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Kitchen-Klatter

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Magazine

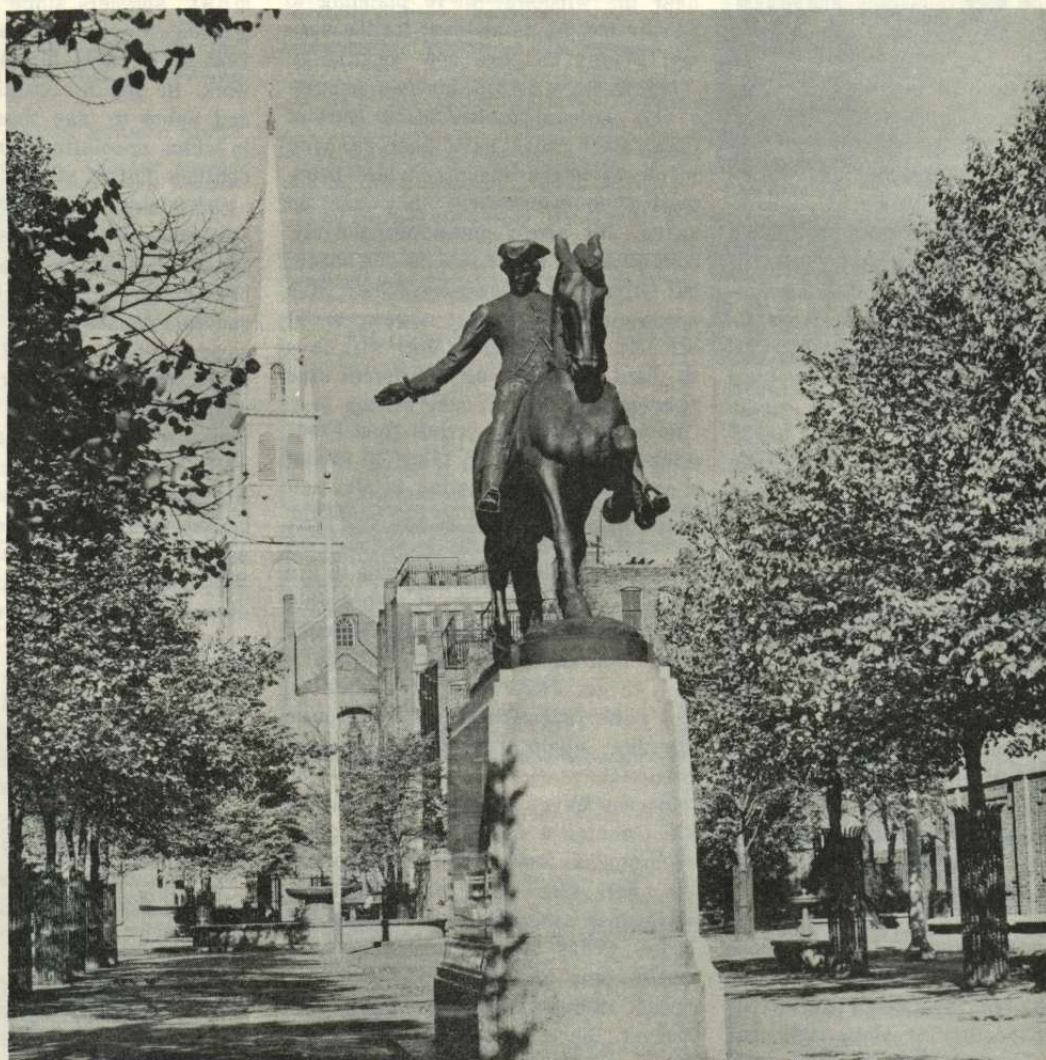
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

How pleasant it was to be outside this morning digging weeds with my little pointed hoe! After being shut inside this winter due to ice and snow, and again in early spring with rain and more rain, I am more than ever grateful for warm sunshine and bright blue skies. My little hoe has a long handle and I can reach far back into the borders to root out pesky weeds. Tomorrow I'm going to tackle the grass in the cracks of the sidewalk. I find hoeing wonderful exercise and something that I can do from my wheelchair.

When I read in the papers of drouths in various parts of the country — some sections even declared disaster areas — and about flooding in other states, it makes me realize again what strange tricks Nature can play on us. How fortunate we would be if we could balance the rainfall so that all would have the correct amounts, but that isn't for us to control. We must learn the lessons of patience and faith as well as appreciation when things go right.

Last year Dorothy and Frank had so many mushrooms that they shared their gathering with us. Frank was bemoaning the fact that just when he could be looking for some the fields were at last dry enough to work, and then several of his friends reported finding very few this year. Perhaps next spring will bring perfect weather for a bumper crop of this delectable food and we'll have another taste of them.

This past week I've been looking at wallpaper. We had planned to redecorate the front part of the house two years ago, but because of Mart's illness we cancelled our plans. Now that he is so much improved we're going to have the work done. I've selected a much lighter paper this time and will have the woodwork painted in a lighter shade also. Since Mart spends almost

all of his days in the house, we're seriously considering taking down the venetian blinds so that he can see outside better. Yes, we can pull the blinds up to the top of the windows during the daytime, but it is difficult because of heavy pieces of furniture near the windows. We're planning to remove the blinds at least for the summer months and see how we like it.

The Dutch elm disease has become a very serious problem in our part of Iowa. Many trees have been removed in recent weeks and others are being treated in hopes that they can be saved. We aren't dependent entirely upon elms for shade around our house, but Oliver and Margery are. They have seven huge trees that appear to be affected. It looks as if they will have to plant new ones of a different kind between the elms in case all are lost.

We're anticipating a visit from Frederick this summer. He plans to attend a national church meeting in Chicago in a few weeks, and if his schedule permits, he hopes to fly to Shenandoah for a brief visit before returning to his home in Massachusetts. It is possible that Betty can accompany him, although it is often as difficult for a minister's wife to get away as it is a minister, and some responsibilities could come up that would prevent her joining Frederick.

Our son Wayne and his wife, Abigail, are planning a trip to the west coast on business. Emily, their eldest daughter, will make the trip with them. While they are gone Alison will spend a few weeks on the farm with Frank and Dorothy, and Clark, their son, will spend those weeks at a camp near Denver. Since summer is a busy time for a nurseryman, Wayne isn't certain that he can visit us until fall or winter when business slacks off and he can get away easier.

We're glad that we had such a long

visit from Donald and Mary Beth last summer, for, as you will read in Mary Beth's letter, they won't have time for a vacation this summer. We'll be anxious to see pictures of the new home they are building, and when it is completed, maybe we can get back to Milwaukee to see it. We're happy that they have found a lot so close to the heart of their activities for it will make life less complicated for them.

Howard and Mae stopped in after spending the weekend in Ralston, and reported that Lisa is beginning to fight nap time. She actually fell asleep standing up against the davenport rather than give up and go to bed! I suspect that this is *not* the usual routine, but rather was a reluctance to leave the attention of loving grandparents, don't you? Lisa is about 20 months old now and into *everything*. Donna can scarcely take her eyes off her. Tom, Donna's husband, has spent most summers since they've been married in summer school, and this year he decided to rest from school-work. He has his Masters degree now and wants to take time out to decide in which specialized area he wants to continue further study.

Lucile asked me to tell you that everything is running smoothly at her house. Juliana has been home for a brief visit, but is returning to Albuquerque for classes at the university this summer. She had hoped that she could be at home this summer, but since she changed her major to Art Education, there are classes that she has to take which are being offered this summer. Her great goal is to wind up the required courses she missed out on earlier so that she can finish. We're happy that she has decided to get her degree in teaching even though her change of mind means taking a little longer to finish.

Kristin, Dorothy's and Frank's daughter, has finished with her practice teaching in Thermopolis, Wyoming, so she and Art and the baby are back in Laramie again. Before long we should be hearing of their plans for next year.

Mart has awakened from his afternoon rest and his nurse is going to take us for a drive into the country to see how crops are coming along. This afternoon ride is a highlight of the day, and we're always anxious for clear weather so we can take it. When we return, we'll have a light evening meal and sit on the front porch for a while.

Until I write again,

Sincerely,

Leanna

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

How busy these past few weeks have been! Although we do gain an hour of daylight because of daylight saving time, there still aren't enough hours in the day to accomplish what has to be done. We just take first things first and do as much as we can.

Martin has received his high school diploma now — another big step in his life. The great realization of his graduation came when he said that we had better sit down and decide how many announcements to order. Up until then our thoughts had been only "Well, this is Martin's last year of high school." That evening it became a very real fact to us!

The first social event connected with his graduation was at the church when the seniors were honored at a special dinner. The families of the young people were seated with them at the head table which was decorated in keeping with the event. Later, at a Sunday service, the seniors were presented with pins.

The Junior-Senior banquet theme was "The Grand Ole South". After the banquet Oliver, Lucile and I looked in on the banquet room to see the lovely decorations.

Baccalaureate was held at the Methodist church. We arrived about an hour before the service started because Martin's class was an unusually large one and seats were at a premium. Two of Martin's cousins on Oliver's side of the family were graduating also, and a Strom family reunion was timed so that our out-of-town relatives could attend Baccalaureate and see our young people in their caps and gowns.

For the first time in the history of our Shenandoah Community High School the graduating class was too large to seat on the stage and the commencement had to be held elsewhere. After considerable debate it was decided to hold it in the new armory. This was a most welcome decision for our family, for there are no steps into the building which meant that Mother could attend.

As we told you last month, Martin is entering Doane College at Crete, Nebraska, this coming September. We had visited the campus last fall but drove over a few weeks ago so we could see it in the springtime. On this occasion we went through more of the buildings and had an opportunity to visit with the president, Dr. Donald M. Typer, and some of the faculty.

Leaving Crete, we drove to Lincoln to see old friends, Ruth and Norris Swanson. Ruth taught home economics in the high school at Pella, Iowa, when



When two 14-year-old boys start publishing a magazine, they make the news! Frederick's and Betty's son David (right) is the business manager, and his friend, Allen Appleton, is the editor of Steamboat Magazine. This picture appeared in the Springfield, Massachusetts, newspaper.

I taught in the lower grades there. In later years we learned that her husband had been a friend of Oliver's at Iowa State University. Isn't that a coincidence? Norris is in the Department of Agricultural Research at the university and told us about some of the research that will make a tremendous difference to farmers in the near future. It was most interesting to hear first hand what is going on. They took us for a long drive around the campus to see the new buildings.

We've been wanting to visit beautiful new Sheldon Art Gallery ever since it opened a couple of years ago and the opportunity presented itself on this trip. It is a magnificent building, housing a very fine permanent collection. The month's special showing was by the faculty of the art department of Concordia College, one of our fine Midwest schools.

As you'll recall from an earlier letter this spring, I had been looking at drapery materials. Before I decided on anything we were notified by the city that the two streets around our property are to be resurfaced this summer. Well! This was unforeseen in our budget, so with this expense coming up we decided to postpone drapes again — at least the drapes I was wanting. I've decided to buy very inexpensive ones to use for the time being — some that can be used in other rooms when we get good drapes later on. It may be *quite a while later on* for our property is very long which means a lot of resurfacing to pay for. (Martin and Oliver refer to our large side yard as "the east forty", although that, of course, is an exaggeration! It just *seems* that

huge when they set out to mow the lawn!)

Since it appears that we're having to confine our fixing up on the outside instead of the inside, we decided we might as well complete the job and have some landscaping done that we've been putting off. Now, when people drive up and down the new smooth streets, they can look at some pretty new evergreens if they're inclined to take a look at the Stroms' house when they pass by. And the young man with a paintbrush on a ladder propped against the garage will be Martin, or one of his friends giving him a helping hand. We're hopeful that he'll have time between other jobs to give the garage a once-over.

I mentioned that Oliver's family had a reunion. The brother who lived on the home farm is retiring and moving to town, so the brothers and sisters wanted to gather there for a last big family dinner. After dinner they walked around for a last look at some of their favorite little secret hiding places, catching to hold forever the memories of their childhood on the farm. Some of you have gone through this same thing, I know.

It is time to fix lunch for my hungry family, so I must close.

Sincerely, Margery

COVER PICTURE

Some of you will be taking trips through the New England States this summer, and very likely one of your stops will be in Boston, Massachusetts. On a historical tour of the city, you'll see Old North Church and Paul Revere's statue.



"The Lord Is My Shepherd"

An Outdoor Vesper Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Choose a simple rustic setting where a large boulder can become a natural altar. Place a large picture of The Good Shepherd on the altar. Use luminaries made by filling large brown paper bags with several inches of sand into which are inserted the ends of plumbers' candles. Place several of these on the ground in a circle around the altar, lighting the candles as the service begins.

Unaccompanied singing is practical and effective for such a service.

Print the words VISION, PATIENCE, and UNITY in large letters (perhaps with gold glitter) on black cards. Hold them so that they are visible by the candlelight, as indicated.

Quiet Music: "The Lord Is My Shepherd". (Start a few moments before service begins and continue until the prayer. Continue as the Scripture is read.)

Call to Worship: *The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? . . . The way of the Lord is strength to the upright.*

Prayer: Here, amid the beauties of nature, we gather in these quiet moments, O Lord, thanking Thee for Thy grace and for the privilege of meeting to meditate upon some of the truths which Thou hast given to us in Thy Book of Books. May it be an hour in which we find the inspiration which will send us forth to follow wherever Thou dost lead, ready to do that which Thou would have us to do. Amen.

Song: "All the Way My Savior Leads Me". (Group singing.)

Scripture: Psalms 23. (Reader — apart from group.)

Leader: *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, in Him; they will find the VISION, the PATIENCE, and the UNITY sufficient to the needs thereof.* (An inspirational poem may be added here, if desired.)

First Meditation: (Holds card marked VISION.) *The Lord is my shepherd.* A kind Father has lovingly provided us with an abundance for our needs, making the earth a treasure house of minerals, giving fertility to the soil, and life to the seeds. Only let our VISION be broad enough to appreciate and acknowledge the blessings of daily bread, of shelter, of the precious freedoms of our land — broad enough to want less for self, that all mankind may have more.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. In the lives of each of us there comes a need, at times, to draw apart — a need to pause for rest and reflection, a need to be still and know God is God.

God has not promised us a life free from worries, but He has promised that "peace which passeth all understanding" if we but seek His presence "beside the still waters" of prayer and meditation. God often has a way of putting us on our backs to give us a chance to look up and to see; to VISION His plan for us.

He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul. O, our Heavenly Father is well aware of our limitations and frailties! He alone can lead us, often a wandering flock, back to the fold where our souls may be refreshed, and the needs of our spirit ministered to. If we but had the VISION to let go, and to let God direct our way, then we would see a transformation. Through Him all things become anew; His strength becomes our strength as we go forth with joy to accomplish the goals we would achieve. Let us ever follow the Good Shepherd to the hilltop of VISION for the grander perspective of the good life.

Song: First verse of "The Lord Is My Shepherd".

Second Meditation: (PATIENCE) *He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.* It takes

great patience to go the way of the Shepherd! How green seem the side paths! Temptations beckon, troubles besiege us, sorrows overtake us. Why do we fear? "The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Where is our PATIENCE to know that God knoweth best, that He is always available for help if we but ask? He is ready to climb the steepest hill, or wade the deepest mire with us, to strengthen, succor, guide, and lead us to safety and love.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. Failures, discouragement, heartaches, loneliness, death all line the dark places in the valley of shadow, but we must have PATIENCE. A poet has written:

"Over and over God paints the skies. Over and over He makes the sun rise. Over and over He sends the showers. Over and over He tints the flowers; Over and over He guides the stars Over and over the dawn unbars —."

If He goes on to do it over and over again, so must we, patiently remembering that the comfort of God's presence can be always with us, a bright lamp for our journey through every shadowy valley.

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Today the great discoveries and inventions in communications have made us truly one world. But with it have come fears and worries about the evil forces let loose, concern for the needs of other peoples, and our responsibilities to these peoples — yea, to brothers a hemisphere away.

"O ye of little faith!" Know ye not that "though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet?" "The Lord is our salvation. Whom shall I fear?" Let us hold to PATIENCE, knowing that somehow, sometime, somewhere we can find the right path if our trust is in the Shepherd.

Song: "The Lord Is My Shepherd", verses 2 and 3.

Third Meditation: (UNITY) *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.* Every day we must struggle against the enemies of unity — greed, selfishness, hate, covetousness, pride, deceit. Why must human nature be so willful? Why does "my own way" always have such a rosy glow?

Why is it so hard to realize that "one man's ground grows harvests, one man's store grows trade, one man's hand grows service by which things must be made; and one man's mind grows wisdom for which the student

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LIFE IS INTERESTING FOR FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I have just come into my study from the large dining room of our parish house where I have been attending a Sunday school supper. It was a supper to honor the teachers and at the same time to arouse interest in our Vacation Bible School. What fun it was for me to shake hands with all the children and to chat briefly with their parents. At every church supper I make it a point to walk from table to table greeting the people and introducing myself to visitors. Even though I serve a large parish, I am most distressed if ever there is anyone present whose name I do not know. I like to be able to call all my church members by name, and that is hard to do when I am greeting hundreds of them in a single hour.

Betty and I drove to Boston this week to attend the State Conference of our denomination. It was the first time we had used the new turnpike all the way into the very heart of Boston. Just think of it! We can now leave our home and in the first half block find ourselves on a four-lane super highway that will take us the entire 90 miles to downtown Boston. The road really is a marvelous engineering feat with fantastic cloverleaf exits. If ever you have had any fears about driving in metropolitan Boston on your trip East, remove them at once. It is now very simple.

Most people do not think of Boston as a city of skyscrapers, but that is exactly what it is today. The new Prudential Insurance Building is fifty-two stories high, and it provides a magnificent view of all Boston and the neighboring suburbs from its observation platforms. For just fifty cents we went up there and spent more than an hour looking out across the city. Next to the Prudential building is the new twenty-seven story Boston-Sheraton Hotel where we had a big church banquet one evening. That hotel is surely one of the most beautiful in the world, and I never have been in a nicer banquet hall.

Although there were more than 1,000 of us at the banquet, we had very efficient table service. There was one waiter for every two tables, and at a signal from the Captain of the Waiters, all went into action doing the same thing at the same time. The food was served very hot and very quickly.

Whenever we go out to dinner, there is a little game I play. It is called "Name the Flavor." My interest in



Frederick's and Betty's son David has the "radio bug" and any spare moments find him at his set.

the *Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings* has made me something of an expert when it comes to detecting the various varieties of flavorings used in food. At the table I will say to the hostess and to the others present: "I would like to see if I can tell you the various flavorings used in the food tonight." I invite the other guests to do a little flavor detecting too, and we have so much fun discovering how close we come to being right. At the banquet in Boston I was the only one at our table who accurately detected some blackberry flavoring in the dessert.

One of our friends in the church is quite famous for her scalloped oysters, and the other evening she came to our house for supper, bringing some with her. While we were eating the oysters — and they were simply delicious — I said: "There is something different about this dish, and I would like to guess what it is." Then I very carefully tasted the cream sauce over the oysters and asked the others at the table to taste. Much to my delight, I correctly guessed that there was a dash of nutmeg in the sauce. I have learned that the cooks are always pleased when the guests are interested enough in the flavoring to ask about it. After all, it is the flavoring which makes the difference between an ordinary food, and an epicurean delight!

Speaking of food brings me to the subject of diets. Do you remember my telling you about the diet I went on last fall? Well, just by counting calories, using no butter and very little sugar, taking no second helpings and being careful about desserts, I was able to lose twenty pounds in two months. I felt so much better without those extra pounds that I determined never to put them back. What a struggle it has been, but a struggle that has been victorious. Recently I have

bought some new clothes, and now I really am desperate to hold the line on weight. I simply cannot afford to outgrow the new clothes.

It is my personal opinion that it is an offense against God's holy laws for anyone to be too fat. In other words, it is a sin to be intemperate with food, just as it is a sin to be intemperate in any other way. When we are too fat, we are hurting the body which is meant to be the temple of the Holy Spirit. When we are too fat, it means that we have been eating more than our share of food. When God has millions of starving people to be worried about, what right have any of God's children to eat so much that they become too fat? I keep reminding myself that this is the truth, for if I were to forget it, those new clothes would not fit me very long. Like all the Driftmiers, I love good food, and it would be a very easy thing for me to put my weight up over 200 pounds again.

Have you ever heard of anyone having an epidemic of snapping turtles? Well, that is what we are having in the big city park right in back of our house. All of the baby ducks born on the park ponds were disappearing this spring, and then many of the mature ducks began to disappear. Each year some have been lost, but never in the numbers that were lost this year. The answer to the mystery showed up this week in the form of the capture of several large snapping turtles. One of the turtles weighed just under forty pounds, and several of them weighed more than twenty-five pounds. Can you imagine what those turtles could do to some child's toes? The captured turtles are now on exhibition in a special cage, but it is my understanding that before long they will be executed. Snapping turtles cannot live in captivity very long, and certainly no one in his right mind would turn them loose to go back to eating our beautiful ducks.

We have a new neighbor who came all the way from Indonesia this week. It is a baby elephant now safely quartered in the park zoo. It is the first time our small zoo has had an elephant, and he is the object of considerable civic pride. He (or should I say *it*?) was brought here by airplane, and I don't know what his air fare was, but I dare say it was considerable. Whatever the cost, it was worth it! Thousands of children and their parents are getting much enjoyment with the new pet. This is the second new animal the zoo has acquired this year. It also got a new tiger.

We were so delighted this week to
(Continued on page 22)



by

Lilian Rothman and Joseph Arkin

The hand that rocks the cradle also knits, sews and cross-stitches up a storm, according to a recent survey. No longer are handicrafts confined to those whose time hangs heavy on their hands. The busy young wife and mother of today has rediscovered the pleasure of "creating".

Knitting, for instance, is a useful hobby which can be enjoyed and put to practical use by persons of any age. It is a craft at which the hobbyist could work for years without having to make the same article twice.

Yarns and threads are available in many thicknesses and colors, and hundreds of patterns and variations are possible. One can knit the finest of lace, using small needles and fine thread, or one can create a rug from discarded materials. The hobbyist can knit with one color and fashion designs by a variety of stitches, or she can use the same stitch and create designs with color.

Those who knit find the repetitive hand movements particularly satisfying. The motions are good, too, for keeping the hands supple and limber.

The like-to-keep-my-hands-busy type often knits while watching television, which leaves the hands (and sometimes the mind) free to dwell on other things. Some even knit while riding in a car, attending the movies, or visiting friends.

Knitting, of course, is not a new handicraft. As a matter of fact, it was known as far back as the 1400's in Europe, where knitting guilds were organized. Apprentices, after six years of instruction, were required to produce several elaborate articles before their work was approved. One such article was a woolen carpet in a floral design, with birds and animals — all knit in their natural colors.

Recently, sleek new knitwear fashions have come along to revive the interest in knitting. Knit dresses, suits

and coats are high fashion, and these can all be made at home.

Home sewing, too, is more popular than ever. There was a time when sewing was a barometer of economic conditions . . . when times were good, pattern and piece goods sales fell off and women were more interested in buying ready-made items than in making them. Only a few years ago, needlework sales were sliding, but now, despite prosperous times, there are ever increasing numbers of young homemakers with a do-it-yourself determination.

Dressmaking, in particular, is in high favor. The hobbyist who makes her own clothes has, probably, a much more distinctive wardrobe than she could buy. Style in women's fashions is no longer the monopoly of the very wealthy or those living in metropolitan areas. What the local shops can't provide, at the price the homemaker can afford to pay, can be made easily at a sewing center or on a home machine using new simplified patterns.

Sewing centers, where courses are often given free with the purchase of a machine, have been instrumental in fostering the new boom in home sewing. The simplification of patterns has removed the guesswork that frequently upset a novice working with old-time perforated patterns. And the new machines make even fancy sewing easy.

Teachers of adult-education sewing classes say that those who attend are most interested in making children's clothes (especially young homemakers with several youngsters), draperies, slip covers, and dresses and suits, in that order.

The woman who sews can use her skill in many ways. She can make gifts for her family and friends, and furnishings for her home. An ability to sew is an opportunity to contribute public service at hospitals and charitable organizations. Not to be overlooked are the possibilities of pleasant friendships to be made through meeting people at these sewing circles.

To many women, sewing is a challenge. To make something look like new is satisfying; to make something from beginning to end is even more rewarding. And the finished product is the proof of one's ability to do a professional job.

Sewing is also a great mother-daughter hobby and hours of good companionship are often shared in the sewing room. But, whether one has a whole room or only a corner to set aside for this hobby, there is no other place in the house which can yield such dividends in fun, practicality, and usefulness.

The art of embroidery, which had been lost for a long time, is also back in vogue. Its history began in prehistoric times when people created patterns in stitching skins together for their clothing.

In Colonial America, every young girl was expected to practice her embroidery on a sampler, which was a piece of material that managed to incorporate all the different stitches in a single, unified design. This custom, of course, has died out, but many young women are enjoying the art today.

Some countries have developed their own distinctive embroidery. The Chinese, for example, use silk and gold thread to embroider flowers, birds and delicate scenes on silk damask. In the Balkans they use bold, simple folk designs to embellish necklines or to form wide bands at the bottom of skirts. The people of the island of Madeira are well known for their embroidered scalloped edges.

Although clothing is not usually hand embroidered in this country, table linens, napkins, pillowcases, mats and towels often are.

There is no other craft that requires less equipment — needle, thimble, and thread. Another advantage of embroidery is that the work can be taken up and put down at will; continuity is not essential.

The method used in embroidering follows in the most ancient of tradition; museum pieces that date back many hundreds of years show that the stitches which are in use today were used then. Although the tools and techniques of embroidery are centuries old, it is not a restrictive type of handicraft. By needle and thread, as much by brushes and paints, the hobbyist's ideas can be given form.

Those who had thought of embroidery in terms of grandma's "bless our home" samplers have learned about contemporary needlework. Following the designs of well-known artists, they can create a whole gallery of colorful modern art with needle and yarn.

Besides giving pleasure in the doing, embroidered pieces remain beautiful reminders of the care that went into each stitch.

The "busiest woman in America", inspired perhaps by her do-it-yourself husband, is learning many time-honored crafts. Somehow she has found, or made, the time to enjoy the change of pace and relaxation that such activities provide. Above all, she is satisfying a need that exists deep down in all of us . . . a need for a feeling of accomplishment.

* * *

IN HONOR OF INDEPENDENCE DAY

Uncle Sam Centerpiece: For the base use a large white paper plate placed on a round mat cut from flag-blue paper. On a styrafoam base, in the center of the plate, stand an Uncle Sam figure. He is easily made. Use a small foam ball for the head. Into the ball insert two small dowels or Tinker Toy sticks for the legs. Two pipe cleaners can be used for the arms. Use paper to fashion the striped trousers, jacket, and the top hat. Yarn hair and felt features will complete the figure.

Decorate the plate around the pedestal with gold star seals and encircle the rim of the plate with miniature silk flags. Flank the centerpiece with patriotic candles made by inserting one candle each of red, white, and blue very closely together in a foam base, so that they form a tri-color candle. Conceal the base with a ruffle of blue crepe paper and decorate the ruffle with gold star seals.

Independence Day Quiz: Find the answers in the quiz title, repeating any letter only as often as it is found in the name. Allow 5 points for each correct answer.

1. College official. (Dean)
2. Suggestion. (Idea)
3. Waltz. (Dance)
4. A necessity. (Need)
5. Rely upon. (Depend)
6. Writing implement. (Pen)
7. Legal document. (Deed)
8. Tree. (Pine)
9. Cloak. (Cape)
10. Dude. (Dandy)
11. Interjection. (Indeed)
12. Bite. (Nip)
13. Affirmative. (Yea)
14. Profound. (Deep)
15. A parent. (Dad)

Presidential Puzzlers

1. Which chief executive never went to school? Andrew Jackson.
2. Whose father was also president? John Quincy Adams.
3. Who put the first bathtub in the White House? Millard Fillmore.
4. Which president received fewer votes than his opponent in the national election? Rutherford B. Hayes.
5. Who kept a herd of cows on the White House grounds? Andrew Johnson.
6. Whose wife saved precious historical items when the White House burned? James Madison.
7. Which one married his school teacher? Millard Fillmore.
8. Which president never married? James Buchanan.
9. Who had a secret operation for



I was born on July 4, 1776, and the Declaration of Independence is my birth certificate. The bloodlines of the world run in my veins, because I offered freedom to the oppressed. I am many things and many people. I AM THE UNITED STATES.

I am 190 million living souls — and the ghost of millions who have lived and died for me.

I am Nathan Hale and Paul Revere. I stood at Lexington and fired the shot heard around the world. I am Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry. I am John Paul Jones, the Green Mountain Boys, and Davy Crockett. I am Lee, Grant, and Abe Lincoln.

I remember the Alamo, the Maine, and Pearl Harbor. When freedom called, I answered and stayed until it was over, over there. I left my heroic dead in Flanders Field, on the rock of Corregidor, and on the bleak slopes of Korea.

I am the Brooklyn Bridge, the wheat lands of Kansas, and the granite hills of Vermont. I am the coal fields of the Virginias and Pennsylvania, the fertile

cancer while president? Grover Cleveland.

10. Whose children had their pony get stuck in the White House elevator? Theodore Roosevelt.

11. Who was the first president born in the United States? Martin Van Buren.

12. Which chief executive was inaugurated nine days after his vice-president? George Washington.

THE ABC'S FOR DAILY SUCCESS

Arrive a little early for every date or appointment.

Be enthusiastic in everything you do. Complete every assigned task.

Do a little bit more than is required. Express yourself after you know the facts.

Feel comfortable in every situation by acting yourself.

Go all out to please your friends.

Help your enemies.

lands of the West, the Golden Gate, and Grand Canyon. I am Independence Hall, the Monitor, and the Merrimac.

I am big. I sprawl from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 3 million square miles throbbing with industry. I am more than 5 million farms. I am forest, field, mountain and desert. I am quiet villages — and cities that never sleep.

You can look at me and see Ben Franklin walking down the streets of Philadelphia with his loaf of bread under his arm. You can see the lights of Christmas, and hear the strains of Auld Lang Syne as the calendar turns.

I am Sandy Koufax and the World Series. I am 169,000 schools and colleges, and 250,000 churches where my people worship God as they think best. I am a ballot dropped in a box, the roar of a crowd in a stadium, and the voice of a choir in a cathedral. I am an editorial in a newspaper and a letter to a Congressman.

I am Eli Whitney and Stephen Foster. I am Tom Edison, Albert Einstein, and Billy Graham. I am Horace Greeley, Will Rogers, and the Wright Brothers. I am George Washington Carver, Daniel Webster, and Jonas Salk. I am Longfellow, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman, and Thomas Paine.

Yes, I am the nation, and these are the things that I am. I was conceived in freedom and, God willing, in freedom I will spend the rest of my days.

May I possess always the integrity, the courage and the strength to keep myself unshackled, to remain a citadel of freedom and a beacon of hope to the world.

I AM THE UNITED STATES.

Identify yourself by accomplishment rather than words.

Join in and help when you are needed. Keep your head; it may save your hide. Listen with your ears, not your mouth. Make do with what you have. Never say never.

Open your heart to those less fortunate than you.

Please yourself by pleasing others. Quickly respond to an emergency.

Remember the spirit of Christmas — especially in August.

Study, study, study to excel. Take advantage of opportunity.

Use spare time intelligently.

Value your health.

Work at your work.

X-out any qualities that could lead to failure.

You are your most important asset. Treat it well physically and emotionally.

Zestfully meet any challenge.

HOUSING IS SOLVED FOR DONALD AND MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

It's a chilly Sunday afternoon as I write to you this month. The children have determined to stay inside this afternoon because of the bite to the wind, but even so it is quiet. Adrienne is having her afternoon nap as usual. Katharine is cleaning out her dresser drawers (I hope) or reading. It seems unusually quiet for much drawer-cleaning. Paul is quiet, too, but not by his own choice. School is not quite out for the summer, and it seems that last Friday he and the teacher had a little discussion concerning the merits of writing with a pen in his dictionary. So before school opens tomorrow he must complete the sentence "I must never scribble in my dictionary" one hundred times! As of the moment he's completed 25 sentences and I sent him outside to give his fingers a rest before he comes in to tackle another 25 sentences. He should be a long time forgetting this session, and let us hope it will bring a halt to the book-marking. He's been guilty of penciling small and large marks in other books, and both his teacher and parents have pointed out the fact that this should not be done. But Paul's never one to give up too easily. Perhaps this will work the desired cure.

The cool and unpleasant weather today is a result of wild, scary storms last night. I had tucked the children into bed later than usual, because it was a Saturday night I was a little more lenient about their bed-time hour. They had been asleep just about half an hour when I turned on the television to catch the ten o'clock news and saw the televised picture of the local weather radar scanning our area and giving the progress of an approaching storm. The warnings were out for severe storms with hail and 75 mile an hour winds. I was apprehensive but relieved by the fact that Don was home, as I figured he could handle any situation. However, it wasn't ten minutes more before they interrupted the program with the flash that a funnel cloud had been sighted in the vicinity of one of the little lakes near us, and moving in our direction. This was incentive enough to impel both Donald and me toward the stairs and through the bedrooms to collect the children. (I hope that I don't ever have to move three sleeping children anywhere with dispatch, because by then it will be too late.) These little scouts had been asleep just long enough to be almost in a coma. I finally managed to get



Katharine, Donald's and Mary Beth's oldest child, saves her parents many steps for she can ride her bike on errands.

Katharine started on her way down the hall with instructions to gather Adrienne on her way and head for the basement. I thought she was absorbing all I was saying, but how wrong I was. After I pulled Paul out of his warm nest and had gone on to Adrienne's room, we discovered that Paul had gone to the bathroom and climbed into the bathtub. Katharine had followed him into the bathroom and was clucking over him like a mother hen, but neither one of them was getting any closer to the basement. Adrienne was so totally "out" that Don had to carry her down the three short flights of stairs to the basement and then we had to lead the other two to the basement before they could understand what to do. We have emergency supplies in the basement, so we spread blankets and folded sheets for pillows and the children were bedded down there for the next two hours.

These two hours gave us ample time to stare into the nooks and crannies in the basement which I hadn't examined very closely since we moved into this house four years ago. It reminded me of the gigantic clean-out and throw-out sessions we have in front of us as the date for moving gets closer.

The young people who have bought our house were concerned about where we would live while we waited for our house to be completed. When the wife learned that we hoped to have our new house done in September, she and her husband agreed that they could wait three more months to move. So they have given us the opportunity to stay in our present house and rent from them until September 1st. We think this was an extremely generous and extremely thoughtful offer. Since this is the first home they have owned, I'm sure they are anxious to move into

larger quarters. Our problems dissolved when they gave us this chance to sit tight until September, and then make our move all in one fell swoop.

This delay in our moving will give us the chance to enjoy one more summer of our garden. Don's mother has given us many lovely plants out of her garden that we really hated to move away and leave. A great many of the bulb plants are in need of dividing, so perhaps we'll be able to take a sampling of those plants that came from Mother Driftmier's garden.

With summer vacation looming before us, I've been mulling over what to do to keep these children occupied. I've decided that we're going to have a work sheet with jobs specified for each child. After a week we'll switch jobs and give each one a different set of responsibilities for the next week. They're getting to a size now that if they have nothing to do except entertain themselves they'll soon be bored. Katharine enjoys tinkering in the kitchen, so I think we'll put the dishwasher away for at least half of the day and let her be responsible for breakfast dishes.

Really, when I think of it, summer should be an easier time for a mother. Instead of one pair of hands to return a house to order in the morning there will be three extra pair that could easily lighten her load. Paul is helping his father trim hedges and he is quite proud of the job he does.

I haven't told them yet of my plans for one breakfast hour for all. Few things can throw a day off schedule more than two different breakfast hours, and hence no appetites for lunch when Daddy comes home at noon; and so a snack for a few in the middle of the afternoon, and by then a normal dinner hour is out of the question. Since I always get up to fix Donald's breakfast, I plan to rout the small fry out of their beds in time to eat with their Daddy. This way they'll be able to get many tasks accomplished in time to have some play-time in the morning.

I have a hunch I'll have to be a Philadelphia lawyer to keep the paper work straight as to who-did-what-on-which-day. In between these book-keeping jobs, I'll have to follow-up on the proper completion of the tasks.

Adrienne has finished her nap and is demanding a little attention in the warmer clothes department, so I'll close and run upstairs to find her warm slacks.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Every morning after the mail comes I sit down with a cup of coffee to relax awhile, read the letters, and glance through the daily paper. We feel fortunate that we are at the beginning of our mailman's route and don't have to wait all morning for the mail to arrive. During the summer months this is the beautiful time of day on our front porch on the west side of the house, and it is pleasant to sit out there to enjoy the mail and my coffee.

As I write this, I'm grateful to say that all our corn is in and up. The high water this spring washed out a couple of crossings into the fields which had to be fixed before Frank could get the machinery across the ditches. He could work on this project when it was too muddy to do anything else.

In the spring of 1960 Frank planted a hedge of Chinese Elms along the north side of our yard. He wanted a tall hedge, so he didn't start trimming the tops until the trees reached the desired height. Last summer he started trimming them flat across the top, and kept trimming off the straggly branches that wanted to stretch out. Now they have really begun to branch out at the bottom and fill up the empty spots. For his birthday I got him a pair of electric hedge trimmers so now he can trim to his heart's content. Frank enjoys working in the yard and just wishes he had more time for it.

I had a pleasant surprise on my birthday. About suppertime all the Johnsons came bringing the food, all prepared, along with a beautiful decorated cake. I must tell you about the cake because it had a double meaning for me. It was baked and decorated by one of my former rural school pupils. She was June Chandler, now Mrs. Bob Seuffer. What I remember most about June when she was a sixth and seventh grader was how much she enjoyed art class. She had a lot of imagination and loved to create beautiful things. Baking and decorating cakes has been a delightful hobby for her, I'm sure, and all those I have seen have been very clever — always made with the recipient in mind.

Sewing was the theme she carried out with my cake. It was frosted in white, and in the center was a pink rectangle to represent a piece of material. With the writing tip and white frosting she had drawn out pattern pieces as they would look laid out on the "material". Scattered around was a spool of thread, scissors,



Like most babies, Andrew, Kristin's and Art's little son, loves bath time, particularly the splashing game. Kristin said that Art barely got the camera out of range when the water came flying!

a threaded needle, a sewing machine, and other sewing notions, all made with frosting. Around the edge of the cake she wrote "Sew up a Happy Birthday, Dorothy".

Speaking of sewing, I didn't get much accomplished this past month. I made one dress for Kristin and am making one now for Frank's sister Edna. Kristin's dress was one she asked me to make, and the pattern was almost identical to one I made her when she was in sixth grade. It is a smocked dress, and I was surprised when she asked for it, because I didn't know it is fashionable for women to wear smocked dresses this year. When I told Juliana about it when she was home, she said, "Oh, yes, Aunt Dorothy. You see girls wearing smocked dresses all around the campus." So I bought a pattern and got busy.

It was the first smocking I had done for years and years, and I discovered all over again how much fun it is! The material was a fine check green and white gingham with the smocking in the same shade of green. It has a short yoke in front and back, with the skirt gathered on to the back yoke, and with six rows of smocking where the skirt joins the front yoke. It has short sleeves, big patch pockets, and a narrow tie belt of the same material. I was happy with the results and just mailed it to Kristin this morning. Now I can hardly wait to hear from her.

We enjoyed our first wiener roast of the season one Sunday evening recently when our friends Clarence and Sylvia Meyer drove down from Aplington to spend the day with us. The men built a nice big fire on the banks of the bayou, where they could keep an eye on it while they fished. Clarence noticed the big cottonwood tree close by that the beavers had killed a few years ago, and told Frank

he should cut it down in such a way that it would fall close to where we always build our bonfires so that we would always have firewood handy. He was just joking because he knows that Frank would never leave a mess like that around.

Several years ago when Dad was able to travel, and he and Mother spent several week-ends with us at the farm during the summer months, one of the things they enjoyed was the guinea hens. Dad always said that every farm should have a few guineas around. Not only did he like to watch them, but he also liked the noise they made. We started out with six and I think only one hatch of babies survived. Those we had finally died of old age. The last time Mother visited us she spoke of how much she missed hearing the guineas and wished we could get some more. When one of our neighbors wanted to get rid of some of his the other day and asked us if we would like to have three, Frank was glad to accept. He said, "I hope your Dad gets strong enough to ride this far in a car this summer, because now we have something to make him happy."

The picture of Andrew on this page is one of my favorites. Kristin says he loves his bath and also loves to go swimming. They are taking him in swimming as much as they can this summer so that he will get used to it. They hope that he will never be afraid of water.

When Kristin was growing up Chariton didn't have a swimming pool, and although she and Juliana used to play in our creek a lot, they were restricted to shallow water just deep enough to wade in. Frank would find a nice clean place for them to play, and put up boundary stakes which they were not to cross. We couldn't stay and watch them all the time, and creeks with sudden deep holes to step off into are too dangerous. When Chariton did get their beautiful swimming pool before Kristin was out of high school, she didn't get to go swimming very often, and consequently swimming has never been one of her favorite sports. I think everyone should know how to swim, and children who grow up in a town with easy access to a swimming pool are fortunate. I see I have run out of space, so until next month.....

Sincerely,

Dorothy

The first step in making dreams come true is to wake up!

CELEBRATING A CLUB ANNIVERSARY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

If your club is to have a special anniversary, it is wise to start planning several months in advance of the anniversary observance. Tracing the addresses of former members and going through old secretary books and other records take time, but it most assuredly pays off in the success of the event, so get an early start!

One of the first steps is to send invitations to former members, suggesting that if they are unable to come, they send a letter to be read at "Communications" time on the program.

At such an event past presidents are usually given a special recognition — a corsage, a poem or song dedicated to them, or, if it is a banquet affair, they may be seated at a special table. If they are told of these plans in their invitations, perhaps they will make more of an effort to come.

Charter members are also usually recognized as VIP's of the day. How about making large construction paper VIP (very important person) badges in the club colors for these charter members to wear? Past-presidents' badges can have the year they served written on them.

Displays are sure-fire attention getters at these observances. Use snapshots taken of the club through the years, snapshots of past presidents, charter members — anything that tells the history in pictures.

Arrange a display of the club year-books through the years if you can find members who have kept them. To these add clippings from the local paper telling of achievements and special events of the club. If members haven't kept clippings, the local paper will let you look at their old files and copy some of the items. (You'll be surprised at the manner and style of writing, say 50 years ago. These old articles are often real chucklers!)

One of the most amusing parts of the program at a celebration I attended was the "reading of the minutes" from some of the old secretary books. Fund-raising activities, as well as social ones, were quite different 50 years ago. Even the cost of certain items purchased, donations given, etc., were so different from present-day standards that reading of the records brought many laughs. Be sure to have the sec-

retaries' books on display, also. They will lead to many "remember when's".

Almost everyone enjoys seeing old-fashioned clothes modeled, so have at least the current officers and the hostesses for the day dressed in the costumes that were fashionable during the charter year.

Program Ideas

In line with the suggestion for costumes, one of the cleverest bits I've seen was a skit put on by some of the members, in costume, depicting the charter meeting of the organization, based on the minutes they found in the records.

If your club has a motto and flower, use them in some manner to form a backdrop for the program "stage" as well as in other decorations. The motto might be printed on a huge paper scroll and fastened on the wall. A single blossom of the club flower might be placed beside the plate of each honored guest.

Will you want *program booklets*? How about using the diary idea? Make the cover in the club color and write the club name and a large numeral "50" in gold if it is a fiftieth anniversary, on the front cover. Make a clasp for the diary of gold metallic paper.

The *diary* idea might be an ideal theme for the entire program. Make an oversized diary, using a large drawing book or newsprint pads (approx. 24" x 30") which can be purchased at stationery stores or college bookstores. On the various pages paste clippings, program booklets, and pictures dealing with past years. Place this on a large easel. The program chairman (or individual persons) can flip the pages, making appropriate remarks, calling on honored guests, etc., as if "reading" the diary. Be sure some humorous events are included.

A *candle-lighting memory time* would make a pretty ceremony. Have a candle on a table for each past president (if too many, each candle can represent a five-year period). As each president lights her candle, she tells the highlights of her term. The current president might tell of future plans for the club.

Fifty years of harmony is another appropriate theme. Draw a huge musical staff on a large sheet of paper and fasten it to the wall as "stage" backdrop. Your do-you-remember skit might be entitled "Hot Notes in Fifty-Year Medley". Give each past president, or speaker, a large gold musical note on which is written the appropriate year. As she comes forward to tell of her events, she first fastens her note to

WINNING TIPS ON FAIR EXHIBITS

by
Virginia Thomas

Have you ever entered some of your handwork, your flowers, your hobby or crafts, or your canned products in the local fair? Why not try it for fun? There's a right good chance you'll earn a little spare cash besides — if you abide by a few rules.

1. Follow every entry rule and regulation as given out by the fair officials in their fair guidebook or local paper. To ignore such rules is to automatically put yourself out of competition for the prizes. If the rules say, "Put your name upon the bottom of the vase when exhibiting a floral arrangement," they mean just that — on the *bottom*.

2. When displaying tatting, white crochet, or cut-work, the design will show off to much better advantage if the article is placed over colored paper or posterboard.

3. **CANNED VEGETABLES:** Cut fancy, as green beans in French style, waffle-cut beet slices, crimped carrot slices, etc. The *pack* is important. Arrange it in neat layers or rows. Yes, it means slow packing bean by bean, or carrot by carrot, but it will pay off in prize money. Any juices, broths, or brines in canned foods should be clear with no sediment at the bottom of the

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the staff on the wall. Using the Garry Moore idea of "That Wonderful Year", place a note for very special years, such as the year the club won sweepstakes' float prize in the town parade, the year you were host to the state officers, etc. If the very first president is to be guest of honor, include her in this skit, seating her in the "queen's" chair while someone sings "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver", substituting the words, "though your hair has turned to silver", etc.

Perhaps there will be some present whose mothers were charter members, who were babies on charter day, or born soon after. Have them stand as someone sings, "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby". Other humorous slants might be skits or readings on "What husbands eat for supper on club night", "O where have you left your kids today?", etc.

For musical numbers, a Floradora quartette, in costume, can sing songs that were popular during that charter year.

Souvenir notes to pin on each guest might carry the inscription "We like new members, but love the old; the first are silver, the latter gold".

NEWS FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

Perhaps it will seem strange to you to pick up this copy of *Kitchen-Klatter* and find me writing about events of the past school year, but there were several occurrences which happened within our family that I haven't had time to mention. They all seemed to happen at once and brought to Wayne and me some very proud and happy moments.

In my last letter I mentioned that Emily had decided to run for state president of the Colorado Episcopal Young Churchmen. Her campaign was successful — a real thrill to all of us. Also, our St. James "Teenangels" were selected as this year's outstanding youth group in the Denver Deanery, or district.

Emily has also been selected as district president of the Future Homemakers Clubs of Colorado. Her district includes all of metropolitan Denver plus a number of the counties in the eastern part of the state. This particular presidency is rotated among the various member chapters. It became the turn of her chapter to nominate the district president and she was chosen.

Just a little later on Alison received notice that she had received a "third honorable mention" award in the state poetry contest, junior high division. Each school in the state is permitted to submit three poems written by a 7th, 8th or 9th grade student. From this number a first, second and third place winner are chosen as well as ten rated positions of honorable mention. There are three judges, each of whom writes a critically constructive commentary on each of the poems selected. All of the winners of both the junior high and senior high divisions were invited to read their poems one afternoon during the state convention of the Colorado Poetry Society. Alison said this particular public appearance didn't make her half as nervous as riding in a horse show!

The next event maintained an air of great excitement in our home for two weeks. This occurred when Emily decided to campaign for the position of Head Girl at her high school. I don't think she would ever have thought of herself as a candidate for this position on her own. However, a few of the highly respected senior girls suggested to her that she consider doing just that. After mulling it over carefully for several days she decided she had everything to gain by trying and so she met the first hurdle, passing the test on parliamentary procedure.



Alison Driftmier will be 14 years old this month. An avid horseback rider, she is anticipating spending a few weeks at the Johnson farm this summer. Her poem on this page won her an award.

Perhaps I should explain just what this office is. I know I had never heard of such a title when we lived back in Iowa. Many of our high schools, and some junior high schools, elect a boy and a girl to serve as Head Boy and Head Girl. These positions are comparable to being elected a co-president of the student body. Each Head Boy and Girl spends one semester of his senior year as president of the Student Council and the other semester as president of the Presidents' Club (made up of the presidents of all official school organizations). These are the highest ranking of all elective school offices and, needless to say, are much sought after.

The second hurdle was taller; it was the primary election. In it the field is narrowed to two candidates for each office. There were originally five girls entered in the primary but one withdrew shortly to seek the office of Secretary instead. No visible campaigning is permitted during the primary, such

MY WORLD

My world is full
of horses and hay,
And a thoroughbred jumper
I might ride some day.

My world is full
of mares that bicker,
And a little filly
with a warm sweet nicker.

My world is full
of horses all day,
And the little colts
in fields at play.

My world is full
of dappled grays —
Of chestnuts and browns,
and shining bays.

—Alison Driftmier

as posters, tags, etc. However, verbal campaigning is permissible. Emily felt that once she decided to enter, she might as well give her best effort towards winning. We suggested she fall back on the old tried-and-true method of direct contact. That is, walking up to voters, introducing yourself and asking for their vote. This she did in the hallways passing to and from classes. After school here at home she telephoned students repeating her message.

Strange as it may seem, she was told no one had ever tried this direct personal contact campaigning at her school before, although the school has been in use for six years. Emily would be the first now to recommend this method for she was one of the primary winners.

Campaign activities halted abruptly over the weekend. Emily had taken a job selling annuals at the nursery besides needing time for church and studying. But Monday found pre-election efforts moving into high gear. Each candidate had been assigned a certain section of school hallway for his posters. Our house was filled with girls making posters on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Wednesday was speech-planning night for Emily and her campaign manager.

Thursday was to be the day. A morning school assembly was scheduled so that each of the finalists and his campaign manager could address the student body. Voting was to follow with the results to be tabulated after school. The third and biggest hurdle for Emily was her speech, brief though it was to be. Most regrettably she has never had any training or experience in public speaking. Wayne and I tried to give her a few simple hints. Afterwards she reported that the first part of her speech was lost but after she remembered to slow down and move up to the microphone, it wasn't "too bad". Since most of the other speakers were equally unskilled, she didn't suffer much by comparison.

By the end of this particular Thursday we were all on pins and needles anxiously awaiting word of her fate at the voting machine. She arrived home with the agonizing news that the results wouldn't be available until late Friday afternoon. It seems only one voting machine was put into service and it would take an extra day to give all students the opportunity to vote.

The one good thing about the next day was that this particular Friday was the day of the Junior-Senior Prom. Emily was chairman of the decorations

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VERY SPECIAL CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cubed cooked chicken
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. thyme
- 1/8 tsp. curry powder
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 1 3 1/2-oz. can French-fried onions

Cook broccoli according to directions on package until just barely tender and drain thoroughly.

Pan-fry drained mushrooms and almonds in margarine in a large skillet. Then add flour, salt, pepper, thyme, curry powder and stir to blend. Gradually add milk and chicken broth and cook, stirring, until thickened. Fold in the eggs, chicken and broccoli. Pour into a shallow 2-qt. casserole, cover surface with onions and heat at 325 degrees until bubbly — about 20 minutes.

Don't eliminate *any* of the spices in this casserole. We've made many, many chicken casseroles through the years, but this one is really exceptionally good. It would be a great success at any covered dish luncheon. —Lucile

MANDARIN SAUCE FOR ANGEL FOOD

Drain the juice from 1 can of Mandarin oranges and add water to make 1 cup of liquid. Add 1 Tbls. cornstarch mixed with 1/3 cup sugar and a few drops of orange food coloring. Stir in 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. Cook until thick and clear. Add the Mandarin oranges and chill. Whip 1 cup of cream and fold in before serving on slices of angel food cake.

—Margery

CHEESE AND CORN CASSEROLE

- 2 cups whole kernel corn, undrained
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup light cream

If the corn has a great deal of liquid on it, you should drain off a little of it. Mix all of the ingredients together and turn into a greased 1-quart casserole. Bake at 350 degrees until done. This will take about 50 minutes. This is a good dish to serve with crisp bacon.

MIXED VEGETABLE MORNAV

- 2 pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/8 tsp. garlic salt
- Pinch nutmeg
- Pinch thyme
- 2 cups liquid (from cooked vegetables plus milk to make 2 cups)

Cook the vegetables until almost tender. Drain, saving liquid, and add salt, garlic salt and 2 Tbls. of the melted butter to the cooked vegetables. Mix lightly and put into a 1-quart buttered casserole. Make a sauce of the 1/4 cup butter, flour, Parmesan cheese, garlic salt, nutmeg, thyme and the 2 cups of liquid. Pour over the vegetables and top with the bread crumbs which have been buttered with the remaining 1 Tbls. melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Serves 6.

—Margery

We asked Abigail to send the recipes for the two dips she served at Emily's party last month.

CRAB DIP

- 1 carton commercial sour cream
- 1 6 1/2-oz. can crab meat — drain very thoroughly and shred
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 Tbls. very finely diced pimiento
- 1 Tbls. very finely diced green pepper

Combine all ingredients thoroughly.

ELEANOR'S CHEESE DIP

- 3 bouillon cubes, dissolved in 3 Tbls. very hot water
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
 - 2 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 1 tsp. powdered onion
 - 1 tsp. garlic salt
- Mix all ingredients thoroughly in electric mixer.

This is an old favorite that is still first choice to me. —Abigail

MINTED FRUIT SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 3/4 cups mixed pineapple and grapefruit juice
- 1 tsp. mixed pickling spice
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits, drained
- 1 cup sliced canned peaches, drained
- 1/3 cup sliced maraschino cherries

Soften the gelatin in cold water. Combine juice, spice, flavoring, sugar and vinegar and bring to a boil. Strain out the spices and pour over the gelatin. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in the fruit and turn into a mold and chill until firm. Serve on salad greens with a dab of mayonnaise. Serves 8.

This salad has a very unusual flavor — spicy and "minty" and very refreshing.

BAKED KIDNEY BEANS

- 2 1-lb. cans red kidney beans
- 2 Tbls. diced onion
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 cup tomato paste
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 5 wieners

Drain some of the liquid off the beans, but not all of it. Slice the wieners into 1/2-inch pieces. Combine all the ingredients and put into a greased casserole. Bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

- 4 lbs. country-style spareribs
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup catsup
- 2 medium-sized onions, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, finely minced
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. salt

Separate ribs and spread them out in a large flat pan. Bake for about one hour at 325 degrees to eliminate as much fat as possible. Make sauce by combining all ingredients listed above and pour over the ribs. Return to oven and bake for another hour, basting with sauce from time to time.

These ribs are especially delicious and would make wonderful eating in the summertime along with potato salad and baked beans. (Don't tamper with the amounts given for the sauce. It tasted so good that four of us just about got away with the full platter of ribs!)

—Lucile

LITTLE PEAS AND SHOE PEG CORN

- 1 12-oz. can small early peas
- 1 17-oz. can white shoe peg corn
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- Dash of pepper

Combine peas and corn and bring to a boil. Drain well. Blend in remaining ingredients and stir thoroughly.

This combination takes peas and corn out of their usual bracket and makes it a highly flavorful vegetable dish. We served this one night with barbecued chicken and four people got away with the entire amount.

—Lucile

SCRAMBLED EGGS IN SAUCE

- 1 small onion
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 6 eggs

Slice the onion and separate into rings. Lightly brown these in the butter in a skillet. When they are brown, blend the flour into the butter, and stir in the tomatoes and seasonings. Simmer until thickened. Beat the eggs and cook over low heat in a small amount of shortening in a separate skillet until set but not too hard, stirring frequently. Fold the eggs into the tomato mixture. Serve at once.

—Dorothy

PEANUT BUTTER BARS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1/3 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup raw oatmeal
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 4 Tbls. cream or rich milk

Cream butter and sugars together. Blend in egg, peanut butter, soda, salt and flavorings. Stir in flour and oatmeal. Spread in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from pan. Immediately sprinkle with chocolate chips. Let stand about 5 minutes, or until chips are softened. Spread over top of baked layer.

Combine powdered sugar, peanut butter and cream or milk. Drizzle or spread lightly over chocolate chip layer. Cut into small bars.

—Evelyn

LAMB KABOBS

(Eight Servings)

Marinade:

- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 small onion, finely grated
- 1 clove garlic, split
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. oregano leaves
- 1/4 tsp. ground allspice

Meat and vegetables:

- 2 lbs. boned leg of lamb, cut into 1 1/2-inch cubes
- 2 tomatoes, quartered (not too ripe)
- 2 small onions, quartered
- 1 to 2 green peppers, cut into 1-inch squares
- 16 mushroom caps

Combine marinade ingredients; pour over lamb. Allow to marinate overnight in refrigerator, stirring occasionally. Alternate meat and vegetables on skewers, use 2 mushroom caps, 4 pieces lamb, 1 tomato quarter, 1 onion quarter, and 2 pieces green pepper. Grillover hot coals or broil until crusty and tender (about 25 minutes), basting occasionally with marinade. When broiling, cook very slowly at first on both sides, then brown for a few minutes.

— Mary Beth

EMERALD TWO-LAYER SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 1 1/2 cups cottage cheese
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/3 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- 1/2 cup pecans, chopped

Dissolve lemon gelatin in hot water. Cool slightly and beat until light and fluffy. Fold in whipped cream (or topping) and cottage cheese. Pour into pan and chill until firm.

Dissolve lime gelatin in hot water. Add pineapple and juice, olives, nuts and flavoring. Spoon carefully on top of first layer. Chill until firm.

CHERRY BREAD

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 4-oz. glass maraschino cherries, cut fine
- Juice from cherries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 3/4 cup pecans, cut

Mix the sugar and eggs. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the cherry juice. Lastly, add the cherries, cherry flavoring and pecans. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees in a greased loaf pan. Cool on a rack.

—Margery

FROSTED RASPBERRY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 2 3/4 cups hot water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups applesauce
- 2 pkgs. frozen red raspberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 16 large marshmallows, cut
- 1 cup sour cream

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon juice, applesauce, frozen raspberries (juice and all) and raspberry flavoring. Stir until raspberries are thawed and ingredients well combined. Chill in 9- by 13-inch pan. Meanwhile, combine sour cream and diced marshmallows. Let stand at room temperature until marshmallows are softened. Beat together. Store in refrigerator until of spreading consistency. Frost over top of raspberry salad for a very refreshing, pretty salad.

—Evelyn

OVEN-FRIED CHICKEN

Cut a frying chicken into serving pieces, rinse in cold water and dry. Mix together 1 cup flour, 2 tsp. salt, and 1/2 tsp. pepper. Shake chicken in paper bag containing the seasoned flour to coat well. Melt 1/2 cup butter in a shallow baking pan and place the pieces of chicken in it skin side down. Bake for about 30 minutes, turn pieces over, and bake for about 15 minutes longer, or until tender and brown. Baking time will depend upon the size of chicken.

—Margery

CELERY ORIENTAL

- 1 bunch of celery, topped
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 can (1 lb.) bean sprouts
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soy sauce

Cut celery into 1-inch pieces and cook in the salad oil for about 10 or 12 minutes, shaking pan frequently. Then add the bean sprouts that have been very well drained, the salt and soy sauce and cook for an additional 3 minutes, stirring well.

Don't be deceived by the simplicity of this dish. We'd never cooked celery before except to boil it and didn't dream that preparing it in this style would make such a difference. We just came an inch of not fixing this particular dish, but it tasted so good that we feel we've added a really fine recipe to our vegetable collection.

—Lucile

BRAN-BANANA BREAD

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup All-Bran
- 1 1/3 cups mashed bananas
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the shortening and the sugar well. Stir in the well-beaten egg and the All-Bran. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the mashed bananas and water. Add the flavorings and the nuts and mix well. Bake in a 9 1/2- by 5 1/2-inch loaf pan for 50 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

VERY GOOD STUFFED PEPPERS

- 6 green peppers
- 2 cups cooked elbow macaroni
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

Cut tops off peppers and remove seeds; then parboil in salted water for 3 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Stand green peppers in baking pan and stuff with half of macaroni. Beat egg slightly, mix with sour cream, mustard, salt and grated onion. Pour half of sour cream mixture over macaroni and sprinkle with half of the shredded cheese. Spoon remainder of macaroni into peppers, pour in remaining sour cream mixture and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

We've had fine green peppers coming into our markets and found that this easy-to-put-together recipe was a wonderful variation on the former ways we'd stuffed peppers. Try this the next time you can get ahold of good quality green peppers; it makes a wonderful luncheon dish.

—Lucile

STAY ABED STEW

I came across this recipe this spring. It is an ideal one-dish meal to prepare when you're not feeling well.

—Mary Beth

- 2 lbs. beef stewing meat, cubed
- 1 can peas
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- 2 chopped onions
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 can cream of tomato soup, thinned with

- 1/2 can water
- 1 large raw potato, sliced

Put all the ingredients in a casserole dish that has a tight lid and place in a 275-degree oven. Now go back to bed, for the stew will cook without further attention and be ready to eat in approximately five hours!

POLISH HAMBURGERS

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 egg, beaten

Mix all ingredients together. Brush patties with melted butter and broil or fry until done. Makes 4 patties.

—Margery

PEANUT BUTTER-CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 cup chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Blend the shortening and the peanut butter. Gradually beat in the sugar. Add the eggs and mix well. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Stir in the rolled oats, chocolate bits, nuts and flavorings. Drop by teaspoon onto an ungreased cookie sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

—Dorothy

DELICIOUS POTATO CROQUETTES

Use leftover mashed potatoes (it will take about 2 cups to make 6 croquettes). Cut long strips of American cheese and mold mashed potato around each strip in a "log" shape. Roll each croquette in flour, then in slightly beaten egg which has been combined with 1 Tbls. water. Roll in fine bread crumbs. These can be baked in the oven on a well-greased cookie sheet (be sure to turn at least once during baking time), fried in a small amount of shortening in a skillet, turning to brown on all sides, or deep-fat fried at 360 degrees until golden brown.

—Evelyn

LIME GELATIN COMPANY SALAD

- 1 pkg. (3 oz.) lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup juice from canned pears
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 cups diced canned pears
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1/8 tsp. ginger

Dissolve gelatin in water. Add pear juice, salt, vinegar and mint flavoring. Pour half of this into a pan and chill until firm. Chill remaining gelatin until cold and syrupy. Whip until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Cream the cheese with the ginger. Fold into pears. Add to whipped gelatin and pour over firm first mixture. Let chill until completely firm. Serve on lettuce greens with mayonnaise.

—Margery

KITCHEN SCIENCE — 1965

by

Joanne Prim Shade

I shall never peer wisely through a test tube, nor nod my head knowingly to convince anyone that at last I have found a cure for a rare and deadly disease. I can't remember why one kind of alcohol is fatal, while another is "invigorating". An explanation of the internal combustion engine would be lost on me. I appreciate, but can't understand, the world of Bunsen burners, fume hoods, crescent wrenches, and carburetors.

But I have my consolation in my own kind of laboratory (or kitchen). I, in my lab coat (or red and white apron) will show you that I, too, can be sagacious and confident, for I can solve the problems of feeding two people when most foods come packaged for four, even though I was accustomed to cooking for four to seven persons.

When I cook a meal, I have to choose between having a whole can of corn as the only vegetable for the two of us with no leftovers, or having normal-sized portions of corn along with a salad, resulting in leftover corn.

The salad is no problem. I just toss together what we will eat. But then I have this half can of corn. So I decide to make a hamburger pie casserole the next night to use up the corn and part of a can of tomato soup (left over from a previous meal). The next eve, accordingly, I put browned ground beef with the tomato soup and corn in a casserole dish. I want to put in a green vegetable, too, so I add *half a can* of green beans and top it with mashed potatoes, grated cheese, and paprika. (My leftover problem has started all over again.)

So the next night we have macaroni and cheese with a side dish of green beans (prepared with mushroom soup left over from another meal).

Vegetables and meats are versatile, however. Unfettered by the exactness of cookbooks, I move in an orbit of my own, creating hot sandwiches, casseroles, and other combinations as they come into my mind.

Cookbooks are a *must*, naturally, to any beginning cook, just as they are to seasoned cooks in many areas of endeavor. Pastries and breads, for the sake of success, demand an exactness that only a cookbook can give. The same is true of *gourmet* and company dishes. But when a bride has to "make-do", she improvises.

So I'm often on my own, dancing through the mysteries of ground beef combined with leftover soup, leftover

corn combined with leftover peas, and leftover biscuits combined with fruit to produce a quasi-shortcake.

No one could feel more masterful than I when I add just the right amount of onion flakes, diced green pepper, chili powder, or bay leaf to create a culinary masterpiece from leftovers.

No scientist ever felt more sure of himself in his laboratory than I do in my kitchen, surrounded by aluminum bowls, ovenproof glassware, copper measuring spoons, and gleaming equipment.

And with a great clicking of stove dials, I can even sound atomic.

"QUICKIE" cherry dessert

made **BETTER** with
Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

2 cups cherry pie filling (your own homemade filling or canned)

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1 small pkg. of cake mix

1/2 cup melted butter or margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine pie filling and cherry flavoring.

Spoon into 8-inch square baking pan. Sprinkle cake mix over filling (one-half regular size box may be used). Melt butter; combine with butter flavoring. Pour over top of cake mix. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with ice cream or whipped cream for a very delicious, quickie dessert.

Cherry is only one of sixteen delicious, economical **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Every kitchen should have them all, for they add so much to every recipe, and never bake, cook or steam out. Here's the whole list:

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

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

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage. And save the cap liners for valuable premiums.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS
SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

INSECTS ARE FUN?

by
Evelyn Birkby

Insects have been called many names, some of them unprintable! Most of us consider them pests, annoying to say the least and harmful and destructive at their worst. But *fun*? That is carrying the thought a little *too far*.

However, in recent weeks I've begun to change my opinion of these small creatures of the animal kingdom. The more I observe and learn, the more fascinating they become. Perhaps not more likeable, but as I study their purposes and struggles my ignorant opinions and snap judgement are giving way to understanding and interest.

Our insect collection really began some time ago when Jeff found a camel cricket in the yard. The encyclopedia informed us that these insects are natives of Arizona, so Jeff was sure Aunt Ruth had carried this particular cricket all the way from Mesa on her car. Later we learned that the humped brown insect with the extremely long antenna is also called a cave cricket. This one *could* have originated in one of the caves in the bluffs near our home.

Once we began searching for different varieties of insects it was surprising how many friends and relatives became interested. The doorbell was recently rung by the sweet little girl who lives next door.

"I brought you a bug," she beamed happily as she shoved a jar in Craig's hand.

It was not a bug at all — not *really*. It turned out to be a beautiful, shimmering green Scarab beetle. The history of this insect goes far back to ancient Egypt where they were considered sacred. If you visit Egyptian rooms in museums, you frequently see the likeness of Scarab beetles carved on jewelry and stone tablets. The Egyptians even embalmed the insects and placed them in tombs!

Craig took the Scarab beetle and popped it into his "killing jar". This is simply a wide-mouthed glass jar with cotton in the bottom. Strips of newspaper fill the jar about half full to prevent the insects from damaging themselves. Craig saturated the cotton with fingernail polish remover and screwed the lid on tightly.

After twenty-four hours in the jar, Craig removed his beetle and mounted it with a fine pin into his collection box. The boxes we made are very simple. We bought a number of the square acoustical tiles — the inexpen-



Evelyn, dressed for a hike in the bluffs near their home, waits for the boys to collect their paraphernalia for bug-collecting.

sive ones which look like styrofoam — and built the bottom and sides to fit. The sides of the boxes are high enough to accommodate glass lids to protect the mounted specimens.

Our collecting net was made using nylon net material, a wire clothes hanger and a broom handle (I needed a new broom anyway!). A water scoop was fashioned from an old kitchen sieve taped to a long stick. The information for making these, and other suggested equipment, came from library books on the subject. Other sources of reference materials are 4-H booklets, paperback books on moths, butterflies and insects, Boy Scout merit badge pamphlet on Insect Life, and free leaflets from the Department of Agriculture and the State Extension Service. Along with our set of encyclopedias, we've found answers to every question which has arisen so far.

The above sources of information helped us to identify a formidable creature the boys caught across the street last evening. It looked startling with strange spiked tips on its abdomen (we later learned these are not for stinging unwary humans but to feel vibrations). The insect was hinged in the middle just like a semi-trailer truck, had claws waving angrily at us all and wore a fuzzy, furry coat. It was not like any insect we had ever seen! It did look frightening.

This wild-looking insect turned out to be a mole cricket, seldom found outside its underground burrow. Once we knew it was harmless it didn't look scary at all. It does have the unpleas-

ant habit of its namesake, the mole, of eating tender roots and thus killing plants. However, it does not bite or pinch with its claws but uses them to shovel away dirt and form little tunnels through which it can scoot. The next time we find one we will not be so skitterish. We plan to put it in a jar of dirt and watch it at work.

Another beetle was discovered by Jeff on an overnight camping trip to the woods. This one turned out to be a caterpillar hunter, a large shimmering member of the beetle family. It has lethal-looking jaws with which it feeds on caterpillars. It is a good friend to have around, for it helps eliminate the destructive gypsy moth and tent caterpillars which are so harmful to shade trees. Since they hide under rocks and in rotting logs, the advent of smooth pavements and well-trimmed lawns have practically eliminated them in cities — an unhappy situation where shade trees are needed.

The entire family has become fascinated with this new hobby. Robert and I practically stopped a meeting while we captured a gorgeous pale green luna moth which had flitted in through the open door.

"It's a shame to kill such a lovely creature," one of our friends remarked.

"Oh, a luna moth lives only a very short time," Robert explained. "After it leaves its cocoon its only purpose is to mate, lay eggs and then it dies. This one would be dead in just a few hours. Now it will be a lovely addition to our collection and give pleasure for a long long time."

"Remember that moths fade if they are in bright sunlight — they are night creatures," suggested one of the men who had studied biology extensively in college. "The moth boxes should be stored in a closet or drawer when you are not viewing them. Butterflies do not fade so they can be framed for wall decorations if you like, but not moths."

So we learned another fact about the insect world.

We are discovering new facts every day. For example, a June bug is not a bug, it's a beetle. A ladybug is really a ladybird beetle! A firefly isn't a fly, or a lightning bug a bug, or a glowworm a worm, they are *all* beetles!

Once we got over the natural aversion to the way insects appear and began to study their individual characteristics they became fascinating. Insect collecting is one of the simplest of hobbies to begin, not expensive to pursue, and can lead into unexpected areas of learning and experience. Insects *are* fun.



WHEN MAMMA WAS CENTRAL

by
Nadine Mills Coleman

In the upstairs telephone office rooms where I grew up, Mamma had arranged a cozy room where farm women could come to rest weary feet or nurse a baby. There were rocking chairs and a sofa in the living room where the switchboard stood, and the women would visit with Mamma as they ate their cheese and cracker lunch from a paper sack. I often wondered how Mamma could keep up a conversation while operating the board, but she could.

The office-home was like a beehive on Saturdays, for Mamma was a willing baby sitter for mothers while they did their trading on the courthouse square where we lived. Many times I have seen her holding a lively, fat baby on her lap while answering calls, and usually there were one or more children asleep on pallets on the floor.

In that long-ago day when Mamma was Central, rustling skirts were fashionable. As a favor to the farm women who could not afford taffeta petticoats, my mother would pin a newspaper under their plain black skirts, and happily they would sail forth with the same swishing sound the town ladies made when they walked around the square.

Mamma saw a need of country boys and girls of courting age who spent Saturdays walking around the square, and she contrived a small cozy nook in the hall alcove leading up from the wide stairway. Here a pair could talk with privacy and get their feet off the hot granitoid sidewalks. Curtained attractively with some old Japanese beaded portieres, and furnished with a small love seat, the nook was gratefully used by lovers who have since celebrated their golden wedding anniversaries.

To repay Mamma for her many kindnesses, farm wives shared all manner of good things with us — rich cream, choice berries in season, the freshest of eggs, watermelons, hams, apples, and jars and jars of jellies and preserves. These love offerings were heaped on our table and later trans-

lated into delicious meals by our deaf and mute old cook.

Mamma practically lived at the switchboard. She was on duty day and night. I have known her to get up in the dead of night, and, in her flowing flannel nightgown, grope her way to answer a distress call without ever lighting the lamp.

Mamma's farm friends felt very sorry for me. ("That poor little girl — no yard — only a tin roof to play on.") I tried to explain that tin roofs could be fun. I could run from Hancock's Grocery at one end of the block, over the rattly-bangy tin roof to the skating rink at the other end. I felt that I had a box seat to all that went on in the town square below. No one knew I was there, yet I could see all that went on in the street.

You can have pets on a tin roof; chimney swifts were my play chickens. No other little girl in town owned a hundred chimney swifts! And every day I would climb down the back stairs for a visit with Miss Ila, the hat-trimmer at West's store. There was a carriage shop across the back alley where I could go with my doll Nellie, and what fun we had climbing in and out of all the shiny new buggies and surries!

But the farm women kept on saying, "That poor little thing — no yard." And they did something about it. They scheduled me in their homes for the whole summer. "I want her for two weeks in June," one would say. "Put

me down for two weeks in August," said another, and so on, throughout all of vacation time.

What fun it was, riding horses, gathering eggs, climbing in barn lofts, and feeding pet lambs their bottles. And, of course, I had a playhouse at every place, with a collection of the most beautiful broken dishes you can imagine — cracked plates with big cabbage roses on them, half of a blue turkey platter, and a milk glass lid in the shape of a hen. The finest possession of all was a tureen with blackberries on it. Who cared if the handles were gone?

Mamma missed me, and I missed her, and if the hurt got bad, as it usually did around bedtime, I could always ring up Central and hear my mother's voice.

✱ ✱ ✱ THE GARDENER

He chose the tallest flowers
To grace the farthest row,
And gradually the smaller
In garden-studio.

He blended vibrant colors
With God-taught ease and skill,
And patiently he labored
With soil-marred hands until

His garden held an organ
Where muted melody
Was played by captured Beauty,
In perfect harmony!

—Thelma Allinder

SOUNDS OF THE PAST

by
Sue Reed

One night as I lay wide-eyed and restless, I heard a raucous blast on the horn of a Diesel locomotive and thought how different it sounded from the melodious whistle of the old steam engine. On a sleepless night the distant whistle of a train could be very comforting and often relieved the loneliness that comes with being unable to sleep. Thoughts of train whistles brought memories of other sounds that are no longer heard. The sound that got the family up at our house quicker than the alarm clock was the sound of the coffee mill as Grandma ground the breakfast coffee.

There was a sort of homey sound to the squeak and rattle of the old well pump as someone filled the water buckets. No longer do we hear the clop . . . clop . . . clop of horses' hooves nor the rumble of milk wagons early in the morning with the clinking of milk bottles being delivered. Trucks and plastic cartons have stopped all that. The ringing of the school bell was

always a happy sound to me even when it was calling me to school as a child. Every day in summer we heard the cry of the huckster as he peddled fruit and vegetables from door to door. There was one in our town who could be heard for blocks.

The sounds I loved the most that are seldom heard today were the sounds of a circus being unloaded: the trumpeting of the elephants, the roaring of the lions, monkeys chattering and the shouts of the men as they raised the big tent. The big old switch engine seemed happy to be helping to unload the circus as it shunted the cars onto the siding.

The steam calliope playing on the circus grounds at suppertime was as pretty as any dinner music I have ever heard and it seemed to make the food taste better.

I am not one who longs for the "good old days" but I would enjoy hearing some of these sounds of the past.

FREDERICK AND THE FIRECRACKER

by
Lucile

Note: This first appeared in the book Lucile wrote a number of years ago titled "The Story of an American Family". (This book is no longer available.) We've been asked repeatedly to reprint this particular story, so here it is, just as Lucile wrote it. —Margery

Big, dangerous firecrackers were forbidden at our house back in the years when their sale was permitted everywhere, and our fireworks were limited to innocent little baby crackers that mostly sputtered and fumed before they went out, and equally innocent sparklers for after dark. Children on every side of us might shatter the very heavens with their powerful firecrackers, but these were not for the Driftmiers. That is why Howard and his giant firecracker created such a sensation at our house.

It was understood clearly, of course, that this giant cracker would be set off in the open country and not anywhere near town. I still remember what it looked like — an enormously long and thick tube with a ten-inch fuse. A sort of tripod arrangement went with it, and I suppose that the general idea was to set the thing up, light it, and then run at a great clip across the field. I can't imagine how it happened that Howard was permitted to fool with this unless it was the fact that he was eighteen and supposed to be competent enough to handle it.

I remembered how we begged him to take us with him when he was ready to explode it around six o'clock on the night of the Fourth, but he said that he couldn't be responsible for seeing that we were far enough away, and

anyway it would make such a racket that we could sit right on our own front porch and hear it. All day we kept hearing explosions from the country that sounded very much like Howard's giant cracker would sound, so we weren't too disappointed — we could sit right at home and hear it.

About three in the afternoon the folks went out for a drive, and somehow or other it developed that only Frederick and I were left at home. In those days I spent a good many hours at the piano, so I sat down to do some practicing and Frederick settled himself on the back porch to do some reading. It was as peaceful a scene as anyone could imagine.

Suddenly, without a second's warning, I had the sensation of being lifted bodily from the piano stool! Simultaneously there was a tremendous roar, and then the entire house shook and the piano actually trembled under my hands. A few seconds later clouds of smoke and dust began pouring into the living room from all sides, and I was actually so shocked and frightened that I couldn't get up to investigate.

Just about the time I found strength to move, Frederick came running into the living room screaming and moaning and saying something that I couldn't begin to understand. My first thought was that the house had been struck by lightning even though there wasn't a cloud in the sky, and I assumed that Frederick had been struck too and was dying! It took a long time to get him quieted down to the point where I could understand what had happened, but finally I pieced it together.

Frederick, it seems, was absolutely fascinated by that giant firecracker. He studied it at great length, turned it over and over, and tried to imagine what it would sound like when it ex-

ploded. At last he decided to have a little perilous fun by lighting the fuse, allowing it to burn for a second, and then dousing it in cold water. Since it was a long fuse we could understand why he thought that he would have ample time to put it out.

The coast was clear for his experiment. I was the only one at home and I was no hampering influence because I was completely absorbed in my music. He slipped up to Howard's room where the firecracker was placed for safe-keeping and came downstairs with it. He knew that he had to be near water so he took it into the bathroom where he could plunge it under the faucet. Then he struck a match and lighted the fuse.

Probably he thought that the fuse would sputter and sizzle slowly like the ones on our baby firecrackers. At any rate, he was completely unprepared for the quick flame and loud hissing, and before he knew it the fuse had burned almost into the firecracker. There wasn't time to put it under water or to scream for help. He simply dropped it on the floor and ran.

It's a blessing that he did, for if he had been in the room when it exploded he might have lost his hand or his eyesight. As it was, he was safely in the hall when the crash came, too paralyzed to open his mouth and yell. The bathroom was small and the door was closed, so the concussion had no place to go except the window and walls. It broke out the window, of course, and tore great pieces of plaster from the walls. This made the cloud of smoke and dust that poured into the living room and put the finishing touches on me.

Frederick didn't know which he feared the most: to have the folks come home and see the destruction in the bathroom, or to have Howard return and find that his giant firecracker no longer was in existence. I'm ashamed to say that I didn't know much about charity in those days, and I didn't lighten his anguish any by assuring him that everything would be all right. It seems to me that I spent an hour raking him over the coals and saying "Just wait and see what happens when the folks get home!"

Poor Frederick! He was in such a state by the time the folks did return that there was nothing further to be said on the subject. I believe that the main emphasis was on the fact that he had come through it unharmed, and
(Continued on page 21)



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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Children like to read and learn about days of old, whether it is an iron kettle used to cook a bubbling stew in the fireplace, a heavy cast flatiron for ironing a little girl's dresses, a picture of well-loved poets including Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant, or a powder horn used by an ancestor in time of battle. We have an opportunity in day-to-day living to teach our children of our nation's heritage.

A new book called *Lucky, Lucky White Horse* (Harper and Row, Publishers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York, N.Y., \$2.95) by Beryl Epstein goes back to 1916 and takes place in Columbus, Ohio. For children ages 7-11, the story begins as Ellen moves to Columbus. There her aunt tells her about counting white horses. If you said "Lucky, lucky white horse! Ding! Ding! Ding!" and then made certain gestures, after seeing one hundred white horses you would walk around the block and find something. Ellen was sure what she found would be a magic charm which would change her from being her cousin's shadow to being herself. A rich treasure *did* come to Ellen — a brand-new friend.

Beryl Epstein's book contains a message even for adults. Pictures by Mia Carpenter reflect the spirit of *Lucky, Lucky White Horse*.

Betty Baker, who wrote *Killer-of-Death*, concerning the problems of a young Apache brave, and *The Treasure of the Padres*, an adventure story of the Southwest, has now written *Walk the World's Rim* (Harper and Row, \$2.95). For ages 10 and up, this brilliant work of historical fiction concerns Chakoh, a young Indian boy living at the end of the sixteenth century in east Texas hill country. To this village of desperately poor people come three Spaniards and a Negro slave, Esteban. They agree to take Chakoh with them to Mexico. The friendship between Esteban and Chakoh is interesting, in that Esteban teaches Chakoh the ways of the Spaniards. Lessons also include the thought that slavery should be despised, and that freedom is something that is earned. *Walk the World's Rim* is based on historical figures and incidents of the time of the Spanish con-



Jon Swanson shows his cousin, Annette Kirchhoff, and his sister Ann (at right) a powder horn used by an ancestor. The collection of primitives belongs to their grandmother.

quest of Mexico and makes for powerful reading. Readers will remember it for a long time.

The 1963 Western Heritage Award was given to Betty Baker for *Killer-of-Death*. She now makes her home in Tucson, Arizona.

A science book in the I CAN READ

series for beginning readers, grades kindergarten through third, is *Let's Get Turtles* (Harper and Row, \$1.95) by Millicent E. Selsam with clever drawings by Arnold Lobel. Billy and Jerry wanted pets, and they decided on turtles. They soon found many things they did not know about raising turtles. Their experiments and observations included the fact that a turtle's blood gets as warm or as cold as the water it lives in. The water for turtles should be between 75 and 85 degrees during the day and not below 65 at night. An invaluable guide to beginning turtle owners, the text is easy to read and interesting.

The many children who loved Maurice Sendak's *Nutshell Library* and Hilary Knight's *Christmas Nutshell Library* will be pleased with *The Bunny's Nutshell Library* by Robert Kraus, with pictures by the author. The set of four tiny books comes in a handsome box with titles as follows: *The First Robin*, *The Silver Dandelion*, *Juniper*, and *Springfellow's Parade* (Harper and Row, boxed set, \$2.95). *The Bunny's Nutshell Library* is pure delight.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

It is no wonder that iris are universal favorites of gardeners around the world because they are so useful for landscaping purposes. Even after their beautiful orchidlike blooms have faded the foliage tends to remain in good condition for weeks. Now that your plants are through blooming, it is a good idea to cut off the bloom stalks and let all the strength go into making



The Japanese iris in Margery's and Oliver's yard receives plenty of water from a drainspout nearby. The start of these and other iris came from Aunt Helen Fischer's garden many years ago.

fat rhizomes. Iris clumps may be divided successfully almost anytime during their growing season, but the best time to do this job is in late July. This gives the newly set plants plenty of time to become well established before cold weather arrives.

For the past twelve years a panel of iris growers has selected five varieties which it considered to be the top iris. They are called the "five iris of the year" and can be purchased from iris dealers across the nation at a reasonable price.

Chosen for 1965 are *Allegiance*, a ruffled, velvety navy blue with well-formed flowers on strong stems; *Karachi*, a large-flowered, glowing red-purple with a bold white patch at the center of the falls; *Olympic Torch*, a large-flowering ruffled, golden-bronze blend; *Valimar*, with smooth apricot-pink flowers of heavy, starchy substance and sculptured form; *Whole Cloth*, stiff upright smooth blooms with white standards and light blue falls.

I found these top iris listed by one firm for \$7.50 for all five. Individually, the cost was much higher. Many of the older iris are still lovely and can be bought for much less. Favorites in our garden are *Jane Phillips*, a bright true blue; *Pinnacle*, white and primrose yellow; and *Pink Sensation*, truly more pink than many so-called pink iris. None of these cost more than 50¢ per rhizome and have given us many seasons of great beauty.

A reader wishes to know why her Japanese iris persist in her garden but have not bloomed after the first season. I suspect they have been grown too dry. Japanese iris must have copious amounts of water in the spring and until they have bloomed. They do best near a pool or where the roots can be kept moist constantly through their flowering period.

WOMEN

Women are wonderful—women are wise,
Women are giants for their size,
Women are mothers, helpmates, and
friends,

When you're ill it's a woman who tends.
Women will fill you with all kinds of
bliss,

Yes, you guessed it—a woman wrote
this. —Cora Ellen Sobieski

PLAIN JANE

I'm going to be plain old me, for a
change;

Just me in my run-down shoes,
In my lazy clothes and my lazy hat,
And my crazy car, if I choose.

I think as I like — I think, I don't care;
I'm seeking no status at all;

I want to be me, just plain old me,
And folks, I am having a ball.

—Mary Kurtz

WINNING TIPS — Concluded

jar. The blue-ribbon cooks strain out any sediment, and handle the food very gently when packing it into the jar.

4. **FRUITS:** Select large uniform fruits. Cook shortest time possible to keep their shape. Strain syrups if open-kettle method is used. Pack carefully in rows, or layers, or in fancy zigzag. One can sometimes add an extra touch, especially for the "salad" pack, such as a maraschino cherry in each pear half.

5. The extra touch in decoration often makes the difference between winning or losing. The perfect glass of jelly, for example, is doubly attractive if a small white paper doily is placed over the top and held in place by a rubber band or "sticky" tape in a color to match the jelly.

6. Needlework must be ironed with extreme care (no wrinkles allowed), and if there are no creases, so much the better. Protect the ironed exhibit with cellophane until you have it safely entered at the fair. Large pieces of needlework can be rolled around cardboard tubes to prevent creases while traveling to the fair.

7. If it is a booth of some sort which you are entering for competition, remember that a good rule is to limit any wording on posters to what can be read at a glance. This is no place to be "long winded". Make every word count, and in whatever is to be said, apply wit and humor if possible. In a booth, as on a float, anything *animated* is a sure-fire eye-catcher. Keep the displays simple and avoid the "over-stuffed" or cluttered look.

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

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

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

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

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230
on your dial — 9:00 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.

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

All times listed are
Central Standard Time.

VESPER SERVICE — Concluded

longs, and one man's skill grows progress, and one man's heart grows songs? All gifts and skills are varied, but each has its call; the God, who also labors, has uses for them all. Moved by some deep compassion, comes each and every man to make his contribution to the eternal plan."

UNITY — brotherhood. They go hand in hand. "Who shares life's pure pleasures, and walks the honest road, who trades with heaping measures and lifts his brother's load, who turns the wrong down bluntly, and lends the right a hand, He dwells in God's own country, He tills the Holy Land." (Sunshine)

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. As we grow less selfish, as we grow in love for one another, we are drawn closer to our Heavenly Father, and His love anointest us; and lo! the more we share from our cup, the more it overflows with blessings!

With **UNITY** and harmony comes hope, and we know that what we most desire is a God-directed life, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is".

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Surely unity with God and with each other brings us Jesus' reassurance that "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Song: "The Lord Is My Shepherd", 4th verse.

Leader:

"So whether on the hilltops high and fair

I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie — what matter? He is there.

And more than this: Where'er the pathways lead

He gives to me no helpless broken reed,

But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go.
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so."

Hymn: "Saviour Like a Shepherd Lead Us". (Join hands in a friendship circle and remain standing with hands clasped as all repeat the benediction.)

Prayer: Loving Father, here in this candle glow we dedicate ourselves to a higher plane of Christian living, to being luminaries lighting a glow that others might know joy, dedicating ourselves to a more compelling love for all people of all races — to broader **VISION**, greater **PATIENCE**, closer **UNITY**, that we may be worthy to be followers of The Good Shepherd. Grant us Thy care, Thy love, and Thy peace, we pray. Amen.

FIRECRACKER — Concluded

even Howard was unwontedly forgiving when he heard the story. I imagine that Dad had his own sensations when he saw that the bathroom would have to be replastered and the window replaced, but he didn't dwell on this unhappy aspect of the case. After all, it wasn't the type of thing that you can get too fierce about for it had never

happened before and when in the world would it ever happen again?

Well, that's the story of Frederick and his run-in with the giant firecracker, and I couldn't resist telling you about it.

Children are a great comfort in one's old age . . . they help you get there faster, too.



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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
 have a call from one of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends out in South Dakota. Mrs. Charles Zinn and her son and daughter came to call on Mrs. Driftmier. At the time I was having a conference with some of the employees of the City Welfare Department, and I could not get away to meet Mrs. Zinn and her family. Betty said she had a lovely time with them. We hope that more of you will pay us a visit.

If you feel about some of the contemporary art, the way I feel about it, you will appreciate the humor of a situation where some paintings done by mental patients in a state hospital won high honors even though no one

knew just what it was the paintings depicted. The patients had forgotten, and the judges were not concerned to learn. Frankly, I do not like art that is the artist's own personal conception of how something ought to look. Unless a person can communicate something that is recognizable and clearly significant, there is no art involved. If the artist's aim is not to communicate anything intelligible, there are plenty of ways of doing it. The world is full of that kind of art. I think that all artists have a responsibility to society, and whenever I have a chance to tell them so, I do. Won't you join me?

Sincerely,

Frederick

A CHILD'S WISH FOR SUMMER

Mother, Mother, the winds are at play!
 Prithee, let me be idle today!

Look, dear Mother, the flowers all lie
 Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides;
 Look how the violet roguishly hides;
 Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
 And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
 And the flies go about him one by one;
 And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
 Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
 And very lazily flieth he;
 And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
 That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy, but, Mother, hear
 How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near;
 And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
 It barely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I were yonder cloud,
 That sails above its misty shroud;
 Books, and work no more I should see,
 But I'd come and float, dear Mother, o'er thee!

—Author Unknown

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

committee. This kept her busily occupied throughout several hours of the long, long day. It turned out to be one of the happiest of her life for she was fortunate enough to win election as Head Girl for the coming school year!

The prom festivities were really the "frosting on the cake". No banquet is served before this formal dance, so the boys usually entertain their dates for dinner — at the fanciest restaurant they can find, it seems. It's not hard to see why they do this if all the girls are as impressed and thrilled with elegant surroundings as Emily was. Her date earns his spending money washing dishes in a nursing home. I shudder to think of the mountains of washed dishes consumed in that one dinner check. After the prom, which was held at the Denver University Student Union, the Junior Class mothers provided a midnight buffet back at the high school. Thus ended a momentous day for one very fortunate sixteen-year-old Driftmier.

Sincerely,
 Abigail

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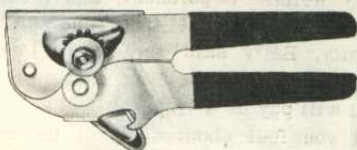
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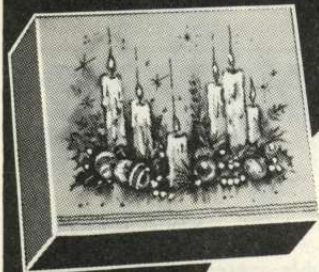
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BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

12 Bank Street

White Plains, New York 10606

Dept. M-40

DO NOT CUT HERE JUST FOLD OVER, SEAL AND MAIL—NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NECESSARY

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. M-40
White Plains, New York 10606

YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of personalized Christmas cards and stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial, and everything I need to start making money the day my sales kit arrives.

Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

If writing for an organization, give its name here _____

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
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