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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends:

This is such a hot, humid July night that I'm grateful for the air-conditioner in our dining room. I write most of my letters at the dining room table and these days it's about the coolest place in the house. There are times when I get a little tired of the hum it makes and decide that it would be more pleasant to have the whole house open, but just wheeling up to the front door is enough to make me change my mind. I can remember quite a few summer nights through the years when no one was able to sleep all night, so air-conditioning has done a lot to improve our comfort in Iowa.

This month you will find Mary Beth's report of little Adrienne, our newest grandchild. We kept hoping right up to the last second that she would arrive in time to get the news in our July issue, and even had made arrangements with the printers to take out a few lines from the last part of my letter so we could add the baby's name and weight. But when the last second had passed and the big press had to start, Donald hadn't yet telephoned and there was nothing to do but go ahead. Only the last few thousand copies were left to print when we finally got the call we'd been waiting for from hour to hour, so we decided to finish the run without trying to make any changes.

When I read Mary Beth's letter and her report on Paul's reaction to the new baby, I remembered back to Margery's birth and what a time we had with Wayne! He lacked just a month of being two when Margery arrived, and the minute he saw the new baby he made up his mind to climb right into bed with me and stay there. This wouldn't have happened if Margery had been born in the hospital, but in those days all babies were born at home (at least this was true in small towns, since Clarinda didn't even have a hospital) and you stayed in bed for two weeks with a nurse to look after things. Wayne spent those two weeks in bed with me—there was no bugging him. He put up such a terrible fuss when anyone tried to get him out on his feet that it was easier just to let him stay. That was the only time we had such an experience. When I got up, Wayne got up too and everything went along smoothly. That hadn't crossed my

mind for a long time until I read Mary Beth's letter.

Of course we are eager to see Adrienne and Mart says that when Donald has the remaining week of his vacation a little later, the two of us are just going to start out and drive to Anderson. We haven't attempted any kind of a trip by ourselves for a long time so I don't know if we'll actually start out or not, but at least it's nice to think about. Wayne and Abigail are also anxious for us to drive out to Colorado towards the end of July, and we think that maybe if we take the trip in easy stages we could manage all right. As you can see, we're just at the "talking stage" about both trips.

My sister Martha has been with us again for a visit and this time we've worked with cherries for the freezer instead of strawberries. She had planned to come back sometime this month, but when Jessie's daughter, Ruth, and her family arrived from California, Martha's room was needed. (We have so many new subscribers that I should say right here that Martha and Jessie are my sisters, both widowed, and they share a home in Clarinda, Ia., twenty miles east of Shenandoah.)

Ruth and Bob drove through from San Mateo, California with their five youngsters, four little girls and the new baby, Robert Watkins, Jr. After visiting in Clarinda, Ruth and Bob took three of the children and went on to Bartlesville, Oklahoma to visit Bob's mother. Two of the little girls stayed in Clarinda with their grandmother, and one afternoon while they were there we drove over to see them—Mart, Martha, Bertha Field and I.

We found that Jessie had turned her garage into a playhouse for the children and they had had a wonderful time pretending that they really lived in it. There was a hammock on a stand, a child's size card table with chairs, and all kinds of things they'd fixed up to make a "real house." The youngsters in Jessie's neighborhood had enjoyed it too, so the garage really came in handy.

Mart and I observed our 47th wedding anniversary on June 25th. We can't help but look forward now to the privilege of celebrating our Golden Wedding anniversary since there are only three years to go, and at that time we are sure all of our children

and grandchildren can be here to justify the fact that we've stayed on in this big old house that is far too large for our needs. Everytime we've been tempted to move into a small modern house we've said that we didn't know what we'd do on our Golden Wedding anniversary if we gave up all the rooms where our children grew up, so if our prayers are granted we will have all of our family around us in 1963—and it will be the first time in many, many years since all of them have been here at the same time.

Howard and Mae are developing a beautiful yard and their roses have been exceptionally beautiful. Donna and her husband drove back from California a short time ago and are just visiting back and forth between here and Sidney (where Tom's family live) until around mid-August. At that time Tom will enter some branch of the service to get his military training over with, and Donna will settle down with Howard and Mae. Our Shenandoah schools open the latter part of August and since she is teaching here in the coming year there will be very little time between Tom's departure and the beginning of school.

Next month Margery will probably tell you about their vacation in Colorado. While they were gone almost all of our neighbors were also gone, and this was a pretty lonely street for two weeks. My next-door neighbor, Eltora Alexander, is still in Tucson, Arizona—she went down to be with her daughter, Mary Ellen, when the new baby arrived. (In last month's issue you probably noticed the picture of Mary Ellen's little girl and our grandson, Martin Strom.) I miss Eltora when she is gone for she's so good about running in and out when she's at home.

We were very relieved that Dorothy took time to go to the University hospital in Iowa City for a complete check-up. She had been troubled with badly swollen feet for a long time and somehow no doctor had been able to pin down the trouble. The specialists in Iowa City diagnosed it as phlebitis and told her that she would have to stay off her feet as much as possible. Dorothy said she couldn't figure out how any farm woman could stay off her feet very much, but that she'd develop the habit of doing as much as possible while sitting down with a footstool at hand.

Russell, Lucile and Juliana had a short trip out to Santa Fe and it did them a world of good. They wanted to take Kristin with them, but she had already committed herself to help with a camp for handicapped children and those days fell exactly in the one time when Russell and Lucile could get away. All of them still talk about the wonderfully happy time they had traveling to Nova Scotia together two years ago, so one of these days the four of them will work out dates to permit another trip. Kristin and Juliana have been able to spend quite a bit of time together this summer and have had such happy times, the kind

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## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

The nicest surprise was waiting for me when I returned today from a four-day trip to Iowa City. A lovely new redwood picnic table and two benches had been added to our back yard. Frank and Kristin were just as surprised as I was when the truck came bringing it this morning, but the mailman delivered a card from Frank's sister, Bernie Stark, stating that this was a joint birthday gift for all of us. She couldn't have given us anything that will be appreciated more. We have so many picnics and it is such a nuisance to drag the kitchen table and chairs in and out each time. Every year since we moved here we have talked about making a picnic table and even had the lumber sawed for one but there never was time to put it together, and now, thanks to Bernie, we won't have to.

Since I mentioned my trip to Iowa City I will go ahead and tell you a little bit about it. I went specifically at this time to have a physical check-up at the University Hospital. I stayed at the home of my cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband Clay. In the June issue I described the location of their beautiful new home on the banks of the Iowa River. At this time of year there are many people going up and down the river in their motor boats and speed boats and I enjoy watching them.

On the other side of the house the yard slopes down to a lovely big pond which is many times larger than most farm ponds. In fact, I would call it a small lake. This belongs to the River Heights section and the families living there have stocked it well with bass and blue gills. The men have a lot of fun fishing. Almost every evening when Clay gets home from the University he dons his old clothes and goes to the pond to fish for a little while. One night while I was there he had good luck and brought home fresh bass for dinner. They were delicious. He caught some more the next night so we put those in the freezer and I brought them home to Frank.

We spent one evening at the home of Professor and Mrs. James Clancey, who are very good friends of Gretchen and Clay. Professor Clancey is in the department of Dramatic Art at the University of Iowa and directs all the plays at the University Theater. The Clanceys and their three children, Patrick, Stephen and Elaina (all grade school age) have just returned from a ten-month tour of Europe and invited us to come and see the colored slides they had taken on their trip.

When the Clanceys left Iowa City they drove to New York and then sold their car before leaving for Europe. A red Volkswagen was purchased in Germany and the rest of their traveling was done in it. When it was necessary to travel from one country to another by boat, the little red car went along. Pictures had been taken showing the big hoist as it lifted the car and put it down on the deck of the boat.



Kristin Johnson snapped this picture of her dad, Frank Johnson, and she said that the light was "wrong" for clear details, but even so you can see that Frank and his friend, Lloyd Gillespie, are hard at work! Sheep-shearing is the project underway. Frank has raised sheep since he moved back to the farm from California in 1946.

Christmas was spent in Munich with Mrs. Clancey's brother and family. He is stationed there with the Army. The children's birthdays were all spent in exciting new places. The Clanceys were wise enough to make them notable events so the children would never forget the places where they celebrated their birthdays in Europe.

Several weeks were spent in Greece where Mrs. Clancey's parents were born, and she had such a wonderful time visiting her relatives there. They had taken pictures of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, Stadium, and many of the ancient buildings and temples. As we sat looking at the pictures and listening to these very young children telling us of their wonderful experiences, I couldn't help but marvel at how real their geography and history classes are going to be in their years of schooling ahead. They are going to have much to share with the other boys and girls in their classes!

Since the children were gone the entire nine months of the past school year, they were given a series of tests when they returned to Iowa City. Teachers found that except for arithmetic, which the children are taking in summer school, they will be capable of going ahead with their classes this fall.

One afternoon Gretchen and I had tea at the home of Mrs. Dave McCuskey whose husband is wrestling coach at the University. She is a flower arranging expert and is Gretchen's assistant. Gretchen, as you know, is garden editor of the American Home Magazine. Mrs. McCuskey has so many beautiful flowers that it was a joy to walk in her garden.

On the way home we stopped at Burge Hall, the magnificent new residence hall for women. Gretchen wanted me to see the interior. I have never seen a more beautiful dormitory lounge. The furniture is all leather in gorgeous shades of fuchsia, blue and gold and the floor is carpeted in beige. A wide marble circular staircase goes from the lounge downstairs to a large

modern cafeteria. This is open to anyone who cares to eat there.

Frank was finally able to get everything into the ground, and some of it has been cultivated once. The first cutting of hay has been put up but not without a little shower on it. We have had a lot of rain and Frank is wondering if he will ever get caught up with his work. Just when he thinks he can get into the field to get rid of the weeds it rains again. I told him him I didn't see any fields between here and Iowa City that looked any better than ours. We are still farther ahead this year than we were last year at this date.

The last time I went to Shenandoah for my Kitchen-Klatter week I took along several sewing jobs for Mother. She likes to have me do this because it gives her something to do and she can help me out at the same time. With the shorter styles this year all the dresses and skirts Kristin and I owned had to be shortened. I had been plugging away at them whenever I had time, but there were still a few to do. I took these along and Mother finished them for me. Kristin also had three long-sleeved blouses which were a little tight across the shoulders. We took the sleeves out and finished the arm holes with bias binding. Now she can wear them this summer with bermudas and slacks.

Kristin and Juliana finally agreed on a piece of material they both like and plan to make themselves matching skirts and blouses this summer. Juliana is away on vacation with her parents right now, and Kristin is busy working in the handicapped children's day camp, but sometime this summer they will get their twin outfits made.

One out-of-the-ordinary trips I'll be making this summer is to Cherokee, Iowa, a town I've never visited before. On Friday, August 5th, the Cherokee County Fair is having their Ladies Day and the committee has asked me to attend. I explained to Mrs. Laurel Fuhrman of Cleghorn when she first

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## PLANNING SUCCESSFUL CHURCH DINNERS

By  
Margery

Do your church members *really* have good times at church dinners or do they attend out of sense of duty? I believe that as we enjoy good times in our own home, so should we have good times in our church home. There have been a number of comments concerning the fun we have at our own Congregational dinners and many have asked me to pass on some of our "magic" plans.

One letter I received this past winter had this to say:

"Our church dinners are so lifeless. Everyone brings a covered dish and tosses it on the table. We sit down to eat late every time, afterwards form the same little groups to visit and then go home. It seems almost a waste of time, and I suppose we go simply out of sense of duty. I wish we could have the fun you have at your church dinners. They sound so interesting as I read about them in your letters."

Perhaps it does seem "magical" that we always have a good attendance for, when you have a church dinner once a month, they could very easily lose some of their appeal and members could begin to show lack of interest and enthusiasm. We make these social get-togethers something special—an affair that one doesn't miss unless it is absolutely necessary.

Any social function requires thought and planning if it is to amount to anything at all. Organization is an absolute necessity, so have some real "go-getters" on your committee. If an over-all chairman hasn't already been designated, choose one at your first meeting. (We usually have all committee meetings at homes because there is something about making plans at a dining room table over a cup of coffee and plate of home-made cookies that brings results.)

Have each one submit ideas for a theme for the dinner and then decide which one to pursue. After the theme has been decided, check the church calendar for the best date. It is also advisable to check personally with the minister for he very likely has obligations not listed on the calendar.

Our church has a regular "table committee", their duties being to decorate the tables at all of our dinners. Perhaps a few of you are thinking that it is sheer nonsense to decorate for each one, but our church members are so pleased with the idea that they anticipate with great eagerness their first glimpse of the dining room to see how the tables are decorated! The decorating is done the morning of the dinner so as to be out of the way of the kitchen committee. If you don't have a permanent decorating committee, decide on one at this first meeting.

Now, we have our theme selected and our decorating committee chosen, so the next thing would be to choose a program committee. You will want a well-rounded program to take care of all ages, for isn't a church dinner a social function whereby it is possible

to promote understanding and companionship between all ages? We believe so, and therefore plan a program that will be fun and interesting for old and young alike. You might advise this committee to plan a pencil-and-paper "Mixer" game to occupy people as they arrive so that any delay in serving the dinner is not noticeable.

Another very important group is the publicity committee. It isn't enough to put the notice in the church bulletin and let it go at that. No, indeed! It is worth the postage to send out a catchy little invitation or reminder. Follow this up with a telephone call to make reservations or at least to give you an estimate as to the number to prepare for.

We're not forgetting that this is to be a dinner! You must have a food committee. From experience we have found that more people will attend if you have asked them to prepare a specific item of food. For example, if you call Mrs. Jones and ask her to prepare a vegetable salad to serve nine people and that you would like to have her come ten minutes early to cut her salad, she knows you are counting on *her and the salad*. If she had any moments of indecision about going, she doesn't have them now! It works out very nicely to ask working women or those who are physically unable to prepare food to donate money to buy the meat. It can be bought by the food committee and prepared by them in the church kitchen. This is the plan that we use most frequently and which we find works out the best.

We think it is a necessity to have a clean-up committee. If you don't, you know who will have to clean up—the dinner committee. It just plain isn't fair for them to have to function until the last pots and pans are put away! For this group we like to name church members with children, for the youngsters love to load up the carts, clear the tables and rip off the paper table coverings. (They don't relish such tasks at home but it is fun when away from home.) This gives them an opportunity to stay up a little later and out a little longer!

Vary the waitresses and waiters. Sometimes we have teen-agers pour water and coffee and replenish food as needed and other times we have men perform this task. The men get a big kick out of their awkwardness and since they are usually in some type of costume (elaborate or simple) they enjoy the teasing as much as we enjoy shelling it out!

Perhaps one thing we enjoy at our dinners as much as any other part is the candid picture snaps. The chairman sees to it that one or two families come with loaded flash cameras. This request is passed around so that those who like to take pictures have their opportunity. Be sure that you get shots of all the committees at work, from the hosts at the door to the carving of the meat or the stirring of the soup in the kitchen. Get lots of candid shots of church members at the tables as well as parts of the entertainment. Post the pictures on the church bulletin board as soon as possible and later put them in your church scrap-

book. It is advisable to leave all of the negatives with a designated person for a certain length of time so that church members can order reprints for their own scrapbooks if they like. We have a church scrapbook and it is taken to each church dinner for everyone loves to reminisce on past events.

I know of one church where movies are taken at church functions. These are shown after church dinners as part of the entertainment. We have not done this but I think it is an excellent idea.

Now, let's say we have planned on a White Elephant Sale Dinner. The committees have been chosen, and from then on each committee meets separately but *with* the head dinner committee so that everything coordinates. In a clever invitation each guest is asked to bring a white elephant, gaily wrapped and with contents disguised when necessary.

For decorations use the white elephant theme. The tables could have white coverings with a bright colored center strip—green would be a good choice. Out of construction paper make double elephants, joined along the backs so they can stand up. You can find a good pattern from a child's coloring book, puzzle or stencil. The white elephants could be marching down the tables between candles and artificial trees. (The trees could also be made of construction paper.) If it is possible to have wall decorations, use large white elephants and some crude sketches of ridiculous looking items. Teenagers could do this nicely for their imaginations have a way of soaring! Waitresses could wear crude muslin aprons with an elephant sketched on in crayon.

Distribution of the packages brought could be handled a number of ways, but be sure that there are three definite deposit sites—one for adults, one for teenagers and one for young children. The items could be auctioned off and the proceeds from the sale be given to some specific fund such as the building fund or church camp fund.

It is very likely that the event won't be held for the purpose of raising money. In that case it could be handled like a giant grab bag or, if the group is not too large, you could dispose of the white elephants by the process of elimination such as Musical Chairs. In any event, it should be fun!

If you are fortunate in having a "collector" in your vicinity it would be interesting to have a display and a talk on unusual items used in the past but now out-moded. If you aren't a collector and have no interest in old things, you might consider such items "white elephants."

Small children would no doubt become restless sitting through a long program so do see that they are entertained in the nursery with stories and coloring so that parents can sit back, relax and have an enjoyable time.

Remember this above all! When you have a really well-organized and successful church dinner, you are not only building a finer spirit of understanding between all ages, but you are developing a spirit of fellowship throughout the entire membership.

## CONVENTION REPORT

by

Evelyn Birkby

August is a month when we should leave the door wide open so guests can come in. A tall pitcher of ice tea garnished with cool yellow lemon slices might augment the conversation and bring a cool spot to the heat of summer, but it would not be absolutely essential to a friendly visit.

Recently, I had the wonderful experience of attending the National Federation of Press Women's Annual Convention held in Topeka, Kansas. Worthwhile people, interesting sights, inspirational programs, excellent food, effective business meetings and quantities of good conversation were the order of each of the four days we spent together.

If your door is open for August visitors may I come in and bring with me some of the interesting folks I met and stories of the experiences I had while attending a national convention for press women?

## Wednesday, The First Day

Starting off on a trip of any kind at 1:30 in the morning has its drawbacks. A beautiful full moon and a clear night helped the situation somewhat. Surely the train which pulled out of southern Iowa and down to Kansas City was one of the slowest in the country. It took four hours to travel the 160 miles. As the train went past the edge of the Kansas City airport I saw a huge billboard proclaiming: "Non-stop jet flight to Los Angeles, only three hours." Oh well, on a jet-liner a passenger would not get a close view of the trees, rivers, the small towns or of the farmer going out to feed his pigs.

By the time I had taken another train on over to Topeka and a taxi from the depot to the hotel, I had met two press women — one from Chicago the other from Colorado. By lunch time our small group had increased to twelve, all from various places in the United States. The friendly companionship, the conversation and fun around the lunch table started the meeting off, for me at least, on just the right note.

Early afternoon was spent in registering and getting settled. At four o'clock cars were waiting to take us to the Governor's mansion, home of Governor George Docking and his wife Virginia. Mrs. Docking was our hostess at a tea and guided tour through the beautiful and magnificent residence. The high ceilinged, spacious rooms were all decorated in restful, yet interesting colors. Mrs. Docking's collections of souvenir plates, button bracelets, figurines and scrap books added interest to the home and to our tour.

We were served tea in the long dramatic dining room. Apricot balls, chocolate brownies, tiny finger sandwiches, crusty macaroons, sugared mint leaves and round mint candy balls were served from a lovely tea table. The silver service was from the U. S. Battleship Kansas and is now



We've always shared with you such informal snapshots of Evelyn that this one needs an explanation! It was snapped at the very last moment of the last evening at Topeka, Kansas; the elaborate flowers were convention decorations.

on display in the Kansas State Historical museum.

New friends were made on the winding stair case, in the high turreted game and hobby room and in the quiet comfort of the library. Time to leave came regretfully soon.

Dinner for this first evening was served buffet style and featured fried chicken and all the trimmings. The entertainment was real Kansas folklore. Straight from Dodge City came our entertainers — Doc, Kitty, a gun slinger and others direct from Long Branch. They presented a program which would have done Matt Dillon proud!

The funniest incident of the entire evening came when the President of the National Press Women, Helen Vanderberg of Shell Rock, Iowa, was asked to come up on the stage and put on a shooting contest with the gunslinger, "Charlie Lightning." Good sport that she is, she went into action as best she could. When the smoke had cleared the master of ceremonies declared her dead!

Beatrice Jacquart, co-editor of the "Haskell County Monitor Chief", Satanta, Kansas and a member of the Kansas legislature, was responsible for getting the Dodge City entertainers. She was a most interesting individual herself. In her colorful Indian costume of the Kiowa tribe, she made us feel that Kansas was the most wonderful state in the nation; that Kansas history was the most fascinating and that the people of Kansas were the friendliest, kindest and most hospitable people anywhere in the world.

## Thursday, The Second Day

The second day of the convention started out with a "bang-up" "crackin'-good" breakfast. It was sponsored by the Missouri Press Women and featured Osage orange juice, Taneycomo tomato juice, Fried Missouri country ham, Ozark scrambled eggs, Redeye

gravy, Bootheel potatoes, Hillbilly biscuits, Tom Sawyer jam and Daniel Boone's special brew. My but we did eat! The country ham was especially tasty with an honest-to-goodness home cured flavor.

The high point of the morning was a talk by Clarissa Start Davidson, a columnist and feature writer for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. She told us a great deal about her column writing work and also about her contacts with Martin Niemöller of Germany. Her book "God's Man" tells the story of Pastor Niemöller, best known for his defiance of the Nazis during Hitler's regime. My copy of her book is now waiting patiently until I find uninterrupted time to really settle down and appreciate its message.

A quick drive through Topeka took up the rest of the morning. We saw the famous Menninger Institute, the state mental hospital and the large veteran's hospital. Topeka is truly the mental health center of the nation. We visited the Gage gardens with its beautiful roses in full bloom, Alf Landon's home, the huge Forbes air base and the tremendous grain elevators which Kansas claims are the largest in the world.

We stopped at the stately capitol building and particularly enjoyed the murals painted by John Curry depicting the history of the state of Kansas. Between the Spanish gold seeking expeditions of 1541 and the present day plans for the 1961 state centennial observance, we realized its tremendous history.

Back from the early days of Kansas history and our next stop was a Hawaiian luncheon where we heard Dr. Kenneth McFarland, educational consultant of the General Motors corporation. His talk, for me, was the high point of the entire convention. Briefly, the essence of his talk was as follows: 1. Each individual has a tremendous circle of influence; he can use it for good, fritter it away or use it in a detrimental fashion. 2. The greatest need in the world today is a workable philosophy of living. 3. A needed philosophy is that each individual is responsible for his own moral conduct and his own economic well being. 4. If America fails it will be because we did not accept the ideals of Jesus' teaching concerning such individual responsibility. 5. An ideal in action, Dr. McFarland concluded, is the most practical necessity of this age.

The speaker for the afternoon session gave technical suggestions on such subjects as: typography and layout.

To complete the day we attended an excellent dinner and heard a talk by Georgia Neese Gray (former treasurer of the United States) on the subject "The Role of Women in Public Affairs." Mrs. Gray felt that women should take more active participation in influential professional work — not just the women's section of newspapers and magazines, for example, — but front page stories and editorial columns as well.

## Friday, The Third Day

The first meal on Friday was termed (Continued on page 18)

## OUR FIRST REPORT ON ADRIENNE DRIFTMIER

Dear Friends:

While my girl-Friday feeds the children their breakfast in the kitchen I shall get out the typewriter and at least see if I can make a start on my letter to you before the baby awakens for her 10:00 o'clock feeding.

*Several Hours Later:* Well, you can see how far I got! I had written exactly one sentence when Adrienne woke up and she was far too hungry to stall off, so I abandoned the typewriter before it was barely warmed. This is a good example of life on Oakwood Drive and explains why I feel like a jack rabbit as I bound from one thing to the next.

Things are simply scrambled! I don't have a real schedule worked out as yet, and so far the only thing that even faintly resembles pre-baby days is the time that lunch and supper are put on the table. I'm breast-feeding Adrienne and have found already that feeding her on a self-demand schedule saves a lot of wear and tear on everyone's nerves even though some household tasks are going unattended.

I tried without much success to feed Paul and Katharine and I really believe the biggest reason I failed was because I tried to stick to a four-hour feeding schedule and attempted to do too much of the housework too early. Maybe other new mothers can whip through an iron-clad schedule like a breeze, but with our third baby I'm closing my eyes to a lot of things that made me nervous when Katharine and Paul were brand new.

Adrienne and I came home after a very short stay in the hospital. I feel that I must give credit to my splendid obstetrician because I feel so good. I went into the hospital with every intention of staying the full ten days that he recommends for all mothers after their second child, and I'm sure he reasons that it's the only good chance they're going to have for a rest before they pick up all the responsibilities at home. (All of my friends with more than one child say that they surely looked forward to going to the hospital for a rest!)

But by the end of the fourth day I felt so good and was growing so terribly homesick for Donald and Katharine and Paul that I simply convinced my doctor I should go home—and as soon as possible, too. As it turned out, I had to wait until noon of the fifth day so I could be dismissed officially, and then Adrienne and I were happily headed for home.

Mother was staying at our house cooking for Donald and taking care of the children and she agreed to continue to come out every day until the time was up that I had expected to stay at the hospital. It was really wonderful having her here to cook and tend to the children, because although I felt good, much better in fact than when I was so BIG and CUMBERSOME, I did get tired very quickly and found I had to fall into bed frequently for little rests.



Kristin Johnson, just turned seventeen. She lives on a farm near Lucas, Ia., and attends the Chariton high school. Her parents are Frank and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson.

My homecoming was really funny. Here I was aching with lonesomeness for the children and looking forward to having long sessions of cuddling them on my lap and what do you suppose happened when I walked in the door? Yes, I was royally ignored! I think it made such an impression on me because Donald and I had given much thought to bringing the baby home in such a way that it would create a minimum of jealousy, and we had decided that the best way to manage would be to have him slip the baby quietly into bed while I had my long-looked-forward-to reunion with the children. (I know that four days isn't long to be separated from your children, but honestly, it seemed like four centuries to me.)

Donald carried Adrienne in quietly just as we had planned, but Katharine and Paul ripped right past me and gave all of their attention to the new baby. I sat down in a chair in the living room expecting both of them to come racing in to climb on my lap, but they were wholly oblivious to my presence. I had been home for two days before I had my lap full of children! This was all so heartening when I thought how much we had worried about how Katharine and Paul would react to a new baby taking a lot of attention that I can honestly say I was happy to be ignored.

I wonder how many of you have had the experience of going away to have a new baby and leaving at home what you thought of as a baby, only to come back and find that your "old baby" has suddenly turned into a big grown-up youngster? I really thought of Paul as a baby when I went to the hospital, but when I returned he looked so big and felt so heavy that I had to stop and remember I had actually been away from him for only *four days*. Then I looked back and recalled that I'd felt the same way about Katharine when I returned from the hospital with Paul, so I guess the tremendous difference between handling

a brand-new baby and a two year old is responsible for the sensation that you've been gone for years and your "baby" has turned into a grown up.

However, in Paul's case I had additional cause for amazement because when I returned from the hospital he was actually talking! He had been willing to say a few words, not more than twenty, to come right down it, but when I got back at the end of four days he was talking all the time.

I think the explanation for this is the fact that my mother played dumb with him on so much of the sign language that I had slowly come to accept without even realizing it. I knew exactly what he wanted and acted accordingly, but she decided to pretend that she had no idea what he wanted unless he asked for it with words. As a result, he is talking. And the two words he uses most constantly are "NO" and "WHY?"

We had been prepared to have Paul show signs of being upset by having his old position as baby taken away, and particularly because he has always been a great lap sitter and cuddler. I wasn't a bit sure he would take gracefully to the idea of someone else on my lap, but to date he has been far more interested in Adrienne than in the fact she spends time in my arms that he used to spend. Katharine is the one who shows more indications of being upset, and this takes the form of excessive tears over matters that would never have caused problems at an earlier time. I am finding that the more I give her to do in connection with helping to bathe the baby or diaper her or run after things needed for her, the happier she seems to be. This is the most simple of all answers and will work out soon to the place where she feels the way she felt before the new baby.

Donald had a little trouble with Paul when he put up the baby bed for Adrienne. This happened when I was in the hospital and in a way I was surprised for the one thing Paul had been more pleased about than anything else was getting out of his baby crib and into his new bunk bed. He watched with considerable interest while his Daddy painted the crib in the garage, and then was all eyes when the crib, completely dry, was moved into the bedroom and Donald began making it up. At that point Paul trotted into his own room for his faithful blanket, came back, tossed the blanket over the high side of the crib and proceeded to get a foothold and boost himself over the side. Mother and Donald had quite a time convincing him that although it *had* been his bed once, now it was for the new baby.

We really sweated out the arrival of those new bunk beds. They were ordered before Christmas but didn't get delivered until just about a month before Adrienne was born. I didn't stack up the beds because the top one seems to me too high for safety, so you can visualize Katharine's bedroom, average size, with twin-size beds plus the accumulated toys for two children squeezed around every available inch

(Continued on next page)

of floor space that's left. I'm not going to waste much time trying to do a bang-up job of cleaning in there.

Let me continue on just a little bit more about Adrienne before I mention something else. Like Paul, she arrived in the wee early hours of the morning. I very strongly suspicioned on a Thursday evening that she would probably make her appearance before dawn, so I called mother and asked if she could come out and spend the night—I told her I hated to have her drive here alone in the middle of the night if I waited to be absolutely sure. But at 1:30 in the morning there was no doubt about going to the hospital, so Donald and I drove together through one of the most beautiful June nights I can ever, ever remember. It was such a lovely night . . . and I was so happy to be going to have our third baby. She wasn't a dawdler—at 3:35 she was born and crying lustily and pronounced perfect by the doctor.

I can hardly wait to get pictures to Lucile for Kitchen-Klatter so you can see what a dear pretty baby she is. Like our other two babies, she has thick dark brown hair . . . it almost needs cutting right now. Her legs and arms and fingers are very long and slim. She weighed 8 lbs., 11 ozs., and was 21 inches long. Katharine weighed less and was an inch shorter. Paul weighed more but also measured 21 inches at birth.

Adrienne is a very good baby and she has brought some badly needed spots of sunshine into our lives since my own dear father's death. I never knew, until he died, how wonderfully kind people can be when grief strikes a family. I'm sure I have learned some never-to-be-forgotten lessons in human thoughtfulness and concern as I remember the swiftness with which our family friends came to mother's side.

Even my young friends with small children and responsibilities dropped everything they were doing to cook food for my children and look after them while Donald and I were with mother. Another thing that I was so surprised to feel was the genuine help that flowers yield. Each bouquet that was delivered meant so much to mother and Marjorie and me. I am more strongly convinced than ever before that there is in every person an infinite depth of goodness.

How grateful I am that mother has so many friends who are coming to call on these lonely evenings. I cannot yet drive and so it is very difficult for me to spend much time at her house. We were a closely knit family and there is still such a sense of dislocation and loss. You can see why Adrienne has brought much comfort to us.

I must finish this letter now and eat lunch and get a little rest while the three (I am still shocked at the size of my family!) children are asleep. When I write next month I'll have pictures to send of Adrienne, and if things aren't too hectic we might even be able to get a group picture of the five Driftmiers in Anderson, Indiana.

Always sincerely,

Mary Bell



Juliana Verness, just turned seventeen. She lives in Shenandoah with her parents, Russell and Lucile (Driftmier) Verness. Her cousin Kristin is very dear to her.

## WORDS TO MEET A NEED

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

"Mother!" cried our six-year-old as she ran into the house one sultry, overcast day. "We'd better sing a brave song! It's starting to lightning and thunder!"

There's no running for the hymn book at a time like that! As a toddler, Joan had wakened as a near-cyclone ripped trees from the ground and sent sheets of rain cascading into her room, even though the windows were shut as tightly as possible. No wonder the ominous dark gathering outside filled her with apprehension!

We raised our voices together in our favorite "brave song"—"*God Will Take Care of You*." As we scrubbed and sang, I found myself remembering the words of a certain modern educator. "Memorization is outdated," he told a group of church school teachers. "We must teach our children how to solve problems."

Granted we must. But discard memorization? How could my youngsters and I hoe against the sunset without *Work for the Night is Coming*? (And certainly I can't hoe and hold the hymn book at the same time!) How persuade a smile to the face of a sulking child without *Brighten the Corner Where You Are*? And when Mother is "too busy" to pause for the story hour, what better words could my youngsters use than *Take Time to be Holy*?

This is only one of the ways in which we use memorization in our home. We remember that David said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." The beautifully musical King James version of the Bible fairly invites memorization! "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the

House of the Lord." To love these verses first, perhaps, for their beauty, and later for their meaning; to memorize, to hold, to possess such truth within the heart! This is the feeling, the cherishing that I hope my children will develop for the Word of God. I cannot imagine a situation in problem solving that will not be easier for them because they possess these passages of Scripture.

We do not confine our memorizing to Bible verses and hymns; neither do we demand that long chapters or psalms be committed to memory. We memorize what we love or what we need—a little verse about rain that pleases the Youngest, William Cullen Bryant's famed "So live that when thy summon comes . . ." from *Thanatopsis*; the beloved Twenty-third Psalm. If this seems like adult fare for children's minds, I can only say, "Of course it is. But so is the blood-and-thunder of TV." Minds and spirits must stretch; let us give them something worthy to grow on.

As a matter of practice, we use quotations to admonish as well as to inspire. A loving quote from the Book of Life is worth ten minutes of Mother's sermonizing, and in addition tolerates no rebuttal! "Judge not, that ye be not judged," "Love one another," "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them." And sometimes Father says to Mother, "Bring up a child in the way he must go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it!"

We all agree that pat rules of conduct are very hard to find and to apply nowadays. Nevertheless, there is no changing the expectations of God. The Ten Commandments are universal to all ages, and I want to be sure that my children know and understand them; therefore, I teach a simple catechism. Jesus said, "After this manner therefore pray ye:" and so I teach the Lord's Prayer, as my Lord commanded. In a day when the printed word was not widely available, David urged, "Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands; Sing forth the honour of his name; make his praise glorious." Though we may sing the hymns with more enthusiasm than harmony, we do make a joyful noise unto the Lord!

Yes, memorizing should and can have a place in a family's daily religious life. Whether we are singing a "brave song" in a thunderstorm or tucking the baby between his covers to "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," we are sustained and made joyous by the real, close presence of God, and by His Word, hidden deeply and meaningfully in our hearts.

In the quest for happiness, one could not do better than put into practice the precepts of a great Persian: "Taking the first step with the good thought, the second with the good word, and the third step with the good deed, I enter paradise."

Ideals are like stars—we never reach them, but like the mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them.

## LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

Almost every family includes at least one member who harbors a genuine interest in railroads. Such an interest is virtually inherent in little children. They love to see the trains. And chances are, they have a father or grandfather who is more than happy to have an excuse to stand around and watch the trains go about their business. With the abandonment of so many branch lines and reduction in schedules, this isn't as easy to do as it used to be.

My own father was just such a person. He knew the routes of almost every major railroad in the country. He knew many of the crews on the Chicago-Northwestern trains that used to pass through my home town. It was part of his daily routine to check the time whenever the whistle of No. 11 sounded in our small village.

The railroads have played an enormous role in the development of our country and most of us grew up aware of how important they were in our daily lives too. I well remember that if No. 11 was late, there was no point in going after the mail and we would be without a newspaper until the train came in.

Now the trucking industry has assumed many of these responsibilities. The railroads are being forced to abandon their unprofitable routes through small towns and cities. And with each mile of torn-out track another enthusiast joins a railroad club.

Here in Colorado mountain railroad-ing was a tremendously exciting and dangerous field of endeavor. At one time more than 2,000 miles of narrow gauge track made the precipitous climb up and down and around the Rockies. With one exception only narrow scars on the mountain-sides remain as evidence of the narrow gauge.

The last remaining piece of operating narrow gauge track is a freight run from Alamosa, Colo., down to Chama, New Mexico, and back up to Durango, Colorado. From Durango to Silverton, is the famous passenger excursion train which operates during the summer months. I reported this trip in detail about 18 months ago.

If your family boasts a railroad enthusiast and is planning to be in the Denver area, you will want to stop at the Colorado Railroad Museum. It is located on state highway 58 just east of Golden. The museum building itself is new, a replica of an 1880-style masonry railroad station. However, the material it houses is authentic, the largest collection of Colorado railroad memorabilia in the state.

Outside you will see several engines, cars and other typical equipment. The tracks are built with rails, switch-stands, spikes and ties from abandoned routes. Some of the rails were among the first rolled in the west at Pueblo; others are from foreign countries. Probably the most unusual item is the "Galloping Goose" which is half-automobile and half-rail car. It served as a substitute for a mixed passenger

and freight train during the depression.

Rocky Mountain Railroad Club members have been collecting these items for more than 10 years. You will usually find several members hard at work repairing, restoring and refurbishing their growing collection.

The abandoned railroad beds have in many cases been converted into auto routes. The railroad bed through Clear Creek Canyon, which once carried chugging steam engines up into the mountains, is now U. S. Highway 6. Because the grade of ascent for trains is more limited than that for automobiles, these adapted railroad beds make for easy driving.

If your family harbors a railroad fan or two and if you are somewhat adventurous, you might enjoy driving the Rollins or Corona Pass road. Before the completion of the Moffatt Tunnel it was necessary for the trains on the Moffatt Line to go up over the summit of the Continental Divide. This roadbed is now maintained by the National Forest Service for the benefit of lumbering, fishing, and sightseeing. Due to the tremendous snowfall it is generally open only in July and August.

This road is just one car wide but there are frequent turnouts. If you are terrified of height, I should warn you that there are two or three trestles cantilevered out into space from the side of the mountain. They are inspected each year for safety and we have friends who tell us that driving over them is tame business, for now there are boards covering the ties. These friends drove over the trestles when there were no boards and the car just bounced from one tie to the next. I was driving the day we went over this route and if I can do it, anyone else can.

To reach Rollins-Corona Pass road—and it is known by either of these two names, drive northwest of Denver to Rollinsville. We prefer to use state highway 72 to reach state highway 119. At this point turn south on 119 for 2 miles to Rollinsville where a sign will direct you towards Tolland and East Portal via a gravel road. This lovely valley between Rollinsville and East Portal is magnificent in the fall when the aspen shimmer splashes of gold on the rimming mountains.

East Portal is not a town but the eastern terminal of the 6-mile-long Moffatt Tunnel. You are quite likely to find a train either entering or leaving the tunnel for it is used many times each day and night. The bore, located at 9,200 feet, is still more than 4,000 feet under the crest of James Peak. It is extremely valuable to the people of Denver not only for transportation but also for the water it brings over from the Western Slope. Here you will also find a sign directing the more venturesome to the beginning of the Corona Pass Road.

Ahead is the "Giant's Ladder," a long series of cutbacks resembling the rungs of a monstrous ladder. Not far below timberline the road curves around several small lakes and fishermen will find many others within walking distance.

One of these is named Yankee Doodle; for years the story went around that there was an engine on the bottom of Yankee Doodle Lake. Last summer two skin divers braved the freezing waters and found not a train engine, but an airplane. The plane was later identified as one which vanished in flight more than 10 years ago. Because of the cold the skin divers were unable to explore the entire bottom of this tiny lake; but who knows, a little old engine may yet be found.

The road continues its gentle climb upward. Finally the last curve is rounded and the summit of the pass is attained. A broad flat tundra meadowland stretches out ahead. Once you have absorbed the full sweep of the endless vistas, look down and enjoy the carpet of minute alpine flowers at your feet.

Here too, are rotting piles of lumber along the roadside, all that remains of what was once a busy railroad work center. At one time snowsheds covered the tracks where drifting occurred, and a hotel hummed with the activities of crews and passengers who might be snowbound here. In the summertime it was a popular excursion point. Now only a lonely Basque shepherd finds his business here.

Now you must decide whether to retrace your route or continue westward along the road which eventually comes out at U. S. 40 near Winter Park. The road ahead is quite steep and rough in some sections where the auto road leaves the railroad grade. But by continuing along you do see the complete picture of railroad-ing then and now. The West Portal of the Moffatt Tunnel is located beside U. S. 40 close to where the Corona Pass Road ends.

As you roll smoothly along the broad highway back to Denver, there will be much to reflect upon. Certainly no one can avoid having a tremendous appreciation and admiration for the men who built our railroads, for who among us would have the vision and daring to embark upon such an endeavor?

Most sincerely,  
Abigail

## GOLDEN YEARS

There's more to living than pursuit of happiness,  
There's service, and the mellowing of sorrow,  
The deeper insight; the bright dreams of tomorrow.  
There's birth and death, laughter and tears,  
And wisdom and serenity with the passing years.

A growing family and the times were hard,  
Much work and many pleasures barred  
From lack of cash; or so I thought.  
Still, we had treasure money hadn't bought.  
For times I once thought full of toil and tears  
I now have realized, were the "Golden Years."

—Lula Lamme

## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

If you lived in my neighborhood there is one little ritual that you would witness each morning. At exactly eight o'clock I take my dog Fritz across the street to the park where I throw balls for him to retrieve. Part of the game is for me to fool the dog—make him think that I am throwing the ball to the right when actually I am throwing it to the left. In the high grass and shrubs the dog must look for several minutes before finding the ball, and it is fun to watch him comb the field from one end to the other desperately searching for the hidden ball.

Yesterday a very amusing thing happened when a couple of big French poodles came over to the park to watch the fun. You know, poodles are very smart dogs, and it didn't take them very long to catch on to the whole idea of what was supposed to be happening. While my dog Fritz was off at one end of the field looking for the ball one of the poodles, who had seen where the ball went, sneaked over to it, picked it up, and then hid it behind a tree some distance from the field. I could hardly believe my eyes! This morning the same thing happened and it would appear that from now on, the poodles are going to be right there waiting for an opportunity to hide the ball.

We leave Springfield tomorrow for our cottage in the Rhode Island woods. A few weeks ago I bought a small sailboat for the children, and we all are looking forward to a summer of sailing fun. Along with the sailboat I bought some new life preservers. Although I know that the children can swim well enough to at least hang onto the boat in case of an upset, we shall insist that life jackets be worn.

Before buying the sailboat, I consulted an authority on sailing and asked him what kind of a sailboat I should buy to teach my children how to sail. Of course I was thinking in terms of a boat that would not capsize easily, and I was surprised at the answer I received: "If you want your children to have some respect for a sailboat, buy them one that will capsize at the drop of a hat!", he said. "Children who learn to sail on boats that tip over easily learn how to be careful. They learn how to judge the strength of the wind, and they learn not to take risks," he continued. "Just put some life preservers on them, and give them a fast and fragile boat."

Just a few miles up the river from our house there is a large dam, and that dam is the world's worst obstacle for the schools of fish that must swim up the river to lay their eggs. The stubborn and fighting shad—a deep-bodied herring much sought by sport fishermen—swim up the river each June and wait to be lifted over the dam in special fish elevators. Of course the ideal place to fish for them is just below the dam where they swim about for days on end waiting their turn to ride the elevator.

As you perhaps know, fish that are



Frederick is the pastor of a great city church, and nothing could be more of a contrast to his church than this rough log cabin church. But he would be the first to agree that the majestic Teton mountains inspire one to deepest reverence. This is the Episcopal Church where Juliana worships when she attends camp outside of Jackson, Wyoming. Countless tourists attend services there every summer.

about to spawn do not eat very much, and so we have to use every fishing technique in the book to lure them on to our hooks. I went shad fishing twice this summer, and both times I had wonderful luck. I always use a very light rod with very light line, and that means a real fight when a three or four pound shad is hooked. In my "Man in the Kitchen" column this month I tell how I prepared the shad I caught.

Today when everyone is doing all that can be done to make as much money as possible here is something to think about. Back in the year 1923 there was an important meeting held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Attending that meeting were nine of the world's most successful financiers, men who really knew how to make money, lots of money. Present were: The presidents of the largest independent steel company, the largest utility company, the largest gas company, of the New York Stock Exchange, and of the Bank of International Settlements. Also present were the greatest wheat speculator, a member of the President's Cabinet, the greatest 'bear' on Wall Street, and the head of the world's greatest monopoly.

Now the amazing part of this story is what life held in store for those men. Just twenty-five years later the following had happened: The greatest 'bear' on Wall Street, the head of the world's greatest monopoly, and the head of the Bank of International Settlements all committed suicide. The president of the largest independent steel company lived on borrowed money for five years and then died bankrupt. The president of the largest utility company died in a foreign land, a fugitive from justice and penniless. The president of the largest gas company went insane. The great wheat speculator died abroad, insolvent. The president of the New York Stock Exchange was sent to Sing Sing peni-

tentiary. The member of the President's Cabinet was pardoned from prison so he could die at home.

Just read these facts to that child of yours and then add: "But they all knew how to make money!" While it is true that it takes money to live, it also takes a great deal more. A happy and good life requires a certain "plus quality" of the spirit that no amount of money can buy.

And speaking of money, do you realize the enormous difference between the standard of living in our country and that in the Soviet Union? One of the things that I noticed when I visited Russia three years ago, is the frightful status of the working man and woman in Russia. For example, the average Russian worker must work 275 hours to earn enough money to buy a cheap and shoddy suit of clothes. In New York that same worker would only have to work 23 hours to buy a much better suit of clothes. It takes 61 hours of work in Russia to earn enough for one pair of shoes, while it takes only 7 hours of work in New York to earn enough to buy a better pair of shoes. Just one pound of sugar costs a Russian a little more than 1 hour of work, while one pound of sugar costs a New Yorker less than 5 minutes of work.

With that kind of a standard of living, certainly we Americans should have time for the nurture of the spirit. Most of us are buying more food and better food than we ever bought before, but I wonder if we are doing as much for our souls as we are for our stomachs? A great many people today are keeping their minds on a starvation diet while they stuff their bodies with food and drink.

This Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is meant to give you something for your minds and hearts as well as something for your stomachs, and so along with the recipes for the kitchen, let me give you one for the study:

(Continued on page 19)

## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### CANNED GARDEN SPECIAL

- 6 sweet peppers, diced
- 1 quart onions, chopped
- 1 quart celery, cut, leaves and all
- 1 quart water
- 4 quarts tomatoes, peeled and cut
- 3 Tbls. salt
- 3 Tbls. sugar

Combine the peppers, onions, celery and water and cook for 20 minutes. Add the tomatoes, salt and sugar. When it comes to a good boil, put in hot jars and process in a water bath 30 minutes for quarts, 20 minutes for pints. Set the jars on the rack in the canning kettle in boiling water so the water comes 1 inch above the lids of the jars. Cover the kettle and keep the water boiling. If you use a pressure canner check your direction book for processing time of tomatoes. This is a wonderfully versatile product. Use it to bake fish in, to put in casseroles, as a sauce on spaghetti and put into chili.

### SUMMER PUNCH (10 quarts)

- 3 large cans unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 large can unsweetened orange juice
- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemon juice
- 2 pkgs. powdered orange drink
- 4 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 quarts water
- 3 quarts ginger ale

Combine all but the gingerale and chill. Add chilled ginger ale just before serving. The ten quarts will fill approximately 80 punch cups. This recipe is excellent for summer weddings and receptions. It was originally served at a teacher's reception.

### SORT-OF-FANCY CARROTS

- 6 to 10 carrots
- 1 can whole cooked onions
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 can cream of celery soup

Scrape the carrots and cut in thin slices. Cook in boiling salted water about 15 minutes. Add the onions, heat and drain. Heat the milk and soup until it is smooth then add it to the carrots and onions, stirring carefully. Bring to a boil and serve.

If you wish to serve this in a special way, make toast cups by trimming the crusts from 12 thin slices of bread. Butter one side then press 2 slices, buttered side up, into the bottom of a custard cup, overlapping the slices in the bottom of the cup. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 15 minutes or until crisp and golden. Heap the carrots and onions in toast cups. This makes six servings.—Dorothy

### MANDARIN CANTALOUPE

During August cantaloupe is relatively inexpensive and absolutely delicious with freshly-ripened-and-picked flavor. Ordinarily we prefer it plain with only a little salt to enhance the taste. However if we are entertaining guests and want the menu a little fancy, I like to use this recipe for a refreshing light dessert.

- 1 large cantaloupe
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup strained orange juice
- 1 tsp. grated lime rind
- 1 Tbls. fresh lime juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- Fresh lime slices

Cut cantaloupe into halves; scoop out seeds and cut fruit into balls, using melon ball cutter or a one-half teaspoon measuring spoon. Combine all remaining ingredients except coconut and lime slices. Mix well and pour over cantaloupe. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving, sprinkle with coconut and garnish with thin slices of fresh lime. Makes about one quart or 4 to 6 servings.—Abigail

### MARGERY'S POTATO SALAD

- 8 or 10 diced potatoes
- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 4 stalks celery
- 1 pimento
- 1/2 green pepper
- 7 or 8 chopped pickles
- 1 tsp. onion salt, or chopped onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Mayonnaise to hold salad together

After the potatoes have been cooked and diced, pour the salad oil over them and refrigerate for several hours. Pour as much of the oil off as possible. Combine the potatoes with the remaining ingredients and chill until serving time.

### HAM-RICE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cubed ham
- 2/3 cup Minute Rice
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup water

In greased casserole, build up layers of ham, rice, cheese, ham, rice and cheese. Pour a cup of water over the top and bake, covered for 30 minutes. Remove lid and bake for 5 additional minutes. This is an excellent way to use up left-over ham. You could even use left-over cooked rice in this dish if you like.

### EVELYN'S PEANUT BUTTER KISSES

Beat 2 egg whites with 1/4 tsp. salt until foamy. Add 3/4 cup sugar gradually, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in 1/2 cup School Day Peanut Butter and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Drop by rounded teaspoons on greased cookie sheet, one inch apart. Bake for about 20 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Cool slightly and remove from pan. This makes about 2 dozen cookies.

### PEACH CONSERVE

- 18 peaches
- 5 medium oranges
- sugar
- 1 cup chopped maraschino cherries

Peel and pit the peaches. Put peaches and unpeeled quartered oranges through the food chopper, using a coarse blade. Measure the fruit and add to it 1 1/2 times as much sugar as you have fruit. Cook until syrup sheets from the spoon. Add the cherries. Seal in hot sterile glasses.

### STRAWBERRY REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

Your strawberries may be gone, if they aren't the ever-bearing variety, but other fresh fruit could be used very nicely in this recipe. I am anxiously waiting for peaches so that I can give this recipe a fling with them. This winter I'll get out some of my frozen strawberries and use them in this elegant dessert.

- 2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Dash of salt

- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sliced strawberries
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Butter an 8x8x2-inch baking dish and press 1 cup of vanilla wafer crumbs in the bottom. Cream the butter until light, gradually add the sugar and continue beating until the mixture is light and fluffy. Stir in vanilla and salt, then add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition.

Spread the creamed mixture over the crumbs, then arrange the berries over top. Cover with unsweetened whipped cream and top with the remaining crumbs. Chill thoroughly, cut into squares and serve.

If you are using frozen berries or peaches, be sure that they are well-drained.

### FLUFFY ORANGE DRESSING

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 4 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup salad oil

With an electric mixer, blend all of the ingredients except the salad oil. Add the oil very, very slowly, beating constantly. Chill well before serving. It may require some stirring when removed from the refrigerator. This makes 1 cup of dressing and is simply delicious with a variety of fruit salads.

I might make this one comment about the honey. If you are using very sweet oranges you would very likely want to cut down on the amount of honey. I suggest that you add the honey a tablespoon at a time, tasting after each addition until you think you have the desired sweetness.

### COCONUT-STRAWBERRY COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup strawberry jam
- 1/2 cup coconut

Cream the butter and sugar well and then add the eggs one at a time, stirring well after each addition. Sift the first cup of flour with the salt, soda, baking powder and add to the creamed mixture. Then add the buttermilk and flavorings. Sift the second cup of flour onto the batter and before stirring it in add the jam and coconut. Drop by teaspoons onto greased baking sheet and bake at 300 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Baking time depends upon the size of the cookies. The lower oven temperature is necessary because the jam in the cookies causes them to burn easily.

### BANANA ICE CREAM

- 1 cup mashed ripe bananas
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup light corn syrup
- 1 14½-oz. can evaporated milk (or top milk)
- 2 slightly beaten egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 stiffly beaten egg whites

Combine bananas and lemon juice. Add the flavoring, syrup, milk, egg yolks and 1/4 cup of sugar. Mix well and pour in refrigerator tray and freeze until mushy. Remove to a cold bowl and beat until fluffy. Gradually beat the remaining 1/4 cup sugar into the stiffly beaten egg whites and fold into the banana mixture. Return to the refrigerator trays and freeze until firm.

### PORK TENDERLOINS WITH CURRY

- 8 pork tenderloins (allow 2 per person)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder (or more if you are real fond of curry)
- 1 bay leaf

Brown the tenderloins in fat in the skillet. Don't salt or pepper. Combine soup, water, curry powder and bay leaf and heat to boiling point. Drain fat off of the chops. Pour soup mixture over them, cover tightly and simmer about 1 1/2 hours. You may find it necessary to add a bit more water from time to time. We would suggest that you serve rice instead of potatoes with this meat.

### RICE AND BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 2/3 cup uncooked rice
- Salt and pepper
- 1 can chicken and rice soup
- 1 can beef consomme soup
- 2 cans water

Brown the hamburger in a small amount of fat. Add the rice and brown, seasoning with the salt and pepper to taste. Put the mixture in a baking dish and add the soup and water. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. For an hour have the pan tightly covered, removing the cover late during the baking time so that the dish will brown nicely. Celery and green pepper could be added for variety if you like. This quantity could be easily cut in half for a small family. The amount given above should serve 6 to 8 persons easily.

### LEMON BARBEQUED CHICKEN

- 1 2 1/2 lb. frying chicken
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 small clove garlic or 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 Tbls. minced onion or 1/2 tsp. onion salt
- 1/2 tsp. salt if garlic salt and onion salt are not used
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup lemon juice

Dip the chicken pieces in mixture of the flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Melt butter or margarine in a shallow pan in a 400 degree oven. Turn chicken pieces to coat with butter and bake skin-side down in a single layer for 30 minutes. Turn the chicken over and pour remaining ingredients, which have been mixed together, over the chicken. Continue baking for 30 more minutes, or until tender.

### FROZEN BANANA SALAD

- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 2 3-oz. pks. cream cheese
- 4 Tbls. crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries drained and cut into quarters
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 3 well ripened bananas, cut into cubes

Add the lemon juice and salt to the mayonnaise and stir into the softened cheese. These ingredients will blend quickly if the cheese is room temperature. Stir in the pineapple, cherries, and nuts. Add the banana flavoring to the cream and whip until firm. Fold gently into the fruit mixture and lastly, fold in the cubed bananas. Turn into a double refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Serve in squares on lettuce and garnish with cherries if desired.

### SNOW-ON-THE-MOUNTAIN PIE

This meltingly delicious pie looks cool and tempting—and is fool proof for inexperienced cooks.

- 1 9-inch crumb crust
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 2 egg whites
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in 1/2 cup cold milk. Bring remaining 1 cup milk to scalding point and then stir into the 1/2 cup sugar and 4 Tbls. flour that have been mixed together thoroughly. Put in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until it thickens.

When thickened, add dissolved gelatin. Stir well. Cool.

Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Then add slowly, remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Carefully fold this meringue into cooled milk mixture. Lastly fold in whipped cream to which flavorings have been added, and then 1/2 cup shredded coconut.

Pile this snowy white, fluffy filling into the crumb crust. Refrigerate. Cream can be added. Tiny slivers of red maraschino cherries will turn this into a festive looking pie, although during the summer months the snowy white filling is highly tempting.

### CALIFORNIA SALAD

- 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1 8-oz. can tomato soup
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 3-oz. pks. cream cheese, room temperature
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper

Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water, add the soup and lemon juice and cool until slightly thickened. Blend the cream cheese with the mayonnaise and whip until smooth. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Arrange a few olives in the bottom of ring mold, then add the remaining olives with the celery, onion and green pepper to the gelatin mixture. Spoon carefully into the mold and chill until firm.

### POTATO SOUP

Dice together 1 carrot, 2 potatoes and one-half medium-sized onion. Place in a pan with 2 1/2 cups of water and cook until the vegetables are tender. Add 1 cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Place in a double boiler and keep hot until ready to serve. I like to serve this with crisp bacon strips or bacon crumbled on the top of each bowl of soup. It is also better if 1/2 tsp. of butter is added to each bowl as you are ready to serve.

## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

### Ice Cream Like Grandma Made

There's a story behind this recipe. The friend in Columbia, Mo. who sent it said that she remembered her grandmother's ice cream as by far the most delicious thing she had ever tasted in her childhood. No one in the family could help much with duplicating it aside from the fact that it was cooked "a little bit" before it was turned into the crank freezer—and there was more than vanilla in it.

"I experimented every chance I got," she wrote, "and finally came up with something that tasted exactly the way grandma's ice cream tasted. I knew it wasn't just my imagination because I tripled this recipe for a big family dinner and everyone said: 'Irene, this is *exactly* like grandma's ice cream!'"

(Note: we tried this and think that it is absolutely wonderful. It is very rich—huge helpings are out of order! But a medium sized dish of this with a piece of fine cake made from scratch is the best eating you'll run into.)

- 2 cups milk
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Few grains salt
- 1 whole egg, 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream

Scald 1 1/2 cups milk in top part of double boiler. Mix sugar, flour and salt together until very smooth. Add 1/2 cup cold milk to make a paste and then add, stirring vigorously, to the scalded milk. Cook over boiling water until thickened—about 10 minutes. Beat smooth. Add a small amount to well-beaten egg and egg yolks, then return to double boiler and cook 1 minute. Cool. Add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings and then heavy cream. Freeze in 2 qt. hand-cranked freezer.

### CHOCOLATE ALMOND SAUCE

If this isn't the best rich hot sundae sauce you've ever tasted we'll eat our best hat! This is wonderful served hot over ice cream.

- 3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 3/4 cups light cream or top milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup enriched flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup toasted almonds

Melt the chocolate in the cream over hot water and cook until smooth. Stir often. Combine the sugar, flour and salt. Add enough of the chocolate mixture to the sugar mixture to make a soft paste then add to the remaining chocolate mixture. Cook until smooth and slightly thick, about ten minutes. Remove from the heat and stir in the remaining ingredients. Serve hot or cold over ice cream.

## HOW ABOUT SOME GOOD OLD HOMEMADE ICE CREAM?

This is the season for it. And this is the time to let your family know that when you're talking about ice cream you mean ICE CREAM—the kind we used to have before all these conglomerations were put together and given all kinds of names.

There's one sure way to have the kind of ice cream you remember and that's to make it yourself. Stir it up right from scratch. And flavor it with our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. They'll make ALL the difference.

You may be conservative when you start out and stick with just one Flavoring, but for a real treat you should do some experimenting! Even the most faithful calorie counters fall by the wayside when they run into homemade ice cream made with a combination of **Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla** and **Burnt Sugar Flavorings**. (And remember to add some **Kitchen-Klatter Black Walnut Flavoring** for people who crave the taste but can't eat the nuts.)

These are the twelve **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you should be able to find wherever you shop. Be sure to save the cap liners. They'll make it possible for you to get in on wonderful premiums.

<b>Banana</b>	<b>Coconut</b>
<b>Strawberry</b>	<b>Maple</b>
<b>Cherry</b>	<b>Burnt Sugar</b>
<b>Orange</b>	<b>Black Walnut</b>
<b>Lemon</b>	<b>Mint</b>
<b>Almond</b>	
<b>Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)</b>	

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage. And if you'll send your grocer's name, we'll get in touch with him.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
Shenandoah, Iowa

### PINK RASPBERRY SNOW

- 1 pkg. raspberry flavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen raspberries, thawed and sieved

Combine gelatin and sugar; dissolve in hot water and cool. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour into a quart refrigerator tray; freeze firm. Break into chunks; beat until smooth. Return to the tray and freeze for 3 or 4 more hours. The mixture will not freeze firm this time.

### MINT - CHIP ICE CREAM

- 1 cup cold water
  - 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
  - few drops of green food coloring
  - 1 15-oz. can *sweetened condensed* milk
  - 1 1/2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate
  - 2 cups heavy cream, whipped
- (Continued in next column)

Combine the water, flavoring and coloring. Add to sweetened condensed milk and mix well. Grate the chocolate and add. Fold in the whipped cream and pour into refrigerator trays and freeze. Turn frozen mixture into a cold bowl and beat until smooth. Return to cold trays and freeze firm. Makes about two quarts. This makes a smooth rich mint ice cream full of chocolate bits.

### LEMON CREAM FREEZE

- 2 whole eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup corn syrup
- 2 cups top milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Beat the whole eggs until thick then add the sugar slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Stir in the corn syrup, milk, juices and flavorings. Beat well and turn into freezer trays. When firm turn into a mixing bowl and whip until fluffy. Return to the tray and finish freezing. This is a very refreshing ice cream and less expensive than some.

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

We have just pulled into town from a short but wonderfully relaxing trip to Santa Fe, and I can almost feel the car wheels spinning underneath me as I sit down at my desk to write to you. I think most people have this sensation when they finish a long stretch on the highway.

Russell, Juliana and I made the trip together and it was certainly a spur-of-the-moment jaunt—in about 15 minutes we made up our minds to go and the next morning we were on the road. We've learned that these quick decisions generally work out the best when it comes to a trip, or at least a trip involving only seven or eight days. There simply isn't time to do a lot of fussing around and stewing and packing, and consequently you don't leave town worn to a frazzle.

I used to think of Santa Fe as a remote and far distant mountain town in New Mexico, but after this trip it seems no distance at all. I'd like to tell you exactly the route we traveled for surely there are people reading this letter who will be planning a trip West . . . and have turned over the idea of making a stop at Santa Fe.

We left Shenandoah at 6:30 in the morning, drove the short distance to Nebraska City on highway number 2, and in Nebraska City picked up highway 75. Most of this highway has been tremendously improved in recent times and with any luck at all you can skim right along. We took a half-hour for breakfast at Sabetha, Kansas and entered Topeka at 10:00. Highway 75 takes you right through the heart of Topeka but you should be glad of it! There are handsome new buildings on that street, wonderful examples of old Victorian architecture, and glimpses of a nice residential area before you enter the Turnpike.

Russell thinks that the Kansas Turnpike is by far the easiest super-highway he has ever driven. It has been engineered to permit a maximum speed of 80 miles per hour (it's illegal to go slower than 40 miles per hour), and enough space has been left between the two strips to give you a restful feeling. By a "restful feeling" I'm contrasting it with the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the first one built in this country. It goes through mountains in many places and the two strips are necessarily so close together that after an hour of curves you get the feeling that the oncoming traffic is really in your own lane. I can guarantee that you'll never get this sensation on the Kansas Turnpike.

We stopped for lunch at one of the service areas on the Turnpike, and then turned off at the first Wichita exit—highway U. S. 54. Eventually you'll skim right through and over the city of Wichita, but at this time the road is under construction and there is a detour through the place. (We didn't mind this—gave us a much better chance to see something of Wichita than we would have had otherwise.)



Only five months passed between the cover picture and this brand new picture of Mary Leanna Driftmier, but in that short time she turned into a young lady.

Once you're out of Wichita on U. S. 54 you have smooth sailing. There are only a few short sections left where work needs to be done, but most of that highway is in excellent condition. It seems to me that anyone who aims to go to southern California via U. S. 66 should swing down into Kansas and take U. S. 54 at the earliest point where it makes sense. We've taken a number of highways across Nebraska and Kansas and 54 is by far the best we've found.

We stopped at Greensburg, Kansas to take a look at their huge well, the largest hand-dug well in the world, and unless you're terribly crowded for time you should plan to take in this sight. I always get an uneasy feeling when I look down into a deep hole, and I'll confess that as I studied that huge excavation, 32 feet in diameter and 109 feet deep, I worried about all the men who worked on it back in 1887-1888. I'll bet their wives were terribly apprehensive, and with excellent reason.

We think that Kansas is a magnificent state—and we also think that no one will ever be able to photograph or paint western Kansas in such a way that its immense beauty can be captured. There is no way to describe that vast arc of glittering blue sky and the golden wheat fields rising to meet it in tidal waves. And certainly there is no way to convey the wonderful drama of those gleaming white elevators that rise before one on the horizon; somehow they look like tremendous pieces of ancient and priceless sculpture. I have never been able to understand people who find western Kansas or western Nebraska "dull." To me it is hauntingly beautiful country. And it is fitting that a restless wind should run feverishly across it. This is country that somehow has the stamp of fresh creation upon it, a sense of titanic freedom and majesty.

We left the highway at 6:00 in Liberal, Kansas, and a lot of travelers must have left it about the same time for that big collection of motels was filling fast. Unless you have advance

reservations I wouldn't advise you to drive until late at night and then expect to get into a motel at Liberal. By 8:00 the "No Vacancy" signs were flashing all up and down the highway. (In Liberal itself the highway is named *Pancake Boulevard* and I couldn't think for a while why there seemed to be a connection in my mind between the name of the town and the word "Pancake." Then it came to me that every year on Shrove Tuesday there is a race between women of Liberal and a town in England—maybe the town in England is also named Liberal. In any event, there's an item about this every year in the papers, so that's why the highway is called *Pancake Boulevard*.)

While I'm on the subject of Liberal I'd like to mention the fact that we stayed at the *Tumbleweed Motel*—a comfortable and quiet place on the south side of the highway. We also had a good meal at the *Park Plaza*. To find this, turn right at the big sign that carries an arrow pointing to "Business District" and continue on that street to the very end of town. Just when you think you're running into open country and have missed the restaurant for sure, you'll see a sign at the right that says *Park Plaza*. This place was recommended to us by the motel manager and I'm glad to tell you about it in turn, for when you stop at a completely strange town you've no idea where to eat. Probably there are equally comfortable motels and equally good restaurants, but those are the two we had dealings with and we were well satisfied.

At 7:00 the next morning we were back on U. S. 54 and my! what a beautiful summer day! We had breakfast at *Guymon*, Oklahoma and at 11:00 were in *Tucumcari*, N. M. There we made our junction with U. S. 66 and I could hardly believe my eyes—here was a big fine highway, divided in many places, and when I last went over it a good many years ago it was practically a stage coach trail by comparison. From Santa Rosa west it is divided all the way with entrances, exits and cloverleaves—just like the finest big turnpikes but FREE! It's really hard to hold the car down to the legal speed on such a highway where you can see for miles.

Probably most people traveling west on U. S. 66 continue right on to Albuquerque, but if you want to go to Santa Fe (and I hope you do) you will note a junction at *Kline's Corners*. Russell had been telling Juliana and me about a big old restaurant at *Kline's Corners* where he thought it would be nice to have lunch, but imagine his astonishment to arrive at the exit for Santa Fe and find that there was no longer a way to get to that restaurant without involved cloverleaf explorations. All in all, it seemed more simple just to turn on to highway 285 and drive 51 miles to Santa Fe. This is a wonderful stretch of country, you just about have the good highway to yourself, and it seems only a couple of steps or so into Santa Fe.

We gained one hour in time that  
(Continued on next page)

morning, but even with about an hour and a half eliminated for food stops at Guymon and Tucumcari, we reached Santa Fe at 1:30 in the afternoon; and the entire drive seemed so short that we realized we could no longer think of Santa Fe as remote and far, far from home.

There are many reasons why I think you would enjoy spending at least a little time in Santa Fe, but I'll mention only two: it is a town that has not been bulldozed to pieces and infected with what is now called "urban blight and sprawl." A fierce civic effort is being made to preserve this wholly unique and interesting town, and everyone who cherishes all the aspects of American life that are "different" should be grateful for the fact that its citizens care enough to protect their heritage. If you want your children to see a town in our country that looks today very much as it looked 350 years ago, then you should take them to Santa Fe. They'll think they are in a foreign country! And they'll be fascinated by the narrow, winding streets, the wonderful museums, and the many Indians wearing the most magnificent turquoise and silver jewelry you'll ever see in your life.

The second reason I hope you can go to Santa Fe is because it serves as a good "jumping off place" to visit four Indian pueblos: Santa Domingo, San Juan, San Ildefonso and Taos are all in easy driving distance. I'm afraid the day is coming very fast when these pueblos will be national monuments, and although this is all right in itself, the daily life now lived in them will be a thing of the past. It is one thing to visit a national monument from which human beings have departed, and it is another thing to visit a lively place where daily life is going on in pretty much the same way that it has gone on for hundreds of years. Juliana was fascinated by these pueblos and felt grateful for the opportunity to see them before they are abandoned.

(Incidentally, be sure you observe the signs that are posted on Indian reservations. When they say "No pictures without permission from governor of the pueblo" they mean what they say. If you have ever visited a pueblo in the Southwest you'll understand what I mean when I say that as tourists we are intruding right on their doorstep, and the least we can do is to respect their request not to take pictures without permission.)

We live in a world of machine-made objects and the beautiful crafts of the Southwest Indians are rapidly disappearing. Young people are not learning weaving and silver-smithing and jewelry making. When the older Indians are no longer able to work, we'll be almost at the end of the trail. Prices on everything are much higher today than they were even two years ago. In another ten years the wonderful hand-woven rugs that are priced \$100 today will be priced at \$1,000. In every shop we entered we found that the most beautiful items were not for sale at any price. Most of these objects have already been willed to



This looks like a very big cabin and a very small girl, but in reality it isn't. Juliana snapped this of her close friend, Suzie Henshaw, sitting in front of the log cabin they shared with six other girls at Crystal Springs Ranch.

museums all over the world. In short, this is the twilight of a wonderful culture and I hope you can see it before it disappears forever. Santa Fe will remain, of course, but the day is coming when its streets will not be filled with handsome Indians in from the pueblos.

We didn't know until we arrived in Santa Fe that the town was beginning a one week celebration of the 350th anniversary of its founding. That was a mighty festive and colorful celebration! I've never seen so many people having such a good time!

There are many other things I could say about Santa Fe, but with August and vacation plans on deck I wanted to tell you how easy it is to get there over the highways I mentioned, and why it is important that you allow just a little extra time, if it's humanly possible, to swing up from U. S. 66 and see Santa Fe. Albuquerque is only 60 miles from Santa Fe and there's a big new highway swinging down to it (I believe it's divided the entire way), so if you look at the map you can see that there aren't many extra miles involved.

We've been back such a short time that I haven't even had a chance to stock up the refrigerator or get to the laundry. But even though I've used quite a bit of space I want to thank all of you who expressed genuine interest in Russell's fractured ankle. Towards night his foot still swells badly and he's acutely aware of the fact that he had a bad break, but for all practical purposes this unfortunate incident has now receded into the past.

He asked me to tell you too that the drawing he promised won't get done in time for this issue. He had planned to work up this drawing of the new garden area and explain what has been planted in it, but we were in New Mexico rather than in Shenandoah when it came time to get it done.

Perhaps it's just as well that everything worked out the way it did, for goodness knows our garden has been in pretty poor shape all summer and a sizable number of new plantings didn't make it. Russell says that since he is only now able to get out and take care of things he has already changed many of the ideas he had even a month ago. When he *does* get to the drawing it will probably show the most basic and elemental kind of landscaping. That long period of physical disability did a great deal to

change a lot of his thinking about gardening!

Juliana and Kristin have promised me faithfully that they will do a joint article on the junior-senior banquets and proms they both worked on so hard this year. I hope they settle down to this article when Juliana goes up to the farm next week. This is the first summer they've been back and forth "like the old days" and they've enjoyed it tremendously.

I must say goodbye this very second and get to the kitchen. After eating in restaurants for a week or so I know that anything fixed at home will be preferable to going down town for a meal, and since I haven't yet had time to buy groceries you can see that I'm going to make a lunge at my "emergency" supply.

Have a happy August. And maybe one of these days, if it isn't too much of an August dog day, you can at least start a letter to me.

Faithfully yours . . .

*Pucile*

## THE BURDEN

The camel, at the close of day,  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off,  
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy  
knees  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift the load  
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou tomorrow meet  
With all tomorrow's work to do  
If thou thy burden all the night  
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day  
To have his guide replace his load,  
Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's  
dawn  
That God may give thee daily care,  
Assured that He no load too great  
Will make thee bear.

## A PRAYER

Almighty God, thou desirest us not only to call Thee Father but our Father; that we may pray unitedly for all people. Give us fraternal affection that we may recognize each other as true brothers and sisters, and petition Thee as our common Father for all mankind as one child pleads with its father for another. Amen

—Martin Luther

Anyone can carry his burden, however hard, until nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means.

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By  
Frederick

For the next two months this man is going to have his kitchen out-of-doors. Now comes the season of the year that I love—hikes and swimming to whet the appetite, broiling over the open fire and fresh fruits and vegetables in abundance.

For sheer summer eating pleasure there is nothing to equal wild fruits picked by the one who eats them. This summer Betty and I plan to take the children into the woods to look for wild strawberries, blueberries, huckleberries, and grapes.

While the strawberries are small and sometimes excessively seedy, I think their flavor is superior to the highly selected domestic berries. Few cultivated varieties have the flavor of the wild strawberries that I used to find out in the Rockies.

The wild blueberries in the woods along the lake shore should be very good this year; they like dampness and this has been a damp spring. To me there is no better fresh fruit of the wild variety than wild blueberries. I like them best in griddle cakes and they are perfect for pie and cobbler. We usually pick them during the twilight hours after supper and before bedtime, and then eat them the next morning for breakfast. There just is no better overture to a grand day in the out-of-doors than hot blueberry griddle cakes. All you have to do to make them is to add any quantity of blueberries to a regular, white pancake mix.

The huckleberry is another wild fruit that I never pass by if the berries are ripe. We don't find huckleberries in any large numbers in our eastern woods, but as the summer nears its close, we do find some. I love to eat them with nothing more than sugar added, but they are also good in pies. It is the fun of finding the rare huckleberry tree that makes the berries so delicious. It is interesting to know that foxes love to eat huckleberries. When I am out in the woods I keep my ears open for the sound of crows putting up a din of cawing. The chances are that they are cawing at some red fox foraging for huckleberries, and when I find the crows, there I will usually find the fox and the berries.

My recipe for this month is one that you can use for cooking any kind of fish filet. The other day when I caught some fresh shad out of the Connecticut River, I went directly to the Colony Club chef, Mr. William Cutler, and asked him how to prepare it. This is what I learned.

Put some aluminum foil in the bottom of a baking dish or pan, paint it with butter, and then place your slices (filets) of boned fish side by side in the pan. Paint them with melted butter, salt and pepper, sprinkle on some bread crumbs, add a dash of paprika, and place under a broiler. Broil for about three minutes or until slightly

brown. Then bake the fish in an oven of 450 degrees for about fifteen minutes. It is just that simple. Try cooking fish that way, and you will want to try it again and again. Of course you realize that the thicker the filets, the more time you will want to allow for baking. Remember that it is better to overcook fish than not to cook it quite enough.

## HIGH NOON

The air is sultry now with noonday heat;  
The shadows have grown shorter,  
hour by hour,  
Until the sun has entered each retreat  
Of woodland, and his shafts pierce  
every bower.  
There lies a hush upon the  
countryside,  
A breathless stillness, nature's self at  
rest,  
As though a pause had come in being's  
tide,  
A magic pause that held its waves at  
crest.

And so with men, they halt at life's  
high noon,  
Reviewing where they passed up  
youth's bright way,  
And then peer onward to that road  
where soon  
Their feet shall follow till the close of  
day.  
Thus for one brilliant interval they  
stand  
Erect upon life's sun-swept, splendid  
heights,  
And in high noon of power they  
command  
Life's hidden things, its gifts and its  
delights.

## A TREE

I love a tree,  
A brave, upstanding tree!  
When I am wearied in the strife,  
Beaten by storms and bruised by life,  
I look up at a tree—  
And it refreshes me.  
If it can keep its head held high,  
And look the storms straight in the  
eye,  
Ready to stand, ready to die,  
Then, by the grace of God, can I!  
At least, with heaven's help, I'll try;  
I love a tree  
For it refreshes me.

I love a tree!  
When it seems dead,  
Its leaves all shorn and bared its  
head,  
When winter flings its cold and  
snow  
It stands there undismayed by woe!  
It stands there waiting for the Spring!  
A tree is such a believing thing.  
I love a tree  
For it refreshes me.

—Ralph Spaulding Cushman

The tragedy of life is in what dies inside a man while he lives—the death of genuine feeling, the death of inspired response, the death of the awareness that makes it possible to feel the pain or the glory of other men in yourself.

## HOUSEWIVES ATTENTION

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Dept. KK-7260 Amount wanted \$

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Address

City State

Occupation Age

## FROM ONE OF OUR READERS

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Folks:

If you can possibly find the space in your August issue, I hope you'll pass on these observations that I've accumulated in the last ten years.

I'm a third grade teacher in this Arizona city that has grown by many, many thousands since the end of World War II. There are not enough school rooms and not enough teachers to cope with the tremendous numbers of children whose parents have located here, and the combination of these conditions makes it almost impossible to give children the sense of belonging that they need so badly.

My heart goes out to these little children who are enrolled in our crowded schools. Some of them have moved several times before they reach third grade and they scarcely know where home really is. They are bewildered and confused. They haven't had a chance to put down roots and make friends the way we made friends when we stayed in one neighborhood all the years we were growing up.

Some of them try to cover up their uneasiness by being extra boisterous and loud. Most of them go in the opposite direction and are unusually withdrawn and quiet. These are the children I worry about the most for the habit of standing aside from the group can very quickly develop into a deeply-rooted habit that will last a lifetime. The rough-and-ready children give a teacher more trouble, but they will get along much better in the years to come.

I realize that parents are frequently forced to many moves in order to make a living, but after watching so many deeply unhappy children I'd go as far as to say that unless there is actual need to make a major move, don't make it. Children thrive better when they are in the same familiar surroundings over an extended period of time. They suffer when their world is wrenched apart over and over again.

I wonder sometimes if all the moves to get ahead are really worth it? If there is enough income to allow for a decent standard of living, wouldn't it be the better part of wisdom to evaluate what is important and what is not important before a family pulls up stakes and starts all over again in a big booming area?

I have the feeling that many of these moves are due to restlessness more than actual need, but while adults may adjust easily in switching from pillar to post, small children haven't yet acquired the experience that permits such adjustment and if they could express their viewpoint they'd probably settle for fewer material things if only they could stay in the same house.

In all of the countless children who have come and gone through my school room (some of them are in and out in less than three months), I have noticed that the ones who make the best adjustment to drastic changes are the ones whose parents take a constant and active interest in their welfare.



If you had your television set tuned to channel KOMU in Columbia, Mo., the day your Kitchen-Klatter friends appeared on Esther Griswold's homemaker's program, you saw this trio. Margery Driftmier Strom is at the left, Esther Griswold is in the middle, and Leanna Field Driftmier is at the right.

You'd be surprised at the number of parents who enroll their children and then simply disappear! When problems come up, and they come up constantly and unendingly, I find time after time that both parents are working and it is all but impossible to get ahold of them for a conference. This means that the unhappy children in my room have nothing firm to get their teeth into outside the school room. They are adrift . . . and they are deeply troubled.

When school opens this September there will be thousands and thousands of children entering a situation that is brand new to them. In countless cases they will have lived in the community such a short time that they don't know a single child who can be a real friend and help ease over the first rough days. These are the children who stand during recess with their backs to the wall and their heads down. They are surrounded by strangers and they are afraid. The small youngsters cry. The older children are silent. They do not smile when you smile at them, and they resist your efforts to be friendly. They are watchful and wary in a world that seems to them hostile and full of danger.

If you are the mother of a child who is entering a new school in September, make almost any sacrifice to be available through at least the first few weeks. See that your child has at least one friend to go back and forth to school with him. If your child is in the primary grades, plan to stop by and walk home with him frequently—unless he says firmly that he'd rather you didn't. Older children, of course, would be embarrassed if you did this, but primary age children won't feel so lonely and adrift if you take a very active interest in all that goes on at school for several weeks.

Unless there is the most desperate financial emergency, I hope you won't

appear to enroll your child and then disappear to a job. Even much older children need their mother at home when they are adjusting to a new city and a new school. Some of my friends who teach in the 7th and 8th grades tell me that when they got to the bottom of serious personality problems they found that these boys and girls simply shifted for themselves. It's hard enough to be put down in a new neighborhood and a new school. It's doubly hard when both the mother and father are working at full time jobs and the children go from a lonely school situation to a lonely house.

I've come to the conclusion that most parents have forgotten how they felt when they were children. That's why I've written this—to remind them that if a major move MUST be made and their children MUST be uprooted, then they must remember that home is doubly important and that only the most critical financial emergency would justify both of them working at full time jobs.

I've seen an untold number of wretchedly unhappy children. I wonder very often what kind of childhood memories they will have, and what kind of people they will develop into as the years pass? From what I have seen these last ten years, perhaps it is just as well for my own peace of mind that I cannot step into the future and find the answers to my questions.

Sincerely your friend,  
Mrs. R. J. B., Arizona

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

—Abraham Lincoln

## A BASEMENT SEWING "ROOM"

By

Rosie Lee Greene

In many of the new homes being built today room is at such a premium that it is difficult to find a really adequate place to sew. Basement space is being suggested for everything from family rooms to extra guest quarters but have you thought about using it to make a really efficient sewing room?

I have tried for a long time to create the perfect sewing room! Making clothes for two daughters and myself besides sewing professionally demands that I have a really good working space. The new recreation room, which we developed in the basement, was supposed to have been a nice place for me to sew, but I was always in the way of a party, or a daughter who wanted to study, or a visiting friend who was using it as a guest room. It just proved to be too multi-purpose!

The practical idea for my very own corner of the basement came to me during a recent vacation trip. I felt a little like the gardener who plans elaborate plantings in the middle of a January blizzard. I was far from home and calmly anticipating what I wanted in the way of a workable sewing room. But my day dreaming really paid off this time. With the help of my patient husband, who discovered his part in this project included a trip to the lumber yard, a hardware store and a paint store, and close supervision over my pen and his check book, we made a very effective basement sewing room.

Since an important requirement for such a room is plenty of light, we chose a bright, cheerful color scheme. We painted the walls a honey beige. This is a near white shade which lightens the basement and yet gives a warm appearance. The window has a salmon colored curtain to give it "sparkle." I hope to cover a box with the same salmon colored fabric to use for a waste paper basket. You might use a large round ice cream carton or oatmeal box for the same purpose. An expanding file or file boxes to use in keeping patterns could also be covered with the curtain material or a bright wallpaper.

Now for the cutting board. I selected a piece of plywood one-half inch thick, eight feet in length and three feet wide. The basement room is long and narrow or I might have increased the width by one more foot. This table top will be sanded and varnished and mounted on black wrought-iron legs. Right at the moment it is most satisfactorily placed on top of a sturdy old maple table. Over this cutting area is a three way lamp, giving just the right light for such a work table.

My new sewing machine does about everything I want it to, and I suspect a few things that I have not as yet discovered. It is set in a cabinet that I made of plywood and this is also placed on wrought-iron legs. If you have a new cabinet model you might do as a friend of mine has done to pro-

tect the fine finish of the wood. She took a piece of oil cloth and cut a hole out just the size of the machine head. When the cloth is in place with the machine head coming through, the wood on each side is completely covered. Now she can lay her scissors, pins, screw driver and other pieces of equipment close at hand without scratching or nicking the wood.

While talking about the use of the machine, did you know that a turkish towel fastened to the top of the fold out board (or the space for the material to lay at the side of the machine) will keep slick or sleazy material from slipping? With all the new synthetic fabrics this is a real help in holding the pieces steady as they are being stitched. Also, a paper bag taped to the side of either the cutting board or sewing machine is a big help in catching thread, scraps and pattern trimmings.

There is a spool rack on the wall at the left of the machine which holds 63 spools of thread. This convenience is of quarter inch plywood with nails spaced every two inches. The nails are long enough to hold both small and large spools. I arrange the thread by color in each row. The color can be painted in little strips at one side so that identification is quick and easy.

On the wall that I face as I sew and above the machine is hung a piece of plywood. On this is fastened a three way pin up lamp. Also there is space for scissors, yardsticks, tape measures, cams for the machine and other much used items. The sewing directions for the article being made can be thumb tacked at eye level to this same board.

Several years ago I had the good fortune to receive from a friend an old fashioned spool cabinet. The drawers are about two inches deep. There are four large ones and two small ones. These are ideal for buttons, seam tapes, belt kits, extra scissors, zippers, notebooks, a small pressing board and other notions. This cabinet is painted white and trimmed with gold design so it is pretty as well as efficient.

Nearby is the iron and ironing board. Seams must be pressed as the garment is developed if the professional touch is to be achieved. Unless the ironing board is kept up and within reach, it is too easy to skip this important step.

This sewing room of my own keeps the basement recreation room in good order. It eliminates pins on the bedroom floor, and threads and needles from the living and dining rooms. I am a happier and more efficient seamstress, and my family is unbothered, but better dressed!

All day long the little boy had been naughty. When he said his prayers at bedtime his mother advised him to "Tell God how bad you were today and ask him to forgive you."

"You'd better ask him, Mom," he told her. "I don't think he's speaking to me."

## IT'S KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME!

—Time to "set a spell", catch your breath, and get your second wind.

Sure there's work waiting to be done. There always is. But you can tackle it with fresh pep if you take time to be our neighbors over the air waves.

These are the stations where we can visit with you six mornings out of every week:

<b>KWPC</b>	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
<b>KFEQ</b>	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
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Big Christmas "Wishing Book" Color Catalog of all leading lines, yours FREE, along with Bonus Plan, money-making details. Also sample boxes on approval.

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**CONVENTION REPORT—Concluded**

a "Continental Breakfast." When our church group again serves a cafeteria style "coffee" I'm going to suggest that we give it this fancy name. Fruit juice, donuts and coffee served buffet style made up the meal. But add fine conversation and it was indeed an excellent early morning get-together.

My breakfast companion was Mrs. Sue Gerard, a fine looking woman, tanned and athletic in appearance. As the conversation developed I learned that she is a physical education instructor at Christian Junior College for Women, Columbia, Missouri. Her purpose in being at the convention was to speak at the afternoon session on free lance writing; she is very successful in that field. Her articles have been published in such magazines as "The Christian Home" (an article on the day the T.V. tube blew out), "Together," "Ebony" (this was an article on why she was glad her children can have the experience of a Negro teacher,) and "Successful Farming", (a presentation of do-it-yourself life saving equipment for farm ponds.) Her children were only 4 and 7 when she began writing and to find some privacy she locked herself in the bathroom while she was writing. I never did discover who looked after the children while she was locked in so safely.

Mrs. Gerard gave me renewed respect for this business of writing. In addition she gave inspiration to keep at it regardless of the interruptions and problems involved.

The day passed swiftly with business meetings, luncheon and the afternoon program. The evening banquet was the climax of the week. Everyone dressed in her prettiest dress. National awards were given to first, second and third place winners in a large number of categories. Frances Williams, of Marysville, Kansas, who has had a number of articles in Kitchen-Klatter, received a second place award for a feature story in a weekly newspaper.

**Saturday, The Fourth Day**

Saturday was sightseeing day. Bright and early we started out in busses for Abilene. Through central Kansas, with its vast rolling hills, green pasture lands and fertile valleys of the famous Flint Hills region, we rolled. Many of the women traveling through the state for the first time were surprised that it was not flat, dry and sandy as they had anticipated.

At Abilene we were met by the mayor, the editor of the paper and an escort of police cars. It was exciting! We were greeted at the Eisenhower museum by friendly ladies of the town who had prepared coffee and donuts for us. The curator of the museum took us through, explaining the high points of the tremendous collection of souvenirs and mementoes collected during the President's long military career and presidential terms. The museum was larger, far more interesting and contained objects of beauty greater than I had anticipated. Some day I want my entire family to go back and



spend a longer period of time enjoying and appreciating this exceptional display.

The Eisenhower home made one appreciate anew the quiet, simple and homey background of this great man. The furnishings are like many of our grandmother's homes — a few good antiques, but mostly odds and ends such as handmade quilts, flowers in the windows, high school pictures and the piano on which the boys took lessons. It all caught one's fancy because it was so typical.

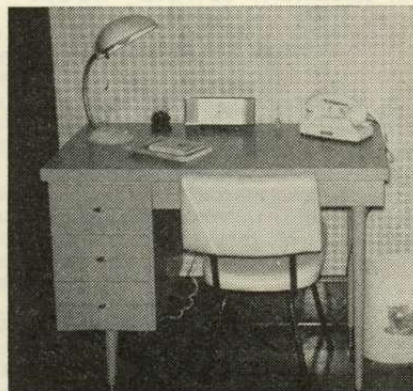
A chuck wagon feed was served to our group at the reconstructed Old Abilene Town. With the atmosphere of the early wild west all around us, including a mock hold up, robbers, marshalls, a posse, horses, shootin' and all, we enjoyed the type of hospitality extended by the pioneers.

Reluctantly we left Abilene. The drive back to Topeka included sight-seeing at Ft. Riley and a stop at Tuttle Creek dam. At Manhattan we were driven through the Kansas State University campus; taken on a tour of the new journalism building and entertained by the Journalism department and the President of the University at a tea in the student union.

It was a happy, weary group which stepped from the busses at Topeka. The day had been one to remember always. The friendships made would brighten many a dreary day. Everyone seemed sorry to say goodbye, but glad to return to home and family with a glowing report of the time spent together. The convention was over.

**LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT**

So many people have wanted to make this beautiful pansy quilt that Mother and I figured out a way to manage the pattern and directions. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.



These two pictures were snapped at Kristin Johnson's "second home"—the home of her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls on a big farm outside Allerton, Ia. The furniture was done by Kristin as a 4-H project, and she keeps adding things to the room even though 4-H is behind her. Edna and Raymond are wonderfully hospitable people, and Juliana has had some of the happiest times of her life when she visited there with Kristin.

**THE ETERNAL GARDEN**

We know not where "the best is yet to be,"

But this we know—we sow the seed each day,

That here and now is the eternity, Though brief the time we walk this earthly way.

And there is nothing lost—no little thing,

No little word and not one single deed,

We radiate our lives and they can bring

The good or bad regardless of our creed.

For life is like a garden that is made, The seed we plant can only bring its kind,

Our thoughts and words and deeds can never fade

And they are all we ever leave behind. All time is God's—O may we not ignore

Each precious hour, we reap forevermore.

**THE JOY OF GROWING OLD**

Do not fear tomorrow, friend . . . Behold that rainbow 'round the bend! This life is sweet, so smile and spend The joy of growing old!

God, in His wisdom, lets us grow Along with those we cherish so . . . They age with us, and let us know The joy of growing old!

We learn to love the little things . . . The thrill that children's laughter brings, And from each humble blessing springs The joy of growing old!

A child lives in a wonderland . . . Youth laughs away life's trickling sand . . . But you and I can understand The joy of growing old!

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

October ads due August 10.  
November ads due September 10.  
December ads due October 10.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

**BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORIES**—Appliances, Cameras, Watches! Free details! Cam Company, 6810-KK 20th Ave., Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

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**STONEGROUND CORNMEAL** from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. BROWNVILLE MILLS, Brownville, Nebraska.

**WEAVE RUGS**—Make Good Profits! No experience necessary! Free Catalog, sample card, and low prices on carpet warp, rug filler, looms, parts, inexpensive beam counter. If you have loom—advise make, weaving width please. OR. RUG COMPANY, Dept. 7085, Lima, Ohio.

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**PRETTY CROSS STITCH** gingham aprons, tulip or star design, \$3.00. Mrs. Stanford Monson, Forest City, Iowa.

**LOVELY 42"** Lady skirt pillow slips \$5.00, also 42" with metallic braid above hem \$3.50. 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.00. 36" embroidered lunch cloth with fringe \$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

**PRETTY CROCHETED** flat doilies, priced from 75¢ up to \$3.00. Pillowcases Emb. and Cro. edge \$3.75. Without lace \$2.25. Tea towels \$3.50. Booties \$1.50. Aprons fancy print \$1.00. Gingham cross stitch \$1.75. Organdy \$1.50. Ad good any time. Mrs. Carrie Carlson, 400 N. Osborn, Oakland, Nebraska.

**NYLON Facial Tissue Holder**, pattern \$1.00. Mrs. John Norris, Alton, Kansas.

**UNUSUAL CROSS STITCH** Border Patterns—Aprons, Skirts, 3—50¢. Pusycat, fish, strawberry borders—50¢ each or all 3 for \$1.00. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

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**OVERWEIGHT**—lose 3 pounds weekly—no drugs, exercising—diets, formula \$1. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

**FOR SALE:** Attractive, durable, handmade potholders; 40¢ a pair. Judy Vonderohre, 412 Matraw Ave., Norfolk, Nebraska.

**BABY SHOES**—Felt, pink, blue, white, nice for showers, \$1.00 each, Alta Strubhar, Murray, Iowa.

**I CROCHET** BABY things to sell. Please write for a price list. Shirley A. Lee, Rt. 2 Box 18, Rural Retreat, Virginia.

**BIRTHDAY AND GET WELL** cards 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

**LACY INCH-EDGED** linen hankies 2—\$1.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**ELASTIC STOCKING WEARERS** for good news write Goff's, 1349 Morrison, Madison, Wisconsin.

**MAKE BEAUTIFUL RUGS** on barrel hoops, 35¢. Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colorado.

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN** pillow slip edgings 42", \$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edges 47", 2 strips \$1.00. All colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

**PHONICS, WORD MEANING, VOCABULARY BUILDING**, in New MODERN READERS. Can teach your child to read better. Primer \$2.70; First Reader \$2.94; Second \$3.20; Third \$3.60; Fourth \$3.90; Seventh \$4.10. Workbooks each \$1.14. FAMOUS TEXTBOOKS, 1021 West 12th, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**A RAINBOW** of Little Flower Candles. Handmade. \$1.00 per dozen postpaid. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Doris Eagdahl, 5016 N. 48th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

## DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

wrote about this that I wasn't a real public speaker or entertainer in any sense of the word, but that I was always glad to get out and meet people and visit, and that's what I'll be doing at the Cherokee County Fair on August 5th. If you plan to attend, be sure you stop by and introduce yourself. No one who reads Kitchen-Klatter is ever a stranger to me or to any other member of our family.

Until August . . . Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

of times you can only have when you're seventeen and have one year left in high school before the big break away from home.

Martha has just come in to ask me about a hem she's fixing in a new skirt we've made together for one of Ruth's little girls, so I should put my paper and pen away and help her. We often say at the end of the day that we can still get quite a bit done in spite of our years!

Morning mail time continues to mean a great deal to me. I sincerely appreciate your letters.

Affectionately yours,

*Leanna*

This issue was on the press when mother's sister, our dear Aunt Martha Eaton, died very suddenly. — Lucile



# NEW

## Announcing ALL NEW

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## COVER PICTURE

These are the Driftmiers who live in Springfield, Mass., and we think it's an unusually good group picture.

So many of you have known Frederick for more than three decades that it's almost embarrassing to get off on formal facts, but for the benefit of new readers we really need to explain that he is Dr. Frederick Field Driftmier, pastor of the South Congregational church in Springfield, Mass. He was born and reared in Shenandoah, and is the only one of the seven Driftmier children who has settled along the Eastern seaboard.

Betty Crandall Driftmier, his wife, is a native of Rhode Island. Iowa was simply a state you crossed through enroute to California until the time she married Frederick and came to visit the family in Shenandoah.

Their two children are Mary Leanna and David.

In case you're a little uncertain as to exactly what kind of a dog that is we should explain that Fritz is a Weimaraner. Frederick has trained him to the point where he behaves better than most children, an observation Dad made when he returned from a trip to Springfield last summer. Certainly in this picture he looks like a very intelligent pet.

## FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

### Recipe for Happiness

Keep your heart free from hate, your mind from worry, your body from abuse. Live simply, expect little, give much. Think of the other person, forget self. Do as you would be done by always.

*Frederick*

# IS KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER IN YOUR HOUSE?



- It should be **IF** —you're tired of wasting water and time trying to rinse away useless froth and foam.
- IF** —you're sick of "burned" hands from using products that claim to be gentle, but are just about as gentle as a hungry leopard!
- IF** —your favorite all-purpose cleaner has been "improved". IMPROVED? That's what they claim, but something sure ails the product since it won't do a thing.
- IF** —you're tired of spending so much money for a big collection of "stuff" to do what one good product should do.

Our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is the answer to any of these "IFS". There are very expensive chemicals in it. That's why it will do a marvelous job wherever water can be used.

We've chosen this one letter from many thousands of letters to give you an idea of what our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner will do.

*"My kitchen walls were painted eight years ago with pale blue enamel. No matter how hard I worked on them they just got darker and darker with a greasy film, but we've had hard times and I couldn't buy new paint even though I was embarrassed at how bad they looked.*

*"I'd tried so many different products that I really didn't have much faith left when I bought your new Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner to use on those walls. Imagine my surprise when eight years of grime simply disappeared like magic! I couldn't believe my eyes! In fact, it's still hard to believe that just by going over them once without even rinsing, I have my original pale blue walls!*

*"Everyone who comes in says: 'Why, you didn't tell me you painted your kitchen this spring!'"*

*"I guess you can see why I'll never buy anything but your Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. I'm tickled to death with my kitchen, but I'm almost as happy about my white-white laundry and my sparkling floors. Please keep on making this cleaner — and please don't change it."*

*—Sioux City, Ia.*

Well, we are going to keep on making Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner and we're not going to change it. We have the finest product that can be manufactured and we're keeping it that way.

Be sure you save every single box top. We will have one grand premium after another and we want everyone to have a chance at them.

## IMPORTANT

Under no conditions can we mail our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner to individuals. Postage charges would make it far too expensive. Ask your grocer to stock it. If enough people ask, he'll get it.