicken-wire netting underneath gives it support, I'm sure a heavy hailstorm would wreak havoc and the plastic would no doubt have to be replaced. Another disadvantage is that it can't be heated for winter use and I will have to dispose of the bench brimming with house plants by the time cold weather arrives. We used a small electric space heater in it last spring to disperse the chill when frost threatened. If we were to build again, we would make certain that the studdings were set close enough so the plastic could be generously lapped at the seams. Ours had to be butted and some of it tore off during a wind storm. The house should be located where it will be shaded during the hottest time of the day. If this isn't possible, you will need to tack cheesecloth across the ceiling to provide shade.

Remember, too, that a plastic greenhouse is a very plain, ordinary building and is not decorative in itself. It should be placed as close to the garden as possible and where there is easy access to a supply of water. There will be constant traffic between the greenhouse and garden, once it gets into full production.



GLITTERING LEAVES

Did you ever think of painting living leaves? Each spring at violet blooming time, I'm reminded of a bouquet my daughter brought to me during a stay in the hospital several years ago.

The idea occurred to her as she was doing some painting outside. Drops of the aluminum paint she was using fell on violet leaves below. Seizing the idea, she completely painted several leaves, then gathered violet blossoms and surrounded them with the silver leaves to make an enchanting nosegay. Nurses and visitors alike exclaimed over my rare bouquet, and I loved it!

Painting leaves is easy. Simply lay needed amount on newspapers and spray. They dry quickly. Only the upper side need be sprayed, and they stay fresh as long as unpainted leaves. Never spray the flowers. It is the contrast of their natural beauty, complimented by the glittering leaves that will bring you compliments.

So, arm yourself with a can of gold or silver spray paint, flowers, and imagination and see what dramatic creations you can achieve.

—Lula Lamme



Ground-in grime around shirt collars and cuffs are hard to clean, certainly. But punishing them with scrubbing isn't the answer.

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THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

I have found good cooks all over the world, and what a delight it was to find one of the best ever on a little island out in the Atlantic Ocean. Helen Trapp, the wife of Chaplain Major Richard Trapp of the United States Air Force, invited Betty and me to her home for a delightful baked ham dinner. Everything was excellent, from the tomato juice cocktail to the exquisite desert. I was particularly intrigued by the potatoes she served, and if you girls are looking for a new way to prepare potatoes that will have your guests *just begging* for the recipe, try this one of Helen Trapp's.

Potatoes Deluxe

- 6 medium-sized potatoes
- 2 tsp. salt
- 3 cups cream-style cottage cheese
- 3/4 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 1/2 Tbls. finely grated onion
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. white pepper
- Dab of melted butter
- 1/2 cup chopped toasted almonds.

Cook the potatoes with 2 teaspoons of salt. (This is not the salt listed in the quantities given above.) Mash potatoes thoroughly adding no milk or butter. Press cottage cheese through a sieve, or buzz in a blender. Mix together warm mashed potatoes and cheese. Add sour cream, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well. Spoon into a shallow, buttered 2-quart casserole. Brush the surface with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 1/2 hour. Place under broiler for a few minutes to brown the surface lightly. Sprinkle with almonds. Serves 8.

REFLECTION

I walked along a winding country lane,
Where moisture-laden branches of a tree
Bowed low, and grassy fingers clung
to me,
Beside a pool, once dimpled by the
rain;
But that wee bit of water showed a
star.
If it could mirror one bright spheroid
there,
Revealing beauty anyone might share,
We can reflect God's love both near
and far!

—Thelma Allinder

HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is not things,
Nor formulae, nor rules no end.
It is the loving heart, which sings,
"You are most welcome, here, dear
friend."

—Gertrude Applegate



Frederick and Betty appreciated the hospitality of Helen and Chaplain Trapp, pictured at the right, while they were in Bermuda.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

and the influx of tourists has taken away much of its quietness. Today there are several thousand motorbikes and automobiles on the narrow Bermuda roads, and the hundreds of beautiful horses have made their exit. Many large hotels have been built in spots where a few years ago there were deserted beaches, and on every little bay there are outboard motors tearing about at a great rate.

We had a nice visit one afternoon with a former Shenandoah, Iowa, girl, Miss Dorothy Jarman. She has lived all over the world since leaving the Midwest, and presently is teaching remedial reading in the American school on the air base. Just before we left for home, Miss Jarman brought us some beautiful shells that she had picked up on the coral beaches of Bermuda. Betty and I were on the beach for only an hour or two because of our busy schedule, and while we were on the beach, I was soaking up the sunshine while writing a sermon.

We flew to Bermuda from Springfield, with a perfectly grand trip down, but a rough trip back. The jet flight from Bermuda to New York was all right, but the flight from New York to Springfield was a very rough one indeed. When we landed at Springfield the wind was blowing at seventy-five miles an hour!

As I write this letter, I remember that I have told you nothing of our wonderful Easter in South Church. We had two services, one in the chapel and one in the main sanctuary, and both were filled to capacity. At the eleven o'clock service we had about 1,100 persons present, with magni-

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ficent flowers, and beautiful music. Before the service we had a sacred recital of organ and viola music, and during the service our large choir sang several anthems. Wouldn't it be wonderful if every Sunday could be an Easter in our churches? I pray for just that every day.

Sincerely,

Frederick

THE FARM - Concluded

and anxious for vacation days to start.

This has been a wonderful spring for farmers to get in their crops. The last time I went to Shenandoah I took the train, and since I didn't have to keep my eyes glued to a highway, I could look out the window and feast my eyes on the gorgeous coloring of the countryside. The fields, which were all ready to plant, were luscious dark brown and as smooth as a garden patch. The brilliant shades of green in the winter wheat fields, alfalfa fields and pastures made quite a contrast.

My hungry and hard-working husband will soon be coming in for dinner, so I had better change my thinking from fields to food!

Sincerely,

Dorothy

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

fort, which is Fort Gaines, was begun in 1821. It has played important parts in every war in which the United States has been involved since the War of 1812. Going through this old fort was a most interesting experience.

Facing the Gulf of Mexico, just seven miles east of Gulfport, is Beauvoir, the last home of Jefferson Davis. The home is almost entirely furnished with original Davis pieces which were returned over a period of years. On the ground level there is a museum which exhibits a large collection of Jefferson Davis and Confederate relics. On the grounds, also, are a library cottage, another museum, an old Confederate Soldier's Home, and a Confederate Cemetery. You would find this a very interesting stop if you ever travel that way.

We made a few stops along the Gulf of Mexico, but didn't drive as far west as New Orleans. It was necessary at this point to head for home without much delay, so New Orleans will have to wait for another time. We stopped briefly in Jackson, Mississippi, and Memphis, Tennessee, and also in Black Rock, Arkansas, where dear old friends live.

There isn't space to bring you up to date on our current activities but I'll do that next month.

Sincerely,

Margery

You won't find many success rules that'll work unless you do!

SOCIAL INSECURITY

When it comes to introductions I suddenly forget instructions To do the job the proper way, The way the manner books all say. As I have said, I'm poorly versed On just what name to mention first. Is it the younger or the older? Is it the timid or the bolder? Is it the mister or the dame, The unknown one or one of fame? All these questions so red-tape me That the names of both escape me. About this plight I've often fretted. Could be I'm just unetiquetted.

—Gladise Kelly

THE LAZY ROAD

A pleasant aisle all neatly green
And lined with trees of fruit and shade;
A checkered path of sylvan sheen—
A whispering, rustling, inviting glade.

High over the trees the sun arches
proud
Of the beautiful deep celestial hue;
Yet many a midget sun-touched cloud
As well, sails grandly the ocean of
blue.

When moonbeams weave a bright path-
way
Through interstices in the leaves
The fairy folk have sure entree.
Here peace holds sway among the
leaves.

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

have been. (Incidentally, in 1918 I was the only member of our family that had the flu, and Russell was the only member of his family that had the flu. He says that the most vivid memory he has of the whole thing was of going to bed when there were great drifts of snow everywhere--and Duluth really has the drifts, you know--and of getting out of bed for the first time weeks later to see that spring had arrived!)

Now I must put my canned goods away--I took time to stow away all the frozen things before I sat down to my typewriter--and clean the fresh vegetables that look so good to our eyes. But before I jump up and run, I want to thank all of you who told us how much you appreciated the Mother-Daughter book. We hoped, of course, that it would be helpful; but we didn't dream you would find it so readable and, to quote a phrase we've read often, "such an inspiration and comfort".

Faithfully always

Paul

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She's into the bathroom and flushing the stool.
While mama mops up the watery pool,
She's pulling the clothes from the bedroom chest
And flinging them out with gleeful zest.

A mass of cold cream massages the wall,
Trailing the culprit out into the hall,
While mama plods after, with face growing stern,
That pint-size, non-stop going concern.

—Gladise Kelly



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CAMP SUNNYSIDE

by
Doris Nelson

Five miles north of Des Moines, Iowa, next to Margo Frankel Woods, is beautiful Camp Sunnyside, which was built by the Iowa Society for Crippled Children and Adults, with the help of the little Easter Seal, and other larger gifts.

Ever since I was privileged to attend the first summer's adult session, I have wanted to thank everyone for this wonderful camp.

After being in operation for only two years, it is expected by the directors that every session will be filled close to capacity. Each session is planned for a certain age. The first one is for children from six to ten years of age, the second from ten to fourteen years, and the third for teen-agers up to 21. The last camp in August is for adults.

The counselors are carefully chosen from young college students interested in education and rehabilitation of handicapped children. There were 39 counselors the first year, including a fine young man from India, an exchange graduate student, whom we enjoyed knowing very much. Many returned last year to work again, and America may be proud of such fine young people.

The children's activities, consisting of handicrafts, nature study, games, story telling, singing, and physical therapy, were changed often, with added treats of picnics, hikes, and actually camping out over night in a tent with a counselor. They loved it, and now enjoy the new heated swimming pool, which was ready last summer. The water therapy is especially beneficial for weakened muscles. The directors hope to put a canopy over it, so that it can be an all-weather pool, and used for a longer time than is possible now.

All of our meals were served in the lodge, a large room with the dining area at one end, and a lounge balcony above it for the counselors' use only. The other end had a huge stone fireplace with full length windows and French doors looking out on the patio beside the pool. We had our parties here. Other buildings included Arts and Crafts, Health and Therapy, where a trained nurse was on 24-hour duty, and the cabins. A chapel is being added this year, and they are dredging a small pond for boating and fishing.

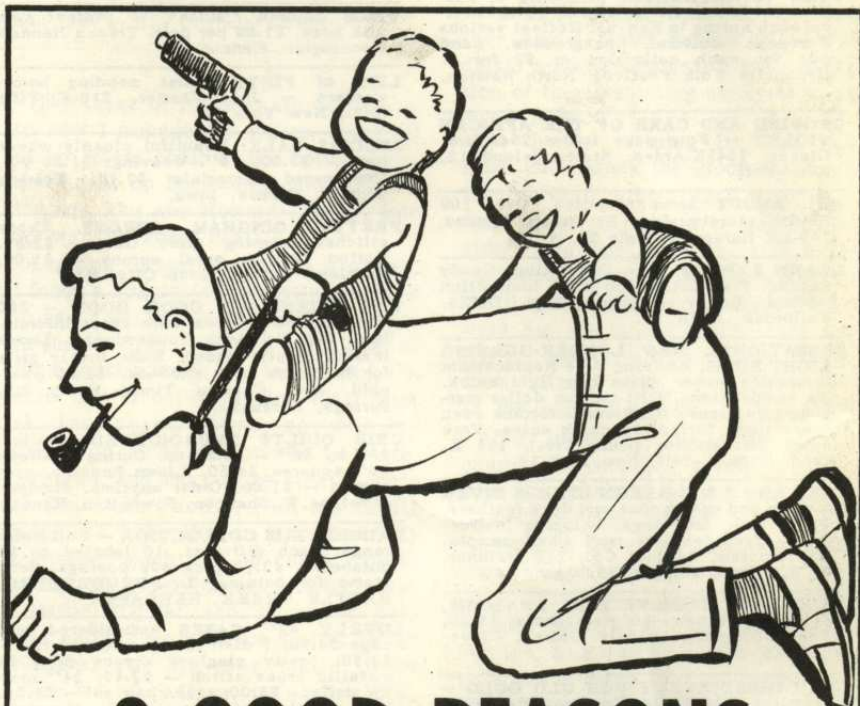
We, as adults, enjoyed the singing after every meal, arts and craft classes, and also classes in photography and ham radio. Almost everyone said the best part of camp was the nature hikes when we were taken over trails specially graded to accommodate the wheelchairs, through the ad-

joining woods. Every evening we had a fireside entertainment or party, and carried out tournaments in a variety of games. I visited one day during last year's camp to meet old friends among the counselors and campers, and hope to get to go back sometime, especially for a swim in the beautiful pool.

They told me that all but one man had returned from the previous year, and only three women hadn't been able to come, so that is the best indication of what the camper thought of Camp Sunnyside. I know the primary purpose of the camp is for the children, and

they love it dearly, but the immeasurable good these adults receive cannot be told here, for many live very confined lives in nursing homes, etc. May God bless Camp Sunnyside for including adults in their summer program, and I want to thank all Iowans, and those in other states who have provided similar camps, for making a happy, healthful vacation possible, even for the severely handicapped.

The God who breathed life into us gave us love of liberty at the same time.
—Thomas Jefferson



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