

FX1

K57y

C.2

1960

Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 24

SEPTEMBER, 1960

NUMBER 9

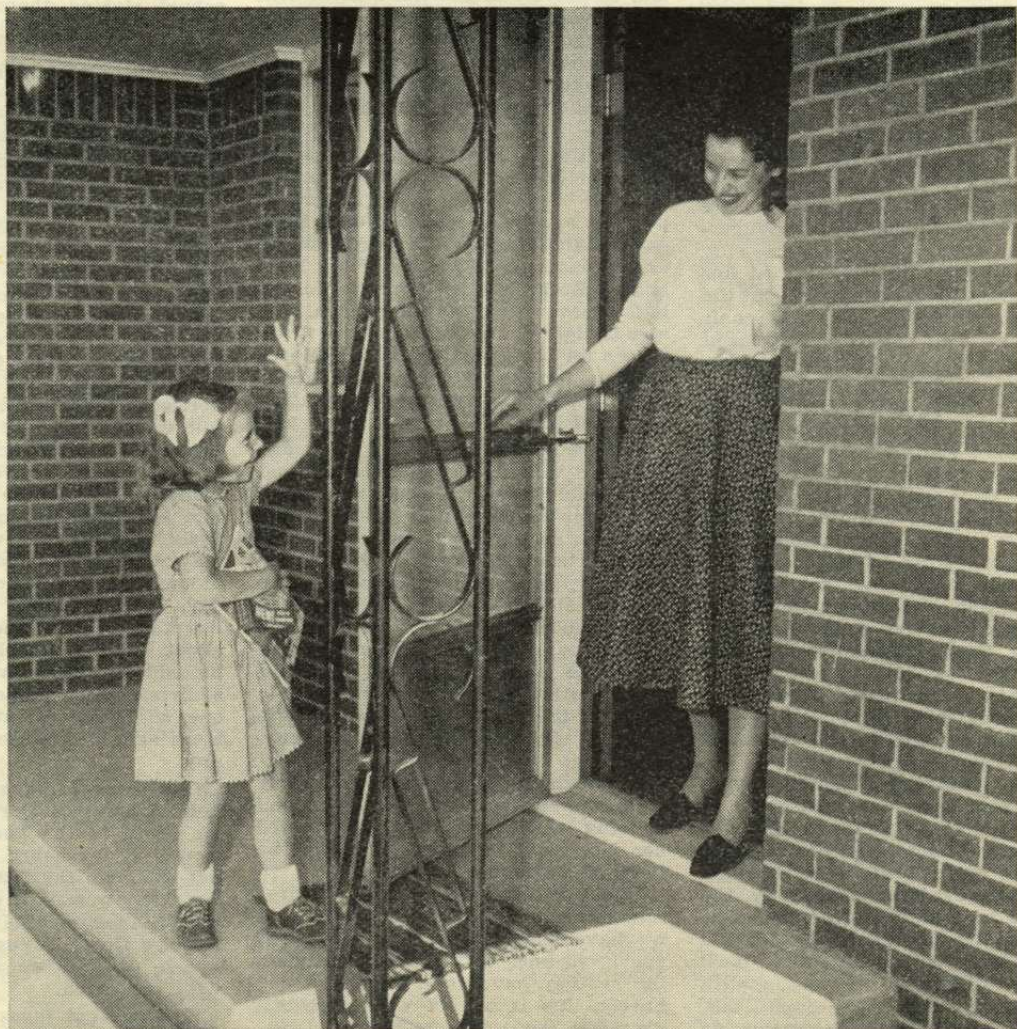


Photo by Dyer



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

Copyright 1960 by The Driftmier Company.

Dear Friends:

There are times when it is impossible to express in words exactly what is in my heart. If you have recently lost a loved one, you know how much kind expressions of sympathy from friends mean to you. Your words have been a comfort. The loss of one's sister is hard to bear and the sudden passing of my sister Martha has been felt very deeply.

Martha spent a great deal of time at our house this past year. We shared many hours with our sewing, baking and laughing over the good times we had as children. Little did we realize then, that our time together was growing short. As I think back on those last few weeks she spent in our home, I know that God had his own special reasons for permitting us this longer-than-usual visit.

At 82, Martha still maintained her sparkle, even though she had spent the past several years in a wheel chair and walker. The day of her passing she had started a big batch of homemade buns, an example of her gallant struggle to keep active. She had returned to our sister Jessie's home and it was there that she had her final stroke and lived only a few hours. Martha's two sons, Robert of Des Moines, Iowa and Dwight of Westfield, New Jersey, came immediately upon hearing word of her condition. I think we all knew that, in her frail condition, death was imminent. Friends and relatives gathered in Clarinda for the memorial service and dear Martha was laid to rest.

Her many nieces and nephews were very fond of their Aunt Martha and I think that our son Donald expressed their feeling when he wrote:

"I wish there were a better way to tell you how sorry we both were to hear of Aunt Martha's death. She was a wonderful woman, and her memory will make me, I hope, a better man. If our success is measured by the happiness and kindness we generate, as I'm sure it must be, Aunt Martha lived a truly successful life. We'll miss her, but she will always be with us in our hearts. I hope that Adrienne's birth fills the vacancy in the family created by dear Aunt Martha's death. We will do our best to see that she grows up with the same philosophy of life."

The past few weeks I have been re-reading our Field Family Memory

Book and recalling the many happy times we spent together as children on the farm. Martha was the instigator of many of our special activities for she was a girl with great spirit and, I might add, she maintained that spirit throughout her life.

We didn't play much with other children because we seven could create our own excitement. We put on lots of plays and Martha was always full of good ideas. Although the plays were for the amusement of our own family, they were real productions, with costumes and endless rehearsals, under the guidance of Martha and Helen.

I don't know exactly when we developed our love of poetry, but it seemed to have been always an important part of our lives. Many of you have enjoyed the sweet verses Martha wrote and, perhaps, have a copy of her little book, "Mother's Love Songs." Martha had a natural gift of expression. She also delighted her friends with little favors for their parties and was never lacking for new, clever ideas. Yes, Martha particularly enjoyed creating things of beauty.

Martha decided at a very early age that she wanted to be a doctor and she would have made a dandy one! Whenever someone was needed to assist the doctor at home or in the neighborhood, she was ready to help—skillfully, unflinching and daring. You may recall my telling you that she even assisted the doctor with an extremely serious operation on my neck when she was only fifteen. I always told Martha that I gave her a big share of the credit for saving my life on that old kitchen table at Sunny-side farm.

Although she didn't fulfill this early ambition, she married a druggist and as long as Harry lived, maintained her interest in advances made in the field of medicine.

Jessie, Sol and I are the only three remaining, but isn't it wonderful that we have such precious memories of our loved ones to help ease the passing as they have gone on before us? Surely, this is one of God's greatest blessings.

My sister Helen's granddaughter, Jeanne Alexander, is being married soon. Her fiancé, Donald Bohler, is a Canadian citizen, born in Regina, Saskatchewan. Donald was graduated from the Oberlin Conservatory of

Music this year, with a double major—piano and composition. He was one of two who were accepted for study for a Master's degree in Fine Arts at Princeton University this coming fall. Jeanne graduated from Oberlin with a Physics major and is planning to enter Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, to work towards her Master's degree in Library Science. While doing this, she will be working part-time in the Princeton Public Library at the adult circulation desk. She hopes to do reference work in an industrial technical library after she gets her degree. The wedding will take place in the Catholic Church in Claremont, California on August 27th. We are hoping very much that Jeanne and Donald can stop off in Shenandoah for a visit on their return east.

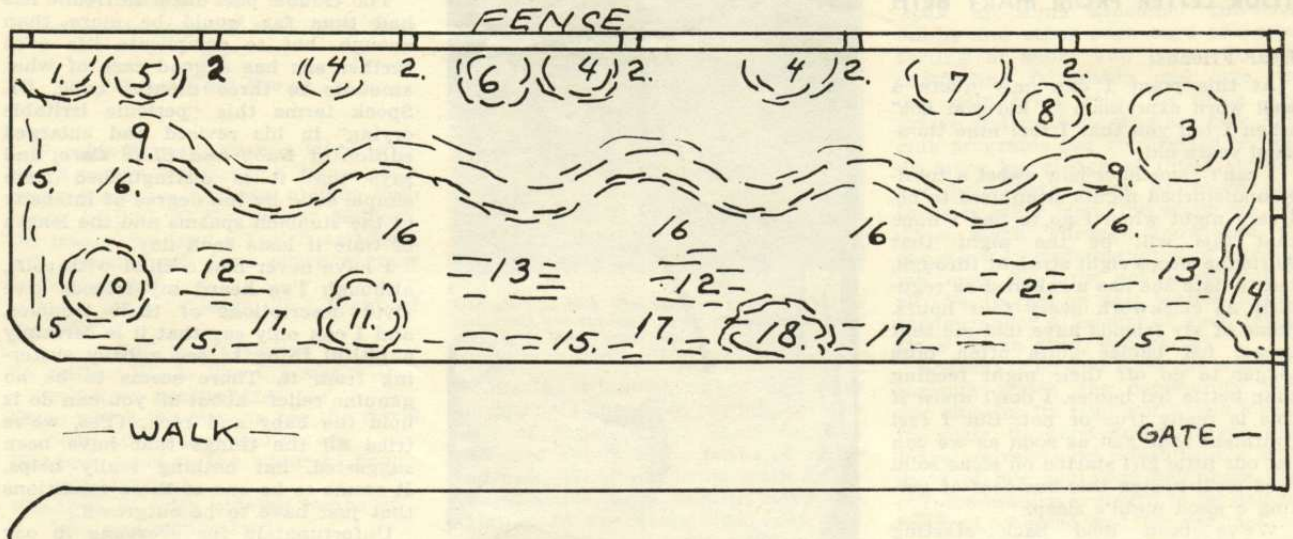
We're noticing the first signs of fall now. Mart and I enjoy sitting on the front porch in the evening hours. Listening to the locusts singing in the trees, we are reminded of when the children were little. They would spend hours every day seeing who could find the most locust "shells." These were carefully saved for weeks until the final count was made. As soon as school started there would be new interests, so I'd gather up the boxes of "shells" on the back porch and throw them out, sighing somewhat, for it was a sign that another summer had passed, another school year begun, and the children were growing up *much* too fast. Martin and a friend were collecting "shells" today and when they stopped by the porch to show them to us, it almost brought tears to my eyes—tears of happiness, because we're living to see our grandchildren enjoy the many pleasures our own children experienced.

I've told you before, I'm sure, about the black squirrels that race up and down our big trees. This summer we noticed a black squirrel with a brown tail which has received considerable comment in our neighborhood. Just this afternoon, when I was picking hemerocallis for the house, I noticed him scurrying around the yard, obviously starting his winter stores, or maybe frantically digging up some hidden treasure. When we spent a few days on the farm with Frank and Dorothy this summer, I told Frank about our funny-looking squirrel and he said that there were lots of flying squirrels in the timber. I've never seen one, so I kept a watchful eye on the trees near the house, but I didn't see any.

One thing I *did* see was plenty of fish! Sometimes Dorothy has wheeled me down to the pond to fish and I would sit for hours without a nibble, but this trip the fish were really biting. They were very small ones but we caught enough to have a real fish fry. Frank's Uncle August and Aunt Delia joined us and we stuffed ourselves with our catch.

Kristin's cat loves fish, as I guess all cats do, and the minute she sees anyone heading for the pond with a fishing pole, she is right behind with eyes that can only spell "anticipation"! Along with us, she kept her

(Continued on page 18)



GARDEN NOTES

By
Russell

The above drawing is of an area we think of as the new section of our garden. It is part of an alley that used to run along the east side of our house. A new cement walk has been laid from the garden gate to the garage and then around to the cellar door. This area is 10 ft. x 42 ft., and is drawn to scale as carefully as an amateur can manage.

1. *Porcelain-Berry Vine*. A fast growing and beautiful vine that produces berries in late summer and early autumn in colors that range from turquoise, orange and yellow to plum and purple shades. The foliage turns yellow in late autumn. My start came from Aunt Helen Fischer many years ago—I have no idea where she got it originally. Boston Ivy would make a good substitute.

2. *Clematis*. I plan to use several of the large flowered varieties, as well as the fall blooming *Paniculata*. This will give background color through the seasons.

3. *Hemlock*. This is the major tree that will give balance to our back yard. Hemlock foliage doesn't turn brown in the winter, so it will help to keep the garden interesting through the long winter months. A light shearing several times a year will keep it in shape.

4. *Altheas*. These will be pink and white flowering varieties to contrast with the purples and blues of the clematis.

5. *Weigela*. Red flowers will brighten this corner in early summer, and the foliage is clean and attractive through autumn.

6. *White Dogwood*. Pruning once a year after blooming will keep Dogwoods a small tree in sections where space is a problem, but with plenty of room I would allow them to grow to their maximum; there is no lovelier tree in all seasons. Dogwood foliage turns a deep red in the fall.

7. *Flowering Crab, Dorothea*. This is a small crab that has large pink

blossoms followed by bright red fruit.

8. *Weigela, Variegated*. Pink flowers in late spring. However, my reason for this choice is the highly attractive variegated green and white leaves that will furnish fine contrast with the deep green of the Hemlock behind it.

9. *Green-leaf and Yellow-leaf Privet*. The Privet is planted in alternate colors about a foot apart in a serpentine pattern. I plan to keep it sheared at about 3 ft. in height. This serpentine pattern hedge is what I would call the "backbone" of that new area for the other plantings fill in and fit around it. Privet leaves out very early in the spring and these leaves remain until about the first of the year.

10. *Greek Juniper*. This is strictly an accent plant as it is used here. The spiny foliage is of a blue shade and requires but little care.

11. *Burning Bush*. A low-growing type of planting with leaves that turn a brilliant scarlet in early autumn.

12. *Iris*. The first clumps of Iris (near number 10) will be selected in shades of lavender and purple; the second clumps, Siberian, will be in white and tones of blue and yellow; the third clumps will be in soft tones of peach and pink. (These latter hybrids are the ones that Lucile prefers above all other Iris.)

13. *Hemerocallis*. Yellows and reds and yellow bi-colored Hems will brighten this area in mid-summer.

14. *Euonymus Vegeta* (or) *Evergreen Bittersweet*. This is the only reliable broad-leaf evergreen that I know about. Its foliage will contrast and add interest to the feathery Hemlock in the corner.

15. *Spring Bulbs*. Tulips and Hyacinths.

16. *Ground Cover*. Vinca-minor will keep the weeds out as soon as it is established. It can spread as far as it likes and does not interfere with the other plantings.

17. *Chrysanthemums*. Cushion Mums only in shades of white and gold.

18. *Dwarf-Spreading Juniper*. This is the only other "accent" plant and is important because it ties the garden together with the tall evergreen at the back.

The first few years will be the hardest in getting things established. From then on only a little pruning, shearing and replacement of perennials will be required to keep this small garden interesting.

MY GARDEN

My garden is a place of prayer,
Each day I go and linger there,
And oh! the joys untold I find—
The peace of heart—the peace of mind!

For, as I work with His own sod
I feel much closer to my God.
Out there beneath His clear blue skies,
On bended knees, I raise my eyes;
Somehow, my heart is happy, free,
As there His wondrous works I see.
Each blade of grass, each flower rare,
Bespeaks His love and tender care,
And as I seek His counsel fine
Within this Holy place of mine,
Again I see, in memory,
A garden called Gethsemane—
Where Jesus often went to pray
As He began another day.
I'm glad I have a garden where
I, too, can talk with God in prayer.

MEMORY

They are poor who have lost nothing,
They are poorer far who, losing,
Have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows more sweet
Where there are sombre colors.
It is true that we have wept . . .
But oh! this thread of gold
We would not have it tarnish!
Let us turn oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is possession!

YOUR LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

At this point I can only quote a well worn expression "I kid you not" when I tell you that I feel nine thousand years old!

I can't remember how sweet a totally undisturbed nights sleep used to be. Every night when I go to bed I hope that *this* will be the night that Adrienne sleeps right straight through, but to date she has awakened as regularly as clockwork every four hours. Some of my friends have told me that breast fed babies quite often take longer to go off their night feeding than bottle fed babies. I don't know if this is really true or not. But I feel confident that just as soon as we can get our little girl started on some solid food we'll hasten this business of getting a good night's sleep.

We've been held back starting Adrienne on cereal because she's had several ailments. In fact, we've had so much to be concerned about that there really hasn't been a chance to enjoy her the way you enjoy a baby in bouncing health. Perhaps some of our experiences to date may be the experiences others of you are having with small babies, and it might help to compare notes.

Everything was going along beautifully until the day I noticed two blisters on Adrienne's neck. They appeared so suddenly that I assumed she had been bitten by some insect, but when she developed diarrhea later that day I called the doctor to report it. I couldn't think of anything I'd eaten that would account for her diarrhea, but in my own mind it seemed to me that this must be the explanation.

The second time I called the doctor he started me out with a very simple remedy and I thought things would improve right away. Instead of this, her diarrhea became much worse and many more blisters appeared. It seemed to me that there must be a connection between these two things so I called the doctor again and he came to the house to examine Adrienne.

His diagnosis was that she had a Staph germ which had taken the form of an infantile impetigo and he gave her immediately a large shot of penicillin. I was instructed to watch her very closely for 48 hours (needless advice, since I'd been doing nothing else!) and to call immediately if the blisters continued. This form of impetigo could be very serious, he said frankly, because the infection was being carried in the blood stream and not being carried and spread from blister to blister as impetigo does in an older child.

His call left me thoroughly frightened. Donald was out of town. I was still not back on my feet physically from having had the baby, and my worry about her coupled with lack of sleep just threw me way out of balance. Fortunately, my good mother came out and stayed with me again until Donald got home.

I don't know if you've heard about "Staph" when the term is used in connection with babies, but in one way it seems pretty fantastic. Medical prog-



This is Adrienne Driftmier, the newest member of our family. We think she looks very much like Katharine and Paul.

ress itself is at least partially responsible for the fact that this deadly germ has gained a whole new lease on life. Sulfa drugs and antibiotics have worked sheer miracles against most kinds of germs, but with the Staph germ the too liberal use of these new drugs has backfired. Newborn babies, new mothers and surgical patients are particularly susceptible.

Staph has the greatest capacity of any known disease germ for developing resistant strains. It is considered such a vicious killer that hospital nurseries are closed for a period of time if any baby is diagnosed as harboring a Staph infection. My doctor told me without mincing any words that if the penicillin failed to halt the impetigo we would have to put Adrienne back in the hospital, but not the one here in Anderson—we couldn't even get near the place if they knew there was an active Staph germ involved. We would have had to go to Riley hospital and put the baby in total isolation.

Total isolation may not take a great toll from a small baby, but it would certainly be hard on the parents—I just couldn't imagine not being able to take care of Adrienne. Well, fortunately we were quick enough in getting that first shot administered to halt the spread of blisters, but to date the continued diarrhea has not been conquered and as I write this I am sitting with crossed fingers, figuratively speaking, hoping that the third high powered drug we've just finished pouring into Adrienne will prove to be the answer.

Probably 99 times out of 100 there wouldn't be anything serious involved when blisters suddenly appeared on a breast fed baby, but since fast treatment saved us from real complications and total hospital isolation, I feel duty bound to say that it doesn't do any harm to check up fast if you run into anything similar to what we have experienced.

The trouble poor little Adrienne has had thus far would be more than enough, but to complicate life even further she has a good case of what amounts to three months colic. Dr. Spock terms this "periodic irritable crying" in his revised and enlarged edition of *Baby and Child Care*, and says that it is distinguished from simple colic by the degree of intensity of the stomach spasms and the length of time it lasts each day.

I have never had a child with colic, although I've heard my friends give vivid descriptions of their troubles, and I can only say that it is certainly a pitiful thing to see a baby suffering from it. There seems to be no genuine relief—about all you can do is hold the baby and rock. (Yes, we've tried all the things that have been suggested, but nothing really helps. It seems to be one of these conditions that just have to be outgrown.)

Unfortunately for everyone in our family, Adrienne's colic hits her right at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon and continues until 10:00 or 11:00 at night. Supper is never on time any more and Paul and Katharine have been going to bed without removing the day's grime by a trip to the bathtub. I try to get things started for supper, and then my dear good husband takes over at whatever state I have had to leave the food. He gets things cooked and on to the table, corrals the children in from the backyard (thank goodness again for that big fence because at least I know the children are safe outdoors) and sees that they have their supper. Then he sees that they are in bed and takes over with Adrienne while I grab something to eat.

I am very, very fortunate to have such an understanding husband. Without his wonderful help I just don't know what I'd do, for the only real relief Adrienne seems to get is when I hold her tightly and securely. If all of this holding spoils her, then she will just have to be spoiled for I simply can't bear to leave her in her crib screaming hour after hour. It's hard to see a child of any age in pain, but there's something doubly hard about seeing a tiny baby that is so helpless, so dependent upon you for its very life.

I hope you will bear with me for the next several months if all I talk about is children. My mind is focused on everything connected with children, and the big adventure of each week is going out to the A & P for a supply of groceries. Recently I've even excluded Paul and Katharine from this trip because just to get away by myself for a short length of time is more refreshing than a nap.

I hope you will enjoy the pictures that are in this issue. They were taken after much sweat and tears, literally. Paul only goes to the barber shop about once in six or eight weeks and after I had called Mr. Dyer it appeared very obvious that Paul would have to go in for a trim lest his ears not show in the photos at all.

I have found a young man who specializes in cutting children's hair and he is the first person I've run across

(Continued on page 18)

WINDOWS OF LIGHT

Devotions to Begin a New Club Year

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Worship Setting: From a large cardboard carton, construct a house with many windows. Arrange a light bulb inside so that, at the proper moment, the leader can turn a switch and light will stream forth from every window in the house.

Quiet Music: "Jesus, The Light of the World"

Call to Meditation

"A selfless life is like a house with windows everywhere,
From which the eye can see the world
with all its joys and care;
Windows open to the winds of hope
and charity;
Windows lit with shining lamps of
love and sympathy."

—Selected

Scripture: "Jesus said, I am the Light of the world; he that followeth after me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8:12) "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matthew 5:16) "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not the Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (John 1:6-9)

Prayer: Father in heaven, we come to Thee this day, humbly grateful for the gift of Thy Son, to be the Light of the world. Grant us the courage to follow closely His beam of Light as we travel the road of life. In this way, may we bring light to those who follow after us. These things we pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

Solo: "Sunshine in the Soul"

Leader: "The world began with Light. In the very beginning, God's first words at the creation were, 'Let there be light.' The Bible also goes on to say that God saw that the light was good. But our generous God went even further—he sent His beloved Son to earth that man might through Him, have eternal Light and Life."

First Meditation: "Down through the ages, light has been of extreme importance to man. He seems always to be seeking a better light—more and better artificial light for his creature comforts, and that inner Light which leads to life eternal.

"Have you ever stopped to consider the fact that, as our homes have advanced from crude caves to present day constructions, so has grown the importance of windows? We must remember that windows work two ways—they let the sunshine in but they also show to those on the outside, what is within! How lovely can be the light streaming from a lighted window on a dark night. Such a light has guided many a wanderer to safety, to comfort, fellowship and love.



Doesn't this look like summer fun? Katharine and Paul got through many a scorching hour playing in their little pool.

"Just as windows reflect and pass along the light from within, so the light of Jesus in our Christian lives will lead others along paths of righteousness. Windows, to be truly lovely and effective, must be kept clean and shining. In the same way must our spiritual light be kept glowing. Our windows of the soul need to be polished with love and kindly deeds."

Leader: "Each one of us is a window, reflecting back to others that which is inside us. Have you ever stopped to think how indifference, petty jealousy, unfriendliness and selfishness can streak and cloud the windows of our character, until those around us can't see the good traits we do have? We need to get out our polishing cloths! Now, at the beginning of our club year, is the time to examine our windows of light! Why are they so important? What can they mean to our club year?"

Second Meditation: "Light reveals! It shows everything for what it is. Sometimes in the darkness, tree stumps become frightening wild animals, and swaying branches look like ghostly fingers on a window pane. A chair in a darkened room could be a prowler. Turn on a light and these fearsome things vanish and are once again common, familiar objects. As we become lighted windows in our community, our helping hand and our ready smile can help to do much to dispel gloom and discouragement in the lives of those about us every day.

"And light helps to show the way. The roughest roads seem easier to travel under a good strong light. The most crooked path is easier to follow with a bright light shining ahead to help guide the way. We need the word of God as a 'lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path' to guide us through all of the trials and tribulations of day-to-day living, so that our lives reflect and beam forth this light, to guide and aid others."

Leader:

"Hold high the torch! You did not light its glow—

"Twas given you by other hands, you know.

I think it started down its pathway bright,

The day God said, 'Let there be Light.'

And He once said, who hung on Calvary's tree,

'Ye are the Light of the world. Go! Shine for me.'

Third Meditation: "Light has great healing powers! How often we have

heard the doctor urge someone to 'soak up some sunshine.' Infra-red lamps and other such rays are comforting to aches and pains. By our comforting friendship and love, we can help bring relief to those who grieve and to those who are sick. Our club programs can be directed to give us more knowledge of those needing our help—both those at home and those in other lands for whom we can do so much. Through knowledge, we can grow in understanding of our fellow men. We must not be content to sit idle, to rest on past laurels. Lights hidden under a 'bushel of good intentions' do no good, you know!"

Leader: "You and I are the windows through which the community sees our club for its true worth—its ideals, its goals, its good deeds. If you and I are actively busy polishing the windows of our soul, our neighbors and our community are sure to be helped, inspired, cheered and blessed. Let us be constantly seeking, working and praying that ours will be *Lighted Windows*—beacons in our community." (Leader now presses the switch to light the house of many windows.)

Hymn: "Stepping in the Light" or, "Lead Kindly Light." (Pianist continues playing soft music to the end of the benediction.)

Leader: "I'd like to read these lovely lines by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 'Let there be many windows in your soul, that all the glory of the universe may beautify it. Tear away the blinds of superstition. Let the light pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself, and high as heaven.'"

Benediction: "Bless us now, our Father, as we go forth to begin this club year, that we may each be as a lighted window, working and shining for Thee. Amen."

LEGACY

Out of this life I shall never take,
Things of silver and gold I make,
All that I cherish and hoard away,
After I leave, on this earth must stay.
Though I call it mine and boast of its worth,

I must give it up when I leave this earth.

All that I gather, all that I keep
I must leave behind when I fall asleep.
And I often wonder what I shall own
In that other life, when I pass alone?
Will the Great Judge say, when the task is through,

That my spirit has gathered some riches too?

Or shall at last, it be mine to find
That all I worked for I left behind?

I WEAVE FOR THEE

By night and day I weave for thee
A golden, gleaming net of prayer,
Its shining mesh thou may not see,
But it surrounds thee everywhere.

God bless thy peaceful sleep by night,
God bless thy busy steps by day,
Keep faith within thy heart a-light,
In Clouds or sunshine—this I pray.

MARGERY'S VACATION REPORT

Dear Friends:

When anyone asks, "Well, Margery, how was your vacation this summer?", I answer without hesitation, "The best we've ever had!"

There has been time for reflection and we are convinced that one reason we had such a delightful time is because we didn't map out our trip in advance—just planned each day as it came. We decided not to gear ourselves to a schedule for, after all, our lives are pretty well scheduled the remaining weeks of the year.

When we pulled out of Shenandoah that bright summer day we knew only that we were headed for Denver and after that our plans would simply fall into shape. Since we had no set date for arrival, we took our time enroute.

It has long been a desire of ours to stop at Minden, Nebraska to visit Pioneer Village so we chose to cross Nebraska on No. 34. We had heard about this splendid exhibit for several years since it has been listed as one of the seventeen top attractions in the United States. We were fortunate that Mr. Harold Warp, its creator, was in Minden that weekend and were privileged to visit with him for a considerable length of time. A native of Minden and now a highly successful business man in Chicago, Mr. Warp conceived the idea of preserving for Nebraska, and America as well, examples of the rich heritage that is ours. The museum and village stand as a memorial to the pioneers of the midwest. We were most impressed with the exhibits and are eager to make a return trip some day.

Our arrival in Denver was an exciting one! The children were ecstatic at being together again and you would have thought that it had been years since they had seen one another instead of six months. We adults talked long into the night and could hear the children whispering and giggling long after they should have been asleep. But, this was an *occasion* and no one spoke too sharply when they didn't settle right down. After all, *we* didn't!

Wayne arranged to take two days off from the nursery the week we were in Denver. The first day was our memorable drive to the summit of Mt. Evans. We packed a lunch and started on our merry way. It was our plan to picnic at Echo Lake (10,000 feet elevation) but there were so many people with the same idea that we drove further on before stopping. We were happy that we did for we found a gorgeous spot with a magnificent view of the mountains.

Our climb on up the mountain road was uneventful until we were within 200 yards of the 14,264 ft. summit and then, to use the expression the children used, the car "konked out!" Several people stopped, including a mechanic who discovered the trouble and pronounced that the car would not run until a part was replaced. This came as a real blow! Wayne had to coast backwards until he found room to turn around and, if you can imagine, we *coasted* down Mt. Evans



Margery snapped this picture of Abigail and Wayne (Driftmier) plus her husband, Oliver Strom, when they had a picnic lunch on the day they drove up Mt. Evans.

using gears and brakes to slow our descent! Wayne announced, after we reached an Idaho Springs garage, that if we thought he was unusually quiet it was because he was praying all the way down the mountain that the brakes would not burn out and that the gears would hold. As we watched the hundreds of cars come back down the mountain road, we wondered if anyone else that day had experienced such car trouble.

The other time Wayne was able to be with us we drove up to St. Mary's Glacier on Kingston's Peak. Again we had a beautiful mountain drive but were blessed with perfect car behavior. We drove as far as we could take the car and then hiked 2 miles on up the mountain path to the delightful lake formed by the melted snows of the glacier. We refreshed ourselves with drinks from the spring at the base of the glacier, looked for new and unfamiliar wild flowers and took many, many pictures. We hiked back to the car and drove on to the ghost town of Alice to eat our picnic lunch. Abigail remembered an old open mine and the remains of some old mining buildings that she thought would interest Oliver so we drove on a short distance to see them.

One of our most interesting days in Denver was spent at "East Tin Cup." This is a replica of an old western village that was set up in the Civic Center in Denver for the centennial last year. It was purchased by a private group and moved 12 miles west of the city. Here, the old west really lives again!

You can shop in Pete Smythe's General Store, have ice cream in Aunt Mary's Ice Cream Parlor, have your picture taken at the old tintype studio, mine for gold and have it assayed at the assay office, take a thrilling stage coach ride, tour through Happy Easter's Gold Mine (if you read the Steve Canyon comic strip you know who Happy Easter is!), and walk through the old hotel where there are relics and furnishings from the old Windsor Hotel of Denver. These are just a few of the things we saw. Oh, yes! There was a rootin', tootin' gun fight in the middle of the street! The prices were modest and this is a *must* if you ever go to Denver. We adults enjoyed it

every bit as much as the children.

The evening of this day Abigail, two of her friends and I drove to Central City to see "Aida" performed by a Metropolitan Opera cast. This was my first opera and I think it most thrilling that it should have been enjoyed at the old Teller Opera House. We planned our arrival in Central City so as to see the free square dancing in Williams Stable across from the opera house. This exhibition is square dancing at its best, in elaborate costume, and is sponsored by the Central City Opera House Association, Inc. Before very long the ushers came marching down the street in their 1890 costumes and singing the "Ushers' Song" which indicated that the doors were opening at the opera house. It was an exciting evening and will long be remembered as a high-light of the trip.

The following morning Oliver and I left Martin in Denver and drove to Colorado Springs to visit the convention of the International Association of Personnel in Employment Security, an organization to which Oliver belongs. We met several of the Iowa delegation and a long-time friend, Bud Nelson from Washington, D. C., who was in charge of the foreign delegation. We were in hopes that we could take the convention bus tour to Cripple Creek for the melodrama but were too late for reservations. However, by phoning ahead, we were able to make arrangements to see the evening performance and stay over night at the Imperial Hotel. After a delicious lunch in the Gourmet Room at the Antler's Hotel, we left Colorado Springs and drove on to Cripple Creek.

We had several hours to sight-see around this old mining town before dinner. Our interests varied—Oliver decided on the jeep tour of the ghost towns and old mines and I spent my time photographing old buildings. (Of all things, I left my camera behind in Denver. It was fortunate that I was able to borrow one from Mr. West, the owner of the Palace Pharmacy.) As I wandered around those two hours it was hard to believe that in the 1890's, when Cripple Creek was booming, it boasted a population of over 35,000!

When we returned to the hotel we met the publicity director, Hazel Warren Bunker, formerly from West Liberty, Iowa. As we visited we discovered that she is a friend of our cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her husband Clay. With this discovery our conversation took a personal turn and we almost lost track of time.

Those of you who know us well, know that food is of *special* interest to us. Having heard in advance that the Buffet at the Imperial Hotel was exceptionally fine, we were anticipating a great experience in good eating. Little did we realize when we entered the dining room what an experience it would turn out to be! The seasonings in several of the dishes puzzled me and I questioned our fine young college waiter about them. He said he would be happy to speak to the chef and the next thing we knew, the chef was at our table! He said he loved to

(Continued on page 17)

GARDEN RECEPTION

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

A new custom seems to be a'bornin' in our schools. An increasing number of communities honor their teachers at the beginning of each school year with a special reception, and the purpose is apparent: Parents and children have an opportunity to meet new teachers under pleasant circumstances, and the teachers are made to feel that they have become respected members of a friendly, interested community.

The reception plans that are outlined here may be varied to suit your circumstances. For example, a larger city may wish to hold several receptions rather than the large general reception we have suggested for the purpose of honoring all of the teachers of a system.

Setting

Our garden reception is held on the school lawn or possibly in the town park. Gay garden umbrellas and tables may be placed about, with the center of interest being the Host table. If the weather threatens to be inclement, all of these may be transferred inside to the gymnasium. Several pots of flowers will add to the garden mood. In either setting, folding chairs should be placed informally, but all should be facing the Host table for the early part of the reception. Later, these may be casually grouped by the hostesses or by the guests themselves.

Teachers and Hostesses

Most of us dislike having a tag pinned to a nice dress or suit, but we submit to it for lack of a better means of identification. Perhaps it will be easier to bear if corsages are used!

Small corsages made with fresh garden flowers may be fashioned for each woman teacher. Use wide ribbon, leaving a small streamer on which the teacher's last name is spelled in small gummed letters such as may be purchased at the dime store. The ribbon alone may be made for male teachers. These should be presented as each teacher arrives, rather than during the program. Lengthy programs are often a bore, with much time consumed by flower-pinning.

During the punch-and-coffee hour, each teacher may be asked to sit at a particular umbrella-table, or card table, in order to be more easily found by the parents who wish to meet her. If this is the case, an arrangement of flowers matching her corsage should be used on the table. (This may be presented to her at the close of the reception. Or, in the case of a male teacher, to his wife.) Small pickets, not over 18 inches high, and bearing the teacher's name, may be driven into the ground near the table, thus enabling identification to be more quickly made.

Hostesses should identify themselves with single, identical flowers. There should be enough hostesses to circulate freely, steer people to the teachers they wish to meet, and perform all the other necessary duties.



Almost every night this summer you could have found Mae and Howard (Driftmier) working in their yard. They planted almost a hundred roses and had gorgeous blooms.

Program

Welcome: (Preferably by the president of the school board or by a PTA officer, who will be designated as Host during the program.) We wouldn't presume to tell the Host *exactly* what to say, but a sincere welcome to the teachers and to those attending the reception is in order. The purpose of the reception should be mentioned . . . to establish a friendly, close relationship between teachers and townspeople. This isn't the time to editorialize on education! The city superintendent of schools may then be presented.

Response and Introduction of Teachers: Again, brevity is beauty. The superintendent should thank the sponsoring group and proceed to introduce the teachers, calling each by name and stating the grade or subject taught and the school in which he or she will serve. Each teacher may stand as she is introduced. The last teacher to be introduced should respond with a few words for the entire staff, expressing gratitude for the welcome. (Needless to say, this last teacher will have been asked several days in advance to serve as spokesman for her fellow teachers. No one should ever be taken by surprise in such a situation.) A favorite teacher from past years may also respond with a short humorous talk, but these should be limited to three or four minutes.

Children's Participation: This can be a most successful and diverting surprise for the teachers if all arrangements are made discreetly—and strictly outside the school room. It's an automatic guarantee, so to speak, that your reception won't bog down in stiffness and boredom. (So many parents and teachers confess privately they're bored to death with the annual sense-of-duty reception that something unexpected and informal should definitely be planned.) *The Parade of Children* suggested here was used with great success last September in an Illinois town of about 7,000 population.

Background music should be furnished for this parade, so the school band will have a good chance to appear. All youngsters in the elementary grades should be given an opportunity to participate by having a special committee call the parents, but there is never an occasion when every parent and every child can attend an evening

affair, so the entire student body won't be on hand! However, there will be enough from each grade to put on an entertaining parade.

Host: "We have met the teachers who will guide our children on their educational adventures in the coming months, so now we want to present the children!"

As the band strikes up a gay tune, kindergarten youngsters should roll across the lawn on their tricycles. Here are suggestions for the other elementary pupils:

First grade: Pull coaster wagons with flowers which are to be tossed to the audience.

Second grade: Ball bouncers.

Third grade: Rope jumpers.

Fourth grade: Hula hoops here!

Fifth grade: Bicycle riders.

Sixth grade: Life is getting more earnest for this age group, and they can parade with books, maps, globes, etc.

Following these "active" parades, the seventh and eighth grades can march out and sing something they all know that is associated with school.

At this point, it would be very fitting if several musical numbers were presented by groups of high school students who are organized in the quartets or small choral units to be found in most schools these days. And if your school system is fortunate enough to have a music teacher or some member of the music department who is a competent soloist, vocal or instrumental, it would be splendid to conclude the program by his appearance.

Host: "We've avoided long speeches tonight to give everyone plenty of time to visit. All about you may be seen small pickets that bear a teacher's name. That teacher will be seated at the table near his or her name, so won't you visit our refreshment table and then visit with the teachers who will be working with your children in the months ahead?"

Refreshments

This table should be decorated with a beautiful centerpiece flanked by candles that are lighted just as the Host concludes his invitation to have refreshments. Platters of assorted cookies (home-made) or sheet cakes, attractively decorated, will be the most easily handled for such a large group. Most September nights are very warm, so a big punch bowl will look refreshing and its contents will be enjoyed. Coffee or tea can also be furnished if the committee wishes, but at most receptions of this nature it seems that 99 people out of a hundred prefer a cold fruit punch.

Here is a good punch recipe that can be increased to suit the number of people expected: Two cans frozen orange juice, one can frozen lemonade, one cup sugar, one large bottle of ginger ale and enough water to make one gallon. Serve over a big block of ice. And it's so little trouble to freeze red maraschino cherries in such a block of ice, that it's to be hoped the committee in charge of refreshments will see that this is done.

WE SHARE FREDERICK'S CONVICTIONS

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter from our little cottage tucked away in the Rhode Island woods. As I look out of the window I can see at least 1,000 water lilies in full bloom, and along the banks of the cove there are many late-blooming rhododendrons covered with white and purple blossoms. This is our ninth summer at this particular cottage, and each summer I come to love it more. I hate to think of the day when it may be necessary for us to summer elsewhere.

Speaking of rhododendron, have you ever heard of rhododendron-nappers? Well, they are the men who come in trucks by night to rob the woods of their wild rhododendrons. Often I hear the trucks going by at two and three in the morning rushing to get to some city landscaper before daylight. So far no one has tried to rob our particular woods, but they have ravaged the woods of our neighbors. For some reason or another the police never catch them.

I don't think that my sister Lucile would like to live here on this beautiful cove for any length of time, for we have snakes. Yes, we have snakes like some people have mice. Two days ago Betty's Uncle Frank shot an eight foot black snake right at the door of our cottage. Yesterday I went to pick up my fishing tackle box, and there was a small water snake sleeping in back of the box with its head resting at the very spot where I put my hand. With the help of the dog I dispatched it in short order. Just today the dog killed a five foot snake as it made its way across the back yard, and only an hour ago Uncle Frank shot another five foot water snake as it slithered its way toward a lawn chair where Aunt Hazel was sitting reading a book. We have had more snakes around than usual this year, but we always have some.

(Lucile's note: Frederick is right. I wouldn't care to live around so many snakes! I know they are harmless—the kind around Frederick's cottage—but I still don't like them. My favorite description of snakes comes from Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's *Cross Creek*. One of Mrs. Rawling's colored helpers said that she didn't like snakes "because they have no footses and they slide so".)

One year we decided not to kill the snakes in the hope that they would help us get rid of the field mice and chipmunks that were infesting the attic and the basement of our cottage. That was a poor piece of judgment, for now we have plenty of well-fed snakes and still have just as many mice and chipmunks as before.

We did have one thing this year that we have never had before, and that is a prowler. I had gone to Springfield for the weekend to conduct a union service of three large churches, and Betty was alone with David at the cottage. Mary Leanna was away at camp. About ten o'clock



This new picture of David Driftmier makes him look almost grown up! He loves music and cherishes his collection of symphonic recordings.

in the evening Betty thought that she heard a car drive up our long lane, but she wasn't sure whether it had turned around and gone back or if it had gone on down through the woods towards the beach. Just as she was preparing for bed at eleven o'clock she looked out of the window, and there in the bright moonlight she could see a man coming through the trees. At that point the dog started to bark furiously in a wild state of excitement. You can imagine just how frightened Betty was without even a telephone to assist her.

The man came up to the darkened cottage, and after peeking in the windows he knocked on the door. Betty kept out of sight but shined a flashlight on his face. He appeared to be quite intoxicated, and when Betty ordered him off of the property he turned and made his way through the woods toward the house where Betty's aunt and uncle live. He lost his way and came back to our cottage, and again Betty ordered him away. The barking of the dog had awakened Uncle Frank and, guessing that something was wrong over at our cottage, he immediately called the state police and then came to Betty's assistance.

To make a long story short, that man simply disappeared. The police could not find him, but they found his car hidden away in the trees a short distance from our parking lot. Two hours later the man appeared at a farm house on the far edge of our property, but before the police could get back again, he had disappeared once more. During all of this excitement the dog never stopped his barking. As a matter of fact, the dog hasn't been quite the same since that night. Now he barks at the slightest sound in the woods, and perhaps it is just as well.

Some of you long-time readers of Kitchen-Klatter will remember my telling you about the day I wrecked Uncle Frank's sailboat. The first time I ever sailed a boat I smashed it up on the rocks at the far end of our lake when the rudder broke during a sudden squall. Well, that was seven years ago, and I did not put foot in a sailboat again until our own new boat was delivered to the cottage this summer. Being a man who believes that the best way to learn anything is in the doing of it, I promptly set out to learn to sail. Betty suggested that I at least read a book on sailing before

trying my hand at it, but I thought otherwise. I should have listened to her advice!

The wind was blowing rather sharply when Mary Leanna and I set sail for one of the most thrilling boat rides of our lives. Everything went well until we reached the middle of the lake, and then we found the wind much stronger than we had expected, and the waves running quite high. It was then that I made the fatal error—I tried to come about to the starboard when I should have come about to the port side. Over we went. Of course we were wearing life jackets and so were in no real danger, but it gave Betty quite a scare. She was watching us from the beach, and when we suddenly disappeared from sight it was a bit of a worry even though she knew we were wearing life jackets.

Betty and David immediately set out in our row boat to rescue us, and the people from a cottage at the far end of the lake came out in their boat, and in less time than you would think possible, we had the boat back in sailing condition. I sat up all that night reading the book about sailing. By now I feel like an expert, and if you ever come this way, I shall take you out for the ride of your life.

As I listen to all of the political speeches being given these days, there is one footnote that I would like to add to each of them. All of the politicians are claiming that we must once again find the strength of our forefathers, but they don't tell us where to find it. As a clergyman and a dedicated Christian I can tell them where to find it. It is in our churches that we shall find the strength that enabled our forefathers to build a free America, for it is in the churches that we are helped to believe as our forefathers believed that spiritually man is created in the image of God, and that he is destined for eternal life—an idea directly opposed to the Communist belief in man as a purely material being existing for the state.

It is in our churches that we are helped to believe that in our worship we are in the Divine Presence, and that the deepest stirrings of the human soul come from God—an idea directly opposed to that of the Communists who believe that religion is simply a gross, vulgar superstition. It is in our churches that we are encouraged to believe that even in this chaotic and cruel world there are eternal truths rooted in the absolute order of values, and that decency, justice, fidelity, unselfishness, and mercy are standards forever, and that nothing any man or any political power can say or do can ever make them wrong. This idea is directly opposed to that of the Communists who follow the teaching of Lenin that says: "Communist morality is wholly subordinated to the interests of the class-struggle of the proletariat."

The fact is that the real strength of any people lies in the strength of their spirit, their beliefs, their fundamental ideas and convictions. We know that the strength of the Russians lies in

(Continued on page 17)

THE BIGGEST STEP

By

Evelyn Birkby

Longer ago than I dare to think I first heard my parents say, "Soon you'll want to try your wings. All little birds must leave their nests or they never learn to fly." This statement first sent me off to school; soon it was said as I left for summer camps and institutes. Finally, on that day when I felt *really* grown up and left home for college, we laughingly repeated the phrase, knowing it was true.

My parents were showing me a great example of love by letting me grow at my own rate of speed and gradually untying the apron strings of solicitous care. To do so unselfishly is a difficult task. It is far easier to keep a watchful eye and give a continuous round of advice than to allow a small child to think and act for himself, especially if the action causes discomfort or difficulty. A child learns by doing, but it is hard for him to give up baby dependence and early reverence of parental opinion.

I keep wondering, as I watch my children go off to school for the first time, if they are adequately prepared for the life beyond the protection of home? It may take years to find the answer, but with a deep feeling of pride I realize that they are no longer content with what our four walls have to offer; too much is beckoning from the world of books, of friends and of study. Their interests need to be broadened if they are to continue to grow; horizons must be extended to keep their minds alert.

Helping children to grow in self-confidence, then, is an important task we as parents face. Much can be done to guide our youngsters in the right direction. We need to guard against being overprotective. Sometimes, in trying to keep a child physically safe, we keep him from some of the natural experiences of childhood. Climbing trees, playing baseball, swimming, taking hikes and riding a bicycle are examples of the type of activity a child enjoys and yet we know any one can be a source of physical injury. Forbidding these things out of fear can make a child retiring and shy. As parents we must safeguard a youngster from what is *really* dangerous, but we should not be overprotective. He has to learn to try his wings.

A child also needs to learn to make his own decisions and to take the consequences if the decisions are found later not to be to his liking. "Do you want to wear your red dress or your green dress?" gives a chance to express personal preference within the realm of possibility. "It is your allowance to spend as you like. You'll have to decide whether to buy the toy airplane or the car," and the child may choose the car and decide the next day he would rather have the airplane but he has learned that the world has choices and sometimes you're stuck with the one you've made. "Do you want to help me with the breakfast



This is the south side of Howard's and Mae's home—they bought it last year. Their rose garden and other fine new plantings are on the other side.

dishes or the dinner dishes today?" and because you give him a choice he'll be a more willing helper.

A child's self-confidence is built by parents who show their trust in him. If we let a child know that we expect him to do his best and if, at the same time, we do not expect more of him than he can achieve, we help him to move ahead at his own rate of speed. He needs to know that we appreciate what he is doing. Comparisons can be deadly, especially between brothers and sisters. How easy it is to say, "Just look at Judy, she sits still at the table and eats all of her dinner." Or, "Look at Judy's report card, why can't you get A's like she does?" Each child is an individual and needs to be praised and appreciated for himself alone. It is just another way of saying we trust him.

Talking about school and the wonders of learning can begin when a child is very small. A positive attitude toward education really pays dividends. Just as a young person is far more apt to go on to college if he has heard it discussed all his life as the accepted, natural thing to do, so a child will more readily accept kindergarten if he has heard stories of the joy of learning for several years before he actually faces the big step. "Of course you'll enjoy school. I know you'll do the best you can. The teacher will like having such a nice boy in her class."

Taking a child seriously is important to his development. We need to be as considerate of a child's feelings as we are of an adult's. Since the individuality of each child needs to be respected and nurtured, laughing at him can build up dismay, hostility and embarrassment. We all need a sense of humor but that means laughing *with* someone. Oh, how a child loves to play a joke on his father so they can have a good laugh *together*! Parents with an imagination and a happy sense of humor can alleviate many a tense situation. Children are fun loving, but they sense the difference between having fun together and when someone is having fun at their expense.

It is important, too, to provide successful experiences. If a youngster has some experience in playing games it will be a great asset when he starts to school. If he can play some of them well it gives him a satisfactory sense of accomplishment. Tag, leapfrog, hopscotch and throwing a ball are not only fun but take a certain amount of skill to do well. One of the

values of starting a child to church school when he is three and vacation church school when he is four is the excellent experience he has playing games with a group. He is "practicing" playing well. He is also learning how to get along with a group of children his own age.

It must be added that children need to learn to take failures and disappointments in stride, also. They cannot always win at games and races. They will not always get the highest grades on their report card. If we make the way too smooth and always let them come out first they will have less preparation when they face the inevitable failures which life brings. We need to train our children early to recognize the fact that failure is mixed with accomplishment all through life.

Surprisingly, sociability is learned. Children have to learn to like others and to share with them. Sometimes this does not come easy. A four year old, especially, needs a chance to play frequently with someone his own age. In the country this may mean transporting and planning and arranging so he can spend an afternoon or two each week with a playmate, but it is well worth the effort in ease of adjusting to school when he turns five.

If the child is a rambunctious one who finds it difficult to sit still it will help to provide him with big colors, big sheets of paper and the large outline coloring books (no tiny pictures for a pre-schooler). Whatever the results of his efforts he may be encouraged by, "My but it is fun to color! The crayon makes such nice marks." If he gets off the lines, so what? He is learning to be quiet and to concentrate for a short period.

All children are helped by listening to a great number of good books read aloud. The overactive child usually will sit quietly, listen and watch the pictures happily. Excellent phonograph records made for children will help both mental development and the ability to concentrate. Parents need steady nerves for this project. After hearing "Little Black Sambo" thirty-five times in one afternoon (actual count) I had no doubt of Jeffrey's ability to concentrate, but I was not at all sure I would hold out until school began!

A child's fears should be taken seriously. Often they seem foolish to we who are older, but to a child they are intensely real. If a youngster is excessively timid and shy it could be because of some unrecognized fear. If a fear has developed we should try and find out the reason, talk about it, avoid too much overstimulation (this may mean cutting out some TV programs) and provide distractions when fears show themselves. One mother I know whose daughter developed a fear of thunderstorms now holds her girl on her lap (as a storm is in progress) and sits where they can see out the window. They talk about the different shapes of the "pretty" lightning and take turns giving make-believe meaning to the thunder. "That sounded

(Continued on page 13)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

PERFECT PEACH PICKLES

- 4 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 2 tsp. whole cloves
- 6 to 8 peeled peaches
- 1 stick cinnamon

Make a thick syrup of the sugar, water and vinegar. Drop in the cloves, bring to a boil and then carefully put in the prepared peaches. (Cook just enough of the peaches to make one quart at a time.) When the peaches are nearly tender, remove carefully, stick two or three of the cloves into each peach, and place in a jar. Pour the hot syrup over the peaches until it comes within one inch of the top of the jar. Seal. Repeat the process for each quart desired.

QUICK APPLE BUTTER

- 5 lbs. (about 16) apples
- 3 cups water
- 1 box powdered fruit pectin
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 4 drops red food coloring
- 7 cups sugar

Wash, quarter and core apples. Add water and cook until tender. Put through a food mill or coarse sieve. Add the powdered fruit pectin, spices and red food coloring. Heat to boiling, stir in the sugar and bring to a full rolling boil. Cook for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Skim and pour into hot sterile jars. Seal.

PEACH CREAM PIE

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 cups sliced peaches

Combine the sugar, flour and salt. Beat in the sour cream, beaten egg and the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Add the sliced peaches and pour into a 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan. Bake in a hot oven at 400 degrees for 15 minutes, then turn the heat down to 350 degrees and continue baking for 30 minutes. Remove from the heat and prepare the following topping.

Topping

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/4 cup soft butter
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Combine all the ingredients and sprinkle over the top of the pie. Return to a 400 degree oven and bake for 10 more minutes.

LEANNA'S WATERMELON PICKLES

Cut the rind and red from watermelon. Soak in salted water for 12 hours (1/4 cup coarse salt to 1 quart water.) Drain well, add fresh water, and boil rapidly until clear and tender, but not soft. Drain.

For each pound of melon use the following:

- 1 cup water
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 inches stick cinnamon
- 8 whole cloves, without heads

Tie the spices in a bag and place in the pan with other ingredients. Boil for 5 minutes and then add the melon. Boil for 30 minutes, or longer, if you want the melon more like preserves. Remove the spice bag. Put the melon pieces in jars and cover with the boiling vinegar mixture. Seal.

OVERNIGHT SALAD

- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup grated (angel flake) coconut (see below)
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Put contents of large can of crushed pineapple in colander and drain thoroughly. Repeat with oranges. Combine these fruits and marshmallows. In a mixing bowl put 1 cup of commercial sour cream to which 1/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring has been added; stir thoroughly. Add the drained fruits and marshmallows, plus coconut.

(I have made this several times using exactly the proportions given here, and several times cutting the coconut to 1/2 cup and using the 1/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring. For our own tastes, we prefer cutting the grated coconut to 1/2 cup and adding the flavoring to the sour cream.)

This must stand overnight to ripen flavors. Serve cold in lettuce cups. Very easy to make, keeps well and everyone seems to like it very much—they dig into the lettuce to get the last morsel!

Be sure the fruit is *completely* drained. Press out every bit of juice from the crushed pineapple.—Lucile

SPICED TOMATO JUICE

- 1 gal. ripe tomatoes, cut
- 1 cup water
- 1 doz. whole cloves
- 4 small onions, diced
- 4 stalks celery, diced
- 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt

Combine all the ingredients and boil until the vegetables are tender. Put through a strainer or a food mill. Taste to see if more salt or sugar needs to be added. Return to the fire and bring to a good boil. Place the boiling hot juice into jars and seal quickly.

MRS. BROWN'S GRAPE JAM

- 3 cups grapes
- 3 cups sugar

Wash the grapes and remove from the stems. When you have 3 rounded cups, place the grapes in a heavy saucepan. Crush the grapes slightly and add the 3 cups of sugar. Bring to a good rolling boil and continue boiling, stirring often, for 20 minutes. Remove from the fire and put the entire mixture through the food mill. Pour into sterile jars and let stand until cool. Top with paraffin. This is the easiest, most flavor-full jam I've ever made. Just which Mrs. Brown originated this is not known, but we surely owe her a debt for such a delicious addition to our sweets recipes. Do not double the recipe; it is best when made in small quantities.

—Evelyn

UNCOOKED RELISH

- 4 sweet green peppers
- 4 large onions
- 4 cups vinegar
- 4 cups sugar
- 1 Tbls. mixed pickling spices
- 4 sweet red peppers
- 4 cups chopped cabbage
- 4 Tbls. mustard seed
- 2 hot peppers
- 2 Tbls. salt

Chop or grind all the vegetables. Sprinkle with the 2 Tbls. salt and let stand over night. Drain well in the morning. Mix the sugar, vinegar and spices together, then pour over the vegetables. Mix well, pack into sterile jars and seal. (The zinc lids with the rubber rings make the tightest seal for this type of relish.)

BAKER BUNS

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- Flour for batter (about 1 cup)
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 cups cold water
- 1/2 cup soft lard
- 2 tsp. salt
- Flour

In the evening, soak the pkg. of dry yeast in the 1/2 cup of warm water until dissolved. Stir in just enough flour to make a batter (about 1 cup.) Let rise, stir down and stir into this sponge the cold water in which you've dissolved the sugar. Add the lard. The yeast batter will float. Let this set all night.

In the morning add the salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead and place in a greased mixing bowl. Cover and let rise until double. Punch down and let rise again until double. Form into buns and place on a greased cookie sheet far enough apart so they have room to rise and bake without touching. Let rise until double, then bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes.

These make perfect hamburger buns. They are the plain dinner-type buns which many people prefer to the sweet dough rolls.

VALLEY OF THE SUN DATE PIE

GRANDMOTHER'S GRAPE PIE

24 HOUR CABBAGE SLAW

1 9-inch baked pie shell
 1 cup fresh chopped dates
 1/2 cup water
 Pinch of salt
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cornstarch
 1 tsp. butter
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 2 cups milk
 3/4 cup sugar
 4 Tbls. flour
 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3 egg yolks
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 3/4 cup whipping cream
 2 tsp. sugar

As you can tell from the list of ingredients, there are several stages to this recipe. That is why you will see some ingredients listed more than once. They are added in the order given, but in several different steps.

Date Mixture

Cook the chopped dates in the water with a pinch of salt until the dates are soft. When mushy, add the 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tsp. cornstarch. Simmer for a minute, then add the 1 tsp. butter and 1 tsp. lemon flavoring. Cool. Put into baked pie shell and let set.

Custard Mixture

In the top of a double boiler, heat the 2 cups of milk. Mix together 3/4 cup of sugar, 4 Tbls. flour, 2 Tbls. cornstarch and the 1/4 tsp salt. Add to the hot milk and cook over boiling water until thick. Set aside to cool. Beat 3 egg yolks until foamy, add to the custard mixture and cook for 3 minutes. Remove from heat and beat in 1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring and the 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring. Cool, then spread over the date mixture. Chill.

Top Mixture

Whip the 3/4 cup whipping cream with 2 tsp. sugar. Spread over the pie before serving.

After you have made and tasted this pie you will agree, I'm sure, that it is the most elegant date pie you have ever eaten!

MOTHER'S SHRIMP AND TOMATO ASPIC

2 cups tomato juice
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 box lemon gelatin
 1/2 cup chopped cucumber
 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
 1 cup diced celery
 1 can shrimp (I use the tiny shrimp as it is less expensive.)

Heat the tomato juice to the boiling point and add the vinegar and salt. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot juice and chill until partially set. Fold in the cucumber, sliced olives, celery and shrimp and pour into mold. I prefer to use my ring mold for this salad and turn it out onto a bed of lettuce to serve. It is also very nice for individual molds.—Margery

2 lbs. grapes
 3/4 cups sugar
 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
 Pastry for a 2 crust, 8 inch pie
 Wash the grapes under warm, running water. Remove grapes from stems. Slip off the skins, place the pulp in a saucepan and the skins in a bowl. Cook the pulp until it is soft and the seeds begin to separate. Put through a food mill, so as to remove the seeds, letting the pulp go directly into the bowl which contains the skins. Measure 2 cups of this mixture. Add the sugar and flour and mix well. Pour into a pastry lined pie tin. Cover with a lattice top. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees and bake 25 to 30 minutes longer or until done.

The fruit may be prepared and frozen plain in pint containers. When thawed, add the sugar and flour and proceed to bake as directed.

BASIC COOKIE BATTER

4 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1 cup butter or margarine
 1 cup white sugar
 1 1/4 cups light brown sugar
 3 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift the dry ingredients together. Cream the butter or margarine with the sugars. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in the vanilla and then add the dry ingredients, mixing well. Divide the batter into two parts. Now here is where there is an endless variety of things you can do with the batter. Sometimes I add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and a cup of chocolate chips or coconut to one part; 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring and 1/2 cup pecans to the other. I also have used some of our wonderful black walnut flavoring and a few black walnut meats, cherry flavoring and maraschino cherries and a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring, and just countless other combinations. I do hope you make up these cookies soon and I would be very interested to know what you added to your cookie dough.—Dorothy

HOME-MADE SALAD DRESSING
(Makes about 1 cup)

1 beaten egg
 3 Tbls. vinegar
 3 Tbls. sugar
 3 Tbls. sour cream
 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
 Salt and pepper to taste

Add the vinegar and sugar to the beaten egg and cook until it boils. Remove from fire and add the sour cream, mustard, salt and pepper. This dressing is handy because it is so quick to prepare, makes a small amount and keeps well in the refrigerator.

The friend who sent this recipe to us said that it is taking their town "by storm." We made it for our families and they agreed that it is especially delicious.

1 medium head of cabbage, shredded
 1 small onion, grated
 1 green pepper, diced fine
 6 stuffed olives, sliced
 1/2 cup sugar

Prepare the vegetables and place in a large bowl. Sprinkle the sugar over the mixture and then make the dressing.

1 cup white vinegar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. celery seed
 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 1/8 tsp. black pepper
 1/2 cup salad oil

Boil these ingredients for 3 minutes. Add, hot, to the cabbage mixture, cover, and let stand in the refrigerator for 24 hours before serving.

This slaw will be good as long as there is any left!

BARBECUED CHICKEN

1 3 to 3 1/2 lb. chicken
 1 tsp. onion flakes
 2 Tbls. fat
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 1/4 cup lemon juice
 1 cup catsup
 3 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 Tbls. prepared mustard
 1 cup water
 1 tsp. celery salt
 Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the chicken into serving pieces and brown in hot fat. Drain off all but 2 Tbls. of the fat after you have removed the chicken. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer over very low heat for 30 minutes. Pour this sauce over the chicken and bake, uncovered, in a 325 degree oven for 1 hour.

I might add that this is a very basic sauce and can be used successfully over ribs and slices of left-over roast beef.

STUFFED - TOMATO SALAD

6 medium tomatoes
 1 cup diced luncheon meat (chicken, ham or tuna fish may be used)
 1/2 cup celery, chopped
 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
 1/3 cup English walnuts, cut
 1/3 cup salad dressing
 3 Tbls. cream
 2 tsp. vinegar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 Dash of curry powder

Cut a slice from each tomato and scoop out the center. Sprinkle with salt and turn upside-down to chill. Combine the meat, celery, egg and nuts. Mix together the rest of the ingredients. Add half of this dressing to the meat mixture. Fill the tomatoes and top with a spoon of the dressing. Red pimiento strips or slivers of green pepper may be used as garnish.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends!

If you have ever closed your eyes to everything that needed doing and decided simply to sit and "rest your soul" for a spell, then you know exactly how I feel this evening.

There are clothes waiting to be ironed (I can scarcely remember a time when there *haven't* been clothes waiting to be ironed), there is a kitchen floor that needs wiping up the very worst way, there is a recipe tacked up near the flour canister that I had aimed to test tonight, and in the back of my mind I had thought about baking cookies for a box I'm getting together to mail to Juliana.

These are the things I'd lined up mentally for the evening, and instead of lighting into any of them I have just finished sitting in front of our living room windows that look out over the garden. I was alone. The house was completely quiet. And I just plain sat and "rested my soul" for more than an hour while the late summer twilight faded and darkness fell. It seems too late to start bustling around in the kitchen and I'm not really much interested in all that bustling after the things that have crossed my mind this evening, so a visit with old friends, by way of my typewriter at home, seems much more appealing.

I mentioned being alone in a quiet house. This made me remember a phrase I used long ago that probably will be "handed down" for generations to come.

When Juliana was between three and four years old she went through that typical phase of chattering constantly and endlessly, and since she was all through with naps by the time she was around eighteen months old, this meant that from early morning until bedtime there was never a second without her comments and questions.

My ears gave out by supper time and I found myself saying to her very firmly: "Just be quiet now and think your own thoughts."

I must have said this many times and it must have made a real impression on her for one day when Alison was here with the ceaseless chatter of a three year old, I heard Juliana say to her emphatically: "Just be quiet now, Alison, and think your own thoughts."

The matter-of-fact way she said it made me realize then and there that her own children were going to be told the same thing in years to come. This must be the way family phrases get started—and every family I've ever known has a whole collection of phrases and words that seem to belong only to that one particular family.

For instance, how many children have grown up hearing this at least once a day through the summer months: "Girls, run and turn on the river!"?

Well, that's what Gretchen, Mary and Louise Fischer grew up hearing. It meant that their mother (our Aunt Helen) wanted them to turn on the faucet that started a lovely stream



When Russell, Juliana and I could finally call our remodeled home finished, we wanted only one kind of a house-warming: a family dinner. In front are Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah), and standing behind them from left to right are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rope, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Otte, and Bert Driftmier. Aunt Adelyn Rope and Aunt Clara Otte are Dad's sisters—both of them live on farms outside Clarinda, Ia. Uncle Bert, Dad's brother, now lives alone in Clarinda.

meandering over rocks and pebbles on its way to a secret looking little pool at the end of the garden. This was one of the most artful illusions ever created—every inch of that stream seemed to be part of a woodland glade.

But I think that only the Fischer girls and their children, in turn, can fully appreciate what is really meant by the words: "Girls! Run and turn on the river!"

In our own home, Dorothy, Margery and I grew up knowing that when we were all dressed in our best and ready to go somewhere, mother would say: "What if the horse runs away?"

This makes no sense at all. We never had a horse and no one we ever knew had a horse. There was simply no horse to run away. But what those words really meant was this: have you used safety pins anywhere where a needle and thread should have been used?

Mother grew up on those words for her mother thought that it would be a terrible thing if the horse ran away and people were thrown from the buggy and total strangers came to pick up the injured—only to find a girl so careless that she had failed to take a tuck in her skirt or fix a shoulder strap with safety pins instead of a needle and thread!

"What if the horse runs away?", began when there were horses and they sometimes ran away, but evidently this is one of the phrases that will go on and on because in our age of thundering jet planes Juliana has heard me say when she was all dressed up and ready to leave the house: "What if the horse runs away?" She knows exactly what it means, even though her friends look at me with uneasy astonishment!

A year ago at this time we were

living at a friend's house and passing our own house with the awful sensation that a dozen ice ages would come and go before the worst of the remodeling upheaval was over. The fourteen months that we were torn up seemed completely endless, but like many other things that seem so endless, all of it is past now and belongs to Memory. We now feel that we've been in our remodeled home practically forever and it takes actual effort to recall how things used to be.

One major change has been made in my new kitchen: we replaced the single tub sink with a double tub sink. (Imagine how lucky we felt when we found we could get the new double tub sink installed without sacrificing counter space or drawers!) If you've never had a double tub sink you wouldn't feel dislocated without one, but please heed me when I say that you should NEVER plan a kitchen with a single tub sink if you're used to the other variety. I know what I'm talking about!

Another thing I learned is this: IF you plan to have a disposal (and it's one modern invention halfway worth its salt), then by all means allow room for a double tub sink. I won't go into a description of what happens if you have a single tub sink with a disposal installed in it. Just turn your imagination loose and you can figure it out for yourself.

I remember telling you folks that when our house was completed we planned to install an ornamental white iron fence between the two wings that project at the front. No doubt some of you have driven by and concluded that you really missed our house because there was no such fence in evidence. We could always change our

(Continued on next page)

minds again, of course, but as far as I know now we won't use a wrought iron fence—or for that matter, a fence of any kind in front. To our own eyes, the house looks all right without it.

(I would like to call your attention to an old house up the hill a short distance from us on the opposite side of the street. The shade of green used on that house is the most successful green we've ever seen, and the combination of ornamental plantings and white wrought iron at the front is extremely handsome. Anyone who is interested in transforming an old fashioned house should certainly keep an eye out for this place if you drive up Clarinda Avenue in Shenandoah.)

Paint manufacturers have been pounding at us for years that a new paint job can make all the difference. I'm not going to argue with their message because I've seen some convincing examples. In addition to the green house I've mentioned, I'd like to say something about another house that was improved unbelievably by a combination of two colors that very few people would ever think of putting together.

This is a large, old fashioned house with two full floors (probably 10 ft. ceilings throughout) and then a top story with small windows here and there, siding put on vertically and an over-all impression of heaviness. In fact, when that house was painted white from top to bottom it looked as if the attic were actually bearing down hard on the rooms beneath it. And if plain white gave it this appearance, you can imagine how any other color would have looked.

I would have said that *nothing* could ever be done to improve the lines of that house, but fortunately my opinion was never asked! A new paint job has simply transformed that place and made of the top section a real asset instead of a liability. White was used again for the two main floors, but a lovely soft gray, almost a luminous mother-of-pearl gray, was used for that top section. I have no idea what shades were mixed to produce such a beautiful color, but if you own a house in any way comparable to the one I've described, take time to do some real experimenting the next time you get ready to paint. If you had seen that house before it was painted you would have agreed with me that it would be *fatal* to use another color for the top floor. Thanks to the delicate shade of gray, that house was totally transformed by using another color.

Juliana is at Crystal Springs Ranch outside Jackson, Wyoming through this month and oh! how empty our house seems. We miss her more than words can tell, and we also miss her friends and the lively activities that are always going on when they're in and out. I'll just "feel better" when she gets home around the first of September and things get back to what we think of as "normal".

Alas! In only one more short school year, Russell and I will have to revise all of our ideas about a "normal" way of life. Being alone all of the time will then be "normal", and anything other

than this will just be a lucky break. These last two summers when Juliana has spent several weeks in Wyoming have given us only too vivid a picture of the future. We would not stay the passage of Time, even if we could, but when one is alone on a late summer evening there are long, long thoughts that cannot be put into words.

Now it is time to cover this type-writer, lock the doors and go to bed. The alarm is set for 5:30 and that ironing will be waiting. No magic wand can be waved to do all the things I'd intended to do this evening, so it's off to bed for me!

Faithfully always,

P. Wick

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

I wish you could have seen all the men I saw last night in the kitchen of a famous restaurant called *The Fort*. In all of New England there is no restaurant more famous for German-style food than *The Fort* in Springfield, Mass. It so happens that I am a good friend of the owner and also a very good friend and pastor of one of the head chefs. I had taken some friends from Los Angeles to *The Fort* for dinner, and just as soon as Chef Bennett heard that I was in the dining room he invited me to bring my guests out to the kitchen.

There were nineteen men working shoulder to shoulder in that kitchen preparing more than 50 different main courses. It was a fascinating sight to watch them receive an order from the dining room and in a very few minutes have some complicated dish perfectly and delectably prepared.

I was interested to learn the secret of their swift preparation of foods, some of which may be ordered only rarely, but all of which must be ready to serve on a few minutes notice. The first secret is cold storage. Many foods are prepared days or even weeks in advance and then kept frozen, but this is no ordinary frozen food. There is another secret involved, and that is the fantastic Radaroven. It is an oven that heats food almost instantaneously, and one that does it electronically.

In just the short time I was in that kitchen I saw egg noodles cooked in butter taken from cold storage and heated until piping hot in exactly one minute. The food is cooked so rapidly that the dishes the food is on do not have a chance to get warm. I saw frozen muffins heated to perfection in exactly three seconds. I saw big Idaho potatoes baked in only three minutes.

Chef Bennett told us that there are some foods that cannot be prepared in the Radaroven. Most meats are not cooked in the oven except to warm them up. One of my guests ordered trout, and I noticed that the trout was first pan fried and then placed in the oven for just three seconds. Several

of the men in the restaurant kitchen told me that they wonder now how they ever managed to prepare food before the day of the electronic oven. They would sooner give up every other kitchen aid than to give it up.

One day last week while on a short business trip I was entertained in the home of one of our leading American industrialists. Of course I wanted to see the kitchen, and I found it to be an enormous place with three women busily engaged preparing the dinner. Let me give you the recipe they were using for preparing tenderloin steak with garlic.

In a frying pan melt 1/4 pound of butter over a slow fire. Brown six medium-sized tenderloins until done to your liking. Place the cooked tenderloin in a baking dish to keep warm. Now to the butter add three full buds of garlic chopped fine, add a dash of salt, and a dash of red pepper and cook the garlic in the butter until it turns brown, being careful to keep the fire low. To the garlic-butter mixture add about 2/3 cup of water. Stir and then pour over the warm tenderloin.

To be honest with you, I did not think that I would or even *could* like steak with so much garlic, but I was most surprised! The cooking took most of the garlic sting away, and the meat in that butter-garlic-gravy was superb. Once you try it, I don't think that you ever again will return to the old standby of steak and onions.

THE BIGGEST STEP—Concluded

like a potato wagon." "That must have been a bowling ball." We encourage our children to be brave by being calm ourselves, "See, I'm not afraid of the bee. We'll just hold very still and it will go away."

We know that a child should be checked physically before school starts. How thankful we are for the excellent polio, small pox, flu and other vaccines which help protect our children from so many illnesses. We know that the more a youngster can help himself with his clothes and his physical needs, the better he is acquainted with the way to and from school and managing without mama, the easier it will be for him to adjust to the new world away from home.

Just as we try to fortify our child physically, we can give him the needed mental protection by guiding him in self-confidence, lack of fear, ability to make decisions, learning to play with others, taking disappointments in stride and showing our love and trust.

I know now that the greatest gift parents can give children is their own love. If our children can be happy at home, have a secure relationship with us and know that they are wanted and loved, then the problems of undesirable situations and influences which will come to them will have far less affect or no affect at all. The "biggest step" of going off to school is just the beginning of the trying of young wings. Our primary task, now, is to maintain a joyful equilibrium at home and give a secure foundation of love which will help our children overcome the bad and absorb the good.

LIFE IN DENVER SOUNDS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

Here it is, almost time for school to begin and I can't help wondering just how many of you are also asking: "Where has the summer gone?" The first half of this summer just disappeared before we realized what had happened in a busy round of activities for each one of us.

Clark attended Bible School every day with a Presbyterian family from the neighborhood. Our own church doesn't have a summer church school. But personally, I think it's a valuable experience for every child to become acquainted with other denominations.

Alison enrolled in the Arts and Crafts program sponsored by the local Youth Council. Learning to do braid lacing was the most interesting craft to her and she has already completed several Christmas gifts. Alison has been impatient all summer long for school to begin! She can hardly wait for fourth grade and compulsory homework. However, Emily takes a cynical view of this eagerness for she knows that homework had become a somewhat overwhelming chore for her these past two years. And she realizes that entering junior high this fall will mean even more. Alison finished third grade with a fine honor. She received the memorial award as the outstanding citizen among the third grade girls at her school. These awards were established by the PTA to honor the memory of a young teacher who died during the past school year.

Summer band, orchestra and ballet lessons have kept Emily occupied. She also has had a baby-sitting job two mornings each week. She hopes to have saved enough money to be attending an end-of-the-summer church camp just about the time this letter reaches you.

Most of June was wedding month for me. The daughter of our friends next door was married on June 25th and I was quite involved in helping wherever possible. Preparing some of the food for the wedding rehearsal buffet supper seemed to be one of the most valuable contributions that could be made. The menu was baked ham, cold boiled shrimp with tomato-horseradish dip, frozen fruit salad, molded tomato aspic salad, relishes and deviled eggs, buttered green beans with toasted slivered almonds, hard rolls and butter, coffee and iced tea, and for dessert, that tremendous success, Bavarian Mint Pie. My, but that recipe has had an enthusiastic response out here!

I made the frozen salad, buttered green beans and dessert in half the time it took to cook and clean the 15 pounds of shrimp. It seems I made a mistake here. A friend who has worked her way through many, many pounds of shrimp tells me now that it is much faster to shell and devein the partially-thawed, uncooked shrimp first. Then boil the shrimp in seasoned water, including some of the shells for additional flavoring.

Another neighbor and I set the long dining and buffet tables outdoors for the house was too small to accommodate the crowd. Believe me, we kept eagle eyes on the sky and we were thankful when the weather remained cooperative. We placed several of the brandy-snifter type glass vases, each containing a single perfect hybrid tea rose, along the narrow dining table. Alternating with the roses were candle-filled hurricane lamps.

On the buffet table there was room for two flowing bouquets of pink and white petunias—Maytime and Paleface to name varieties. (A border of these varieties has made our backyard a gorgeous sight all summer long.) To set the dining area apart from the rest of the yard, we borrowed two enormous white planter-type containers. These we filled with tall arrangements using the deep red foliage of prunus Newport branches, light green flowering elderberry branches, stalks of blue delphinium and long branches of pale pink and white climbing roses.

Following the church wedding, the reception was held in the garden at International House. (Our petunias again added bright touches of color to the punch and cake tables.) The chef at International House made the wedding cake and it was quite unusual. He formerly served the royal family of Monaco and made the cake in the European manner. That means, I gather, a cake which is delicious to eat and not simply a spectacle of sickly-sweet beauty. It was a yellow butter cake frosted with whipped butter to which only a small amount of sugar was added. It was a very pretty cake decorated with roses and a few simple festoons, not nearly as elaborate as the usual American wedding cake.

I couldn't wait around to get details about that cake because the Wilmore nursery was holding Open House that day to display their 8,000 rose bushes in full bloom. In addition, I knew the Stroms would be arriving at any moment. Sure enough, 10 minutes after we arrived home they turned into our driveway. I'll let Margery give you the details of their vacation in the West.

Do you recall my telling you that with the opening of the Denver Hilton Hotel, plus many other fancy new motel-hotels, that there were going to be all kinds of special events held here in Denver? That was the understatement of the year. First we had the tremendously exciting National Open Golf Tournament. I managed to spend one afternoon watching the practice sessions and Wayne and Scott Wilmore enjoyed the tournament itself very much.

No sooner had the golfers moved on than the rosarians moved in for the National Rose Show. The biggest thrill of this show for us came when one of our customers won the highest ranking national award. The Nicholson Bowl is given annually to the best entry of seven hybrid tea roses.

After a brief lull 30,000 Shriners moved in and took over not only Denver, but practically the entire Front Range. I had never before been near

a big national convention and it is indeed something to behold. Every place you went there were fezzes, bright satin costumes, brigades of men on motor scooters, motorcycles, horseback, or riding in ancient jalopies with now and then an occasional camel plodding slowly along the busy street. They had a lot of fun tying up traffic in downtown intersections, playing jokes on one another and unsuspecting passers-by. But they also took time for their noteworthy charitable activities. Many of the children in the orphanages and hospitals here had an extra-special summer because the Shriners came to town.

There are many other conventions scheduled for Denver in the future, the American Legion and Farm Bureau among them. Perhaps some of you readers will be joining one of these groups, and we certainly hope you have a happy visit here.

While the Stroms were off exploring Colorado and New Mexico, our own family took off on our initial camping expedition. We left on a Wednesday morning and returned two days later on Friday evening. Our dear friends next door, the Hootens, (it was their daughter who was married on June 25th) volunteered to go along and help show us the ropes. Now you can't begin to learn all the tricks of camping in three days, but we certainly got a good start in our education.

Not only do the experienced campers know the necessary things to do and how to do them, but chances are they have a lot of equipment the novice doesn't own. We have such items as a 3-burner camp stove (well worth the additional cost over a 2-burner stove), a gasoline lantern, warm sleeping bags, air mattresses, thermos jugs for water, and essential eating equipment. But the Hootens brought along not only these items but also such essentials as a shovel, extra mantles for the lanterns, a bucket for lake water, folding lawn chairs and the two most vital—an axe to chop firewood and a large tarp which sheltered the picnic table and stove.

We decided to camp in a small, rather remote campground beside Chambers Lake, high up the Poudre River Canyon above Ft. Collins. At more than 9,000 ft. altitude you encounter mighty cold temperatures after sundown and rain and usually hail almost every afternoon. There is plenty of wood around for the fire but it's on a chop-it-yourself basis. The whack, whack, whack of the axe is the most frequently heard sound in such a camp.

There were the usual small disasters. Clark caught a fishhook in his finger and twice fell off the stones along the shore into the lake. The first time this happened we burned his shoes trying to dry them on the fireplace. As a result, we had to make an 80 mile round trip into Walden to get him a new pair. This road which leads over Cameron Pass into Walden is graveled and not the finest highway in Colorado by any means. We had

(Continued on page 19)

DOROTHY'S REPORT FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been one of those very hot humid days, the kind of a day that saps every bit of energy right out of you. Good Iowa corn weather! In spite of the late start, our crops look good. At least they do to us because they look so much better than they did last year at this time.

Our summer has slipped by much too fast. It seems only a month ago that school was out and here it is almost time for it to start again. Kristin is actually looking forward to school. Mr. Meyers, the school counsellor, has asked her to help him in his office this year and Kristin thinks this will be extremely interesting work.

The most important news item from the Johnson farm this month is that the carpenters finally got here to repair the damage to the house caused by the storm we had last September! Straightening the chicken house was the first project. It was leaning so badly we were afraid it might collapse completely at any time.

Because of an incident that happened just a few days before the carpenters arrived, I felt the bathroom ceiling was the most important job to be done first, but the men overruled me. One night as Kristin, Juliana and I were eating popcorn at the kitchen table something came flying out of the bathroom and into the kitchen. I thought it was a bird but the girls said immediately it was a bat. They had had experience with bats at camp. Not liking the lights it didn't stay long and we lost no time in closing the bathroom door.

You may recall that the storm had made this huge hole in our bathroom roof and ceiling. Well, the carpenters had come immediately and put on a new roof, and planned to come back and finish as soon as they completed the job they were working on, but bad weather and muddy roads prevented them from getting here. Now the new ceiling is on so we won't have to worry about bats anymore.

We are extremely happy with our new front porch. Our old porch was not screened in and it was impossible to enjoy sitting there in the evenings because of the mosquitoes. The new porch has screen from the roof to the floor. We saw no point in boarding it up part way and putting in windows when we knew it would never be used as a room. We wanted a porch where we could sit outdoors but still be protected from flies and mosquitoes.

The first thing Kristin and I did after the carpenters had gone was move our new picnic table and benches from the yard onto one end of the porch. It has been a wonderful place to eat our meals this summer.

When I returned home from my last trip to Shenandoah I brought Mother and Dad with me. I had taken the train to Shenandoah and said it would be the perfect time for them to make the trip to Lucas while I could do the driving. The carpenters finished the



From the determined look on Paul Driftmier's face we would guess that he has had many a round-up with that hose and the bird bath!

porch the afternoon we arrived and that is where the folks spent practically every minute of their time. Except for breakfast we ate all of our meals outside the three days they were with us.

When the folks felt it was time to go home I drove them as far as Red Oak and then took the train home. This arrangement worked out fine and we Johnsons hope they will make the trip more often. It had been nine months since their last visit to the farm and that was much too long.

When Juliana returned from the trip she took with her parents to Santa Fe she spent twelve days with us. She and Kristin visited with Frank's sister and her husband, Edna and Raymond Halls in Allerton four days of that time. While they were there they painted the shutters on the upstairs windows for Edna. Both girls have been trying to watch their weight this summer and the first thing they did upon returning home was to step on the scales and groan! Edna is a wonderful cook and they blamed her for the pounds they had gained, but Edna says it was all the cookies and cakes the girls baked.

The matching skirts that Kristin and Juliana wanted to make are all done now and they look real nice. While I was in Shenandoah I started a dress for Frank's sister Bernie. She is always doing something nice for us and I knew she had two pieces of material she hadn't had time to make up, so I offered to take them home with me. I thought maybe I could find a spare moment once in a while to work on them. The "moments" have been few and far between but eventually I'll get those dresses finished.

For the past three summers Kristin has been helping with the day camp for handicapped children in Lucas County. This worthwhile project was started three years ago by Mrs. Curt Yocum, Easter Seals chairman in our county. The Yocums have a beauti-

fully landscaped private park on their farm south of Chariton and this is where the camp is held.

Each morning Mrs. Yocum calls for the children in her car and delivers them to the park. Rainbow girls take over the responsibility of their care for the rest of the day. The children fish in the big pond, ride the ponies, play croquet and baseball. There is all kinds of playground equipment to entertain them, and Mrs. Yocum is always at hand in case the girls need advice or help. She furnishes the cold drink; the children and the girls bring their own sack lunches.

Only five children attended the camp the first year. Last year there were seven, and this year the number had increased to eleven. Kristin feels that perhaps when the camp was first organized the parents might have been a bit reluctant about letting their children attend for fear something might happen to them. Now that they can see for themselves how well the children are taken care of and how closely they are watched, they are happy to let them have this week of fun and association with other children. With this many attending, Mrs. Yocum can no longer transport all of them in one car, so Kristin and I picked up five of the children for her this year. I think the way the children react to the camp is summed up in this statement made by one little seven-year-old boy who rode in my car and was attending camp this year for the first time. On the way home he said, "I just love it out there. I'm going to go every single day. Even if I'm sick I'm going to go."

If you have the time and want to do something really worthwhile for one week next summer, maybe you could start the ball rolling for a handicapped children's day camp in your county. It is a real lesson in courage and patience for these teen-age girls who help with the children, and a wonderful experience for them.

Kristin has been visiting in Shenandoah for the past few days and will be home on the train today. I must close now and get some Pixies wrapped and ready to mail when I go in to meet the train. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

PEANUT PIXIES

Keep a box of these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as a birthday remembrance, a bridge prize or a hostess gift for that friend who "has everything". They are the perfect gift for a child in the hospital! These gay little pixies bring smiles where ever they go and will furnish hours of entertainment. Made entirely by hand with red trimming ONLY — 12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely handmade, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

LET'S LIVEN UP THOSE MEETINGS!

For Roll Call: Ask each member to bring one item typical of her girlhood and also one thing typical of daughter's generation today. There is sure to be much humor and reminiscing as these items are displayed.

For September roll call, ask each member to tell something about her favorite teacher—or "The teacher I had a crush on."

Jelly Roll Call: Each member is asked to bring a glass of homemade jelly or jam, and tell a bit about the recipe. Then play some music and let the ladies pass the glasses of jelly until music stops, at which time each one keeps the jelly she holds. This can also be done with a plate of cookies, a batch of candy, or even cakes.

Boost The Treasury: Ask each member her glove size—then collect the same number of pennies as her glove size. (The half size counts as a whole penny.)

Give-Away-Day can be a hilarious meeting. Each one brings something she no longer wants, wrapped up in a package; and each woman auctions off another woman's package without being aware of what is in it. Thus she can praise it for all it's worth—and more too, perhaps! It may be that you'll want to limit your auction to penny bids.

Home sewing has become so tremendously popular that a *Sewing Fashion Show*, if carefully planned, could fill a packed house and be a real money maker. Local merchants might be willing to donate some prizes.

Crazy Hat Day: Each lady is asked to wear the craziest hat she can find. Roll call might be, "A secret I've kept hidden under my hat from my husband," or a description of "My Favorite Hat," or "My Husband's reaction to my favorite hat." When roll call is completed "Pass the Hat" for a donation of a penny for each dollar spent in the price of their most expensive hat—a \$7.50 hat, for example, means that its owner would put in eight cents.

Birthday Auction: Divide year into quarters and have an auction each quarter with the things being donated by just the ones whose birthdays are in that quarter. Some might be food auctions, others might be white elephant sales, etc. Each group may decide which type of auction it wishes to hold. If an auction came near the holidays it might well be a gift item auction.

INFORMATION FROM OUR READERS

Dear Folks: I hope you can pass on a little information that means so much to me.

The Iowa State Traveling Library, Historical Building, Des Moines 19, Iowa, is the address of a library for country people like me. The books are loaned for four weeks and the only cost is return postage, which is at a special low rate.

YOUR RADIO CAN BRING US TOGETHER!

Remember to tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning—and if you have lonely friends and relatives who don't know about our daily visit, pass along the word.

These are the stations where you can tune in Kitchen-Klatter:

| | |
|-------------|--|
| KWPC | Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M. |
| KWOA | Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| WJAG | Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M. |
| KCFI | Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KWBG | Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KFEQ | St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |

You write first to get a card—this requires the signature of two Iowa taxpayers and that's all. Labels are sent to be used in returning the books, and a sheet for listing the books that you want.

Some of the books, especially fiction, on the Methodist W.S.C.S. Reading List are available from this library and this has been a big help to our Society. There is also a Farm Bureau Family Book list published and these books are all available through the state library.

Probably other states have similar service and needed information can be gotten by writing to the State Capitol, or probably the librarian in your nearest town could tell you details. It's a wonderful way to have an endless supply of fine reading material, and I'm afraid far too few people know about it.—Iowa.

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Family: I have had something on my mind for a long time that I would like to get to the public. This concerns old people in Nursing Homes, or Rest Homes, as they are sometimes termed.

At Christmas time so many organizations call at these "Homes" and leave gifts of candy, fruit, nuts, cookies, etc., all with the very best of intentions. If they could see the unopened packages that have been left and the bleak lonely look on the faces of old people, especially the ones who have no one visiting them or coming to take them out, they would realize that they need more than food.

If church groups could delegate each member to visit at least one old person once a week or once a month, the same one each time so that it becomes a personal thing, it would be such a wonderful blessing for these old people, many of whom have few visitors, and sometimes no visitors at all.—California.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—Wordsworth

If all the pity and love untold
Could be scattered abroad in coins of gold,

There would not be on the whole
round earth

One hungry heart nor one wretched hearth!

And oh! if the kind words never said
Could bloom into flowers and spread and shed

Their sweetness out on the common air,

The breath of heaven would be everywhere!

ILLUMINATION

Dear heart, perhaps you cannot find
God's hand, or see His face
Through some hour of despair.

Do not be grieved,
Go seek the good, clean land
And you will find Him there.

He is a part of every wind that sweeps
Across the furrows,
Down their upturned length.

Breathe deeply of it—
Here is where God keeps
Stored healing and stored strength.

GOD IS NEAR

Sometimes when morning lights the sky

And gladness fills the air,
I feel like telling things to God,
He seems so very near.

Sometimes when flowers are in bloom
And birds are singing clear,
I feel like singing things to God,
He must be very near.

Sometimes when trees are standing tall

With branches in the air,
I feel like saying things to God,
I know He must be near.

Sometimes when work and play are done

And evening stars appear,
I feel like whispering things to God,
He is so very near.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

discuss his food with guests and proceeded to sit down at our table, order coffee and visit with us as we continued eating.

Nicholas Matsoudis is a native of Birmingham, Alabama and has been a chef all of his working life. He trained under many chefs, including Camille of Antoine's in New Orleans. A member of the International Chef's Association, he is one of the few American chefs "recognized" by European chefs. He is semi-retired and works as a consultant for large hotels, his specialties being buffets and smorgasbords. When called upon to set up the buffet at the Imperial Hotel last year, he fell in love with Cripple Creek and returned again this summer.

When we finished the last bite of dessert (simple, but unusual) and had collected the recipes for the food we had eaten, it was time for the melodrama in the basement theater of the hotel.

We had been partially prepared for what we would see but no one could ever sufficiently emphasize the fun involved! It was a hilarious old 1882 play performed to perfection. The audience hissed and hooted the villain and clapped and whistled for the hero, just as enthusiastic audiences did so many years ago. It was the first time we had watched such a play and I doubt that anyone present enjoyed themselves more than Oliver and I.

The following morning we drove out of town a short distance to the Carlton Gold Refinery. Here we saw the processes of gold extraction from ore from beginning to end. By mid-morning we were headed back to Denver.

Space is running short and I will have to save the remainder of our trip for next month's issue.

Until then,

Margery

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

their passionate, soul-stirring devotion to the Communist idea of world revolution. They are on fire with desire to believe and if necessary to die for their convictions. We know too that there is no comparable ideological passion in America. All of our talk about democracy, freedom, and representative government is woefully inadequate for it does not reach to the heart of the matter; it does not satisfy our deepest cravings for friendship and understanding and truth and love.

We Americans must be led to a revitalizing of our faith in the great idea of the revelation of God in Christ. For centuries this idea of Mankind's destiny and purpose as children of a Christ-like God has been the hope of the western world. Some have interpreted it in one way and some have interpreted it in another, but through the ages it has stood as man's greatest inspiration, his source of strength, his means of grace, and his hope of glory.

Communism is a religion. Christianity is a better one. God help us if we don't become better Christians soon! Our democracy, our freedom, and



This family group picture was taken only about one week before our dear Aunt Martha Eaton left us. To try and save confusion we'll account for the grownups first. Mother (Leanna Driftmier) and Aunt Bertha Field (her husband was the late Henry Field) are in the front row. Standing behind them are Ruth Shambaugh Watkins (Aunt Jessie's daughter) holding her baby son, Bob Jr., Aunt Martha Eaton and Aunt Jessie Shambaugh. The little girls from left to right are Wendy, Jennifer, Nancy and Heidi Watkins—you can see why the new baby brother was a real event! Ruth, Bob and the five children came from their home in San Mateo, Calif. for a visit in Clarinda.

STILL THEY ARE NEAR

When God calls home the dear ones
whom we love
To dwell with Him in perfect peace
above,
We cannot feel that He has loosed the
tie
Which bound our human hearts on
earth; so I
Find comfort in the thought that they
may be
My guardian angels, keeping watch
o'er me.
For sometimes, when my heart and I
need cheer,
Those loved ones seem to hover very
near.
I almost feel the touch of each dear
hand
Upon my own, to help me understand
I still am theirs and they are mine,
e'en though
They dwell in heaven, I on earth
below.
No broken ties, but just a veil between
My earthly vision and that world
unseen!
A little time to wait while loved ones
there
Keep tender watch o'er me, till I may
share
Their perfect peace and God's most
perfect love,
Known unto those who dwell with
Him above.

everything that we hold dear as Americans is rooted and grounded in the Christian faith. No matter which political party wins the coming election, there can be no real victory for us until there is a great victory for Jesus Christ.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick

NEW! 500 MONOGRAMMED PERSONAL LABELS 25¢

John Ray Kurling
1852 West 15th Street
Anytown, Maryland

New! First of its kind
500 deluxe, monogrammed, gummed, personal labels printed with any name and address only 25¢ per set! Padded. No limit—order as many as you want. 2-Tone gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Moneyback guarantee Order now!

WESTERN STATIONERY Dept. M N 20 TOPEKA, KANSAS

FRESH PECAN HALVES

South's Oldest Shipper
Organizations Make Money Selling Our
Pound Bags JUMBO HALVES and
PIECES. Season starts First Week of November. We Prepay Shipments. You Pay us when Sold. Write for Details.
SULLIVAN PECAN CO.
CRESTVIEW, FLORIDA

FILM FINISHING!

Jumbo Prints 6-8-12 Exp.

49¢

per roll

12 Exposure Rolls, 49¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

For an Honest Value **LINCOLN STUDIOS** Box 13 Dept. 104
Lincoln, Nebr.

Borrow \$600 by MAIL for just \$32.49 a month

| CASH YOU GET | 24 Monthly Payments |
|--------------|---------------------|
| \$100 | \$ 5.93 |
| \$200 | \$11.80 |
| \$300 | \$17.49 |
| \$500 | \$27.69 |
| \$600 | \$32.49 |

You can borrow \$50 to \$600 for ANY purpose . . . entirely by mail from an old, established company. No co-signers. Complete privacy. Take up to two years to repay. Men, women with steady income eligible anywhere in U. S. Mail coupon. We will send free loan application in plain envelope.

**AMERICAN LOAN PLAN**

City National Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.
Dept. KK-8230 Amount wanted \$
Name
Address
City State
Occupation Age

500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS - 25¢

500 gummed labels printed with ANY name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (with same name and address or all different) \$1.00! With two-tone plastic gift box, 34¢ per set. Order as many or as few sets as you want. Postpaid.

Walter Drake & Sons
2509 Drake Bldg.,
Colorado Springs II, Colo.

IF You Sell Christmas Cards... You Want to MAKE THE MOST EXTRA CASH

Get the lines of ALL the best-known Christmas Card Publishers FROM ONE COMPANY

Easiest way to make most spare-time money! Introduce biggest line of Christmas, Everyday Cards, gifts, stationery, toys, gift wraps of all best-known, most-advertised greeting card companies. Get big new color catalog displaying more than 150 assortments, 600 Christmas money-makers! Make up to 100% profit... even more on Personal Imprints, other novelties. Big Cash Bonus Plan. ORGANIZATIONS: WE EXTEND CREDIT!

FREE Catalog contains more than **150 Christmas & Everyday Card Assortments; 600 big money-makers.**

FREE! Rush Name, Address Today! Big Christmas "Wishing Book" Color Catalog of all leading lines, yours FREE, plus amazing Bonus Plan, money making details. Also sample boxes on approval. **Style Line Greetings, Dept. N-9**
421 Fifth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

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.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

eyes on the bobber and the moment there was the slightest movement, she crouched, ready to catch the fish—often in mid-air! There were plenty of fish hooked on our lines, but our concern was getting them safely into the bucket before the cat grabbed them.

Mart and I haven't made any plans for trips this summer. Of course, we are anxious to see the new baby at Donald's house in Anderson, Indiana, but it will be much easier for Mary Beth to have company after the hot summer days are past. Since there are three little ones now, there won't be room for us to stay in their home, but Donald writes that there's a fine new motel being built not far from them, which should be completed by the time we make our visit.

We also hope to drive to Denver later if we possibly can. Colorado is so beautiful in the fall when the Aspen trees turn yellow against the green foothills. The weather is generally pleasant longer than it is here in Iowa. Our last visit to see Wayne and his family was in the fall of the year and we enjoyed it so much that we told them we'd try to make the trip again this fall.

I must get back to the kitchen now. Oliver brought us a big crock of Ogalala strawberries this morning and I'm going to make them into jam.

Sincerely,

Leanna



A lot of you good friends turned up for a big sale at Mohr's I.G.A. Foodliner store on South 48th Street, Lincoln, Nebr., and had a chance to visit with Ed Maxine, who represents our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner and Flavorings and his small son, Chuckie, driver of that clever little outfit. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mohr and Russell's brother, Marvin, have put in long, long hours and worked mighty hard to build up their fine store and give their loyal customers wonderful service and wonderful bargains. By pulling together they've gotten a big job done... and we congratulate them.

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

who manages to keep Paul under control. However, it had been too many weeks since the last hair cut and Paul had lost interest in the project entirely. I marched him resolutely up to the door of the barber shop and because they were not busy, the barber very graciously came to the door and held the screen open for us. Paul took one look at him, jerked his hand out of mine, turned on his heel and trotted away from me.

I had to run to catch him because he was heading past the car and across a busy street in his efforts to get away, and when I finally had him caught he decided that since he was too heavy for me to lift he would lie down. So, down on the sidewalk he went and I admit that he would have had the situation beaten if the long-suffering barber hadn't come out of the shop, hefted him over his shoulder and very good-naturedly bounced back inside.

After a few minutes of screaming and holding him down like a wild colt, the barber managed to get him quiet with the aid of a lollipop, and the haircut went off very uneventfully. While I was there I had Katharine climb up in the lady barber's chair and get her hair trimmed, too. Paul kept a close eye on her all the time and I hope he took a few notes on barber chair etiquette.

The dress Katharine has on in the cover picture is one of two that my mother has just finished for her. She and Daddy bought the material at the Avondale Mills at Sylacauga, Alabama when they went to Florida in February, and it is simply beautiful. It is a soft, wash 'n wear fabric with a delicate aqua blue and soft brown

check, and to this Mother added aqua blue ric rack. It's a McCall Pattern and the number is 5163 in case anyone is interested in making one like it. Mother is helping get a wardrobe together for kindergarten by using her sewing talents to great advantage. There is another dress that she made which I'll try to include the next time we take pictures.

The baby has just awakened and I must stop her hunger cries promptly. I'm sure that when it's time to write to you again we'll have this stormy period behind us and daily life will be on a more even keel.

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

Off to kindergarten—and happy as a lark!

We realize that Katharine Driftmier is growing up, and that starting off to school in Anderson, Indiana is just part and parcel of this whole pattern involved with growing up.

But oh! how swiftly the years are passing! It seems to us only a few months ago that we shared with you her very first baby pictures. And now she has books under her arm and will be listed alphabetically, *Driftmier, Katharine* on the school records.

God bless all the little girls and boys who wave goodbye to their parents this September.

And God bless their parents too.

All mothers and fathers know, even though they never say one word about it, that at the exact moment their beloved children walk through a school room door, they belong to the World... to the future.

"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.

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

Send Ads To

The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E-6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

FREE CATALOG, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby or profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-KK Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD. Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

STAMPED LINENS FOR EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING. Buy direct from manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. MERIBEE, 16 West 19th St., Dept. 802, New York 11, N. Y.

UP TO \$300 EXTRA MONEY. Show friends fabulous self-selling EVANS Christmas Card, Gift line. Profits to 100%. Send no money—write for sample boxes to be paid for or returned, plus big Free Album Personalized Cards, 2 Catalogs 300 items. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 930C, Mass.

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

MAKE MONEY weaving rugs at home for neighbors on \$89.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Loom Works, Dept. 7, Boonville, N. Y.

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

FREE CATALOG—outstanding import bargains, jewelry (amber, silver), watches, bronzeware, ivory. Marloo, 1420 Milner Crescent, Birmingham 5, Alabama.

WILL YOU test new items in your home? Surprisingly big pay. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE 101, Akron, Ohio.

LOVELY NYLONS, irregulars, 6 pairs \$1.10, postpaid, guaranteed. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

SIMULATED PEARL NECKLACE 17" long with clasp, light cream, \$1.00. Edna Bostwick, 10087 Whitten St., Rockford 3, Mich.

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

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER Magazines all since 1948. 10¢ each plus postage. Ruby Glave, Lenexa, Kansas.

LOVELY 15" metallic windmill doily \$1.75. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

HANDMADE CARVING SET and case from India. Handsome and useful table decoration, \$14.95. Edna Bostwick, 10087 Whitten St., Rockford 3, Mich.

TISSUE GINGHAM APRONS, cross stitched borders. \$2.50 and \$3.00 each. Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Rt. 2, Humboldt, Iowa.

GINGHAM CHECKED APRONS, metallic cross-stitch borders. One apron and six other cross-stitch patterns, \$2.00. Postpaid. Orders accepted year around. Mrs. Arthur Brown, Natoma, Kansas.

IDEAL SMALL GIFT: Crocheted cross bookmark, 3 for \$1.00. Assorted colors. Mary Jo Martin, Equality, Illinois.

MINIATURE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, in plastic boat—six inches high, \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Box 67, Albion, Pa.

AFRICAN VIOLET LEAVES, labeled, 10 for \$1.00. Started plants, 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. Carl Clement, Thayer, Iowa.

REDUCING FORMULA \$1.00, no drugs, exercising, dieting. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

LOVELY 42" PILLOW SLIPS with Shell braid and Crocheted lace edge, \$5.00. 7 Dish towels embroidered \$3.35. 23" Rose TV doily \$3.00. 24" Pineapple doily \$3.50. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

I'LL PREPARE, weave beautiful rugs, any materials \$2.00 yd. You prepare \$1.25. SALE: Throw rugs \$1.25 up. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

SHELLED PECANS, Pistachios \$2.00; Walnuts, Almonds, Brazils, Filberts, Cashews, \$1.75 Pound. Postpaid. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

PRETTY APRONS, Embroidered trim on Ric Rac, \$1.25. Cross stitch gingham aprons, \$3.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

CROCHETED METALLIC rose design for Turkish towels, 4 1/4"x7", 50¢. Orders accepted year around. Mrs. Duane Brown, Natoma, Kansas.

HOUSEPLANTS all kinds, 10 different rooted labeled slips, \$2.35 Postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

ATTRACTIVE — 7 Rose doily 18", \$1.00. Vadyne Allen, Box 654, Kirksville, Mo.

ATTRACTIVE BORDER PRINT pillow slips \$1.50 postpaid. Print aprons, \$1.00. Mary Huber, Powhattan, Kansas.

LOVELY NYLON TISSUE HOLDER, choice of color \$1.25, plus pattern and sachet. Hattie Wheat, Rt. 1, Hastings, Nebraska.

A "BAKERS DOZEN" of Craft ideas, sewing, easy leather and wood articles. Patterns included, \$1.00. W. C. Justin, 2906 Lyon St., Des Moines 17, Iowa.

DEMITASSE SPOONS from Sweden, set of six \$3.75. Edna Bostwick, 10087 Whitten St., Rockford 3, Mich.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

just passed the lonely summit when a car from Tennessee hailed us. "Could you please tell us how to get to California from here and where is the nearest gas station?" How in the world these people ever managed to get so far off the beaten path with an almost empty gas tank is a mystery. But with the customary good luck of the mountains, they made it to the nearest gas pump with our car following protectively behind.

This is beautiful high country frequented mostly by lumberjacks and fishermen. The drive from Ft. Collins up Poudre Canyon is magnificent. This is ranch country too. The children were enthralled watching three genuine cowboys round up a herd of cattle and drive them from the forest down the road to better pasture. On our way back down we passed through a flock of several thousand sheep being guided along by one shepherd and his four hard-working dogs.

Time never hangs heavy on our hands during the summer. And before long we will see the first golden leaves of the aspen in the high country. It will be a shimmering reminder that fall is almost upon us.

Always sincerely,
Abigail

Don't Confuse Flavorings With Extracts!

They're Not The Same

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings give you only PURE flavor — there's not one drop of alcohol in them to evaporate, cook out, bake out or freeze out.

Buy ALL of our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings to turn out fine food and to get a chance at the sensational new premiums we've lined up for you.

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.

Banana
Strawberry
Cherry
Orange
Lemon
Almond

Coconut
Maple
Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Mint

Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)

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

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 answers these "IFS". There are very expensive chemicals in it. That's why it will do a marvelous job wherever water can be used.

We doubt that any product has ever had such glowing testimonials written about it as the letters you folks have written about our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. These few samplings give you an idea.

"We bought a very good 9x12 wool rug at an auction for only \$5.00. Everyone was scared of a big ugly stain on it, but after two treatments with Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner every single bit of that stain was gone and now we have a handsome living room rug. My husband says it's the biggest bargain we ever got."

—St. Joseph, Mo.

"Washing eggs is a job I hated every day for 15 years. There are still jobs I'd rather do, but believe you me, I finish in half the time since your Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is in the house and the eggs look better. I use it for lots of other things, but I'd buy it just for washing eggs and you never talk about that use."

—Bricelyn, Minn.

"I'll bet you girls have never looked at coveralls so stiff with grease and machine oil you thought you'd have to throw them away. That's what goes through my washing machine all the time and since I started using Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner those clothes come out looking so good I still can't believe my eyes."

—Fort Dodge, Ia.

"I just wish you'd tell me how that Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner can take off layers of dirty wax from my kitchen floor and still let me do my work without wearing rubber gloves for the first time in years?"

—Fremont, Nebr.

If you want the VERY BEST, buy Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. And save those box tops. We've lined up wonderful premiums that simply couldn't be offered at such prices if we tried to do more than just break even.

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.