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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When Mother wrote to you last month she said that "if all went well" we would celebrate Dorothy's birthday in New Mexico this year and that our long-planned trip would give both her and Dorothy their first glimpse of Santa Fe and my place north of that town.

Well, things have gone well enough, by and large, for us to carry through our plans and I am writing this just before we depart. Ordinarily I wouldn't be getting off my letter to you this early, but in looking ahead at our plans I can see clearly enough that it would be silly to think of sitting down to the typewriter and trying to meet a deadline.

As Mother told you in her letter last month, Margery drove down to New Mexico after she'd put the May issue "to bed" and we had two weeks together. I had been there long enough before she arrived to adjust my eyes to drought conditions, but she was shocked to see the Sangre de Cristo mountain range almost bare — practically no signs of snow whatsoever. We are at the foot of these mountains and have always seen them with a heavy covering of snow that held on until late June or early July, so I was astounded when I first arrived to see them stark and bare.

The valley where my place is located is 100% dependent upon irrigation, and the water for this irrigation comes from melting snow in the mountains, so you can see clearly enough what a catastrophe it is to the hard-working Spanish-Americans and Indians that almost no snow fell during the past winter. They had the coldest temperatures ever recorded in that area — but no snow. And no spring rains. I worry for them because they have a hard time getting along under the happiest of conditions.

Skipping back a number of weeks, my trip down to New Mexico with Juliana at the wheel was the first time ever

that the two of us had gone anywhere together. It was the first time also that she had done every bit of the driving, for in all of her trips back and forth there has always been at least one other person to take over at the wheel, and usually there were three in the car and they shifted the responsibility at two- or three-hour intervals. She wasn't sure when we left Shenandoah just how things would work out, but we made it to Liberal, Kansas (520 miles from here), the first day, and the following day we pulled into Albuquerque around 2:00 in the afternoon — and she was astounded that just one person at the wheel could cover so much ground! (I must confess that for several hours after we arrived we both had the peculiar feeling that we were still in motion.)

Albuquerque now seems like home to Juliana and she was wild to get back to her friends, her apartment, her lazy cat Punky (there was a picture of him in the April issue), and all of the other things that go to make up daily life. When she first went out to the University of New Mexico and felt so timid and frightened about leaving our small Iowa town to go to a huge, new place I told her that eventually the day would come when Albuquerque would be more familiar and "real" than Shenandoah, and of course she didn't believe this at all. (What young person ever believes *anything* that parents say?) But on this last drive out there we were talking about various things and she said that she remembered what I had said and how she had felt about it at the time — and lo! for some mysterious reason I had been right and Albuquerque now seemed like home.

I think about this in connection with the trip we'll soon be making for Mother and Dorothy will be seeing a totally different country for the very first time and they'll be pretty much flabbergasted by scenes and situations that my eyes have become adjusted to and that I take completely for granted. The

only way I can really see it through *their* eyes is to remember how all of it looked to me when Russell and I first started going to that area so long ago. (Frankly, it all looked so DIFFERENT and STRANGE that I was almost scared!!! Today it still looks DIFFERENT, all right, but it seems as familiar as Iowa. That's what time and experience does for one.)

I wish to thank all of you good friends for the notes you've sent to Mother urging her to take this trip. She never really abandoned the idea entirely, but there were certainly times when she didn't see how she could possibly go, everything considered. Ruby (Dad's nurse) kept assuring her that they'd get along fine and everyone in the family had a ready answer for any problem that came up, but we really cinched the entire thing by involving three other people in our plans — and when three other people are involved, how can you let them down?

This is what I mean by three other people.

Back in the days when Dad and Mother were able to travel they spent some of their winters in California, and through those years they became very close friends with Charles and Olive Foulke in San Bernardino. Although it has been about six or seven years since Mother has seen Olive (her husband died three years ago) they have kept in touch with frequent letters and have longed to see each other. There were great obstacles in meeting again because Mother couldn't go to California and Olive's health doesn't permit her to travel alone, so back in January we hit upon the idea that Santa Fe would be the answer to all of this because both of them could meet at mid-point, so to speak.

Thus it turns out that the day after Mother, Dorothy and I arrive in New Mexico we will drive down to the airport in Albuquerque to meet Olive and her daughter, Eleanor, who are flying from Los Angeles. Eleanor teaches school but she managed to take off a week to make this trip possible for her mother.

The third person to be accounted for in our plans is Dorothy's sister-in-law, Edna Halls, whom Dorothy has mentioned in her letters to you for many, many years. Edna had to move to Phoenix for health, and she and her husband have sorely missed the close family ties that they knew in Iowa. When we first made plans for this forthcoming trip Dorothy got in touch with Edna and she said that she could fly up to Santa Fe to visit us — and it's exactly what she is going to do. Juliana will be with us

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MARGERY AND LUCILE SEE SOME NEW COUNTRY

Dear Friends:

There was just one little delay the morning Mother, Lucile and Dorothy left for New Mexico — they couldn't find Jake, Lucile's little Chihuahua. Since he accompanies her on trips, he just had to be found. Oliver and I were helping load the car, so we struck out in opposite directions and soon found him. He had wandered just far enough from the house that he hadn't heard Lucile call him. Now they have safely arrived at Lucile's place and will have a great deal to tell you on their return.

When I flew down in April to join Lucile at her home near Santa Fe for a little visit before driving her back to Shenandoah, we talked at length about places we wanted Mother and Dorothy to see on their first trip to New Mexico. The thought came to both of us that although we knew that area fairly well, we didn't know much else about the state. We had never done much more than drive across on Highway 66, and that had been many years ago with no stops along the way. We decided to do a little sight-seeing. We drove south to Albuquerque to tell Lucile's daughter Juliana goodbye and then headed west for Gallup, making it easily by evening.

The next morning we drove north and west into Arizona with Canyon de Chelly (pronounced *d'shay*) National Monument our destination. This road — and it is an excellent highway — took us through Window Rock, which we didn't know until our arrival, is the capitol of the Navajo Indians. They have a beautiful new crafts building and since we had allotted the entire day for the jaunt to the canyon, we spent considerable time viewing the gorgeous jewelry, rugs and other hand-crafts. This was a stop well worth making. The items are the finest you'll see anywhere and they are reasonably priced. (I've wished since my return that I had bought more than a pair of small turquoise earrings!)

The drive to Canyon de Chelly contains magnificent scenery. Lucile remarked that she couldn't believe that what we were to see at the end of the road could be more beautiful. The road through the park was rough, but we were ahead of the regular season and no doubt in a few more weeks it was graded and smooth. We stopped at various overlooks and oh'd and ah'd at the beauty of the coloring and rock formations. As we drove along the rim we passed hogans and Indian sheep-



Juliana Verness holds an enormous paper flower, so popular in Mexico.

herders moving their flocks. It was as picturesque as anything I've seen.

We returned to Gallup to spend the night and the following day drove south through the Zuni country. When we stopped at the Zuni Pueblo we were saddened that they haven't as beautiful a building for displaying their jewelry as the Navajos. I hope more government funds will be allocated soon. However, a small building is under construction and will be finished shortly. The workroom was completed first, and this we were able to see. There were about ten Indians at work making jewelry. They create their own designs on paper first and then work in the silver from their plans. Each individual seemed to have his specialties. I'm partial to the Zuni jewelry so seeing the artists at work was a great thrill.

There aren't many highways running north and south in western New Mexico, so we drove over into eastern Arizona to catch a good road south. We left Arizona at Alpine and were soon back in New Mexico driving through beautiful national forests to Silver City. Be certain you start this drive with plenty of gas, for service stations are few and far between. We noticed many marvelous campgrounds for the benefit of you campers. You would love these forests!

Silver City is a mining town and from past experiences we felt we'd see some interesting old homes. We weren't disappointed. There was only a little daylight left, so we had time for only a short drive to look around the town. In the evening I called old friends who formerly lived in our town and arranged to see them for a brief visit the next morning before leaving for El Paso.

Lucile and I wondered if we would be able to locate the same motel where we stayed last November. Well, we got lost a few times but eventually got on the right track and found it. It is easy

to lose your sense of direction in El Paso for the town follows the Rio Grande River and streets run every which direction. At least that is the alibi I came up with!

We made two trips over the border into Mexico at Juarez, the first one that afternoon to visit the new shopping center near the fine museum, and the second the next morning when we braved the traffic and drove down into the heart of the city to the old market. Lucile is more observant than I am and she thought there were more tourists at the new shopping center and many more Mexicans at the old City Market. That sounds reasonable for the old market is the main shopping center for the local people. There are stalls selling everything, including fresh produce. We would have loved purchasing some of their marvelous fresh fruit to take back to our motel in El Paso, but transporting fresh produce across the border is forbidden.

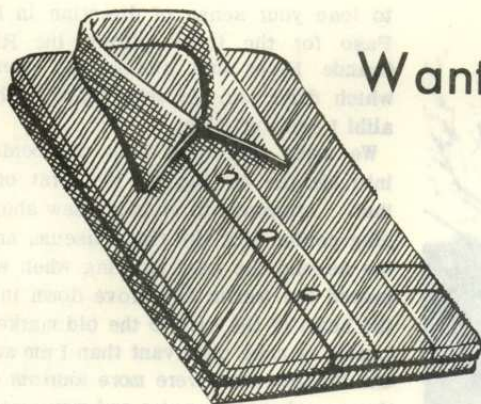
Incidentally, a funny thing happened concerning the border. The first day our car was not checked at customs, but it was on the second day — completely, even to the glove compartment. We concluded that when the traffic is particularly heavy, they check only every so many cars. They do stop every car and question you as to your citizenship and what you purchased and if you have fresh fruits or vegetables, etc., but they *don't always* inspect your car.

Neither Lucile nor I had ever seen the White Sands National Monument, so we decided to return to Santa Fe by way of Alamogordo. We drove back up to Las Cruces and then east for we wondered if by any chance we could see any of the Missile Test Center. How glad we were that we planned our route this way for it was a gorgeous drive, especially near San Augustin Peak, and the valley spread out below was a breathtaking sight. Yes, we could see a great deal of the Missile Test Center and it was interesting.

White Sands National Monument is fabulous! Although we'd seen pictures of it all our lives, we had no idea it was so spectacular. Visitors were picnicking, sliding down the sand dunes on sheets of carboard, and having a happy time.

We returned to Santa Fe only long enough to pack the car and then headed for home. Martin had come home from college for the weekend so as to be here to hear about the trip at the first telling. And he knew I had brought him a gift! Oliver said I looked rested, and

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Wanted --- A Man

A DAD AND LAD BANQUET

by
Mabel Nair Brown

For this banquet we will key our theme to articles of men's clothing and the quips that have come into usage connected with some of them. "Keep your shirt on", "if the shoe fits", and "hand in glove" are a few. You will think of many others.

Use large silhouettes of these various items as room decorations, with phrases written on each appropriate article.

For table decorations cut miniature shirts and other items of clothing, from scraps of fabric or construction paper, sketching in the collar, sleeve and buttons. Hang these on "clothes trees", using a tree branch for each tree.

Nut Cups: Cut miniature ties from scraps of material. Tie it in the regular tie knot around the nut cup. If desired each guest's name can be printed on one end of the tie. The tie can be long enough so the ends extended out to lie flat on the table.

Program Booklets: Cut the outline of a man's shirt from heavy construction paper, cutting it double and leaving it fastened at the top. Use different colors of paper and ink in sleeves, collar, cuffs, pockets and button front. Or cut an outline from pretty fabrics and glue to the paper cover. Write the program on the inside. These might also be used for invitations if you send written ones.

PROGRAM

Toastmaster:

WANTED - A MAN

To be courageous like Joshua.
To be self-reliant like Nehemiah.
To be full of faith like Abraham.
To be persevering like Jacob.
To be decisive like Moses.
To be above reproach like Daniel.
To be long-suffering like Paul.
To be prayerful like Elijah.
To be bold like Peter.
To be God-like as Enoch.

Scripture:

A Father: *Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law, yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart. Make*

me go in the path of Thy commandments: For therein I do delight.

A Son: *Forget not my law: But let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: Bind them about thy neck: Write them upon the table of thine heart.*

Father: *Stablish Thy word unto Thy servant who is devoted to Thy fear . . . For Thy judgments are good, behold I have longed after Thy precepts: Quick-en me in Thy righteousness.*

Son: *So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not upon thine own understanding.*

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers".

Salute to Dads: I'm really going to tie into this job with pleasure and hope I only put across what we have up our sleeve to say about those REAL men, our dads, tonight.

There is nothing stuffed *shirt* about our dads here assembled. We know from experience that they are men of honor to whom we can look for leadership, inspiration, understanding, and love. You have not failed us. We well know you would give us the *shirt* off your back if the need arose.

We humbly hope that we may faithfully follow your precepts and your example so when the time comes that you hand the reins of the world to us, we can fill your *shoes* without falling flat on our faces!

We salute you, the MAN IN OUR LIFE. Dads, our hats are off to you!

Salute to Sons: To you, our sons, if you say we have not always, and will not always, see things eye to eye, you have hit the truth on the *button* - that is the way when two generations try to go hand in *glove*. It just doesn't always come so easy. But have patience with Dad; he may scare the *socks* off you, might make you so mad you almost want to *belt* him one, but it's usually because he is scared himself - scared that some youthful prank or carelessness will bring harm to you, the apple of his eye.

As you grow up you will always find that Dad is your most zealous booster. His greatest desire for you is not great wealth, nor exalted position, but that you become a good and just man, stalwart and true, and that you *collar* the job that you like best to do. Then he'll be so proud he will probably "bust" his *buttons* as he proudly tells the world, "That's MY boy!"

Musical Number: "Oh, My Papa", "That Little Boy of Mine", or some other appropriate selection.

Salute to Grandpa: There won't ever be music like my grandpa makes on that willow whistle, no peppermints as zippy sweet as the ones that come out of his pocket, no fishin' as good as that with the old bamboo pole and line down by the rocks beyond the bridge, no pioneer stories as full of adventure as the ones Grandpa tells at twilight time as we sit on the back stoop under the wisteria vine. No one can use hammer and nails and some scraps of lumber like him to fashion some of the niftiest contraptions a little boy ever had in his "machine shed" or "put-putted" through the dirt! I guess by now it's plain to see why my grandpa rates with me!

Musical Number: (Barbershop quartette.)

Reading:

WHEN PAPA WAS A BOY

When papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all the country round about
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And he was always there.
He never made the baby cry
Or pulled his sister's hair.
He never slid down banisters
Or made the slightest noise,
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always rose at six o'clock
And went to bed at eight.
And never lay abed till noon,
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French, and Greek
When he was ten years old,
He knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done.
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.
He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
He never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
"But truly, I could never see,"
and Gramp handed me a toy,
"How he could never do those things
and really be a boy!"

— Author Unknown

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

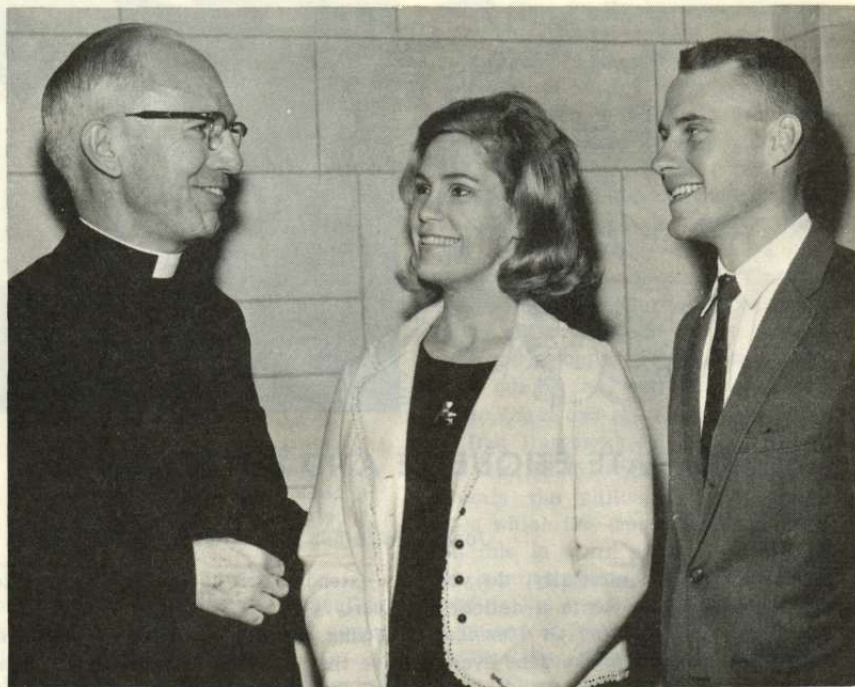
Dear Friends:

Today I feel like a student who has just been told that he passed his algebra test! This is the day after our church's Annual Meeting, the most important church meeting of the year, and from all reports the overflow congregation was pleased. Now I can breathe a short sigh of relief and start thinking in terms of the next Annual Meeting. In a church like this one, all activities and programs seem to work from a center radius of this particular meeting, and it truly is the high point of the year.

Some churches have trouble getting out a good attendance for such meetings simply because people don't like to sit through the reading of long reports from church officers and committee chairmen. In our church all reports are printed, and none of them are read aloud; they are merely submitted, and the people read them later at their leisure. We do not have any speeches! Instead, I give a program of beautiful pictures showing all of the church activities of the past year. The people love to see themselves and their friends in the pictures, and they enjoy being reminded of some of the fine programs we have had.

Last night was a special one in the sense that it also was a celebration of our 125th year. As guests at the head table we had all of those persons who had been members of the church for at least fifty years. Of course, some of our fifty-year members could not be present, but we did have thirteen of them with us, including our oldest living member. In another sense it was something special for us, because at the dinner we honored our church secretary. She has been secretary to the ministers of the church for just over forty years, and at the dinner I presented her with a purse of money as a gift from the church members.

As I read the various reports submitted by the church committees I was reminded once again of the great missionary work our people do. We have only 1,211 members in this particular church where I serve as the minister, but during the past twelve months we have spent \$26,000 for benevolences of one kind or another. In that sum are the hundreds of dollars we used to help some of our church young people go to college. Any youngster in this church can get financial help from the church if it is needed. We say to them, "Get all you can from whatever source you can, and then come back to the church to get the amount you yet need to complete your financial program." I think that we helped six of our college young



The Rev. Frederick Driftmier has special smiles for the young people home from college. It is a joy to see their faces again at Sunday morning services.

people last year, and this year we shall help several more.

Next Monday Betty is giving a luncheon at the parsonage for twenty-five of our women who meet each week to sew for missionary work. In addition to all the new dresses and infant layettes sewn by the women, they put into shape hundreds of pounds of good used clothing to be sent out to the mission field. They prepared more than fifty special hospitality bags for the Red Cross and made nearly 1,000 cancer bandages for our mission hospitals.

At the meeting last night I invited all our people to attend the Open House we are going to have at the parsonage before we leave for our trip around the world. We have no idea how many will come, but we are planning refreshments for 500 people. Oh! how we do hope that we shall have good weather, because even though the parsonage is a large one, 500 people will tax our facilities to the utmost. If it is a good day, the people can go out onto the porches and onto the lawn. Considering the fact that we have had a very late spring and that we were still having snow the last week of April, I wouldn't be surprised at anything the weather might do. I haven't seen snow in June, but I have seen it down almost to freezing with a cold, cold drizzle that was almost worse than snow.

Because we want the people to see our lovely kitchen and the big pantries (two of them with their own sinks) we plan to have all the food prepared in the basement and then carried up to the punch bowls in the dining room and out

on the terrace as needed. Betty is so afraid that someone will fall and get hurt on the basement stairs, but I simply ask: "Have you ever fallen? Do you think that the young people of our church are less agile and less careful than you?"

Some of you read in your papers about the terrible double murder we had here in Springfield a few weeks ago when a man or boy shot and killed a couple of fine young college students who were sitting in their car in one of our city parks. Well, the college where I teach is just a few blocks from the scene of the shooting, and three times this past winter our college students complained about someone in the neighborhood shooting rifle bullets through their car windows. Because no one was hurt in those incidents, nothing was done. After two people were murdered in the same way in the same neighborhood the local officials finally became concerned. I do think something must be done to better control the freedom we have to carry arms. There are just too many crazy people around with lethal weapons in their hands.

Today in my mail there was this little quotation:

Out of bondage comes faith.
Out of faith comes courage.
Out of courage comes liberty.
Out of liberty comes abundance.
Out of abundance comes complacency.
Out of complacency comes apathy.
Out of apathy comes dependence.
Out of dependence comes bondage.

Don't you like that? It is so true, and

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UP-TO-DATE ETIQUETTE AND ENTERTAINING

by
Joseph Arkin

When dining out informally, do you have that craving to taste a delicacy on someone else's plate? Or does that last morsel attached to the bone evade you? What do you do about it?

Go ahead! Taste that tidbit from your companion's plate. Let your companion, using a clean fork or spoon, hand you a taste, passing the handle first. Don't reach across the table brandishing your own used fork.

And don't be afraid of ordering fowl in a restaurant. Pick up that bone with the elusive meat on it. As long as you eat neatly and avoid gnawing, enjoy fried chicken, squab, quail or frog legs.

Just as times change, so do the accepted rules of etiquette. Inventions, wars, political upheavals and legislation have an effect on our etiquette. Common sense and popular approval are the determining factors which we must consider when deciding what is proper.

Etiquette is a skill. It is the art of putting other people at ease. The way in which we do this changes as our insights develop and our way of life changes.

The way in which you entertain no longer has a stringent set of rules. It is just as proper to have an outdoor barbecue as a formal dinner party, if you put your guests at ease in either circumstance. President Johnson entertains even the highest diplomatic officials at informal barbecues at his Texas ranch.

What is most important is that a feeling of congeniality exists, putting your guests in a relaxed frame of mind. If you have things well organized and can relax with them, you are on your way to being a successful host or hostess.

Entertaining at home is no longer the stiff formal affair which must be planned well in advance. You may invite guests by telephone. It isn't necessary

to extend a written invitation, even to a party.

Young people today don't always have the facilities or equipment necessary for entertaining large groups of people at sit-down formal dinners. Many homes are not equipped with formal dining rooms. The young hostess may not have enough silver or china service to serve a large group of people, or enough chairs and table space.

This is no deterrent to successful entertaining . . . and acceptable entertaining at that. There is no reason why you can't have your large groups. Serve a buffet or have an outdoor affair. Scatter bridge tables or stack tables around so that your guests can sit comfortably.

If you are short of tables and chairs, rent them. For a nominal fee you can have all the tables and chairs needed.

Use matching paper plates, cups and napkins. You may also use matching paperplace mats. Informal dining on paper service often makes the guests feel more at ease; the idea being that they are not inconveniencing the hostess.

Don't worry about not having a maid! If the going gets rough during the course of your dinner or party, ask your husband (or a friend, if you live alone) to pitch in and help.

When planning your menu, don't be tied down by the problem of how foods can be handled. Today's new rules of etiquette remove many old taboos, and allow you to serve a variety of unusual dishes without fuss or muss.

It is no longer essential to serve celery and olives. Many foods not often served because of the problem involved in proper eating are finding their way to dining tables. For instance, artichokes, a real finger food, are eaten by pulling off leaves one by one and dipping the

fleshy base into the sauce. The leaves are piled on the side of the dish. If large shrimp are served, don't worry about the guests having an eating problem. It is perfectly all right for them to bite a piece off the fork.

As a guest, your social behavior has undergone a change, too, according to the new etiquette. When dining at a sit-down affair, you can reach across the table for something you need as long as it won't inconvenience anyone.

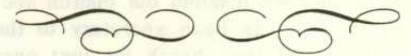
You don't have to wait until everyone is served to begin eating. Once one or two have their plates, you should begin. Your food won't get cold and your hostess won't feel the need to rush her serving to prevent the first guests from eating cold food.

It was not considered polite in the past to finish everything on your plate. This is no longer so. What better way to compliment your hostess, than to finish everything you are served?

Forget about not eating with a fork held in your left hand, and switching or not switching hands. Do what is most comfortable for you. And you can sop your bread in your gravy as long as you break off a small piece, drop it into the gravy and then eat it with a fork. Even Emily Post says it's O.K.

To add the utmost to your comfortable dining posture, you can put your elbows on the table between courses. Just be careful that they don't land in your neighbor's plate.

Entertain often, and have fun doing it. With the new up-to-date rules governing our etiquette, it is easy. Just relax and try to help others feel at ease, whether you are host or a guest. It will follow that others will fall into the pattern you set and have a wonderful time, too.



TIME OUT

"King's X for a minute," one of them said.

The other laughed softly and nodded her head.

And they spoke of dolls, play houses and such,

Of hopscotch and jacks they loved so much.

They mentioned teeter-totters, hoops and swings;

Discussed picnics, sleep parties, and other fun things.

Then spoke of school pranks, and jokes for awhile,

And hearing them I hardly could hide my smile

For this pair weren't lively gay young things;

Just two dear old ladies remembering.

—Lula Lamme

ATTENTION! SIGN AHEAD!

by
Harvena Woodling

Here a sign. There a sign. Everywhere you look, a sign! What would the world be like without signs? "Wonderful"? Perhaps, but many are fun and helpful. In the Black Hills of South Dakota we thrilled to "Pig-tail bridge" and "Tunnel — Sound horn before entering".

Down in the Missouri and Arkansas Ozarks when a sign says "Hill", it means a hill, not a gentle slope. When we took a short trip into the Colorado Rockies, our family enjoyed the signs giving the elevation of various peaks, while fraidy-cat Mom shook in her sneakers at the idea that anything could be *that far up*.

One sign we appreciated where a dam was being constructed stated, "Construction area. Hard hats required beyond this point".

There are the signs that contribute to travelers' comfort. "Roadside Park — 1 mile". Picnickers love that one. "Ice water ahead". Since we usually take a family camping trip in August, that ice sign really rates. But when we took a short jaunt to Kansas in November, the word "Ice", with its accompanying realistic painted icicles, did not look enticing at all.

Among our favorites are the signs that notify us of an upcoming historical marker. Our family of Dad, Mom, Dale, and Terri are historical-marker addicts.

How exciting it was to discover the one that marks the Custer Trail Crossing near Lead, South Dakota. It was also sobering to sit in a modern automobile beside a modern highway and realize that over this very terrain, in 1874, General George Custer led an expeditionary train of 10 cavalry troops, two companies of infantrymen, scientists, and scouts, and 110 6-mule teams. The wind sighed through the pines and we could almost hear the popping of whips, the creak of saddle leather, and the robust shouts of long ago troopers. Custer's men traveled 883 miles in 60 days.

A sign near Scandia, Kansas, reports a conference that took place nearby in the year of 1806. There Colonel Zebulon Pike and twenty infantrymen held council with the Pawnees, and persuaded them to lower the Spanish flag and raise the American colors. Thus, for the first time, the American flag flew over Kansas territory.

In southern Missouri a sign close to Eminence in Shannon County relates that the county was named for George



One of the highway signs mentioned in this article was photographed by a friend from Wright City, Mo., when she visited Shenandoah. We have an interesting billboard at each entrance to our town, the winners in a contest sponsored by a local organization.

"Pegleg" Shannon of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and that the town is the second of its name. The first Eminence was burned by guerillas during the Civil War. So it goes. Every state is a living monument to the people and events that built it. Historical markers give us a brief, quick glimpse into that chronicle.

Signs also speak of civic pride and endeavor. Two years ago signs guided our family to the big Iowa State Fair at Des Moines. Signs in Shenandoah, Iowa, told us it is the "Best Bloomin' Town in the U.S.A.". Signs led us to the Homestead Monument near Beatrice, Nebraska. Bless those signs! We count that visit an outstanding experience.

Some signs fall into special categories. Such is the one you read when you approach the Lake Norfolk ferry near Mountain Home, Arkansas. This lists the schedule of crossings and then explains, "This schedule slower midnight to 6 A.M. and during heavy fog and high winds". It also states that trucks carrying explosives or inflammable material must be transported by themselves. The ferry on which we crossed (at 4 P.M. in bright sunshine) was the *Theodore Maxfield*, flying the Arkansas state flag. A sign on the side-locker of the craft reminded, soberly: "Contents 4 child-size, 31 adult-size life jackets".

Also interesting to us is a large sign between Washington and Marysville, Kansas. It coaxes: "160 miles to Pioneer Village at Minden, Nebraska. See 20,000 items. See original cable car from San Francisco". Our family has visited Pioneer Village twice, but that sign gives us a wild longing to go again. After all, we didn't see any cable car the first two times!

Some signs, advertising or no, may

be both informative and entertaining. A sign we once noticed on a new housing development in Omaha, Nebraska, told the passer-by, "If you lived here, you'd be home now".

A sign featuring a picture of a huge, fuzzy caterpillar advertises an airline and suggests, "Tired of crawling? Fly Ozark."

Way down in the Missouri bootheel, the town of Campbell capitalizes on its name by placing the picture of a big, brown, humpy camel on its school signs.

While we waited at a railroad crossing near Hanover, Kansas, we counted the many cars of a passing train. With the caboose came a bonus — a friendly wave and smile from the brakeman, and the sign painted on the caboose, "Everyone gains, Where courtesy reigns."

These are a few of the signs we have collected. Two of the most intriguing were placed in church yards. One admonished, "Don't knock your church. It may have improved since you were here". The other offered, "Going to Heaven? Get your flight instructions here."

We believe in signs. Don't you?



THE QUIET FIELD

I walked today in a quiet field
With the wind blowing in my hair,
And I felt in the quiet solitude
A joy beyond compare.
For in that place was the kind of peace
That's become so hard to find —
A peace to sooth a troubled soul
And rest a weary mind.

Man needs a place of solitude
In this crowded, busy life —
A quiet place for meditation
In a world of war and strife.
I wish that everyone could have
A quiet field like mine,
Filled with peace and wind and flowers
And with God's love Divine.

—Venita Meade

LIKE A PENCIL

I love a brand-new pencil —
Its future and its past.
The fragrance of its woodenness
Speaks of a forest vast.

Being designed for service,
It soon will shorter grow,
But in the giving of itself,
Life-lifting words may flow,

May I be like a pencil,
Rooted in the past,
Diminishing in service,
Useful to the last.

—Betty J. Stevens

MARY BETH DESCRIBES A CHURCH CELEBRATION

Dear Friends:

"At a meeting of several persons formerly connected with other churches, held at the house of Richard Gilbert, in the town of Wauwatosa, for the purpose of organizing a church. Rev. John J. Miter was chosen moderator, and constituted the meeting with prayer. Rev. Hiram Marsh was appointed clerk. The following persons presented evidence of their good standing in and regular dismissal from other churches, viz: Richard Gilbert, Nancy Gilbert, Sylvia Gilbert, Fanny E. Morgan, Emerson Maynard, Marcia Maynard, Hezekiah Gilbert, Jonathan Warren and Lavinia Warren. It was then voted to organize themselves into a church to be called the First Congregational Church of Wauwatosa. The following confession of faith was then adopted: The printed confession and covenant of the Presbyterian Church of Knoxville, Ill., with the following addition to the covenant: 'You further covenant with each other not to use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, nor encourage the manufacture or sale of them in the community. Also that you will withhold fellowship from those who hold slaves and those who advocate the right of slave-holding.' After the completion of the organization of the church it proceeded to the examination of David Morgan and Ephriam Gilbert with reference to their union with the church; their examination was sustained."

Signed: Hiram Marsh

The above is the first item in the first church record book, a reprint of which I have made for you to read because I want to tell you about the 125th Anniversary observance our church held in March, 1967, on the evening of the 1st. In the picture on this page you'll notice the costumes which the members of the choir wore for this special occasion, and the severe suit which our Doctor Norman Ream donned for the service. These costumes were on the whole resurrected from the attics of many of the church members. However, in the case of our Don, who is many inches taller than the average man of 125 years ago, and a few other men, the church managed to rent outfits from the wardrobe section of the Wauwatosa Recreation Department. The ladies were all in old-fashioned bonnets and full-skirted dresses. In the halls of the church were many items dating back to 1842, such as the dress of the little children, the dress of young matrons, and a mannequin of Rev. J. J. Miter in a severe black



Donald Driftmier (right), our 6' 4" brother, had difficulty finding a 125-year-old style costume.

coarse suit and silver-framed spectacles which looked terribly fragile.

From its organization of 1842 by 11 persons there were 28 years later some 104 members. Forty-nine years later, when they laid the cornerstone of a new church, there were 379 members in the congregation. Today's membership numbers 2300.

On the evening of Wednesday, March 1st, the church celebrated the event with a special program in the social hall and the nave of the church. Dinner was served from tables decorated with brass candlesticks and oil lamps borrowed from households within the church membership. Slides of previous church buildings were shown and there was a presentation of a plaque honoring former ministers. Three persons who have been members for over 60 years were honored. We were privileged to have with us the moderator of the National Association of Congregational Churches, Dr. Howard Conn, minister of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, an outstanding speaker who delivered the sermon during the service of worship held in the nave.

It seems too bad that more emphasis isn't placed today on that addition to the covenant as stated in those first minutes in the old church record books that we all might make a covenant with each other not to use intoxicating beverages, nor encourage the manufacture or sale of them in any community! The nice city of Wauwatosa now has a record of having one of the highest incidences of teen-age liquor consumption in the state. Somehow since 1842 the high standards have relaxed. Perhaps it was the ever-repeated and overworked phrase that we must keep up with changing times and change our standards to live in society today. And yet, as our Dr. Ream points out over and over, "Children will learn from example faster than from lecturing and preaching at them."

Parents who smoke can almost be assured that their children will be smokers — and usually by the time they are 15 the pattern is set. Parents who indulge in cocktails and the use of alcohol will produce children who can see no evil or future problem in using alcohol because they admire their parents, and if Mama and Papa do it, they consider it an acceptable mode of living! End of my sermon!

You know by now that we had our much anticipated trip to Shenandoah and returned safely. The other members of the family have given you details of the trip so I won't repeat what they've written. We did stop at the Johnson farm on the way home and once again we fell in love with the beauty and peace of their acres and acres of timber. Sitting on the front screened-in porch before we left, we made plans to come back with the children for several days late in the summer. We stayed longer than we intended so didn't get to our motel in Davenport until ten o'clock in the evening. The children had chased and been chased by Sadie the Goat (like no other goat in the world, hence the capital letters), tramped through the timber, and had such a busy, busy time that they were asleep with fatigue only minutes after we left Frank and Dorothy.

We were able to pick up the Kitchen-Klatter broadcast the next morning as we drove the river north. Since we are too distant to hear the daily visits, this was a new experience for the children and it gave them quite a thrill to hear familiar voices on the radio. We drove along this moderately improved highway, which I believe was called the River Road, all the way to Prairie du Chien, and my! it was beautiful! We bought picnic supplies at Guttenberg and then drove to Pikes Peak State Park at McGregor for our lunch. We had the park absolutely to ourselves and if I had one ounce of talent, I would have set up an easel and painted the view of the Mississippi from the north and the Wisconsin River from the east as they merged at that point to flow south together. The Wisconsin River comes in relatively clear, but the Mississippi, even this far north, is muddy. But muddy or not, it was a breathtaking view. How gorgeous it must be when the flowering trees are in bloom, (we were a bit too early for that), or in the fall when the leaves turn gold and red.

We were gone from home a week, and although the visit with the Shenandoah family went much too fast, it was wonderful while it lasted.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Bluebirds for Happiness

SHOWER FOR THE BRIDE

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Why not use a "bluebird for happiness" theme for that bridal shower you are planning? Your keynote decoration can be a bluebird and blossoms mobile.

To make the mobile use coat hangers for the arms for the mobile, which are attached to a central wire in a base. You can also bend a single wire into a "free flowing" mobile for more modern art. The mobile might also be hung from a chandelier.

Cut the birds from bright blue construction paper. Glue feathers on wings and tail and mark the beak with crayon. Glue on sequin eyes. (The feathers can be purchased at variety or hobby stores.) If you like to work with papier-mache, try molding the birds, and paint them when dry. Attach the birds with fine thread, and intersperse with dainty artificial flowers attached to ribbons.

Perhaps you would prefer making a bluebird tree instead. Use either a branch painted white or a live branch from a blossoming white or pink shrub.

Invitation: Cut bluebirds from heavy construction paper. Here again add the novel touch of gluing on feather wings and tail and sequin eyes. This invitation might read: Bluebirds of happiness will be singing at a shower for (name of bride) on June (date) at (time). Come and join the chorus. (signed)

Nut Cups: Make peanut bluebirds to perch on a paper nut cup. Paint a peanut blue, and run a short length of pipe cleaner through the lower part of the body, bending for the legs. Twist another tiny piece on for the feet. Add sequin eyes and feather wings and tail. Mark the beak with orange crayon. If it is a luncheon where place cards are used, perch a bird on the card.

Bell-Bluebird Favors: Fasten a peanut bird to the top of a tiny white frosted bell, which can be purchased in variety stores. Place each bell on a tiny paper doily, stapling to the doily a bow of ribbon or fluff of net or both, in the bride's color. A larger bell, with bluebird on it, might be placed over the nut cup.

If you have a glass panel in your front door, give it a "bride-y" look with graduated lengths of ribbon streamers fastened across the top to which are attached bluebirds and tiny blossoms, such as lily of the valley, knotted in the ribbons.

Make a **Bluebird Canopy** beneath which the honoree is seated to open the gifts. Fasten a wire or an extension curtain rod across a corner of the room. From it suspend lengths of white satin ribbon in graduated lengths to which are attached birds and flowers, and perhaps some small white tissue honeycomb bells.

ENTERTAINMENT

Quiz: The answers are found in the name of a bird.

1. The name of the groom is (Whip poor WILL).
2. The name of the bride is also the name of a heroine of the South. (SCARLET tanager)
3. How did they go on their honeymoon? (Crested FLYcatcher)
4. Where did they stay on the honeymoon? (Robin) (inn)
5. The first time they went swimming, the groom hardly recognized his bride for her (HERON) (hair run).
6. She started to cry when he laughed because she thought he was (MOCKING) her.
7. The first meal she opened a (CANary) and gave him a (SWALLOW) of milk.
8. After washing the dishes she cleaned the sink with (BOBOLink) (Babbo).
9. She was so happy he often found her (HUMMING) as she worked.
10. They knew they would live happily forever after if he didn't have to go to (WARbler).

Bluebird Pie: In a large round dish-pan place a number of small inexpensive gadgets which a bride will use in her new home (pencil, clips, bottle opener, memo pad, holder, ball of

string, etc.). Have a ribbon attached to each with streamers long enough to hang over the edge of the pan. Use crepe paper for a top "crust". Let each guest select a ribbon streamer, but before she pulls the "bird" out of the pie she must tell what she will use it for. If, when she pulls it out, she can use it as she said, she can keep it; if not, it must go back into the pie. Keep turning the pie as it is moved around to confuse the guests. After all the birds are out of the pie, the guests might like to present their "birds" to the bride.

This pie idea also might be used for the presentation of the shower gifts, with the bride pulling each streamer.

Building the Love Nest: This is all for fun and laughs. Divide into couples and give everyone all kinds of odds and ends such as scraps of yarn, bottle caps, string, bits of cloth, old flowers, lace, ribbons, old buttons, old shoe laces — the crazier the better. Allow each couple ten minutes to make the honeymoon nest for the bluebird. Give prizes to the ones judged the prettiest, neatest, ugliest, biggest, etc.

A Bride's Unforgettable Meal: Before the shower make out a dinner menu, and write out the recipe for the main dishes on recipe file cards, except that you write the amounts but not the ingredients used. Write all the various ingredients that might be used in the recipes (add some unusual ones for more fun) on slips of paper. These are to be divided among the guests. To play the game have the bride read her menu and then the recipes she will use. As she reads the guests take turns reading the ingredients as given on their slips of paper. The resulting recipes will be startling, you may be sure, especially if she bakes gelatin or refrigerates the meat and serves it cut in squares topped with whipped cream and a cherry!

Grocery List: Give each guest a sheet of paper and a pencil. At the top of each paper have written the word "BIRD". Allow ten minutes for players to list as many grocery items under each letter as they can think of that begin with that letter, as bread and banana under "B", etc.

Presentation of the Gifts: You might use the Bluebird Pie idea as suggested earlier, or cut bluebirds from construction paper — as many as you have gifts. Write a jingle on each one which describes the spot where the honoree is to "fly" to find her gifts. (These have been secretly hidden earlier by the hostess's helper.)

It's love that makes the sun shine — even in a blizzard.



THE GIVER ALSO RECEIVES HAPPINESS

by

Alyce Ersland Anderson

The home for the aged had a sign "Visitors Welcome", so armed with magazines I entered. The sign was indeed true; I soon found that a cheery hello and a kind word were sorely needed.

I have visited this home for the past three years and feel the satisfaction from my efforts might reach and stir others.

I would like to share some ideas that I have used that could be adapted at intervals during the year in any region.

When the crocus started blooming it came to me that the senior citizens would have obtained enjoyment from caring for and watching some grow. Since I had not planned ahead I did the next best thing and purchased treated paper cups, scooped out individual blooming plants, planted them into the cups and each patient received one. The price and the time consumed was nil; the gratitude of the old people was heart warming.

Time for roses, a paper doily and ribbon made a corsage.

In the winter, weeds sprayed with brightly colored paints and combined with feathers made different arrangements.

I am a member of the local garden club and the members take turns making arrangements. For containers we use sprayed tuna cans, old jars, anything of little value so if lost no one is upset.

If a patient has no family, or a family that forgets, she now knows she will receive an arrangement of her own on her birthday.

If you happen to be the type that visiting the aged bothers you, please do not let this stop you; just deliver what you have at the main desk. The home will take over and deliver for you.

Please remember "Man cannot live by bread alone", and bread these old people receive.

TIME OF DECISION

by

Alice G. Harvey

There is one subject that is difficult to discuss, but I feel that it is a very important one.

As the years creep along, and one has to move to a smaller home or to live with relatives, a room in a Golden Age Home or a Rest Home, there comes a time of decision. An accumulation of a life time and a large home must be evaluated and thinned down. The tragic time is when a relative or an outsider must do that job. So before the crucial time arrives, there are several ways this problem may be handled.

Even years earlier, one can begin to think of the satisfying disposal of treasures. If one has many relatives, and family members, the task is easier, for through the years preferences may have been expressed — this chair will fit in Jane's home, and Carol always wanted this pin. A list can be made for the future.

When a friend of mine arrived in her eighties, she set aside one summer to make her plans and arrange her affairs. Following her list, she spread these possessions in one room, collected boxes of the proper size and packed them with the treasured items. One afternoon I called on her and found her in a puzzled frame of mind. She said, "Now I have the important items wrapped, but there are many left over. What to do with them?"

So I replied, "Why don't you give them to friends when they call?"

"That's just what I'll do." She reached for a lovely pressed glass dish and handing it to me she asked, "Would you like this?"

Would I! I was very thrilled, and ever since it has been one of my treasured possessions, and I have used it often, always thinking of her and our fine friendship.

Then she had to dispose of much antique furniture. First, these were sold to friends who were interested, then to antique dealers she had known. Some of the last were given to the Good Will and Salvation Army. Much bedding and linen was sent to rest homes. By taking the task in slow degrees she was able to move and feel at ease because there had been no rush. It is always a trying and emotional task, but if considerable planning precedes the actual move, it is not nearly such an ordeal.

Another friend is now trying to dispose of seven rooms of antique furniture and is all upset. She does not know what she has nor what to charge for it. She has no near relatives, so

the disposal will be quite an ordeal. But recently a friend who is an antique dealer went to her home and placed price tags on the various pieces, so now it is easy for her to deal with those who come to buy.

But far earlier it is wise to go over one's possessions and sort out and dispose of those no longer of use. Personally, I have many scrapbooks — of trips, historical events, a clipping history of the state, and of antiques, of art, etc. These I have listed. The five about the state writers will go to one of our fine new museums. Travel scrapbooks will go to those who have traveled with me or to those who are interested.

Also special pieces of furniture have been listed and these lists are with the lawyer who has my will. So I feel confident that the special things will go where I want them to.

The time of decision can be made an easier one if plans are made early during the years, so that it does not bring panic when the actual time arrives.

DEVOTIONAL FOR CLUB WOMEN

by Lula Lamme

Help us, dear God, to live each day to the very best of our ability.

Teach us to meet new situations calmly and wisely.

Grant us the strength to bear the sorrows and disappointments of life.

Endow us with the will to change that which needs to be changed, and to accept gracefully that which cannot be changed.

Teach us compassion, that we may help others less fortunate than ourselves.

Keep our tongues from idle and malicious gossip and help us to remember that judging, dear God, is your province, not ours.

Give us the wisdom to value friends and relationships, especially those with other women, knowing that because we are women we have a special kinship.

Open our eyes to the beauty that surrounds us; teach us to realize that a small bird singing in the sunset may be as beautiful as a costly pearl. A crimson sunrise can be as precious as a painting in an art gallery, perhaps even more so since that particular sunrise has yet to be painted.

Instill in us the knowledge that everyone needs a quiet time during the day for reflection, and to get to know himself better.

Last but not least, remind us to be grateful always for our memories of yesterday, our joy in today, and our hopes for tomorrow.

DOROTHY AND FRANK HAVE VISITORS AT FARM

Dear Friends:

I don't know how the farm work has been progressing in your territory, but here at our house it has been going slowly. Frank has spent only a few days in the field between showers and is beginning to get a little concerned, but I keep telling him there is still plenty of time to get the corn planted. We have planted corn as late as the end of June and had a pretty fair crop.

It seems to me the spring flowers bloomed much earlier than usual this year. I can remember when we were children we always hoped the wild flowers would be in bloom in time to put violets and Sweet Williams in our May baskets, but this year Frank brought in my first bouquet of wild flowers for the kitchen table in the middle of April. Although we had a fairly mild and dry winter in our area, I can't remember when the flowering trees and shrubs have been so beautiful and bloomed so profusely. We have some bushes in the yard that have been here for years and never had more than a few blossoms on them close to the ground. This year they burst forth in full bloom.

We were happy that Don and Mary Beth and the children were able to spend a few hours with us at the farm on their return trip after their visit in Shenandoah. Sadie the goat was excited about having someone to play with, but her idea of "play" was a little frightening to the children at first. Sadie is so big that when she stood on her hind legs, cocked her head to one side, and danced sideways up to the children as if she were going to butt them, the children would scream and scamper for safety. They got used to her after a while and really had fun with her.

Katharine loves horses, so she spent a great deal of time standing at the fence, petting and feeding the little pony. After they had gone and Frank came in from doing the chores he wondered how much corn the children had fed the horses. He hadn't thought to tell them, nor had I, that too much corn could make the horses sick, and of course this was something they wouldn't have known unless they were told. Frank said fortunately the horses were used to a little corn twice a day, but when he went to feed and water them that night, they didn't come to meet him and paw at the ground as they usually do. But everything turned out fine! The next morning they came racing



Ready for church are the Johnsons' daughter Kristin and grandson Andy.

down the hill to be fed as usual, and I drew a sigh of relief.

It was warm enough to eat dinner on the porch, and after dinner Frank, Don, and Paul went to hunt for arrowheads while Mary Beth and I took the girls for a hike in the timber. When we all returned to the house Frank hooked the trailer onto the back of the tractor and took us for a ride around the farm because he thought this was something the children would enjoy. The six hours they were here went by too fast, but Mary Beth said even if Don wasn't able to take any more vacation, she would try to bring the children back later this summer for a few days at the farm. We hope nothing happens to prevent this proposed visit with us.

After weeks of having the house torn up it is a relief to at last have the furniture in place and things back to

THE TRACKER

Tossing back his high-pitched rabbit bark,

He springs through thorny bushes,
Down the hill.

Alone, I wander where the bullfrogs' Bulging eyes are khaki mounds upon The mossy pond. And then I search for Arrowheads within the fertile loam, Fresh plowed.

At barnyard gate, one lonely ewe pleads Plaintively. My fingers tangle briefly In the curls upon her brow. Then I am Once again inside, the smell of coffee Overdone, insisting that I've strayed Too long.

Near the hedgerow, silhouetted, canine Ears are perked and questing nose scoops

Wildly at the spot where I have trod. Don't whistle, call a clue! For That would spoil the sport. He's Running now, his snout is plowing out The scent with every joyful bound. A hero — soon he'll trail me here, Right to my kitchen door!

—Leta Fulmer

normal. We were disorganized for so long because we were waiting for the floor covering we had ordered for our "new" room. Our rugs in the living and dining rooms were nothing alike, and there was the space where they removed the wall, so decided to cover the entire floor. This was held up because of the truck strike, and we had to just sit back and wait.

I think everyone has quirks and fixations about things they "can't stand", and I am no exception. It bothers me to have a closet door stand open, a drawer that isn't closed, and pantry shelves with no doors in front of them. I can honestly blame my dear sister Lucile for this. When we Driftmier children were still all at home it was our job to get the noon dishes done and the kitchen straightened up before we went to school. This was possible because we lived only a block from school. We were a large family and there were many dishes, but there were also a lot of us to do them, and each had a specific job. We had our timing down so perfectly that we could actually get done in ten minutes. This was because Lucile, being the oldest girl, was the organizer, and she was a master at this job. But I had one big fault — I would be in such a hurry I never closed the cupboard doors after I put the dishes on the shelves. Lucile was always catching me as I ran out the front door and making me come back to finish the job. The day I really learned my lesson was the day I got clear to school and Lucile made me go home to "finish my job". I never forgot after that, and to this day if I walk into a kitchen and perhaps even subconsciously see a cupboard door standing ajar, I automatically walk over to close it.

I have told this story because I am leading up to something we just did in our own house. We have a pantry of open shelves with no door between it and the kitchen, so it has always bothered me to look into the pantry and see the dishes on the shelves. My friends laugh at me because they think the dishes look attractive the way they are. I didn't want to put up a door because the pantry would be too cold in the winter and too hot in the summer. Last week we solved the problem by putting up swinging louvered cafe doors, which I painted white. It is a happy solution.

The clock on the wall says it is time to start lunch, so until next month,

Sincerely,

Dorothy

ABIGAIL IS BUSY WITH GARDENING AND SEWING

Dear Friends:

Writing this letter is going to be a matter of starting and stopping, starting and stopping, time and again. Today is filled with a considerable variety of rather short-term activities, and in between the scheduled items I will be sitting down to write to you. In addition, a very blustery wind is blowing, as it so frequently does in these parts. I find that a restless wind makes me feel equally restless. However, I am always grateful that at least it doesn't bring me the miseries it does people who suffer from wind-born allergies. One of my good friends here always ends the spring season in exhaustion because during this period she can't breathe or sleep except with great difficulty. Many people visit Colorado to find relief from "hay fever". She acquired the illness only after she moved here — which seems hardly fair.

This has been an extremely busy planting season for us. There has been a complete relandscaping to do in much of our yard because of last year's construction in building a family room and roofed patio onto our house. The sodding and large evergreens were put in place during the past winter, but this was only a small start on the task that lay ahead. We wanted to wait for this year's crop of low-growing evergreens and ground covers. Many of the ground cover plants are experimental varieties that we are trying out to see how they adapt to our climate. Even if they do well this first year, it will take an additional year or so for them to cover completely the area intended. We are hoping to have them fill in solidly around our shrubs and evergreens.

We have planted as wide a variety of narrow and broad-leaved evergreens as possible. We hope the changes in color, texture, and shape will provide a variation that will avoid the dull monotony of constant repetition. We do hope, of course, there is sufficient over-all unity of design that one's eye is not exhausted by too much "busyness". Our goal is to have a yard that is of an attractive appearance throughout the entire twelve months of each year — not just during the eight or so months of the growing season.

One of the really fun areas to landscape is the enclosed-on-three-sides planter just outside the fixed window in the new family room. Because it is roofed as well as walled, we can



With the addition of the new family room and foundation plantings, Clark Driftmier has less yard to mow this summer, leaving more time for baseball and swimming.

concentrate on shade-loving and rather "tender" plants. We are trying to espalier a Silver Dollar eucalyptus tree, that is about six feet tall, along one brick wall. The low-growing broad-leaved evergreens that surround it are varieties of variegated mahonia (or "grape holly") and euonymus which could not normally be grown outdoors in our climate. Their leaves are all colorful shades of green and white or green and yellow. Hopefully, brilliant additional color will be added throughout the summer by the flowers of tuberous begonias — surely one of the most stunning flowers that is grown.

Sewing is seldom put aside entirely by me since it is one of my favorite homemaker's activities. Late in the winter I made two "pop-overs", the recent "mother's uniform" in our neighborhood. What we call a "pop-over" is a rather full, beltless dress gathered onto a banded, scooped neckline. The three-quarter length sleeves are also full but gathered into a ruffle by a band of elastic. This makes it possible to push the sleeves further up the arm if desired. This style, as true of so many of the current fashions, would readily make a suitable maternity dress. (More than one speculative glance has been thrown at the gray-haired matrons!) The single great asset of this design is that you can just pop it over your head and, with no effort, be dressed in a completely comfortable garment.

Our dear neighbor's unfortunate automobile accident was the cause of this revived style. When she left the hospital she was wearing a cumbersome back brace and a cast covering the length of one arm; none of her clothing would fit. Another neighbor said she

knew just the answer to this problem. The sewing machines were humming in short order. I made one "pop-over" for Rosie to keep as her own; the second I made for myself but placed on loan for the "duration". Rosie has now made a fine recovery, so my dress is back lighting up my side of the closet. Knowing how dreary life was during the recuperation from these painful injuries, I chose the brightest, gayest print I could find. It is a fluorescent floral print in turquoise, pink, and purple.

The next sewing project was a fashion I would never have guessed I'd see popular among teenagers. I'm referring to a dress with matching bloomers. One of Alison's most fashion-knowledgeable friends had a new Easter outfit that Alison thought "just darling". It was a rather simply designed long-sleeved dress with matching bloomers. The bloomers were of sufficient length that the ruffles peeked out just below the stylishly short skirt. Finding the identical style in a dress pattern was no problem but no bloomer pattern was listed. This situation was solved by hunting up a shorts pattern and increasing the width and length and adding a ruffle and elastic to the bottom of each leg. Because it was already warm springtime, we chose a sheer dacron-cotton print.

One more spring-into-summer dress seemed in order for Alison and it was made of homespun. This is a heavy, rather linen-like cotton which has one drawback — it ravel with ease in the washing machine. Thus it was necessary to finish all seams. I prefer to do edge-stitching rather than make flat-felled or French seams to avoid the bulkiness of the latter methods.

Now lurking in the pile of "things to do" as soon as this letter is typed and in the mail is another hunt coat for Alison. I told you about making one just a few months ago from red paisley-print corduroy. It looked so much better than the original black coat that I can't stand the thought of Alison's wearing the old black one much longer. There are certain events that she enters, principally equitation classes in the horse shows, in which the gay red jacket just would not be proper. So I bought a heavy linen-like cotton and silk material to sew into a replacement. I don't care about sewing on solid black so I was a bit fanciful when I chose the lining. It has a black background but there are bright stylized flowers in pink, blue, and green. I'm quite sure this small token of gaiety,

(Continued on page 22)

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

YEAST SPICE COOKIES

- 1 cup warm milk
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 3 eggs
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 Tbls. hot water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups raisins

Make a bread sponge combining the milk, 2 Tbls. sugar, yeast, and 1 cup of flour. Set aside while mixing other ingredients. Cream the shortening and sugars. Stir in the lightly beaten eggs, soda dissolved in hot water, and flavorings. Work in the sifted dry ingredients, then stir in the raisins. Stir in the yeast sponge, cover, and let stand one hour. Drop by teaspoon onto an oiled cookie sheet (do not stir the batter) and bake 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven. When cool they can be frosted with a butter-powdered sugar icing if you prefer your cookies frosted. This makes a big batch, and they freeze well.

—Dorothy

BAKED LIMA BEANS

- 2 boxes frozen lima beans
- 2 slices bacon, chopped, fried and drained
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup catsup
- Salt to taste

Coffee cream to cover (or very rich milk)

Put first 5 ingredients into a baking dish, cover with cream and bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

Dry limas may be used, cooking first until soft, then combined with other ingredients and bake.

EDNA'S ROLLS

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 cups warm water
- 1 cake yeast
- 1/2 cup cool water
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 7 to 8 cups flour

Melt the shortening in warm water. Add the yeast which has been dissolved in cool water (use warm water if dry yeast is used). Beat the eggs, salt and sugar together. Add the yeast mixture. Stir in the flour. Let rise until it has doubled in size. Poke it down and make into rolls. Let rise again. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 or 20 minutes. This recipe also makes delicious cinnamon rolls.

—Dorothy

CABBAGE ROLL CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 tsp. onion, chopped
- 2 cups tomato juice or 1 can tomato soup

Cabbage leaves

Salt and pepper to taste

Butter a large casserole that can be covered. Line dish completely with cabbage leaves. Brown onion, ground beef, salt and pepper until meat loses all red color. Combine rice into meat mixture. Spoon onto cabbage leaves. Lay more cabbage leaves over top of meat mixture. Pour tomato juice over all. If soup is used, dilute according to directions on can and pour over leaves and meat. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour, or until cabbage leaves are tender.

This dish is surprisingly delicious for such simple ingredients. The combination of flavors and the slow baking blends it into a fine one-dish meal. Serve with a gelatin fruit salad, hot bread and pie for dessert and it is good enough for a company meal.

SALMON PIE

- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk

Mix this and roll out half of the dough as you would for a pie crust. Line a large pie pan.

- 1 can salmon (drained and flaked)
- 2 Tbls. grated onion
- 2 Tbls. salmon liquid

Mix this and pour it into the pie shell. Cover with a layer of thinly sliced or grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Roll out the top crust and put it over the top. Bake in a 375-degree oven 20 to 30 minutes. When you serve it, pour a helping of creamed peas over the top of each section.

—Dorothy

MARASCHINO CHERRY CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 3/4 cups of sugar
- 2 3/4 cups of cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 16 cherries
- 1/4 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Cream butter and sugar together until like whipped cream. Chop cherries and nuts and sprinkle half of the sifted flour and baking powder over them. Add liquid to creamed butter and sugar alternately with the flour that has not had the cherries and nuts added. Then add remaining flour that has been mixed with the cherries and nuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which almond and cherry flavorings have been added. Turn into 3 small-sized greased and floured cake tins, or into 2 standard 8-inch layer pans. Bake at 350 degrees for approximately 30 minutes.

HEART'S DELIGHT SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin or 1 envelope dietetic strawberry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1 pkg. frozen strawberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- 1 cup plain yogurt

Dissolve unflavored gelatin in cold water. Dissolve strawberry gelatin in hot water. Stir plain gelatin mixture into hot strawberry mixture. Spoon a little of this combination into the bottom of a mold. Add a few strawberries. Refrigerate until firm. Keep remaining gelatin at room temperature until first layer is firm. Stir in remaining strawberries. Beat until light and fluffy. Add flavoring, sweetener and yogurt. Beat well. Spoon over chilled layer. Refrigerate until time to use. Loosen from mold and serve on lettuce leaves.

This is really sweet enough to serve as a dessert. It can be made in a large mold or in individual molds. It can be made completely sugar-free by using dietetic gelatin and unsweetened strawberries. This is delicious with fresh strawberries.

—Evelyn

CINNAMON CHERRY PIE

- 8-inch baked pastry shell
- 1 #2 can pitted sour red cherries
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 2 1/2 Tbls. quick-cooking tapioca
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Drain the cherries, reserving the liquid. Mix the sugar, cinnamon, salt, tapioca, and flavorings; add the cherry juice. Bring to the boiling point over direct heat, stirring constantly. Cool, stirring occasionally. The mixture will thicken as it cools. Add the cherries and pour into the pastry shell.

Marshmallow Meringue

- 1/4 lb. marshmallows
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar

Combine the marshmallows and milk and heat slowly, folding over and over until the marshmallows are 1/2 the original size. Remove from heat, add the vanilla flavoring and continue folding until mixture is smooth, yet light and spongy. Beat the egg whites stiff. Add the salt and gradually add the sugar, beating constantly. Carefully fold in the slightly warm marshmallow mixture and pile on top of the pie. Place under the broiler for a few seconds until delicately brown.

—Dorothy

MYSTERY SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 small can pimiento, drained
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup cream, whipped, or whipped topping

Drain juice from pineapple and heat. Stir gelatin into hot juice. *This recipe has no water* in it, just the hot pineapple juice. Combine cream cheese and drained pimiento together and mash well with fork. When gelatin is partially cool, stir in cream cheese mixture, celery, flavoring, nuts, pineapple. Lastly, fold in whipped cream or whipped topping. Turn into pretty bowl and chill in refrigerator until time to serve.

TOASTED CHICKEN SANDWICHES

Blend:

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1 Tbls. instant dry minced onion
 - 1 2-oz. jar pimiento, drained
 - 3/4 cup milk
 - 3 Tbls. flour
- Cook until thick, using a double boiler, and then add:
- 2 heaping cups cooked chicken
- Cool this mixture while preparing the bread.

Cut off crusts and butter inside of 14 slices of white bread. Cover 7 slices with the chicken mixture and top with remaining bread. Place the sandwiches on a tray and chill in the refrigerator overnight. The next day cut them diagonally. Beat 3 eggs with 3 Tbls. milk in a flat dish. Dip the sandwiches in the egg mixture, top and bottom. Dip into crushed potato chips, top and bottom, and place on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. If these are for something very special, sprinkle with sliced almonds before baking.

—Margery

RHUBARB-CHERRY JAM

- 4 cups pitted red cherries (drained if canned)
- 4 cups rhubarb, diced
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 4 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Combine fruits and juices in a heavy saucepan. Simmer, covered, for 15 minutes. Add sugar and corn syrup and continue simmering, uncovered, for 15 or 20 minutes or until a nice jam consistency is reached.

Since I tested this early in the spring I had no fresh cherries to use so I drained 2 cans of pie cherries and used them with 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring.

—Evelyn

HAM AND RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, undrained.
- 1 can mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1 jar (2 oz.) pimientos, cut into strips
- 1/4 cup minced green pepper
- 1 1/2 cups grated sharp cheese
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 2 cups cooked ham, cut into cubes
- 1/4 cup ginger ale
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients and turn into a buttered casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

—Mary Beth

FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE

- 9" baked pie shell
- 1 qt. fresh strawberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup water
- 2 Tbls. strawberry-flavored gelatin powder
- Whipped cream

Fill shell with berries. Combine sugar, cornstarch and water. Cook until thick and clear. Add gelatin powder and mix well. Cool slightly; pour over berries. Chill. Top with whipped cream.

—Abigail

STUFFED CHICKEN BREASTS

- 8 chicken breasts, boned and flattened (See below)

- Salt
- Pepper
- 1/2 tsp. powdered thyme
- 3/4 cup butter, melted
- 1/2 lb. chicken livers, chopped
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, chopped
- 3 green onions, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup grated Swiss cheese
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups fine dry bread crumbs

Your grocer will be happy to bone the chicken breasts for you if you give him some advance warning. (I stopped at the meat counter first thing and he boned them while I was doing the rest of the shopping.) Sprinkle the inside of the breasts with salt, pepper and powdered thyme. Melt 1/4 cup of the butter in a skillet. Chop the livers and mushrooms and add. (The livers are easier to handle if they still are a bit frozen.) Sprinkle in the salt and onions and cook slowly for about 5 minutes, until the livers are cooked. Remove from the heat and stir in the cheese. Put a heaping tablespoon of the mixture in the center of each breast. Fold sides over stuffing and fasten with skewer. Roll in the beaten egg and then in bread crumbs. Chill uncovered in the refrigerator for at least 2 hours. This allows the coating to dry.

Heat remaining butter in a large skillet. Add chicken breasts and brown on both sides. Remove to a shallow pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

Serve with a sauce made of the butter drippings (about 1/4 cup), 1/4 cup of flour, and 2 cups of chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Cook for about 5 minutes. Add 1/2 cup of rich cream or evaporated milk and 1 Tbls. of lemon juice just before removing from heat to serve over the breasts.

HEAVENLY SWEETENER PIE

- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk (skimmed or whole)
- 3 egg whites
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 1/2 to 1 cup coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Strawberries or cherries for topping

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Combine Sweetener, flour and milk in saucepan. Bring to a boil and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, for 1 minute. Stir in gelatin and cool. Beat egg whites until firm peaks form. Fold into cooled milk mixture. Fold in whipped cream, or whipped topping, coconut and flavorings. Spoon into baked pie shell. Refrigerate until time to serve. Cut into wedges and serve with sweetened strawberries or cherries on top. (They sweeten very nicely with the Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener.)

To make a simple dessert, spoon the fluffy mixture into sherbet dishes instead of into a pie shell. Chill. Serve with fruit. This is a most versatile recipe as it can be varied using different Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings and different fruit toppings.

—Evelyn

DIET DRINK

- 2 1/2 cups dry milk
- 1/2 cup fortified chocolate mix
- 4 tsp. salad oil
- 4 cups water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine dry milk, chocolate mix and 1 cup warm water. Blend well. Add remaining ingredients. Chill well. This may be varied by using different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

This is very similar to the canned diet drinks which you buy.

BAKED RHUBARB AND BANANAS

- 2 cups diced rhubarb
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 4 bananas

Combine all ingredients except bananas. Cut the bananas lengthwise and place in a shallow baking dish. Cover with the rhubarb mixture and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

SWEET SOUR BEANS

Brown 2 or 3 strips of bacon until crisp. Remove. In the bacon fat cook 1 cup minced onion until yellow. Stir in 1 Tbls. flour. Add and bring to a boil 3/4 cup liquid which has been drained from the beans, 1/4 cup vinegar, 2 Tbls. sugar, 1 tsp. salt and a dash of pepper. Stir in 2 cups cooked green or wax beans. Stir gently until heated through. Serve with the crisp bacon sprinkled over the top.

EVELYN'S MINT SAUCE

- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Green food coloring

Combine all ingredients. Bring to good rolling boil. Remove from fire. Serve hot or cold over lamb or ham for a delicious, simple mint sauce.

is
today
the
day?



Isn't today the ideal time to *do* something about losing a few pounds? We don't mean a "crash diet" — they're no fun, and somehow the pounds always seem to come right back when the crash is over.

Instead, do it the easy, continuing way: eat fewer starches, and substitute **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** for sugar. It's so easy to use in anything you want to sweeten: cereals, coffee, desserts. And it adds a natural sweet taste; never bitter, never artificial tasting. But, best of all, it never, never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use.

Make today the day! Pick some up with your groceries!

KITCHEN - KLATTER
NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

WEDDINGS I REMEMBER

by
Evelyn Birkby

My father, the Rev. Carl M. Corrie, was a Methodist minister so we had many experiences connected with weddings. Nearing the close of the depression period very few church weddings were held. For a time we lived in a county seat town in Iowa and this meant that the opportunity for wedding couples to come to the door of the parsonage was great. At that time Iowa had no waiting period between obtaining a license and the wedding ceremony itself, bringing many couples from nearby states into our area.

This situation was pleasing to my mother, for in those days the only extra money she had came from wedding fees.

One afternoon the doorbell rang and Mother greeted a young couple with exceptional enthusiasm; she was trying to save enough money for new bedroom curtains! The young couple breezed in, requested the marriage service and sat impatiently while Dad discussed the seriousness of the step they were about to take and explained procedures of the service. When the wedding was over the groom turned with a flip joke on his lips and then asked Dad what his charges were for the ceremony. Dad had a twinkle in his eye when he said for the one time in his life, "Well, son, whatever you think she is worth."

When the couple had gone, Dad came over to Mother and held out the money the groom had placed in his hand. A fifty cent piece was resting in the center of his palm. With a chuckle Dad asked, "Do you suppose he wanted any change?" Mother did not join in the laughter. Happy dreams of bedroom curtains were vanishing painfully from her view!

One of my favorite weddings involved a couple who stopped in traveling clothes: slacks and pullovers. The young bride had scarcely entered the parsonage when she burst into tears. It seems the couple had planned a large church wedding in their home town in eastern Iowa when illness in the family caused a change of plan. The couple had to travel across part of the United States so stopped at our home in western Iowa on this, the first day of their journey. Gently, my father discovered the main cause for the tears was a lovely wedding dress packed out in the car.

"Why don't you get the dress," he suggested. "My daughters will be happy to help you put it on. You can be married in it just as you planned."



This lovely picture was made at the wedding of Evelyn's niece, Luanne (Mrs. Duane Mannon).

Ruth and I were delighted to help. In our guest room the bride slipped into her beautiful long bridal gown. She carefully arranged her hair and the filmy veil. Coming into the living room she gave her groom such a dazzling smile we all knew this was going to be a marvelous wedding and a fine marriage.

One of the most unusual weddings my father ever performed started out very simply. On a beautiful spring day a young couple from a nearby college came for a quiet and touching ceremony.

"This is exactly the type of wedding we wanted," they complimented Dad. "The ceremony was private, sacred and included all the beauty of God's out-of-doors in spring. We want this to be our own secret until we graduate from college in June."

Dad was most impressed with the young couple and wished them God-speed as they left. Two months later, on a bright June day, he was pleased to receive a visit from the young bride.

"My parents do not know about our marriage in April," she explained. "They are insisting on a big church wedding. We had our wedding day the way we wanted in April. Do you think it would be alright to have a church wedding for the family and friends? If so, we would want you to come and perform the ceremony."

So it was that my father found himself in a large city church in a nearby state performing a wedding ceremony in the midst of great splendor and ceremony. At the reception following the wedding, the bridal couple asked Dad to tell of some of the unusual weddings he had seen. He told several stories and then, as the couple had asked him to, he told the story of the bride and groom he had married twice. At the conclusion of the narration he said, "The two young people married here tonight are the couple I have

been talking about. They were married in my parsonage last April and then again tonight here in this beautiful church." That was a *real* surprise party!

Now the trend is toward *more* church weddings. Our minister here in Sidney, the Rev. Clyde King, suggests that some of this emphasis comes from the parents who *had* no choice and had to have small home or parsonage weddings. Besides, he continues, the mothers have had a chance to see many weddings through the years and collect quite a formidable array of ideas which they suggest be included in the daughter's (or son's) ceremony.

Does this imply that ministers have *more* difficulty with the mothers than with the brides? An understanding of the religious significance of the ceremony and an eye for what is beautiful and simple can make a far lovelier wedding than too many exotic innovations.

A trend which has been growing in recent years is the use of a brochure or devotional leaflet in connection with the wedding ceremony. This is a thoughtful, meaningful addition to the service. It gives the guests something to read as they are waiting. It tells the names of the wedding party. It makes the congregation feel as though they are participating in the service and it gives each person something more to take home as a remembrance than a napkin.

One lovely folder which was given out at a recent wedding included:

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE OF

(Name of bride and groom)

(Date, time and place of ceremony)

PRELUDE (titles of numbers played)

SOLO (titles of music used)

PROCESSIONAL

SCRIPTURE (I Corinthians, Chapter 13)

THE ORDER OF MARRIAGE (listed according to the denomination)

THE RECESSIONAL

THE WEDDING PARTY (This included everyone in the wedding party: the clergy, organist, soloist, etc.)

This particular folder was printed locally on fine white paper with a simple wedding symbol on the front.

Nearly every wedding has something unusual to make it memorable. Sometimes it is a small insignificant occurrence that may be funny or accidental that marks it as different. But basically, every wedding is a beautiful, meaningful beginning for a new home.





I Remember the Gypsies

by

Muriel Preble Childs

The Gypsies are still with us, I understand, from a recently read article. Now they are purported to operate differently from what they did when I was a child. They now drive sleek, high-powered cars, and operate their fortune-telling, etc., in cities. That is a distinct loss to the small town, as I see it. Never once did any of our children come running home, to gasp, "The Gypsies are here!" They have missed something.

When I was a small girl in a northern Iowa town, they came — not every year, perhaps — but often enough that we were well aware of them. At that time they were still traveling as they had been for centuries: by horse and gaily-painted house-cart. The women still wore the colorful full skirts. The children saw little of the men. They were doubtless horse-trading with the knowledgeable horse-traders about the territory.

The women told fortunes, I'm sure. Again we children knew little of this. Gypsies' reputations were none too good. They were supposed to be uncanny in horse-trading. They were supposed to be inveterate thieves. Most of all — to us youngsters — they were supposed to be child-stealers! That is the reason for the titillation we felt when we ran home from school to report: "The Gypsies are here!"

Honestly, I do not know if parents believed this charge, or if it were simply a way to get children home promptly from school. It was probably one of those folk myths handed down from child to child. Anyone who really looked at the shy Gypsy children, with their dark hair and eyes and beautifully dark skin, would doubt that we towheaded, light-eyed, pink-skinned youngsters would appeal very much to them.

As a matter of fact, I've never heard of a kidnapping traced to Gypsies. We just enjoyed living dangerously with that idea. So, their coming was an

ARE YOU USING YOUR ELECTRIC FRYING PAN ENOUGH?

by

Mary M. Kennedy

An electric frying pan is as common in the kitchen as an electric or gas range, but all too often it is used just for frying bacon and eggs on Sunday morning then put back in the cupboard.

Electric frying pans are versatile, especially the newer styles; and they have the advantage of being attractive enough to be used as a chafing or serving dish. Using the pan on the table saves the cook from jumping up and running to the kitchen to get warm food. And also it serves for an extra cooking-serving utensil when entertaining a large group.

Most styles, including the first ones that came on the market, are submersible and easy to wash; they are mobile and handy to use at picnics, on the patio, and when traveling. Pans with the Teflon coating eliminate the need for oiling to keep food from sticking. This factor helps to cut down on the fat intake for those who need to watch this health problem.

Actual cooking use of the pan goes beyond frying bacon and eggs. It is worth your time to learn how to use your pan more. Check suggested temperatures for your frying pan. Pre-heat the same as you do with your oven or burners. Except for a Teflon pan, you will need to add oil or shortening.

Here are thirteen ways you can get more use from your electric frying pan:

1. Frying all meats, fish, and poultry.

2. Browning or braising meats.

3. Toasting sandwiches. Heat frying pan first. Butter both sides of the sandwich. Toast to a golden brown.

4. Baking cakes, pancakes, patties, omelets, quick breads, cookies, and custards. (Place custards on a rack.)

5. Making casserole dishes: macaroni, rice, baked and chili beans, stews, soups, and other one-dish meals.

6. Cooking large or small amounts of sauces. It is especially good for spaghetti and pizza sauces.

7. Warming bread and rolls. Wrap what you need in foil; then place the package in the pan. Warm on low heat.

8. Reheating leftovers that can make a whole meal. Wrap each food separately.

9. Deep-fat frying doughnuts and French-fried vegetables.

10. Steaming, cooking, or frying vegetables. Wrap baked potatoes in foil and cook about 1½ to 2 hours at 400 degrees.

11. Making appetizers in and serving from frying pan.

12. Cooking frozen meals and pies. This takes about 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

13. Freshening nuts, potato chips, and crackers. Heat pan to warm with vent open or lid ajar for 8 to 10 minutes.

event fully as important in our lives as the one-ring circus that came every year, or the Fourth-of-July fireworks.

Were it not for one summer that my mother had close contact with some of the Gypsy women, I would doubtless have forgotten their visits. I was a pre-teen during that year; that is as close as I can pin it down. Their association was "horse-trading", woman-style. (I have wondered, since, which faction thought she got the better of the other. I know that Mom was satisfied.)

How the Gypsy women found my mother, I'll never know. I never heard them and Mom talk with each other. Mother seemed to attract those who needed things. She fed hoboes; she managed, quietly, to help provide needs for people less fortunate than we — and we were poor enough, ourselves. These women did find her, and they struck some sort of bargain. The bargain was bushels and bushels of fresh garden produce for yards and yards of handmade lace and insertion.

We had a large, hugely-producing garden. Mom did little canning aside from jellies and jams. The excess of the garden was something to be shared with neighbors, relatives, and other friends.

The lace these Gypsy women offered was far different from the crocheted, tatted, or knit lace that we knew.

These visitors helped Mom to harvest the string beans, tomatoes, new potatoes — whatever else we had to spare. In return, Mom received rolls and rolls of their lace.

Later, when the Gypsies had left, some of our neighbors suggested to Mom that she had been duped into trading her vegetables for store-bought lace. Not so. I remember the lace well. Obviously made of white thread, she received it in a sort of oyster-white condition. (It had to be washed and bleached before she could use it.) While the average width was about 2", it varied a bit every six or eight inches of length. It was as if one lace-maker

(Continued on page 22)

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX!

by

Elizabeth Lee McClung

Today I am seventy-six. So what? I've had a good life, full of memories, beautiful and otherwise, upon which I can reflect with interest, but what comes next? I like to think with Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind, I press on." I must make a new life out of what's ahead. I don't intend to let myself get old and touchy. I want to be able to laugh off things people say at which I might take offense where no offense was intended. I'll look about for new interests because I may still have fifteen, twenty, or even twenty-five years ahead. I must make them count for something worthwhile, for I've time now to do many things I couldn't before.

Life seems to be made of plateaus; when one is finished, a totally different one lies before us, each with a full program of possibilities for us to use. Each time we make an adjustment to a new plateau, we grow. I once heard a woman of fifty say, in the presence of her husband, "Life is so boring. The children are married



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, at eighty-six, has many interesting hobbies.

and in homes of their own and just the two of us are left. Years ahead look endless." Her husband stood sheepishly by. Who wouldn't look sheepish to hear those words spoken by her who had vowed to "love and cherish till death do us part"? Now was her chance to "love and cherish" as she may not have been able to when her family demanded attention. They could go places and do things together — another honeymoon! But

she didn't recognize the possibilities of the new plateau because she was still dreaming of the one she'd left.

So it is with those of us who are older — our view of the future is clouded by our memories of the past. Let's clear our glasses and see things as they are. Create something! Write that story you always intended to write. Learn some new skill. Knit or crochet something lovely — not the same old pattern, but a completely new one. If handwork isn't to your liking, find someone who needs cheering. When you're asked to do something, don't say, "I've had my day. Let someone younger do it." Instead, accept the challenge of a new activity; buckle in and prove to yourself you can do it.

I haven't had much time for clubs in my life, but now I belong to three or four, besides all the church organizations. I find them invigorating and even thrilling at times. It's wonderful to be a real part of a community — to vote — to make oneself felt.

Now I hear someone say, "That's all right for you, but just wait until you're as old as I am." Yes, I'll wait, and some day when I'm eighty-six or ninety-six, I may find my hands and feet don't work very well. I'll just have to look for a new interest that doesn't need hands and feet. I know there'll be something if I look for it. I'm a Christian, of course. That spirit doesn't come without Christ, and I expect to have His help all the way. But I'll have to ask for and expect it, and be willing to do my part. So let's press on!

Success Story

This is our success story . . . but it's yours, too. If you hadn't had success when you tried **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, our new product wouldn't have lasted six months!

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And, because it contains no harsh chlorine (as so many liquid bleaches do), you've found many new uses for **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Even the new synthetics are safe to bleach — another success story!

Thanks for remembering: *If it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in*

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

PIN POINTS

Can you "pinpoint" the right words to fill in these blanks?

1. — — — — — pin. (used in adult's clothing)
2. — — — — — pin. (used in infant's clothing)
3. — — — — — pin. (used by hairdressers)
4. — — — — — pin. (used on head coverings)
5. — — — — — pin. (used in a game)
6. — — — — — pin. (used in the kitchen)
7. — — — — — pin. (used in laundry)
8. — — — — — pin. (a crawling animal)

Answers: 1. Straight pin. 2. Safety pin. 3. Hairpin. 4. Hatpin. 5. Bowling pin. 6. Rolling pin. 7. Clothespin. 8. Terrapin.
—Evelyn P. Johnson



COME, READ WITH ME

by Armada Swanson

Each year those interested in children's books look forward to the selection of Newbery and Caldecott award winners.

"It is a most exciting experience as well as a tremendous responsibility to serve on the national Newbery-Caldecott Awards committee," said Miss Florence Butler, director of work with children for the Sioux City Public Library, Sioux City, Iowa. Miss Butler, one of 23 librarians selected to serve on the committee which makes the final selection from nominations for the awards, commented that it is rewarding to work with people dedicated to children's literature.

The awards are made each year by the Children's Services Division of the American Library Association from nominations submitted by school and children's librarians from all areas of the United States.

Evaline Ness, author and illustrator of *Sam, Bangs, & Moonshine* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$3.95) was named winner of the Randolph J. Caldecott medal, awarded since 1938. This English artist loved children and his pictures tell a story that fascinate young boys and girls. Therefore, it is a fitting memorial that the most distinguished picture book award should bear his name. *Sam, Bangs, & Moonshine* shows a child's imaginative world in a free style of live and wash drawings.

Irene Hunt, author of *Up a Road Slowly* (Follett Publishing Co., \$3.95) was named winner of the John Newbery medal given annually since 1922. The medal, given to the author of the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children published during the preceding year, was named after John Newbery, famous 18th century publisher and seller of children's books. Miss Hunt, who also wrote *Across Five Aprils*, has authored a poignant junior novel, for ages 12 and up, in *Up a Road Slowly*. Julie Trelling's mother dies when she is seven and so she is sent to live with Aunt Cordelia. The reader becomes involved in Julie's years when a young girl changes into a woman. Austere Aunt Cordelia, weak-willed Uncle Haskill, sister Laura, the retarded schoolmate Aggie, and Brett, the high school hero, are other charac-



When Margery and Oliver Strom needed additional shelves for storing books, they purchased a large breakfront which exactly fit the wall near Oliver's easy chair.

ters in *Up a Road Slowly*, presenting the timeless problems of all young girls.

For the many readers who enjoy books on antiques, there is *How to Collect the "New" Antiques* (David McKay Co., \$5.95) by Ann Kilborn Cole. This well-known writer, lecturer, and authority on antiques, has researched objects and furnishings dating from the decline of Victorian in 1890 to the beginning of Modern in the early 1920's, and reveals these items as the "new" antiques — the

next targets for the knowing collector.

Delightful, entertaining reading is contained in this book, as well as a treasury of fact, information, and sound advice. A whole column could easily be devoted to this one book. See if your library has a copy. Looking ahead, Mrs. Cole mentions Tobies, the character jugs; the genuine Hummel figures; display pieces of contemporary Steuben glass; Grandma Moses oils, and Gundersen glass as being antiques of the future. Hooked rugs and embroidery being made today may qualify as true antiques-to-be.

The Light and the Rock The Vision of Dag Hammarskjöld (E. P. Dutton and Co., \$3.75) edited by T. S. Settel reveals the philosophical structure upon which the great statesman built his role in world affairs. It reflects his innermost thoughts and beliefs regarding the condition of man, of nations and of the hope for international cooperation. Two excerpts from the book follow:

"... There is one thing that nobody ever needs to lose, and that is his self-respect."

"We cannot mold the world as masters of a material thing. But we can influence the development of the world from within as a spiritual thing."

Inspire people by leading, not pushing.

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

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

We can be heard over the following stations each weekday morning:



KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

More flowers entered in show classes fail to win ribbons or awards because they have been improperly conditioned and poorly groomed than for any other reason. If you are growing certain flowers specifically for show purposes, give them good cultural care. See that they are watered when rainfall is insufficient, and give them a feeding of all-purpose plant food if their growth condition indicates it is needed. If the plants appear healthy and have good foliage color (no yellowing of the leaves), more than likely they are getting enough nutrients from the soil and do not need any additional food. Watch for insects and spray or dust the plants regularly with an all-purpose material.

Riddled leaves and damaged flowers have no place on the show table!

Many tall plants must be staked to keep the stems upright and straight and to hold the flowers away from the soil. A gladiolus that grows at a right angle to the ground is bound to have its florets damaged when it rains and it is virtually impossible to wash the mud spatters away. Low-growing plants such as pansies can be mulched with short straw, ground cobs or buckwheat hulls to prevent mud spattering on the blooms.

Spraying plants that are to produce blooms for a flower show with a good fungicide will prevent powdery mildew and some blights.

Flowers that are to be exhibited should be cut the evening before the show, placed in containers of warm water, and set in a cool room to condition. The warm water is taken into the stems quickly and as the water cools, the flowers become turgid and lose their limp appearance. Carefully examine each bloom and discreetly remove any misplaced florets or any that show insect or weather damage if possible. See that there is some good foliage left on the stems, but do not put leaves in water — strip them off the stems to the top of the water at least. After grooming and arranging, pack your exhibits in cardboard boxes with plenty of crumpled newspaper between to carry them safely to the show.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

and is anticipating seeing Edna again since she has countless happy memories of childhood days when she and Kristin spent so much time with Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond.

Somehow, thinking about all of this, I'm reminded of the old, old saying that where there's a will, there's a way. We certainly had the will that Mother was going to make this trip, but we didn't leave "the way" to circumstance. All of us knew that in all probability Mother would back out at the last minute and feel that she simply couldn't leave, but if three other people were banking on meeting her in New Mexico she couldn't let them down. (From the time she heard that all of them had their reservations and would be in Albuquerque on Flight so-and-so at a given time, she never wavered a second.)

Until I sat down to tell you about this it didn't occur to me that possibly we had found something that would be helpful to other people, but now that I really think about it I feel that we may have stumbled upon a solution that would work for others who long to see a housebound parent get away for a trip.

Don't make plans in which only the immediate members of the family are concerned because in the give-and-take of family life it is very easy indeed to cancel the plans — everyone understands. If Mother had said at the last second that she couldn't possibly go, Dorothy and I would accept it without complications of any kind. I'm sure that this would be true in almost any situation.

So . . . based on our experience, when you look ahead to planning a trip for someone dear to you who needs the trip very badly, stir up old friends and old relatives as a safe-guard against any last minute backing out. This will do more than anything else I can think of to guarantee the trip.

Dorothy will be doing all of the driving, of course, and Mother hasn't traveled any distance for quite a few years, so we're not breaking our necks to cover a lot of ground. I have made reservations for us at Pratt, Kansas, the first night and at Tucumcari, New Mexico, the second night, and we should arrive at my place in the afternoon of the third day. Juliana will be there to greet us and has planned to put on a fried chicken dinner, so we're all set on the food angle. There will be seven of us for three meals a day while our company is there and Juliana and I will plan menus together and do our shopping after I arrive.

Fortunately, most of the things I'm eager for everyone to see can be managed without physical complications of any kind, and I even know the restaurants where there isn't a single step. Being handicapped myself I'm acutely aware of every single detail involved in getting anywhere, and when Margery and I were there I cased everything carefully to be positive that I had remembered exactly how this or that could be managed.

We plan to go down on what I think of as the "old run" — Topeka, Wichita, and then west on U.S. 54. It is by far the most direct route. But on our return we expect to go north to Denver to see Abigail, Wayne and the children, and this is something we are all anticipating very much.

I have used more than my allotted space, but my mind has been riveted so completely on this forthcoming trip that I wanted to bring you up to date on all of it. Next month I can report on our experiences. In view of the fact that this trip has been in the making for almost a year (that's when we first started talking about it) it seems strange to be at the point where we're just about ready to pack the car!

Faithfully always . .

Lucile



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WANTED-A MAN - Concluded CANDLE-LIGHTING SERVICE

Place nine unlighted candles in a semi-circle on a small table. The leader will light a taper as each speaker gives the appropriate reading for the letter. Make large gold letters to spell out "Dad and Lad", placing a letter in front of each holder.

Leader: Seven things wanted in a man are:

Laughing at difficulties - to find them disappearing.

Attempting heavy responsibilities - to find them growing lighter.

Facing a bad situation with honor - to find it clearing up.

Telling the truth - to find it the easiest way out.

Doing an honest day's work - to find it rewarding.

Believing men honest - to find them living up to expectations.

Trusting God each day - to find Him continually showering blessings and strength.

Let us now think about the qualities we want in a man.

D D is for DILIGENCE. "Bow down thine ear and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge . . . Have not I written to thee excellent things in counsels and knowledge? . . . Be not one of them that are sureties for debts . . . Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

A A worthy man is a man of ACTION. He is a man who uses his talents. (Read parable of the talents, Matt. 25: 14-23.)

D D is for DEEDS by which a man shall be known. "Give them according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their doings; give them after the work of their hands; render to them their desert . . . Whatsoever ye do in word and deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

A He is a man who is able and willing to bring his children up in the ADMONITION of the Lord. "Wherefore ye take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

N N must surely stand for NEIGHBORLINESS. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

D Let D stand for DETERMINATION to see that his children are set upon the right path of life, that right prevails . . . "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold."

L L stands for LOYALTY and LOVE.

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another . . . God is love . . . Love never faileth . . . Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

A A is for what man ASPIRES to be. "A wise man will hear and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels . . . He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely . . . The integrity of the upright shall guide them."

D Our last D stands for the man DEDICATED to the way of God and to making the world a better place in which he and his son may live. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs . . . Be ye doers of the word."

Leader: "I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered, and seen, and knows; Who has measured his paces on the battle line, and given and

taken blows; Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong, nor scoffed at the failing plan - But taken his dose with a heart of trust, and the faith of a gentleman; Who has parried and struck and sought and given, and, scarred with a thousand spears, Can lift his head to the stars of heaven, and isn't ashamed of his tears.

"I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all, and seen; Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread, and struck to the world machine; Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn, and thirsted, and starved; and felt The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt; Who was tempted and fell, and rose again, and has gone on trusty and true, With God supreme in his manly heart, and his courage burning anew." (Author Unknown)

Benediction.

He who would honor mankind must start with himself.



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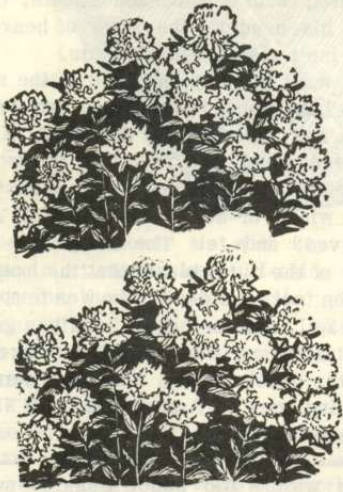
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Frederick Driftmier (right) leads the procession into South Church for the traditional end-of-the-school-year services.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

so very true of our own day. We in America simply have no idea what it means to live without freedom, but if we continue to have government by strikes and demonstrations we shall soon learn. We have so much that we are apathetic about the forces of tyranny that would take it all from us if given even half a chance.

I have a very dear friend who is now ninety years old. In spite of her age, her mind is better than mine, and she always has some very perceptive bit of wisdom to give me. The other day when I was telling her that I had not slept well for several nights she said: "If at night you lie awake and cannot sleep, don't try counting sheep! Just talk to the Shepherd." Isn't that good? I am sure that you know someone who should be told that, and I hope that you will pass it along.

This same ninety-year-old friend said something else to me the other day that I like very much. She said: "Dr. Driftmier, I know that you have an exciting itinerary for your world trip, but what I am interested in is your spiritual itinerary. What is that?" We all need to have good spiritual itineraries for every day of our lives. On that same day when we were having lunch together she said something else that I immediately wrote down when I got back to the office. She said: "Good manners is the art of making the people with whom we converse feel easy." Oh, if only we would remember that more often. We all could be so much more polite when it comes to making other people feel more at ease. In church work that is a *must*, and I pity the person who does not learn it. Often it takes only a friendly smile to make people feel more at ease, and none of us smile enough.

Sincerely,

Frederick

GYPSIES — Concluded

gave way to another. Just as one person crochets "tight" and the next one "loose", these women evidently did their lace-making the same way.

Something else made the lace authentic to me, and that was the smell of it. It smelled like a hundred campfires. If you but recall the smell of a hot dog roasted over a campfire as against one cooked in your own kitchen, you know what I mean. I still have a six-inch scrap of that lace tucked away somewhere. I kept it for that smell and that memory. It was *not* machine-manufactured.

I am sorry that the old romance of the Romanies is gone. If they outraded an honest Mid-Western farmer, it was only because the honest farmer hoped to bilk them. They could not have made easy dollars by fortune-telling if some gullible country boy or girl were not willing — eager — to pay a dollar to find out that all dreams were coming true. If they did not covet Nordic-type children, it gave us a special value in our own blue eyes to *think* they did.

Gone forever is that one phase of American life, as have gone so many others, dear to the hearts of us who experienced them. While my children are not too much interested in these recollections of the ancient past, perhaps some grandchild will prick up his ears when I say, portentously, "I remember the Gypsies!"

ABIGAIL'S LETTER — Concluded

which will show only when the wind blows the rear vent open, will be tolerated.

During the last weeks of school Alison was awarded a fine honor. She was chosen for membership in the National Honor Society. Only a small percentage of the sophomores who have achieved the academic requirements are chosen, so we are very much pleased that she earned selection.

Sincerely,
Abigail

MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

indeed I was, for Lucile and I decided before we started out that we would "take it easy" and not push ourselves on each day. We do enough of that every day! For a week we went to bed early and slept late — such luxury!

Next time I'll bring you up to date on family activities. Until then,

Sincerely,

Margery

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

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Collection #4 EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS

Happy & colorful fruits to decorate kitchen & dinette items. Bluebird designs for kitchen. 9 elegant floral & cross stitch patterns to grace your pillowcases and guest towels. 8 lively chefs for 7 towels & apron. A new & exciting way to personalize your linens (Floral Monograms).

All for \$1.00 Postpaid.

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Lucas, Iowa 50151

"OPEN HERE!"

The bane of my existence
Are the things that show resistance
When I try to get their contents from
within!

Flip-up boxtops haunt my life,
"Push in here" means use a knife;
Against the dotted line I'll never win!

Twist-off caps would be a cinch
If I'd learn to use a wrench;
"Pull the string" just leaves me in
chagrin!

Women's Suffrage set us free,
But it's always seemed to me
When it comes to packages, the world
belongs to men!

-Carole Hefley Reese

There are so many labor-saving de-
vices on the market today, a man has
to work all his life to pay for them.

COVER STORY

We think Mother (Leanna Driftmier) is a pretty young 81-year-old, and we're ever more convinced of the fact when we see her working with her flowers. Not only does she enjoy arranging them for the house, but she tends them in the garden. A familiar sight in our neighborhood is Mother weeding with her little pointed hoe, and from a wheel chair that is quite an accomplishment!

VACATION

Thirty and more years ago, paradise was summertime at Hamer's Place, a dairy farm far from my city home, where Uncle Joe was manager. And each summer I was allowed to "help out".

The memories of those days crowd together in a jumble of enjoyment . . .

There was Mickey, the boy on the farm nearby, who knew all the secrets of our forest surroundings.

We scouted "Indian trails" on the way to the lake with our own branch-stripped fishing poles complete with twine, rock sinkers, twig floats and penny-a-piece hooks. Worms were free and our poles brought in sunfish, perch, trout — even water snakes — from water so clear you could see the fish stealing your bait.

A few miles upstream was the swimming hole. The magic of bare-bottom swimming at dawn is impossible to describe.

And farther up, the stream narrowed and poured its water clear cold and delicious to drink.

Once, we followed the stream high into the mountains, but lost it in the underbrush. It was an adventure only a professional explorer can understand.

But there are memories more difficult to recapture: smells of the meadow after a rain . . . berry pickin' and hot pies . . . fireflies captured in bottles at night . . . and friendly squirrels that defied capture.

There were barefoot races up the cow-filled hill behind the barn and hiding in the hay to rest and dream beneath patched, blue sky.

And late in August, there was a roof of stars close enough to touch. We used to wait for hours to see a falling star in the cricket-noise stillness of the night.

There were hot summer lightning storms, so scary we had to prove our bravery by running to the swimming hole for a quick dive.

There were crab apple spittings, marshmallow and weenie bakes, potatoes cooking under hot rocks and Uncle Joe's Model T that could beat every dirt road in the country, except after a rain.

This is the jumble of joy I remembered when I took the family thirty years later for a weekend to Hamer's Place. Just a little outing, I told my wife. And I want to remember more of those wonderful years.

But there was little left to remember. Uncle Joe died long ago and the place is now a motel. The other farm nearby, along with its hill, is asphalt civilized

and crisscrossed with white cottages and adjoining garages.

I found the old "Indian trails", but instead of the swimming hole there was a huge, oval pool—chlorine clean.

The stream was still there, flowing idly with a kind of murky slime that emptied into a blob of lake sludge.

Gone were the smells of the forest and meadow, and the taste of crab apples and berries and trout.

Gone . . .

Now, where can I take my son to re-discover my fun as a boy? Perhaps the state and national parks do provide something of the simple joys I remember.

But will they be there too for my son's son?

They must, for the magic I knew as a boy has disappeared.



SWEET JUNE

June is miracle, June is delight;
A sun-warm day, a star-cool night.
A sun-browned boy with a flashing grin;
A winsome girl with a dimpled chin.

A flower-gay garden, the blue, blue sky,
Warm summer rain, and a friend passing by.

A family to love, work to do.

Thank you, June, for dreams come true.

—Harverna Woodling



WHAT A FRUIT TREE!

A fruit tree bearing pineapples, cherries, coconuts and oranges would be quite a novelty, and real fun to have in the garden. Unfortunately, plant breeding hasn't progressed quite that far yet.

But you can have the next best thing: a cabinet full of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. And these cheerful bottles are a lot handier than the mixed-up tree would be. Just a few drops will add delightful flavor and fragrance to whatever you're cooking. Cakes, pies, custards, salads and drinks all come up with new personalities when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** (and a little imagination).

There are sixteen wonderful, full-bodied flavors to choose from:

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

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If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo Vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage.