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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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—Airline Photo Service



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

If any one had told me at this time last month that I would be writing this letter to you from our son Frederick's home in Springfield, Massachusetts instead of from our family home in Shenandoah, Iowa, I would have been very much surprised! We had planned to visit here some time during the year, but had not expected it to be so soon. However, the visits are made to our children's homes when it is most convenient for them, which accounts for our coming east at this time.

Frederick called us one evening saying that they would like very much to have us visit them before hot weather and suggested that we make the trip by plane this time. He had checked with United Air Lines about reservations and all he needed from us was a "Yes" or a "No". We were rather taken by surprise, but the family insisted that we could make preparations for the trip in such a short time, so we called back that they could be expecting us on the scheduled date.

My! what a restful and thrilling trip we had! Our son Howard drove us to the Omaha Airport where the huge jet plane was making ready for the flight. If any of my friends who are reading this letter have to travel in a wheel chair as I do, you can be assured that United does everything to make your trip easy for you. A "lift" elevated me in my chair to the door of the plane. We were the first to go on and the stewardess met us, helping us to get nicely settled before the other passengers boarded the plane.

The morning was clear and beautiful. Almost before we knew it, we were off the ground and in the air. A few white fleecy clouds floated below and beneath them we could see the little "toy" houses and long roads stretching clear across the country side. We were flying at 29,000 feet at terrific speed, but the plane seemed to be motionless. It was only by seeing the changing landscape below us that we realized that we were moving at all!

The first hour spent in reaching Chicago surely seemed short for we were served morning coffee and had scarcely finished it before we were told that we were over the suburbs of Chicago. The plane landed at O'Hare Air Field. Again, the "lift" took me

down from the plane and up into another jet bound for Boston. (The one we were on continued its flight to Baltimore.)

After we were air-borne again, we were served a very lovely lunch. As we ate we were flying high above the clouds over Indiana, Ohio and New York. It seemed such a short time until we were descending to land at Boston. We must have come into Boston from the north for we flew for miles above the shore line. Looking down, we could see the blue ocean, white sails of fishing crafts and larger ships, further out, glistening in the bright sunshine.

One can't imagine how such a huge plane, weighing many tons, can land so softly that you are not aware that you are on the runway. Frederick and Betty were there to meet us and had arranged for a wheel chair.

I had put a few of Dorothy's little peanut pixies into my handbag, thinking that they might amuse some child on the plane. Since there were no small passengers on this flight, I gave one to each of the stewardess's, a small return for all of the thoughtful things they had done to make our trip pleasant. The last I saw of the girls, each had a pixie peeking out of her jacket pocket.

We have always enjoyed making this trip east by automobile since all but a few hundred miles of it can be made on the Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and New York turnpikes. But these last few years we have found driving long distances increasingly difficult for Mart, for he will soon be 80 years old. Since it is not always possible for one of the family to drive us, we are grateful for the ease with which we can make the trip by plane.

Spring in Massachusetts is a beautiful season. The fresh green of the maples, the dark green of the pines with the pure white of the birches scattered among them is spectacular. Along the roadsides, the purple phlox is blooming and the choke cherry trees are heavy with blossom. Massachusetts has much natural beauty with winding streams, its rolling hills and peaceful valleys, dotted with scattered villages centered by white tall-spired churches.

Frederick and Betty have a very pleasant home on a quiet avenue. The streets of Springfield are all shaded by huge maples and the entire scene

is very restful. In the past we have stayed at a motel for Frederick's house doesn't have a downstairs bedroom. This trip, however, we are staying at their home because the assistant pastor, Rev. Clayton Steele, lives very nearby and comes to the house in the morning to help Frederick carry me downstairs for the day. In the evening he comes again to help pull my chair up the steps. This house has a family sitting room upstairs with a television set, books and magazines, so I don't mind spending some time up there if Frederick and Clayton are somewhat delayed.

I brought some checked gingham material with me and am making aprons for Betty and Mary Leanna. This handwork is tucked into my big needlepoint bag and brought downstairs every morning. It looks as if I might not finish them before we leave, however, for the family has interesting activities that I can help with too. When we arrived, David was trying to concoct an Indian outfit for a Cub Scout meeting, so I've been helping him with that. There are also things that I can help Betty with for she is very busy in her role as a minister's wife as well as carrying on her responsibilities as a mother and homemaker.

Mary Leanna and David have changed a lot in the two years since we had seen them, as you can see by their pictures in *Kitchen-Klatter*. Mary Leanna is doing exceptionally well with her piano lessons and we hope to be here to attend her recital. David has started piano lessons, as well as clarinet lessons and is progressing nicely. The children love good music and one of their hobbies is accumulating fine records. David takes particular interest in playing them on the phonograph for his grandfather while I am helping Betty.

Frederick is a very busy minister, but he has found time to take us for many nice afternoon drives. We have enjoyed seeing Massachusetts in the fall of the year several times, and now we have the pleasure of seeing it in late spring. I would be hard-pressed to make a decision as to which is the lovelier time of the year to enjoy the landscape.

This morning is just such a gorgeous day as when we landed in Boston. It is warm and sunny. Frederick has gone to his church office, Betty is helping at the YWCA workshop and the children are in school. There has been a little bit of grumbling that they should have to attend classes while Granny and Grandpa are here, as you might know, but not much, for they are obedient children and understand their responsibilities.

From the whisperings at the door when the children left for school, I just suspect that our afternoon ride is to be something different and unusual. I'll tell you more about our visit next month.

Until then, sincerely,

Leanna

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Right off the bat I want to mention one thing before it slips my mind: As yet I do not have my driver's license. I promised to keep you abreast of my progress and if I failed to mention this I would be going back on my word.

This last month there have been many letters on the subject and sure enough, my hunch that a lot of women wished they *couldn't* drive, proved to be 100% accurate! I don't know how many readers expressed themselves in words that were practically identical—"I'd get so much more done if I *couldn't* drive." And another phrase that echoed over and over again was this: "By the time I've finished running all the errands and taking the children here and there I find the day is done and nothing really accomplished."

As I read these letters I could only think of the old, old phrase that one man's meat is another man's poison. Isn't it too bad we can't even *up* things all the way around? But this seems to be totally impossible, no matter what situation is involved, so those of us who want so badly to drive will continue to struggle in that direction, and those who are sick unto death of driving will continue in that direction.

I haven't had any kind of scare or set-back on this driving proposition; I have simply not had time to get out in the car every day. Even though we're early risers at this house it seems that every waking moment is crowded with work of one kind or another, and most of the time night falls with a whole assortment of things not accomplished. This seems to be the situation with practically everyone who isn't actually bedfast, so it looks as if most of us are crowded into the same boat!

But one of these days I'm going to kick over the traces, so to speak, and let the work go (something I find almost impossible to do!) and take time to drive no matter what is neglected. When that day comes I hope you'll find it in your heart to be very tolerant if I seem to be lazy and worthless!

Those of us who can remember when practically no one ever had a vacation of any kind are still taken by surprise when we manage to get away for any kind of a trip and see the tremendous amount of traffic on the highways today. Since I last wrote to you Russell and I have made a trip through Kansas on business, and then sneaked out a few extra days to go on to New Mexico. We knew there was a great deal of coming-and-going during the summer months because we covered the same ground last June, but we didn't realize there would be so much activity before school was out.

There's no doubt about it . . . this country is on the move. And a car without something attached to it is almost conspicuous on the highway! Your eyes get adjusted to expecting *anything*, although I still think it's



One of the most interesting experiences Lucile and Russell ever had was attending a sacred Indian ceremony. Tourists are usually welcome but must behave quietly and with dignity.

incongruous to see two long trans-signs will give you ample warning, ports hooked together with a cargo of big boats, three deep, grinding away through sagebrush country. This is an innocent cargo, of course, and those boats are probably headed for mountain lakes by way of a dealer in some town. But something I DON'T like to see are the enormous semi-trailers plastered all over with brilliant signs that read: "DANGER. RADIO ACTIVE MATERIAL." We gave them the widest possible berth.

If you have not yet made final plans for a summer trip I can only say that I think the area around Santa Fe, New Mexico has more to offer than any other area within reasonable driving distance of the Midwest. There is a tremendous variety of things to see and all of it is so different from what we're accustomed to in our part of the country that even a very few days will give you the sensation that you've been gone a long, long time and covered a tremendous distance.

If you have not yet settled on exactly what you want to do I'd like to suggest that you think of Albuquerque as the western point of your trip. It is on U. S. 66, probably the most famous highway in our country, and serves as a good place to start exploring the wonderfully interesting Indian reservations that are unquestionably the most colorful and "different" thing in the United States today.

Albuquerque itself is quite a place and probably you'll want to spend some time looking it over. (Incidentally, U. S. 66 runs right along the campus of the University of New Mexico and after mid-September Julian will be living there at Hokona Hall.) When you have covered points of interest in the Albuquerque vicinity, pick up the fine new Interstate highway that runs up to Santa Fe, approximately 60 miles but it seems much, much shorter because of the splendid driving conditions.

Don't fail to make one side trip off of Interstate 85—the Santa Domingo Indian reservation. This is about 36 miles from Albuquerque and road

although I must warn you that this is a left turn and even with the warning it seems to come up awfully fast—watch sharp.

Santa Domingo is one of the largest and oldest of the Rio Grande pueblos, and it looks today the way it has looked for hundreds of years. If good fortune places you there on August 4th you'll have a chance to see their magnificent fiesta that opens their "Beard-of-the-Corn" month. I think it sensible to suggest that if you attend this sacred ceremony you should wear a dress rather than slacks or shorts. Tourists are welcome, but all of the Indians through the Rio Grande country are extremely conservative and they appreciate "white people" who dress as they would if they were attending a church, and who behave quietly and with dignity.

Santa Fe itself is endlessly fascinating. When you enter it you feel as if you are in another country, and probably your first impression will be that all of the Indians have just dressed up to entertain the tourists. Nothing could be further from the truth. This is their customary dress the year around and they're not putting on a show for anyone.

I'm sure you'll have quite a time convincing your children that all of these many Indians are not fixed up for a movie or a TV show. To the best of my knowledge, this is the only town in the United States where you can actually see Indians that look like the mental picture we have of Indians.)

Santa Fe has no industry and is very much dependent upon tourists for its economy. This means, automatically, that prices for motels and restaurants are high during the summer months. Fortunately, a great many people are equipped to camp out and there is one particular place I'd like to recommend for this purpose: Bandelier Canyon. This is a national park and is equipped to handle campers. To reach it, take the Interstate highway north of Santa Fe and

(Continued on page 18)

FREDERICK BRINGS INSPIRATION FOR JULY

Dear Friends:

This year we had no spring. We had winter, winter, winter and more winter, then suddenly summer was here. On Wednesday there were no leaves on the trees and on the following Sunday, after three hot summer days, everything was green, lovely and in blossom. I wish you could have seen the beautiful flowering trees in our park; they were so beautiful even the dog seemed impressed with them. Old Fritz loved the blossoms so much that he stood on his hind legs to nibble at them like a deer.

I like warm weather and everything warm weather brings — sailing, swimming, fishing and picnics. Of course, I must confess there are summer days here in the Connecticut River Valley more to be avoided than enjoyed! We have the hottest summer weather in New England. That is why this part of the country is famous for its shade-grown tobacco. In July and August when the tobacco is steaming under the acres and acres of cheesecloth covers, the Driftmiers are in the cool woods of Rhode Island. I do like warm weather, but not in too large a quantity!

Whenever people complain to me about the summer weather, I like to make them feel a little better by telling them about the heat out in the Middle East where I used to live. The combination of high temperature and humidity makes the area around the Red Sea the hottest place in the world. I once spent several days in and around Massawa on the African side of the Red Sea. As far as annual temperatures are concerned, Massawa holds the world's record for hot weather. The average annual temperature there is 86½ degrees.

If you have ever been in Death Valley, California, you have been in the very hottest place in America. The average temperature of Death Valley is not very high but during July it averages 101 degrees. Death Valley's 134 degrees is the highest ever recorded on the North American continent. The hottest temperature ever recorded officially anywhere in the world was 136 degrees! This record was set in the little town of Azizia which is 25 miles south of Tripoli in northern Africa. I once saw a thermometer reach 135 degrees on the Upper Nile but it was not official.

Most authorities on weather are convinced that the area around St. Louis, Missouri has the most unusual climate in this country. With cold winters, hot summers, great temperature extremes and an approximate rainfall of forty inches a year, St. Louis is indeed unique. Bucharest, Romania has a somewhat similar climate, but it is sheltered by mountains to the south and has only half as much rain.

We had some excitement at our house tonight when my dog had visitors. Fritz's "father" and "sister" came to pay him a visit. They had not seen each other from the time my dog was a little pup and their actions were



This handsome telescope was a Christmas gift to David Driftmier. He and his father have taken up stargazing as a hobby.

most amusing. Just for fun I told Betty that I was planning to get another dog to keep our present one from getting lonely. Later in the day Betty put a clipping in my hand which said: "In terms of wear and tear on the mother of the house, a puppy equals about one and a half children and a cat with kittens equals two. Don't think that a few tranquilizers will condition mother for a new puppy. A tranquilized mother would be about as good as a tranquilized Notre Dame football team. Who wants to live with a wet rag? The tranquilizers ought to be given to the husband, the children and the puppies." That concluded our discussion about getting another dog!

July is the month when we need to think more deeply about the American Spirit: our country's spirit, our community spirit and our own character. Character is not a gift; it is bought with a price. Gradually throughout our country's history our citizens have zealously, sacrificially bought and paid for our national character. Each generation has made its contribution to the stream of the ongoing American spirit.

In the darkest days of 1941 and 1942 the whole world watched to see if America would try to get by on her inheritance or if a new America would arise from the old and, standing on the reputation of a glorious past, would add new spirit and new character of an already great tradition of sacrifice for the right.

What the world saw has now become history. The American of this generation gave as every generation had given before it. We poured in new blood, new strength, new character. On the stormy Atlantic, on a second Flanders Field, on the shores of Italy, and in the far Pacific the world saw Americans acting with zeal, courage and determination. American character was not only sustained, it was created anew by the sacrifices of multitudes, the contribution of each becoming a part of the common inheritance of us all.

The character of a nation, like the character of a person, is founded on a past but it exists only upon the contributions of the present. A nation, like a person, must constantly build character. It is much easier to keep than to recover and if America is to keep what our honored dead have earned, we must maintain our courage and strength of conviction; we must pursue relentlessly the aims and purposes for which we have already paid far too highly to let them escape from our grasp.

No nation can go beyond the limitations imposed upon it by the character of its people. If our nation's character is to continue to demand the respect of all right-thinking men, then the character of our people individually must be such as to be worthy of the nation as a whole. Let it not be said that what we are today is due solely to what others have done before us, but rather let us so live that the whole world will know that what we are is due to the idealism, courage and moral conduct that we ourselves possess today.

I hope these few ideas will give you something to think about now as Independence Day approaches, for I feel keenly that in this day of crisis in the world we are truly called upon to demonstrate what kind of character we have. That the men and women who have died for our independence and to keep us free shall not have died in vain, let us determine to follow the admonitions of St. Paul: "Therefore put on the complete armor of God, so that you may be able to stand your ground, and having fought to the end, to remain victors on the field."

It is something about which we need to think.

Sincerely,

Frederick

And whether it be a rich church,
Or a poor church anywhere,
Truly it is a great church
If God is worshipped there.

COVER PICTURE

Many of you were undoubtedly surprised to see the picture on the cover this month. As Mother explains in her letter, the trip to visit Frederick and his family in Springfield, Massachusetts came up rather suddenly.

Howard drove them to Omaha to catch their plane and called us as soon as he had returned. "Imagine!", he said, "They had reached Chicago before I ever got back to Shenandoah!"

This picture was taken just as Mother and Dad disembarked from the big United Airlines jet plane at Boston, where Frederick and Betty met them. We wish that we could account for the names of the stewardess, at the extreme right, and the porter, standing behind Mother's chair, for they were so extremely helpful, as were all of the personnel connected with the flight.

DONALD EXPERIENCES A MOTHER'S BUSY LIFE

Dear Friends:

I have just finished clearing off the breakfast dishes and scrubbing Paul's side of the table. I never cease to be thankful to the gifted people who are responsible for giving us plastic-topped tables. Paul, like other children in the two-to-four age group, leaves such a gummy, sticky mess on the table surrounding his dinner plate that it would require a clean tablecloth for each meal if one were used. Our kitchen table has a simulated marble finish. It is so attractive we do not use a tablecloth on it. This certainly helps in my ironing department.

Now that we are coming full force into the summery weather I know the ironings are going to increase greatly. This is one department of housekeeping that I don't particularly mind, the main reason being that I learned to iron sitting down at an adjustable ironing board. My ironings don't accumulate, very often, but other facets of the housework do.

On several occasions, even though he hasn't said anything about it in so many words, my husband has indicated that he felt sure if I just "organized" my time more efficiently I wouldn't get so far behind. After last week, though, I believe he has changed his opinion. For the second time in our married life I was sick. I picked up some germ that put me in bed so Donald was called upon to take over the household. We tried to get a sitter to come in and take care of the children so he could go to work but none was available. My mother has always been close enough to help in any emergency before, but now she was miles away. Donald took a day of vacation and stayed home. It was a *revealing* day for him, to say the least!

He worked through the morning rush of breakfast, dressing Paul for play, changing the baby and bringing her to breakfast, supervising Katharine as she dressed and snatching food for himself. After everyone had eaten there was laundry to do, a house to straighten, Paul and Katharine to supervise outside and before Donald knew it I told him it was time to start warming the baby's lunch. He was really a busy fellow but no more so than an average morning for any mother. After lunch was over and everyone was in bed for naps, he wearily came into the bedroom where I was resting and dropped into a chair. He asked if this was a normal day, to which I agreed. Then he admitted that I was surely kept busy!

We still don't have any yard in which the children can play because it is nothing but dirt clods and building debris. There is one small green patch of pasture way at the back of this lot where Donald has put the climbing tower and swing set. After having lived in neighborhoods with not more than three children besides our own, it comes as somewhat of a shock for me to look out of the kitchen window and see the play equipment covered with small children. We are still so new here I



Katharine, Paul and Adrienne Driftmier make a happy, smiling "threesome" as they pose for this picture before going to church. Mary Beth and Donald say that Katharine is hoping for some new front teeth before "corn-on-the-cob" time arrives.

haven't the faintest idea who half of the little ones are or where they come from. One thing is certain, they can surely detect playground equipment! I do not mind one bit if they play on our things but some of the little chaps are so small that they really need supervision lest they get hurt. It is a problem.

Have I mentioned to you before that we are most unusual in this area with only three children? The average is five and many households boast six children. And I think I'm busy!

Last weekend we went to the zoo. This is one activity which I believe many adults enjoy as much as children. Milwaukee County, at present, has two zoos, but the older one in Washington Park will be closed as soon as all of the animal houses in the new zoo are ready for occupancy. This new zoo is scheduled for completion in 1964 and reportedly will be unequalled in the world. Paul and Katharine thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the old zoo although many of the animals were missing. We're planning a trip to the new zoo the next sunny Saturday we are free so I'll write you more details about it after we have been there.

Since driving Katharine to Shorewood for ice skating lessons I've had ample opportunity to see miles and miles of Milwaukee. I'm beginning to learn my way around town reasonably well and a map of metropolitan Milwaukee and the suburban areas helps considerably. I am more and more impressed with this lovely city. The main streets to and from town aren't just streets, they're boulevards. Even during heavy traffic hours there is less congestion than one would expect.

The skating lessons are fun for both Katharine and me. As I have mentioned before, Shorewood is way, way

north of our house, but the rink is nice and the instructor excellent so it is worth the effort to get there. Katharine has had her fair share of spills on the ice but she is doing so well we're all pleased. I was looking at her knees last evening and noticed that they were both purple and blue. Honestly, though, she takes as many tumbles on dependable, solid ground as she does on the ice. These lessons aren't going to make a professional skater out of her but by next winter she should be able to get out on the ice and keep up with the rest of the youngsters.

The ice skating rink is certainly a cool place to spend these hot Saturday mornings. Parents are allowed to sit in chairs outside of the rink and watch through the huge window wall. Enough of the cool air creeps out around the windows to make it a very pleasant place.

I've been taking my knitting with me and thus far I've finished one bulky knit sweater for myself and I'm halfway through a tiny version of a patterned sweater for Adrienne. I feel the need to hurry with Adrienne's sweater; she's growing ever so fast these days. I am using a size two pattern for her but even so it doesn't look one bit too large.

Adrienne still hasn't taken off on her own but she surely wishes it were possible. She is reasonably content to stay in her playpen while I work around the house in the morning, but after her nap in the afternoon she feels it is her privilege to be allowed out to crawl around. Fortunately, there is a sliding door across the top of the basement stairs so I'm able to keep her away from this hazard. Educating the children to keep this door closed is the most difficult task! Naturally, Adrienne wants very much to be outside on warm sunny days and I do take her to play in the grass next door as frequently as possible.

Because our renting here is for such a limited time we are continuing to house hunt. We're keeping our eyes open for every house that looks like it might be a prospect. One of these days the right one will come along and I'll get to move *again*!

I really must close now and pick up the accumulation of magazines and other small things which Adrienne has pulled off of every low table in the house.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

OUR HOME

Our home is cozy but not handsome, Comfortable—not worth a ransom; Nothing to make one grow ecstatic, Downstairs, upstairs, in the attic. 'Tis not a model, modern dwelling Agents 'specially dote in selling— Not ultra modern and not antique, And not the kind a bride would seek. Of colonial structure, dated, quaint, Our house could use a coat of paint; But the domicile that I discuss In many ways, resembles us.

—Stella Craft Tremble



On a summer afternoon in 1936 we went out to the yard for pictures. Dad is sitting in front, and behind him are Frederick, Donald, Howard and Wayne.



On the same afternoon this was taken. Dorothy is sitting on the arm of Mother's chair; Lucile and Margery are standing.

WAY BACK WHEN—

Last month we printed some excerpts from Leanna's first publication, *Mother's Hour Letter*, as well as some interesting items from the *Kitchen-Klatter News*. These were the forerunners to the present publication as you know it today. Your letters tell us that you enjoyed the page, so we are including it again this month.

From "Mother's Hour Letter"
Thirty-Five Years Ago

If I Knew

If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,
Might leave its trace on a loved one's
face,
I'd never speak harshly. Would you?

If I knew that the light of a smile
Might linger the whole day through;
And lighten some heart with a heavier
part,
I wouldn't withhold it. Would you?

Good Literature

What are your children reading? Have they formed the taste for good literature? Much of the child's education is obtained through the channels of the books and magazines found on the sitting room table. We should be glad when our children show a desire to read, and we should see that they have the right kind of books and magazines to read.

A boy or girl who loves to read will be contented at home, and I am sure you would rather have them at home than seeking pleasures elsewhere. Day by day their characters are being formed, and if we place the right ideals before them through the stories they read, their receptive minds will be filled with lessons of patriotism, truth and honor. Mothers! Is this not worth while?

Safeguard The Baby

You mothers with babies beginning to creep around on the floor, should remember that much care should be taken to safeguard him against accident. As he crawls around on the floor, see that there are no small articles, such as pins, buttons, and beads that the baby can find to put in his mouth. Little children grasp and tug at anything within their reach. They may pull over the floor lamp or the gold fish bowl. They may get a shock from an unprotected light socket. The kitchen is an exceptionally dangerous place for the baby. Washing machines, oil stoves, knives, forks, and the possibility of scalding grease or hot water being spilled on his head, all make the kitchen a dangerous place for Baby unless the mother is very careful.

Keep matches out of all children's reach. How many tragedies have happened because children were playing with matches! And think of the many saddened homes because guns were left where children could reach them.

From "Kitchen-Klatter News"
Twenty-Five Years Ago

My experience as a mother has been that it is very hard to be patient, especially when I have felt nervous, harassed, and hurried. No one, who has not had a family of little children around her, and a never ending round of work to be done, can realize the effort it takes to keep the voice low and the spirit calm. We must remember that the most real happiness in life is found in our own home. If it is not found there, there is something the matter with us. Our children, especially during the first years, need to be surrounded by kindness and love if we wish them to grow up into kind and helpful men and women.

This "Prayer of a Tired Mother" I could almost imagine I prayed myself, as it is the universal appeal of a Mother, expressed in beautiful poetry.

Prayer of a Tired Mother

Hear my whispered prayer to Thee,
Oh, Father—May I patient be;
Keep my voice soft, gentle, low;
Help me serene and calm to grow.
The little hands that clutch and cling,
The wilted flowers they often bring;
The restless feet that track in dirt;
The many little cuts and hurts
That fill my days.
So often I am tired and hurried
When I have need to be unflurried;
Help me to know which things are
real.

Their true importance help me feel.
And may I kiss the clinging hands,
With eagerness receive the flowers—
Help me to guide aright those feet;
Each hurt to bind, and then repeat
Soft, soothing words.
Dear Father, I so humbly bow
To ask Thy needed blessing now.
Oh make me worthy of this trust,
I dare not fail, and so I must
Grow strong through Thee.

—Amy Elizabeth Taylor
Aid Helps

"The following are some of the ways our Aid is making money. Last year we divided into four groups, each working three months. We did everything, from hamburger and doughnut sales to picnic stands and bake sales. The hamburger and doughnut makers were given the use of a nice building on main street."—Cook, Nebr.

"I was in Burlington, Kansas a couple of months this fall, and noticed a sign out in front of one of the churches every Thursday. It was "Penny Dinner". They served cafeteria style. The food only cost a few pennies and they surely had crowds." —Boomer, Mo.

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

This is an unusually quiet Saturday. Oliver had to run an errand out-of-town and Martin, accompanied by a friend, rode out to Manti to see the new park that is under construction.

The boys' departure this morning stirred up a lot of memories for, when we were youngsters, we spent many a delightful day hiking the few miles out to this old Mormon settlement. Mother frequently went with us and what fun we had! The only visible evidence that this spot had once been a thriving little community were the sad remains of a cemetery, the barely noticeable depressions of wagon trails, and the shell of what was once a store. It seemed such a shame that nothing had been done in past decades to do something aside from putting up a historical marker. In more recent years, considerable effort has been made to make some semblance of order in the cemetery, righting grave markers and fencing the area. This past year the Manti Association has started a park development program. Those of us who are greatly interested in Iowa history are grateful to the fine citizens who have put so much time and energy into this new project.

Martin's eighth grade class was the largest ever promoted in Shenandoah—167 youngsters. It was with mixed emotions that we saw him receive his diploma at the graduation exercises. Suddenly, all of those children—most of whom we have known all of their lives—seemed so grown-up. Now that they are entering high school, time will *really* fly—for the children as well as for their parents.

While this magazine is being printed, Martin will be on the fishing trip to Minnesota that I told you about last month, so I'll have to wait until next month to give you the details. These past few days he has been in the process of accumulating his equipment in preparation for departure. As I look at the things on the list, I wonder how it will be possible to cram everything into his duffle bag, in spite of the fact that only bare necessities are being taken.

Aside from their own personal gear, each boy is responsible for bringing a special item. Martin's happens to be a camp lantern since we already own one. Special duties are assigned for the week and when I saw that Martin is to be "house boy", I wondered how the campers would survive! He has difficulty keeping his own room in order! Never-the-less, they'll have a great time in spite of their inadequacies and it will be an experience they'll never forget. I might add that the minister says that the boys really manage for themselves when they are put to the test.

While Martin is gone, I hope to take a business trip, but as the details aren't complete at this time, I'll tell you about it later.

With both of us away, Martin is quite concerned as to how his father will get along. "Daddy, what *will* you do while we're gone?" he asked. "I'll

tell you *one* thing," he answered. "I'll be picking strawberries!" The very first picking produced enough for a large shortcake and we have had berries in some way, shape or form almost every day since. It looks like another big berry crop—more than we can possibly use ourselves. When Martin gets home from his camping trip, he is thinking of picking berries to "peddle" to help build up his savings account. There are not too many ways a boy his age can earn money, so he is eager for any opportunity that presents itself.

Along the edge of the strawberry bed, we have a border of iris. They are not of an elegant variety, so each year we try to replace some of them with finer stock. As Mother divides clumps in her garden, she shares with us. Russell does the same, so eventually we should have a much better showing of this stately flower—one of my favorites.

The Shenandoah Home and Garden Club waged a campaign to install hanging flower baskets on the lamp posts on the main street of the business district. Shenandoah businessmen were also approached to add what they could to beautify our shopping area. As a result many have lovely boxes of geraniums or petunias in front of their show windows and it is truly a beautiful sight. Perhaps your garden clubs might start such a project in your own communities if you have not already done so. I know that we appreciate the flowers as we shop and visitors to our city have made comments about it.

This reminds me of something else about flowers. Last Sunday the church member who supplied the flowers for the altar suggested that they be taken to a shut-in following the service. This reminded me of a letter that came to my desk a number of years ago. The friend in Fremont, Nebraska wrote that their church has made a practice of taking the altar flowers to shut-ins, accompanied by the following note:

"These flowers have been on the pulpit of the _____ church. They have heard the hymns that have been sung, the prayers that have been offered, and the sermon that has been preached. Now they come to you and in their silent way, are telling you all about it."

I think that this is a lovely idea and one that you might like to utilize in your own church.

Our youth group had a "car wash" recently to earn some additional money for a church project. Martin left the house that morning loaded with buckets, large sponges, old rags and what-not, and full of enthusiasm. By evening they had washed 75 cars, and a more tired boy I never did see! He was ready for bed the minute he stepped into the house and slept until nine o'clock the next morning. It wasn't until then that I got a report on the venture. The big thrill for Martin was that the boys all wanted to borrow his big sponges (our premium with the flavoring and sweetener cap liners) and he was a most popular fellow! Had I had the foresight, I'd have sent more of the sponges along

with him. The "take" for the day was \$150.00—quite a boost to the Fellowship treasury.

Last night Oliver and I walked up the street to see Howard and Mae for a few minutes. (It certainly is nice having a brother *up* the street and a sister *down* the street, as well as parents only two doors away.) They have been doing quite an extensive job of remodeling their kitchen. Howard, being an exceptionally fine workman, has done the work himself whenever he could find some spare time. He has changed several of the cabinets as well as built in some new ones, has repainted the entire kitchen, laid new counter tops and is preparing the floor for laying new tile. Some of you old subscribers will recall that Howard has built almost all of their furniture. Mae is very talented at upholstering and their finished pieces are magnificent. So far, they have concentrated on items for the living room and the bedrooms, but as soon as the redecorating is finished, they plan to start some new furniture for the dining room.

Glancing at my watch, I see that it is about the time that the boys said they would be back from Manti so I must get to the kitchen and see what I can round up for a snack. After all this exercise, they'll be hungry as bears!

Sincerely,

Margery

DO YOU NEED A BEACH BAG?

By

Mildred Cathcart

Are wet towels and swimming suits simply tossed into the car when you pick up the children at the pool? We solved this problem by making a beach bag which is practical, colorful, and very inexpensive.

We chose a plain blue piece of oilcloth—as near the color of water as we could find. The material was folded and cut into a suitable size. The fold, of course, was the bottom of the bag. We buttonhole-stitched the sides and around the top in bright colored thread. Next, we doubled a piece of oilcloth for the handle and stitched it in the same decorative manner. The handle was then fastened to the bag.

You may decorate the bag in any motif that suits your fancy. We used scraps of dark blue oilcloth for "waves", bits of green for "seaweed", and from yellow and orange, we cut "tropical fish". All of these objects were glued on tightly in picture fashion.

When the bag was completed, we reinforced the bottom with a piece of heavy cardboard. Although the cardboard has to be replaced often, it tends to give the bag a better shape.

The bag is also used when we travel for it makes a handy container for damp wash cloths, towels, combs, sun tan lotion and other items that need to be kept handy.

ABIGAIL SUMMARIZES VACATIONING IN COLORADO

Dear Friends:

Each summer our telephone rings many times with calls from visitors and vacationers seeking information about what to see and do in Colorado. How many more we have missed because we were away or out working in the yard, I wouldn't know. Because the number of calls has increased so much in the past year, I have decided it might be wise to repeat some general remarks about vacationing here.

The very best year-round source of information concerning Colorado is "The Visitors' Information and Hospitality Center" in Denver. It is located on U. S. 40, Colfax Ave., just a few blocks west of the State Capitol Building. All of the other cities and towns of any size along the base of the mountains have information centers in operation throughout the tourist season.

From the telephone calls it is readily apparent that many of you have relatives in Denver and that you make your headquarters in this city. Usually your Denver hosts are not on vacation, so it is up to you to head out on your own for sight-seeing. Some of you seem to prefer to stay out of the mountains and confine yourselves to the attractions which this city has to offer.

Excluding Washington, D. C., Denver has the largest concentration of United States governmental agencies in the country. Heading this list in interest is the U. S. Mint. It is necessary to make advance arrangements to join a tour here so it is wise to telephone for reservations immediately upon arrival. Children under eight years of age are not permitted. The Mint is located very near the Hospitality Center, the State Capitol and the Denver Civic Center. The latter includes the city administrative buildings, the Greek Theatre (outdoor amphitheatre) and the Public Library. Three of the Denver Art Museums—Schleier Gallery, Oriental House and the Living Arts Center—are located here too. The State Capitol Building is exactly one mile above sea level and just south of it is the State Historical Museum.

If your taste runs to museums, or if the famed Colorado weather is uncooperative, The Denver Museum of Natural History is a fascinating place. It contains world-famous displays of animals, birds and flowers in their natural habitat. The children are always impressed with the reconstructed pre-historic animals. This building also houses the planetarium and the demonstrations are well worth the modest fee.

The Museum of Natural History is located in City Park which has many other attractions. The City Zoo has improved with the completion of the new Pachyderm House for Cookie and Candy, the elephants, and the tapirs, hippopotomi and rhinoceri, and a giant turtle who sleeps in the center of the floor. However, I am forced to admit that the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo in Colorado Springs is the more



In the Denver Driftmiers' neighborhood it isn't at all difficult to get up a parade! Clark is pulling the wagon at the left and Alison is the little girl in the gay cowboy shirt.

complete zoo. But City Park is a most pleasant place with gay flowers, playgrounds, picnicing facilities and boating on the small ponds.

There are several other large parks in Denver and a good many small ones as well. One that particularly interests us is in the Botanic Gardens. Obviously, it takes many years to develop fine gardens and this project was started only a few years ago. But there is much beauty now and we find great pleasure in watching the progress from one year to the next.

Within the city limits of Denver are two amusement parks—Lakeside and Elitch Gardens—located within a few blocks of each other on the west side. Lakeside features the usual rides, speedboating, swimming and stock car races. From the name it is apparent that Elitch Gardens has thousands of beautiful flowers. In addition to the rides, games and picnic facilities, there is a legitimate theatre. This summer stock company has featured many future stars of stage and screen throughout its long history.

If spectator activities are to your liking you will want to see the Denver Bears baseball team and, during the fall, the Denver Broncos professional football team. Pari-mutual racing is legal in Colorado. Thoroughbred horses race at Centennial Turf Club and the greyhounds run at Mile High Kennel Club. Denver is a popular stop for concert artists and touring road companies. A check in the theatre section of the daily papers will inform you about any current productions playing in the Denver area.

The municipal airport, Stapleton Field, is one of the major air terminals of the country and is a very busy place. None of us seem to tire of watching all sizes of planes from single-engine "grasshoppers" to the huge jet airliners make their landings and take-offs. Lowry Air Force Base

on the east side of the city is a busy place also.

For the finest view of the city and the mountain ranges, the place to visit is the Sky Deck Observatory. It is on top of the Rocky Mountain West's tallest building, the Denver U. S. National Bank Building.

While Denver and the other communities of Colorado are fine places, the chief attraction for most vacationers is the magnificent Rockies. With more than fifty peaks exceeding 14,000 feet, Colorado is unequalled in offering spectacular scenery which requires no special skill in driving. It is actually much safer, according to records, to drive in the mountains than it is to drive in flat country.

If you have driven to Colorado from a lower altitude, you may find the engine of your car stalling occasionally. Any competent gasoline station attendant can make a simple adjustment of the carburetor to adapt the fuel mixture for our thinner air. If your automobile has "overdrive", take the engine out of "overdrive" after you reach the foothills before you head on up into the mountains.

Remember that brakes should be used sparingly in the mountains. If you are headed down one of the passes, DO NOT use the brakes to slow the automobile. Instead, shift the engine into a lower gear for your descent. It is always wise to keep your gasoline tank well-filled, particularly if you are wont to take off on side roads. The mountain towns are pretty well separated and distances may be greater than you realize.

One last bit of advice. Never leave for a drive without taking along a jacket and some sort of head covering. It can be hot, clear and cloudless when you leave, but if the clouds roll up after lunch, the temperature can change drastically. While it could be sweltering in Denver, it could be (Continued on page 18)

NOTES FROM A BEGINNING

CAMPER

By

Martha Walter

For years I have resisted any idea that our family should take up camping. When my husband mentioned buying a tent I had visions of having bugs, worms and even snakes as bed partners. Then one night at a Boy Scout Jamboree we saw tents of every description. My husband showed me the one he liked most and felt we could afford. The tent had a floor stitched to the sides, it was almost airtight and had a door which zipped up on the inside. That did it!

From that time on we began planning our vacation in earnest, which, fortunately, was to be four weeks long. I knew *nothing* about camping and *very little* about outdoor cooking. However, it is strange how fast one can learn when interest is aroused.

We already had a small ice chest but we had to buy the tent, camping stove and a camp cot (for me)! I was still not convinced I wanted to sleep on the ground. We borrowed two sleeping bags and took bedding from home. As the summer sales on canned vegetables came along I stocked up, for we had been told the price of food was high in vacation areas. (It *was*!)

Before we started on our long vacation we took a trial run near home to see if we had the equipment we really needed. At noon on a Friday we left home to go to Big Lake, near Mound City, Missouri. It was thrilling to watch a regular little city of tents go up around us as others arrived. There were tents of every shape and description.

That night it stormed — a real rain-storm, a *gully washer*! It thundered and lightninged and blew and rained some more! Luckily, our four-year-old daughter slept through it all, but my husband and I were frightened beyond words. I was sure our canvas home could not take much more. The storm seemed to last forever, but, as rainstorms go, it probably came and went in thirty minutes.

The next morning as I was getting breakfast a camper walked by our site and said to me very seriously, "You folks are new campers, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," I answered in surprise, "But how did you know?"

"Whenever there is a storm on a campground as severe as the kind we had last night it is a sign new campers are present. They always get that kind of a start!" he grinned. I was so relieved I laughed right out loud. I knew now we were prepared for anything; we had been properly initiated.

Thus prepared, the three of us set out for the greatest four weeks of our lives. We went to Colorado Springs and Denver, up to the Tetons and Yellowstone, to Glacier National Park in Northwestern Montana and on into Canada.

During the time we were gone we ate only three meals in restaurants. I fed the three of us for \$2.00 a day

and we ate well! Each day we had a good breakfast, a light lunch at noon and a really substantial meal at night with even steak and fried chicken on the menu. If we were in a camp-ground where a ranger spoke and showed movies we would attend. After the program what a joy it was to come back to camp, build a fire and warm up — even though it was summer. We ate our dessert then, usually popcorn or cookies.

Our national parks have wonderful accommodations. At Yellowstone we had a water faucet just twelve feet from our tent. There was a large light nearby so our area was well lighted at night. Our camp site was equipped with a table and grill. Firewood was furnished but so many, many people camped at this place we had to be ready the minute the wood was unloaded or we did not get any. This particular camp also had bathhouses and a well-equipped laundry room.

We learned ever so many things. We had heard that camping had increased fifty percent since 1955 but the figures became a stark reality when we arrived in the Tetons about six o'clock in the evening and could not find a vacancy at any camp site. We finally found space at a primitive camp where few conveniences were available. It got down to 38 degrees that night and we were not prepared for such cold weather! That was a lesson to us. From then on we tried to reach our destination early in the afternoon and we started looking for a place to camp immediately! We also carried more warm clothing and blankets for chilly mountain nights.

Everywhere we were delighted with our "neighbors". The campers we met were wonderful people, friendly and thoughtful. Most of them had planned and saved long to buy their equipment and were appreciative of the beautiful parks and the conveniences provided.

Several nights we had to stop in a city park where camping was permitted.

I shall never forget one city park. We had traveled a great distance this particular day and were most anxious to find a place to camp for the night. We finally located one of the most unattractive places I've ever seen! It had no grass whatsoever. Everything was dusty and inconvenient. But our family was tired, it was getting late and there was no other choice. We began setting up our camp and in less than thirty minutes we had neighbors setting up tents around us and with their friendliness we soon forgot the dry desolation of the park and had a most enjoyable evening.

On this particular 5,300 mile trip we were driven inside our tents only once because of rain. The weather was ideal everywhere we went. (Editors note: *Very unusual!*)

Last Christmas we spent our gift money for two sleeping bags and air mattresses. Now we are just itching for our vacation to roll around this summer so we can camp out again.

Truthfully, since we now know more about camp life we would not

WHAT FREEDOM MEANS TO ME

By

Mildred D. Cathcart

Too often I begin to feel as if we are taking our freedoms a little casually and wonder if our children realize just how great is this gift of freedom.

Recently I asked my seventh grade students to write on the topic, *WHAT FREEDOM MEANS TO ME*. I found their replies most interesting and reassuring. I think you would enjoy some of their ideas, too.

More than three-fourths of the children said their most cherished freedom was that of worshipping God as they wished. One farm boy wrote, "Some freedoms I like are driving the tractor and riding my pony, but best of all I like to live in the United States where *I am not afraid*."

Another said, "We should enjoy freedom because our forefathers bled and died for it. We may have to fight again to keep freedom so *we should enjoy it* while it is ours."

One student fairly well summed up his idea in these poetic lines —

"This freedom has made America grow,
Please, dear God, keep it so."

Like many of us, one pupil confessed, "Most people take freedom for granted. They do not take time to understand what wonderful freedoms we have. I am the same way most of the time. I *know* freedom but speak of it very seldom."

One boy listed some freedoms and then added, "Gee! It's great to be *Free*!"

Perhaps one boy was looking a little farther ahead. He listed many of the common ideas but added, "I am glad I live in a country where I can *marry* the girl I want."

Surely our children are more serious and conscientious than we realize. One boy said, "I wish when I grow up I could go around telling free people how lucky they are. And to those that do not know freedom I would tell them how *wonderful* freedom is."

One seventh grader wrote, "If I were about to lose my liberty I would risk my life for it. *Would you?*"

One girl stated poetically her ideas. "Freedom means a lot to me,

My home, my friends, my family, My church, my school, and liberty.

I live in America, the land of the free.

"It means the right to work and play, The right to go to school each day; Freedom to worship as we think right,

Yet sleep in peace at home each night.

"The freedom of speech, to say what we may,

The freedom of press, to print what we say;

For all these things in the land of the free,

I pray, dear God, *may they always be.*"

The future of our great country is *safe* in the hands of young people who hold such ideals.

Recipes Tested

by the
Kitchen - Klatter
Family

I'd gladly write some verses
 Of trees and flowers and birds,
 But I must fix the dinner
 Before I play with words.

My family likes my poetry,
 They're proud of word and letter.
 They appreciate my writing
 But they like my cooking better!

—Harverna Woodling

BUTTERMILK ROLLS

1/4 cup warm water
 1 pkg. dry yeast
 1/4 cup butter, melted
 1/4 tsp. baking soda
 1 cup buttermilk
 4 1/2 cups sifted flour
 2 eggs, beaten
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. salt

Sprinkle the dry yeast into the warm water and set aside to dissolve. Mix the buttermilk and soda together in a large bowl. Add the melted butter, the yeast mixture and 1 cup of flour. Beat very well. Add the rest of the ingredients, plus the rest of the flour. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead until the dough is "springy" to the touch and does not stick to the hands or the board.

Put the dough in a well-greased bowl, cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place until double in bulk. Punch down and let rise one more hour. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead well. Pat down until it is about 1 inch thick and no large air bubbles remain. Cut into rounds (or make out the rolls in whatever shape you like). Place on a greased cookie sheet. Brush the top with the *Orange-Honey Glaze* and let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. If you have any of the glaze left, brush it over the top of the rolls again when you take them out of the oven.

Orange-Honey Glaze

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 2 Tbls. honey
 2 Tbls. butter, melted
 Combine the three ingredients and brush over the top of the rolls as directed.

OZARK FRIED POTATOES

Pare and slice rather thin as many potatoes as you need. Have a half-cup of lard piping hot in the skillet. Salt and pepper the slices and let them brown quickly in the hot fat. Sprinkle with smoked herb salt and add a small chopped onion. Cover with a tight lid and simmer over low heat for fifteen minutes. Grated cheese may be added over the top during the last few minutes of cooking. Turn at least once during the simmering process.

CREAMY LEMON CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 1/3 cups sugar
 2/3 cup softened butter
 2 whole eggs
 2 egg yolks
 1 cup milk
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Blend the sugar into the softened butter until fluffy. Stir in the eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. Add the flavoring. Beat in the flour alternately with the milk. Beat for one more minute or until very light and creamy. Pour batter into well-greased and lightly floured pans. This will make two 8-inch layers or a 9 x 13-inch sheet cake. Bake the layers for 25 minutes and the sheet cake for about 35 minutes in a 375 degree oven. When the cake is done, remove from oven and cool for 10 minutes in the pan. Turn out on a wire rack to finish cooling. Put the layers together, or frost the sheet cake, with the following frosting.

Creamy Lemon Frosting

1/4 cup softened butter
 2 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
 2 egg whites, beaten
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Beat the butter with a spoon until fluffy and stir in 1 cup of the sifted powdered sugar and the lemon flavoring. Beat the egg whites until they stand in stiff peaks. Beat in the remaining 1 1/2 cups of the sugar. Now, fold in the butter and sugar mixture.

This makes a soft creamy frosting to cover a two-layer cake or one large sheet cake.

JEWEL SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 2 cups hot water
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 can chunk pineapple, drained
 Stir the gelatin into the hot water until it is dissolved. Add the orange flavoring and the chunks of pineapple which have been well drained. Turn into a salad mold. Refrigerate until firm. Turn out onto a bed of shredded lettuce.

This is a very simple but delicious salad. The combination of fruit flavors is just right.

TUNA CASSEROLE

1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 can solid pack tuna
 1 can chow mein noodles
 1/3 lb. cashew nuts
 3/4 cup milk
 1/2 cup celery, diced
 1/4 cup onion, diced fine

Mix all ingredients together with the exception of a few of the chow mein noodles to sprinkle over the top. Bake in a greased 1 1/2-quart casserole at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

This is an exceptionally fine dish for company.

SWEET-SOUR CHICKEN WITH FRUIT

I prepared this chicken one Sunday and the very next week Oliver picked up some groceries for me and when he saw the frying chicken he said, "Oh, good! Are we going to have that 'fruity chicken' again?" Well, I hadn't really planned on that, since my mind is geared not on repeats, but on something new. However, Oliver had that PLEASE look on his face, so you know how that story ended!

1 1/2 to 3-pound frying chicken, cut into serving pieces

1 can (13 1/2-ounce size) pineapple chunks

1 cup barbecue sauce (Any good commercial brand)

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. ginger

1 tsp. soy sauce

1 Tbls. cornstarch

2 Tbls. cold water or pineapple syrup

1/3 large green pepper

1 can mandarin oranges, drained

6 maraschino cherries, halved

Place the chicken skin side down in shallow baking dish and set aside. (See how easy this is? You don't have to fry the chicken beforehand). Drain the pineapple chunks and measure 2/3 cup of the syrup. Add to barbecue sauce in saucepan and stir in salt, ginger, and soy sauce. Blend cornstarch with cold water; blend with sauce. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Brush the chicken with this mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour, brushing occasionally with the sauce and turning once after 30 minutes. Add pineapple, green pepper, mandarin oranges and cherries to remaining sauce. Heat and pour over chicken the last 5 minutes of baking time. Serves 4 or 5.

SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

1 1/2 lbs. pork sausage
 1 1/2 cups noodles, uncooked
 1 cup onion, chopped
 2 apples, peeled and diced
 1/3 cup molasses
 1/2 cup water
 1/3 cup catsup
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 A dash of salt

Start the noodles cooking in boiling, salted water. Fry the sausage and the onion in a heavy skillet until the sausage is lightly browned and the onion is transparent. Drain off the fat. Drain the cooked noodles and stir them into the sausage and onion mixture. Spoon half of this combination into a casserole. Put a layer of apples on top of the meat mixture and top with the rest of the meat, noodles and onions. In a saucepan combine the molasses, water, catsup, Worcestershire sauce and a dash of salt. Simmer for 5 minutes and then pour it over the casserole mixture. Cover tightly and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

This is a delightful combination of flavors. It makes an excellent economy meal for the family, a fine dish to take to a covered dish supper, or a good hot dish for outdoor eating.

MOUSSE

This is a very easily prepared dessert, so much like ice cream, and yet much simpler, for it requires no beating. Once it is in the refrigerator trays to freeze, you can forget about it until serving time.

There are endless variations to this recipe, but my family prefers it made with mashed strawberries or fresh peach pulp.

2 cups whipping cream
1/2 cup powdered sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
1 Tbls. cold water
1 cup mashed strawberries or peach pulp

Whip the cream until stiff, beating in the powdered sugar and salt. Soften the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve over hot water. (I've found that by setting it over the pilot light on the stove while I'm whipping the cream, that it is ready to add by the time I'm ready for it.) Add the dissolved gelatin and fresh fruit and blend in completely. Freeze in 2 small freezing trays or 1 double-size tray until firm. Remove from freezing unit about 5 minutes before serving as it freezes very solid and must begin to thaw slightly in order to cut easily.

When using strawberries, I add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring, and when using peaches, I add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring.

Sometimes I make the mousse with a cup of rich chocolate syrup instead of fruit. In that event, I add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring.

RUBY-RED SALAD

2 pkgs. strawberry gelatin
2 cups hot water
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
1 pkg. frozen or 1 cup sweetened fresh strawberries
1 pkg. frozen or 1 cup fresh cooked sweetened rhubarb

Dissolve the gelatin in 1 1/2 cups of the hot water. Remove 1/3 cup of this mixture and stir into it the mayonnaise and the Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. Beat with a rotary beater to blend until smooth. Pour into a mold and refrigerate until firm.

While the first mixture is setting, add the remaining 1/2 cup of hot water to the rest of the dissolved gelatin. Add the strawberries, cooked rhubarb and the Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring. Stir until blended. When the first mixture is firm, spoon in the fruit combination and chill until firm. Unmold on a pretty plate and surround with shredded greens.

This makes a very pretty molded salad, for the topping comes out shapely and creamy-looking with the clear sparkling gelatin, filled with fruit, underneath. You may use this recipe just for strawberries if you prefer, using 2 cups of berries instead of 1 cup of rhubarb and 1 cup of strawberries.

STRAWBERRY DESSERT PIE

This is an excellent dessert recipe to have on hand at all times for it uses either fresh or frozen berries.

2 pkgs. strawberry gelatin
2 cups hot water
4 Tbls. sugar
1 16-ounce pkg. frozen strawberries
OR the equivalent of fresh, sweetened, mashed berries

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 1/2 cups whipping cream
1 10-inch baked pie shell

Dissolve the gelatin and sugar in the hot water. Add the strawberries and chill until partially set. Remove about 3/4 cup and reserve for the top. Whip the remaining gelatin mixture and whip the cream. Fold in 3/4 of the whipped cream. Place in the baked pie shell and spread the unwhipped gelatin over the top. Put the remaining whipped cream around the outside edge of the pie and garnish with a few fresh berries.

HAMBURGER-MACARONI BAKE

1 1/2 cups elbow macaroni
1 lb. hamburger
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup minced parsley
1 can cream of mushroom soup
3/4 cup water
Salt and pepper to taste

1 1/2 cups shredded cheddar cheese
2 cups buttered bread cubes

Cook and drain the macaroni. Lightly cook the ground beef in a skillet. Drain off the fat and add the onion and the parsley. Cook until the onion is tender. Stir in the soup, water, salt and pepper and bring to a boil. Remove from the stove and stir in the cooked macaroni and one cup of cheese. Pour into a greased casserole. Cover the top with the buttered bread cubes and the remaining 1/2 cup of cheese. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 20 minutes.

This will serve six people easily and is very good.

CHERRY TOPPING

3 Tbls. cornstarch
1 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. red food coloring
A dash of salt
1/4 cup cherry juice
1 1/2 cups red sour cherries, drained
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the cornstarch, sugar, salt, food coloring and the cherry juice in a saucepan. Blend together, bring to a boil and add the sour red cherries. Bring again to a good rolling boil and boil for two minutes, or until clear and medium thick. Remove from the heat and stir in the flavorings. Chill. Serve over cup cakes or use as a filling between layers of cake. Plain white, yellow or sponge cake turn into party fare with this topping. Served over a chocolate cake it becomes something really special. This is also an excellent cherry sauce to use with vanilla ice cream.

CAMPING CHILI

The more appropriate name for this recipe would be "Chili-for-people-who-don't-like-chili"! My family never cared about chili until I started making this bland recipe. If your family has never enjoyed chili, you might find them changing their minds after you serve this. Those of you who are confirmed chili fans can just skip over the recipe; it isn't seasoned nearly enough to suit your tastes.

With the chili I serve a variety of crackers, soda crackers for Wayne, oyster crackers for the children, and I prefer corn chips. We make this strictly a one-dish-meal with a highly-preserved Jonathan apple for dessert.

3 lbs. ground beef
2 large onions, chopped
Brown these together, spoon off excess fat and add:

2 No. 300 cans red kidney beans, drained
1 No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes
3 Tbls. chili powder
3 cups water
Salt to taste
1 tsp. cumin or comino
Simmer all ingredients gently at least 3 hours.

BROWN SUGAR DROP COOKIE

1 cup soft shortening (part butter)
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
3 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine the shortening, brown sugar and eggs and cream thoroughly. Stir in the milk. Sift together the dry ingredients and mix them into the batter. Beat well and chill for at least 1 hour. Drop by rounded teaspoons, about two inches apart, on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

Dates, coconut, chocolate chips, nuts, raisins and various other Kitchen-Klatter flavorings may be used with this recipe. It is an excellent basic cookie dough.

LOUISIANA 24 HOUR SALAD

2 cups white cherries, halved and pitted
2 cups diced pineapple, drained
2 cups orange sections
20 marshmallows, quartered
2/3 cup blanched almonds, slivered
2 eggs
2 Tbls. sugar
1/4 cup light cream
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Combine the well-drained fruits, marshmallows and nuts. Cover and let stand in the refrigerator while making the dressing.

Beat the eggs until light, then gradually add the sugar, cream and lemon juice. Cook in double boiler until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and fold in the whipped cream. Pour over the fruit mixture and stir lightly with a fork chill for 24 hours.

DENVER BARBECUED CHICKEN

The first time Wayne and I prepared barbecued chicken cooked over charcoal, I fixed a tomato base sauce. It was good-tasting chicken all right, but we didn't think it was enough better than plain fried chicken to justify the extra work.

A year or so later we decided to try chicken again because both Wayne and I like charcoal grilling and enjoy fixing two or three meals a week in this manner. We really needed a good chicken recipe to add variety to the usual beef, pork and lamb, so for my second experiment with chicken I made up my own recipe for the sauce.

After the first few bites we knew that this was not only the best chicken we had ever prepared, but just about the best tasting dish of its kind that we had ever eaten. Now of course, you may not agree because I used flavors that are great favorites of ours, but we've served this to guests a number of times and they "licked the platter clean"—this includes people who don't go for anything very different in the line of food.

If you like to charcoal grill and if you aren't satisfied with your present chicken barbecue sauce, I hope you'll try this one. (Like all of our friends, we charcoal grill the year around so don't think this recipe can only be used in "outdoor weather".)

3/4 cup frozen orange-pineapple juice diluted according to directions on can
1/2 cup salad oil
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 Tbls. chopped chives
1 tsp. oregano, crushed fine
1/2 tsp. Accent
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
2 Tbls. garlic wine vinegar

Mix all ingredients together and pour over 2 1/2 to 3 lb. chickens which have been cut into quarters. Marinate several hours; drain and reserve sauce. Broil chickens over charcoal about 1 1/2 hours, brushing both sides of chicken quarters periodically with reserved sauce. — Abigail

GELATIN FRUIT PIE

1 pkg. orange gelatin
1 pkg. lemon gelatin
2 cups hot water
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple (undrained)
1 1/2 cups whipping cream
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
1 10-inch baked pie shell

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the crushed pineapple and chill until partially set. Remove from refrigerator and whip. Whip the cream, adding the flavorings during whipping. Fold the cream into the whipped gelatin and pour into the baked pie shell. This is enough for a large deep-dish pie crust or two smaller pie shells. It is very attractive when garnished with slices of mandarin oranges or slices of banana just before serving.

LEANNA'S BUTTERHORNS

1 cup scalded milk
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 cake fresh or dry yeast
3 beaten eggs
4 1/2 cups flour

Combine milk, shortening, sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and stir well. Add eggs, then flour; mix to smooth, soft dough. Knead lightly on floured surface. Place dough in greased bowl; cover and let rise until at least double in bulk. Divide dough into thirds; roll each third on lightly floured surface to 9-inch circle. Brush with melted fat. Cut each circle in 12 to 16 wedge-shaped pieces; roll each wedge, starting with wide end and rolling to point. Arrange in greased baking pan with the point of dough under so that it won't unroll. Brush with melted fat. Cover and let rise until very light. Bake at 400 to 425 degrees for 15 minutes. Makes at least 3 dozen.

LEMON-CHEESE DESSERT

30 square graham crackers
1/4 lb. butter or margarine
2 Tbls. powdered sugar
8-ounce pkg. cream cheese
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 pkg. lemon gelatin
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 cup cold water
Juice of 1 lemon
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 can evaporated milk, chilled (13-ounce size)

Roll the graham crackers into fine crumbs and blend with the melted butter and powdered sugar until crumbly. Line a 9 x 13-inch pan with the mixture, reserving about 1/2 cup to sprinkle on top of finished dessert. Cream the cream cheese and 1 1/2 cups sugar until thoroughly blended. In a dish, mix the lemon gelatin in the hot water until softened, then add the cold water, juice of the lemon, the lemon and vanilla flavorings. Fold the cheese mixture and gelatin mixture together. Whip the chilled evaporated milk until stiff and fold into the mixture. Spread it over the crumbs in the pan and sprinkle the reserved crumbs over the top. Refrigerate over night.

BAKED CHOPS

Use enough pork or veal chops for your family. Dip them in a mixture of beaten egg, 2 Tbls. milk, and salt. Coat with bread crumbs which have been *generously* buttered. (Use part butter and part margarine if necessary to get plenty.) Lay chops on a greased baking pan and pour 1/3 to 1/2 cup of hot water around them. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour, or until completely done. Do not let the chops get dry and stick to the pan. If the moisture seems to evaporate completely and not enough fat cooks out to keep the meat moist, add a bit more water as needed.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Southern Favorite Cake

When Russell and I were in Santa Fe last month we were invited out to dinner, and it was our good fortune to be served a perfectly delicious cake—a cake most unusual in flavor and wonderfully delicate in texture. I always have a sharp eye out for cakes, so it was a real find to discover this one and to be given the recipe. I hope you can make it very soon for it is absolutely delicious.

3/4 cup butter
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 cup strong cold coffee
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
5 egg whites, beaten stiff

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. (Possibly another kind of shortening could be used but I've stuck with butter.) Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with coffee, beating well after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the three flavorings have been added. Turn into two 9-inch layer pans and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

Elegant Caramel Frosting

1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar firmly packed
1/4 cup milk
2 cups powdered sugar (sifted)
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Melt butter. Add brown sugar and bring to a boil. Boil EXACTLY 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1/4 cup of milk and bring back to boil. As soon as it has again reached the boil stage, remove from fire and add the powdered sugar. Beat until smooth. Spread between layers and on the sides and top of cake.

This cake with its wonderful frosting is guaranteed to make your reputation as a superb baker. Be sure you take it to the family reunion coming up if you want to stir up a real sensation. — Lucile

DATE-NUT BREAD

1 cup nut meats
1 cup chopped dates
1 tsp. baking soda
1 cup boiling water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups flour
1 cup brown sugar
1 Tbls. shortening
1 egg, beaten
1/2 tsp. salt

Pour water over dates and soda and let stand until cool. Cream sugar and shortening and add egg, vanilla and salt. Combine date mixture with this. Stir in flour, first dredging nuts with part of flour. Pour into well-greased loaf pan and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

In addition to being the pastor of a large church, I lecture on the subject of "Oral Composition" at American International College three times a week. It is a local college with about 1,000 students and is located just up the hill from the church.

Students the world over are all alike when it comes to getting the teacher off the subject and onto something much more interesting. Ever since some of my students learned of my amateur status as a cook, they have taken a special delight in tempting me to talk about cooking. Last week I turned the tables on them and asked them to prepare a composition on the subject of cooking! Some of the recipes they included sounded so good and so easy to prepare that I tried them out. Let me give you two simple dishes to tempt the palate of the most jaded appetites.

Tomato Custard

Tomato purée—4 cups
Onion juice—1 teaspoon
Eggs—8 (well blended)
White sauce—1 cup

Prepare 4 cups of tomato purée, or use the prepared tomato purée. Beat the 8 eggs until well-blended, and then gradually stir in the purée and the onion juice. Salt and pepper to taste and if you wish, add just a little dash of Worcestershire sauce. Pour into greased custard cups, set in a pan of hot water, in an oven pre-heated to 350 degrees. Bake until a silver knife blade inserted into the custard comes out clean, or about 30 minutes. Remove from the cups and serve with a hot white sauce. The white sauce is extra good if you add some cooked fresh garden peas.

Lamb and Macaroni

Lean neck of lamb—1½ pounds
Tomato sauce—1 standard can
Onions—2 medium-sized
Water—about 1 quart
Garlic, bay leaves, sugar, salt and pepper

Dilute 1 can of tomato sauce with 1 quart of water. In a frying pan mince the 2 onions and fry slowly in olive oil (or if you prefer, a little bacon fat). Add the golden brown onions to the tomato mixture. Then fry the lean lamb, cut up into small pieces. (It does not have to be off the neck; just any good lamb.) When the lamb is brown, add it to the tomato mixture. Season the lot with one clove of garlic, two bay leaves, two teaspoons of sugar, pepper and salt. Let all of this simmer over a low fire for about 1½ hours, or until the meat is tender and the sauce has become the consistency of thick cream. To all of this add as much boiled macaroni as suits your taste. Stir well and serve hot.

When your neighbor wrongs or insults you, your character is tested. Are you going to retaliate and be his equal or will you return good for evil and kindness for rudeness and prove his superior?

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A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

If my memory is correct, I believe that this is the first time for several years that I could write in my July letter that Frank has all of his seed planted. Now, if we don't have any floods making it necessary to replant, we should be able to harvest at a decent time this year. This is also the first time in years that he hasn't had to stop and put up hay before he had all of his corn and beans planted. What it all adds up to is the fact that we have had decent breaks in the weather this spring.

We signed up for the farm program. Frank had several acres that definitely needed to be seeded down to sweet clover, so we figured this was a good time to do it. He will plow it under and the ground should be ready to produce a bumper corn crop next year.

Since my last letter, we have had a week-end visit from the folks. They usually make their first over-night trip to Lucas about the middle of April, but this year they were considerably later. They prefer to wait until it is warm enough to enjoy being outside most of the time, and the delay was due to our unusually cool Spring.

Kristin was happy that they picked this particular week-end to come for she had her annual "end-of-the-year" picnic that Saturday evening. This gave her grandparents the opportunity to meet a number of her friends. When Mother and Dad wrote that they were coming, they added that Juliana would accompany them. Kristin was overjoyed because Juliana was here for her picnic last year. Due to all of the Senior activities, she was afraid that Juliana couldn't make it. She scurried around and found an extra boy, so there were eight couples in all. They played soft ball in the meadow until dark and then sat on big logs around a huge fire. Kristin and her father had gathered enough wood to keep a roaring fire going all evening.

The high spot of the party was freezing the ice cream. All of the boys took turns with the crank, while the girls alternated standing on the freezer to hold it down. Judging from the sounds of laughter, they must have had a hilarious time. While they were eating, Frank went up on the hill behind the house and set fire to three huge piles of brush—brush that he had been accumulating for months just for this occasion. The flames didn't last long, but they made a spectacular sight for a little while.

Kristin sold some of her pigs the other day, and was very pleased that they were ready for market in five months and nine days. She still has a few that will be ready before long, and one more sow to farrow. These late pigs won't be ready before she goes away to college, but her father will finish taking care of them for her. She is proud (and with good reason, I think) that she has been able to earn and save enough money to

take care of all of her expenses for her Freshman year.

On my last trip to Shenandoah for "magazine week", I made another summer dress for Kristin. It is of a fine-checked, light blue-and-white gingham that Mother ordered some time ago. The material has a woven border in a darker shade around the bottom of the skirt. There was only enough to make a skirt but I decided to make a complete dress so ordered two more yards in the plain checked gingham, without the border, for a blouse. When the material arrived it was a much larger check. Mother said that she could use it for aprons and I tried once more, this time receiving the right size check, but in a different shade of blue! At this point I decided to *give up* and make a skirt. Before I started on it I spent a day with Frank's sister, Edna Halls, at Allerton. That afternoon we drove to Corydon to attend a women's club meeting and, arriving early, we did a little window-shopping. Imagine my surprise to spot a bolt of the blue-and-white gingham! (I still had a sample of the material in my purse so there was no doubt about it.) Isn't it amazing how some things turn out? Mother had bought the same lovely border print in yellow for Juliana, so I told her that if she wanted additional material for a blouse, I was sure that we could get it.

In our last school paper for the year I was interested in the answers given by some of the Senior students when asked this question: "If you had the chance to start all over again, what would you do differently?" Without exception they all said, "I would study harder and turn in my work on time." Others said that they would participate in fewer outside activities, leaving more time for their studies. I have noticed that the trend in many schools is to limit the number of outside activities in which pupils may participate. This makes *sense* to me! And I'll go down on the record as being one of those who believes in fewer activities and more time devoted to lessons.

In these interviews it was interesting to note that some of the students said that they would have taken different subjects — ones that would have better equipped them for college entrance. I think that every school has a certain set curriculum with a given number of required subjects, but by the time the children are Juniors and Seniors, they also have several elective subjects. The subjects that they elect to take are very important and guidance counsellors in the school systems can be a big help when it comes to making these selections. Before Kristin registered for her senior year there were two subjects which I thought she should take but which she didn't think necessary. When she discussed her curriculum with the counsellor, he also suggested that she take these subjects. Now, she is glad that she did for they are courses that she will take in college and with this foundation she will find them easier.

(Continued on page 18)

BEAUTY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

In the radiant smile of a little girl
With a new dress for her own;
In the song of a robin in the apple
tree;

The fragrance of hay new-mown;

Sunlight shining through glasses of
jelly;

Pussy willows down by the river;
The bright splash of birds in the
leafing trees;
Bare-foot boys in their ancient
"flivver";

A rainbow shining in the kitchen sink
In the soap bubbles on dish-water;
Sunbeams playing through the window
pane;

A blue dish with yellow butter.

Night's velvet curtain studded with
stars;

A bright golden moon in the sky;
The insect's symphony on the summer
air;

A distant coyote's plaintiff cry;

Much more is spread out to see and
to hear,

And for our spirits free to sample.
For the true *listening* ear, and the
seeing eye,

Our Lord has provided ample.

—Frances Decook

"SUN DIAL"

Time is too slow for those who wait—
Too fast for those who fear—
Too short for those who rejoice—
Too long for those who grieve—
But . . . for those who love
Time is not.

—Van Dyke

BEST THINGS TO GIVE

To a friend—loyalty;
To an enemy—forgiveness;
To your boss—service;
To a child—good example;
To your mother—gratitude and devo-
tion
To your father—respect;
To your mate—love and faithfulness;
To all men—charity;
To God—*your life*.

MY FLAG

I did not know it was so dear, 'til
under alien skies
A sudden vision of it near brought
tears to my eyes.
To wander down the crooked street
of some far foreign town,
No friend amid the crowd you meet,
strange faces peer and frown;
To turn a corner suddenly, and ah!
so brave and fair,
To spy that banner floating free upon
foreign air!
Oh, that will catch the careless breath,
and make the heart beat fast;
Our country's flag, for life and death,
to find our own at last!
In those far regions, wonder-strewn,
no sight so good to see—
My country's blessed flag—my own;
so dear, so dear to me!

SUMMER COMMENTS

By

Evelyn Birkby

A timely hint came my way recently which was certainly correct. I accidentally tuned in a radio homemaker whom I had not heard before. She was talking about canning, a popular summer subject. She insisted, and rightly so, that we homemakers should just do a small amount of canning each day, not try to do it all at once. In that way a few other chores may be done and the wife and mother will not be completely worn out when bedtime comes.

With a basket just the right size for one canner full of beans I sallied forth with this fresh mental attitude. Just one canner a day, then on to another job, I promised myself! By the time one-half of the first row was picked my basket was filled to the brim with big, fat, mature green beans. In growing consternation I looked at three long rows still untouched by human hands. I explained to those beans just what the experienced radio lady had said. But those thoughtless plants just went right on growing and lengthening and maturing more pods as if she hadn't spoken one word.

It was easy to see who would win this round. Back into the house I rushed and as soon as I had thrown the radio out the window I proceeded to diligently tackle the task at hand. By virtue of good hard constant *all day* labor, forty-six quarts of beans found their way from the patch into the jars, into the pressure canner and ready for the basement shelves. But I knew, as I looked at the kitchen which needed cleaning, the family which needed feeding and the children who needed bathing and tucked into bed, that my radio adviser was correct. My only solution is to plant fewer beans and curb the hearty appetites of my four (*heaven forbid!*) or just keep plugging along until every last big, lush, bit of good vegetable is safely in the jars ready for next winter's eating.

When I noticed the weeds growing so profusely in the garden I was reminded of that wonderful story of the man who struggled and struggled to get rid of the weeds. He finally wrote to an agricultural authority who recommended a certain chemical. It didn't help to eliminate the weeds! He wrote a second time, then a third. Still the weeds grew. Finally he got the reply, "The best advice we can give you is to learn to love them!" Guess we have lots of things in this old world which defy changing. May-be learning to live with them is part of the secret of getting along happily.

You may have heard the story of the man who was always happy. He was asked the secret of his happiness. He said he just figured when he got up in the morning he could have a good day or a bad one so he just always decided to have a *good one!*

The other evening a sad moaning sound came eerily across the fields



Bob Birkby is doing very well on the piano and played in a recital recently.

west of our house. I dismissed it as one of those queer noises which come in the country. But early the next morning, when a fog lay thick across the meadow, we heard that low and restless sound again! "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" had nothing on us, we decided, for surely we must have a ghost! Surprisingly enough, the greatest intensity of our weird visitor came the next sunny afternoon when the minister came to call. We tried to dismiss the queer sound with levity . . . "Oh, it must be a steamboat going up the creek!" . . . "My, the skeleton in the closet is surely stretching his bones this afternoon!" But the increased tone of the sad voice made us fear that any moment some queer unearthly figure dressed in ectoplasm might enter the room.

We finally decided that having our very own ghost was a mark of distinction. After all, the big estates and manor houses of England have very famous haunts! While this small house could hardly be considered part of any great estate, we surely could now lay some claim to fame. Perhaps our ghost would turn out to be some famous pioneer who long ago was cheated out of his rightful land. Or could it be an Indian of noble lineage left on this spot to die who was now seeking revenge on the white man? Yes, we were beginning to think of our ghost as a real personality.

As such things usually are, the conclusion of this story is a great anti-climax. We discovered, by the process of elimination, that our "ghost" was in reality a windmill high up on the hill near an abandoned farmhouse. When the wind was in just the right direction the noise of the turning mill and the old pump equipment sent low moaning sounds in our direction. We felt a bit let down with our discovery; fancy is so often more fun than fact!

Each summer I think of the many, many activities and tasks we will get

done while the boys are home. Each summer my list is either too long or my expectations too high. Surely part of the lack of efficiency is due to the fact that in the winter during school sessions a definite routine is set up to which we all *must* adhere. A let down comes in the summer. We do not demand as much of the boys as in the winter; it is important that they have time to themselves to relax, roam and dream. But the fact remains that the summer should give us some opportunity to work out projects, do more chores, practice skills and have fun together as a family.

At any rate, I'm trying to see that certain things do get done — piano practice, for instance. Bob is doing very well with his music and is ready to really move ahead technically — if he will stick to a good practice schedule. With baseball, boy scouts, band, church choir and the wish to spend as much time outdoors as possible, the desire to practice seems to diminish as the summer progresses. But he *should* have more time to spend on the piano when school is not in session, so we are trying!

Jeffrey has started his piano lessons so that complicates the use of our instrument. So far the novelty of something new is carrying him along. We cannot tell yet if he has any natural talent, but we are hoping. The strange paradox of brothers has arisen; Jeffrey seldom thinks much about practicing until his big brother sits down to play, then he feels he *must* work on his lesson immediately. A chart with the time for each boy has been worked out but if you think that eliminates all the friction you are wrong.

It may take determination and an effort to keep from getting discouraged, but we keep trying to get everything really important into these happy, sunny, summer days together.

Craig has long been the climber in this family. In fact, anything athletic is right up his alley. Since he has been around for a good five and one-half years I should be prepared for whatever escapade this small All-American son of mine thinks up, but frequently he can throw a real surprise. Take yesterday, for example. For years the red-bud tree with its sturdy rambling branches has been the favorite climbing tree for the boys. No other tree in the yard or timber seemed as fascinating. But Craig suddenly decided it was too tame for his liking. Tugging and pulling he dragged the heavy stepladder from the back porch, across the yard and against a tall oak. Up the ladder he climbed until he could reach the first crotch of the tree. On he went — even shinnying along a straight, limbless stretch which was all of two yards long!

I became aware of all this activity when he gave out with loud, unhappy hollers. By the time I reached him he burst into sobs — "My foot's caught!" he clarified. Now, I wasn't about to go shinnying up any tall oak tree. In fact, it is very questionable if enough of tomboyish abilities carried

(Continued on page 19)

INDEPENDENCE DAY PARTY

By
Margery

INVITATIONS

On a gray liberty bell, write the following invitation:

On July 4th, 'seventy-six,
King George and freedom would not mix.

If you think this was quite a date
Come over next (Tuesday) and let's celebrate.

Time _____ Hostess _____

DECORATIONS

Red, white and blue balloons, filled with gas and attached to the tables and elsewhere by strings of varying lengths, make pretty decorations for either an indoor or outdoor party.

ENTERTAINMENT

Most Independent Couple: Before the party choose a man and a lady to represent the most independent couple. The guests are told that there is such a couple among them and that they, the guests, must try to find them by asking different couples if they are the pair. Instruct your guests to keep separating into couples, constantly taking on new partners. Finally the couple indicated gets together and must answer "yes" to the question "Are you the most independent couple?" This is a good mixing game.

Flag Quiz: Give each guest a list of the following questions with space for answers, or pin the numbered questions separately about the room:

1. How many red stripes in the American flag? (Seven)

2. Is the last stripe red or white? (Red)

3. When is the only time a flag should remain out over night? (During war)

4. Name one American flag which is an exception to this rule. (The flag flying from the U. S. capitol)

5. Should the flag ever be allowed to touch the ground? (No)

6. In hanging a flag against a wall, should the blue field be to the spectator's right or left? (Left)

7. When displayed on a staff from a platform, on which side of the speaker should the flag be? (Left)

8. The flag at half mast denotes what? (Mourning)

9. The flag upside down is a signal of what? (Distress)

10. Who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner"? (Francis Scott Key)

Red, White and Blue: Players are seated in a circle. The player who is "it" sits inside the circle and calls out either "Red!", "White!" or "Blue!" as he points to someone in the circle. The player indicated must give the name of an object of that particular color before the other can count to 10. For instance, "Red" could be answered by "apple", "White", by "snow", etc. Do not name objects which can be any color such as "dress", "handkerchief", "tie", etc. If a player cannot respond quickly enough with a correct answer, he becomes "it".

History Contest: Supply the guests with paper and pencils for this game. The following people are to be identified.

America's Liberator: A. L.

Famous Nurse: F. N.

Great Warrior: G. W.

The Roughrider: T. R.

Freed Women: F. W.

Mastered Chemistry: M. C.

Martyred Scotswoman: M. S.

America's Betrayer: A. B.

(Answers: Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale, George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, Frances Willard, Marie Curie, Mary Stewart, Aaron Burr.)

U. S. A. Quiz: Supply each guest with copies of the following quiz and have them fill in the missing letters:

1. Ten hundred. ---usa---

2. Hair on the upper lip. ---us-a---

3. A day of the week. ---u-s-a-

4. Total or general. u----sa-

5. Forgivable. ---usa---

6. Rare or out of the ordinary. ---us-a-

7. The beating of the heart. ---u-sa---

8. A campaign to reform. --usa--

9. Very eager and glad. ---us-a---

10. A servant. --us-a--

(Answers: Thousand, Moustache, Thursday, Universal, Excusable, Unusual, Pulsation, Crusade, Enthusiastic, Housemaid.)

White House Quiz: How much do YOU know about this most famous of all homes? Ask these questions aloud and see if anyone can answer them.

1. Who selected the site for this historic dwelling? (George Washington and Pierre Charles L'Enfant.)

2. Who was the architect and after what famous Irish mansion was it patterned? (James Hoban was the architect and the design is said to have been suggested by the Duke of Leinster's palace in Ireland.) *

3. How large were the White House grounds? (About 18 acres.)

4. When was the cornerstone laid? (The cornerstone was laid October 13, 1792.)

5. Where did the White House get its name? (The name "White House" derives from the white paint used to obliterate the scars of the fire of the War of 1812. The name became official in 1902.)

6. How many rooms are there in the White House? (Since its modernization in 1951 and 1952 the White House has 107 rooms, 40 corridors and 19 baths.)

7. What part of the White House is occupied by the President and his family? (The upper floors are reserved as private apartments for the President and his family. The first floor may be visited by the public.)

8. What President was the first resident of the White House? (President and Mrs. John Adams. They moved into it in November, 1800.)

9. Who was the youngest President to occupy the White House? (Theodore Roosevelt. He was 42 years of age when he took the oath of office.)

10. What President was married in the White House? (Grover Cleveland.)

He spent one year there as a bachelor, then married Frances Folsom in the White House in 1886.)

11. What President spent more than half of his time in office living outside the White House? (Harry S. Truman. He and Mrs. Truman lived at Blair House while the White House was closed from 1948 to 1952 for extensive repairs.)

12. Who was the oldest President to ever occupy the White House? (Dwight D. Eisenhower. He celebrated his 70th birthday while in the White House.)

(Sent in by Mrs. A. J. Decook)

FAMILY TRAVEL TIPS

By

Deleta Landphair

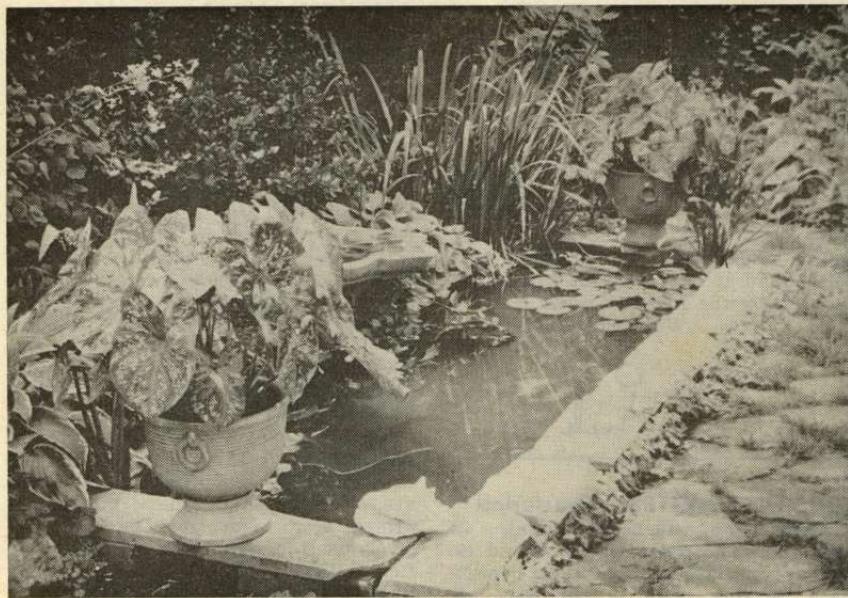
Several factors combine to make a successful family vacation trip, but preparation is the foremost ingredient. The best kind of preparation is not made during the last minute haste of packing, but one which is worked on throughout the year.

We began planning this year's vacation on the way home from last year's trip to Colorado. Several possible destinations were mentioned and throughout the winter months we kept a sharp eye for travel articles written about the areas we would like to visit. Occasionally we wrote to a State Publicity Bureau for maps and information on places of interest in their state. Many large cities maintain a service of this sort, also, and they often include an especially valuable detailed map of the city. It was surprising how the bitterness of a cold Iowa winter evening was lessened by pouring over leaflets and maps which spoke glowingly of sunshine, fishing and swimming!

Since we try to make each vacation educational as well as enjoyable, delving into encyclopedias are a part of our preparation, too. We search for the history of the states through which we plan to travel as well as for biographical sketches of their early leaders. Also there are interesting children's books, such as *Tom Sawyer* and the *Little House Series*, which prominently mention local surroundings in their stories.

A few play materials are essential to absorb the interest of active children who grow tired of watching even the loveliest scenery unfold. I generally look for games which are inexpensive and which do not scatter badly. (A car is the worst place in the world to lose tiny pieces of a puzzle.) Some of my boys' old stand-bys are crayolas, color books, scrapbooks, scissors, cellophane tape and little plastic sliding puzzles. The scrapbook and cellophane tape are to use for each boy's own record of his trip. Everything from tree leaves to post cards are carefully mounted in the scrapbooks with a laboriously printed label underneath.

When the play materials are purchased they are slipped into each boy's duffle bag. I made the duffle bags specifically for the souvenirs (Continued on next page)



A favorite resting place on a hot July afternoon is near this pool in the Verness garden.

(and junk) that the boys love to collect along the way. It helps them to keep their possessions in order and makes for easier car housekeeping. An oblong metal tray is the last article to go into each duffle bag. These trays are used as tables for coloring and other handwork since the raised edges help keep the crayolas, etc. from rolling away.

Youngsters need to be able to stretch out and rest without interfering with another child's activities. Since we don't have a station wagon, we solved this problem by cutting a sheet of heavy plywood to fit the area behind the front seat and laid it on top of sturdy apple boxes. These boxes served a double purpose, for we also used them to store air mattresses. I made a heavy pad for the plywood sheet from heavy blankets. A cover was made for the pad from a washable fabric which could be quickly slipped off at laundromat stops.

Getting a youngster to eat properly while away from home can be a real problem. We have found that food cooked in a motel or over a campfire is more likely to be eaten by our boys than restaurant meals. Between meal snacks can cause considerable difficulty with upset stomachs and ill tempers if those snacks are comprised of pop, candy, and other too-rich foods. We stick with fresh fruit, sugared cereals, prunes, raisins and crackers for snacks during a trip. The individual boxes of sugared cereals are simple to carry and help satisfy the sweet tooth.

Almost every travel article will advise that it is not wise to stay too close to preconceived travel plans. We have had some of our most interesting experiences because we have heeded that advice. For instance, a side trip through a cheese factory in Wisconsin was not among our plans nor was the stop at an Amish farm to watch an old-time threshing machine operate. But both of these incidents are more vivid in the memories of our boys than some of the spectacular

mountain scenery we drove miles out of our way to see.

We have several games which we play to ease long hours of riding. Here are a few of the favorites:

I'm Spying: One person thinks of an object which the rest of the family tries to identify by asking questions which can be answered only by "Yes" or "No". When younger children participate in this game, it is best to have the selected object inside the car.

Nursery Rhyme Go-Round: One person starts by quoting a nursery rhyme, the person sitting next to him follows with another, and so on around until the contestants cannot remember a rhyme that has not been repeated.

Mailbox Tag: Divide the family in two teams with Mother and Dad at the head of each group. Each team watches the names on the mail boxes on its side of the road and searches for a last name beginning with the letter A, then B and so on through the alphabet. We like to start this game early in the trip so there will be plenty of time to finish it. Also, it is best to eliminate the very difficult letters such as Q and X.

State Capitol Quiz: One person begins by naming a state. The first person to answer with the capitol may name another state. Be sure and have a United States map on hand to quell any doubts about the accuracy of the answers.

A PATRIOTIC WISH

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could boast about;
 I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without;
 I'd like to be the type of man that really is American:
 The head erect, and shoulders square,
 Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
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LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

after approximately 16 miles or so on this highway you'll notice a sign at the left that says: Los Alamos. That is where you turn. Road signs for Bandelier Canyon are on the road to Los Alamos and you can't miss it.

Not only is Bandelier Canyon fascinating in itself, but it serves as a wonderful base for side trips. No one should miss going to Los Alamos, and you'll certainly agree after seeing it that no spot in this country could have been more secluded and hidden for a sealed city where the atom bomb was developed. (The large sentry towers still stand, but Los Alamos is now open to the public and you can come and go as you please. They have some good shopping centers and you can load up with provisions.)

In addition to Los Alamos you will find many Indian pueblos within a short driving distance. One of the most interesting is San Ildefonso. And in addition to the pueblos you can drive easily to some villages that are unbelievably "different" and intriguing. Some of these villages are Chimayo, Truchas, Trampas, Cordova and Cundiyo. All of them can be reached by good roads and, since this is mountain country, you'll find lakes, trout streams, forests and marvelous places to camp.

If time permits, it would be frosting on the cake to return to the Midwest by going north of Santa Fe to Taos, a truly spectacular place because of the magnificent country in which it is located, and then through wonderful mountains and canyons over to Raton. All of Northeastern New Mexico is marvelous vacation land and, in sharp contrast to many popular national parks, there is room enough for everyone.

I could write pages and pages about the things that I've touched on only briefly in this letter, but what I've tried to do is convey to you how much there is to see in a section that can be reached without pounding great distances. I truly believe that children would enjoy this area of New Mexico more than anyplace else you could take them. And if you're able to camp out and do most of your own cooking, it is a vacation that can be managed without the kind of expense that is involved when you stay in motels and eat in restaurants. Furthermore, even though there are many tourists, it is vast country and you're not stacked up like peas in a pod.

I'd like to wind this up by saying one more thing about traveling.

After I reported on our trip East last summer and the terrible chaos and confusion involved in trying to find our way to various places, I had many letters from people who agreed whole-heartedly that if it was humanly possible to have someone meet you and guide you in, to do so. It is really impossible to describe the traffic on those great expressways, so please take my word for the fact that if the person you're visiting can meet you at a given point, don't try to make it on your own. I'm not exaggerating at all when I say that it takes three people to manage those highways. The

driver can only drive—he dare not take his eyes from the road for a split second. Someone should watch road signs on the left and another person should watch road signs on the right. You need a crew of three to get where you're going!

Now it's time to think about supper and tonight it's going to be ham, potato salad and some homemade ice cream. Juliana turned the freezer and a couple of her friends who gave her a hand are going to sit down with us to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

Faithfully always....

*P
Lucile*

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

Many of you will be entertaining in July and a patriotic theme would be very appropriate for your table centerpiece. A flag cake is not only attractive, but easy to decorate.

Make an oblong cake—a 9x13-inch cake would be fine. Be sure that you turn the bottom side up so that you will have a nice flat surface. Frost the top and sides with white icing. Mark the area which will be the blue field and fill this in with blue icing. If you have a decorating tube, it gives a pretty effect if you use a star tip and just go back and forth until you have this space filled.

Next, fill the tube with red icing and make a long red stripe at the bottom edge of the cake. To make this wide enough, you will have to go across once and then back again right beside the first one. Put a red stripe at the top from the blue field to the edge. Next, put in another red stripe from the bottom of the blue field to the outer edge of the cake. Using these three stripes as guides, add the remaining four red stripes—two short ones and two long ones, spaced appropriately. Between the red stripes fill in the white stripes in the same manner. Using the smallest star tip, put the fifty little white stars on the blue field. With this same tip you can make a fine outline around the edge of the flag.

Peanut pixies can sit around the cake waving little flags (from the dime store) or can be perched on nut-cups, holding the flags.

We had a Johnson family get-together at our house after Kristin's graduation exercises. We were so glad that Frank's sister Ruth was able to come from Kansas City for it was the first time that we had all been together since Easter. As most of you know, Kristin is the only child on the Johnson side of the house, and Frank's three sisters have always taken a special interest in her. She loves them all dearly and was so happy that they could be present for this special day.

Frank just came in to see if I would have time to run an errand in town so I must close for this month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

snowing on the top of Pike's Peak, Mt. Evans or Trail Ridge Road.

Most people want to eat in the mountains and appetites usually increase tremendously in the clear bright air. Drinking water can usually be found in the campgrounds, but if you plan to stop and eat at just any appealing spot along the road, it would be wise to bring along a jug of water. Don't depend on finding wood stacked beside every fireplace, especially those within short driving distance of the urban centers. Local people aren't very generous about leaving supplies for the tourists. The campgrounds have wood but it may be on a "saw-it-yourself" basis.

Much of Colorado is U. S. forest land and fires are permitted only in campgrounds and similar specified areas unless a special permit is obtained from a ranger. You are responsible for making sure that your fire is totally out, even if it is built in a fireplace. One of the advantages of a gas-fueled campstove is that it can be used anywhere. If fires and cooking food sound too elaborate, it is a simple matter to stop at a grocery store for the makings for a cold lunch.

There are a great many day-long trips that can be made out of Denver. We have lived here for four years and have yet to cover all them. It is almost impossible to rank them in order of our personal preference. However, I suppose the great circle route through Granby and Estes Park is the most frequent choice for a single spectacular drive. Get an early start for the approximate mileage is 225. It matters little whether you leave Denver headed towards Granby or towards Estes Park. We usually choose the former since it puts the least spectacular scenery at the end of the trip.

In previous issues I have written detailed reports about most of the mountain drives our family has taken. There isn't enough room in this issue to repeat them again. You can get this information by referring to the past three-and-a-half years of *Kitchen-Klatter*, or you can get help in planning from the various Visitors Centers in Colorado. We hope your stay in this state will be a most enjoyable one.

Sincerely, Abigail

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SUMMER COMMENTS—Concluded

over into my adult life to even make it possible for me to have gotten up in that tree at all. Trying to keep calm, I urged Craig to wiggle his foot.

Bob came along just then so I sent him clambering up to loosen Craig's foot. Just as Bob reached the top of the ladder, Craig gave one frantic jerk. His shoe came off, his foot was released and he stopped crying. Throwing down the shoe he slipped, jerked and stepped his way down from that high precarious perch.

When Craig reached the ground I spoke sternly. "You should not have gone in that big tree at all! You should not have climbed so high! You cannot climb any more trees today!" Craig spent the rest of the day telling me he would be a good boy and more than anything in the world he wanted to climb the red-bud tree, just that one red-bud tree. But I stuck to my guns—no tree climbing.

Let us hope, for my nerves as well as for the safety of sturdy bones, that the lesson took!

BEGINNING CAMPER—Concluded

take a vacation in any other way. Since we are constantly surrounded by people in our work (my husband is a minister) we need to have a vacation away from the pressures of everyday life. We are completely independent, go and come as we please, stop and rest and find seclusion and spiritual renewal in the forests and the streams and the mountain peaks of God's great out-of-doors.

SEVEN MUSTS

1. Show kindness to an aged person.
2. Destroy a letter written in anger.
3. Offer an apology that saves a friendship.
4. Stop a scandal which is wrecking a reputation.
5. Help a boy find himself.
6. Take time to show your mother consideration.
7. Accept Divine guidance in all undertakings.

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KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

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KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

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