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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Katharine Driftmier is a second-grader this year.





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Dear Friends:

This past month has been a very busy and happy one for the Driftmiers. Mart's health has improved, we've had a great deal of company, and the only *uneasiness* came with the weather. We missed the severe storms, although in nearby Clarinda, where my sister Jessie lives, they were not so fortunate. Jessie's granddaughter, Wendy Watkins, had just arrived from California to spend several weeks and you can imagine how surprising it was for her when five inches of rain fell within a very short period of time, accompanied by large hail and high winds, terrific thunder and lightning. It was the worst storm she had ever experienced. She'll really have something exciting to tell her three younger sisters and brother when she returns home.

Wendy is thirteen years old and a big help, enjoying cooking and working with her grandmother in the garden. I'm sure she'll be sorely missed when she returns home. She came through on the train with a friend of her mother's who was also coming to Iowa. Her trip called to mind one that my nephew, Frank Field, made when he was about that age, and went alone by train to California for a visit with his Grandfather and Grandmother Field.

Southwest Iowa has prospects for wonderful crops this year. My husband, who has not been well the past few months, is now able to drive the car a little so once more we can take our favorite ride out past the nursery fields to our farm which is only two miles from town. The house is at the top of a hill and from the farmyard we can look over the valley and see our town spread out below. This is particularly an impressive view in late evening when the lights are turned on, so we often wind up our little drive in that spot before heading home.

We had a surprise visit from our youngest son, Donald, this past month. He had to make a business trip to Des Moines, so arranged his time in order to drive over to Shenandoah for a couple of days. His last visit was made when his father was in the hospital last December, so he could see a pronounced improvement in his health. Although his trip was brief, we had a good visit and Don had an

opportunity to spend some time in Lucile's and Howard's homes. He was sorry to miss Oliver, Margery and Martin for they weren't in town, but when business brings him to Iowa again, he'll no doubt drive over this way and can see them another time.

I had told you last month that we were expecting Philip, my brother Henry's son, his wife and daughter sometime this summer and we weren't disappointed. Philip has been in Kenya, Africa in government service and his report on their life there was very interesting. Nairobi, where they live, is the headquarters for big game hunters who come there to get outfitted and organized for hunting trips. Last year Philip's sister, Hope Powak, and her husband, Leo, visited them when they were on a world tour and one of the things they had been promised was a hunting trip. In fact, they killed a lion! Philip and Marie had over a thousand colored slides of their foreign travels and they sorted over a collection from Korea, where they were stationed previously to this assignment, and Africa to show us one evening. They are returning to Africa soon to be gone for another two or three years and their daughter, Billie Marie, will return to her college work in California.

Henry's daughter, Georgia Talbert, came from her home in Aurora, Missouri, while Philip and his family were here, so we had a nice visit with her, also. Georgia is a very busy person and isn't able to come to Iowa frequently so there is always a great deal of catching-up to do when she is in town. She and our daughter Dorothy were close companions when they were young and my! what a good time the two had reminiscing about their girlhood.

Back in those days, Henry had some summer cabins at Manti, a few miles southwest of Shenandoah, where the family spent most of their weekends. Dorothy often joined them as well as our sister Helen's daughter Louise. Oh! the fun the girls had there. Now little remains of the original old Manti (which was once a small settlement of Mormons) except the old cemetery, but the Field girls enjoy going out to search for familiar signs. When Henry's daughter Ruth was here last summer, she was overjoyed to find some favorite little

haunts of her own—an old tree, a little path, etc. Although Manti has been preserved in the way of a nice park, it has changed considerably from what it used to be when the girls were young and I'm certain they view it with mixed emotions.

We are early risers and every morning while it is still cool, I love to sweep the porch and front walks, inspecting the perennial border as I work my way down to the end of our property. The hardy Amaryllis are poking their noses through the ground—a little late, for Lucile and Russell have been enjoying theirs for some time. I like to break off the dead blooms from the hardy phlox before they go to seed for this assures some fall blooms which are very welcome when the garden would otherwise look bare. Another flower that I much appreciate in late summer is the lovely Hemmorrhoid. The weather must have been just to their liking for their colors have been brilliant. I don't know how many different varieties I have, and I couldn't begin to call them all by name, but I have built up quite a collection over the years.

Vacation trips are happy memories for many of you and I know how thankful you are if your families arrived home safely. We hear of some happily-planned excursions ending in frightful tragedy! As you know, we had that kind of experience thirty-two years ago when I was handicapped for life. In my case, I've been able, with God's help, to carry on. You friends have made it possible for me to lead a very interesting and busy life, but all victims of car wrecks are not so fortunate. It is necessary for our family to do a great deal of traveling and I thank God when they arrive home safely.

My husband and I hope to be able to visit Wayne and his family in Denver early in October, but we have learned to make no definite plans—just take life as it comes. I believe that it is important to take each new day as it arrives. Perhaps this poem by Ivy D. Mengel, which is one of my favorites, expresses best how I think each day should be faced.

To greet with eager interest each day—  
To meet and make new friends along the way;  
To work, to play, to do wholeheartedly  
The little things which others ask of me;  
To smile, to sing, to strive for true sincerity—  
This is my philosophy.  
To glory in the beauty that I see—  
A glowing sky, a starry night, a leafing tree,  
A garden gay with blossoms dancing free;  
A little house, someone to love, a sense of sweet security;  
A prayer of thanks to Thee, O God, who giveth this to me—  
This is my philosophy.

Sincerely,

Leanna



## FREDERICK REPORTS AN ADVENTUROUS SUMMER

Dear Friends,

The summer of 1962 will go down in our family history as the summer of the *great discovery*! We discovered the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-the-Housatonic. In early June my wife, Betty, was a guest of one of our church ladies for the opening night of Shakespeare's "Henry IV Act I" at the famous Stratford theatre. She returned with such a thrilling story it prompted me to get tickets for the entire family. On David's twelfth birthday, we piled into the car and drove from our Rhode Island cottage in the woods down to Stratford to see "King Richard II". What a joy that trip was! We are planning to go down once more before returning to Springfield.

The first time I ever saw a professional company acting Shakespeare was in his hometown, Stratford-on-Avon in England. You can imagine how thrilled I was to learn that right here in America we have a Shakespeare theatre that excels the one in England. That is a fact! The next time you make a trip to Connecticut you simply *must* see it.

The theatre is located at the mouth of the Housatonic River, just a few miles' drive west of New Haven, in the little village of Stratford. It is built to resemble the old Elizabethan theatres where the plays of Shakespeare were first produced; the only difference is in the comfortable seats and air conditioning installed here.

It is doubtful if any theatre in the world has a lovelier setting. One can stroll about the lovely lawns and gardens right down to the water's edge. Here, ocean-going yachts tie up to disembark theatre-going passengers. Terraces, flowers and flags complete the beautiful outdoor decor. There is a shaded area for picnicking and convenient refreshment stands for those who do not care to bring their own food. Inside the handsome theatre is a superb collection of theatre art. It would be fun to visit this place even if one never got a seat for a play!

The Stratford Shakespeare Theatre is no work of amateurs; it is a very professional institution. In its company are such theatre greats as Helen Hayes, Maurice Evans, Richard Basehart and Hal Holbrook. It is maintained by the contributions of thousands of enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare as well as from the sale of tickets. No expense has been too great to make this cultural center one of the truly fine educational institutions on our eastern seaboard. When you make a trip to New England, plan now to stop off for an afternoon or evening at Stratford-on-the-Housatonic. There you will see Shakespeare's plays excitingly and beautifully staged.

Coming home from the theatre, we stopped at New Haven to give the children a tour of Yale University. I took them into the University chapel where I was ordained into the ministry, showed them the libraries and the classrooms where I studied, and then took them to dinner at the club where I used to eat in my student



When Frederick visited his parents in Shenandoah this past summer, he and his father (M. H. Driftmier) spent many happy hours sharing ideas and exchanging stories of past experiences.

days. Because it was David's birthday, we let him celebrate with his favorite food raw clams on the half-shell and roast beef.

We had one near-emergency on our birthday-theatrical expedition. Just as we were within a few feet of the turnpike entrance, I looked at the gasoline gauge and saw that it registered *empty*. Had we gone on the turnpike and run out of gas there, we might have been delayed for hours. As it was, we were able to fill the tank at a station in New Haven. Recently, several people have told me dreadful stories of being stalled on the turnpike for *hours* before help came. When you have motor trouble on these modern super-highways, there is absolutely *nothing* you can do until a highway patrol car comes along!

Some of you may have read in the newspapers about the sharks that molested Rhode Island this summer. One does not normally expect sharks to come in close to the New England shores, but during the past five years they have done so increasingly! We have had none of them near our favorite beach, but some friends of ours saw two enormous sharks practically at their front door. One man actually shot a shark with a rifle!

Betty had a surprise one morning when she went out to hang up clothes. A beautiful red fox was trotting away from the house. How on earth that fox was able to get so close without our big dog being aware of it was a mystery!

Our loveliest visitors this summer were the deer. We had known there were several families of them around, but we did not expect them to come right up close to the house. The raccoons, which used to live in the hollow tree and occasionally raided our gar-

bage cans, have not been around since the advent of our old dog Fritz.

Here I am, rambling along about our summer days in Rhode Island when I really ought to tell you about the trip to Nova Scotia. There is so much to tell about that high adventure, I simply cannot put it all in one letter. I promise to tell you much more next month.

We took ten of our church young people as our guests for a week at Betty's father's hunting lodge near Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. They returned home and the following week we had eleven of the adult leaders from the church for a visit and planning session at the lodge.

A few days *before* the young people started out, one of the girls broke her foot. This did not prevent her from making the trip, but it did limit her activities. Then, believe it or not, just a few days *before* the adult party started, one of the ladies broke her ankle. She made the trip on crutches and still was able to have a wonderful time.

The biggest worry at Nova Scotia is the fear of broken bones. Young people play so hard it would be easy for one of them to fall while playing ball or hiking over the rocks and through the forests. How grateful we are that *so far* no one has had an accident on one of our trips. If the accidents have to happen it is better that they occur *before* we leave home!

The biggest thrill the youngsters get on the Nova Scotia trip is the boat trip across the Bay of Fundy. After staying all night in Bar Harbor, Maine, we board *The Bluenose*, a big, Canadian, ocean-going ferry. The trip takes from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon. Knowing that

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This is the tail end of a perfect summer day, and a perfect summer day in southwestern Iowa isn't exactly a commonplace. We're so accustomed to soaring temperatures and terrific humidity in these parts that it's a great treat when the thermometer only hits 78 and the atmosphere is dry and fresh.

Incidentally, I never use the word "humidity" without remembering back to an August day in 1947 and something that struck me as terribly funny. We were having some cement poured in our basement that summer, and the combination of heat and humidity during that period was absolutely awful. One of the workmen was an extraordinarily big and heavy man, and as he climbed up and down the basement steps a river of sweat poured down his face. I noticed this as I went out to hang up clothes on the line and said sympathetically, "My, it's terribly hot today isn't it—a real dog day."

He stopped mopping his face and replied: "It isn't the heat that's got me—it's the humi-DITTY."

I thought at first he was pronouncing it this way just to be funny, but he went on talking about our Iowa summers and referred constantly to the awful humi-DITTY, so I knew he was in dead earnest. Anyway to this very day I never see the word "humidity" without pronouncing it to myself: humi-DITTY. It *sounds* more humid that way, doesn't it.

This past month Russell and I took a little jaunt that was a real pleasure from beginning to end. Over a week-end we started out simply to "fool around" without any set destination or any schedule to be here or to be there at a given time. Most of our days are lived on such a split-second routine that it seemed like a king-size vacation simply to amble around from Saturday afternoon until Monday afternoon.

It had been our intention to drive north and spend this little holiday in South Dakota, a state we have never yet set foot in, but the weather forecasts called for heavy rain in that area and we didn't relish seeing South Dakota for the first time under grey skies. Our next idea was to drive across our own state and visit cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband in Iowa City, but no one answered the phone when we called and we figured they might be out of town for the weekend. I don't know how much it actually rained in eastern South Dakota during the time we had contemplated being there, but Iowa City had over eight inches in twenty-four hours, so it was a good thing we headed towards Missouri.

Our first stop was Maryville and a tour of the college campus where Kristin is a student. I hadn't been on that campus for almost thirty years, and everything had changed so much that about the only thing I recognized was the big administration building. I had no idea there were so many new buildings, and the large dormitories were particularly surprising. If all the state colleges in Missouri are doing this much building they are

certainly going to be prepared for the tidal wave of students who will be entering every September from this point on.

At Maryville we turned east and drove towards Conception and Conception Junction, a stretch that I'd been through once a good many years ago but that Russell had never seen. We could identify the great Benedictine monastery because there was a sign pointing towards it, but I wish someone in that area would tell me what the very large building is a short distance out of Conception Junction. At first we thought it was a school, but after slowing down for a careful look we decided that it might be a hospital. We wondered too about the brand new motel (obviously not yet open) right on the highway. These buildings are surprising to find tucked away in the countryside and I'd like to know about them.

In Stanberry we stopped to have iced tea and were astounded at the size of the town square. I cannot recall any other Midwestern town with a square this large, and since it was a scorching hot day that expanse of heavily shadowed grass looked most inviting.

It was in Stanberry too that we saw an old house that appealed to us so much we drove by it three or four times to study it carefully. I've no idea, of course, who lives in this house, but it stands on the highway (I believe it's north and east of the business section) and is a wonderful example of what can be done with a house that probably was built before 1900. It was painted a lovely soft shade of gray and the shutters were painted white. The wing at the north was in perfect balance with the main section of the house, and I think there were small wrought iron benches in a delicate shade of coral right by the front entrance. I could be mistaken about these benches, but I'm not mistaken about the rest of the house!

After we headed south from Stanberry we were in a section we'd never seen before, and my! what beautiful country it is. As a matter of fact, all of the countryside we drove through in southwestern Iowa, northwestern Missouri, northeastern Kansas and southeastern Nebraska is comparable to a vast park this summer. There has been enough rainfall to produce growth so rich and green that it looks like late May or early June; no place did we see even one scrap of land with the dry, parched look that we almost take for granted in early August. I can never remember seeing our Midwest as beautiful as it is this summer. And it is a beauty so subtle and gentle that it could never be described convincingly to anyone who hasn't seen it before—or who has seen it only in the grip of severe drouth.

It was about 6:00 o'clock when we ambled into Saint Joseph and one glance at the motels assured us we'd better be getting settled for the night. It's a good thing we left the road then and there since we got the last unit in the last place where we made inquiry. It looked to us as if half the country had decided to spend that night in Saint Joseph!

Sunday morning we toyed with the

idea of driving on to Kansas City, but it was extremely hot and we suddenly concluded that it would be much more pleasant simply to stay right in Saint Joseph and have a leisurely day exploring the city. That's exactly what we did, and as a result we feel acquainted for the first time with one of the most interesting and charming cities we've ever visited. We've driven along the edge of Saint Joseph on the Belt Highway at least a score of times and we've made business trips into the heart of the city a number of times, but we'd never before had an opportunity to drive around leisurely and study things. As a result, we knew once again that you can't get the faintest idea about a place from skirting along the edge on a busy highway, or from battling heavy weekday traffic in the business section. Sunday is the only time one has a genuine opportunity to look at everything carefully.

Of all the things we saw in that interesting city we were most impressed with Krug park. This is an astounding park! It seems almost incredible that any city in our country could devote so many, many acres to a park this vast and could maintain it so beautifully. We've been in countless cities from coast to coast but never have we seen anything comparable to Krug park. I think we covered every inch of it in the half-day we devoted to it and we finally left it towards sunset almost overwhelmed. Russell said as we drove away reluctantly: "I'd like to come back here every season of the year and spend a day or two studying the plantings. You could do this for a lifetime and still find something new and interesting."

So you see, Saint Joseph friends, we had a glorious time in your beautiful park and felt that we'd found a new gold mine of interest and pleasure such a short distance from home base.

Oh yes, I wanted to be sure and mention the handsome church that took our eye—I believe it is the Ashland Methodist church. This seemed to us a singularly successful building because it looked so inviting and restful. We were under the impression that it had been built fairly recently, but it didn't have the stark, rigid lines that characterize too many new churches. It would be interesting to know how many sets of architect's drawings were studied by the building committee before they made their decision. Well, it was a very happy decision.

We spent Sunday night at the same motel, and then on Monday morning drove across the Missouri river into Kansas. At Wathena we admired the handsome Roman Catholic church, a fine example of an old church in a commanding location. (There was a car with Virginia license plates standing in front of it and we wondered if possibly someone whose hobby is visiting old churches had noticed it from the highway and stopped by.)

We covered every inch of Troy and decided we'd never visited any town (New England included) with more

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## COLORADO'S COLORFUL CONVENTION

By  
Evelyn Birkby

Any of you who have seen Colorado's beauties first-hand know how thrilled I was when I first learned that the 1962 convention of the National Federation of Press Women was to be held in Denver. What's more, opportunities were offered to take a tour to a number of very exciting places and lesser-known areas of that great state.

Where can one start to report such a magnificent week? At the beginning? All right, at the beginning.

The train which carried me from Iowa, through the state of Nebraska and into the plains and foothills of Colorado, traveled at night. It was a relaxing trip after a series of busy, busy weeks. (Who leaves a family and work without a long period of intense preparation?) Just as the rugged peaks of the Rocky Mountains came into view, I awakened sufficiently to walk back to a small buffet car for a welcome breakfast. My cordial companion for the meal was Mrs. Edna Woollums of Ottumwa, Iowa, a longtime *Kitchen-Klatter* friend.

Denver greeted us with cool breezes, a warm sun and the open arms of friendship.

The morning of the first day included the usual process of getting settled, registering for the meetings and tours, greeting old friends and getting acquainted with new.

Soon after the noon lunch was over, we loaded into buses and chattered our way west of Denver and into the beloved mountains. My thoughts turned to Ralph Moody's books of his childhood, "*Little Britches*" and "*Man of the Family*", for he grew up in the Mt. Morrison and Littleton areas through which the buses passed.

The sun shone sparkling bright in Colorado's clear, high atmosphere. The hills were green and speckled with a tremendous variety of wild flowers: yellow daisies, white poppies, tiny, blue gentian, purple thistles and tall, stately, ecru-hued yuccas. I told my seatmate from Colorado that yuccas grow along the Iowa bluffs which border the Missouri River. "You're kidding!" she exclaimed.

(I discovered, much to my dismay, that a surprising number of people from the far reaches of our country honestly think that Iowa is a flat, treeless area covered with one big corn field! Needless to say, I took advantage of every opportunity to paint a true picture of Iowa and its varied topography and production.)

The afternoon sightseeing tour included the Red Rocks and Lookout Mountain with Buffalo Bill's grave and museum. How I longed for my three boys to share this wild-west atmosphere. On we drove to a private mountain-side dining room, the Mt. Vernon, for a delicious buffet dinner.

The highlight of the evening for me was a performance by the choral group from the Peterson Air Force Base. My weary mind and fatigued bones began the needed task of relaxing as the rich tones of beautiful



Evelyn was chatting with Sue Mosier in the Colorado Governor's mansion in Denver when this picture was snapped.

and familiar songs were presented. We had an opportunity following the performance to visit with the boys and share a Dutch Lunch of cheeses, cold meats, pickles, potato chips and hot coffee. I went searching to see if any member of the vocal group came from Iowa, and sure enough, one of the boys was looking over the group with the same purpose in mind. He was Dick Cumpston, son of the R. H. Cumpstons of Fairfield, Iowa. Here I was, only one day removed from Iowa, delighted as *could be* to find someone from home!

The following morning started on just the right note with the breakfast fruit—huge, red, juicy, Colorado strawberries. Then began a round of workshops, speeches and business meetings. Each session brought something of value; each discussion group pointed up new ideas; every occasion afforded an opportunity to make new friends from the far reaches of our great country—including Alaska!

All of the speakers were excellent; each brought his own emphasis in an inspiring message. I shall take the space to mention only one briefly, the talk given by Paul Friggens, staff writer for the Reader's Digest. His philosophy was a pertinent one for us all. *Live on wonder*, said Mr. Friggens. Wonder about *people, places and things*. Develop a *curiosity* about everything and everybody. Opportunities are *all* about us if we but have the eyes to see. Keep a child-like appetite for whatever is next. When wonder dies we are old!

Mr. Friggens concluded with a true story, one which has been written up in the Reader's Digest, about a little immigrant woman in Chicago. She was uneducated herself, but raised a family of college graduates—nine children in all. "How did you do it?" she was asked. This wonderful mother summed up her philosophy of child-raising with the following: "Take them to church every Sunday. Don't let them get sassy. See that they bring home good report cards."

Our second afternoon was highlighted with a visit to the home of the Governor of the State of Colorado. The house—an elaborate, historic, gold-mining-era mansion—has only recently been presented to the state and made into the governor's home.

Mrs. Stephen McNickols, the extremely attractive and graciously charming young wife of the governor, greeted us at the door. We were then free to roam through the wide hallways, enjoy the thickly carpeted and richly decorated living room and library. The shining crystal chandeliers, an old ship's desk, a beautifully-fashioned, antique, model sailing ship and the interesting pictures on the walls attracted my attention. Tea was served in the formal dining room; then most of us took our plates out to the magnificent solarium.

This extraordinary "sunroom" was decorated in white: white marble floors, white davenport, white rugs, a fountain gushing clear water into a white, sunken, marble basin, huge marble jardinières holding towering green plants. A great expanse of windows brought the whole outdoors into this exceptional room.

Here, over a welcome cup of coffee, I met again a dear friend, Sue Mosier, who is Director of Women's Programs over KFKA radio in Greeley, Colorado. Quickly we talked about the respective radio programs with which we work, quickly the photographer took our picture in front of one of the tall green plants of the sunroom, and almost as quickly, Sue was gone to return to her duties at the station. It was fun to meet her, though briefly, in such a delightful setting.

I had a short visit with Mrs. McNickols and asked her how she felt in bringing five small children into this tremendous mansion. "We have private rooms upstairs and a play yard for the children outdoors. But you would be surprised how careful they are when they are here on the first floor. They realize and appreciate the beauty and fragility of the different items in these rooms and respect them without the need for discipline."

The days spent in Denver were packed with inspiration. The final evening brought the Awards Banquet, when contest winners for the entire United States were announced. We in Iowa were so proud of Vera Williams, of Dubuque, who won first place in the newspaper column division, a most noteworthy achievement, for it is one of the most heavily entered sections. Her name is one to remember; it is my guess we will hear it again.

Saturday morning found us thrilled and ready for a tremendously exciting journey. Three big buses, loaded with our conference delegates, headed south from Denver and followed the highway parallel to the rugged peaks of the Rocky Mountains. We finally turned west, drove up winding roads, and drew closer, closer to a group of stark white, modern buildings nestled at the foot of the peaks—the home of the United States Air Academy. A briefing was given to us by a most able airman which gave us an exceptionally fine over-view of the educational curriculum and the quality of

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## PAUL AND HIS SISTERS TAKE AN EXCITING TRIP

Dear Friends:

Now that our family has returned from our vacation trip, life has settled down to a schedule of quiet living. The automobile ride from my mother's home in Anderson, Indiana, to our house in Hales Corners, Wisconsin, was a very safe one, I am happy to report. We always have the car loaded; no matter how carefully the trunk is packed, there are always things to go inside the car. As a result, after seven hours of sitting with my legs wrapped around lunch baskets and dolls and books, I feel as though we're traveling in one of those compact, foreign, sports cars rather than a large, four-door automobile.

If the day ever arrives when we decide to see the United States by car, I hope we can have a station wagon or a large limousine so I can put lots of space between my ears and Paul's mouth! He chooses to ride just as close to me as possible; since we won't permit the children in the front seat, he hunches over my shoulder from the back. Whenever he sees something noteworthy, he *hollers* with exuberance. As a result, I arrive at the end of a journey nearly deaf. I don't know *what* it is about small boys, but so many of them seem to have a speaking voice several degrees *louder* than any normal person requires.

Two of the items which helped fill the trunk of the car to the breaking point were a folding laundry cart and a valet upon which to hang freshly-ironed clothes. We had accumulated sufficient trading stamps to obtain these two pieces of laundry equipment. I got them at Anderson because the redeeming center was conveniently located. I wanted them very much, for I now have my *first* outside lines for clothes-drying. I had forgotten how sweet clothes smell that have dried outside in the sunshine and fresh air. Don put in an umbrella-type of clothesline on the new patio. It gives me a wonderful reason to be outdoors a little extra bit. This clothesline is the kind that can be pulled out of its mooring and put away in the basement for storage between washings so the patio doesn't look like a laundry area *one hundred percent* of the time!

We are *all* enjoying out patio to the ultimate degree. We act as though we've never *had* a porch before! It is the first smooth, hard play area the children have had on our own property. Roller skates, tricycles, scat car and wagon are all being put to good use on it. I didn't realize how much available space we were going to have (although I imagine Don knew how big it was after many hours on his hands and knees laying the concrete forms). We've brought out our dear old porch swing, several canvas chairs and a small table. It is really an area of which to be proud.

Donald has been away on a trip this week. This is a particularly long stay away from home for him, so I've tried to keep the children busy with little daytime projects. Poor Paul must get pretty fed-up living with all females; about the second day after



Our "cover girl" again, but this time you see more of Elmwood Elementary School. Mary Beth and Donald think Katharine is very fortunate to attend such an excellent school.

his Daddy left he started in with the "When-will-Daddy-be-home" routine.

One day this week I bundled the little ones into the car and we drove the ten miles to the Milwaukee County Zoo. Adrienne had not gone since she was under her own horsepower and about halfway through the morning she decided she would like to be carried. Needless to say, the next time I'll drag the stroller along!

Hours spent at the zoo are my idea of great fun and I could sit and enjoy the animals for considerably longer than the children. The number of times I visited a zoo as a child could be counted on one hand. I have a sneaking hunch there are many other adults who feel the same way about zoos. The day we attended there were nearly two adults to every child present. It was difficult for the children to find their way near the front of the cages because of the crowds of *grownups*.

The final bit of excitement for us this week was a trip to an honest-to-goodness farm! Each year our dairy, the Golden Guernsey Dairy, sets aside a special day when they have a party for their customers' children. When a family begins using their milk, the children automatically become *Golden G. Ranchers*, which entitles them to a large bottle of chocolate milk on their birthday and the privilege of participating in the party.

This year the dairy made arrangements for us to tour an entire farm (Illingdale's, near Waukesah, Wisconsin). This proved a truly educational tool to teach the youngsters where the milk comes from and how it is processed.

We drove out to the farm in our car. Here we found a number of off-duty delivery men waiting to serve as guides. They directed us to park the car in a meadow far away from the farm buildings. Then they brought up a flat-bed wagon pulled by an enormous tractor. We climbed aboard the wagon and rode up to the barn area. I really thought little Paul would break into a million pieces when we

got *that* close to the tractor! It was the first time he had been near enough to a *real "live"* tractor to satisfy him. He would have been *happy* to ride on that wagon the whole day! The other activities were really an anticlimax for him, but I'm sure he enjoyed the other parts, too.

In the hayloft we were shown a movie about cows and other animals. The fragrance from the hay was like a heady perfume. From there we went to the pastures and saw a two-day-old Appaloosa colt, its mother and twelve other horses. In the cattle barn the children saw several of the herd of Brown Swiss cattle. A cow was milked while they watched, fascinated. An animal exhibit for the children included a baby deer, Shropshire sheep with twin lambs, a mother Yorkshire pig and her four-week-old litter of eleven, a Guernsey cow and calf and an exhibit of different types of fowl from this area. Everyone trooped through the milkhouse and had a top-to-bottom tour of the entire farmyard.

After our return trip by tractor-wagon to the meadow parking area, we were treated to all the free milk and ice cream we could want. It was certainly a day to remember for the children—and for the hundreds of mothers who accompanied the myriads of small ones who attended.

The last time I visited a farm I was a mighty little girl. The nostalgia of that farm was so great, I was determined *nothing would do* but that I was *someday* going to be a farm girl *forever and ever!* I can still taste the ice-cold water we pumped up from that country well into a common tin cup which hung beside it. This is the *one* thing my children did not get to do on *their* day at the farm.

The youngsters are beginning to rouse from their naps; they've managed to just about sleep away the afternoon. So, I'll say goodbye for this month.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*



## WHEN YOU ARE MADAM CHAIRMAN

By  
Maxine Sickels

"Madam Chairman."

"Mrs. Member."

"How are you?"

Not a very parliamentary opening, but to the point. *How are you*—as a presiding officer?

Every woman, from Mrs. White presiding over her neighborhood club to Mrs. Osborn presiding over the General Federated Women's Clubs of America, wants to be the best possible chairman.

What are the characteristics of a good chairman?

The first quality needed is *fairness*. It is true that the majority rules in most meetings, but the minority must also be heard. It is permissible to ask for anyone's opinion on the subject under discussion. Many times, those who talk the least *think* the best. In all fairness, see that people on all sides of a question have had a chance to be heard.

Cultivate a *sense of poise*. You may have shivers in your stomach and doubts in your mind but you don't have to show them. Don't fuss with your hair, or your jewelry, or your dress, or your papers. Try to keep your hands relaxed and quiet in your lap. If they are shaking, *sit on them!* It isn't necessary to smile, (a nervous smile can easily become a strained grimace), but do try to *look pleasant!*

There is an old saying, "Act as if, and later you *will be*." This is the time to act as if you are at ease with your office, and later you *will be*.

Add the saving grace of *humor*—it is the best oil for soothing troubled arguments!

Your tools, of course, are the formal rules used for conducting meetings. The degree of formality depends upon many things. If there is a traditional form for your meetings, use it. Everyone is used to the pattern and it will smooth the path for you, as chairman.

As a rule of thumb, the larger the group the more need for formal rules. This will help you assure everyone of a fair hearing. A smaller crowd can adjust and enjoy the give-and-take of informality, for here you are aware of everyone in the room and the mood can be more relaxed.

If there are strong feelings on a subject under discussion and arguments tend to get out of hand, do stick closely to the rules no matter how small a group you may have. This gives the chairman more control over the exchange of ideas and may keep feelings from becoming ruffled. The chairman should take no part in arguments. Her impartiality assures the fairness which is so vital.

If you have any doubts as to your knowledge of the formal rules for conducting a meeting, do turn to your local library. Excellent books are available on the subject. Observe other presiding officers and take notes on what is best to do—and what not to do!

Be sure to acquaint yourself thoroughly with any *laws* and *by-laws* your group may have.

One final word: be sure everyone present *understands* what is being discussed and knows, *before* a vote is taken, exactly what the motion is! This simple precaution can save many an upheaval, hurt feelings and confusion.

Have confidence in yourself, and, with *fairness, knowledge, poise* and *humor*, you'll do *just fine!*

## ROLL CALL RESCUE

By  
Enid Ehler

With the coming of fall, programs are being planned for the new club year. In many cases individuals or committees are assigned the task of arranging *roll call* for the meetings.

Some clubs assign each member one general topic, such as world affairs, poems, etc., and she keeps the topic for the entire year, bringing something different on the subject to each meeting. Other clubs simply state in their yearbook the subject of each monthly roll call and very member brings something pertaining to the subject given. With a bit of planning on the part of the members, a roll call may frequently develop into interesting discussions, worthwhile statements, bits of inspiration and happy memories.

Here is a list of roll calls which may provide an idea or two for your club.

1. *Favorites* are always fun. They are bound to bring up new thoughts and old recollections. My favorite: method of making pin money, way to relax, houseplant and how I acquired it, song, hobby, flower, movie star, television program, pastime, color, sport, food, artist, painting, composer, book or author.

2. *Unusual roll calls* provide members opportunities to learn about exceptional things. Tell about the most unusual: houseplant ever seen, magazine read, dish eaten, person met, trip taken, story or book read.

3. *Exchanges* promote friendships and soon your flower bed may contain Mary's peonies and your recipe book may feature a favorite shortcake from Lois. Exchange: recipes, flowers, white elephants, books, magazines and children's toys.

4. *Different recipes* are always appreciated and could lead to a club cookbook project. This is my favorite recipe for: jelly, cookie jar filler, bread or rolls, emergency meal, casserole dish, using *more* milk (or eggs, or lard), homemade pie, or outdoor cooking.

5. *Hints* are always useful. Give your best hint on: gardening, freezing food, getting children to help around the house, keeping children busy on rainy days, laundry, or caring for houseplants.

6. *Holidays* and *special occasions* mean special subjects for roll call. Give: the name of a Christmas carol, its composer and a bit of its background, a report on a favorite Christmas tradition, a special birthday party, a holiday menu, the way Thanksgiving is celebrated, a clever decoration for a gift package, the way Mother's and Father's Days can be made special,

or a New Year's resolution.

7. Good *discussion* topics are entertaining and can be educational. Tell about: a safety hazard I have corrected, a poem I have always remembered, a song my mother taught me, my pet peeve, the first food I ever canned, the question I am asked most, the most embarrassing moment of my life, my family tree, or my greatest ambition was (is).

And if not *one* of these ideas seems to suit your group, ask each person to bring her baby picture or wedding picture for a truly hilarious, special roll call.

Many of these ideas can be changed to suit a particular club's interest. Some of the ideas will even be starting points for talks, demonstrations, exhibits and projects beyond their initial purpose as a *roll-call-rescue*.

## GOING TO SCHOOL

By  
Helen Harrington

Remember, years ago, when you went to school? You rode your bicycle, maybe, or you walked along the railroad track, or cut through the park, stopping for a moment to sit in the swings and watch the other children assemble at the school's side door.

Or, perhaps, you went to country school. You walked across the fields and they were yellow and brown with September, with goldenrod along fences, and Spanish nettles which stuck to your cotton stockings.

You carried a lunch box. Perhaps it was efficiently new-fashioned with a swing-back top and its own small thermos; perhaps it was colorful in yellow paint covered with designs of red roosters; or possibly, it was a round, shiny, tin pail, with a lid, that you could lug along while also carrying a bat, a ball and a catcher's mitt. Whatever shape it was, doubtless it contained a few of the following: little jars of potato salad, baked beans or peaches; sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper exuding grape jelly, peanut butter or home-cured pork; a bunch of Concord grapes or a large apple that Mother had polished to a mirror-like shine.

Coming home you took a leisurely way, taking time to watch ants working their hill, a fox vanishing in the brush, or to make a doll from an ear of corn. You climbed a stile, sat on top of it, above the fence and the swaying grasses. You combed out the yellow or red silks of corn to make fluffy hair for the doll, turned back the green tips of the cornhusks to make a petaled collar. Such a lovely doll she was!

Things are different now. The yellow buses are everywhere: on the highways, turning down the byways. Long, solitary thought over leaves, hawks, crows and squirrels has given way, for the children, to riding through panoramas of houses silhouetted against dawn or sunset, to a round of songs on trips to and from football games and band contests. Yet the faces are still eager and interested and young.

In every age, the heart makes its own wonder!



## MARGERY REFLECTS ON SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

On such a summery day as this, it just doesn't seem possible that September and school are almost upon us. These past months have been so different from those of previous summers that they bear some explanation.

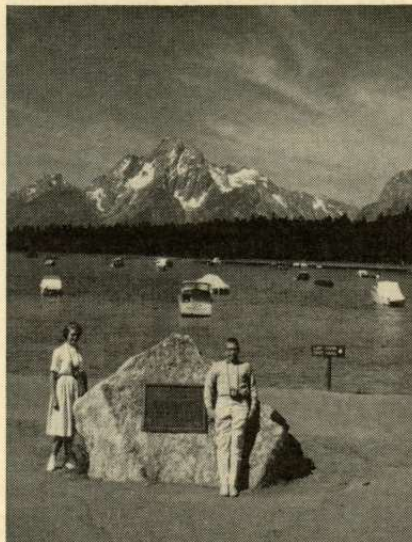
In the first place, I felt as if I had already had a vacation when I took the little trip down into Missouri and Arkansas earlier in the season. Actually, it was more of a reporting trip than a vacation, although any time I leave home for several days, I feel as if I'm having a vacation even though work is involved enroute. Thank you so much for your letters of appreciation for my efforts in reporting the detailed account of my visit to Laura Ingalls Wilder's home in Mansfield, Missouri, and the historical points of interest in Arkansas. I feel very strongly about keeping our American history alive for our children's sake, and if I've helped in any way in that direction, I'm grateful.

The change that made the biggest difference in our lives is that Oliver has been attending Drake University this summer, taking some courses in the graduate school in Guidance and Counseling. This will be very beneficial in his work with the state employment service in years to come. He finds it very fascinating study, always expressing great enthusiasm for it when he comes home from Des Moines on occasional weekends.

With Oliver gone, Martin is feeling quite "the man of the house". Where he has always worked along side of Oliver in the yard, he has now had to take a real hold by himself. Cutting the grass was a relatively easy procedure, but pulling weeds was another story. He was overjoyed when Oliver would turn up for the weekend and lend a hand at the weeding.

And even sleeping ears were tuned in on his sense of responsibility, for one night a terrific rainstorm came up rather suddenly and I awakened to hear Martin scurrying around to close windows, pull out appliance cords when lightning struck close by, and in general, really taking charge of the situation. Believe me, this had never happened before in my recollection! Boys of fifteen are not easily aroused by *anything* once they fall asleep.

I had mentioned in a previous letter that Shenandoah citizens rallied to assist in the expense of installing tennis courts. Although there was some delay in their completion and most of the lessons had to be held in the school gym or some other makeshift arrangement, the youngsters in the several classes gained a great deal from their instruction. Martin and one of his closest companions were in the same class which met every Monday and Wednesday afternoon, and they spent as much leisure time practicing as possible. Swimming was slighted somewhat with their enthusiasm for the new sport. (I grant you that one reason very likely was the fact that tennis was closer at hand than the swimming pool, which is about 1 1/2 miles from our home. In a town the size of Shenan-



Kristin Johnson and Martin Strom, beside a historical marker at Colter Bay. The beautiful Grand Tetons are in the background.

doah, I don't believe that parents should taxi children around when they can manage under their own power! At times there are arguments on this subject, but I've not given in *too* often!)

When the article on the Black Hills, which appeared in the August issue of the magazine, first came in the mail, Martin and I read it with interest and decided that it would be a nice place to go on our vacation, being not too great a distance from home. We talked it over with Oliver when he came home one weekend and he agreed that we could manage it without him. Then, when it worked out that I could be gone a little longer period of time, we decided to ask Kristin, my sister Dorothy's daughter, to go with us and stretch the trip out to include Yellowstone National Park and the Jackson Hole country. Dorothy and Frank were more than willing to look after Kristin's "baby pig project", so we began making our plans in earnest.

The route we took to the Black Hills varied from Mrs. Woodling's, as reported in her article, for we went via Sioux City, Gavin's Point Dam at Yankton, Mitchell (where we saw the Corn Palace) and the Badlands. We saw practically everything mentioned in the Black Hills article, and left via Spearfish Canyon, a magnificent drive which impressed us very much. Driving northwest, we crossed the Wyoming border and into some of the most magnificent country I've ever seen. We stopped to see Devil's Tower and then arrived at the Big Horn Mountains. We stayed over night at Sheridan before crossing the mountain range the next day. This was my first experience at mountain-driving and I'll confess that I wished passionately that Oliver was at the wheel of the car when we started out! However, the drive was much easier than I had anticipated and it wasn't long before I relaxed and enjoyed the scenery.

Once over the Big Horns, the country was excitingly different—a feeling the three of us shared. I don't know just what we thought this section of

Wyoming would look like, but it was far more beautiful than we had expected it to be. The view from each rise in elevation was breathtaking.

We lunched in Cody, Wyoming, visited the Buffalo Bill Museum, and then took the Buffalo Bill Highway to the eastern gate of Yellowstone. This is probably the most scenic entrance to the park. We passed the Buffalo Bill Dam, the Reservoir, and looking to the west we had a magnificent view of the Tetons, many, many miles away in the distance. The Tetons were snow-capped and as stately majestic as any mountain range in the country.

Since we had previously made reservations at Canyon Village in the center of the park, we could take our time, stopping to see the Mud Pots, numerous falls, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, and BEARS, BEARS, BEARS! As a matter of fact, bears cause some major traffic jams in the park. We heeded all regulations and stayed in our car with the windows rolled up and snapped our pictures from inside. It is very sad, indeed, to report that countless visitors ignored all rules, many leaving their cars WITH SMALL CHILDREN AT THEIR SIDES, using such lack of judgment that my blood ran cold!

This might be the time to mention that we were fortunate to see a lot of wildlife in the park. At first, we thought that surely all we would see would be bears, but the next day, as we were making our big swing around the park to see Mammoth Hot Springs, the geyser basins and Old Faithful, we were fortunate to see elk, moose and deer. The elk and moose were at some distance—just barely recognizable—but the deer we saw at close range. Two enormous ones were right along the highway feeding, anxious to cross the road but frightened of the few cars that had stopped. Kristin said that one was so close she could almost reach out and touch him and, indeed, he was. I haven't had an opportunity to see Kristin's pictures as yet, but I'm certain that she got the best ones of all the animals we saw that day for she was in the front seat while Martin was in the back, and the steering wheel had me so penned-in that I couldn't function my camera with ease. You can be sure that I'd never have left my position in the car for a better shot!

Leaving the park early the next morning, we headed south for the Tetons. Some of you will recall that Juliana spent some time on a ranch in the Jackson Hole country a few years ago. She had given us some advice which proved enormously helpful. We stopped to see Colter Bay which was gorgeous with its background of enormous snow-capped mountains. The drive around Jenny Lake was upon her recommendation and we will always be grateful to her for it was by far more interesting than the main highway. (We had an opportunity to compare the next day for we returned from Jackson to highway 26 by the main road.)

It wasn't a lengthy distance to Jackson so we arrived in mid-day and had

(Continued on page 19)



## YOU MAKE THE DIFFERENCE!

A Service to Open the New Club Year  
By

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** A circle arrangement of fifteen candles is placed upon a table in the center of the stage. The Bible, or the lesson yearbook, should be placed in front of the candles.

**Leader:** "This is the beginning of our new program year and so many questions come to mind. What are our real goals? Who will help achieve them? Aren't others more capable than I? How can we make this year, as a group, be worth the time we devote to it?"

"I have asked several members to assist in presenting to you some of the factors that are necessary for the success of this club year. We challenge you with this thought: 'You make the difference!' Each one of us will be as a candle and each candle represents a part of the whole. And what is a candle? Someone anonymously wrote this little poem:

'A candle's but a simple thing;  
It starts with just a bit of string,  
Yet dipped and dipped with patient hand,

It gathers wax upon the strand  
Until, complete and snowy white,  
It gives at last a lovely light.

Life seems so like that bit of string;  
Each deed we do a simple thing,  
Yet day by day if on life's strand  
We work with patient heart and hand,

It gathers joy, makes dark days bright,

And gives at last a lovely light.'

"We see here a circle of candles. There is no glow—no light. Let's see and hear the messages of the candles and learn how 'YOU make the difference!'"

*(The leader lights her candle and then each assistant, as her turn comes, lights her candle from it, speaks her few words, and passes the candle to the next in line.)*

**First:** "COURTEOUS WORDS—yes, courteous words instead of biting criticism, sharp retorts and withering gossip. It would pay us all to fasten this quip where it would be a constant reminder: 'The chief exercise some people seem to have is *Running down others, Skipping their obligations, Jumping to conclusions, and Pushing their own interests!*' The art of saying the appropriate words in a kindly way never goes out of style and never ceases to reap big dividends."

**Second:** "SMILES—not gripes or blank looks. Smiles are much like sunshine. They lighten and brighten away the frowns that may appear. There is strength in a smile that gives courage to one who sees it. We'll all feel much better if we wear smiles."

**Third:** "ENTHUSIASM—truly the magic spark that can inspire and ignite all who come within its radiance. Someone has defined enthusiasm thus: 'Enthusiasm is the vibrant thrill in your voice that sways the wills of others into harmony with your own. It is a magnet that draws kindred souls with an irresistible

force and electrifies them with the magnetism of its own resolve.' Let us have enthusiasm for our year's work."

**Fourth:** "RESPONSE—not indifference! In today's idiom, 'Don't just stand there—Do something!' Is there anything more disheartening for a chairman or for those on a program, than facing a row of expressionless faces—a group which never speaks up to dissent or assent, never volunteering to help? Let's all be quick to respond."

**Fifth:** "UNDERSTANDING—not closed minds! Bring understanding when you come to our meetings with an attitude that says, You and I don't profess exactly the same ideas, but we seek the same end—the best interests of all.' Our points of view, our circumstances, our educations are varied and the road to understanding is not always easy, but let's put forth our best efforts to understanding one another."

**Sixth:** "ATTENTION—for this brings importance to our work. Attention to the speaker at our meetings, or to the member who has the floor, is a matter of courtesy. Certainly, nothing is more disconcerting than trying to talk above the whispers of a group. Let's resolve that we will give wholehearted attention at all times."

**Seventh:** "PATIENCE—not irritation, but consideration instead of annoyance. Let's all have patience to allow ideas to grow and take form, patience to wait for something short of immediate results, and patience to bear and forbear, knowing that others are so doing with you."

**Eighth:** "SINCERITY—not sham. For a few days each spring the orchards are white with blossoms. They seem to turn to fruit or else float away, useless and wasted, upon an idle breeze. So it is with our good intentions, our high ideals, our resolve to be loyal. They must be deepened into decision or be dissipated by delay to be lost. Let's be sincere in our resolves."

**Ninth:** "FACTS—yes, they're important!

"Oh, the troubles and the heartaches  
That are caused by thoughtless acts,

When we jump to quick conclusions  
Without knowing all the facts!"

**Tenth:** "CREATIVE IDEAS—instead of the humdrum. It isn't necessary to fall back on 'the way we've always done it.' I like the way Edwin Markham put it: 'Great it is to believe the dream when we stand in youth by the starry stream; but a greater thing is to fight life through and say at the end, *The dream was true.*' If we've been dreaming of ideas that we would like to try, let's not hide them away. Great things come from the little spark of an idea."

**Eleventh:** "HELPLESSNESS—the key to true brotherhood. It takes on world-wide meaning today. Helpfulness is a kind and tender thing that comes from caring for one another. Let's all be quick to help where we can."

**Twelfth:** "GIVING—not getting. Give of your time, your talents, your

prayers, your friendship, your love. Hold out your light for as we've learned from the scriptures, giving is returned a thousandfold."

**Thirteenth:** "ACTION—what will YOU DO? Your measure of accomplishment is up to you. It's not what you *wish* or *hope* for, but what you *strive* to do. Desire is commendable, and dreaming plays its part, yet nothing can be meaningful unless you make a start. We aren't always judged on whether we win or lose, but how earnestly we tried."

**Fourteenth:** "APPRECIATION—the best 'lubricant' to be had! Why are we so slow to speak out our appreciation? When someone has put a lot of effort into a job, let him know we appreciate it. We're all more willing to apply our energies to some task when it is shown a little recognition. Let's show our appreciation this year."

**Fifteenth:** *(The leader's candle)* "TEAMWORK! The full beauty of the complete circle of candles aglow is not at its brightest, its radiant best, until all the candles are lighted. A wonderful, radiant year together? Who makes the difference? YOU, if you bring together COURTEOUS WORDS, SMILES, ENTHUSIASM, RESPONSE, UNDERSTANDING, ATTENTION, PATIENCE, SINCERITY, FACTS, CREATIVE IDEAS, HELPLESSNESS, GIVING, ACTION, APPRECIATION and TEAMWORK for the blending together of hearts and minds and spirits to create a mighty symphony of fellowship. YOU make the difference!"

## A PRAYER

Hear us, our Father! We know thou wilt hear us;

Nor need our voices ascend far away;  
Thou art around us, within us, and near us;

Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father! We know thou wilt love us;

We are Thy children, we turn unto Thee;

For all around us, within us, above us,  
Proofs of thine infinite kindness we see.

Aid us, our Father! We know Thou wilt aid us;

We are so feeble and Thou art so strong!

Almighty Power, that made us and keeps us,

Thou wilt protect us from danger and wrong.

—Amen

## GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

I know not by what method rare,  
But this I know, God answers prayer.  
I know not when He sends the word  
That tells me fervent prayer is heard;  
I know it cometh soon or late,  
My part is but to pray and wait.  
I know not if the blessing sought  
Will come in just the guise I thought.  
I leave all care with Him above,  
Whose Will is always one of love.

—Unknown

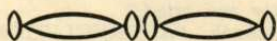


## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter

## Family



### CUCUMBER-ALMOND-LIME ASPIC

- 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup blanched almonds
- 1 medium cucumber
- 1 small onion
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1/4 lb. seedless grapes (if available)

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Put almond, cucumbers (peeled), and onion through food grinder, medium blade. Combine this with gelatin, mayonnaise, and cottage cheese. Pour into pottery or china salad bowl and chill for about 1 hour, then arrange seedless grapes around edge. Return to refrigerator and chill until set. Serve from salad bowl.

Mary Beth likes to serve this salad when she entertains for it fits well with any menu.

### SAVORY TOMATOES

- 2 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
- 2 Tbls. chopped celery
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. cream
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- Dash of garlic salt, sage and black pepper

Combine vegetables. Add flour that has been thoroughly mixed with sugar, salt and seasonings. Turn into greased 1 qt. baking dish. Spoon cream over top. Scatter crumbs over cream, dot with melted butter and bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes.

Juliana says: "I made this several times during the summer and everyone who ate it said that it had a very delicious flavor. A good dish to slip in the oven with a meat loaf and baked potatoes."

### QUICK-AND-EASY FRENCH DRESSING

- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. garlic juice or garlic powder
- 1/8 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 1/3 cup vinegar

Measure all of the ingredients in a pint jar and shake well until blended. Store in refrigerator.

### SPECIAL SPAGHETTI

- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1/2 cup minced green pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. fat
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 can pizza sauce
- Hot, drained boiled spaghetti (8 oz. uncooked)

Saute the onions, green pepper and mushrooms in the fat. Add the hamburger and cook, stirring, until the hamburger is done and then add the salt, sugar and pizza sauce. Cook, slowly, while the spaghetti cooks in salted water. Drain spaghetti and serve on platter, topped with hamburger mixture.

If you don't have pizza sauce on hand, this could be made with canned tomatoes (about 2 1/2 cups). When serving sprinkle parmesan cheese over the top.

If you prefer, the hamburger mixture can be mixed with the spaghetti and baked in a casserole. Use a moderate oven and bake for about 30 minutes.

### MARY'S RASPBERRY SALAD

- 2 boxes cherry gelatin
- 3 cups hot water
- 2 boxes frozen red raspberries
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Stir in the frozen raspberries and the Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring. Pour into a 9" by 5" glass baking dish. Refrigerate until firm. Whip the cream and then beat in the sugar and the cream cheese which has softened to room temperature. Stir in the marshmallows. Frost the top of the salad with this mixture. Refrigerate until ready to serve. This is a delightfully flavored salad—pretty to look at and delicious to eat.

### CARROT SPICE CAKE

- 3 large carrots, grated
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups cool water
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Combine all ingredients except the flour, soda and nuts in a saucepan and cook over low heat for 20 minutes. Cool and add the flour and soda which have been sifted together. Stir in the nuts and pour into a 9 by 12-inch pan which has been greased and floured. Bake for one hour in a 325 degree oven.

### SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

- 5 eggs
  - 1 1/2 cups dark corn syrup
  - 3/4 cup sugar
  - 2 Tbls. margarine
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 cup pecans, broken
- Beat the eggs slightly, add syrup and mix well. Add sugar, melted margarine and the flavorings. Fold in the nuts. Pour into a 10-inch pastry lined shell and bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees and continue baking for 50 minutes longer. Cool and serve with whipped cream.

### ROUND STEAK "BIRDS"

Remember the veal "birds" that used to be so popular? These were always considered company fare in the years when I was growing up and Mother prepared them when our teachers came to supper. For some reason we can never get veal here in Shenandoah, not even on special order, so this is a version of the veal "birds" made with round steak.

Allow plenty of round steak for everyone will want a second helping if they can get it. Ask the meat man to pound the steak thoroughly and on both sides. Leave the steak in large pieces for it is easier to handle.

Sear steak quickly in a smoking hot skillet—both sides. Then spread bread dressing over the meat and roll just as if you were making a jelly roll. Fasten the ends with several sturdy toothpicks. Return the rolls (they'll be pretty big and fat) to the skillet you seared the meat in IF it doesn't have a wooden or bakelite handle and can go into the oven. If it does, use a tightly covered dutch oven or small roaster. Bake for at least an hour in a 375 degree oven, tightly covered. If it bakes longer the flavor improves and it won't dry out if there is a tight cover. When ready to serve, transfer rolls to platter and cut into thick slices.

This is a delicious combination of meat and dressing. I use a beef bouillon cube in the water that moistens the dry bread, 3 Tbls. melted butter, a dash each of onion salt and sage, and some chopped green pepper.

### HAWAIIAN STEAK (or Chicken)

- 1 cup soy sauce
  - 1 garlic clove
- Steak or chicken, cut for broiling
- Put the soy sauce into a flat glass dish. Chop the garlic clove into the sauce. Salt the meat and lay it in the sauce. Let marinate for 15 minutes and then turn it over. After 15 minutes on the other side, remove the meat from the sauce and broil in the broiler of the stove or on an outdoor grill.

The recipe sounds so simple, yet the delicious results make it seem as if you have done something very complicated with the steak or chicken. Try it with a crisp, tossed salad, hot rolls and fresh fruit.



## TASTY TREATS FOR THE LUNCHBOX

### UNBAKED PEANUT BUTTER BARS

1/2 cup white sugar  
1/2 cup dark corn syrup  
3/4 cup chunk style peanut butter  
3 cups Special K cereal  
1/2 of a 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips  
1/2 of a 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips  
Heat the sugar and corn syrup just until the sugar is melted. Add the peanut butter and the cereal. Pack firmly into a 9-inch square pan. Melt the chocolate chips and the butterscotch chips over hot water in the top of the double boiler. Spread over the cookies and chill. Cut in small squares.

### ELTORA'S OATMEAL REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 cup vegetable shortening  
1/2 cup white sugar  
1 cup brown sugar  
2 eggs  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1 1/2 cups flour  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. salt  
3 cups quick oats  
Nuts or coconut, if desired, but not more than 1/2 cup. If coconut is added, substitute 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring for the 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.  
Cream together the vegetable shortening, white sugar and brown sugar. Add the flavorings to the eggs and beat slightly before adding. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add. Lastly, stir in the oatmeal and the nutmeats or coconut, if used. Form into rolls, wrap in waxed paper or foil, and store in the refrigerator until firm. Slice thin and bake in a moderate oven, 350 to 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

### SCHOOL BOY COOKIES

1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour, sifted  
1 tsp. baking soda  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup soft shortening  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/2 cup School Day Peanut butter (smooth or crunch style)  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup white sugar  
1 egg, unbeaten  
Sift together the first three ingredients. Cream together the shortening, flavorings, peanut butter, sugars and unbeaten egg. When very light and fluffy blend in the flour mixture just until mixed. Form into 1/2-inch balls. Place on a greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes or until light brown. This makes a delicious crisp cookie.

## VERY SPECIAL CORN BREAD

2 cups corn meal (yellow, preferably)  
2 tsp. salt  
4 Tbls. sugar  
4 egg yolks  
2 cups boiling water  
4 Tbls. flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
4 Tbls. shortening  
4 egg whites  
Combine corn meal, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Add shortening is all dissolved. Add egg yolks at once and beat well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish (large glass one, if possible) and bake in 400 degree oven for 25 minutes, or until done.

### CHINESE CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 can crisp Chinese noodles  
1 cup diced celery  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
2 cups bite-sized chicken  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 cup cashew nuts  
Cover the bottom of a baking dish with 1/2 can of the noodles. Add celery, onions, and then the chicken. Spoon the mushroom soup over the chicken and add the water. Add remainder of the noodles and cover with the cashew nuts. Bake about 30 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Delicious!

### PEANUT BUTTER PANCAKES

1 cup pancake flour  
1 egg  
2 Tbls. salad oil  
1 cup milk  
1/3 cup School Day peanut butter  
2 Tbls. sugar  
Combine all of the ingredients in a bowl. Beat well. Bake on a pancake griddle and serve with hot Kitchen-Klatter maple flavored syrup or Kitchen-Klatter blueberry syrup. This recipe may also be used to make excellent waffles. Either the crunch or the smooth style School Day peanut butter may be used.

### FRUIT UPSIDE-DOWN MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour  
3 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 cup sugar  
3/4 tsp. salt  
1/4 cup salad oil  
2 beaten eggs  
3/4 cup milk  
1/4 cup butter  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
Drained fruit  
Sift the dry ingredients together. Combine salad oil, eggs, milk and add all at once to the dry ingredients, mixing just to moisten. Divide butter and brown sugar into muffin cups and place drained fruit in each cup. Some suggestions are: apricot halves, crushed pineapple and mandarin orange slices. Fill cups with batter to about 2/3 full. Bake in 375 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven and turn out of muffin pans, serving with the fruit side up.

## FREEZING FRUITS WITH KITCHEN-KLATTER SWEETENER

### FREEZING APPLES WITH SWEETENER

*Apple Slices:* Peel, core and slice firm, tart apples into slightly salted water. Drain and put in a saucepan with a very small amount of water. Simmer for 3 minutes. Drain the juice in a bowl. For each 1 cup of juice, add 1 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener and 1/8 tsp. ascorbic acid. It is best to cover the apples with the juice mixture, so add water to the liquid if needed to make enough for the quantity you wish to freeze. Put the apples in container, cover with liquid, seal, cool and freeze.

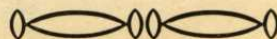
*Apple Sauce:* Wash, quarter and remove any discolored spots from firm, tart apples. Cook in a small amount of water until soft. Put through a food mill. Measure the apple sauce into a mixing bowl. For each cup of sauce, stir in 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener and 1/8 tsp. ascorbic acid. Put into freezer containers, seal, cool and freeze.

### FREEZING PEACHES WITH SWEETENER

Prepare your Sweetener-liquid first. Combine 2 cups of water, 5 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener and 1/2 tsp. ascorbic acid. Now dip the peaches into boiling water, chill in cold water and slip off the skins. Slice the peaches directly into the Sweetener liquid so they keep their bright color. Pack into containers, being sure the liquid covers the fruit. (A small ball of crumpled waxed paper will keep the peaches from floating. Just tuck it into the top of the fruit-filled freezer box before putting on the lid.) Seal and freeze. This amount of liquid should freeze about 10 cups of peaches.

### JEWEL MARMALADE

2 dozen peaches, peeled  
2 oranges (peeling and all)  
1 small glass maraschino cherries, drained  
Sugar  
Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
Grind the peaches, oranges and cherries together. Measure. For each 4 cups of pulp, add 3 cups of sugar and 1/4 tsp. of the Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring. Put in a heavy saucepan (the pressure pan is perfect for this) and simmer over low heat until thick. Stir frequently to prevent sticking. Pour, boiling hot, into sterile jars and seal with paraffin.  
If you want to test this recipe before making it in quantity, just make up half of it. It would be unwise, however, to cook more than one "batch" at a time in the saucepan as it tends to boil up. You'll be pleased with the texture, color and flavor of this jewel-like marmalade. On hot rolls or light, steaming-hot biscuits, it will perk up many a meal this winter.





**TOMATO ASPIC MOLD**

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin  
 3/4 cup cold tomato juice  
 3 cups hot tomato juice  
 1/4 cup mild vinegar  
 1 tsp. onion salt  
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 Few drops Tabasco sauce  
 1 cup finely diced celery  
 Chilled shrimp  
 Soften the gelatin in the cold tomat-

to juice for 10 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot tomato juice. Add the vinegar, onion salt, Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco sauce. Stir well to blend the seasonings and then chill until gelatin begins to thicken. Add finely diced celery and pour into a ring mold to chill until completely set. Remove from mold onto bed of lettuce. Surround the ring and fill center with shrimp.

If you like, you may flake shrimp into the aspic for a nice variation.

**USE-IT-UP COOKIES**

(This calls for honey that has gotten strong tasting and is intended primarily for a household with youngsters who are constantly into the cookie jar and not very critical about what they find in it.)

1 1/4 cups vegetable shortening  
 1 cup sugar  
 3 eggs  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 2 cups honey  
 3 tsp. soda  
 7 cups flour  
 1 tsp. salt

Cream together 1 cup of shortening with sugar. Beat in eggs and flavoring.

Put remaining 1/4 cup shortening in a large pan, add honey and bring to boiling point. (If honey has become solid, put the container in a kettle of hot water and leave it until it has liquified.) Add soda to boiling honey and shortening. This will bubble up instantly—a large pan is absolutely essential. Stir thoroughly and when cool, add to first mixture. Sift together flour and salt and mix with other ingredients. Let chill until it can be handled without sticking. Roll to usual sugar cookie thickness, cut, and bake on a heavily greased baking sheet for about 10 minutes in a 350 degree oven.



## BACK - TO - SCHOOL PICK - ME - UP

Young scholars will burn energy by the buckets when playgrounds beckon. Here's a wonderful, wholesome milk drink, designed to replace that energy without calories.

Simply mix 1 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** with 4 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. Use 1/2 tsp. of this concentrated mix to 1 cup of milk.

Just imagine how welcome this delightful drink will be, especially since there are so many Kitchen-Klatter Flavors to choose from:

Banana	Raspberry	Almond	Burnt Sugar
Strawberry	Pineapple	Coconut	Butter
Orange	Blueberry	Black Walnut	Mint
Cherry	Lemon	Maple	Vanilla

Use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** and **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** in all your cooking. The flavorings never bake out or cook out . . . the sweetener never tastes "artificial" or bitter, and it never adds a single calorie!

Make friends with these wonderful products (and save the capliners for valuable gifts).

**Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.**

Shenandoah, Iowa

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By  
Frederick

If you have difficulty getting your children to eat green vegetables, you are not alone. Many children take a dislike for green beans, peas, broccoli, asparagus and the like before they are old enough to even pronounce the words. Do you suppose those strained baby foods really taste as awful as they look?

In our house we have two ways to fix green beans which few children can resist. When I decide to do some cooking one or the other of these two fine recipes is sure to be included.

**STRING BEAN CASSEROLE**

2 cans cream of celery soup (or cream of mushroom soup)  
 2 cans green beans, French style  
 1 can French fried onion rings  
 1 small pkg. slivered almonds

Drain the beans. Combine with the undiluted soup and pour into a buttered casserole. Bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from the oven and spread slivered almonds over the top and then make a layer of the onion rings over the top of the almonds. Return to the oven and bake 10 minutes longer at 350 degrees.

**GREEN BEANS ITALIAN STYLE**

2 pkgs. frozen green beans  
 3 tomatoes, peeled and diced  
 1 small onion, chopped fine  
 3 Tbls. olive oil  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1 heart of celery, diced

Cook beans according to directions on the package. Cook all the other ingredients in a heavy skillet until the onion and celery are tender. Add the beans and simmer slowly for flavor. Salt to taste.



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

A nice, gentle shower last night brought cooler temperatures than we've been having and Frank is taking advantage of it by mowing the yard today. Kristin usually does this while Frank takes care of the trimming that needs to be done around the bushes and shrubs, but she went home with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls to stay for a few days and help them with *their* yard-work. One of Edna's allergies is grass and she doesn't dare work in the yard. In fact, walking through freshly-mowed grass causes difficulty with her breathing for days. Kristin is always happy to help out whenever she can but Edna and Raymond insist that they pay her for any work she helps them with this summer, knowing that she is trying to save extra money for college this Fall.

Another reason Kristin was anxious to spend a few days in Allerton was to have time to work on another trunk she is rehabilitating. I've never seen anyone who has such a passion for old trunks as our girl! When Frank's sister Ruth spent a couple of days with us recently, she and Kristin spent a half-day rummaging around in second-hand stores in the vicinity. When they returned and Kristin said, "Now, Mother, don't shoot me, but I bought something today," I said "Oh, no! Don't tell me you bought another trunk!" Well, she hadn't bought *one*, but *two*! This makes four trunks she now owns, and it's a good thing that her Aunt Edna has a large home and is willing to let her store them there for we don't have room in our house for *one* trunk, let alone *four*.

One of the trunks is in excellent condition and Kristin reminded me that it might come in handy if she ever decided to attend a college so far from home that we couldn't make frequent trips to and from school by car. I'll agree with her, also, that a trunk fixed up attractively can be a big asset in a house with little storage space for extra bedding, blankets, and out-of-season clothing, for we've had to rely upon them in our small home.

Mother reported last month what Kristin is doing this summer to earn money toward her college expenses for the coming year. She had fully planned to look for a job away from home, but her Uncle Raymond's sows had such big litters that he wanted to get rid of a few of the baby pigs so the rest would grow faster, and offered them to her. She decided, after thinking it over, that she could probably make just as much money this way and enjoy the summer at home, so we drove to Allerton and came home with ten little pigs. Later that same week, Raymond telephoned that he had six more for her and a week later, seven new little ones were added. The last seven had already been started but were smaller than the others, so Raymond decided they would do better with the special attention Kristin could give them. They were never as much work as the first six-



This is our most recent picture of Kristin, daughter of Dorothy and Frank Johnson, who enters her sophomore year of college this fall. Dorothy tells in her letter how Kristin kept busy this summer.

teen for the second day after they were moved to our farm, they started drinking milk out of a pan.

Kristin found out what work it is to bottle-feed sixteen babies every two hours (day and night, for awhile), but when they learned to drink from a pan it didn't require so much time. She lost four of the first ten, but the rest are growing fast and we think she's done very well.

Several years ago I told you in one of my letters about the strange owls we heard one night when the folks were visiting us. They had such a loud and eery cat-like squall that we were kept awake all night. We'd never heard them again until a couple of weeks ago. Frank had been noticing that something was happening to our chickens, especially the banties. He thought a raccoon was killing them. The other night, about 2:00 A. M., Frank was awakened by the loud screeching of a chicken near the chicken house. He went outside where he heard it again, except this time the sound came from the timber quite a distance north of the house. To get that far so quickly, he decided that the chicken was being carried off by something in the air. He thought immediately of the strange owls so the next day he set a trap on a post close to the chicken house. The next morning he had his owl, so we're sure this is how the chickens have disappeared. A mother banty with twelve little babies has done a remarkable job of protecting her brood. Every night she herds them into the chicken house and has raised all of them until they are of pretty good size. After the commotion the other night, she disappeared with her chicks and she was gone for three days. The very day after Frank caught the owl, she returned with all twelve babies!

It isn't often that I see a humming bird but this summer a little one has been visiting a bed of flowers by the back porch and I just love to watch it. I'd never seen one sitting still, but always in motion. This morning Frank slipped in the back door very quietly and told me to look up at the light wire leading into the house. There, so tiny I could scarcely see it, sat my little humming bird.

Juliana spent two short days with us this summer, but we hope she'll be able to come back again before leaving for school. She arrived in time to help Kristin and Frank with one of their projects—building a new crossing which they hope won't wash out with the first high water.

The four of us went fishing one night while she was here. The water in the creek was getting quite low, but Frank located a deep hole which he thought might contain some nice fish. There was a shady beach beside it so we built a fire to serve a double purpose—keeping the mosquitoes away and for roasting weiners. It was a beautiful night and the sky was brilliant with stars. Across from us on the other bank was a muskrat den and we could hear them diving in and out of the water. Occasionally, we could spot one with the flashlights. We had a quiet and restful evening together and except for our own voices, the only sounds were made by the muskrat, frogs, and the channel-cats, splashing the water as they hit at our bait. Kristin and Juliana reminisced about some of the wonderful times they've had on the farm and Juliana remarked, "When I stop to think about it, Aunt Dorothy, I have had so many wonderful experiences here that a lot of girls at school have never had, and probably never will have."

Frank just came in and wants me to go with him to see what the beavers are doing to my favorite cottonwood tree on the bayou. This tree is two feet in diameter and they've already cut about a third of the way through it. At the angle it is leaning, it will go right into the bayou. Frank thinks that because of its height, it might go all the way across, making a good foot bridge as well as providing a place to sit and fish. I would *rather* have the tree remain standing, but since it isn't trapping season and there is nothing we can do about it, I suppose I might as well look at it the way he does!

Before I close, I'll give you my "crop report". At this writing, things look wonderful. There have been several nights when we thought our land would be flooded by morning, but, fortunately, the only water damage we've had was when the corn was only a few inches high and although the water backed up over a few low places, very little corn was drowned out. How fortunate we are that we haven't had the hail and high winds that have hit so many localities. We really count our blessings!

Margery and Martin invited Kristin to accompany them on a wonderful trip this summer and she came home thrilled with all the sights she had seen—particularly the mountains. I won't say any more about the trip for I'm sure Margery will tell you all about it in her letter.

And now, I must close and take a look at the poor cottonwood. While we're out, we'll take some salt to the cattle in the far pasture.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*





In his August letter, Frederick told about a portrait that a famous Italian sculptor painted of him in Egypt during World War II. A number of friends wrote in asking to see it. Fortunately, Margery had taken just such a picture, and here it is.

## MEMORIES OF A SCHOOLHOUSE

By  
Elizabeth Clark

"Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sleeping;  
Around it still the sumachs grow  
And blackberry vines are creeping."  
John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).

Whittier's life was lived in the nineteenth century—far before the present day trend of school reorganization and unification—yet with what accurate and uncanny phrasing his lines of "In School Days" fit many small and decaying schoolhouses of the midwest today.

Out of the prosaic and commonplace occurrences typical to any rural school, this writer recalls some incidents that seemed to belong to "our" school exclusively.

Our school was built before the turn of the century—in fact, it must have seemed to be relocated, even at that time, as its forerunner had been secluded deep in the timber, convenient to the creek where a few quick swims were taken by daring boys on warm days. The new building was placed out on the open prairies where three windows paralleled a road giving restless pupils a good view of passers-by, provided the teacher was lenient enough to permit glances in that direction.

Several large oak trees provided welcome shade for games on warm autumn days. Two of these trees had iron hitching-rings attached to their trunks for hitching the teacher's horse or the horses that pupils occasionally rode to school. Through the years that I went to school, I watched the trunk of one tree slowly encompass a hitching-ring my grandfather had placed there for my mother to hitch a horse while she was teaching the school.

The interior of the schoolroom was similar to its sister schools throughout the region, except that it had extra-fine blackboards covering the entire front end of the building, and an additional panel on a side wall. What a satisfaction to see those boards looking fresh and black after a Friday afternoon's session of cleaning and polishing!

After recess on Friday afternoons there was a cleanup—a general cleaning that involved all the pupils, large and small, and which was accomplished with *much* enthusiasm. The younger ones were given the erasers to dust—they didn't seem to mind the gritty dust, even if they came back into the room chalked-up like circus clowns. The medium-sized students were detailed to wash the seats and desks, and the older boys and girls tended to washing windows and blackboards. The teacher and a pupil or two gave the floor a thorough sweeping. After this cleaning was finished, and if there was any time left (and there usually was because no one dallied), the remaining time before dismissal could be spent with stories or spelling and ciphering matches.

Often uninvited guests availed themselves of the free housing and heat the schoolhouse afforded for a night's lodging. How chagrined Teacher would be when she arrived at school to find the coal that had been brought in for morning firing already burned! Once a forgetful tramp left his pipe and how quickly it was dispatched to the flames of the stove when Teacher found it on her desk. (We pupils always secretly wondered if its owner would return to hunt for it!)

Even more unwelcome than the occasional tramp were the destructive vandals that made forays on rural schools. How upset we were to arrive one morning to find the teacher's table

so damaged that it was a total loss!

Some incidents long-to-be-remembered were the day a football was kicked in such a manner so as to fall into the chimney, and the day the ceiling fell causing considerable excitement! After the football-chimney incident, immediate action was necessary to clean the flue, and even though it was a *new* ball, it never was of much account after its exposure to the hot flue. Fortunately, the day the plastering fell, no one happened to be directly under it, but it came near one small boy's desk, causing him to cry from fright the remainder of the afternoon. With the wisdom of hindsight, it is easy to look back and wonder if we showed enough compassion and sympathy to this timid child. It is more likely that the rest of us were only interested in displaying how brave *we* had been!

In this schoolyard where many games were played, many arguments argued and settled, or abolished by the teacher, the sumachs do indeed grow, and the briars cover and smother the very ground where once elaborate playhouses were tenanted by the little children. The building itself has stood forsaken, and its window panes and shingles, one by one, have disappeared through the years of its vacancy, yet these and many more memories live on.

## GRANDPA'S ORCHARD

By  
Armada Swanson

We've just returned from a weekend at the farm, and my mind is full of the joys and beauties of farm living.

At one of our meals Mother served a cool and luscious muskmelon for dessert. It reminded me of Grandpa's delicious apples! Perhaps you've never tasted a delicious apple with a muskmelon flavor, but believe me, it is one happy memory I carry from my childhood days. I was telling Mother, Aunt Elizabeth and my sister how it was always a special treat for me to find a delicious apple from Grandpa's orchard in my lunchbox. Of course, that set us off to reminiscing and it was quite awhile before the dishes were washed!

Grandpa's orchard was something to see—impressive rows of apple trees, plum trees, a few stately pear trees, trees of brilliant red cherries, two long rows of grape vines, currant and gooseberry bushes, innumerable raspberry bushes (both red and black), and a strawberry bed. Grandpa was determined to be a good provider for his family, *or else!*

Auntie reminded us of the Whitney apples that made such delicious apple pickles and as she said, "We prepared quarts and quarts of them." She could easily name the different varieties of apples—Duchess, Wealthy, Grimes Golden, Jonathan, Haralson and Greenings (such an appropriate name for a green apple!). Perhaps her memory was so good because she wrapped many bushels of apples to be stored in my folks' "cellar" because Grandpa's cave was not large enough for winter storage.



"I remember," said Mother, "that it was always our wish that Duchess apples would be ripe enough for making pies for the thresher meals we served in those days. Also, the peelings from the apples were used to make a fresh glass of apple jelly to which we used a drop or two of red food coloring to make it a 'wee bit' more tempting. Jelly from Duchess apples was always a pale pink."

"The gooseberries were used for jams and conserves and *nothing* was quite as good as fresh currant jelly on freshly-baked bread (a good after-school treat), or currant jelly served with fowl or pork."

My sister Amy had her own memories. "I can still remember the cherry trees loaded with cherries and how we each had our own special branch to pick. We knew we would be rewarded later with a delicious cherry pie."

Of course, there was work connected with it, but to me, a child, all the work involved with processing the fruit and even planting the orchard didn't stick in my memories.

"How well I remember," my Aunt recalled, "that the orchard was started more than once. Sounds impossible, but true! There was one winter when the trees had been neatly wrapped to discourage rabbits, but the snow piled so high around the tree trunks that the rabbits had a feast. That meant replanting. At one time a bad hail storm broke open the bark of the trees, and then a certain November 11th freeze didn't help a bit."

As Mother said, there were no home freezers in those days. "But," she said, "our good mother managed with a small cave, and shelves were filled to capacity with canned fruits." (I can almost see my Dutch grandmother working away, seeing that each of her children and their families were provided for, as well as neighbors and friends.)

And now, pardon me, folks, while I go to the grocery store, pick up a box of frozen raspberries, put them in my favorite cut-glass bowl, (a gift from Grandma years ago) and sigh with nostalgia as I recall Grandpa's orchard!

### FULFILLMENT

September days like the wayward wind  
Are fickle and undisciplined:  
The breeze blows fitful through the leaves—  
Sometimes it whistles, sometimes it grieves.

The baby birds have learned to fly  
And grandly flirt the changing sky;  
The flowers proud that watched the yard

With drooping heads are now off-guard.

In serried ranks the golden corn  
Fulfills the land which stood forlorn;  
While in the barn are stored away  
The precious bales of new-mown hay.

Mid savory spice of ripened fruit  
To summer days a last salute:  
For fall is crowding all about  
And summer days are put to rout.

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

By  
Eva M. Schroeder

Bulb-planting time starts this month and such bulbs as crocus, hyacinth, snowdrop and narcissus should go in the ground as soon as available. Tulips, alliums and lilies may be planted as late as the ground can be worked and still be expected to flower. As soon as the foliage starts to brown on gladiolus, the corms (with stems and leaves attached) can be lifted. They should be allowed to dry for a week in a cool, airy place, and then the tops can be cut off and put on the compost heap. The shriveled corm at the base of each bulb can be detached and discarded. Dust the corms with DDT and store in a cool, dry, frost-free location until spring.

Dig dahlias after the foliage has been blackened by frost. Let the clumps dry for a few days, cut off the tops to within 4 inches of the base and store the clumps in a cool, frost-free place. I have a small, warm basement and could not store dahlias successfully until I learned to pack them in dry sawdust. I use bushel baskets as containers and stack one basket on top of another in a corner of the basement as far away from the furnace as possible. The bulbs of ismene, or more commonly known as spider lily, require a warm storage situation or they will not bloom. I pack these bulbs in sawdust too but set the basket in a cozy corner near the furnace. Gladiolus are stored in open peach crates, stacked in front of the baskets of dahlia roots. A friend tells me that she stores all her tubers and bulbs in plastic bags and they keep very well. This would certainly be less work than the sawdust method and not nearly so messy. I am going to try it with some of mine this year.

Did you know that renovating the flower border is often easier to do now than in the spring? In the spring

the soil often has a very high moisture content and can not be worked until very late in the season. Usually it is less tiring and just as practical to renovate a half or a third of the border in the fall each year. The first step is to remove all the flowering plants and bulbs. Heel the plants in temporarily in another section of the garden and leave the bulbs in a shady place until ready to replant. After all the plants are cleared away, organic matter such as well-rotted manure or compost should be incorporated into the soil. Work the soil very deeply and then let it settle for a few days before replanting. Commercial fertilizer such as 10-10-10 can also be applied at the rate of 4 to 5 pounds for each 100 square feet of garden area.

If the old border had unsatisfactory color combinations or plants that were not compatible, this is the time to correct the situation. It is also a good time to add new flowers and bulbs. Chrysanthemums can still be planted and often the nurserymen will sell blooming plants directly from the fields. These can be transplanted readily and will continue to bloom until frost kills them. After all the plants are relocated in the border, water them thoroughly and at regular intervals up until hard frost, unless their is sufficient rainfall.

Bring the pots of tuberous begonias indoors and enjoy their pretty blooms for awhile. Do not grow them all winter though as the bulbs must have a dormant period. Gradually withhold water until the stems are dry. Cut them off at the base and store the tubers right in their containers in the basement over winter.

### HOUSEWORK

From early dawn 'til set of sun,  
No matter what the season,  
I never get my housework done;  
I'd like to know the reason!

—Virginia C. Spencer

## STILL BORROWING KITCHEN-KLATTER EVERY MONTH?

We hope not, because sooner or later you'll decide you want your very own copy. And when that day comes you'll find yourself wishing very much indeed that you had a big thick file of back numbers.

Borrowed magazines have to be returned and most back issues are totally unavailable—every day we have to write from our office and disappoint people who are extremely eager to get ahold of some back issue.

So . . . if you've been a borrower, decide right now to get in your own subscription. Then you can start building up your own file to turn to over and over again in years to come.

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is \$1.50 per year, 12 issues. Foreign countries \$2.00 per year.

Address your letters to KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa.



## YOUR BEST VACATION SOUVENIR

By  
Martha Williams

"Hey, Mom, What 'ya mean throwing that away? Got stuff 'bout Ole Faithful in it!"

"No, Billy, not on the dining room table. Your pine cones go into your room or into the fire."

"Where's the guy that sat on my cowboy hat?"

"Can't you find that roll of film? We had it last night."

"Nothing but old potato chips and coke bottles under this seat."

And so it goes as the car is being unloaded. At last I call for the whisk broom. Vacation is over. Everything is lugged inside. Or is it? Did we bring home more than just the pile of gear, junk and dirty clothes which now clutters the entry?

We sincerely hope we brought home that elusive collector's item of every trip—the *vacation spirit*. It should be preserved and used the year around.

By next week we'll be ready to laugh about the sunburn, lack of sleep and even the pesky mosquitoes, but can we actually tell our friends what made the vacation so wonderful? Was it the beach, the mountains, the fascinating cities, the people we met?

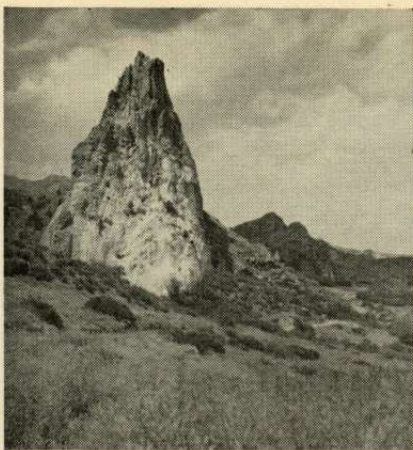
Surprisingly enough, neither the amount of money spent nor the beautiful scenery viewed seem to be the common denominator of vacation enjoyment.

Surely one of the secrets, then, for a good vacation concerns our own *attitudes*. When we leave the worries of home and office behind we have time to stop and appreciate some of the simpler, homier aspects of living. The family looks better even though dressed in jeans and dark glasses. The atmosphere is more relaxed. We talk and sing and laugh and enjoy each other's company. The sun shines bright. It's days before we have to get back to ordinary routine and who cares if an ant tries to share the lunch?

How can this elusive vacation spirit—this *attitude* toward life which is adopted as we leave home—be brought back along with travel stickers and souvenirs? How desperately we need it to mellow the months between trips. Does this way of living get left along the road somewhere, probably at the state line where thoughts start to crowd in concerning the dust settled in the house, the warped budget and clothes which must be prepared for school?

Possibly, the best way to consider this continuation of attitude is to look at three families I know well who, in my estimation, lose much of the value of summer relaxation the minute they walk inside their own doors.

The Johnson family delights in traveling from Maine to California, yet they have never discovered the little ice cave in a park less than twenty-five miles from their home. They proudly display Navaho rugs, yet have never visited the Indian reservation in their own state. *Continuing curiosity* is a part of the vacation spirit which we can cultivate and enjoy right in our own locality.



One of the finest souvenirs of a vacation is a collection of snapshots so that one can more accurately recall the beauty of our country and the countless pleasures new experiences have provided. This magnificent formation stands in the beautiful state of Wyoming, and so vividly brings to mind the gorgeous coloring of the rocks.

The Andrews like to spend a week seeing the latest plays in Chicago, but they scoff at the idea of supporting a local civic theater. "She couldn't possibly be as good as Helen Hayes," and they tell of all the plays and famous actresses and actors *they* have seen. Of course, a local play won't compare technically with a professional production, but that is balanced by the fun of seeing people you know develop into *real* actors and actresses. Much of the enjoyment of such a project is getting involved in making scenery, sewing costumes and hunting props. Similarly, part of vacation joys comes from *sharing small ventures* with others. It is my guess that the Andrews do not know the fun of building a sand castle on the shore of a lake, or stopping by the roadside for ten minutes to admire a view of blue gentian covering a mountain meadow, or singing as the dishes are being washed on a rustic table in a wooded campground. And they miss many of the opportunities to share simple, exciting experiences at home.

Now, the Vernons rave about the wonderful shrimp dinners in Louisiana and the chow mein in California, but they never vary their steak and potato dinner at home with the regional dishes available fresh or frozen at their supermarket. The *anticipation of something new*, be it scenery or food, is part of vacation enjoyment which can be assimilated into many a home-bound day.

It is not for us—you and me—to tell the Vernons, the Andrews and the Johnsons how they could use the vacation spirit the entire year to their advantage, but what about your family and mine?

I don't find it easy to bring the spirit of our vacation retreat back to a house where alarm clocks, telephones, luncheons and laundry claim priority. Transplanting the attitudes which make for *quiet, casual* and *calm* living is difficult.

Yet, it has taken both dreams and work to make our woodland cabin a refuge. How many of the same ideas could I bring right back to our year-

round home? Nothing has been kept in the cabin which complicates living. Plenty of soap is there but nary a salad mold! Old Rufus, the elk's head, looks down askance at the intruding clock. In the cabin no one thinks it amiss to read poetry right after breakfast or to take a solitary walk without any definite destination. It seems proper to talk about the wisps of fog in the valley or the constellations in the summer sky. Quiet confidences are exhausted in the soft light reflected by the glowing logs in the fireplace. Talk takes *time* to progress from the weather, to relationships, to ideas, and to God.

Not all of the transplanted vacation spirit has survived the moving from the cabin to our busy home, but the family has rediscovered Orion and the Pleiades in the back yard sky. College poetry books have been brought down from the attic. When the burned-out television tube was not replaced immediately, we found that we *could talk* at home, too. The conversation moved from immediate problems to some wonderful plans: next Sunday's afternoon drive, new shrubs for the yard, pipe dreams for a summer trip. We discovered, too, that our family *sings* no worse (or better) beside the thermostat than in front of the flickering logs in the cabin fireplace!

Now it is your turn. What new way of *living* did you discover on your vacation? If it enhanced your leisure hours, try using it all year to enrich routine. It is truly your *best vacation souvenir*.

## EMPTY NESTS

By  
Oneita Fisher

Off to school!

Remember when your child started? For weeks you hoarded gingham rainbows and anklets to match, T-shirts in every color, sturdy jeans with wonderful pockets. You bought the finest pencil box, the thickest tablet, the biggest assortment of crayons; every single item she (or he) could possibly need—or want!

Why? To anesthetize a heart against the pain of separation.

That first day—remember? Remember how *quiet* the house was—how *tidy* and how *empty*!

The endless, restless hours passed. The cookie jar waited. The kitchen waited. The whole house waited. *You* waited! The clock struck two—three—four, and happy confusion burst through the wide-flung screen door.

The first of a million papers was brought home from school. Later came a procession of blue cats, yellow dogs, green umbrellas, proudly printed names, and lopsided numbers. And the things that give a house a *lived-in* look came also: too-warm sweaters, one glove, empty lunch boxes, hair ribbons and catcher's mitts. There were stories to tell: "I lost my red color." "Miss Lane said I was a good girl." "Tommy took my pencil." "I skinned both knees and didn't even cry!"

The gingham gradually gave way to blouses and skirts, the T-shirts



to football sweaters with a big letter on the front. Stacks of library books appeared ("But Mom, I *have* to give that report first period tomorrow!!") Class plays, student council, broken hearts, touchdowns, D's, A's, phone calls, semester tests, pink formals, driver's licenses, senior proms, followed one another in rapid succession.

So many things now to discuss over a plate of cookies and a glass of milk, or potato chips and a frosty glass of pop at four o'clock!

Irritations came, too. "Absolutely not, unless you clean up this room first." "I told you the lawn had to be mowed." "I don't care what she wears, *you* are not paying twenty dollars for a sweater." "One o'clock is *too late* to be out on a school night!"

Always a dozen things to do, to help with, to plan for, to worry about, to rejoice over; day after day, year after year, until it seemed a natural permanent way of life.

And then, suddenly, you feel you have seen this before, like seeing the first part of a movie again. This time the rainbow is cashmere; the jeans have an ivy-league look; pencil boxes have given way to matched luggage.

The same cause and effect—you are afraid to face a certain day, that inevitable off-to-college day!

Suddenly, all to soon, rooms are crowded with silence. Reminders lay everywhere: fashion magazines, favorite records, a crumpled tissue, one lone sock.

The endless hours pass. The house waits. The cookie jar waits. The bottles of pop wait. The clock strikes



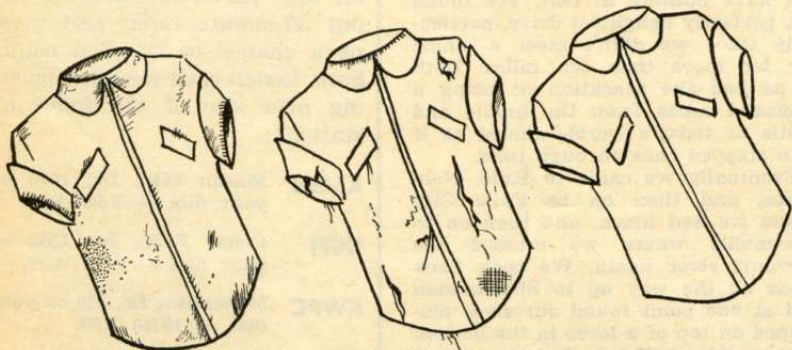
Clark Driftmier, like all little boys, is a pretty good hole-digger and when his parents (Wayne and Abigail) are ready to plant fall bulbs, I expect they'll have some welcome help! Incidentally, the National Nurserymen's Convention was held in Denver this year and Abigail was so busy with convention activities that she didn't write a letter this month. Next month, however, she'll be right on deck to tell you all about it.

two o'clock—three—four.

But no one comes home!

Take heart! Mark time now by the calendar, not the clock: Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, summer vacation! The mailman and telephone become your go-betweens, the trains and planes and cars your lifeline.

The door will bang again; new joys come with maturity.



## TAKE YOUR CHOICE:

Dingy, Dilapidated, or Like-New!

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**COLORADO CONVENTION—Concl.** the work accomplished. During the question period, one of the women asked, "Why do you require church attendance of *every cadet* on *every* Sunday of the four years they are here?"

"We require church attendance, the church of their choice, of course, because we feel that the *moral development* of a man is just as important as his mental and physical growth." An answer which is worth pondering!

A drive through the Garden of the Gods and a pause at the Van Briggles plant to see the actual making of fine pottery followed our stop at the Academy.

Following lunch we were escorted to the briefing room of the defense system (better known as NORAD). Here Lt. Col H. F. Rolph and a number of assisting officers (each a specialist in his own field) presented the general problems of defense facing our country and a briefing on what is being done to guarantee our safety.

The greatest thrill came when we were taken into the large building which houses the "heart" of the defense system. A large, illuminated map of the United States and surrounding countries, filled an entire wall. Here all aircraft, ships and submarines in the area are plotted. Remember the old World War II maps where the movement of ships and aircraft were set in place and moved by hand? Now it is all done electronically and instantly! *Everything*, even the little bits of exploded satellites, are tracked and recorded. My sense of confidence in our national defense increased minute by minute as the demonstration, descriptions and explanations continued through a "practice" alert.

Now that excavation work to build a giant cave back in the mountains is almost completed, NORAD will soon move to its new location, safe from even the most direct atomic blast. The working area has been closed to public view and it is very doubtful if, once the command post is in its new cave-home, it will ever again be open for inspection.

The usual afternoon mountain show-er was falling as we trotted from the building to board the buses. It had been an eventful, educational, scenery-filled, worthwhile day. And, it was not completely over; a most enjoyable evening awaited us. Our destination? The Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. But that is another story. I'll tell you about it next month.

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



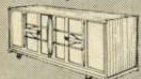
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False reports about you do not change you. You are the same after the falsehood was told as before it. Therefore, pay no attention to gossip, either about yourself or others. Sometimes these things come as a test to try our own strength of character and to soften our own tongues when we would speak ill of another.

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**LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded**

magnificent maple trees. Those streets must be dazzling in October. And also in Troy we saw a house so charming that I wished one of the big magazines would send an editor and photographer to cover it. I made a mental note of the fact that it stands at the intersection of Park and State streets (hope my memory hasn't played me a trick on those names!), and it's the best example we've seen of brick painted white. And like the house in Stanberry, the wing that may have been added as part of a remodeling project, was in perfect balance. The very fact that we couldn't tell in either case if the wings were part of the original house or later addition shows you how successful they are. I haven't the faintest idea who lives there, but I admire the house!

Not too far from Troy we turned off the highway and drove slowly up towards White Cloud. It had been our intention to go up to the Four State lookout point, but a recent rain made that steep hill too much of a hazard and halfway up we had to abandon the idea and back the car down again. And we almost abandoned our idea of driving up to Nebraska along the Missouri river when we saw the ominous sign: **DANGER! CAVING BANKS!** I had visions of the road suddenly crumbling right into the river.

But Russell doesn't have such visions, so we started out. And I hope that those of you who want an idyllic drive also disregard that sign because I'm sure it is there only to warn fishermen who might drive right to the brink of the river and park their cars. If you're just going along the road you have nothing to fear. We found it a perfectly delightful drive, particularly since we didn't meet a single car for more than ten miles. Both of us had the sensation of being a thousand miles from the hustle and bustle of today's world—almost as if we'd stepped back through time.

Eventually we came to Rulo, Nebraska, and then on to Falls City where we had lunch, and then on to Brownville where we crossed the Missouri river again. We took back roads all the way up to Shenandoah and at one point found ourselves marooned on top of a levee in the bottom land outside of Watson, but we weren't in a hurry about anything so it made no difference.

Aside from this little excursion of approximately 400 miles, we've been right here going back and forth to the plant. Practically from the moment we took occupancy of our new building we've been in the throes of major interior construction and there is still much to be done. I hope the day comes when we'll be able to take you friends through the place without climbing over piles of lumber and sacks of cement. And when that day comes I'll announce it with great joy!

Right now there are four of us sitting down to the table for those three meals a day. Juliana has a college friend from Fort Hood, Texas visiting her and it's a real joy for me that Sandy is a "good eater"! I told Juliana last spring that she could

invite anyone here for any length of time if she would guarantee their appetites! With all the testing of recipes that I do I need someone who will pitch right in, not someone who fusses around and eats like a bird. Sandy pitches right in!

Russell and I hope to get away sometime this month for a couple of weeks or so in New Mexico, and if we do, I can tell you about it next month. Until then—

*Lucile*

**A WOMAN'S PRAYER**

Dear God, please give me the courage  
To pray for the things that are right;  
Not just to ask for the glitter  
Nor beg for the things that are bright.

Sometimes when the trying is bitter  
And the bruises are hard to bear,  
Please give me a heart that keeps  
hoping

And give me a faith that will wear.

And when some small lovely thing  
Is a gift unexpected and free,  
Please grant me the understanding  
To know that You gave it to me.

—Harverna Woodling

## It's Kitchen-Klatter Time!

We don't claim to be experts on any particular subject, but our 30-minute radio visit gives us a chance to be good neighbors. Listen each weekday morning over one of the following stations:

**KSMN** Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KCFI** Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KWPC** Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

**KWBG** Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

**KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

**KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

**KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



## "Little Ads"

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

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**LOVELY 42" PILLOW SLIPS** spiderweb inserts and edge \$5.00. 24" Metallic doilies flowers in color \$3.00. 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.50. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

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Lucas, Iowa.

### MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

ample opportunity to look over this quaint western town. After our dinner in the evening, we saw a street show with a stage hold-up, posse chase, etc. This type of entertainment is frequently included in western "vacation towns" as a feature attraction for tourists. We also saw an old melodrama which was a lively production put on by college students from various parts of the country.

Our return trip across Wyoming was planned for covering more of the central part of the state. This took us through Riverton, Casper, Douglas, and then down to Laramie, so that we could take in more of the mountain range area that interested us and the University of Wyoming at Laramie. At Cheyenne, we left rough country behind us and entered the flat open rangeland of Nebraska.

I wouldn't have believed that we could have covered so many miles in such a short time nor experienced the beauties of such varying country within so few miles! It was incredible how swiftly the landscape changed.

Now we're all settled down at home, trying to pick up the routine of everyday living again. I'm day-dreaming about the trip as I wash dishes, make beds and scrub floors, and the dreaming will have to last me for quite

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**ANNA WADE, Dept. 420FS, Lynchburg, Va.**

**RUSH NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY!**

awhile for I've had more than my share of "tripping" for this year. And unless there is something that I think will be of particular interest to drive to see in order to report it to you, I'll be right here at home for a good long time.

Until next month—and school—  
Sincerely,

*Margery*

### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

the young people will be running all over the ship, I only take one state-room. This is primarily for the use of anyone in the party who becomes seasick. It has been our good fortune to have very few youngsters get seasick. Before leaving port each one takes a pill which helps prevent this unpleasant sensation. We have always had fairly good sailing weather and that helps, too! The only time the Bay of Fundy lived up to its reputation for roughness was on a trip when we had no guests with us.

After a fine summer, we are looking forward to another good year in the grand, old church I serve in Springfield. In a few days we shall be up to our ears in a dozen different church activities, all of them extremely worthwhile.

One of my favorite church groups is the Friendly Service Sewing Society. (A picture showing some of this delightful group was printed in the August issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.) This Society meets in one of the church parlors each Thursday to sew for missionary causes and for local hospitals. No matter how demanding my office schedule, I always find a few minutes to drop in and chat with these ladies. Sometimes I stay with them for lunch. I think you will agree with me when I say that there is something very special about women who will give one day a week to this kind of activity year after year. God bless them all.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



## A "BEFORE-GOING-BACK-TO-SCHOOL" PARTY

By

Lynn Schlomann

Books, pencils and tablets will soon be a familiar sight on tables, chairs and even on the buffet—unless you have a "place for everything and everything in its place". We try, but ours seems to be a "place for everything and everything *someplace*"—arrangement as soon as school begins.

At the very end of August, or the first of September, we have a "Before-Going-Back-to-School" party for the youngsters. When the teacher has her "tell-time" period the first day of school, it isn't just the trips taken which are reported but the exciting incidents of the most recent end-of-vacation party.

Throughout the months we save heavy, black paper (black construction paper will work fine, also). When we are ready to make the invitations, we cut the black paper into the shape of a slate or blackboard. Then, using white ink or a white-leaded pencil, we write the words to resemble chalked letters.

As the party is held outdoors, the invitations simply read: "Please come to our party at \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_. Wear your oldest clothes."

Balloons are inexpensive and many of our games are arranged with them. This is one we have enjoyed many times:

**Balloon Shooting:** Hang several inflated balloons from the limb of a tree or a clothesline. Each child takes a turn with a bow and arrow. He takes three shots to try to puncture a balloon. Any child who succeeds wins a prize. (Our prizes are usually a package of gum, Lifesavers, suckers or sticks of peppermint.)

**Jockey Hunt:** Hide crepe-paper Jockey hats around the yard. Have the children hunt so that each one finds and puts on a cap. Inside one of the hats, hide a spinner. (Many children's games have a square of cardboard with a small metal arrow which can be twirled around so as to stop on a number.) The child who finds the hat in which the spinner is hidden becomes the official starter for the next game, which is a horserace!

**Horse Race:** Divide the children into teams. Mark off a race track about 12 feet long and 3 feet wide. We use two strips of narrow, white, cotton tape. These tapes have been marked off by inches. For instance if the tapes are 12 feet long, there will be 144 inches marked on each one.

Have each side select a jockey. Each jockey is given a different colored "horse". This can be a plastic toy horse, a small ten-cent car, or even a big spool tied with an identifying bright-colored ribbon.

The jockeys and the starter take their places at the starting "gate". The starter spins the spinner for each turn and this determines the progress of the horses along the track. For example, if the spinner stops and points to 8, the jockey moves his horse up 8 inches. The respective teams will not need any urging to

cheer their horses along, for the game is exciting and moves quickly. Play it several times with different jockeys and starter for each game.

**Peanut Hunt:** We hide peanuts (in the shell) all over the yard. Since we have a fence we have a natural boundary. If you do not, give the children designated limits beyond which they cannot go. Blow a whistle to signal the start of the hunt. The children dash off to find as many of the peanuts as they can. Be sure to have a big wastepaper basket or trash can handy for the peanut shells!

**Obstacle Race:** Obstacle races are ideal for outdoor parties and may include: crawling backwards on hands and knees to a goal, gunny sack races, races with a football between the knees, three-legged race and, lastly, *follow-the-leader* around the yard, over the stumps, under railings, etc. (See why we *insist* on old clothes?)

A picnic lunch, complete with bonfire is our grand finale. Hot dogs, marshmallows, a salad which we are sure the children will like, potato chips, ice cream and cake are the standard menu for this party. It always is well received!

## SILLY RIDDLES

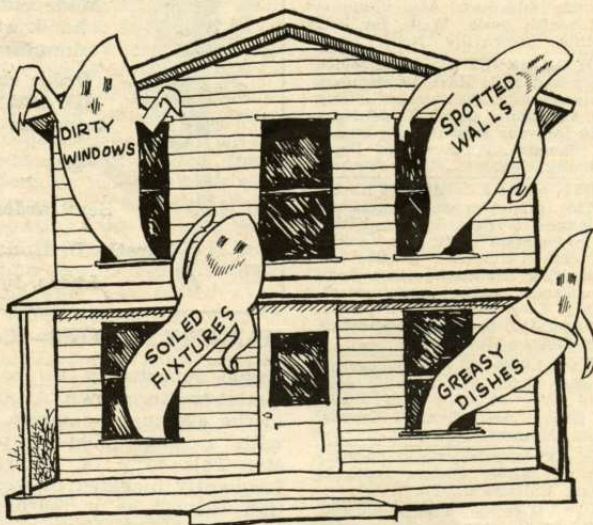
1. What looks like a cat, eats like a cat, walks like a cat, but is not a cat?
2. What has a bed but never sleeps?
3. What is a calf after it is one year old?
4. What would happen if a girl swallowed her spoon?
5. What is the hardest thing about learning to ride a bicycle?

Answers: 1. A kitten. 2. A river. 3. Two years old. 4. She couldn't stir. 5. The pavement.

## A SCHOOL CARNIVAL IDEA

Every year we have an annual carnival at the school. We have such money-making games as: dart throwing to break balloons, bowling, dropping clothespins into a bottle, cakewalk (for which we normally have 100 layer cakes donated), driver-training tests, pony rides, trampoline, hayride, a jail, a movie, bakery, cafe, grab bag and a camera man who takes one-minute pictures. Last year we cleared \$500.00 in about four hours. When it was all over my children asked, "When will we have the next one?"

—Mrs. J. H., Iowa



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