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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Mrs. Michael Lee Walstad

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A few minutes ago I left my kitchen after testing a strawberry dessert recipe, and I thought once again how wonderfully ideal that kitchen had been under different circumstances . . . and what a problem it is today.

When that new kitchen was built (and it has been quite a few years ago now) Russell designed it for maximum efficiency for someone to whom every step mattered — and yet was up on two feet. I doubt that any bona fide engineer specializing in this field could have done a better job. All of the work area was concentrated in one section and I could have a field day cooking without a single wasted motion.

Since I was eight years old and first made entirely on my own some cupcakes called "White Mountain Beauties", I've loved to cook. It has always seemed to me a genuinely creative and rewarding task. Once in a while I got tired of it, of course, but most of the time I found great pleasure in putting on good meals for my family and for friends.

Well, I still love to cook and I can still take a new cookbook to bed for night reading and enjoy it tremendously, but the circumstances under which I now prepare anything are certainly downright aggravating. My dream kitchen of a few years ago has now become an obstacle course of epic proportions, and the prime reason for this is the big island that runs down half the length of the room. There is just enough room on each side of it to negotiate my wheelchair, and I spend more time backing up, trying to get around corners, etc., than I spend stirring or blending or cutting or chopping.

I can almost hear you saying at this point: "Well, why doesn't she just take out that island?" Believe me, I've given it a world of thought! But my hand is always stayed by the fact that if I did this I would give up 19 drawers, a sink, an overhead storage

section that runs to the ceiling, a built-in chopping block, and a very necessary area under the sink where we keep the trash and garbage containers. Also, what in the world would I do if I didn't have that big surface area of the island?

What it comes down to is that I can't give up the island, but what it also comes down to is that anyone now designing a new kitchen or remodeling an old one with plans calling for an island, should allow plenty of room between that island and the adjoining walls. Anyone on two feet can manage the additional steps, and for a hundred and one different reasons you'd thank your lucky stars for that space if you were no longer on two feet. It would make a tremendous difference. I still think that an island is extremely efficient, but just allow plenty of room around it.

These days I'm looking ahead to the third week in June when Juliana and the children will be arriving to visit us. It's possible that Jed will be able to make the trip too, but if so, he can be here only a very short time.

Circumstances haven't permitted me to get out to Albuquerque since I left there last October, and Juliana hasn't been here since Christmas of 1969, so a good old-fashioned summer visit at Grandma's house seems like a wonderful idea.

One reason for the timing of this trip is the fact that Juliana's high school class will be observing its 10th anniversary on June 25th. From what I hear there is going to be a surprising number of her old friends present from all over the country, many of whom haven't been able to see each other since the summer they graduated. They'll have a great deal of catching up to do, and of course there will be all of the children to show off!!! If things work out I hope to have an afternoon party so I can see the youngsters too.

This time I will only need to borrow one highchair and one crib, for James

gave up his highchair a long time ago and frequently sleeps on a single bed even though his own crib has not yet been moved out of his room at home. The gate that I purchased when James was here that Christmas of 1969 is still upstairs and will keep Katharine safely corralled. She will be one year old just about two weeks before they arrive, so the gate is a real necessity.

At an earlier time I had thought how much fun James would have at the children's section of our big municipal swimming pool when Juliana could get away to take him, but this is wholly out of the question since his ear surgery. The little plastic swimming pool that he enjoyed so much at home a year ago won't be filled this summer. Water play of any kind is 100% forbidden and will remain forbidden until 1972. He is still making frequent trips to the ear specialist for check-ups, and medication must be given several times a day. I just hope that he manages to stay well during the two weeks they'll be here.

I'll see a great change in James, of course, but Katharine is the one who will really be a big surprise. She was only four months old when I last saw her, and there's a vast difference between four months and one year. She's having a fine time these days playing in the big and handsome sandbox that Jed made for James on his third birthday. It's a real attraction for the little youngsters in the neighborhood, and since the backyard is walled it makes for a wonderfully safe and secure play area.

Those of you who have driven past my home in the summer months may remember all of the window boxes filled with caladiums. Well, last fall I decided to see if I could hold over the bulbs until this year, but in spite of following directions to the last letter and planting them carefully in pots and placing those pots in the greenhouse several weeks ago, they failed to show a single sign of life.

Yesterday we dug into several of the pots and found that the bulbs were rotten on the inside. I don't know why they didn't perform when we followed instructions so carefully, but it's perfectly clear now that when it's time to fill the window boxes we'll have to buy new plants. I'm still surprised that the two big jars we had filled with caladiums brought in last September gave us stunning houseplants all winter long.

I was unduly pessimistic about my magnolia trees. They bloomed magnificently and were a great joy. Last week I had the white birch cut down, a tree planted about 12 years ago in the front yard. It looked sick all last summer

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SHENANDOAH CELEBRATES ITS CENTENNIAL THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

It is good to be writing a letter to you again after missing some issues because of the surgery on my shoulder. I'm happy to report that I'm making satisfactory progress and although it will take a few more months to get my arm back in normal working condition, I'm pretty much back to the usual schedule.

Speaking of schedules, this is the month that Shenandoah will be observing its centennial and many of you have asked for the schedule of events. If you are planning a trip to Shenandoah at the time of our celebration, this will help you plan your activities. There may be last minute changes due to unforeseen circumstances, however.

Saturday, June 19

Centennial Ball and Coronation of Queen.

Sunday, June 20

"Religious Heritage Day". Regular worship services at all churches in the morning. In the afternoon there will be a coffee and reception for the Blackwood Brothers. Union services will be held at Mustang Field in the evening when the Blackwood Brothers will be featured.

Monday, June 21

"Final Preparation Day". Exhibits will be set up. This is the day the carnival will start.

Tuesday, June 22

"Pioneer Heritage Day". In the morning will be the official opening of the "Shentennial". An Official Luncheon and a Pioneer Luncheon will be held at noon. In the evening the Brothers of the Brush activities will take place and a square dance will be held.

Wednesday, June 23

"Ladies Day" with a Flea Market all day long. There will be a cooking school in the morning, a style show in the afternoon, and lots of promenading! The first performance of the Historical Pageant will take place at Mustang Field.

Thursday, June 24

"Youth Day". Sports and field events, youth parade, ball games and a swimming meet make up the daytime activities. In the evening there will be a Battle of the Bands dance for young people. Adults can attend the second performance of the Historical Pageant.

Friday, June 26

"Good Neighbor Day". Morning will be devoted to nursery and industry tours and machinery displays. For afternoon entertainment there will be open house at fraternal and veteran's organizations. In the evening there will be a fire-fighting contest as well as the third performance of the pageant.



One of the highlights of Emily's visit to Iowa was her trip to Dorothy's and Frank's farm. She particularly enjoyed helping with the outside work.

Saturday, June 26

"Shenandoah Salutes the Future Day". This will be a very exciting day full of activity. In the morning there will be a military display, a pony pull and an Air National Guard jet flyover. The Grand Parade comes in the afternoon with its many floats and bands. A special attraction will be the Model "A" Club of Iowa. In the evening the final performance of the pageant and judging of the Brothers of the Brush will wind up our Centennial Week.

Some of our readers live close enough that they plan to come for a day so this information will help them decide which day to make the trip. To those who live far, far away, perhaps this gives you some ideas for a centennial you plan to observe in the future.

This spring most of the club meetings have been attended in centennial costumes. Two I have attended this past month have also had a "Show and Tell" when we were asked to bring some item from our heritage to share with other members. It was a good time for picture taking for the historical books for the clubs.

At last we have planted some trees to replace the elms that were removed last fall. The National Guard promoted "Make the Scene Green" and planted trees at no charge to the home owner. Anyone wishing trees planted selected from a list of varieties available and phoned the National Guard Armory. Oliver and I had four maples planted through this service.

Another centennial project was the planting of 100 flowering trees on two sites. These groves will be dedicated during Centennial Week. The trees were donated by our local nurseries

and Boy Scouts assisted with the planting of them. Won't they make a brilliant display in springs to come?

Our niece, Emily Driftmier from Denver, Colorado, has been visiting here for several weeks. My! how much we've enjoyed her! She's staying at her grandmother's, spending her mornings helping us with the broadcasting and testing recipes, and in the afternoons goes to the plant and works wherever she is needed. This has given her a variety of experiences she says she has really enjoyed. We'll miss her and her little dog Hippias when they leave the early part of June.

Wayne moved his family to Denver about 14 years ago and although they have made frequent trips back to Shenandoah, they haven't been lengthy stays, so there hasn't been time for much sight seeing. Emily was eight, I believe, when they moved away so she vaguely remembers drives to this place or that place when Shenandoah was called home. Besides the few days at Lucas, we hope to make a few more jaunts out of town so she'll have seen more of the Midwest when she returns to Denver.

Martin's second year of seminary studies will be winding up the first week of June and he'll be leaving for Vermont for church camp work. He was home for a weekend recently and we're hoping he can manage another one before Emily leaves.

Emily and I are going to test some recipes now, so until next month,

Sincerely,

Margery

Medals for Dad

A DAD & DAUGHTER BANQUET

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Many girls' 4-H clubs and Girl Scout groups have "Daddy-Date" night each year to honor the fathers. Perhaps this year your church might like to switch from the usual father and son banquet and try a father-daughter banquet or buffet.

DECORATIONS AND FAVORS

June, roses, and hearts seem to be perfect go-togethers, so why not use them to set the party mood? Whenever men wish to "say it with flowers", roses are usually their choice. Low arrangements of roses in shades of pink to deep red with white daisies for accent would make the loveliest of centerpieces.

Make *Nut Cups* by cutting two hearts from red or pink construction paper for each cup. Glue together, leaving the hearts open at the top. To make them more frilly, you can glue dainty lace ruffling between the hearts. On the front heart use white ink to write the inscription "Sweets to a Sweetie". You can make a small slit in the top center of each heart, run a narrow white ribbon through, and tie in a bow to prevent candies from spilling out.

Program Booklet: Cut the cover from pink construction paper, and make the inside pages of white typing paper. Decorate the cover with a medallion made by cutting the silhouette of a man's head from heavy white paper, and then mounting it on a frame of deep rose-red construction paper in an oval shape. Glue the medallion to the cover, and below it, with white or red ink, write the theme title, Medals for Dad. Tie the booklets together with narrow white or red ribbon or yarn.

A *Medal of Honor* is bestowed upon each father at the beginning of the evening's festivities. Each medal will be fastened to a deep red ribbon long enough so that each daughter can slip it easily over her father's head when that moment comes in the program. The medals are worn for the rest of the evening.

For each medal cut a small red construction paper heart. On it, with white ink, write "My Heart Belongs to Daddy". Glue the heart to a very small

lace paper doily. Make a hole at the top of each heart, through which the ribbon is run and tied in a bow.

PROGRAM HELPS

Welcome:

With pleasure and joy we welcome you dads,

As our most honored guests;

We want you to know you're rated tops
By the girls who love you best.

And welcome to each and every daughter

Who planned this spree tonight,
To recognize that man in her life

Who has been her guiding light.

Come all, join in, let's sing, laugh,
and have fun,

Perhaps tell a few tales out of school,

As we reminisce of days gone by, with the girls —

And the men who made the rules!

Come on now, loosen up, smile!

You're as welcome as the rose in June

'Tis the end of my speech — I agree with you —

It couldn't come too soon! — so on with the show!

Presentation of Medals: (At the conclusion of this verse, each girl bestows a medal upon her father.)

Medals for you! Medals for the nice deeds you've done, that no one noticed. Medals for the times you cared, when no one else did. Medals for the times you helped me and others, and no one knew. Medals for the times you were so patient, so concerned, and no one said "Thank you." Medals for you!

Medals for the great dreams you have for me, and dared to have for yourself. Medals for you! Medals for always listening with your heart. Medals for the loving, the strength you gave to those who need you near. Roses for you! Roses for your laughter and understanding and love that always lighten the heart. Roses and medals to you, Dad, medals to you! —Adapted

Solo (or chorus): Tune: "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl"

I want a guy just like the guy
That married dear Mama.

He was a jewel, handy with kids or tool,

And perfect as a pa.

Dear old-fashioned guy with heart of gold,

With virtues many more than can be told.

I want a guy just like the guy

That married dear Mama.

Response by a Father: To those girls so dear to our hearts, who have made it such a joy to be a dad — well, most of the time! — we can only say thank you for this opportunity for an evening out together, but most of all for just being *you*, our daughters.

It takes a lot of common sense, mixed with some intelligence and plenty of patience when you don't see eye to eye, and the going gets tough. You'd better remove all nerves; you'll have no time for them. Fracas only jar them. And you're more apt to accomplish the ends you're after if you are generous with laughter. When things get bad, a sense of humor is sure to cool it, along with love and understanding. If you're thus prepared, give it a whirl. You're ready now to raise a girl!

I'll dedicate this bit of verse to you, our daughters:

Bottles, rattles, dolls and blocks,
Pigtails, ruffles, school and noise,

Rouge and lipstick on the sly,
Giggling, whispering of boys.

She turned the years on hairpin curves,
Soared skyward, plummeted low;

Angelic beauty at my side.

We walk to music, daughter and I — slow.

Solo: "Daddy's Little Girl".

Selected Readings:

Fathers are the funniest things!

When a girl her fellow brings
Home with her, they're not like Mother;
She looks pleased. Somehow or other
Dad acts different from her,
Looks him over, calls him "Sir",
Very nearly scares your fellow
Red and white and green and yellow!
Shakes him by the hand, but wears a frown,

Looks him up and looks him down,
Acts as though he scented danger,
Like our bulldog with a stranger,
Hangs around the house or yard,
Seems to sort of keep on guard
Like his daughter was his money —
Fathers certainly are funny!

Fathers are the funniest things.

When you're married, when the ring's
On your finger, when you're keeping
House, and come to Mother weeping
All about a little spat
You and hubby have been at,
Mother always sympathizes;
But your father sort of sizes
Up the situation, then

Says, "Now you run home again,

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Patchwork: Past & Present

by
Erma Reynolds

The art of patchwork is nearly as old as the needle. Records show that patchwork articles were being made in ancient Greece, Egypt, India, Persia and China centuries before Christ was born.

But nowhere has this type of needlework played so important a part as in colonial times in America, where the craft of patchwork quilts flourished from 1750 to 1870, when the start of Industrial Revolution tapered off the urgent need for fashioning these useful warm articles.

Patchwork in the clever hands of the pioneer women was a relaxing as well as practical art. Settlers living in sea-coast towns had contact with ships sailing back and forth to Europe, and women in these locales were able to obtain cloth for quilt making in sufficient quantities. But the pioneer women, living further inland, were not as fortunate and had to make-do with what supplies they had on hand. Flax from the gardens and fleece from the sheep provided fibers which were woven into cloth on their looms. Butternuts and vegetables provided natural dyes and decoration was supplied by tying and dipping the cloth in the dye. Every snippet of cloth which came into their hands was used and reused. As clothing wore out worn parts were cut away and every tiny piece hoarded in a "piece bag".

The "crazy quilt" pattern was used for the most part for these early quilts, with shapeless scraps of material sewed together in a hit-or-miss fashion. But gradually more creative needleworkers began putting design in their patchwork. At first these were simple patterns with sharp corners and geometric forms. Later, with further development of the applique technique, designs became even more intricate. Using everyday associations — log cabins, wedding rings, flowers, trees, sun, moon, stars — for inspiration, a needlecrafter would cut and sew scraps of material into an attractive design and create a lovely quilt.

It was expected that each daughter in a pioneer household would quilt thirteen coverlets for her dower chest. This project started when the girl was a small child. The first design was simple, with each additional quilt displaying a more complicated pattern as the girl grew older and more proficient in the art of patchwork. When she became engaged the thirteenth quilt —

bride's quilt — was created in the most elaborate pattern of all. Before the wedding girl friends would hold a quilting bee to make a friendship album quilt for the bride-to-be, with each guest designing and working a signature block for the quilt.

One of the big social events in pioneer days was the quilting bee. A woman would usually wait until she had at least two quilts pieced. Then she would borrow extra quilting frames and issue invitations to her neighbors to come early and stay late.

Twelve women would take their places, three to each side of the frame, and set to work quilting. In the late afternoon the men would arrive to share a hearty supper. After supper came merrymaking — games, singing, dancing and courting.

It is said that Susan B. Anthony, the great "Woman Statesman", delivered her first talk for the cause of equal rights at a quilting bee.

Patchwork quilts are again in favor. Needleworkers are enjoying the craft, and homemakers find the quilts an attractive form of decoration for bedrooms. Why not make a patchwork quilt of your own and discover the pleasure that our pioneer ancestors knew when plying this old and useful art?

When making today's patchwork try these hints:

Press all material well and remove selvages before cutting the blocks or motifs for a quilt.

Use sandpaper for the patterns. Lay rough side of pattern next to material and it will not slip, making it easy to cut the cloth with greater accuracy.

When marking around the pattern, be careful not to stretch or pull the material.

If cutting material that ravel easily, mark around pattern with wax crayon and cut on this line.

When cutting, allow one-quarter inch for seams.

In applique work, cut the material for stems and connecting lines on the bias.

When patchwork squares have been joined, press open the seams to prevent a drawn or puckered look.

A pastel-colored or floral-decorated sheet makes an attractive lining for a quilt.



The Hymn and the Stagecoach

by
Evelyn Witter

"Oh, how I wish I could think of words to put with that lovely Greek tune I heard at the Normal Infant School in Gray's Inn Road!" sighed Jemima Thompson.

She climbed aboard the stagecoach thinking about the Greek tune *Salamis* and how beautiful it would sound if it was sung with English words of worship. She was the only passenger in the coach. There was no one to take her mind away from the music. Besides it was a green-up spring morning, with pure and sweet breezes and the skylung song of the birds.

The jolting and jostling of the stagecoach rhythm along with the tune Jemima hummed. She gazed out upon the English landscape as the coach sped on. Her mind was full of thankfulness of God's wonderful world. The music she hummed was helping her to think special thoughts. She thought: "I think when I read the sweetest story of old . . . when I wish that His hands had been placed on my head. . ."

And then Jemima Thompson smiled. "Why those are the words to sing with

the Greek tune *Salamis*!" she said half aloud.

An hour later, by the time the stagecoach had rumbled its way to Wellington, where Jemima was going on missionary business. Jemima had most of the words of a hymn all thought out.

When she returned home she taught her hymn to her Sunday school class. The children liked it so much that they asked to sing it again and again, Sunday after Sunday.

Jemima's father, who was superintendent of the Sunday school, was so pleased that the children liked Jemima's hymn that he decided other boys and girls in other Sunday schools, should have a chance to sing it too.

So it was that Mr. Thompson sent a copy of the hymn to *The Sunday School Teachers Magazine* where it was published. Ever after that the hymn was sung in many churches.

"That Sweet Story of Old", thought of by Jemima Thompson in, of all places, a stagecoach in the year 1841, is still loved as much today as it was then!

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We had a little shower last night and since Frank couldn't go to the field this morning we have been walking around the yard, planning where he should set out some trees and shrubs. We are trying to replace some of the elms we had to cut down. There was an alarming bit of information on television the other night. Not only have we lost practically all the elm trees here in the Midwest to Dutch elm disease, but now the beautiful oak trees are becoming diseased also.

The bad ice storm we had last winter did more damage to the living trees than any wind storm we have had for a long time. Frank had to spend several days cleaning up tree limbs and debris from the fields before he could begin his spring work.

A couple of weeks ago Frank said that when he had time he was going to get some help to put a new roof on the hog house and make some other repairs on it, but this little matter was all settled for him a few days later when a bad wind storm demolished it completely. So between the winter ice and the spring winds we have had much picking up to do.

Frank had a birthday in April, and some of our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marker and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Querrey, brought supper to our house. Of course I was informed of their plans because they didn't want me to prepare dinner that night. Frank was really surprised when they pulled into the lot. They brought fish, potato chips, sandwiches, and salad, and Louise Querrey had baked and decorated the birthday cake. Of course there was ice cream to go with it. We had such a nice evening and Frank was really pleased they had thought about him.

The Birthday Club I belong to had a nice time recently, when we were entertained at a fondue luncheon given by Norma Pim and her daughter Mary Ann, who was home from Simpson College for her spring vacation. Norma devotes many hours to the Lucas County Historical Society, working at the museum. Some of us had remarked that it would be fun to visit the museum together sometime to see how much had been done to the lovely big house the society purchased a few years ago to house the many items which had been donated to them. A rural school has



A few little friends were invited in to help Andy celebrate his birthday. His mother had something to celebrate too, as you'll read in Dorothy's letter.

also been moved onto the lot, and plans are being made now for another building to be erected.

We met at the museum at 10:00 in the morning, spent two hours there, and then went to Norma's farm home where Mary Ann had lunch all ready for us. Twelve of us seated at three card tables, each of which was centered with a fondue pot. Our place cards and favors were tiny baskets filled with sweet peas, lilies of the valley, and lilacs. White ribbon bows on the handles had our names written on them. This was the first time any of us had been at a fondue party, and we all had a wonderful time.

Shenandoah is getting ready to celebrate its centennial year, with the climax of festivities to be held one week in June. Everyone is getting dresses made for the occasion, or ordering them ready made. I told Margery I was sure I could find a dress for her in Lucas, because we celebrated our centennial a couple of years ago, and many of my friends had dresses I was sure they would loan her. I located three that would fit her, and the girls were tickled to death that someone was going to get some good out of those dresses they had worked so hard to make, and wore for such a short time.

We have a few news items from our family in Laramie. Kristin has successfully gotten over one big hurdle by passing both her comprehensive and oral examinations for her doctor's degree, and is working on her dissertation. The members of our family are all happy for her because this is a goal she set for herself and she has worked awfully hard to achieve it.

The other bit of news came from Andy, and I'm sure his news was much more important to him. He told us on the phone that he had finally got the bicycle for his birthday that he had been asking for for "a hundred years".

Kristin said the training wheels had already been taken off, as it didn't take him long to learn to ride it.

We were all happy that Emily could spend a few weeks in Iowa. I was in Shenandoah when she came, and had planned to take Mother home with me so I could take her on to Des Moines to attend the annual Iowa Mothers' meeting. We decided this would be a good time for Emily to visit us and go to the meeting. The drive from Shenandoah to Lucas was beautiful as it was a perfect spring day, and I'm sure it seemed especially so to Mother after having been house bound during the long winter months.

Once a year all previous Iowa State Mothers and the Merit Mothers (those who have been nominated as State Mother) get together to honor the newly selected Mother of the Year in her home town. The 1971 Iowa Mother is Mrs. Harold (Margaret) McCollum of Des Moines, so the annual House Party was held in Des Moines. We first met at the National Travelers Life Co. building for registration and a coffee. This is always fun because Mother has attending many of these parties since she was Iowa Mother in 1954, and it is pleasant to see these friends we have made over the years.

Lunch was served in this same building, group pictures were taken, and all the Merit Mothers and the new Mother were introduced. Each gave a short talk about her family and her activities, so that everyone could become better acquainted with them. Mother was the oldest Iowa State Mother present.

After the program we went to the beautiful Des Moines Art Center, and then on to Mrs. McCollum's home for a tea, which was served by her daughters and daughters-in-law. After the tea Mother, Emily, and I headed for Lucas because this had been quite a long day

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ABIGAIL WRITES DETAILS OF ALISON'S WEDDING

Dear Friends:

Last month in closing my letter I mentioned tackling a most important sewing project. There certainly aren't any other sewing projects equal in importance to a wedding dress around this household! Our Alison was married on her grandmother's eighty-fifth birthday to Michael Lee Walstad, son of Jack and Connie Walstad of Hobbs, New Mexico.

Alison gave me slightly less than a month's notice with her request that I make her wedding dress. But because this was about the only matter with which the mother of the bride had to concern herself, there was ample time.

Both young people are students at Ft. Lewis College in Durango, Colorado. Mike will graduate next December. They wanted to be married in a very simple manner among only their closest friends and family in Durango. This location, also, was much more convenient for Mike's family than Denver would have been. The wedding arrangements, which Mike and Alison handled themselves, were a mixture of the traditional and nontraditional.

Alison chose a dress pattern very Victorian in styling. She asked me to select material from the greater variety available here in Denver. Her stipulations were that the color be either pale yellow, pale blue, or pale lavender; the material was to be of a soft weave. The perfect answer to these guidelines was a fabric marketed here under the trade name "Lutesong". There was a pale shade of robin's egg blue which was a perfect complement for Alison's blue eyes.

The skirt was floor length, softly gathered to a high waistline, and sashed with matching satin ribbon. The sleeves were long and full, ending in wide, lace-trimmed cuffs. The high stand-up neckline was also trimmed in lace.

Her hair was tied back with blue ribbon into which were tucked fresh daisies. Her clutch bouquet was composed of these same white daisies tied with blue and white ribbon.

Her only jewelry was a pair of long, antique-styled earrings which Mike selected for her. Incidentally, Alison's wedding band was found in an antique store. It is a plain, medium-width silver band. (They were unable to find a matching ring for Mike in all that region of silversmiths, so they are having one made near here in Georgetown.)

Mike also looked straight out of the last century with mutton-chop sideburns, lengthy hair, and striped vest complete with antique gold chain and watch fob which Alison found for him.



Mike and Alison will be traveling during the summer months and return to college in the fall.

His grandfather's gold pocket watch is one of his prize possessions.

The marriage ceremony was written by Mike and Alison. La Plata County Judge Lester Sherman officiated with the legalities required under Colorado law. The wedding and celebration following were held in the Strater Hotel in Durango. This is an old hotel which has been carefully restored to Victorian splendor. Incidentally, if you are a lover of Victorian furnishings, do ask to see the bridal suites in this hotel if you ever get the opportunity. They are just beautiful.

The sitting room of our suite had a full-length, white-curtained bay window which was a perfect setting for this happy event. Two large bouquets of Japanese iris, yellow jonquils, tulips, and white baby chrysanthemums merely enhanced the already colorful setting. The walls were covered in red velvet on white wallpaper; the floor was covered in red and black Victorian carpeting.

There were about twenty people in attendance, varying in age from one of Mike's baby nieces, to his elementary school age niece and nephew, to the college students, to his parents who are grandparents several times over, although they seem too youthful to be so. Mike is the youngest in a family of two boys and two girls.

Most of the women attending wore long dresses. Mike's mother, a beautiful woman, wore a charming white and

yellow daisy-trimmed dress. Emily wore a dark blue with a wide embroidery-trimmed belt of her own design and making. I chose a bright-hued flower print skirt topped by a long-sleeved white chiffon blouse. Wayne added his bit to the color display by wearing a bright green sports coat, yellow vest, and striped shirt.

Alison's greatest concern seemed to be in regard to the food served at the reception. She wanted to avoid the decorated white cake, store-bought candies, and salted nuts menu that she had encountered in the past. Instead, she chose cold shrimp dipped in seafood sauce, several kinds of cheese, Italian sausages and cold meats, crackers, and rye and whole wheat bread, the latter baked by Emily.

There were mints molded in the shape of flowers and leaves made by a neighbor of ours as her contribution to the festivities. Alison, Mike, and one of Alison's Denver girl friends made and decorated cookies that were just exquisite. I made the wedding cake from the mincemeat cake recipe printed years ago in the little *Kitchen-Klatter Cake Recipe Book*. I decorated it as exactly as I could in the manner originally devised by Lucile. There were the traditional toasts to the bride and groom.

Alison and Mike also designed their wedding announcements, which were printed on bright yellow paper. There was a simple statement giving the date and place of their marriage. Several snapshots taken of them by a friend were reproduced in a sepia tone to resemble daguerrotype photographs.

Their married life together began in a very picturesque setting. They rented a tiny A-frame cabin designed for fishermen at a trout farm along Lightner Creek a few miles outside Durango. A cottage in the mountains with only the sound of the wind in the pines can hardly be surpassed in the spring. Alison says she doesn't think it would be such a great location in the winter. The temptation to stay home from classes in bad weather would be too great.

After the school year ended later in April they came up to visit here for about ten days. From here their loosely planned schedule included a visit in Hobbs, then brief stops in Texas with Mike's sisters and their families before commencing an auto camping tour through several of the southern states.

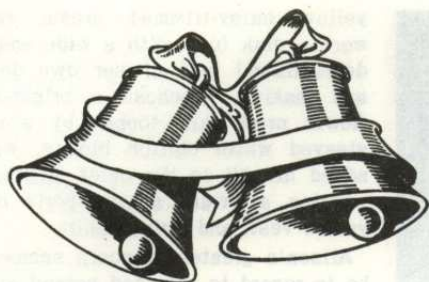
Wayne, Emily, Clark, and I feel terribly fortunate to have acquired such a fine young man as a member of our family. And we are so grateful that Alison has married into such a warm and loving family.

Sincerely,
Abigail



COVER PICTURE

Our lovely bride is Alison Virginia Driftmier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier of Denver, Colorado, who was married on April 3rd in Durango, Colorado, to Michael Lee Walstad of Hobbs, New Mexico. You'll read the details of the wedding in Abigail's letter on this page.



Wedding Anniversaries to Remember

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Whether it's the first or the sixtieth, wedding anniversaries are days to be remembered. They are not only to be enjoyed by the honored couple but can be fun for those who plan a party, dinner, or reception for such an occasion. Here are some decorating helps for you if you have such a celebration in mind.

First Anniversary - Paper: What could be more appropriate for decorations than the large paper flowers so popular these days? Flowers in bright shades can be used or the colors used at the wedding. A single big paper rose with a matching half-opened bud would be a lovely centerpiece. Napkins with a modern floral motif would continue the theme.

Of course, you'll use a pretty paper tablecloth with paper plates and cups. Perhaps you can find these in a matching floral design.

Another idea is to combine as many paper items as you can find. Paper napkins can be folded into flowers and attached to paper spoon or fork stems; or use small cups and paper plates to fashion unusual posies.

Fifth - Wooden: You'll think of the conventional wooden items for decorating - wooden bowls to hold flowers or fruit; wooden candleholders; wooden figurines and carved items. A wooden tree might be used as a centerpiece. Use a prettily shaped tree branch, anchoring it to a wooden base or other holder. Place it in a small cedar planter. Guests might contribute money to turn this into a money gift tree. Lovely flowers can be formed by carefully twisting, folding, and gluing long wood shavings. These could then be fastened to the tree as blossoms. Even a wooden bowl filled with the curled wood shavings makes an attractive centerpiece.

For place cards, use a marking pen to write the names on wood shaving scrolls, bits of shingle, or scraps of tree bark.

Sixth - Sugar or Candy: This one has always challenged me, for one can do so much with sugar cubes - build a miniature church or house or use them for a lighted dessert. Beautiful decorations can be made by using sugar mold bells or hearts to use in centerpieces and as favors. Little molded sugar half hearts might be used for nut cups. Fill an old-fashioned sugar bowl with candy kisses instead of the usual mints.

Sugar cubes can be decorated with tiny rosebuds, using a cake-decorating tube, and these cubes used as decorative garnishes, or as the clappers in a sugar bell decoration.

Tenth - Tin: The best place to look for inspiration for this one is to turn your imagination loose with aluminum or tin kitchen utensils. Old-fashioned tin cups make fine candleholders. Just anchor the candle inside the cup with modeling clay, tie a perky ribbon bow to the handle, and there you are! Tin funnels, which come in all sizes, can be used in various ways. The tiny ones can even be used at nut cups by sticking the small end in a little square of styrofoam to hold it upright. Cover the foam with foil. For a centerpiece make a tiered fruit arrangement of three funnels in graduated sizes, anchoring the bottom one to a firm base. Fill the largest funnel with fruit, inserting the "stem" of the second funnel in among the fruit so that it helps to hold it in position. Do the next tier in the same manner. Artificial flowers can be used instead of fruit.

A large funnel can become a "bride" doll by sticking a foam ball over the spout for a head, adding yarn hair and felt features. The wide mouth of the funnel is the full skirt, so add a wisp of veiling on her head and a bow of ribbon or net at the "neck", and your bride is ready for a centerpiece.

Fifteenth - Crystal: This is a time to aim for beauty, so polish up your loveliest crystal dishes and candleholders. A color scheme of white with leaf green is beautiful; however, you might like a few pink or yellow roses for added color. For the center of a buffet table, arrange white roses in your loveliest crystal bowl, with white tapers in crystal holders. For the punch bowl, make a large block of ice, freezing it in a large heart-shaped or ring mold. Just before serving, float it in the bowl with a cluster of white rosebuds in the center. Place a few roses and rose leaves around the base of the punch bowl. If your punch bowl is very large, your block of ice may be large enough to poke holes in to hold fifteen rosebuds with a few of the leaves. If roses aren't plentiful, use white daisies.

Twenty-Fifth - Silver: You can use many of the same ideas mentioned for

the crystal, except you would use silver dishes and candleholders. I like a pink or blue and white color scheme with silver. Sweet peas in a silver bowl wreathed in smilax or other greenery would be lovely.

If you're using place cards, buy small silver-edged note cards. Fold in half (so they will stand), write the name with silver ink, and sketch a delicate spray of sweet peas in one corner. You can punch a small hole in the corner of each card, and at the last moment insert a single sweet pea blossom in each one. If this is a party for the family and close friends, small snapshots of the honored pair or copies of the wedding picture make nice place favor keepsakes.

Perhaps you prefer to have the anniversary cake used as the table centerpiece, as many people do. I like to see it served at a separate small table; thus one can have something especially beautiful in a floral centerpiece.

Fiftieth - Gold: For a centerpiece a bit different, spray an old pair of high-heeled pumps with gold spray paint, sprinkling on gold glitter while the paint is wet. Fill the pumps with flowers and a few small sugar bells. Fasten the bells to stems of pipe cleaner or the chenille-covered wire. Perhaps at a novelty shop you can find miniature slippers to use as nutcups. Otherwise, cover nutcups with gold paper, fluted around the top. Add a white chenille handle to which is tied a tiny spray of lily of the valley, a tiny wedding bell, or a pair of miniature golden slippers.

One of the most cherished souvenirs I have of such an occasion is a small white folder-type card. On the outside were the wedding date and the names of the couple. On the inside on the left hand page was a replica of the original wedding photograph and on the right side was a recent snapshot of the couple. On the back was a verse of thanks for making it such a happy occasion for the honored pair:

Friends and neighbors

And relatives so dear,

For all the joys you've wished us,

And for your presence here,

We thank you.

Now when this day is over,

And you have gone on your way,

The memory of this joyous time

Will ever with us stay. (signed)

Instead of a money tree for giving cash gifts, have you ever thought of making a "love-money lei"? To make one, get the cash changed into crisp new one-dollar bills. Take a length of ribbon and tie it together to form the base of the lei. Now tie a few carnations to this ribbon. With narrow ribbon tie the dollar bills in between the flowers to form the "greenery" of the lei.

(Continued on page 17)

FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

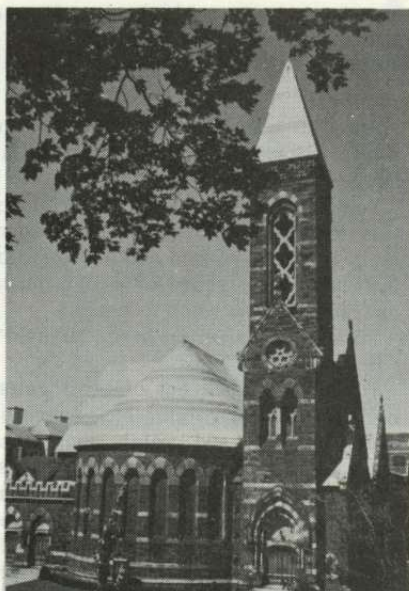
Dear Friends:

Now that Easter is way behind us and the annual meeting of the church is a thing of the recent past, I am finding more time to do many of the things that have had to wait for less strenuous days. Most ministers work seven days and seven nights a week, and I am no exception. How I do long for the summer months when the pressures of work let up a bit, and with the month of June only a few days away, I am beginning to breathe more easily. Now there is more time for parish calls, and now there is more time for counseling troubled people in my study. Because of my large radio congregation here in western New England, I usually have a long waiting list of people wanting to see me about all kinds of personal problems, and at this time of the year I am able to see more of them.

One of the most common questions people ask me is: "Do you think I am losing my mind?" Another frequent question is: "Do you suppose that I ought to go see a psychiatrist?" Fortunately, I usually am able to answer both questions with a reassuring, "No!" There are times, however, when I do suggest that people are very close to the edge of a nervous breakdown and that they should seek professional medical help. In my twenty-six years as a protestant clergyman, I have had opportunity to study many different human problems and to learn a great deal about personality disturbances, and in my counseling I try to lead emotionally disturbed people to an understanding of the extent of their upset, and I try to help them in a certain amount of self-analysis.

When I am trying to find out just how sick people are and whether or not to recommend psychiatric help, the first thing I want to learn is whether the individual has noticed an increasing irritability with things in general, and whether or not there has been some difficulty in sleeping. If a person is unusually snappish, or if he over-reacts to minor irritations and has angry reactions to innocuous questions or to the repeated questions of a little child, this certainly is a sign that all is not well. People who cry easily at what most would call slight frustrations, and people who have temper flare-ups with profane outbursts over very small trivial things, have reason to believe that their nerves are not as strong as they should be.

How many times I have heard people say that they were "jumpy", and I know what they mean. People who are startled very easily, who jump and



South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, is bustling with activity almost every day of the week.

flinch and yell when they are startled, want to be on their guard. Just watch your friends and see how they react to sudden loud noises; if they jump or cringe or yell at the slightest provocation, you can know that things are not as well as they should be.

Of course, insomnia that grows worse day after day and night after night always is a good sign that one's nerves are not what they should be. When one's sleep is disturbed, he most certainly becomes irritable, and there is not a one of us who does not need plenty of sleep. And it isn't just a question of being slow to fall asleep when one wants to; it also is a question of waking up every few minutes after one has finally fallen asleep.

Today with all of the fine new techniques for treating nervous disorders, people should not go on day after day and week after week struggling with sensitivity, irritable reactions, and sleep disturbances. Doctors can help, and their help should be sought when needed. The people I feel sorry for are those who won't seek professional help when their nervous condition indicates the need of it. When we find ourselves saying: "I just cannot take it anymore!" or "I can't control myself — I weep, I laugh, I flare up in anger," it is usually indication that we either need a good, long rest, or a good, intelligent visit with a professional counselor of some kind.

The other day Betty and I were watching the many different kinds of birds at our birdfeeders, and we were interested to observe their nervous reactions to the slightest sound, gust of wind, or movement around them. Birds are born to be extremely nervous, and

it is their nervousness that keeps them alive. Just watch how they constantly look around them in all directions while they eat or walk along the ground. The day the bird forgets to be nervous, will be the last day of his life, and he knows it. There are cats, hawks, and various other birds that keep the birds on "their nerve's edge" all the time.

You and I are supposed to be nervous, too, but only to the degree that it helps us to be better citizens. It is when we are overly nervous that we want to take care. We are not supposed to fall asleep easily when there is a good reason for staying awake, and we are supposed to react quickly and emotionally under certain conditions. The chief thing is for us to know the symptoms of overstress, and sick nerves.

How often people ask me if I think that moral conditions in our society are actually much worse than they were twenty or thirty years ago, or if the moral rottenness of our age is simply the age-old problem in a new dress. There can be no doubt about it — things are worse! Don't you believe anyone who tries to tell you that we always have had the filthy and vulgar literature and motion pictures and we always have had the problem with sex perverts and drug addicts. Do you know that my church here in lovely, sedate Springfield, Massachusetts, has to have guards in its parking lots whenever there is a church meeting being held after dark? Did you ever hear of such a thing before World War II? Only last night a young boy sitting on our church steps waiting for his mother to come and take him home from a church meeting was nearly kidnapped by three men. Almost every church in this city has had to install elaborate burglar alarm systems to protect them from thieves and vandals! During the past year we have had several women robbed or abused while on their way to church, and one such incident was carried off within three hundred feet of an armed policeman on duty! Our church is located on one of the beautiful avenues of the city; it is not located in a so-called "bad neighborhood". Things are bad and they are getting worse.

Is there no hope? I think of that verse of St. Paul's: "When we are downcast we must not let ourselves fall into despair." So true! We do not despair because we know that God always wins the victory. This is God's world and we are his people, and God has a purpose for us that he will not long permit to be frustrated. Things may get worse before they get better, but one day evil will be so great that there will be a violent reaction against

(Continued on page 22)

MIGUEL

by
Helen Mitchel

In bringing a gift from Mexico I think I shall bring you Miguel, from Merida in Yucatan. "Look," I explain. "Here is Miguel. He has eleven years. Small years. For Miguel's stature does not keep pace with his eleven years. His nearly black eyes turn up a bit at the corners. The small face is serious, round, and carries most of the time an anxious look. His clothes are clean, often ragged, and his brown feet are thrust into tattered sandals. Miguel shines shoes in the parque Cepeda Peraza and in the main plaza in Merida."

How can you define what it is about a small boy who, by the simple chore of shining your shoes, steps into your heart until it becomes impossible to tell whether you are Miguel's property or he is yours? You will have your shoes shined every day for the eighteen days while you are in his city. It is unthinkable that you should engage any of the other young entrepreneurs who cluster around. They tease Miguel. He works too cheap. He is crazy to use the shoe cream. This gaggle of boys, most of them larger than Miguel, eye his faithful patron with eager eyes and vainly attempt to lure him away with promises of vastly superior workmanship. Sometimes one of the men who shine shoes in the parque Cepeda Peraza and who belong to the Union of Men who keep your shoes looking well groomed, will come and reprimand the teasers. Miguel continues his polishing, creaming, polishing. His work is not the best. For his hands and muscles are related to his size. But of his earnestness in doing a good job there is no doubt.

He has a way of turning up before you someplace at some time every day. Even if you want to, which you don't, you can hardly miss him. His sense of where you are and when you will be there is past all understanding. Once, he nearly misses you and you find him with tears in his eyes, so great is his sorrow and financial disaster.

Your heart melts when you look at Miguel. You are going to the cinema and for a treat invite him. Since he speaks no English you converse in Spanish. His nod convinces you that he would like very much to go with you to the cinema. So you stand in line, let Miguel buy the tickets, see that his equipment is safely cared for and sit beside him in the theater waiting for the picture to begin.

Something in the small figure disturbs you. He sits quietly, hands clasped between his knees. Every ounce of Miguel weighs on your heart. There is

a wrongness here which nags at you. "Miguel," you ask, "Are you happy?"

His head shakes a negative.

"Why?"

After a moment of silence he answers, "I must take the money to my mother."

You are overwhelmed with grief for this Mexican boy who yearns desperately to stay with you and see the picture but whose sense of obligation to his family is too much to bear.

"Would you rather go home, Miguel?"

He nods, yes.

You go with him out of the theater, collect his shoe-shining box, which he made himself, and watch him streak away to resume his financial burdens.

On the 17th day of your visit in Merida, when Miguel appears in the parque Cepeda Peraza you note a large hole in the seat of his pants. On the 18th day, just before leaving, you say, "We must buy Miguel some new pants." We buy Miguel some new pants.

The kind man from whom we buy them says, "Ah, Miguel. Yes, a good boy. Very poor. Here is a slip of paper. If they do not fit he may exchange them."

Later, at your invitation, Miguel comes to your room. You hold the pants up to him. They are just right. Then, in the utmost quietness and pride he goes out on the balcony of your room and waves to his contemporaries below. Those boys who have seen him enter the hotel. Those boys who have teased and tormented him. When he returns to you, with shining eyes and mischievous smile you share with him in his moment of triumph.

Near Merida, in Yucatan, you may have climbed pyramids and gazed into sacred wells of sacrifice. Awesome in historical significance. But you take home with you, above all this, the memory of one small boy whose dark eyes slant slightly at the outer corners. How can he embody for you, the country, the people, and especially the children of Mexico? I do not know. But I would share him with you. So I bring you a gift. The gift of Miguel.

THIS WORLD OF OURS

We who knew a fresher world, resent
The litter, tainted sky and concrete
spread.

We say "This cannot be God's plan,
Man's conscience must be dead."

Here is the choice, reverse the trend,
We must turn back or die

Or make an artificial world

And live there-in . . . but why?

For there are young who have bright
hopes,

And remembering we can tell

The sweetness of that younger world —
God grant they rebuild well.

—Lula Lamme

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

Come with me, take my hand, and let us step through the gateway to JUNE. The gateway is a bower of fragrant roses; the fresh green grass is much like a padded carpet; the air is soft and warm as it caresses my cheek. JUNE, the month of loveliness, and the first month of summer, WELCOME to you and all the beauty you bring with you for us to enjoy.

Three important dates are in June. Children's Day on the 13th; Flag Day, the 14th and Father's Day on the 20th.

I think Children's Day should be observed with sending greetings, giving of gifts, special consideration and the giving of your time, and I like the Sunday school programs. This observance has become traditional in many communities.

Remember to fly your flag on the 14th!

Father's Day — bless his heart — is one of tie, sock and shirt giving, but it is also a day of showing great fondness and respect for Dad, be he young or old.

I like this:

"Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms."

—Whittier

Nothing is so very new about our present brides and grooms writing their own marriage ceremonies. It was Wm. Cullen Bryant who wrote this lovely betrothal prayer when he married Miss Fanny Fairchild. The prayer was written Jan. 11, 1821, and they were married the following year. Bryant addressed the poem, "O fairest of the rural maids!" The prayer is: "May Almighty God mercifully take care of our happiness here and hereafter. May we ever continue constant to each other, and mindful of our mutual promises of attachment and truth. In due time, if it be the will of Providence, may we become more nearly connected with each other, and together may we lead a long, happy, and innocent life, without any diminution of affection till we die." Isn't that lovely?

Once again the sign, "Air conditioned" carries great weight with travelers as well as housewives. Remember when a family "had everything" if they could afford to buy one or more table fan? If the fans were to be kept running for a long period of time a wet cloth hooded the part which held the tiny motor — really this was air conditioning, of a sort, in its infancy.

HALFWAY UP THE BLOCK

by
Leta Fulmer

Easing the car against the curb, I flipped off the ignition and smiled reminiscently. That shabby "Yard Sale" poster had brought me back into the neighborhood I'd known as a child. Odds and ends of furniture dotted the yard and cardboard boxes littered the sagging porch. Beyond the helter-skelter display, the house crouched in grey monotony. Its weatherbeaten siding was sandpaper rough, its unwashed windows vague as half-blind eyes. I shuddered as a strange uneasiness fingered me with dread. The urge to run was almost overpowering. My heels clicked on the rough walk — and suddenly I remembered! *This* was the red brick highway on which I'd made the trial run with my kiddie car half a lifetime ago.

My fourth birthday reached its peak of glory when Dad rolled out the shining toy. How lovingly my fingers slid across the glossy yellow seat. How carefully I inspected the cherry red of the handle, the black enamel of the three wooden wheels. How utterly unbelievable to be four, to own such luxury, and to have permission to go halfway up the block, and coast down the gentle hill.

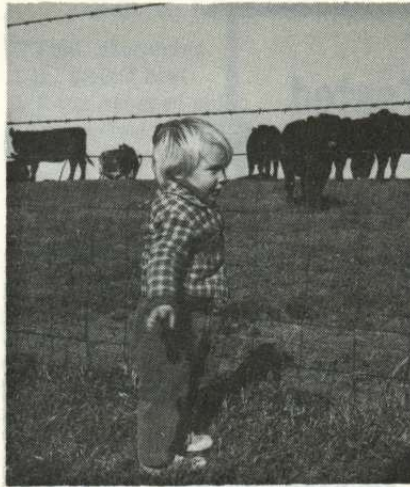
Slowly I strutted past three houses, lingering in the chance that other eyes might light with admiration (and maybe just a bit of envy) upon my new possession. Carefully I marked the spot just "halfway up"! I squirmed into position, tucked starched skirts firmly under my chubby legs — and I was off! What a lovely clickery-clackery noise the wheels beat out on the rough uneven bricks! How exciting the whine of the wind swishing through my long black curls! This was *indeed* Heaven on wheels. Perspiring and breathless I dragged the small vehicle up the hill for the umpteenth time and paused for breath. With infinite care, I wiped a speck of dust from the handle and settled into place for another jolting ride into ecstasy.

"You blasted brat! Get that thing out of here!" She filled the doorway to the house which was grey even then, hands on hips, her youthful face a scowling mask of angry disapproval. I choked back tears that lumped my throat and ventured shaky words.

"See my birthday present . . ." My pleading voice was smothered in her continuing tirade. Stepping near, she waved her arm as though it were an evil wand.

"Scat! Get that rickety piece of junk out of here. Play in front of your own house, and don't come back!"

(Continued on page 22)



The moment we read the article below, we thought of this picture of Seth Watkins, son of our cousin Ruth (Shambaugh) Watkins and her husband Bob. Seth, too, is interested in those big creatures on the other side of the fence.

OF COWS AND SMALL BOYS

by
Mrs. Warren L. Roepke

Viewing the world through the eyes of a not-quite-two-year-old can show a parent the wonders of the commonplace. Take a grazing cow, for instance.

This spring, while visiting my husband's parents on the farm, I found Dave perched on a gate intently watching the two milk cows quietly munching a late-afternoon snack in the small lot below the house. To keep an eye on him, I busied myself pulling grass and weeds along the fence. No one was paying much attention to anyone else, except Bruce, 'til I tossed an armload of the fresh green stuff over the fence. The unhorned, black-and-white cow plodded over and began to savor what may have been her idea of a choice fillet mignon. Or perhaps that's a poor comparison; a fillet might make the cow think of her Aunt Maude. At any rate . . .

"Dehr! Dehr! Tee? Tee?" Dave called, his stubby finger pointing to my "friend". That this was anything exciting hadn't struck me 'til I saw his grubby face and bright blue eyes glowing with delight. So the serious work ended and the fun of teaching when the interest is shown began.

More weeds and grass went over and soon old bossy was eating out of my hand, her large sandpaper-like tongue curling upward to get all she could at once. This was even more thrilling and the sagging wood gate creaked with the enthusiastic wiggling of a little fellow who could hardly contain himself.

Half an hour later, with Dave's delight and interest still high, my area of

weed-pulling had extended somewhat. By now we were feeding both cows and a young calf. Dave had started taking some of the greens and holding them out, unafraid though a bit cautious. He'd drop his offering just as one cow would start to take it but, after all, that's a pretty big critter when a guy's so low to the ground.

I got him to touch one cow's nose. He drew his hand back, wrinkled his own button-like nose and snorted. Another of his senses was brought into play, that of touch. I suppose we spent most of an hour down there, time that might have been used more profitably to me elsewhere but who can measure the value of it to the growth and development of a child?

The next time we visited the farm Dave led me through the same cow lot to the barn where both cows were resting. We stood just inside briefly, then a trusting hand dropped mine and Dave darted out the door, pulled the tips off some nearby weeds, hurried back and dropped them in front of our friends. Time wasted? I think not. After all, the simple things in life *are* pretty wonderful, aren't they?



HANDS

I know these fragile hands of mine,
Dear Lord,
Can never play a violin's taut strings,

Or entertain with songs on a harpsichord,

My hands were fashioned, Lord,
for little things.

I know my voice will never blend again
With choirs, where the music rings
and charms,

But I can croon a lullaby's refrain,
And soothe imagined fears that
cause alarms.

If some place, Lord, on life's great
thoroughfare,

A little child is lost, obsessed
with fears,

His hand in mine. I could say a prayer
Then clasp him in my arms and dry
his tears.

No legacy is mine, Dear Lord, but I
Can heal a wound that's caused by
lashing stings,

With potent balm from God's enriched
supply.

My hands were fashioned, Lord,
for little things.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

EASY STRAWBERRY PIE



Recipes Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

PINEAPPLE-COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

- 2 8-oz. cans crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. water

Combine these ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and cook one minute, stirring constantly. Set aside to cool.

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup sifted flour
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 unbaked 10-inch pie shell

Blend the sugar and butter. Add the flour, cottage cheese, flavorings, and salt, and beat until smooth. Slowly add the slightly beaten eggs and milk, beating constantly. Pour the pineapple mixture into the pie shell, spreading evenly. Gently pour the cottage cheese mixture over the pineapple. Bake in a 450-degree oven for 15 minutes, then reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake about 45 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

GOOSEBERRY MARMALADE

- 4 cups gooseberries
- 4 cups sugar
- 1 orange, peeled and chopped
- 1/2 to 1 cup raisins
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine ingredients in heavy, large saucepan. Simmer, stirring often, for 10 minutes, or until mixture thickens. (It will thicken more as it cools, so do not overcook.) Spoon into small sterilized jars and seal. This makes a delicious-flavored marmalade, excellent as a accompaniment to ham, pork or lamb.

—Evelyn

RHUBARB CRUMBLE PUDDING

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 4 cups fresh rhubarb (cut in 1-inch pieces)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Sift together the flour, salt, cinnamon, and 1/2 cup of sugar. Cut in the butter or margarine until the mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle half of the flour mixture evenly over the bottom of an 8-inch square pan. Press down firmly. Mix together the rhubarb, lemon flavoring, and one cup of sugar. Spread evenly over the flour mixture in the pan. Sprinkle remaining flour mixture evenly over the rhubarb and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve warm with cream or ice cream.

—Dorothy

SPECIAL TUNA DISH

- 8 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 2 7-oz. cans chunk or solid pack tuna
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cut the eggs in halves cross-wise. Remove the yolks and mash them with the mayonnaise and mustard. Fill the egg whites with the mixture and arrange them in a buttered baking dish. Drain the mushrooms, reserving the liquid. Drain any oil off the tuna, then place the mushrooms and tuna around the eggs. Make a cheese sauce with the remaining ingredients including the liquid from the mushrooms. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Pour the sauce over the eggs and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

- 16 ladyfinger
- 1 4 1/2-oz. pkg. Danish dessert, strawberry or raspberry
- 1 2/3 cups cold water
- 1 pint fresh strawberries
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Cinnamon sugar

Line 9-inch pie pan with ladyfingers, cutting to fit. Stir dessert powder into water. Bring to boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Pour half of hot mixture over ladyfingers. Cover with sliced strawberries, reserving a few for garnish. Pour remaining hot dessert over berries. Cover. Chill at least 6 hours. When ready to serve, mix sour cream and sugar. Spread over filling. Sprinkle with cinnamon sugar and garnish with reserved berries. Cut into 6 or 8 servings.

—Abigail

ORIENTAL VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 can bamboo shoots
- 1 can water chestnuts, sliced (1 large or 2 small cans)
- 1 can bean sprouts
- 1 can Chinese mixed vegetables
- 1 can green peas (I use the small can; the large can is all right)
- 1 can French cut green beans
- 1 cup onion rings
- 1 cup diced celery

Drain the vegetables very well. Cover with the following dressing and let set in the refrigerator for 24 hours.

Dressing

- 1 cup sugar
 - 1 cup tarragon vinegar
- Dissolve sugar in vinegar and heat. Let cool thoroughly before putting on vegetables.

This makes a large salad but it will keep indefinitely and improves upon standing.

—Mae Driftmier

GREEN GAGE PLUM SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 1/3 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup syrup from plums
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 #2 1/2 can green gage plums, drained
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/4 tsp. dry ginger
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add syrup, salt, flavoring and vinegar and cool. Cut fruit from pits and place in molds. Scatter nuts over plums and cover with half the gelatin. Chill until firm. Chill remaining half of gelatin until partially set. Beat with rotary beater, then add ginger and softened cream cheese. Pour over first part. Chill. Serve on lettuce with fruit dressing.

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE DRESSING

1/3 cup sugar
4 tsp. cornstarch
1/4 tsp. salt
2 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 cup orange juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
flavoring

1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
2 well-beaten eggs

2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add all ingredients aside from eggs and cheese and cook in the top part of a double boiler for 20 minutes, stirring very frequently.

Beat eggs well. Add 1/2 cup of hot sauce mixture to the eggs, and then return it all to the double boiler and cook for an additional 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

Cool slightly and then combine with the softened cream cheese.

This dressing has an unusual flavor and is very good with fruit. If you like, it can be combined with some whipped cream for something extra special.

—Lucile

HORSERADISH SAUCE FOR MEAT

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
2 Tbls. vinegar or lemon juice
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup horseradish, drained (more
can be used if desired)

1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add vinegar or lemon juice and salt. Chill until slightly thickened, then fold in the drained horseradish and the whipped cream. This is an excellent substitute for mayonnaise on a ham sandwich.

—Mae Driftmier

CREAMED CABBAGE

1 head cabbage, about 3 lb.
1 medium onion, diced
1 cup chopped celery
3 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 Tbls. sugar
2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
2 cups light cream (half and half)

Combine, cabbage, onion, celery, pepper, sugar and 2 tsp. of the salt. Cook until vegetables are barely tender. (You may have to add a couple of tablespoons of water to start the cooking.) Drain well.

Meanwhile, make a white sauce using the butter, flour, light cream, and the third teaspoon of salt. Pour over drained vegetables and continue cooking on the lowest possible heat until vegetables are cooked.

This is much improved upon standing for several hours in the refrigerator and then reheated. It is even better if made the day before. —Mae Driftmier

GROUND BEEF ROLL

2 Tbls. shortening
1 lb. ground beef
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup finely diced celery
1/4 cup diced green pepper
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
2/3 cup tomato sauce

Melt the shortening in a skillet. Add the ground beef, onion, celery, and green pepper and cook until the beef is browned. Add the salt and pepper and tomato sauce and cook until thickened. Set aside while you make the following crust:

1 1/2 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. dried sage
3 Tbls. shortening
1/3 cup tomato sauce, plus water to
make 1/2 cup liquid

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the sage. Cut in the shortening. Add the tomato sauce mixture and stir just until the flour is moistened. Knead dough gently a few times on a lightly floured board. Roll out to make a 13- by 9-inch rectangle. Spread the beef mixture on the dough, then roll like a jelly roll starting at the 9-inch edge. Place on an ungreased baking sheet and bake in a 375-degree oven about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

CRAIG'S FAVORITE CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 cup corn oil
1 cup buttermilk
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
2 cups sugar
2 cups cake flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup cocoa
1 Tbls. soda
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
flavoring
1 cup boiling water

Beat together the oil, buttermilk, eggs and butter flavoring. Sift dry ingredients together. Stir into first mixture. Beat well. Add vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Lastly stir in boiling water. This makes a *very thin batter*! Pour into 9- by 13-inch baking pan which has been greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until cake tests done.

Two layers may be baked from this recipe or 2 1/2 dozen cupcakes. Baking time will be less for smaller pans, of course.

This is a marvelously flavored, black chocolate cake. It stays moist. A light icing may be used. —Evelyn

SHRIMP AND MACARONI SALAD

1 1/4 cups macaroni, cooked and
drained
1 can shrimp, drained
4 hard-cooked eggs, diced
1 cup celery, diced
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country
Style dressing

Bits of pimiento if desired

Combine all ingredients. Toss well. Chill until time to serve. Pretty on a lettuce cup and delicious with crispy crackers or toast triangles. A fine luncheon or supper salad dish. —Evelyn

RASPBERRY SWIRL

3/4 cup graham cracker crumbs
3 Tbls. butter, melted
2 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

Combine. Lightly press mixture into well-greased 7- by 11-inch pan. Bake in 375-degree oven for 8 minutes. Cool.

Filling

3 eggs, separated
1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1 cup sugar
1/8 tsp. salt
1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped
topping)
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry
flavoring

Beat egg yolks until thick. Add cream cheese which is at room temperature, sugar and salt. Beat until smooth and light.

Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Whip cream or whipped topping until stiff. Fold egg whites and cream into cheese mixture.

Crush raspberries to a pulp. This may be done in a blender, in a mixer or with a potato masher. Stir in raspberry flavoring. Gently swirl *half* of the raspberry pulp through the cream cheese filling and spoon gently into graham cracker crust. Spoon remaining raspberry pulp over top and swirl lightly with a knife. Freeze. Cover with foil or plastic to store in freezer. Set out a few minutes before time to cut and serve. Makes 8 large portions. —Evelyn

HONEY BARBECUE SAUCE

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup orange juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
flavoring

Combine all ingredients. Use as a basting sauce for pork, ham, chicken, etc. Delicious on oven-baked meats or on grilled meats. The honey has the advantage of helping the sauce stay on the meat. This is also an excellent sauce to brush on skewered fruits and meats as they broil. —Evelyn

CHOCOLATE ANGEL CREAM

1 envelope plain gelatin
 1/3 cup cold water
 1 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate chips
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
 flavoring
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
 Dissolve gelatin in cold water.
 In top part of double boiler combine

chocolate chips, sugar, milk and salt. Cook over hot water until mixture is smooth. Add dissolved gelatin and stir vigorously.

Separate eggs and beat the 3 yolks until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Beat small amount of chocolate mixture into egg yolks and then return to double boiler and cook an additional 5 minutes. Turn into bowl to thicken.

Before it is firm fold in the 3 egg whites that have been beaten until peaks form — add 1/4 cup sugar to egg whites. Lastly fold in the heavy whipped cream. —Lucile

COUNTRY-STYLE STEAK

Round steak, cut 1½ to 2 inches thick
 1 Tbls. garlic juice or salt
 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. black pepper
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country
 Style dressing
 1 cup coarse crumbs (bread or
 cracker)

Make a paste of all ingredients with exception of bread or cracker crumbs. Spread on each side of steak pressing in with back of spoon. Continue until all sauce is used. Let stand at least 1/2 hour. Coat with crumbs. Tuck into brown paper sack, fasten with skewers or paper clips. Place bag on cooky sheet for ease in handling and bake for 40 minutes at 375 degrees or until desired degree of doneness is reached.

This may also be baked in a covered roaster or wrapped loosely in aluminum foil, but the brown bag cooking does very fine and produces a moist, nicely cooked meat. The flavor is delicious — real gourmet steak! —Evelyn

DELICIOUS CHERRY BARS**1st Layer:**

2 cups sifted flour
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 cup margarine, softened
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring

Mix this all together and pat into the bottom of a 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan. Bake about 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

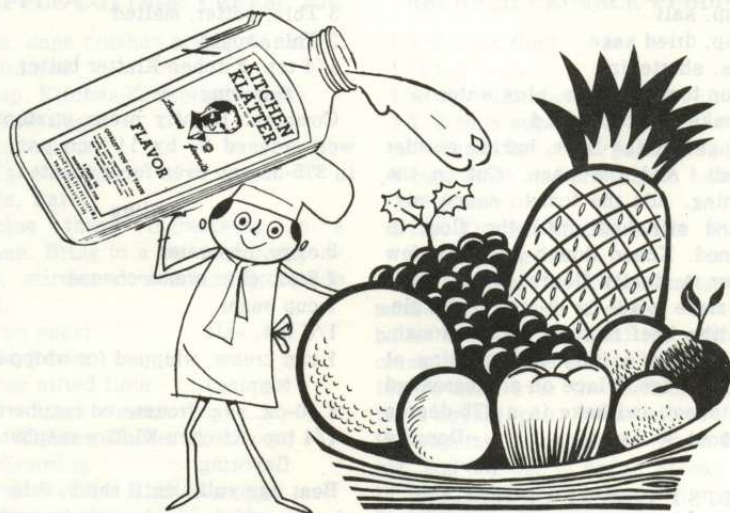
2nd Layer:

2 eggs, plus 1 egg yolk
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly
 packed
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup flour
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry
 flavoring
 1/3 cup chopped maraschino cherries
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1/2 cup coconut

Beat the eggs and brown sugar together, then add all the rest of the ingredients, blending well. Pour over the 1st layer and bake 25 to 30 minutes longer at the same oven temperature. When cool, frost with the following icing:

1 egg white
 2 cups powdered sugar
 2 Tbls. cherry juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry
 flavoring
 2 Tbls. margarine, softened

Beat the egg white; beat in the powdered sugar, cherry juice and cherry flavoring. Beat in the margarine. —Dorothy



THE MAGIC BOTTLE

Need some magic in your meals? Need variety without extravagance? Like to add a little surprise?

Reach for the magic bottles!

Perhaps you'd like a mint flavor in your luncheon tea. Or a whiff of coconut in custard or chocolate pie. Or maybe black walnut in ice cream. You probably have lots of better ideas already.

Look at the list below. Don't you have a recipe that could be improved with a few drops of flavor? Remember that a little bit goes a long way, because **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** are full strength, and their taste and aroma never cook out.

Orange
 Burnt Sugar
 Strawberry
 Butter

Raspberry
 Maple
 Coconut
 Cherry

Almond
 Black Walnut
 Vanilla
 Pineapple

Blueberry
 Banana
 Lemon
 Mint

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00.) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

MARY BETH AND DONALD MEET INTERESTING GUESTS AT DINNER PARTY

Dear Friends:

I'm going to try to finish this letter this month with as few interruptions as possible. Our beautiful kitty, Simba, has become inordinately interested in Katharine's and Adrienne's fish in their bedroom, so when I hear the sounds of lapping water I shall have to run. Simba has numerous opportunities to obtain drinking water but she seems to have a little personality quirk that makes her want to drink the fishbowl water. Many times during the week Katharine is awakened during the night by the sounds of that obstinate cat trying to drain the candy dish which doubles as a fishbowl. The bowl sits on the desk right beside Katharine's bed, and it is quite a noise because the bowl holds several cupfuls of water. Now Adrienne has bought herself a fishy pet, too, and Simba can quite stuff herself to the point of sloshing between her extended drinking bouts at these bowls. The pitiful fish swim about in quite a frenzy, apparently aware of the danger from their visitor.

I have been delighted with the letters I have received from the Worthington, Minnesota, readers who were acquainted with Larry Schlick and Pat since I mentioned that we're friends and fellow teachers, if not close neighbors. Since then we've had a charming evening at their house for a lovely dinner. Their son Michael, who was in my class last year, has become friends with one of the boys in this class, so Pat and Larry invited the parents of this boy, too. I was acquainted with these people but had never had such a golden opportunity to sit and visit with them as one gets at a dinner party.

There has been such a great deal of talk about the prisoners of war resulting from this dreadful war in Viet Nam, that I was totally unprepared for the resulting conversation with the husband of this other couple. The gentleman and his wife are both German, and their boys speak fluent German as well as English. Imagine my jaw-open surprise when this man told me that he, too, had been a prisoner of war in North Carolina for four years! I am by no spark of the imagination comparing our prisoner-of-war camps to those of the Viet Cong, but this man was speaking of his activities as a POW. He is a man of obvious breeding; he has gone on to educate himself as an outstanding orthopedic surgeon, having received a Fullbright Scholarship after his return to Germany. He was drafted directly from Gymnasium when he was just a boy of 17, and was with Rommel's



We just received this new picture of Adrienne and she looks so grown up we hardly recognized her!

troops in Africa when they were being driven back across that continent. Donald could not help but wonder if his brother Frederick had not been near him, because as he remembered Frederick was in Africa at that time.

This man was at hard labor while he was in this country as our prisoner of war. When the war ended he was sent by boat back to the continent of Europe, but his ship was intercepted in a harbor outside England, where these men were again put into a war camp, as prisoners, and put to work building roads for yet another two years. It was a total of seven years from the time he was drafted until he again saw his parents.

The conversation then jumped from 30-year-old history to 300-year-old history. Donald and I had just come from taking the family to see the movie *Cromwell*, and we were interested in learning some of the historical details that this movie brushed over lightly. This fine man was able, in English, to tell us the history of German and French and English wars, and of how the countries were politically divided in a manner that made me feel as though there is something lacking in our American way of teaching history. Certainly Europe has had centuries more to build up history, but this man was certainly outstandingly well schooled in his dates and facts.

Before I forget, I highly recommend the movie *Cromwell*. We took Adrienne, Paul, and Katharine, and I can say that even without background work in the subject of English turmoil, any 10-year-old child could comprehend the story in *Cromwell* and find it interesting. We adults thought it was outstanding. With all the filth that is making its way to the screens of theaters, I certainly hope that the good movies will be able to make a financial "go" of it.

Going to Larry and Pat Schlick's house was a rare treat in itself. Pat served delicious chicken cacciatore,

and she is a cook of extraordinary talent. I was impressed with Larry's vast collection of guns and phonographs. All of the Worthington people know about Larry's world-famous collection of phonographs, dating all the way back to the first ones ever made by Edison, and literally dozens of those made by Berliner in 1887. All together I would guess that Larry has 300 of the instruments with their accompanying flower-shaped bell speakers. The entire third story of their rambling house is filled with their beautiful antiques.

Since April, Paul has been staying after school for practice with the track team. This is a rather long day for all of us, so we looked around for another means of his getting home to Delafield. In this manner Adrienne and I, particularly, would not be hanging around school from 2:30 until 5:30 waiting for various people. We finally found a suitable means of transportation, and would you believe it is a train? He walks about half a mile to the Brookfield railroad tracks, where the 6 o'clock commuter from Milwaukee comes to an abbreviated stop to let the downtown men off and pick up one tall boy and carry him fifteen minutes worth to Nashotah, where they again stop long enough to disgorge their commuters. Donald drove the car the six miles to this little crossroads and brought Paul home. We had rather late dinners the last six weeks of school so Paul could sit down to a hot meal with all of us.

Then to make our schedule more complex, Donald began going once each week to a school in Waukesha, another neighboring town, where he is taking classes to become a licensed realtor. Rather than teach summer school this year he decided to get his hand in on something at which he surely has had actual experience. We have sold enough houses to be almost unlicensed brokers, and Donald is a good salesman. In Wisconsin it is necessary to have a couple of different licenses to be a house trader, but the area here in the heart of the lakes is rich with changing real estate, so I anticipate he will be busier and possibly find it more rewarding monetarily than the two months of teaching school.

Katharine has passed her sixteenth birthday and has been taking a state-required course in drivers' education. There is a 30-hour requirement of classwork, where they study road rules, and nine hours of road experience. (Seems to me this is a little mixed-up. There ought to be 30 hours of road experience and nine hours of classwork.) Anyhow, we are allowed to teach our child to drive after the state of

(Continued on page 22)

A DAY TO DUST

by
Evelyn Birkby

Today started out to be a nice, quiet day without promise of any kind of interruptions. Just the kind in which to write Kitchen-Klatter.

But I made a mistake the moment I walked into the study to begin. I noticed the dust! So back I went to the cleaning closet, got out the dustcloth and returned to the study to get rid of the dust before I began to write.

The west wall of the study is made up of built-in shelves plus a desk. The desk came first, so when Robert put up the shelves he made them just the right length to surround the needed piece of furniture. The shelves are a great boon for books, papers, pictures and knickknacks. It is also a fine place for dust to collect and it was this dust I was after.

A box, I needed a box. So down into the basement I went to find a cardboard box. Into this first went the large items: two fine old oil lamps unearthed in a caved-in ditch behind an abandoned dump, the ruby red punch bowl and the eleven matching cups found in a delightful secondhand store attic, assorted bottles which Craig has brought upstairs from his collection for safe keeping, and the ancient basket which holds the Christmas cactus plant given me by a dear friend. The plant has never bloomed, primarily because I do not have the proper light for it, but it grows green and lush to add to the decorative quality on the shelves.

Smaller items come off next: the Scottish doll sent to me by a friend travelling in that country which was homeland for my great-grandfather Corrie, the darling ceramic deer given to me as a birthday gift by my sister-in-law just a few weeks before the Sidney artist who created it died, a collection of twelve old celluloid animals I found in the bottom of a box purchased at an auction sale, and the three Mexican handcarved wooden figures Bob brought home to me the first year he went to Philmont National Scout Ranch in New Mexico.

As I dust the figures I think of Bob's preparation to go to Philmont again this summer. He is scheduled to work on the conservation staff. (Last year he taught Mexican cookery to the Scouts as they went through his camp.) It is my understanding that a conservationist puts a pack on his back, hikes out to the location of a conservation project where he sets up his own camp and begins work. As Scout troops come by on the Philmont trails they will assist in the task as part of their own conservation projects. When one job is complete, Bob will move on to



Jeff Birkby is the second Eagle Scout in the Birkby family. He was presented this highest award which may be earned by a Scout in a recent Eagle Court of Honor held in Sidney, Iowa.
—Photo by Barton

the next. It sounds like varied and challenging work.

The most recent picture of Bob comes off the shelf next. He has just completed his junior year at Morningside College. While he is majoring in English, he still keeps his piano work developing. As I place the picture in the box I recall the evening just a few weeks ago when he phoned to tell us he had won the Elizabeth Sammon's piano contest at the college. He had played selections by Chopin and Liszt for the competition and I plug in the tape recorder and put on a tape he made for us of those two numbers when he was home for spring vacation.

With the sounds of the piano surrounding me, I take down the next picture on the shelf. It is a brand-new one of Jeff in his Scout uniform with his Eagle badge proudly pinned to his chest. It takes years of work and much determination to reach the Eagle rank and Jeff stayed with it until he had it completed. He shared the Eagle Court of Honor with another Sidney Scout, Niel Hills, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Hills. It was a great moment in the lives of both our families to see our boys reach such a worthwhile goal.

Another new picture on the shelf is of Craig in his Scout uniform. Normally he would not have been in line for a picture this year, but this is a passport picture. How strange it seems to have a member of the family preparing to go out of the country! Craig has been busy getting his shots taken, filling out questionnaires of all kinds and working hard to raise the money to help on his expenses to the 13th World Jamboree of the Boy Scouts. This great gather-

ing of boys from all over the world will be held in Japan in August. It makes me breathless just to think one of our sons will be in attendance!

The pile of music on the shelf must be sorted. It reminds me of the many hours of practice both Jeff and Craig have put in these last few months. Both boys entered the Iowa State High School piano contest as well as playing their trombones in the small groups and in the concert band contest. Their piano instructor, Miss Elizabeth Taylor of Shenandoah, also presented them in a concert in Omaha the end of April, so music really got a *workout*.

The shelf of encyclopedias is next but the volumes really need little dusting; they come off and on the shelves so fast and often the dust has no chance to catch up with them. Term papers came along toward the end of the school year. Jeff's junior English paper was on *lighter-than-air craft*. The fact that the dirigible, "Roma" was commanded by a Sidney native, Major John Thornell, added interest to his research. Craig's freshman topic was his *philosophy of life*. Not only did he have to write his own concepts but read a large number of books putting forth the philosophy of life of *others*.

My shelf filled with recipe books attests to the fact that, although I never intentionally set out to collect such volumes, I am doing so nevertheless. Oldest volume in my file is an original *White House Cookbook* dated 1900 so I dust it carefully. I can't say which book is my favorite; I enjoy the ones from various parts of the country, the one filled with Scottish recipes, and the *Herb Cookbook* comes down frequently. However, the marvelous Kitchen-Klatter recipes have first priority and I only wish I had them in a cookbook all in one place!

On this same shelf is a book Mother (Mrs. Mae Corrie) gave me last year for my birthday. It is *The Home Has a Heart* by Thyra Bjorn. She discusses holidays and special days in her home and includes delicious recipes from her Swedish background. My thoughts turn to Mother as I dust this book. She has not been too well this spring so I have dashed up to Des Moines for a day or two whenever possible. We talk fast and I sew on buttons and straighten drawers and shelves as we visit. If she feels well enough we walk out through the rose garden or go for a short ride around the city.

My! but the time has gone fast and the boys will soon be coming from school and Robert will be arriving home from work. I thought this would be a good day to write about all the spring activities of our family, but I got started dusting the shelves and did that instead!

VISITING FERN RAVINE IN THE OZARKS

by
Fern Christian Miller

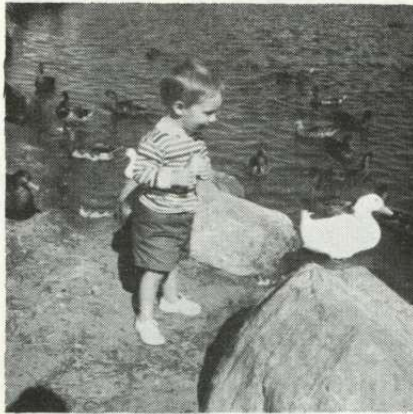
Wild ferns have held a great fascination for me for years, possibly because, having spent my childhood on the Osage prairies of west central Missouri, I seldom saw ferns except in pictures. Last spring my naturalist son asked us to come with him to see a real Ozark fern ravine. (He lives near where the Ozarks meet the plains.) Some friends came to go bird watching, so his wife took me.

It was a gray, cloudy spring day as we drove south into the edge of the Ozark hills. We turned off the highway on a graveled country road. This was a wooded section with few houses. The rocks, hills, and streams plainly showed the ancient water action that had hollowed out caves and left deep ravines that apparently emptied into underground streams, as most were dry. We parked near a gate in a wooded pasture. (My son had asked permission to get ferns and other botanical specimens in this place.)

We took our apple box, with handholds, and trowels, and walked up a faint wagon trail through the trees. At the top of the hill we came to a clearing among the giant oaks, hickories, and walnuts. We followed a wire fence for a distance, then came to an open gap and crossed into more open woods. We came to the cliff-like edge of a deep, rocky ravine where we actually looked down into the tops of tall trees growing in the old riverbed below. Following the edge of this ravine, we came to a sloping wash where we could easily descend into the ravine. Down the moss-covered rocks we scrambled to find ourselves in a silent, narrow gorge with a few giant trees, moss, ferns, rocks, shallow rock-bottomed pools, and caves.

As we made our way along this winding ravine, we came to a lovely waterfall tumbling down the rocks from some spring in the rocks above. This light tinkling water made a drapery over the mouth of a shallow cave. Maidenhair ferns cascaded down over the rocks on each side of the miniature falls. We couldn't possibly have reached these ferns. But I found a clump of the shade-loving maidenhair (*Adiantum Pedatum*) on a rock below.

Growing here and there in the moss on the huge rocks were mats of rich green Christmas ferns (*Polystichum Acrostichoides*). We carefully took up a few of these and put them in a plastic bag with a damp sponge. Here and there we saw the odd, walking fern (*Campptosorus Rhizophyllus*). These



James thought sharing his sandwich with ducks was great fun as long as they didn't come too close.

we left, as we had no place suitable to grow them.

On the rocky cliff sides we found the beautiful little blunt-lobed cliff ferns (*Woodsia Obtusifolia*). I took a few of the lacy beauties. At one point in a wet, deeply-shaded place we found giant clumps of the locust or royal ferns (*Osmunda Regalis*). I was amazed at their cord-like roots.

I could have walked and looked all day. But since my daughter-in-law's mother was holding our respective grandson in the car, we decided to go back. We found a wash and climbed out, only to discover this was not where we had come in. We looked at the sky — no sun! We looked at the trees for moss on the north side. Moss all around the tree! Our sense of direction was gone. We each took a handhold on our box and walked slowly, watching for the fence we had followed by the clearing. After a bit we found a fence and followed it, watching for the wagon trail. But we found ourselves in brush and thicker trees.

We turned back and soon found our trail and followed it out to the car. The baby-sitting grandmother said she had blown the car horn repeatedly, thinking we were surely lost, but we had never heard a sound. We all had a jolly laugh of relief, and headed for home. We divided our ferns, and set them out in our gardens in the cool of the late evening. The shower that followed was just what they needed.

As the fiddle heads of my ferns, north of the house and garage, thrust up out of the leaf mold this spring, I think back on that trip with great pleasure.

OUTLOOK

Sweet bride of June,
All earth's attune
To summer and sweet love,
And you are on this hill of Time,
Radiant, confident, sublime —
With bluest skies above. —Mary Kurtz

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES — Concl.

If the bills are creased into folds before tying, it will work better, then gently pull the ends of the money along with the flowers to make a pretty lei shape. At some time during the festivities someone can make a brief speech and place the lei around the anniversary bride's neck. If the cash given is a large enough amount, give both the husband and wife a lei of love-money.



A BRIDE'S GUIDE TO SALADS

You and I know all about salads, but perhaps there's a young bride around who could profit from a few tips. So, just for fun, we asked our favorite salad chef for some tips. Here they are:

1. *Tear, don't cut.* Cutting lettuce with knife or shears makes brown edges. Always tear lettuce.

2. *Cool it.* Warm lettuce is limp lettuce. If it must go directly from garden or store to salad, rinse it, put it in a plastic bag, and slip it into the freezer for a few minutes.

3. *Salt at the last minute.* wait as long as possible to salt your greens. Salt kills crispness, too.

4. *Tomatoes contain water.* Many salad experts don't like to use tomatoes, because they add liquid to the salad. If you like tomatoes in your salad, be sure to use a rich, full-flavored dressing like **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style**. You'll like this one, because it's not too tart, not too sweet. Just a great combination of oils, vinegar and herbs . . . a taste that everyone, young or old, will enjoy.

**Kitchen-Klatter
Country Style
Dressing**

LETTERS WE WANT TO SHARE WITH YOU

Dear Friends:

We don't hear very much about mobile homes for retired farmers in our section of the country, but believe me, it has surely been a Godsend for our family.

My husband's parents have lived on this farm for almost 50 years and they just couldn't imagine leaving it and moving to town. But their ten-room house was far too much for Mother to try and keep up, and Dad's health was so precarious (he has a heart condition) that it was really very inadvisable for them to be alone out here.

My husband farms the land and since we were married we have lived in a five-room house about a mile from here, an arrangement that had its drawbacks from the viewpoint of getting the work done.

Then too, with three children we were badly cramped for space and had considered building on a couple of rooms, even though we really didn't want to do this. While we were in this period of uncertainty we happened to go to the opening of a new mobile home sales service, and after spending a couple of hours there we felt that perhaps this was the answer to our problems.

At first the folks were doubtful about how they'd like it after so many years in a large house, but the more they thought about it the more sensible it seemed. So two years ago we made the big shift. My family moved into the big house and Mother and Dad moved into the mobile home that was placed at the far end of our large yard.

The whole thing has worked out wonderfully well for all of us. Mother enjoys keeping house in her highly convenient home and can continue to work with the flowers that have always been her greatest pleasure. Dad is right there on the farm he has always loved so much and can keep an eye on everything without worrying as he would have done if he had lived in town.

We have an intercom between our two places and can relax now at night knowing that if they need help we are right there and not a mile down the road. All in all, it surely was the solution to our problems and everyone concerned is very, very pleased with the arrangement. We just wish that we'd made the move several years ago when mobile homes were first available in our community.

—Nebraska



Leaving for the Iowa State Mothers House Party in Des Moines are Leanna Driftmier (State Mother of 1954), daughter, Dorothy Johnson, and granddaughter, Emily Driftmier.

There were six children in this family and if they had been orphans they couldn't have been more neglected. Their father was a salesman on the road and was almost never at home. Their mother was surely about just the worst housekeeper who ever lived, and the old phrase about living in a pigsty really fit them to a "T".

Not only was their house a ruin, but there were never meals prepared and those children just grabbed up something and stood in the kitchen and ate it. Once in a great while there was some laundry done, but most of the time they went around in distressingly dirty clothes. It's pretty hard to imagine next-door neighbors more upsetting than that family.

My mother had a heart as big as a gold mine, and along with this she was a wonderful homemaker in the true sense of the word. Although there were four children in our family she kept a very orderly house, was an exceptionally good cook, and somehow never seemed to be too busy to do all kinds of nice things with us. Surely a better mother never lived.

As I grew older I began to feel impatient with her because she put up with so much from those children next door. It seemed to me that they just about lived at our house — it was almost unheard of for us to sit down to a meal without at least one of them at the table. Time and time again she washed and ironed dresses for the little girls so they could go to school looking like the other children. I couldn't begin to count the number of times she saw to it that they were scrubbed and dressed so they could go to Sunday school. Never once, not once, did she ever send them home telling them sharply that that's where they belonged.

When I was a teen-ager they moved

away to another state and for a good many years we didn't know where they were or what had become of them. Once in a while Mother expressed concern about them and said she couldn't imagine how in the world they were getting along, but as time passed all of us pretty much forgot the problem family next door.

It must have been about ten years ago that Mother called me one afternoon greatly excited. (By this time I was married and in my own home, of course.) The two oldest girls were on their road to California and had stopped to see her and she wanted me to come right over and see them too.

Well, I went and I was very much surprised to see two extremely charming and lovely women, both of them teachers at a high school in New York state. They had worked their way through college, and the other four children had also gotten good educations on their own. One of the boys was a doctor, one was a lawyer, and two of them were businessmen in Philadelphia.

This call was the beginning of a wonderful experience in Mother's life. All of them wrote to her several times a year, they remembered her at Christmas and on her birthday with lovely gifts, and eventually all six of them had called on her when they were on trips. They made it plain to her, without criticizing their mother, that she had been a friend whose kindness they could never repay. I'd always thought that they took for granted everything that she did for them, but this was far from the case. They remembered countless things that I had long since forgotten.

Mother is gone now and if she knew that I referred to her as a Saint she would be embarrassed, but that's exactly what she was. I've never known anyone else who had so much genuine Christian compassion for other people. Not only her own four children, but the six children next door (and who knows how many others?) are grateful for the privilege they had of knowing her.

—Kansas



THIRTY-ONE YEARS LATER

Grab a hot dog on the run,
Dash around in search of fun,
A schedule that's mighty tight
To fill the day and cram the night —
Vacation time was thus for me
When I had just turned twenty-three.

Now I slow to search each day
For treasures missed along the way —
The shine of sky, the breath of wind
And winding paths around the bend,
Time to dream, digest, explore —
Vacation time at fifty-four!!

—Leta Fulmer

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Folks:

When I was a girl growing up in Kansas a good many years ago we had a family living next door to us that could only be called a real problem.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

There are several gardening tasks still remaining to be done before one can rest on his laurels. It isn't too late to plant many annual flowers and vegetables that you didn't get in the ground during May. You can still plant marigolds, zinnias, annual phlox, nasturtiums, and morning glories and expect them to give a good display of bloom in late summer and fall.

One of our main projects this spring was to plant a complete zinnia garden. By this I mean to try to grow every conceivable type of zinnia available. Alfred prepared a bed, three feet wide and over 60 feet long, in a sunny strip west of the house for the planting. He removed all the sod, wheeled it to the compost pile, and then worked the strip with the rotary tiller to a fine tilth. He spread a five cubic foot bag of peat moss over the surface and tilled it into the soil. This was to make it more friable and water retentive.

We started as many of the zinnia seedlings in the greenhouse as possible so that we would get earlier blooms than from those that were seeded directly in the plot. Down the center went the F1 Hybrid Zenith zinnias, Bonanza, orange; Firecracker, red; Lipstick, crimson; Rosy Future, rose-pink; Torch, bright orange; Yellow Zenith, a lovely yellow. You get only 20 seeds in the smaller packets at 50¢ each but these cactus-flowered zinnias are truly magnificent. The blooms attain 6 inches in width, the foliage is thick and a healthy rich, dark green color.

Completing the center row of the larger type zinnias are Zipasee with blooms very similar to the Zeniths but in more diversified colors. Wild Cherry, an F1 hybrid All-America winner with giant, cherry-rose cactus-like flowers is interspersed among the others. We planted a packet of Wind Witch, new for 1971, a crested-flowered little beauty that comes in gold, white, red, and scarlet separate colors. On the outer edges of the long bed are miniature zinnias such as the Lilliputs, the Cut and Come Again, the Buttons, the bicolors such as Whirligig, Peppermint Stick, Pinwheel mixed, Merry-go-round, and the multicolored types, Persian Carpet and Old Mexico. Edging the bed are innumerable plants of Thumbelina, the dwarfest of all zinnias. Our concern now is to control the cutworms and to keep it weed free until the plants take over all the area. Hopefully, we can get some good pictures when the bed is in full bloom.



Alison Driftmier receives last minute help from her sister Emily.

SHOE IN THE CUCUMBER PATCH

by

Evelyn Cason

Much as we may like to think of ourselves as being modern, in gardening as well as other things, it is still fun sometimes to keep up old family traditions for their own sake. Pet superstitions are followed, not because we believe in them, but because they bring closer the memory of a loved one. That is the reason we placed an old shoe in our cucumber patch year after year — because my husband's grandfather swore that it insured a good cucumber yield. I am sure that Grandfather's green thumb was largely responsible for his success with cucumbers just as it was with the rest of a good garden. But who knows? Maybe our own cucumbers worked just a little harder, just as we did, because the memory of a grand old man came alive for us as we followed that which he had taught us.

There are other tricks which helped us with our cucumbers, and a couple of other more authentic green thumb secrets which may do the trick for someone else, as well. Two or three moth-balls, pushed into the soil below the seed in the cucumber hills or rows, will discourage the bugs from working on the vines.

As a method of conserving space in our garden, my husband sank the tub from an old washing machine (salvaged from the city dump) part way into the soil. Cucumber seeds were planted in the tub, and vines ran out from it; and from only a small space which needed to be cared for, it was possible to keep the family in plenty of pickles. We also used the same idea for cantaloupe and watermelon, and the border of our garden became a conversation piece with these as well as our strawberry barrel.

And if you have found it difficult to grow beets because the weeds outpace them, hiding the small plants when they finally make their way through, there is a simple trick which may help you over-

come this problem. Plant radish seed in the same row with beets, carrots, or other seed which are slow to mature. The faster-growing radishes will break the soil, giving the others a chance for growth. The radishes can be thinned and used in the regular manner, and the beets or carrots will follow in the natural course of events.

Just one more bit of folklore I'd like to pass along to other gardeners, for what it is worth. Those who have tried it told me that if gourds are planted in the garden, or along the garden fence, snakes will not come around. I am not particularly afraid of snakes, but I do love gourds, so it is fun to think that I was proving the theory with the gourds we planted along our fence. I don't remember seeing even garden snakes that year, but the gourds of every variety, shape, and size which ran along the fence in a wealth of profusion made their own frame for a memory I have cherished year after year.



We know you're busy as a bee this time of year, but do take a rest each weekday and and listen to Kitchen-Klatter. You can find us on the following radio stations:

KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 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.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:10 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 2:05 P.M.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God won national recognition for Marjorie Holmes with her book of "apron-pocket prayers." Now a new collection of warm and very human prayers is recently off the press. In this book, *Who Am I, God?*, Marjorie Holmes devotes her attention to the challenges and rewards every woman faces in today's frenzied world. These prayers offer comfort and insight for any woman who has ever asked, "Where am I going in this world and why? Will the 'real me' ever emerge? Who am I, God?"

"This Day's Work" is an appropriate prayer to quote to *Kitchen-Klatter* readers:

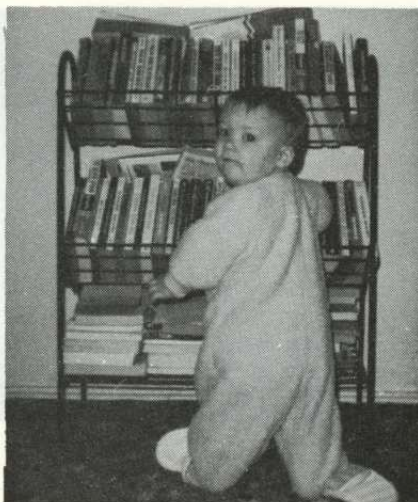
"Lord, please bless this day's work.

"The work that I will be doing, and the work that my husband does today. And the work of our children, at school and on their jobs.

"Give each of us a sense of genuine interest and enthusiasm for it. Help us to be cheerful about it, even the parts of it we don't really like.

"Help us not to become bitter and discouraged when things don't go the way we want. Keep us from indifference or laziness. Help us never, under any circumstances, to cheat.

"And may the work that we do today be worthy of our efforts. Something that helps rather than hurts. Builds instead of destroys. Work that makes some real contribution to the decency,



Katharine Lowey, caught in the act as she pulls books off the shelves.

comfort, wisdom and happiness of the world.

"Lord, give us a sense of satisfaction at the end of this day's work.

"Let us be able to look back on it, whatever its successes or failures, with pride; with the knowledge that it was worth doing and that we did our best.

"Thank you, God, for blessing and guiding us through this day's work."

Another prayer which readers will appreciate is titled "Psalm for Women Who Serve the Lord" which I quote:

"Who can surpass the beauty of women who do your work, oh, Lord? The beauty of their willing bodies and busy hands. The beauty of their character, their compassion, their sacrifices.

"He that has eyes to see, let him see, and ears to hear, let him hear, we are told. How beautiful is the face of the woman who has both, for she sees and hears the need.

"She visits the ill, the poor, the lost and lonely, those who are broken in

body or spirit, whatever their age. They brighten at sight of her, they cling to her hand. She reads to them, writes for them, above all she listens to them. And her coming is often the one thing that gives them the courage to go on.

"Or, a casserole in one hand, a Bible in the other, she gathers with others for sales and suppers and bazaars.

"She has brought the fruits and flowers of her garden, the products of her kitchen and sewing machine.

"Thank you for these wonderful women. They are angels in aprons, saints in station wagons. Surely they are beautiful in your sight, and blessed in the eyes of all who know them.

"You have given the world no lovelier gift than women who serve you, Lord."

Who Am I, God? (Doubleday & Company, Inc., 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, New York 11530, \$3.95) by Marjorie Holmes should be in church libraries, public libraries, and your own home library.

The book *Norman Rockwell Illustrator* by Arthur L. Gupitill was first published 25 years ago. Now there is a new anniversary edition, published as it first appeared, with the color plates and fascinating marginal drawings created by Rockwell. Norman Rockwell is known as the artist who portrayed the "American Man" — his dreams, his triumphs, his failures, pleasures and trials.

Mr. Rockwell's first *Saturday Evening Post* cover appeared in May of 1916, when the artist was just twenty-one. With that cover began the career of one of the few living American artists whose name and work are both known and loved by millions of Americans.

How many of you recall the Thanksgiving *Post* cover of 1945? Or the April Fool cover of 1943? Or the very popular homecoming soldier? Or the Willie Gillis family portraits? These are just a few of those found in *Norman Rockwell Illustrator*. In 1943 he created the Four Freedoms which first appeared in the *Post* and then were used in connection with the Treasury Department's War Bond drives. Many consider these paintings his masterpieces: Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Want, and Freedom from Fear.

Published by Watson-Gupitill Publications, New York, for \$17.50, this is a book that libraries will want to order, and readers will want to enjoy.

Mr. Rockwell has gained new recognition with his moon-shot painting, which is now in the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Rockwell was named "Artist of the Year, 1969" by his colleagues of the Artists Guild of New York.

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MEDALS FOR DAD - Concluded

Quit your crying, stop your fussing;
I don't blame the boy for cussing" -
Always takes the fellow's part.
Hope to die and cross my heart,
When your man you've married, honey,
Fathers certainly are funny!

-Author Unknown

When a little girl thrusts her small hand in yours, it may be smeared with chocolate ice cream, or grimy from petting a dog, and there may be a bandage around a finger.

But the most important thing about her hands is that they are the hands of the future. These hands are the hands that someday may hold a Bible, or spin a gambling wheel, rock a baby to sleep or throw rocks in a riot, plant a garden or sow seeds of dissension and strife, gently smooth the wrinkles from a hospital bed or tremble uncontrollably from an alcoholic mind.

Right now, that hand is yours. It asks for help and guidance. It represents a full-fledged personality in miniature to be respected as a separate individual whose day-to-day growth is *your* responsibility.

-Adapted

SKIT**Reflections on the Seven Ages of a Girl**

Note: These reflections of a father as he follows his daughter through the various stages of her life should be read by a man, who stands to the side front of the stage. As he reads, scenes or pantomimes illustrating these stages in a girl's life, take place on the center stage. Let each scene be suggested by each reflection.

Babyhood: There's a smile on my face that seems to remain, my eyes tell a story I know; and everyone thinks as I strut down the street I haven't a care or a woe. Oh, it's plain I'm content and proud as can be, though my brain's in a sort of a whirl. If you think you are happy, you ought to see me, I'm the dad of a new baby girl!

Girlhood: There comes a time the three-year-old becomes a regular question box, when she is taken with that disease called "question-pox". "Where did the snow go, Daddy? Why is the sky so blue? If I could hang up there like the stars, would I shine brightly, too? Why can't you touch a rainbow? What makes water into ice? Why is my hair brown and John's hair red - Daddy, do you think cats are nice?"

Teen Girl: Hours on the phone, plucked eyebrows; skirts as short as the folks will allow; off to a movie, off to a game; off to band practice, overnight at Mayme's. Sing in the sextette, lead in the play; home - snatch a hamburger and she's on her way! Stacks of hit records, turned on noise; giggles, whispers, round-about plans - and boys! Please, lend me strength, if

there's strength to be had. She's got me going and coming - you see, I'm just her dad!

Graduate: Twelve years - how they've flown. Now our little lass is one of sixty-five in her graduating class. Her mother and I, well, we heave a sigh. Really, we often wondered about those teens - would we ever get her by? But after all the scrambling and rushing long and late, there she is - our sweet girl graduate!

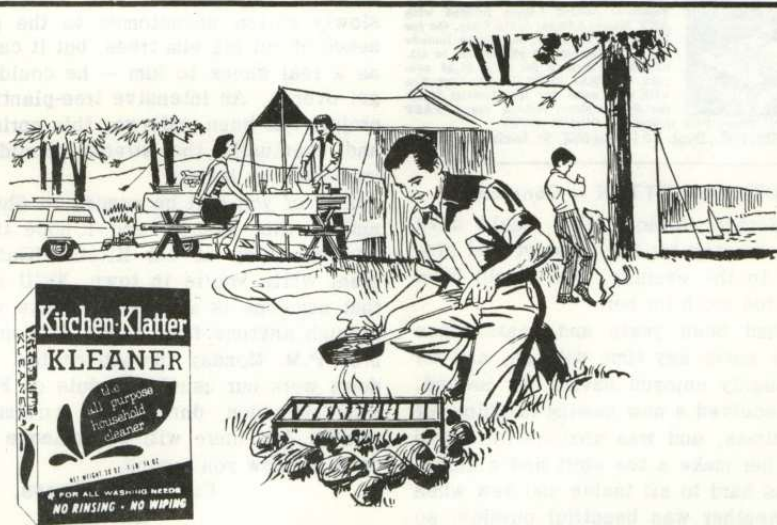
College Girl: My college girl - there she stands at the threshold of womanhood, ready to experiment, ready to dare; restless to try her new wings of freedom, while I, though she falter, must not turn a hair! Home for weekends, she brings with her a new set of friends who talk over our heads as they plan to remake the world. There are her letters filled with sorority teas, a dance, the football game, cramming for finals, and beaux with many names. Suddenly we read between the lines - someone special now all her dreams is sharing - and we're not surprised when they come home to show us the diamond she is wearing.

Bride: There she is, so beautiful, our bride. Sweet wife-to-be with star-filled eyes, our pride. God keep you, dear, and guide you through your life; our

love and prayers will follow you and him who calls you wife.

Motherhood: Before we know it your house is full of different things, squirmy, crawly, swimming things - hamsters, fish, turtles, and rabbits, and peculiar bugs with wandering habits; there are toy stoves, and cupboards, and dolls who have now come to reside in the spic-and-span house which was once your pride. I look on all the noise and clutter and chuckle with glee - because the owners of all these things you call junk are *my* grandchildren you see!

My wish for you, my dearest daughter, is to know the joy of a home of your own where may be heard the laugh of a baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father, the warmth of loving hearts and light from happy eyes; where fathers and mothers are respected, where the children are wanted; where the simplest of food is good enough for kings because it is earned, where money is not so important as loving kindness; where there is a deep and abiding faith so there can be no doubt what is right and good and kind - this will be a real HOME, and you will be its queen. God bless you! (Adapted from a definition of a home once given by Mme. Schumann-Heink.)

**AS IMPORTANT AS THE SKILLET**

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

for Mother. Although we would have liked to stay for the banquet and program in the evening, this would have been too much for her.

It had been years and years since Emily spent any time with us, and we thoroughly enjoyed having her around. She received a new sewing machine for Christmas, and was anxious for me to help her make a tee shirt and a dress. It was hard to sit inside and sew when the weather was beautiful outside, so she divided her time between her Uncle Frank and me.

We think we have one of the prettiest State Parks right here in our county, and Mother wanted Emily to see it. It had been a long time since I had been there in the spring, and I had forgotten how lovely the many redbud trees and wild plums there were until we saw them in full bloom.

It will soon be time for Frank to come in for his afternoon coffee break, so I must run and put on a fresh pot of coffee. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy



A few minutes' walk in the timber and Emily returned with wild-flowers for her grandmother.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

and I had grave doubts about it, but when spring rolled around this year it was obviously completely gone. I'll miss that slender tree but I don't intend to plant anything else in the same spot for the redbud and Hopa crab have gotten so large that there really isn't room.

Recently an old friend of mine was in town briefly and expressed great dismay at the way streets look today compared to six or seven years ago when he was last here. I suppose those of us who live here have just slowly gotten accustomed to the absence of our big elm trees, but it came as a real shock to him - he couldn't get over it. An intensive tree-planting project has been underway this spring, and eventually the streets shouldn't look quite as barren.

Many of you will be coming to Shenandoah this summer and I hope that you can stop at our Kitchen-Klatter plant while you're in town. We'll see that someone is available to take you through anytime from 10:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. Monday through Friday. We don't work our usual schedule on Friday afternoon during the summer months, but there will be someone on deck to show you around.

Faithfully always,
Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

it. People are going to get hurt in that reaction, but things will be changed, and discipline will be restored, and people will once again learn what it means to live in a society where decent, law-abiding people need not be afraid to leave their doors unlocked, and to walk their city streets after dark.

We are looking forward to a brief trip out to Shenandoah in a few weeks. We haven't decided whether to drive or to fly. I really would prefer to fly because I think it is so much safer than driving, but it does cost so very much. Of

course, it costs a great deal to travel no matter how one goes, but with sensible economies it can be done. I think that the month of June is the loveliest time of the year to visit the Midwest, but then, is there anywhere in the world that isn't at its nicest in June?

Sincerely,
Frederick

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

Wisconsin has said she is qualified, and after that she will be driving the little "bug" car. This has entirely different handling than the station wagon with its power steering and power brakes, and I know she will have a lot of hours to log before we will be turning her loose alone with either car. I don't know yet what this will do to our insurance premiums, but I am confident it will have an impact.

I intend to spend this summer being a happy housewife, I feel sure I will be hard to blast loose from my moorings. I have signed another contract to teach next year, and with the surplus of teachers in Wisconsin I feel fortunate to have such pleasant surroundings to teach in. However, that is years away, the way I feel now.

I'll be writing next month when I hope we have found a good place to swim. Have a good June . . .

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

HALFWAY UP THE BLOCK - Concl.

My fingers clutching the handle were moist with sudden fear. My heart burned with the sting of undeserved guilt. Ever so carefully, so as not to make a sound, I eased the wooden wheels over the diagonal weave of the sidewalk. Tears marked muddy paths down my cheeks, but my lips were tightly clamped to hold back sobs - after all, I was four! Almost out of earshot I heard reprimanding words.

"Marie, you just about broke her heart. She was so proud - - -" Her husband's voice was ashamed, concerned.

"Oh pooh," she trampled on his gentle words, "She's just a kid. She'll forget it before she gets down the street."

The creak of an opening door jerked me back to the present. And there she stood. She was older now, of course, but so much the same - at least to my memory-filled eyes. As I slid behind the wheel, she jutted her fists tightly against her hips and grimaced sarcastically. She didn't recognize me, of course - saw only a potential customer getting away. After all these years how could she possibly see in me that crestfallen little girl of so long ago - a child who *did* remember!

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"THE VERY BEGINNINGS" A well documented, entertaining book of the work of Jessie Field which laid the foundation for 4-H - \$3.00. Write: Faye Whitmore, 620 S. 16th, Clarinda, Iowa 51632.

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SEND FOR MAGNETIC REFRIGERATOR patterns. Butterflies, kerosene lamp, Dennis the Menace, Suzy Sunflower, kittens, cornucopia, Hey Diddle Diddle. \$1.25. Ask for set 20-KK. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Garner, Iowa 50438.

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SEND TODAY FOR YOUR FREE COPY of WORLD'S LARGEST CATALOG of books on Antiques. We stock over 1500 titles at all times. Mid-America Book Company, Dept. KK, Leon, Iowa 50144.

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CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

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LADIES BATH TOWEL JACKET pattern and instructions - 50¢. Mildred Huffman, 1106 Poplar, Wood River, Ill. 62095.

WANT PENPALS? Men, women, servicemen, teens, children we'll publish your letter FREE. Copy of issue containing your letter 50¢. Year subscription \$3.50. HOBBY LOBBY, Box 726, Prinsburg, Minn. 56281.

WANTED: Betty Crocker coupons, Hilex, Red Scissors, Raleigh, LMC, Star, Gold Bond, S&H, or Top Value stamps. Please request information on exchange instructions first. Help, Box 726, Raymond, Minn. 56282.

CHARMING "HELLO" NOTES and postcards for your quick correspondence! 16 notes, envelopes \$1.00. 30 postcards \$1.00. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS, Cashews, Brazils, Black Walnuts, Pecans \$1.75/Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50/Lb. 60 Double-edge Razor Blades \$3.00. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

HOBBY LOBBY HAS PENPALS, refund listing showing refunds available for box-tops and labels of name brand foods from which you can expect to earn at least \$3 an issue for items formerly thrown away, informative articles, handwriting analysis, recipes, homey chats. Monthly newspaper. 50¢ sample copy; \$3.50 per year. Classified ads 5¢ word; 3 times 10¢ word. Circulation 10,000 plus. Hobby Lobby, Box 726, Prinsburg, Minn. 56281.

MONEYMAKING STAINED GLASS easy method booklet - \$1.00. Burwell Studios, 30-6 Richmond St., Clifton, N.J. 07011.

TOY FOR THE DAY - thirty different toys - individually bagged and printed with day in little gift box. \$1.00. TAD'S Toys, 1506 No. 53rd St., Omaha, Nebr. 68104.

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Baseball and Indians

by
Evelyn Witter

Billy stood at the front window. He was waiting for Jeff. Finally he heard a "yoo-hoo" and he knew Jeff had come.

He met his friend in the driveway by the garage. The bat and ball were lying on the grass.

"Ready to hit a few?" Jeff asked.

Billy felt cross. Every day he tried to hit the balls Jeff pitched to him, but most of the time he could not hit them. But Jeff hit every ball that Billy pitched.

This day Billy decided to try harder than ever. He did want to be a good hitter.

Jeff threw the ball. Billy swung the bat. The ball was in back of him! He'd missed again!

It was Jeff's turn to hit. Billy rubbed the ball between his hands. He would throw it so fast that Jeff couldn't hit it, Billy decided. He threw his arm back as far as it would go and sent the ball spinning toward Jeff.

"Smack!" sounded loud in the air as the bat met the ball. The ball sailed high and far into the empty lot next door.

Billy gave Jeff a push. "I don't want to play with you any more!" he shouted. "It's no fun when you always hit the ball and I never do!"

Jeff stared at Billy. There was a tear in his eye. A little cardinal cocked his eye at Billy from the poplar tree.

"I know," said Billy suddenly. He was sorry he had been so cross. "Let's go into the house and look at my Indian collection."

Jeff nodded.

The boys went into the house and into Billy's room. In one corner of the room Billy had pictures of Indians, some arrowheads, and a pair of Indian moccasins.

"What's all this stuff?" Jeff asked interestedly.

Billy explained about Indian tribes. He let Jeff feel the arrows and explained how this was the way the Indians got their food. He told Jeff about the shoes Indians made of soft leather

and Jeff tried on the moccasins.

"Maybe you can't hit a ball but you know a lot about Indians. I don't know anything about Indians." Jeff told Billy.

Billy suddenly had an idea. He said: "You could teach me about baseball and I could teach you about Indians!"

"Sure!" Jeff smiled. "Some people know more about one thing and some people know more about another thing."

"Yes," Billy smiled back. "And helping each other is like the Bible says: 'Be kind to one another.'"

Billy was happy. He knew that Jeff would help him be a good hitter. He could tell Jeff lots of things about Indians. They would help each other and always be good friends.

Give cheerfully with one hand and you will gather well with two.

NEIGHBORS

Neighbors are God's angels in many different ways,
They help when there is sickness and ask no word of praise.

Whenever there is trouble you always can depend

That someone will come running, their sympathy to lend.

When life is going smoothly, how often will appear

A plate of fresh-baked cookies along with words of cheer!

They're always standing ready to do their share and more,

Neighbors are God's angels, I know — I've one next door.

—Author Unknown



They may get a LITTLE dirty.

Since boys will be boys (and coach-dads will, too) it's a good bet that these uniforms will come home after the game pretty badly soiled. Most kids' clothes do, now that spring is here.

Fortunately, there's another team — and this one's on your side. It's the washday team of **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach, since it contains no chlorine, bleaches bright every time, with no danger to fabrics (even new permanent-press and synthetics). Keeps things looking new longer, too. And the perfect team-mate in the wash is **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**, the concentrated, low-suds detergent for all types of washers, all kinds of fabrics.

YEAH, TEAM!

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops