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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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FREDERICK SPEAKS FOR ALL OF US

Dear Friends:

As I sit here writing this letter I am looking at a picture hanging on the wall of my study; it is the picture of my father, Martin Henry Driftmier, whose funeral was held in Shenandoah so recently. He was eighty-six years old, and his life had been as full and rewarding as it had been long and hard. No one ever loved life more, and no one ever deserved eternal life more than did he. As much as all of us miss him, there is not a one of us who would wish him back. We are comforted by the thought that now at last he is receiving the rewards he so richly deserves.

I suppose that the one quality for which my father will be remembered more than any other, is that of loyalty. What a loyal man he was: loyal to his wife, to his children, to his brothers and sisters, to his church, to his country, and to everyone for whom he ever worked. Even now I can hear him saying to his children: "Always be loyal to your employer! Never bite the hand that feeds you! If you don't like him quit, but until you quit you be as loyal to him as you are loyal to me." He could tolerate much in another person except disloyalty, and wherever he saw it, he condemned it. I really believe that to him it was the original and chief of all sins. Although he never liked to hear his children in angry disputes with one another, he would never interfere until he detected something that indicated a lack of fraternal loyalty. I shall never forget how he reprimanded me once because in a little neighborhood bit of roughhousing I was teamed up against my brother. "Outside this house you are on your brother's side, and don't you forget it!"

More than any other individual I ever have known, my father loved business, and in his estimation the nicest thing one could say about him was to call

him a "good business man." Believe me, if everyone in this world loved to work as much as he loved to work, the world would be a much more beautiful and comfortable and efficient place than it is today. For him, business was not just an opportunity to make money; it was a way of service, a form of stewardship, and a fulfillment of destiny. The thought of some able-bodied man going through life without working was completely beyond his comprehension. Although he never became rich in material possessions, his business genius was admired and respected by all who knew him.

Now that I have reached the half-century mark and have grown children of my own, I look back to the days of the Great Depression and find myself thinking that my father must have been more than a genius where money was concerned; he must have been a magician or a wizard or a conjurer. How did he manage to feed and clothe seven children in such a way that we did not know we were poor? With his business at rock bottom, his wife an invalid with great medical expense, and with three children in college at the same time, he simply had to have some kind of a magic wand to make both ends meet! What a miracle man he was when it came to stretching a dollar, and yet at all times he was so practical. In his business judgments he always weighed the equities of all concerned, and he never took advantage of another man. He believed in hard work and in doing every job well. How many times we heard him say: "Any job that is done well is a hard job, and if it is worth doing it must be done well."

Everyone who worked for or with Mart Driftmier knew him to be a modest man; he was modest in speech, modest in dress, and modest in the way he set out to get a job done. He seldom gave orders, but preferred to lead, to persuade and to inspire. He never asked anyone to do anything that he was not willing to do himself if conditions permitted, and he let his own actions and achievements speak for him. He loved

fine automobiles, but he never felt comfortable in them, and was always apologizing for having a little better car than some of his friends. How we used to laugh when he would attempt to excuse his one extravagance by saying: "It gets wonderful gas mileage! It has a big trade-in value! etc., etc."

If you knew my father, you know that he was a man of conviction! Believe me he was that! When he took a stand on an issue, he stood firmer than Carrie Nation stood against booze. At this point his saving grace was the kind of things for which he stood. He had an overriding belief in the virtues of the American free enterprise system and in the ability of men to create and produce best in a free, competitive society. His own life was one long demonstration of his belief in the right of every individual to improve himself by his own efforts. Planned economies, wage and price controls, closed shops — all these were to him the ways of the Devil and he never tired of prophesying their sure downfall and doom. He believed in the democratic process, and he simply could not stand anything that hinted of demagoguery or dictatorship, or bureaucracy. Once when he had just a suspicion of heart trouble the family was warned never to bring up the subject of politics in his presence! There was actually the danger that his convictions might be the death of him, but a Republican victory was his salvation. Had he known how his children's political loyalties shifted from time to time, he would have been much distressed.

One of the earliest lessons I remember learning was the lesson my father taught me about charity. I learned that lesson in the family pew at the Congregational Church. Even in the worst days of the depression every member of our big family had to make a generous gift to the church. We could go without eating turkey on Thanksgiving, but we could not go without giving to the church. When I took my first after-school job, my father made it very clear that I would never again put anything but paper money in the offering plate. He said: "Only little children put silver coins in a church plate." Oh! how it hurt. But now that I have children of my own, I teach them what my father taught me.

Perhaps his greatest charities were to people, dozens of people who needed his help. He never had so little that he could not help a relative deserving of it, and if he possibly could afford it, he would give rather than lend. To worthy causes he gave not only of his means, but of his time and effort and talent. He was so proud of Shenandoah, and it was not difficult to get a gift

(Continued on page 22)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It has been difficult to put together this issue of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine because so many things have crowded upon our minds in connection with Father's death that it is hard to find words for what we really feel.

We think of this particular issue as more or less a memorial issue, not in any way because our experience has been unique and different, but because you have shared so closely with us all of these years our sorrows and our joys. When happy events have occurred you have rejoiced with us. When other things happened that grieved us you have sorrowed with us. And thus, in this particular issue, we wish to mark the empty place that has been left against the sky because of our father's death.

I don't believe that too many families have been as firmly and closely knit as our family. We most certainly had our own differences and conflicts within our family circle in the years when we were growing up (who ever heard of seven children not having lively arguments?) but from the very beginning we were taught to defend each other, to defend our honor as a member of the family against anyone who might be foolish enough to speak critically of a brother or a sister in our presence. This was a priceless lesson to learn for as the years pass and we grow older we feel the tremendous warmth and very foundation of human life itself in our concern for each other and for the children who have come to bless our homes.

When I was a child I truly believed that nothing could ever happen to us if Dad was at home! Ferocious summer storms were simply little skirmishes of Nature if we were all in the house and Dad was there. Black boiling clouds and terrifying lightning simply amounted to nothing whatsoever the moment his car pulled into the driveway and he was at home. We thought that no tornado could blow us away and no lightning could strike the house — Dad wouldn't permit it!!!

These powerful childhood memories go right into the marrow of one's bones, and long after I grew up and knew in my head that Dad couldn't change the path of a tornado or stay the bolt of lightning, I always felt a lot easier when he was in the house. We depended upon him wholly, utterly and completely to keep us from all harm.

But if we depended upon him in such a way, as we did, then in turn we had to do our share to deserve his magic powers. When each of us started to school it was with the crystal clear understanding that if ever we caused



This picture of Mother and her four sons was also taken in color and a framed enlargement hangs on the wall of her dining room. From left to right they are: Frederick, Donald, Wayne and Howard.

any trouble and gave the teacher any worry, then we'd get exactly double that amount of trouble at home. We used to sit goggle-eyed and unbelieving when kids acted "smart" and got into trouble. Just imagine, we thought, what they were going to get when they went home! I presume that most of those youngsters had no trouble at home whatsoever, but we Driftmiers knew full well that any difficulty we might have at school would be only a momentary breeze compared to what would greet us at home.

Dad never used anything but his powerful personality to keep his seven children in line. One sharp glance, one forceful word was all he needed to "get through" to us. His word was law and we knew it. I presume that without this tremendous example always before us he would have had anarchy on his hands, because you can imagine clearly enough how things would end if seven children did precisely what they pleased. He lived long enough to read about "permissiveness" and letting children establish their own rules for conduct, and he was completely convinced that the so-called experts were utterly out of their heads.

"Nonsense!" he'd exclaim on the few occasions when he saw his children trying to talk endlessly and reasonably to get their own children to do something. "That's absolute nonsense!" It's almost unnecessary to say that we tried to keep our children from "acting up" when they were around their grandfather!

He instilled within all of us a complete devotion to history. I have always had, for instance, a feeling that Abraham Lincoln wasn't murdered back in the dim shadows of time but in reality had died not too long before any of us could actually remember. This came from the fact that Dad told us the moving story about early pio-

neer days here in Page County when his Grandfather Driftmier was out working in the field with his little boy, Dad's father, working along beside him. A man came galloping over the hill crying: "Lincoln has been killed! Lincoln has been killed!" The man was weeping as he shouted the words, and Dad's grandfather and father stopped work and sat down in the field and wept also. Anyone who heard Dad relate this incident could only feel that Lincoln had been assassinated but a short time before.

We heard all about the settling of this county, the struggles of the pioneers to establish their farms, to get churches and schools started immediately. It always surprised us in later years when we met people who hadn't the faintest idea about the history of their area; we simply couldn't imagine not knowing how everything got started.

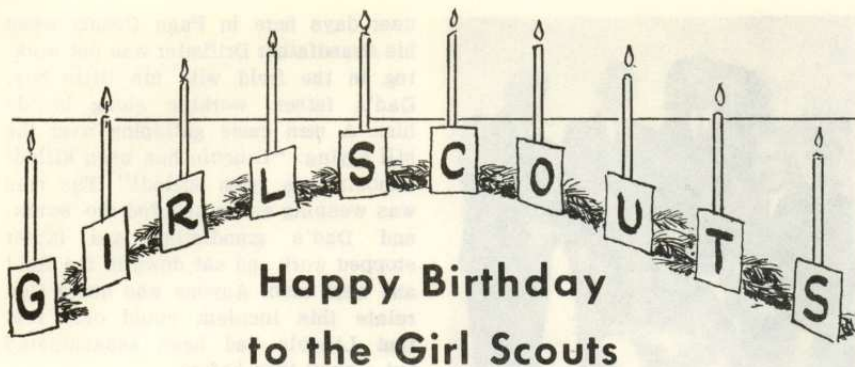
When Frederick spoke at Dad's funeral he said that Dad loved every inch of this county, knew every road and knew the history of every farm. This was the truth. He was a walking encyclopedia of history, not only of Page County, but of Iowa and the Nation. History was a subject that came very easily to the seven of us during our school years because we had absorbed so much from him through the years.

Dad never ceased regretting that he hadn't had a chance for an education. At the end of the eighth grade he had to drop out and go to work to help the family; he was the eldest of seven children and it was up to him to do all he could to keep things going. His mother died of tuberculosis in 1900 when Dad was only 19 and through that long illness when everything was tried, including a drastic change in climate, his weekly pay check, used entirely for the family, was most desperately needed.

As I said, he never ceased regretting his lack of a formal education, and yet all seven of his children said as they grew up and went out into the world that they had never known a better educated man. He read incessantly. I can never recall even once in my life seeing him sit without a book or a magazine in his hands. He never had a hobby as we understand the word. He simply had an overwhelming longing to "educate" himself, and if circumstances had made this impossible in the school room, then he would take care of it at home.

One time six years ago when he was first ill but still completely himself mentally, I was sitting beside him at the hospital when he said unexpectedly: "Did you know that I drew up the plans for four houses that were built in Minnesota?" I had never heard this

(Continued on page 17)



A Candle-lighting Service by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place ten tall tapers in candleholders in a semicircle on a small table, concealing the holders with bits of greenery. Before each holder stand a large gold letter to spell out the name GIRL SCOUTS.

Ten girls will be needed to light the candles. At the proper time the leader will hand a lighted candle in a holder to the first girl as she steps forward. After the girl has lighted her candle and spoken her lines, she hands the candle to the next girl in line. The girls might all stand in a large semicircle just behind the table, step forward to do their parts, and step back again when finished.

Leader: The Girl Scouts of America, with headquarters in New York, was founded in 1912, and now has well over a million members. The Scout law provides a simple code of conduct that girls everywhere can understand and accept. Its local troops, wherever located, work to advance character and outdoor activities among growing girls and to promote an interest in good citizenship.

We light our candles today for our 56th anniversary, each candle representing one of our ten Scout laws. Let the candles' glow remind us, too, to be aglow with enthusiasm and on fire with determination to live up to these laws to the very best of our ability.

Leader: (continues for candle-lighting service) "A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted." (hands candle to first girl)

First Candle-lighter: (lights candle, then speaks)

If I am tempted to reveal
A tale to me someone has told
About another, let it pass,
Before I speak, three gates of gold.

Three narrow gates: First, is it true?
Then, is it needful? In my mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and narrowest, is it kind?

And if, to reach my lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then I may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

Leader: "A Girl Scout is loyal."

Second Candle-lighter: I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody who stands for the right; yes, stand with him while he is right and part from him when he is wrong.

I must be loyal in my friendship, my citizenship, and to my God.

Leader: "A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and help others."

Third Candle-lighter: We can't play alone in the game of life. We're dependent, my friend, on others; we cannot get by in the struggle and strife, except for the help of our brothers! Whatever we plan, whatever we do, or whatever we give of our best, is meant to include all our fellowmen, too, and add to the joy of the rest.

Leader: "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout."

Fourth Candle-lighter:

A friend is a person —

Who will help you in the hour of sickness;

Who will help you uphill when you are sliding down;

Who will defend you when others speak evil of you;

Who will believe in your innocence until you admit your guilt;

Who will say to your face what he says to your back;

Who will shake hands with you whenever he meets you, whether you wear patches or silks;

A friend does all these things without expecting any return.

Leader: "A Girl Scout is courteous."

Fifth Candle-lighter: That best portion of a good man's life is his little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love, his courtesies to all whom he meets each day. It is doing the thoughtful things, the little things, in the most kindly, tactful way.

Leader: "A Girl Scout is friendly to animals."

Sixth Candle-lighter:

I heard a bird at break of day

Sing from the autumn trees

A song so mystical and calm,

So full of certainties —

No man could listen long, I think, unless upon his knees!

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday . . . among the lowing of the herds, the rustling of the trees, as I walked with old Rover gently nuzzling my knees.

Leader: "A Girl Scout obeys orders."

Seventh Candle-lighter: He who would lift others up must first be lifted up himself, and he who would command others must learn to obey.

Leader: "A Girl Scout is cheerful."

Eighth Candle-lighter:

"Hello" lasts only a minute,

It's a short, brisk, queer little word.

But, say! there's a lot of cheer in it;

It's like the first chirp of a bird

In spring, when the hilltops are green-
ing,

Right after the cold and the snow.

When it comes to the real meaning for cheerfulness,

There isn't a word like "Hello"!

Cheerfulness in a person is that which, when other people meet her, makes them happy, so let us be always cheerful!

Leader: "A Girl Scout is thrifty."

Ninth Candle-lighter: The old adage to "dip and deal and have a little for every meal" is a reminder for us to use wisely, to be thrifty with whatever we have, be it food, talents, knowledge, or friendship. It is not what we have but how we use what we have that counts!

Leader: "A Girl Scout is clean in thought, and word, and deed."

Tenth Candle-lighter:

This is the day which the Lord hath made.

I will walk through it unafraid,

I will not waste one precious minute,

I will look for beauty in it.

I will make use of all its hours,

Enjoy its sun, its rain, its flowers,

I will be thankful for friends met along
the way.

The Lord has made this a beautiful day!

Leader: Your measure of accomplishment is solely up to you; it is not what you wish or hope, but what you strive to do. Desire is commendable and dreaming plays a part, yet nothing can be meaningful, unless you make a start; unless your thoughts and promises and all your reveries are backed up by endeavor, and become realities. You have to carry out your plan, never once give in, until at last with all your might you either lose or win. Then the final measure and the true and lasting guide will be, not your ambition, but how earnestly you tried.

How hard will we all try to live up to our Girl Scout laws?

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

When sorrow comes to a family, as it has come to ours, one must search for inner strength to carry on. How frequently we had heard Dad himself say, "Face up to the situation" whenever we met up with something difficult. When we "face up to the situation" we realize that Dad left much of himself that lives on in us and helps us now.

As long as I can remember Dad served the church in some capacity. He was, among other things, a trustee, a deacon and at the time of his death, an honorary deacon. Because of this devotion we thought it fitting to establish a memorial fund in his name to the church.

I'm certain that other members of the family will mention Dad's love of books, and particularly books on history, I was always amazed at his knowledge, and it seemed to me that no matter what subject came up in conversation Dad could give us a historical background full of facts and figures. When I was a child I was convinced that there was nothing my father didn't know! He was particularly well informed on Iowa history and was a life member of the Iowa State Historical Society.

Because he was so well read himself, he encouraged reading by his children. Like most normal children we would occasionally complain of being bored — nothing to do! His answer to such a statement was that there was no excuse for boredom when one had good books to read. How true that is and we, as parents, have repeated that statement to our own children. Consequently, Father's love for reading has passed on to his grandchildren.

Speaking of the grandchildren, perhaps you would be interested in some of the letters they wrote to their grandmother.

From our Martin:

"Dear Grannie:

I feel ashamed that I should wait until a time such as this to express how very much you mean to me. You and Grandpa have always been so near that I have perhaps taken your presence for granted. 'And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.'

'There are many words I would speak but they are best said by those who have a much greater insight. At least I was granted the privilege of knowing Grandfather and I do believe that the last time I saw him he recognized me even for a short time.

'Kahlil Gibran, the famous Lebanese poet wrote in *The Prophet*: 'We would ask now of Death. And he said:

You would know the secret of



Ruby Treese, the nurse who helped with Dad's care for so long, will stay on with Mother.

death. But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life. For life and death are one, even as the river and sea are one.'

"Things I learned from Grandpa are coming alive to me now and have much meaning for me."

Frederick's and Betty's Mary Leanna wrote:

'I remember big happy family dinners. I remember jokes and laughter and Grandpa wheeling you out onto the porch for a car trip or just to greet the friends who always came. I remember excitement because my grandparents from Iowa were coming to visit. I remember so many stories — through Daddy — of a home with seven happy children. I remember love and joy.

'I cherish a wistful photograph of you and David and Grandpa and me looking out over Lake Wincheck, and the trees were changing color.

'May God continue to bless you.'

Her brother David received the sad news at school and wrote:

'I was very saddened at the news of Grandpa's death. I went through afternoon classes able to think only of how I wished I could have lived closer to him. Because of the great distance between our homes I never got to know him as well as my other cousins. However, I shall always be thankful for the times we were together.

'Greatly troubled, I took a long walk after classes thinking about these things. I stood on the beach with the sunset casting a gold hue on the entire scene. While watching some gulls in flight, it suddenly came to me: 'To everything there is a season: a time to be born and a time to die.' And: 'From dust you come, and to dust you shall return.' Then I knew that Grand-

father is just transformed. His spirit shall live eternally, both through his descendants and through all those with whom he came in contact. How fortunate he was to have had a wife such as you, and how fortunate I am to have a grandmother such as you."

Lucile's daughter Juliana wrote from her home in Albuquerque:

"Dearest Grannie:

Grandfather was a part of my life for as long as I can remember. Not many young people today have the privilege of living 'right down the alley' from their grandparents as I did. This gave me the opportunity to get to know my grandfather as I grew up.

"As a small child I would have told you that Grandpa was at least ten feet tall and had a voice that demanded instant attention. On the other hand, I also remember that Grandpa always had time to sneak a tidbit to me when he was carving a turkey for family dinners. This was the kind of treat that remains foremost in a child's mind.

"When I grew older, Grandpa made it a point to ask me along on weekend rides out to the farm and to Aunt Dorothy's. The drives to Lucas meant staying all night with you so we could get an early start. And when Grandpa said we were going to leave at 8:00, this was precisely when we left! This punctuality has been deeply ingrained in me to this day!

"I suppose I truly got to know Grandpa best during my teens when I developed my great interest in history. He was a walking bank of knowledge and I could listen to him for hours. I look back now and wish that these discussions could have been tape recorded. But even without a tape recorder most of these conversations will remain in my memory. Grandpa's authoritative voice and persuasive attitude made his rendition of these historical events unforgettable.

"All in all, Grandpa's death will leave a definite gap in my life. His generation was a generation of action. These were the men who shaped our Midwest and they are not soon forgotten. My Grandpa Driftmier is impossible to forget."

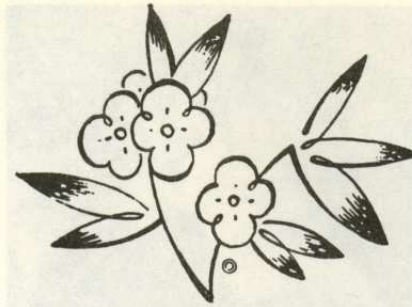
These letters pretty much sum up the feelings of all the grandchildren and how Dad's life affected them.

Many friends, old and young, attended the funeral service. When one is very old most close friends have already passed away so we were very touched that those of a younger generation were paying their respects to our father. He had left his imprint on our community.

And we were very touched when Mr. W. D. Archie, publisher of our local newspaper, wrote a tribute to him
(Continued on page 20)

Plant a Biblical Garden

by
Gladys Niece Templeton



As one plans his garden it is interesting to reach back into the Bible records where hundreds of plants are mentioned. Vines, trees, flowers, herbs, fruits, and all other vegetation are spoken of and have their place in the Scriptures. They are all symbols through which spiritual ideas are presented "while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and days and nights shall not cease".

Plants so clothed the land of Palestine, that they enriched the thoughts and speech of those who trod the land. Spiritual ideas are the result. They play a deep role in the Bible. Many of the trees and shrubs therein mentioned are common in the Midwest, although they have been developed to a degree far surpassing those of ancient times. Today's fruit trees can be used in landscaping about the home. Gourds and other vines can be decorative for trellis or stone wall.

Jeremiah instructed the children of Israel to "plant gardens, and eat the fruit of them". Amos promised his people that they should eat the fruit of their gardens. We read that Jesus often went with His disciples to a garden for rest and meditation.

The Psalmist used the olive tree as a symbol of the righteous man who trusted in God: "but I am like a green olive tree in the house of God". The olive tree appears throughout the Scriptures. In Revelation: "beside the two candlesticks which are standing before the God of the earth".

The grape vine is also a common reference: "when thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterwards; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, for the widow". Perhaps we forget this admonition today as we gather our harvest.

The saffron of Solomon's garden is known today as the crocus. It grew wild in the fields of Palestine. Plantings were made in well-drained soil, free from decaying manure. From the wild peony of the Holy Land have come many varieties which are common in our gardens today. These are planted in the autumn, using plenty of plant food and leaf mold. They live and

thrive in the same spot for twenty or thirty years. Peonies are perhaps the most hardy, thrifty, showy, and easily grown of all our flowers.

The word rose comes from the Hebrew word meaning "bulblike" (which seems odd to us), probably meaning any flower with a bulbous root. The white narcissus was known as a rose in Bible times. Many wild flowers of that time were called roses. Some insist that the red tulip was known as the rose of Sharon, which is often spoken of in the Bible. The Holy Land is a natural habitat for the bulb which was taken to Holland, improved, and became known as the Dutch bulb. Today we have so many varieties of roses that one must give special attention in choosing color, size, and adaptability to our available area.

Another well-known flower was the lily in its various forms. The water lily of Egypt and of King Solomon's garden is spoken of. The lily motif was used in the decorations of his temple as well as those of the ancient tombs. There are hundreds of varieties and colors easily grown today in almost any soil or location. When clumps are separated they continue to grow with added vigor; oftentimes neglected or discarded, they grow and bloom. Even though they bloom but one day, they are worth the effort to arrange a bunch of golden "glories" in a copper bowl. Try it.

Anemones were common in the Holy Land. Christ referred to them when He spoke the words found in Matthew 6: 28-30 which have been precious to the hearts of men for nearly two thousand years. Their petals of purple, crimson, and gold are such that "not even Solomon could be arrayed as one of these". Their tuberous roots stored food for the dry season, and when the rains came they wakened and burst into bloom.

When planning your garden, turn to your Bible and you will be fascinated by all manner of plants, trees, vines, and the amazing number of flowers listed in books referring to the Holy Land, leading to a richer understanding of Bible references.

SPRING SPRINGS FORTH -

MARCH 20

March is a miserable month. And yet a wonderful month too.

It is mad with windy fury and burning snow; then, glad with birth and the new things of life.

Too, it is discouraging. For one day one shivers in woolen garments; the next balmy day is oppressively warm.

Still, March is that time of the commencement of spring. Its air of something magical, a certain feeling of new beginning, reaches every living thing.

This spring, this rebirth is everywhere.

Flowers peak from the ground and the fresh grass, more rich than color, lays a stubby carpet of clean green through the patches of snow.

Trees, long bare with ugly limbs, crown their skyward stretch with multishades of leafy green.

Days become long with light; colors sparkle with brightness; even people - winter's gray drab human beings steeped in the multitude of their problems - rise with the tang of another spring, eager for another beginning and new opportunity.

This annual awakening - on March 20 this year - is but a reminder that the Fountain of Youth is not lost. And the chance for refreshment at its springs is ever present.

May this rebirth in each spring we live renew our joys and hopes.

For it is great to be alive . . .



NEW NEIGHBORS

She moved into the house next door today,

A quiet, gentle one who came with speed

To see that everything was placed where need

For it would serve her family's modest creed;

And with it all she chatted and was gay,

While children moved about in noisy play.

I know I shall be glad to have her stay

For friendly neighbors are life's hardy breed.

In time of joy or sorrow, hope or fear
Staunch neighbors are great blessings in our life,

Assisting one and all when there is strife.

And often other times when we need cheer

Or when all life seems somehow out of gear

But with good neighbors joy comes like a fife. —Alice G. Harvey



Killarney Kapers

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Parties with a Saint Patrick's Day theme seem to lend themselves to merriment and a rollicking good time. It's one time to cast dignity aside and go all out for fun.

INVITATIONS are printed on green paper shamrock cut-outs and read: St. Patrick's Day in the evenin' has been chosen by us to have a little party, and we're invitin' you. Please come and wear an Irish smile, and at eight P.M. be on the scene. You'll find our house quite easily — just watch for a big shamrock green. (signed)

Start the party DECORATIONS off with a big Irish swag for the front door. For this use a huge shamrock cut from very stiff green paper and tie it to the door with a huge white bow with streamers. In the streamers tie some Irish pipes and a few small shamrocks.

Use the colorful green shamrocks lavishly for your party decorations — pinned to the curtains, suspended by thread from green and white streamers, or pinned to the overhang on the tablecloth. Of course you'll put a shamrock seal on each napkin and lay shamrocks hit-and-miss on the tablecloth. For a Killarney Lake centerpiece place a large mirror in the center of the table. Use Irish potatoes in various sizes as rocks edging the lake, interspersed here and there with a bit of evergreen and tiny shamrock leaves. Perch peanut pixie leprechauns on some of the rocks in comical poses. Can't you see one cunning fellow sunning himself on a potato rock beneath a shamrock leaf umbrella?

How about bringing the popular Irish pig into the decorations? Do you have a big fat ceramic piggy bank? Give him

a green Irish stovepipe hat, fasten a pipe in his mouth, and use it as a centerpiece or in an arrangement on a small table. Mr. Pig might also be hitched by ribbon streamers to a small cart filled with potatoes.

If you cannot locate a piggy bank, you can easily mold one out of crushed aluminum foil, cover it with brown or black crepe paper, and glue on button eyes, perky ears, and a curly pipe-cleaner tail.

Shamrock nutcups are easy to make. Cut shamrocks from heavy green paper. Glue two together in the center. Then fold the three top petals up to make a tricornered cup. Staple or tie with a bit of white yarn. The lower shamrock becomes the base. You can make large cardboard shamrock baskets in the same manner to hold sandwiches, cookies or candies, or to use as a centerpiece to hold a container of flowers, small potatoes, or fruit and nuts.

An Irish welcome banner placed in a prominent place to greet the arriving guests would be something a bit different. Use a green marking pen to write in big letters on the banner the words *Gaid Mille a Failthe* (a thousand welcomes to all). Decorate the banner with shamrock cut-outs.

ENTERTAINMENT

Search for the Wee Folk: Hide dozens of tiny paper shamrocks around the room before the guests arrive. On each shamrock have either the letter "S" for shamrock or "G" for green. At the leader's signal the guests hunt to find as many shamrocks as possible in a given length of time. Prizes are awarded to the one having the most shamrocks, to the one having the most

"S" ones, and to the one having the most "G" ones.

Then each person counts up the shamrocks again and, according to the letter of which he has the highest count, takes his place in the "S" camp or the "G" camp. All guests are given pencil and paper and each is to write down as many Irish things as possible, those in the "S" camp writing only things beginning with "s" and those on the other side with the letter "g". If you prefer, the word list need not be limited to Irish items but may be anything beginning with the designated letter. The camp with the most words at the end of ten minutes wins the prize.

Pig in the Poke: Hand each guest a paper on which the outline of a pig has been drawn. Allow five minutes to see who can print the word "shamrock" the most times inside the pig outline.

Some Good Old Blarney: Each guest is given a slip of paper upon which is written a rhyme which he must read aloud and then do a stunt as indicated in the rhyme. Here are a few suggested rhymes:

"They say the home of fairies, dear,
Was in Ireland, 'tis true,
But we would like to hear now
A fairy tale as told by you."

"Draw us a map of Ireland
On this St. Patrick's Day;
If you can't do that, draw an Irish Pat
Smokin' his pipe of clay."

"Give us a little history
Of old St. Patrick's Day —
What he did for his country —
But enlighten us some way."

"It will make our party merrier
And help our fun along
If you'll give out good and strong
With your favorite Irish song."

"Tell us a story full of fun,
And something that's really true,
Or, if you prefer, we'll enjoy
An Irish jig by you."

"We know you've a good old funny
bone

So our mirth you will provoke
If you'll give out with your best
And tell a good old Irish joke."

A Pig in Time: Give guests large pieces of paper, and allow five minutes time for them to put the papers behind their backs and tear out a pig with a curly tail. Those who fail to tear out a pig in time must pay a forfeit. (Thus "a pig in time saves a rhyme" in forfeit, if each one who fails is made to make up a four-line rhyme or give a limerick.)

Irish Quiz:

1. An Irishman's heating system.
A smile

(Continued on page 19)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

*Although it's hard to say "Good-bye"
To one you loved so well
And there's deeper sorrow in your heart
Than any words can tell
Still may you find some comfort now
In knowing that you'll be
Forever close in loving thought
And cherished memory.*

This verse which was on one of the many beautiful sympathy cards our family received at the time of Dad's death was one I particularly liked. The past weeks I have been recalling the wonderful home I grew up in — a home filled with happiness and love. How fortunate we have been to have had our father so many years, a man for whom we all had great admiration and respect.

Members of our family will always be grateful to brother Frederick for the wonderful talk he gave at the funeral. He pointed out to us that we must not let our thoughts dwell on grieving for Dad, but instead we must remember the rich, full life he had lived, the lessons he had taught us, and the happiness he had brought into our home. We must be thankful he lived to know and enjoy his grandchildren and even his great-grandchildren. The message he gave us was a great comfort and these past days I have been thinking only of the happy things I have to be grateful for.

Since I have been married and gone from the family home for almost thirty years, it has meant a great deal to me that my husband Frank and my father were such good friends. Dad was pleased that I lived on a farm, and nothing would make Frank happier than to have the folks drive up to Lucas and spend a few days with us. Dad would get in Frank's old car with him to make a tour of the different fields, and spend what seemed like hours looking over the cattle. Then he would come in and report to Mother how good Frank's corn looked, and how fat his cattle were. When Frank and I spent a day in Shenandoah, Dad would take Frank out to his farm for a tour of inspection. They had great times together. When Frank's father was living he used to anticipate the visits from my parents as much as we did. We mentioned the other day what a vivid memory we have of our two dads sitting on the front porch, talking over old



Frank's sister Ruth gets set to push Kristin and Andy down the hill on the sled.

times for hours at a time. Frank's sister Ruth said the only time she ever saw her father smoke cigars was when my father was there. Dad always brought him a cigar and they would retire to the front porch to reminisce to their hearts' content.

I will always be thankful that, although I live 130 miles away, I spent a few days each month with Mother and Dad. This brought us all much happiness. Mother used to laugh at Dad because the day after I went home he would start counting the days until I would be back again. During his illness my visits gave him something to look forward to. For this reason I can now have peace in my heart instead of regrets.

Dad had a wonderful sense of humor and no one enjoyed a good joke better than he did. While Mother and I sewed and Dad was settled in his chair with a magazine or book, he always read us anything that was particularly amusing.

I don't know if I ever told you about a joke on myself that Dad thought was one of the funniest things that ever happened to him and had great sport telling friends about. One Father's Day he and Mother drove to Lucas to spend the day with us. It was time for me to address the magazine, so I drove them back to Shenandoah. About half way there we stopped at a service station for gas. Dad got out of the car and went into the station to pay the bill and I saw him come back to the car. Mother and I were talking a mile a minute, and I started the car and drove on out of town. About two miles out I said something to Dad but didn't get an answer. Looking in the rear view mirror and finding the back seat empty, I said, "Oh, good heavens, we've lost Dad." We went back, and there he stood talking to the attendant and laughing as hard as he could. Another man in the station offered to take him to chase us down, but, he said, "I

told them you would miss me before long and come back." He never got over teasing me about the incident.

He never doubted our love for him nor did we children ever doubt his love for us.

When I called Kristin to tell her about her grandfather she wanted to come back for the funeral, but first she had to see if a substitute teacher could be found to take her place. She called back in the evening and reported she and her husband Art and little Andy would drive back, leaving right after school the next day. They drove all night, arriving in Shenandoah about 4:00 in the morning. We were happy they didn't have to turn right around and start back, but were able to spend a couple of days with us at the farm.

When they were getting ready to leave for Lucas someone asked Andy where he was going, and he said to Grandpa Johnson's farm. They asked what he was going to see at the farm and he said, "Cows and horses, an elephant, tiger and monkeys." He had a wonderful time helping Grandpa feed the cows because he got to ride in the little trailer behind the tractor. He told me he got to ride in the tractor convertible. He also remembered from last summer which corn crib to go to for an ear of corn for his pony.

Kristin got out her old sled and took him coasting for the first time. After he became acquainted with this winter sport he wanted his mother to stay outdoors all the time to slide down the hill. We were happy that Frank's sister Ruth could spend a few days with us while they were home. She hadn't seen Kristin and her family since Andy was just a baby, and he certainly made a hit with her. Ruth thinks he's about the cutest little boy she ever did see and doesn't blame me one bit for acting like a doting grandmother.

I could go on and on about our only grandchild, but I'm afraid they wouldn't allow me that much space, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, *Dorothy*

PREVIEW

Deep down in a hymn or high into space,
A breeze that caresses or snaps in my face,
The eyes of a child, the voice of a lamb,
A word of compassion, the touch of a hand.
Once in awhile, when I need it badly,
God parts the curtains and I can see
A glimpse of beauty that's more than earth —
A sneak preview of Eternity!

—Leta Fulmer

THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS ENTERTAINED STUDENT

Dear Friends:

It is very difficult to find the appropriate words to write or speak when someone of import in your life has died. This is true even when death is expected and comes as a relief to a person whose living had deteriorated as much as Dad Driftmier's had. Nevertheless we all hate to confront the departure of a person who has loomed so large and strong throughout almost all of his lifetime.

Wayne was in Chicago to preside over meetings concerned with the Horticultural Research Institute when news of his father's death reached him. Don and Mary Beth were kind enough to stop by and take him along on their drive back to Shenandoah. It was a harrowing trip over icy roads much of the way through Illinois and eastern Iowa. In contrast, I had the easiest trip to Iowa ever. With a non-stop jet airliner between Denver and Omaha, the total elapsed time from our house to the folk's house was only three and a half hours. This hardly seems possible to one accustomed to pounding out a minimum of twelve hours in an automobile or on a train to cover this same distance.

I was gone only two days and one night as our children remained behind in Colorado. They were confronted with the stringent demands of final examinations. There seemed little purpose to be served by their addition to the crowd of relatives already assembling in Shenandoah. Also, at this time we had an extra member of our household, Miss Ryoko Matsuzaki of Japan. She is a Rotary exchange student attending Alison's high school and spent seven weeks living in our home.

Ryoko comes from Matsui, a city of one hundred and ten thousand population located on the southwestern coast of Japan. This region sees very few visitors from the United States and is not at all "westernized" as are many of the eastern cities of Japan. But Ryoko is an expert at accommodating herself to our customs with seemingly no difficulties. She was a genuine pleasure to have in our home because she caused no disruption whatsoever.

We are not tea drinkers in this household and I was really rather concerned about being able to serve good tea to Ryoko. But much to my amazement, whenever I asked her what she wanted to drink, she answered "milk." Alison's comment was; "Mom, just because she's Japanese, she doesn't have to prefer tea." When I mentioned this to a friend of Japanese ancestry, she suggested that perhaps the reason



Frederick wanted to take a picture of Mother with his three brothers and their wives while they were together, for it isn't often that they are in Shenandoah at the same time. Pictured from left to right are Wayne and Abigail (from Denver, Colo.), Donald and Mary Beth (from Brookfield, Wis.), and Howard and Mae (who live right here in Shenandoah).

Ryoko always asked for milk was because good milk is very rare in Japan and considered a real treat.

Naturally each of her host families has tried to show her as much as possible of our ways of living. We were very fortunate to be able to take her and spend a few days at Lucile's second home near Santa Fe, New Mexico. We tried to explain to her how uniquely different this area is from the rest of the United States. I'm sure it came as

DORMER BEDROOM

A tiny room, its blue walls
Slanting to a peak, it lies just
To the right atop the creaky stairs.
It's changed somewhat, with perky
drapes,
Fresh paint and even philodendron
vining
There upon the stand.
But battered desk is still the same, its
Bulging innards strewn about with let-
ters,
Notebooks and awards; pennants from
vacation
Trips, diplomas and tuition slips. And
Oil for that first rifle.
Childhood tomes on birds and bees
touch
Covers with great histories. And vol-
umes
Deep in chemistry checkerboard the
row of
Books there on the shelf. And scat-
tered
There are rock and stones, from far
away,
From hills of home.

And that tall man who climbs the stair
Becomes a boy again right there
In his old room.

—Leta Fulmer

a great surprise to her to find that not all natives of this country speak English as their first language.

Ryoko eats all of the varieties of our American food although her appetite isn't large. One of her great favorites is tacos, which are terribly popular with our children also. It always amazes me to realize what a tremendous variety of foods our children eat compared to the limited menu I had as a child. I grew up eating almost exclusively the foods associated with the English people. Our children have known the foods of many cultures without even any special effort put into culinary exploration. However, I do wonder just how many places there are in this country besides Santa Fe where one can buy blue tortillas?

Also accompanying us on this trip to New Mexico was a family of five from our neighborhood. Their three children are almost the same ages as our three. Both generations had a perfectly wonderful time. One car headed for a different New Mexico ski area each of the days we were there. The non-skiers collected potsherds in spite of the snow covering the ground, explored on foot a few of the by-ways of the Nambé valley and perused the shops of Santa Fe when they weren't reading or just plain loafing.

Emily and Clark were skiing at Red River, New Mexico, one of the days when President Johnson's daughters and their husbands were there but they saw no sign of their famous co-skiers. This resort is terribly popular with Texans. Riding up on the ski lift, Emily heard one wag announce a meeting of all non-Texans in the second-floor telephone booth at the nearby lodge. Actually, all of New Mexico and southern Colorado is attractive to Texans for year-around recreational facilities and climate; but occasionally even a Colorado family goes to Texas on vacation. We have friends who love to spend their spring vacations on Padre Island near Brownsville, Texas. Now they are wondering what changes they will find there following the ravaging hurricanes of last season, especially Hurricane Beulah.

Spring in Denver usually means lots and lots of wind with frequent snows that arrive and disappear with amazing rapidity. Wayne spends his longest hours working and I get in some of my best sewing hours. For preceding the gay colors of the spring flowers are the gay colors of the spring fabrics. What a lift each one gives to the drab exterior of late winter! There are three patterns and three bright pieces of material just waiting for me to write "Good-bye for now".

Sincerely,
Abigail



YOUNG MOTHER'S STORY

by
Emm B. Gee

"Mama, Carl hit me. Mama, Carl took the kitty away from me! Mama, Carl pushed me down. Mama, Mama, Carl, he . . ."

Our daughter, Karla age three, was constantly running to us, complaining that Carl, six, had slapped her, taken a toy away from her, pulled her hair, or was sticking his tongue out at her. I can't exactly put my finger on the day Carl began to give us trouble. It came on gradually, I suppose. It just seemed that one day we were a happy, well-adjusted family, loving one another and getting along well together, and the next day everything was topsy-turvy. And Carl seemed to be the root of all the trouble. He was not a really *bad* boy. He got along well at school and made good grades, and his school teacher, his Sunday school teacher, and his playground supervisor all spoke well of him. It seemed that he behaved well everywhere but at home, where he was constantly creating confusion.

The situation worsened daily until he even became disobedient to his daddy and me. This worried us more than ever, because his daddy is a school teacher in our city, and I also taught school before we were married. We both have college educations and have successfully dealt with hundreds of *other people's* children, so it was very hard for us to admit that we could not handle one of our own. I suppose it was pride that kept us from consulting a child psychiatrist. As it was, we lectured, scolded, pleaded, and prayed. We deprived him of privileges; we punished him physically. Everything we did only made him more sullen and resentful. He was fast getting to the point where he did not like to communicate with us and seemed to resent everything we tried to do for him, and we were almost ready to admit that we could not handle him.

The turning point came one day when my husband's sister, always a favorite of mine, came to visit. Carl and Karla were playing across the room, happily

for a change. Evidently all the pent-up worry was too much for me at last. Anyway, I found myself blurting out our story of Carl's misbehavior to her. "And Karla is so good," I ended, almost in tears.

June had been watching the children as I talked. She was silent a few seconds after I finished, and then turned to me suddenly and asked, "May I take Carl home with me? I'll bring him back tomorrow. I won't take Karla this time. Just Carl. I have an idea!"

I readily agreed for I have respected her judgment as long as I have known her. And although I hated to admit it, the prospect of a quiet evening with just my husband and Karla was a joyful prospect. I could not forget the look on Carl's face as he left with her. He simply beamed! It seemed, looking back, that he was beaming and smiling before he left with her. What had brought about the happy change? Surely my just telling June about the trouble and getting it off my mind couldn't have made the difference.

Carl was still beaming when he came bounding up the steps with his Aunt June the next morning. He gave me a shy "Hello" and smiled and actually seemed glad to see his little sister. June was smiling, too, and looking mysterious, and happy.

"If you don't mind, I'll stay and eat lunch with you," she said.

If I didn't mind, indeed! I was beginning to feel ten years younger already, but a little bug in the back of my mind kept telling me it couldn't last; it was just too good to be true. But it did last; the day went smoothly and happily. Carl even asked permission to set the table for lunch, and volunteered information about some games they had played last night at Aunt June's. Once I saw him and June exchange meaningful looks and smiles. "Has she bribed him with a promise of something?" I wondered, but quickly squelched the thought. I respected June's judgment more than that.

"Can't we take the children to the

park awhile this afternoon before I go home?" June asked. I was more than willing, for I was anxious to learn from June, away from the children, what magic formula she was using. By this time it was obvious that June *had* wrought a change in Carl; it hadn't been my imagination.

With the children out of earshot, June explained, "I am afraid that your and Harold's treatment of Carl has been all wrong, Sis," she said. "I didn't realize it until yesterday when you were telling me about Carl's behavior. Do you remember, you ended with 'and Karla is so good!'" I just happened to be watching as Carl looked up just in time to hear those words, and he must have misunderstood and thought you said 'Carl is so good', because, Sis, he just beamed! I have never seen such a look of surprise and radiance on any child's face! It was then that I decided we were all using too much criticism on him and not enough praise.

"Last night I gave him generous doses of praise for every nice little thing he did, and you should have seen the way he ate it up! I kept telling him how much his daddy and you loved him, and how proud you were of the nice things he does. He was dubious at first, but I told him he heard you tell me that, himself. Let's try it, Sis, and just see what comes out."

And try it we did. I wish that I could write that he changed overnight, but, of course, he did not. The change came about gradually and there were backsets and slip-ups, but come about it did, and all for the good. I was horrified to think of the many, many criticisms we had given the boy, with hardly one word of praise. Child training and guidance literature refers to the therapeutic value of praise. How sad that we had forgotten.

Every human being is born with the craving to feel important in the eyes of his fellow men. One of the most distinguished psychologists of the twentieth century, Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, calls it "the desire to be great." Dale Carnegie, in his book *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, states, "The rare individual who can honestly satisfy this heart hunger will hold people in the palm of his hand, and even the undertaker will be sorry when he dies." And to think my husband and I, both of whom thought we understood the rudiments, at least, of child training, had so pitifully overlooked this point!

If we had not praised Karla enough either, hers is such an amiable, happy nature it had not affected her yet. Now we show appreciation to her, too, for every thoughtful, loving little thing that she does, and she, too, becomes

(Continued on page 20)

OUR MOST IMPORTANT BIRD, THE PURPLE MARTIN

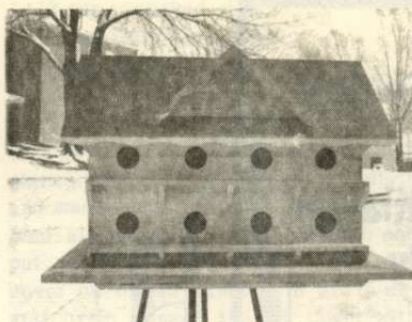
by
Hallie M. Barrow

Do you try to keep up with your ritzy neighbors, the Jones family? Then by all means put a porch banister or railing on your martin house. It's the latest wrinkle in martin house architecture. Of course, if you wish to make the Jones family really jealous, you can buy a picturesque modern martin house for about \$100 up. The latest models are made of aluminum in fancy shapes, have a ventilating system, and in some cases, cupolas. The modern martin house pole is not just any old discarded telephone pole but is made of metal with a crank that raises and lowers the birdhouse so it can be cleaned and closed for the winter. Yes, martin house architecture has really changed since the Indians hung lines of gourds around to protect their villages.

And don't worry if you put a lot of money into your martin house; it can be insured. On some estates where they go in for the last word in landscaping, martin houses have been insured for a thousand dollars each. The finest one we know of is built like a church with an ornate belfry and spires.

But even if you are a make-it-yourself-er and start with a starch box, be sure to add a narrow board all around for a porch and add a porch railing all around each story. This keeps young martins from falling to the ground. Be sure you have ventilation at the top, too, because a martin pole must be put at least 25 feet from any tree or building — right out in the open, where the summer sun can beat down so unmercifully that the baby martins finally stick their heads out the doors, gasping for air. You need not bother to install a furnace, because the martins winter in Brazil. We presume in time there will be some sort of air-conditioning unit invented just for martin houses — anything to attract martins — because they are America's most wanted bird. Martins, you see, eat their weight each day in mosquitoes — at least two thousand. Because of one small town's making an experiment, everyone plagued with mosquitoes is putting up a martin apartment house.

Among our most interesting stories are those of small-town boys or girls making good. Did you ever hear of a small town following the same course? Such is Griggsville, Illinois, a town of about 1500 population. It is situated in the flats between the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, and between the rivers are sloughs, small streams, lakes, and farm ponds — an Eden for mosquitoes.



The day was cloudy when this was taken and it isn't too clear, but Mrs. Barrow wanted you to see her own purple martin house.

And did they ever suffer in Griggsville! People couldn't even hoe their gardens in the day time, and at night the mosquitoes arrived in clouds. It was a civic problem which had to be solved or everyone would have to move out and give over to the pesky mosquitoes. The JayCees took it up seriously. They had heard that martins would clean up on mosquitoes, so why not give it a try? They set up poles along Main Street with some 40 martin houses on each pole. Lo and behold! The town became mosquito free. They could even have dances on Main Street of August evenings. Folks worked again in their gardens and sat on their porches until bedtime.

Griggsville became so martin-conscious and gave its message to the world so successfully that it is now known as "The Purple Martin Capital of the World".

J. L. Wade, one of the leaders of the martin crusade, has written a most interesting book, *What You Should Know about the Purple Martin . . . America's Most Wanted Bird*. He is also head of the Trio Manufacturing Co., which turns out by the thousands the new aluminum martin houses which sell for less than \$20. A purple martin magazine, "The Purple Martin Capital News", is published each month. They made a 12½ minute colored movie on the life history of the purple martin family, which is distributed by the



MY HOME STREET

The lighted windows along my street
In the early night
Breathe a friendly warmth
Of good living.
Homes of work and tranquility
Problems and joys
Grief and worry
But homes of America's middle class.
No wealth or poverty
Upset its mundane routine;
But it is a pleasant street
Of cheerful, friendly folks,
Each striving for a good life
Of moderate goals.
My street is a wide street
Leading out to America's main
highway. —Alice G. Harvey

Modern Talking Pictures, with a film library is most cities.

In 1966 the Griggsville Wild Bird Society was organized, which promoted the idea of using martins instead of sprays and pesticides. They helped cities organize for Martin Week, which starts in Texas and Louisiana, and, as the martins continue northward, Martin Week meets the incoming birds through St. Louis and right on up to Chicago.

Griggsville is booming. Its main street, with the poles of martin houses, is said to be the most photographed street in the nation. Tourists flock there to see what a small town can do about a problem when aroused. It is now on the list of scenic spots in Illinois, and to accommodate tourists, a modern tourist center was built which opened during Martin Week in Griggsville in 1967.

Early settlers, perhaps taught by the Indians, always had a martin house, usually in the barn lot. Now wherever there are horse barns, cattle feed lots, or any other concentration of livestock, one is likely to see martin houses, for they eat flies, moths, grasshoppers, and any other winged insect.

If you buy a martin house, buy a sparrow trap at the same time. Sparrows are determined to use your fine new apartment birdhouse, too, and will drive away the martins. After the martins have built their nests, they will defend their own domain. But until they really get settled, it is a must to keep away sparrows. Some folks just attach the sparrow trap to the martin pole. On farms, where they can shoot rifles or B-B guns legally, it is said that if one kills a hen sparrow, the cock will be back with another mate within minutes. You really will have to help the martins claim their pole. Also, if you have a wooden pole that cats can climb, you'll have to put a tin guard up high enough so the cats can't jump above it. Farmers frequently slide a piece of old stove pipe over the pole.

Having a colony of martins is an item of interest all summer aside from their demolition of mosquitoes. How graceful they are as they swoop and swerve through the air after their prey! They do not fight nor quarrel as many birds do, and, in fact, they prefer to live in colonies. Authorities say one should have at least six apartments and the more there are, the more likely are martins to stop and rent for the season. They have frequent conventions or some kind of social gatherings, and when other colonies arrive for the affair, they line up almost solid on the telephone wires and chirp and chatter.

You have heard the expression "Tell that to the birds." Well, Griggsville has.



OVEN DISHES FOR BUSY DAYS

RICE AND HAM AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup instant rice, uncooked
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. dried parsley
- 6 half slices cooked ham
- 6 slices American cheese
- 6 slices onion, paper thin
- 6 slices green pepper
- 6 slices tomato
- Stuffed olives, sliced

Combine rice, butter, eggs, milk, salt and parsley; mix well. Spread mixture in a very well-greased pan, 9 x 9 inches. Bake, covered, 10 minutes in oven preheated to 350 degrees.

Make 6 stacks, each with one slice ham, one slice cheese, one slice onion, one slice green pepper and one slice tomato. Put olive slices on top of tomato for garnish.

Remove rice from oven and arrange stacks on top of rice. Continue to bake, covered, about 30 minutes or until cheese melts. The cover may be removed during last 10 minutes if desired. Cut in squares, around stacks and through rice, to serve. 6 servings.

—Abigail

FISH CASSEROLE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup fine crumbs (bread, cracker or corn flake)

1 1-lb. pkg. frozen fish fillets, thawed
Melt butter; add lemon juice, mustard, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce and paprika. Grease casserole dish. Add half of crumbs. Put in fish fillets and pour sauce over them. Top with remaining crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serves 4. —Abigail

BOILED HAM WITH MACARONI

- 1 lb. of boiled ham
 - 1/2 lb. of macaroni
 - 1 pt. of milk
 - Very little salt and pepper
 - Juice of 1 lemon
 - 2 Tbls. of Parmesan or Swiss cheese
 - 2 or 3 eggs
- Chop ham into small pieces. Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until done, then drain. Butter a casserole; put in a layer of macaroni and one of ham. Repeat 2 or 3 times, with macaroni for the last layer. Stir milk well with eggs, salt, pepper, lemon juice, and grated cheese and pour over the layers. Dot with butter and bake for one hour at 325 degrees. Serves 6.

—Mary Beth

LASAGNA CASSEROLE

- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 #2 can tomatoes
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 8-oz. pkg. broad lasagna noodles
- Mozzarella cheese
- Parmesan cheese

Heat the salad oil in skillet and brown ground beef and crushed garlic. Add tomato sauce, tomatoes, salt, pepper, and oregano. Cover and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. While this is simmering, cook the lasagna noodles in boiling salted water. (Other noodles or macaroni may be substituted.) Drain and rinse well. Make a layer of noodles in a casserole. Add a layer of Mozzarella cheese. Spoon the meat mixture over the cheese layer, then another layer of noodles, etc., ending with the meat mixture on top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. —Evelyn

SPANISH CHICKEN

- 1 large frying chicken, cut into serving pieces
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 onion, finely sliced
- 1/2 cup sliced mushroom pieces
- 1 cup diced raw potatoes
- 2 tomatoes, sliced
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1 Tbls. paprika
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Fry chicken in butter until brown. Remove to casserole. Saute onions, mushrooms, potatoes, and tomatoes in butter until tender. Add flour, and mix well. Add chicken stock, paprika, salt, and pepper. Let simmer for half an hour. Pour over chicken in the casserole and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for one hour. Sprinkle with parsley and serve. Serves 4-6.

—Juliana

HAM ONE-DISH MEAL

- 3 cups thinly sliced potatoes
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- 1 cup thinly sliced carrots
- 2 cups diced cooked ham
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Combine the potatoes, onion, carrots and ham and place in a 2-quart buttered casserole. Blend together the flour, soup, milk and pepper in a saucepan and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture boils. Pour over the vegetables and ham. Cover and bake one hour in a 350-degree oven. Remove the lid and bake 30 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

CHICKEN DIVAN

- 2 pkgs. frozen broccoli cuts
 - 4 chicken breasts
 - 1 can cream of chicken soup
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 cup Parmesan cheese
 - 1/2 cup whipping cream
 - 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- Boil breasts, cool in broth and slice. Cook broccoli and drain. Layer in casserole:

- Broccoli
 - 1/3 of cheese
 - 1/2 of soup (Combine nutmeg and Worcestershire sauce with soup.)
 - Sliced chicken
 - 1/3 of cheese
 - Remaining soup
- Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, whip cream and combine with mayonnaise. Spread this over casserole, sprinkle with remaining cheese and return to oven to brown.

—Abigail

HAM-POTATO CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cubed, cooked ham
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 3 Tbls. green pepper, chopped
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- Salt and pepper
- 4 cups sliced or cubed, cooked potatoes
- 3/4 cup shredded American cheese

Cook the onion and green pepper in the butter for about 5 minutes. Stir in the flour; add milk and salt and pepper. Cook until thickened. Add potatoes and ham. Pour into a greased casserole and top with cheese. Bake for about 30 minutes.

—Margery

MARVELOUS CHICKEN PIE

- 1 3-lb. chicken
- 1 1/2 cups sliced celery
- 1 pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 2 1/2 cups chicken broth
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Biscuit dough

Cook the chicken until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and reserve the broth. When cool, remove the chicken from the bones, separating the light and dark meat. Cook the celery in salted water until tender. Add the mixed vegetables and cook as per package directions. Drain. Blend the flour and cream together in a saucepan and add the 2 1/2 cups of chicken broth, salt and pepper. Cook over medium heat until the mixture thickens, then stir in the celery and vegetables. Place 1/2 cup of the vegetable mixture in the bottom of a 2-quart casserole. Fill one side of the casserole with dark meat and the other side with light meat. Pour on the remaining vegetables and bake until it bubbles in a 450-degree oven. While this is cooking mix up your favorite baking powder biscuit dough and cut with a doughnut cutter so you will have a hole in the middle of each biscuit. Place these on top of the casserole and bake until golden brown. Before serving, fill the biscuit holes with something which will enable you to distinguish between the dark and light meat sides of the casserole. I used pitted ripe olives on the dark meat side, and green stuffed olives on the light meat side.

—Dorothy

RICE-AND-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 1-lb. pkg. link sausage
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1/3 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup mushroom stems and pieces

- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 1 can chicken-rice soup
- 1/2 cup water
- Grated cheese

Brown the link sausages, remove from skillet and cut into one-half inch pieces. Saute the onion, pepper, celery and mushrooms in a little butter. Combine all the ingredients together and put in a casserole. Bake with the cover on for 45 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Remove the lid, cover with grated cheese for a topping and bake 15 minutes longer with the lid off.

—Dorothy

KING-SYLTLE ESCALLOPED CORN

- 16-oz. can cream-style corn
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 1/3 cup onion, chopped
- 2/3 cup American cheese, shredded
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup milk

Combine all ingredients and pour into a greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes, or until done. Serves 8.

—Margery

ASPARAGUS-CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 chicken
- 2 pkgs. frozen cut asparagus
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 3/4 cup shredded American cheese

Cook the chicken, bone it and cut it into chunks. Cook the asparagus according to directions on the package, then drain thoroughly. Make a white sauce with the butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk. Blend in the cheese. Place layers of asparagus, chicken, and sauce in a greased 2-quart casserole, ending with sauce. (I made two layers of each.) Bake 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

CARROT LOAF

- 1 cup grated carrots
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- Bacon strips

Place the egg yolks, milk and salt in a bowl and mix well. Stir in the grated carrots, cracker crumbs and onion. Beat the egg whites and fold into the mixture. Pour into a buttered casserole or loaf pan and lay bacon strips over the top. Bake 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

CHINESE PORK

- 1 clove garlic, peeled
- 1 chicken bouillon cube
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 12 thin slices cooked pork roast
- 2 drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine garlic, bouillon, sugar, water, soy sauce and Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring in small saucepan. Heat to boiling; simmer 5 minutes. Remove garlic.

Place pork slices in single layer on broiler rack. Brush with sauce. Broil 5 minutes on each side, brushing often with sauce. When crisp and brown, remove and serve with Chinese vegetables and rice. Serves 4.

—Juliana

DELIGHTFUL RICE

- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. thyme
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- A dash of pepper
- 2 cups cooked rice

1/2 to 1 cup cooked meat, (ham, chicken, or canned meat)

Cook pepper and onion in butter and butter flavoring until clear. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spoon into 1 1/2-quart casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

This may also be prepared in an electric skillet. Cook, covered, for 30 minutes. Check several times to add water and stir to keep moist.

This is a delicious way to use leftover meat. Thyme is a mild spice so do add it to give a special taste to the common ingredients used.

—Evelyn

TOMATO CASSEROLE

- 2 #1 cans tomatoes
- 1/2 medium onion
- 2 fresh tomatoes, sliced
- 1/2 medium bell pepper
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Salt and pepper

Pour one can of tomatoes and liquid into 1 1/2-quart casserole. Thinly slice onion and pepper and place on tomatoes and liquid. Place fresh tomatoes over this. Add 1/2 cup bread crumbs. Drain the other can of tomatoes and place tomatoes on the bread crumbs. Salt and pepper to taste. Add the remaining crumbs and cover with the grated Parmesan cheese. Place in 350-degree oven. Cover and bake for one hour. Serves 4.

—Juliana

NO-EGG APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 cups unsweetened applesauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda

- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. cocoa
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugars. Add the applesauce and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients and add, mixing well. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan and bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake about 20 minutes longer. —Dorothy

PARTY SALAD

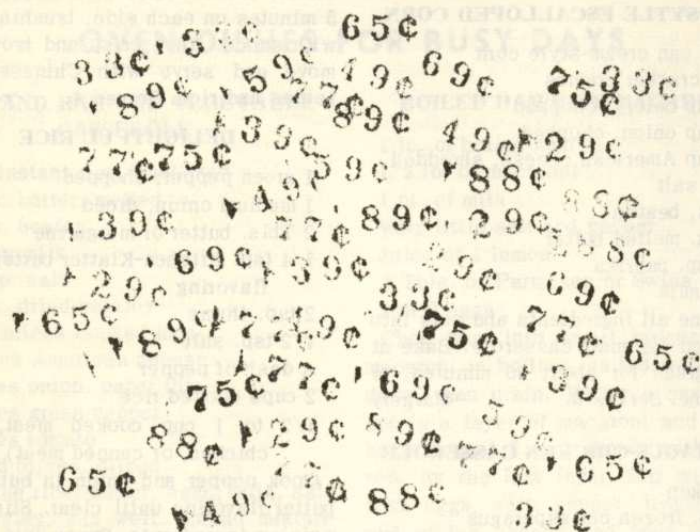
- 1 pint boiling water
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 - 1 #2 can crushed pineapple (Do not drain.)
 - 1 cup cottage cheese
 - 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 can sweetened condensed milk
 - 1 tsp. horseradish
 - 1 cup pecans, chopped
- Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add flavorings and cool until the mixture just barely begins to thicken. Meanwhile, blend together the cottage cheese, sweetened condensed milk, salad dressing and horseradish. Add, with the crushed pineapple and nuts and stir until all is blended. Chill in large pan until firm. Cut in squares and serve on shredded lettuce with half of a maraschino cherry to garnish. —Margery

PERFECT WAFFLES

- 2 1/2 cups flour
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - 4 tsp. baking powder
 - 2 Tbls. sugar
 - 2 beaten eggs
 - 2 1/4 cups milk
 - 3/4 cup melted shortening (I use part butter or margarine.)
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Combine the dry ingredients and liquid ingredients and then blend them together. Beat until smooth. Batter will be thin. Bake in a hot waffle iron. Makes about 8 or 10, depending on size of waffle iron. —Margery

SOUTHERN MAGNOLIA PIE

- 1 egg
 - 3 egg yolks
 - 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1 cup white sugar
 - 1 Tbls. corn meal
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 4 Tbls. margarine
 - 1 cup thin cream
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 - 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- Beat the egg and three egg yolks well. Add the remaining ingredients and pour into the unbaked pie crust. Put into a preheated 400-degree oven and bake 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 300 degrees and bake 35-40 minutes longer, or until done. —Dorothy

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A Mailbox in the Country

by
Elaine Derendinger



When I read these occasional articles on the "secret ambitions" of famous folk, I always silently submit my own: that of delivering the mail in the country. The mailman is the one person that everyone is always glad to see.

Along about eleven o'clock Mother would take time out from preparing dinner to look out the window and remark, "About time for the mailman —." If we didn't actually see him arrive at our mailbox in the next half hour, one of us would walk down the lane to see if he had come. Sometimes he *had* slipped by without our knowledge and I could never understand it, because I was sure I'd been watching that road every minute!

The quietest, most content time of day was when we shared the daily paper. There was nothing like a tale from an unknown land to lift your mind from the troubles at home. And there would be newsy items about folks we knew. Of course I was *mostly concerned* with the fate of the characters in my favorite funnies; Lil' Abner, Henry, and Jane Arden.

I always felt terribly sorry for people who didn't subscribe to a daily newspaper, because on some days their box would be absolutely empty. A day without mail was to me a *very* empty day. The only occasions we did not receive at least the paper were days when the snow drifted the road shut, or days when the creek flooded the bottoms, or on Sundays and holidays.

We also subscribed to several farm newspapers and magazines. There was an occasional advertisement and sometimes a personal letter or "penny" postcard. Postcards actually *did* cost only a penny in those days, and when I was old enough to write legibly, my girl friend and I wrote "continued" postcards to each other. Unfortunately, the last card usually arrived first!

To receive something in the mail — anything! — seemed sort of magical, so I would order samples of salve, face powder, fabrics, etc., just to get mail. Some of the samples (face powder, for instance) could be sold to Mother. Other things were worse than worthless! Take the free sample of dog biscuit I sent for; what sturdy farm

dog, worth his bones, would do more than sniff at a dry hard dog biscuit?

We read *everything* in the farm magazines because they had to last a whole month. I would flop down in the rocker at least once a day and read the cartoons, then the fiction, until finally I worked down to the advertisements (which I read, word for word). And to this day, I feel frustrated because I don't have time to read the entire contents of most of the magazines I take. There's the nagging thought, "Am I missing something?"

When a personal letter came, it was a great event and the news was shared with one another. (Unless it was from a boy friend, and in that case it was not *always* shared!)

Twice a year — in the spring and again in the fall — we found our mailbox all but filled with the mail-order catalog. A mail-order catalog has a special, NEW smell and I spent hours and hours looking through them. A new sale catalog came with each new season, but the really super, special one was the Christmas sale book. Oh, what wonders it contained!

An order to a mail-order catalog was something to be savored. The items that needed to be ordered were discussed at length. Then Daddy wrote the order neatly and enclosed the check (absolutely nothing was ordered on installments) and I mailed it. Now there were pleasant days of anticipation until the mailman would honk one day and someone (usually me) would run to the mailbox. Even if my share of the order was only a pair of winter bloomers, still it was magical to receive "things" in the mailbox!

A mailman was not supposed to pick up people, but there was one jolly, grey-haired man who would always give my girl friend and me a ride if we were on the road walking to her house or mine. He liked to joke and tease and we would arrange our walking to coincide with his rides past our homes. He no longer delivers mail in the country, but I like to think he packs penny postcards from one band of angels to another.

I still think it would be nice to deliver mail in the country. Since I

FARM SALE

A winter's sun shines down upon
Wagon beds piled high with
Antique china, pots and pans,
A cherry seeder, crocks and fans,
What-not shelves, tarnished silver,
Picture frames and dog-eared books —
Every nook is crammed with what
Once filled the empty house.

Circled round the frozen yard
Stand rocking chairs, striking clocks,
Round oak table, phonographs,
Glass bookcases, wicker stands;
And stranger's faces peer and laugh
While questing fingers probe and pry
In quick examination.

The booming chant of auctioneer draws out
A chuckle here and there "Now look a here!"

Whatever this thing is, we'll add it to
The pile!" And booted feet tramp around and round

While mittened hands hold steaming cups
To lips that hesitate on bids.

Behind the tattered window blind, a face

That's lined peeks intermittently upon
The crowd and on each piece as it's cried

"Sold". Eyes faded with the years,
much as

The linens folded there on his old chair,

Are moist with memories, regrets and
Last "Goodbyes". —Leta Fulmer

AT THE LAUNDROMAT

At the laundromat it's bristling,
Things are spinning, tossing, whistling —

Oh, it's fun just sitting, waiting,
While machines — gently rotating.

Children running, eating, playing,
Mothers watching, quietly praying
That they'll soon be home — kids napping,

As her day's work she'll be mapping.

Others sitting, watching, waiting,
Their years are past debating —
Many friendships here are forming
For those lonely — it's heart warming.

Washing, drying — laundry gleaming,
Homeward bound they'll soon be streaming

Thinking: washday's not a "bug bear" —
Ironing's easy with drip-dry wear!

—Mollie Pitluck Bell

hitched rides with the mailman, many things have changed completely, but carrying the mail has changed hardly at all. The only real difference is in the model of car being driven. Everyone is still always glad to greet the mailman!

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

by
Evelyn Birkby

(This article could be adapted very nicely for a church program. Use your own hymnal and arrange hymns used and stories told into a basic pattern. I have developed this material on a chronological basis. Background material on authors and composers is easily found in most libraries.)

Down through the ages people who love God have found much to sing about. The Old Testament is full of music, the music of the Hebrew people as they struggled and fought and lived their lives. We read that Miriam picked up a timbrel and led the women in a song and dance of victory after the Hebrews had safely crossed the Red Sea. We know that King Solomon had large choruses and orchestras performing in the temple he built in Jerusalem. Many musical instruments and the use of singing are described in the Bible.

The *Psalms* were set to music and are still being used in religious services today. "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past" was based on Psalm 90. (This hymn, written by Isaac Watts, came during a time of great crisis for England. It was also used at the funeral of England's unknown soldier following World War I.)

The earliest followers of Christ were Hebrews, Greeks and Romans, so the very first Christian hymns were sung to tunes from these backgrounds. As we sing in our lovely, peaceful churches can we feel a bond with the groups of early Christians who held their services deep in the catacombs with a sarcophagus for a worship center and sang quietly for fear of persecution?

It took some three hundred years for the Christian church to begin to develop music of its own. When it did it was the *Plainsong* or *chant* developed by the monks. With a single melody, no time signature, and a rigid pattern of unison voices, these Plainsongs were sung by special choral groups in the religious services. The orders were expanded by sending out men to establish churches and schools in other countries for the purpose of teaching these early chants.

St. Gregory, Pope of Rome from 590 to 604, had collections made and copied of this early church music. From these collections came the name, "Gregorian Chants". In many hymnals a number of these Plainsongs are still used. The new hymnal developed in 1966 by the Methodist Church includes twelve. We use them primarily for choir numbers and responses; they are not easy for a congregation to sing.



Armada Swanson snapped this picture of Evelyn Birkby at a church music workshop held at Morning-side College, Sioux City, Iowa. From the workshop came the inspiration for this article on the hymns we sing.

German chorals were directly developed from the Plainsongs. Each nation gradually developed its own church music, some based on the old patterns, some definitely flavored by the mood of the country in which it grew.

The tune for one of our most frequently used hymns, the Doxology, was written about 1551. The composer, Louis Bourgeois, got into all sorts of difficulty, even to being thrown into prison, because he loved to write harmony. He was not released from his jail cell until he promised to write only the single melody line which was the acceptable church music of that day. Imagine thinking that harmony in vocal music was a sin!

Incidentally, the music committee for our new hymnal traced back the original score for the Doxology and found it different in time than that being used and decided the original time was superior. The music in the new hymnal is printed as originally composed.

The author of the words we sing to the Doxology was Thomas Ken. In 1692 he wrote the words, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . ." for the students of Winchester College, England. He printed copies and hung them on walls of the dormitories so the students could see these inspiring words the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

It was Martin Luther who introduced congregational singing to the church; just as he insisted the Bible should be printed and distributed so all could read it, so he felt everyone should have the opportunity to sing praises to God. His "Mighty Fortress Is Our God" has been sung down through the centuries since he composed both the words and music in 1529. The words are based on the 46th Psalm.

The contributions of many of the great composers: Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, etc., are still being felt in our church music today. A glance through the hymnal shows many hymns based on melodies composed by these classical giants.

One of the most fascinating hymn writers, and prolific as well, was Isaac Watts. He lived in England from 1674-1748. He became very distressed over the pattern of church music so set about to write hymns which were better fitted to the needs of the people. He ran into all kinds of problems with the established church of the day, but he won! Today we have twenty of his hymns in our new church hymnal.

Incidentally, Isaac Watts was a very homely little man, just barely five feet tall. He had a large nose, a low forehead, small gray eyes and walked with a limp. But he had a great soul and it came through his hymns. He has enriched our lives with such hymns as "Joy to the World", "O God, Our Help in Ages Past", "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" and his "Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove" which is so timely it could well have been written today.

The *evangelistic* mood of music arrived with the Wesleys, John and Charles. Just imagine, Charles wrote over 6,000 hymns! Rapidly came the development of the use of hymns based on folk tunes. One hymn, for example, has the descriptive early American melody called "Campmeeting". Another is based on an American Indian tune. Many of the favorites, such as "Go Tell It on the Mountain", "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder", and "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian" originated with spirituals.

People still are writing hymns. The creative mood of singing praises to God is still with us. One of the newest comes from Nigeria, a marvelous hymn about Sunday. The composer, Olajida Olude, was director of a choir whose members walked thirty miles to attend the funeral of his mother where they sang this marvelously contemporary hymn, "Jesus, we want to meet on this thy holy day . . ." With its catchy Swahilian rhythm it makes us realize the universality of worship.

Any hymnal is an exciting blend of the old and new. The committee which developed the new hymnal which my church uses examined over 7,000 hymns, evaluated words, decided if the music fit the mood of the verse and even juggled a few words and melodies around to make a better balance. Around the world they searched, and chose the best to enrich our worship.

A Christian has something to sing about! And what a joy it is to know as much as possible about the background of the songs we sing.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

before and I was very much surprised.

"Yes," he said, "When I was twenty-two I left the family for the summer since my father was going to be there, and I went up to Minnesota to work for a contractor. He told me he didn't have any plans for four houses and wanted to know if I could draw up some blueprints. I'd never seen a blueprint in my life but I studied on it and told him that I'd be able to draw the blueprints."

"Did you really do that?" I asked. "How could you handle blueprints when you hadn't had any training for it?"

"Well, don't forget," he replied, "I'd worked as a carpenter in Page County and I knew how a house went together so I just figured from that. I wish," he concluded wistfully, "that I'd had a chance to be an architect. It would have been a pleasure to me to be a builder."

Well, he *was* a builder, not of buildings as he had in mind, but of a community and of his children's lives. There was never any confusion whatsoever in the code of morals that he lived before our eyes and laid down for us as the head of the family. Not for him were there ever to be any shady dealings, any crooked schemes. His contempt for any such goings-on was absolutely limitless. He instilled this contempt in all of us, and to this day we are flabbergasted when we see people attempting to "put something over" on other people.

In Juliana's letter to Mother which she wished to share with you, there was a reference to Dad's sense of Time, his total punctuality. If you said you were going to do something at 8:00 A.M. or 8:00 P.M. that's exactly when you did it - not at 7:59 or 8:01. This sense of Time is so deeply ingrained in all of us that I told Mother the other day when we were visiting that we were scarcely fit to go out socially! Russell and I discovered that 8:00 didn't really mean 8:00 if we were invited out in the evening, and after arriving to find our host and hostess not in the least bit ready for us we concluded that 8:00 really meant 8:30! But I felt so uneasy and uncomfortable that we'd always leave the house at 8:00 and then just drive around until other people started arriving at 8:30. All of us go to airports or depots a full hour before anyone else would think of departing simply because we **MUST** be on time!

Mother and I sat together visiting quietly yesterday and we agreed that Dad had had a very long life and an extraordinarily full and rich life. He achieved as many of his dreams as is given any man to achieve. He experi-

enced bitter sorrow and tragedy in his life and he rose above these things triumphantly. Nothing could ever shake his dauntless courage and spirit.

We are profoundly grateful that during his long illness he did not suffer physically. He just gradually declined over a period of six years and when his great physical vitality was wholly gone, he slipped away peacefully as all of us had hoped that he might do.

Ruby Treese, who took such devoted care of Dad for four years, is staying on to be with Mother. Howard and Mae, Margery and Oliver and I stop by most frequently to see Mother and to bring her the news - if there is any! She anticipates going to visit her children who do not live here in town and we are all looking forward to her first trip which will be to see Betty and Frederick at their new home in Springfield.

One of the few times Mother left Dad during his long illness was to make that short trip down to New Mexico with Dorothy and me last May, and she was so nervous and apprehensive about Dad's welfare that she really couldn't relax and enjoy herself. Her next trip down there will be under totally different circumstances and we are beginning to look ahead to the summer months and make plans.

To each and every one of you who took time to send cards and letters of sympathy, Mother and we children wish to express our deepest gratitude. They have been of great comfort to all of us.

I realize that this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* is "different" and that we have spent more words than usual on a personal subject. But our father was

the anchor of our lives, the fortress upon which our very lives have leaned, and with his passing we wished to express what is in our hearts. It is our farewell to him.

With gratitude and affection . . .

Lucile

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Last year's All-America award-winning tomato, **SPRING GIANT**, proved to live up to its highly touted reputation. The maturity of this F1 hybrid proved early and concentrated. The semideterminate, vigorous vines yielded a heavy crop of rich scarlet, deep, globular-shaped fruits of excellent quality. Because the seed was rather costly we started only a few plants and even had trouble selling these. However, reports that came in from those who tried Spring Giant indicated it was better than any other kind planted and would be much in demand this spring. Wait until six to eight weeks ahead of the last expected frost to start tomato seeds indoors. Peppers and eggplant seeds are slower growing and may be started two weeks ahead of tomato seeds.

Unless one has lots of window space or a small heated greenhouse, it is useless to start very many seeds indoors until near the end of this month. Young seedlings must have light or they will become tall, spindly and almost worthless. You can start shade-loving pansy plants indoors and grow them in or near a cool north window.

(Continued on page 20)



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I asked for riches that I might be happy,
I was given poverty that I might be wise.
I asked for all things that I might enjoy life,
I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.
I got nothing that I had asked for, but everything that I had hoped for.
Despite myself, my prayers were answered.
I am among all men most richly blessed."

—Unknown



Yes! and it's a busy time of the year, too. We hope, though, that you will take time out to listen to **KITCHEN-KLATTER** each weekday morning.

We can be heard over the following radio stations:

KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 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.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
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.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



Sheri and Dana love the old-fashioned things found in Grandma's attic.

CHILDREN'S TOYS SPAN FIFTY YEARS

by
Marjorie Fuller

Bouncing through the house, out the door and down the front walk, grandma's doll buggy rides again, dragging a grandchild behind it.

Elegantly gowned in old lace curtains, flowered hats askew and tottery on heels, the little girls often play house with their own dolls, Mommy's dolls and Grandma's doll buggy and bed.

Resurrected from the attic the wicker buggy, long ago refreshed with a coat of ivory paint, has logged many hours of fun. Flowered cretonne replaced the original blue corduroy lining when it was brought back into play for the children's mother. Dimmed, but still recognizably pink, the satin coverlet and pillow, lace trimmed with rosettes, continues to comfort dolly as she is wheeled about.

A pink sheet, gray comfort, and white crocheted spread, the original linen, still dress the bed as the little girls

make and remake it for their 'babies'. Handmade many years ago by a favorite uncle, the doll bed retains its shiny gloss and painted trim, complete but the original springs.

Bedecked with alphabet pictures, the small folding oak table and chair remain sturdy to serve grandchildren comfortably for games and snacks. Fifty-year-old blocks, papered as animal people, stand erect to display letters on their middles, a contribution amusing to the children.

Bookworms in miniature, the book shelves offer a magic fascination, delighting all of the children as they browse through 25- and 50-year-old volumes which extended the imagination and molded the reading habits of their parents.

Curious, their little minds ricochet from the old to the new; meanwhile, Grandma's cookie jar holds the greatest attraction of all.

TALES FROM SCHOOL

A little boy came home from school all excited because a beautiful white rabbit named Snowball, used in his nature study class, was to be given away in a drawing.

To take part in the drawing, each child had to bring a note from home saying his parents would let him keep the animal if he won it.

The thought of another pet to cope with unnerved Willie's mother, but rationalizing that the chances of

losing were rather good, with 28 others in the class, she gave Willie the note.

That afternoon Willie rushed home, and wildly announced that Snowball was his.

"You mean that out of the whole class, you won the bunny?" his mother asked incredulously.

"Well, not 'zactly," Willie said, "I was the only one with a note!"

We envy other people their luck, but congratulate ourselves on our smartness.

ST. PATRICK'S PARTY - Concluded

2. What the baseball player wants in the grandstand. A "rooter" (pig)

3. You hope you don't have an ugly one! Mug

4. Perhaps this makes you think of a wedding. Dublin

5. A girl out sailing. Galway

6. Can be a stopper. Cork

7. The reason the bell was never stolen. Belfast

8. Where Queen Elizabeth might buy her milk. Londonderry

9. An artificial stone. Shamrock

10. An Irish darling. Mavourneen

Windy Irishmen: Suspend a large cardboard shamrock from a ceiling light fixture or a doorway so that the shamrock is about twelve inches above the player's head. Divide the group into two teams. The player is provided with a bubble blower and some soapy water. Standing about three feet from the shamrock, each player blows a bubble, trying to float it so that it hits the shamrock, thus gaining one point for his side. The two sides alternate players until all have had a turn.

Potato Bounce: Players are lined up at one side of the room and each is given a tablespoon and a potato. The object is to carry the potato to the goal line and back to starting point — not in the tablespoon but on the inverted bowl of the spoon after it is turned upside down. If the potato rolls off, the player must go back to starting point and start over.

A Shenanigan Free-for-All: On slips of paper write the name of a green fruit or vegetable and a number. One of these slips is pinned on the back of each player. The players are given pencil and paper and at a signal each one tries to see the names on the other players and writes it down with its corresponding number. All the players will naturally try to keep their backs from view. When time is called a prize is awarded to the one having the longest correct list of "greens".

Irish Supper Partners: The girls draw for slips of paper on which are written Irish names for women as Katie, Bridget, etc. The boys draw for surnames and a number as O'Brian, No. 2. O'Brian then goes to the "post office" where he is given a small package numbered "No. 2". On the inside will be the Irish name of his supper partner with a green paper sash for her and a red bandana or Irish paddy hat for him to wear to supper.

REFRESHMENT IDEAS

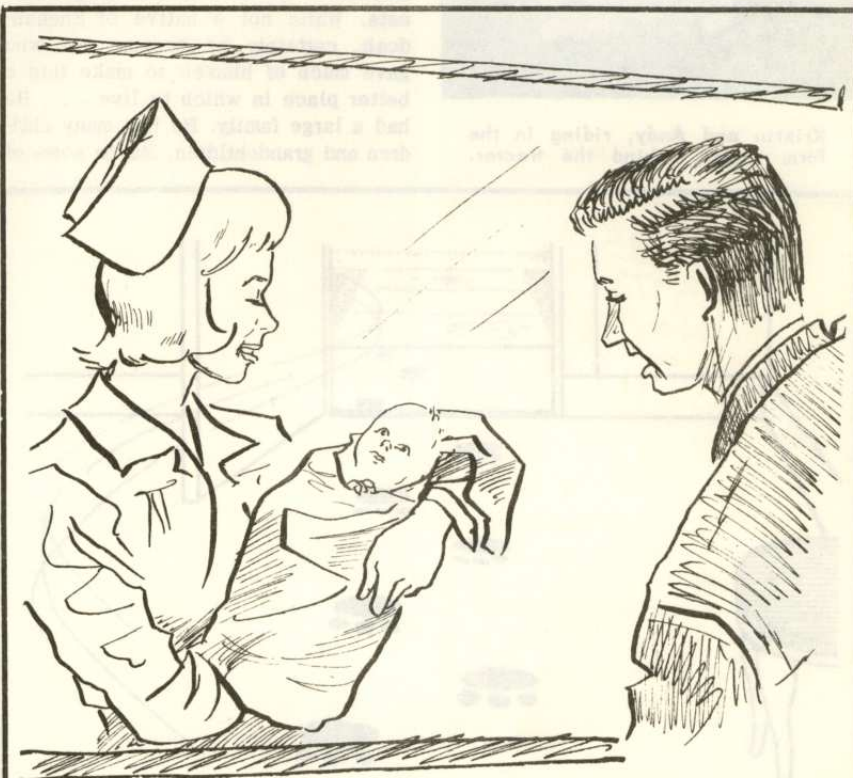
Pig Biscuits are a novelty to serve with a chicken, potato, or ham salad. These may be cut with a pig cooky cutter or made by cutting around a paper pattern. Another way to make them is to use your favorite beaten

biscuit recipe. Pull each biscuit into an oblong shape with one end pointed for the snout and at the other end pulled and twisted for the curly tail. Use a nut pick to make a small indentation for the eyes. When nicely browned in baking these make clever little pigs.

Shamrock Dessert: Make a sheet of sponge cake which you then cut with a large shamrock cutter. Prepare a green

gelatin with pears, grated cheese, and grapes. Mold in a shallow pan so that it can be cut with a smaller shamrock cutter. For serving place a gelatin shamrock on the cake and top with a dab of whipped cream.

Open-Faced Irish Sandwiches: Cut the sandwich into shamrock and moon shapes. Spread with cream cheese tinted a delicate green. Decorate with bits of parsley and olive slices.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We've been reading that the names given children have influence on their adult behavior: that a Percy may live and act differently than a, for instance, Oscar.

Well, it works both ways with us. We admit that we behave better because our first name is **Kitchen-Klatter**. We know how many of you accept us automatically because you know and trust that name.

On the other hand, our middle name, "Safety", came as a result of our actions. We got that name because your clothes are safe in **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach**. Safe from synthetic yellowing. Safe from chlorine damage. Safe from "bleach rot". Even the filmy new synthetics are safe. Yet **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is strong enough to do its job: turning out whiter whites and brighter prints and colors, month after month of washings.

We're proud of our name. And proud of our slogan, too:

**If it's washable, it's bleachable, in
Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**



Kristin and Andy, riding in the farm wagon behind the tractor.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

which I would like to quote in part.

"When I first came here, or shortly afterwards, Mart was the really strong man on the city council. He served in this capacity for many years. Not only this, but he was also a fine businessman, having spent many years in the telephone business in Clarinda before moving here. He handled many of the business details of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. He also had farming interests. While not a native of Shenandoah, certainly he became one who gave much of himself to make this a better place in which to live . . . He had a large family. He has many children and grandchildren. Maybe some of

them can save this column and remember they had a truly deserving father, grandfather or great-grandfather . . . He was incorruptible. Just as honest in small things as large. I doubt if there was a man who ever dared question this. Really when one says this he has about said it all. His family will be his greatest contribution to those of us remaining. They will go on serving God, state, country and city forever and they too will be and are incorruptible."

Yes, he served his generation well. We will all try to live up to his hopes and dreams for us - children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and the generations to come. How better could we, as a family, honor him?

Sincerely,
Margery

MOTHER'S STORY - Concluded

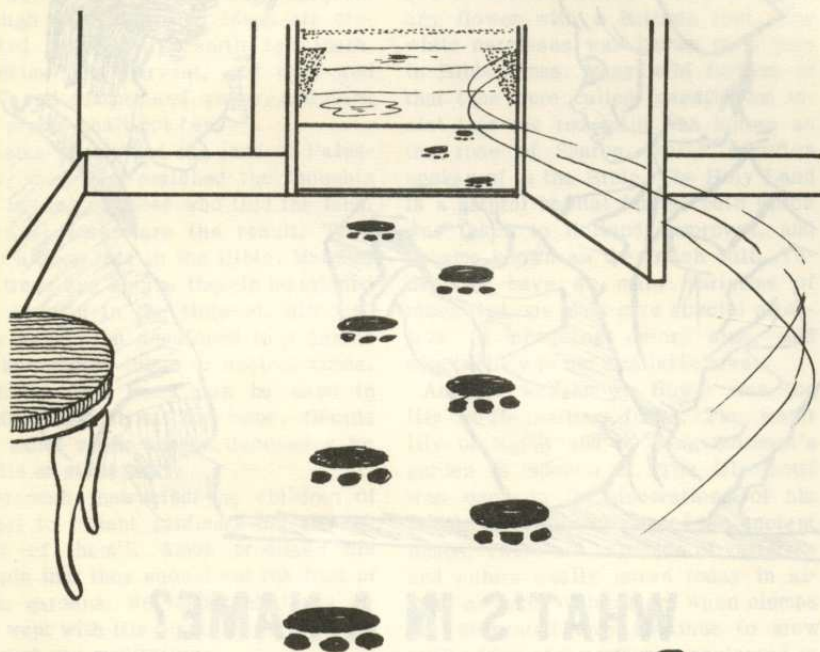
more of a pride and joy every day.

For once I am thankful to have been misunderstood, because if our son had not misunderstood that statement of mine, we might never have made this important step forward in dealing with our children.

JOY OF GARDENING - Concluded

Petunia seeds germinate best when sown on damp sphagnum moss, covered with clear plastic and set in a warm place. If you use a mixture of peat and sand for seed starting, do sterilize it by heating in a slow oven (180 degrees) for about two hours. Spread the mixture in a flat baking pan or old roaster to a depth of no more than 3 inches. Cool thoroughly before planting seeds. You can help prevent damp-off disease by treating the seeds with a good fungicide before planting.

You might want to start some herbs in your windows for outdoor planting later. Most herb seeds germinate rather slowly, so be patient and keep the soil moist but not soggy-wet. Sage, Lavender Vera, Rosemary, Thyme, Chives, and Tarragon are a few that are not too hard to grow from seed. I can think of no better place for an herb garden than near the kitchen door where it is handy to pick a leaf or stem for seasoning. Herbs thrive in hot, sandy situations and require little care once they have become established. If you are not very good at starting seeds, you might pick up a market pack of herb seedlings from your local greenhouse. These are usually started in peat pots so there is no transplanting shock. The following herbs are annual in habit and can be planted in the garden where the plants can be cultivated along with others: Basil (Dark Opal is a decorative variety), Summer Savory, Marjoram, Caraway, Coriander, Borage, and Dill.



DIRTY MARCH CAME IN LIKE A LION

We wouldn't mind March coming in like a lion, if only he didn't track so much! Seems like every corner has a dripping umbrella, or oozing overshoes . . . and only the ceiling doesn't have muddy tracks.

Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! This magic powder goes into solution the minute it touches water - and goes to work the minute it touches dirt! On floors, on walls, wherever you need it, it's ready to work. And work *fast*, too, even on grease and ground-in grime. Since there's no froth or foam to rinse away, it cuts time, too. And so economical!

Turns March into a lamb.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"



COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

"Spring is the season of new life, and although autumn may be the most breath-taking season to behold, spring is undoubtedly the most welcome." So writes Ray Harm, artist-in-residence at the University of Kentucky, in his book *The Ray Harm Nature Sketchbook* (World Publishing Co., \$7.95). He reminds us that things in nature are growing and deep-sleepers are awakening.

Mr. Harm observes that before dawn is a good time to watch birds and animals of Bernheim Forest in Kentucky. If he is watching a deer at a pond or birds on a nest, he will set up a blind and stay in the same place for hours, day after day, making careful field sketches. Everything he draws—birds, wild flowers, trees, insects—he strives to make structurally perfect. Besides the eighty beautifully detailed drawings of nature, the habits and characteristics of each creature are depicted.

A favorite bird, the bluebird, has "long symbolized happiness by his color, song and spring arrival." The adult birds usually return year after year to the same nesting place. The erection of man-made bluebird houses has aided in attracting these birds where natural cavities no longer exist.

The author says bird songs have a definite purpose, usually to stake out a nesting claim. Several types of bird songs include: "flight songs" by the goldfinch, purple finch, and horned lark; "call notes" as a signal to communicate or a warning note; and the quiet song when a person is near.

Many farmers will tell you rain is coming when the rain crow calls frequently. The author of the *Nature Sketchbook* says these graceful birds are properly called yellow-billed cuckoos; a valuable asset to man because they destroy harmful insect pests.

Readers of all ages, especially bird-watchers and those with a love for the out-of-doors, will appreciate this beautifully illustrated collection of wild-life lore in *The Ray Harm Nature Sketchbook*.

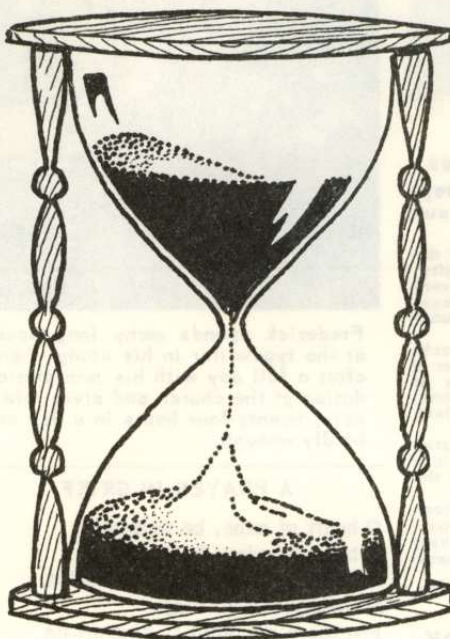
A very readable presidential biography is Dwight D. Eisenhower's *At Ease Stories I Tell to Friends* (Doubleday Pub. Co., \$6.95). The millions of Eisenhower admirers will appreciate the humor and sentiment of the book. Old-fashioned convictions are refresh-

ing; there is a special unity in the family and pleasures were simple. *At Ease* takes General Eisenhower up to, but not into, the White House. It is hoped he will continue his reminiscences during his years as President of the United States. A likable man

and a great American has written *At Ease*.

Why must Spring Fever and Spring Cleaning come at the same time?

Or to put it another way, how does so much junk accumulate in one year?



IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN AN HOUR!

Yes, you won't regain an "hour glass" figure in an hour (especially if you're trying to shave pounds it took you months to put on). Of course, so-called "crash diets" take off weight in a few days, but unfortunately after the crash is over the pounds and inches usually come right back.

The ideal way to lose weight is by cutting calories. And what better way than by substituting **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** for sugar?

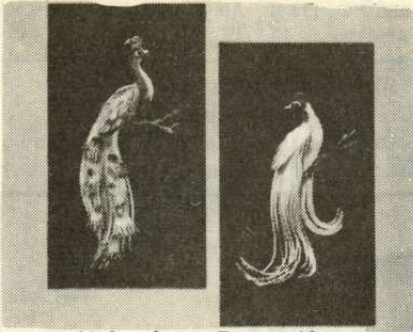
This wonder sweetener has a real natural taste. Doesn't taste metallic or bitter. Never cooks out nor bakes out. Is a clear liquid in a handy flip-top dispenser bottle. And never, never adds a single calorie.

Whether you're on a medical diet or just trying to regain your hour glass figure, you'll appreciate **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. And you'll never go back to old-fashioned sweeteners. Pick up a bottle when you grocery shop.

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

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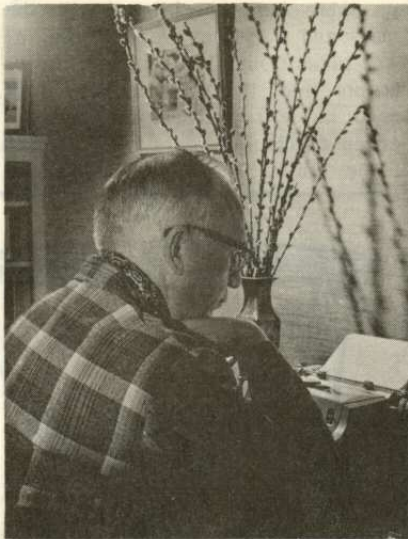
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Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



Frederick spends many long hours at the typewriter in his study — and after a full day with his ministerial duties at the church and civic interests, twenty-four hours in a day are hardly enough.

A PRAYER IN GRIEF

O heart of mine, be patient!
O heart of mine, be strong!
Be steadfast to endure thy grief,
So heavy and so long.
For there's a Word to comfort us
When nothing else avails,
And there's a holy Hand to help
When human guidance fails.
O heart of mine, be patient!
O soul of mine, be strong!
God's ways with men are righteous
ways,
Nor can His ways be wrong.
A mystery still may veil His will,
But He will grant us strength
To walk the road, and bear the load,
And reach His rest at length.

—Unknown

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
from him for anything that would make Shenandoah a nicer place in which to live.

I always knew that my father was a brave man, but as I watched him face up to the discomforts and humiliations of his last long illness, I wanted to pin a medal on his breast. His physical weakness and mental deterioration was a painful blow for one who had been so strong, so dynamic, so sharp of mind, and yet he did not complain. Perhaps it was because he had been through so much, and had been made strong by the strain. This is not the place to speak of all the disappointments and tragedies he had known, but the memories of them bring tears to my eyes as I write this letter to you. Yet, in spite of everything, he would say what Martin Buber once said: "If we could hang all our sorrows on pegs, and were allowed to choose those we liked best, every one of us would take back his own, for all the rest would seem more difficult to bear." We who loved him so much always will honor him with remembrance rather than with tears.

When I was young, I used to think that my father was a stern and severe man, a strict disciplinarian, a "no nonsense" type of a person, but as I think back on it now, I see a thousand ways in which he was one of the most gentle, kindest, tenderest men who ever lived. No matter how stern he had had to be during the day, there was a special quality in his voice when he said "Good night," that spoke of a deep love. His affection for his children was only surpassed by his affection for his wife. He and Mother were a devoted couple, so faithful to one another, so tolerant and understanding of each other, and so completely dedicated to a life lived for their children, for their community, and for their God.

Sincerely,
Frederick

GIVE ME A HILL

Give me a hill to stand on
to view the countryside;
From my feet to the far horizon
stretches my country wide.

Trees pale-fringed in Springtime
mark the river's course
As it winds its way through rich earth
far from its high source.

Farmers have contoured the black soil;
Furrows in graceful curves
Conserve as much of the moisture
As rains this land will serve.

This hilltop panorama,
varied colors of patterned earth,
Remind me of God's promise
of seasonal rebirth.

—Inez Baker

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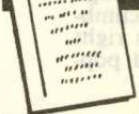
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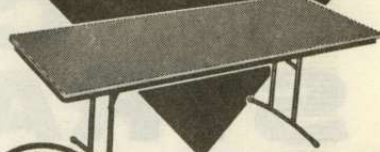
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- _____ Why Be Hungry? On this diet you'll get slim and stay slim.
- _____ Popular 18-Day Diet, insures safe loss of lots of fat!
- _____ High Protein Diet for Women, Men - Keeps up pep, energy.
- _____ Need to lose 30 lbs.?, this 90-Day Diet will be of great help.
- _____ Famous Banana Diet - very filling, economical, easy to follow.
- _____ One Day All Liquid Diet, for fast start: beverages, soups, juices.
- _____ 2 Day Jolt-Off Pounds Diet: Also excellent for weight-standstills.
- _____ 14 Days to get slim for a special occasion; fast, popular.
- _____ Pound A Day Miracle Diet - Use it just a few days monthly.
- _____ Secrets to Speed Reducing. Helpful ideas by a diet specialist.
- _____ Famous Rice with fruit diet. Reduces excess fluid. (Dehydration)
- _____ How to stay on a diet without suffering . . . it can be done!
- _____ Combination Diet: alternates meals of meats, starches, sweets.
- _____ 9 day "Eating" Diet; favorite foods: eat plenty, lose fat.
- _____ Ruth Pfahler's favorite of all of her diets.

PICK STRAWBERRIES IN 60 DAYS

SKYSCRAPER®

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES

EVERBEARING

PRODUCE ALL SUMMER UNTIL FROST

4 FOR \$1

- LARGE JUICY BERRIES!
- PRODUCES BERRIES FROM BOTTOM TO TOP!
- BEARS FRUIT FIRST YEAR!
- EVER-BEARING PERENNIALS GROW YEAR AFTER YEAR!
- CAN BE TRAINED ON ANY TRELLIS, FENCE OR POLE!
- EASY TO GROW - SIMPLE TO PLANT!

It's true! A beautiful climbing strawberry. A strawberry plant that produces delicious, honey-sweet red strawberries the whole way up! Read these facts and learn how you can grow these beautiful ornamental plants that produce berries that you can pick from the vine.

Imagine the curiosity, the envy of your neighbors as they watch you grow strawberries on a pole, trellis or fence. Imagine the interest and excitement as they watch this richly foliated plant reaching vigorously upward. Imagine your own delight as you watch enticing bright red strawberries appear. Just picture yourself leisurely walking through your garden picking real, red strawberries from your own exotic climbing strawberry plants . . . picking delightful tasting strawberries right off the vine . . . without having to wash off the dirt . . . and popping them into your mouth to enjoy their vine-fresh flavor!

**CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES
ARE PERENNIALS**

Ever-Bearing - Produce All Summer Until Frost

You don't have to buy and plant these Climbing Strawberries every year! Because they are hardy perennials, they'll grow year after year. And each spring they'll produce even more lustily, increasing in length quickly and forming 5 to 6 rosettes at intervals. These rosettes produce clusters of flowers from which the berries fruit profusely this year. In turn, the rosettes produce more runners which bear more flowers and fruit. A prolific, splendid plant to enjoy for years and years. It is truly everbearing.

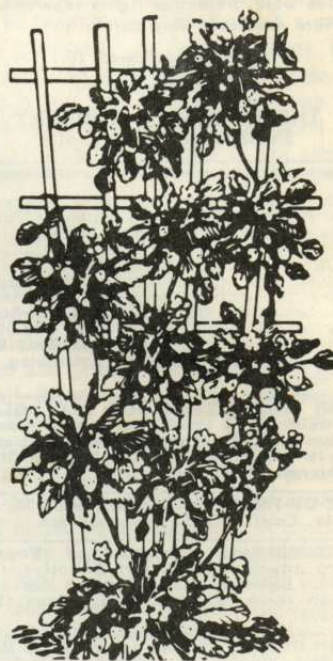
EASY TO GROW

These plants have proven their ability to thrive and produce and withstand severe winters. And you don't need a lot of space to grow them in . . . only a couple of square feet of ground per plant! Imagine - a climbing strawberry plant from only 2 square feet of ground! Amazing, but true. Planting and care are simple and full directions come with your order.

STRAWBERRIES FROM SPRING UNTIL FROST

Offer Will Not Be Repeated This Year.

Climbing strawberries grow, climb and bear succulent berries until killing frost. Planted in early spring, these climbing strawberry plants start producing ber-



ries around July and continue to produce week after week, until frost. You can enjoy the firm texture, tempting fragrance and delightful taste of these magnificent strawberries for months. But that's not all! These plants are as beautiful as they are practical. Not only do they produce delicious fruit, but they also help to dress up your garden with beautiful greenery decked generously with bright red berries. A splendid ornamental plant with luxurious wax-green foliage. Act today!

Our Skyscraper Strawberry parent plants were imported by us from England. These plants have been propagated and cultivated EXCLUSIVELY for us in the United States and are available ONLY through this advertisement and CANNOT be purchased anywhere else.

**Plants will be Shipped in Time
for Proper Planting in Your Area**

If ordering from Canada send orders to:
CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES
PORT CREDIT, ONTARIO, CANADA

RUSH ORDER TODAY

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES 4 Plants Only \$1
DEPT. A-113 10 Plants Only \$2
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

Please rush me my CLIMBING STRAWBERRY PLANTS 4 for \$1.00 . . . or 10 for \$2.00.

☐ SEND _____ CLIMBING STRAWBERRY PLANTS.
(ADD 25¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING)
ENCLOSED IS \$ _____ No stamps, please.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

3-MONTH WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Climbing Strawberry Plants are shipped to arrive in perfect condition for planting . . . to grow and produce berries or plants will be replaced absolutely FREE anytime within 3 months!

**CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS**