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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

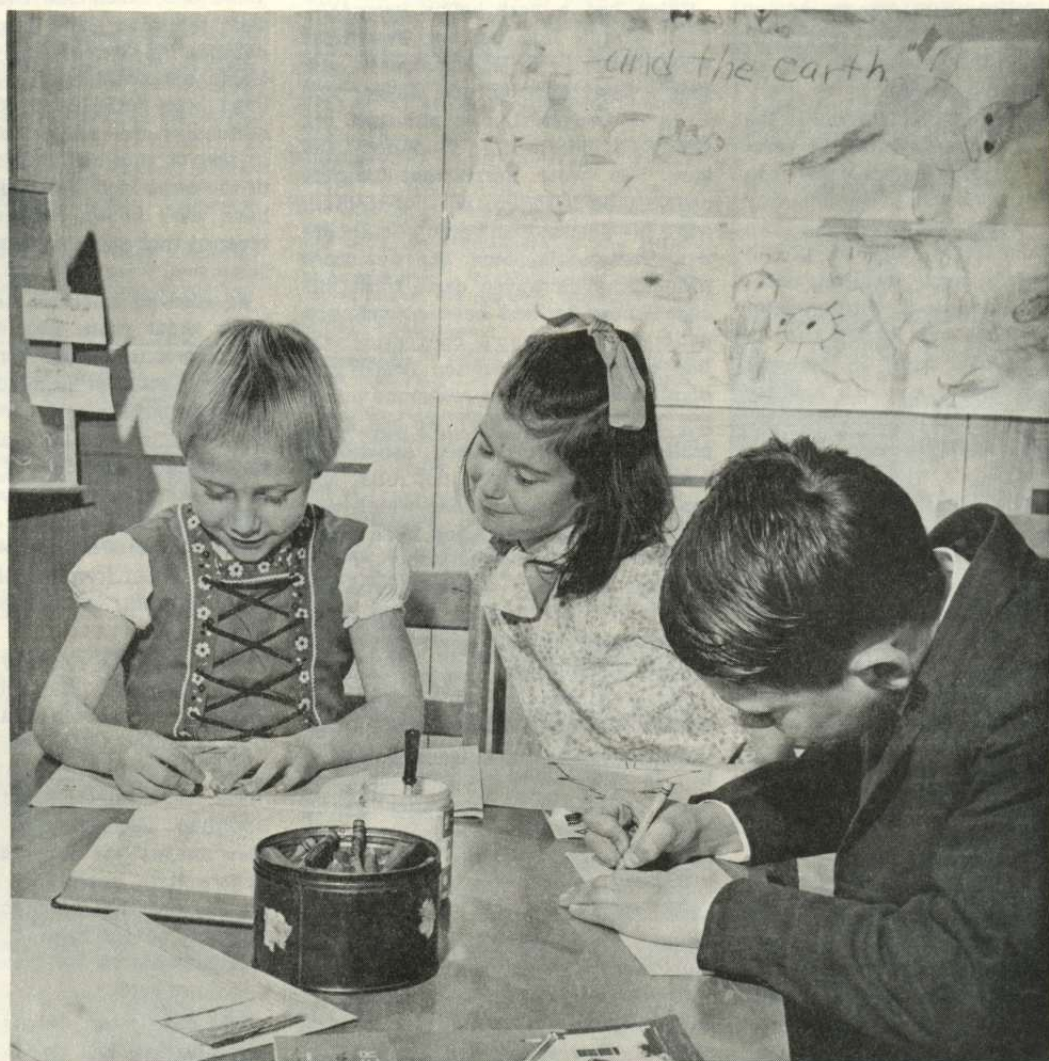
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My dear Friends:

First of all, I want to thank you for the many letters and cards of congratulations on the 40th anniversary of *Kitchen-Klatter*. We were very fortunate to have members of our family who could "carry on" when Mart and I had to realize that the time had come for us to retire. Now we are hoping that some of the younger generation will be around to shoulder the responsibility in coming years.

I've spent part of this morning in the kitchen taking an inventory of groceries so I could place an order with our neighborhood store. We are very fortunate to have a grocery in our town which still delivers, and for people who are shut in, such as in our case, this means a great deal. With my telephone order taken care of, I turned to baking. If anyone drops in today, I can offer yellow cake with coconut frosting or cup custards. These are Mart's favorite desserts.

The last custard was just coming out of the oven when a boy came to do some yard work for us. This is normally a job we turn over to our grandson Martin, but since he is on vacation in Nova Scotia I called a neighbor boy to help. When someone is here working in the yard, I wheel myself out to supervise the operations. Not only can I see for myself what I want weeded, but I also can decide which flowers are to be picked for the house — and it gives me a chance to be in the fresh air and sunshine.

I've never seen a summer when weeds grew so fast! We seem to have acquired some new varieties that have become real pests. The day I decided that I wanted a few violets in the borders was a day that I'll not forgive myself, for they have spread all over the yard and, as you know, they are almost impossible to get rid of. The garden as a whole, once the weeds are out, doesn't look so bad, for the phlox, "hems", and zinneas are at their best.

We are happy to report that here in the southwestern corner of Iowa the rains came just at the crucial time. We were afraid for a while that there wouldn't be a good corn crop, but now the fields look fine. If we don't have an early frost we ought to have enough corn to fill our cribs.

We've had a very happy summer — first, a visit from our son Frederick, whose home is in Massachusetts, and then a visit from our son Wayne, who lives in Denver. Lucile put on a big family dinner while Frederick was here. We were sorry that Dorothy couldn't be with us, but her monthly trip to Shenandoah didn't coincide with Frederick's plans. She was more fortunate when Wayne came from Chicago where he had been attending a national nurserymen's convention. On this occasion we had the family get-together at our house, everyone bringing in some of the food. We had a big platter of fresh catfish, scalloped potatoes, tossed salad, hot rolls, and for dessert I made a cake which was served with ice cream and fresh black raspberries from Ruby's garden. There is never a lack of conversation when our children get together so we spent the evenings on both occasions visiting and reminiscing.

Wayne enjoyed attending a reunion of his high school class while he was in Shenandoah. He met many of his old friends whom he hadn't seen in years. Since all of our children attended the same high school each is interested in the reunions as they occur. As a matter of fact, I graduated from the same high school 61 years ago! It would be wonderful if we could have a reunion some summer soon.

We hope to have a visit from Donald, our youngest son, before long. It is nice to have these visits spaced as they are for it gives us something to look forward to. Donald, as you readers know, has a new home and he and Mary Beth spent most of their vacation

landscaping the yard. I have seen a picture of what has been a terrific job, for they built a terrace of native rock. When I think of Donald lifting all those rocks — 60 tons, I believe he said, which sounds like too much, but rock is *very* heavy — I wonder how he did it!

At this time we are looking forward to a visit from our granddaughter Kristin, her husband Art, and darling little Andrew. We are only sorry that their visit must be so short, but Kristin will be teaching in Wyoming again next year, and they could only schedule a few days from their busy lives to visit in Iowa.

We were very fortunate to have one of Mart's former nurses, Phyllis Barrett, stay with us nights while Ruby went on her vacation. His sister Clara was here during the daytime, so we had a nice arrangement. Ruby will soon have been with us three years. It hardly seems possible. About seven years ago, when she and her husband were returning home from a visit with children in Texas, they were in a tragic car accident in which her husband was killed and she was very seriously injured. Her life as a nurse is one of true dedication. She is one of the most kind and patient persons I have ever known, and we feel very blessed that she can be with us in our home.

We read so much in the newspapers today about young people rioting and, in general, creating unpleasantness, but we must bear in mind the wonderful work that some of our young people are doing which isn't publicized. Oh, yes, we do read some of the accounts of their good works, but often the stories are of people we have no personal contact with. We were happy to get this letter from one of our readers, Judie Gillies, recently which I would like to share in part.

"I am a Peace Corps Volunteer secretary in Brazil. Our project here in Mato Grosso is both Health and Agriculture — and as a part of the Agriculture project, we have about 15 Home Economists working with the Brazilian families. For these girls, your recipes are especially valuable. We translate nearly all of them into Portuguese, and often have to do considerable experimenting to come up with substitutes for items not available down here.

"We have made extensive usage of the program and worship service ideas in your magazine. The many family pictures are wonderfully helpful in one of the Peace Corps' main

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A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

What a pleasant summer this has been! Oliver and I are winding it up with a little trip down to the Southwest, leaving tomorrow, so this is my last responsibility before packing my suitcase.

Martin's plans for his trip East to vacation with Frederick and Betty almost met disaster because of the strike with the airlines. As I told you last month, he had his ticket for his first plane ride and was eagerly anticipating the day of departure. We kept thinking that the strike would be settled *any day*, but when the airline cancelled his reservation, we knew that it wouldn't be resolved quite so soon. We took quick action and were able to get a reservation to Chicago by train where he could make connections for Springfield, Massachusetts. Frederick had telephoned that he would be there that weekend for a wedding, and it would be more convenient for everyone if Martin arrived there rather than in Rhode Island where their little cottage is.

When we got to the depot in Red Oak, we learned that the train would be late due to the exceptionally heavy passenger traffic. The longer we waited, the more nervous we became for Martin would have only an hour in which to change stations in Chicago. Time went on and on and still no train! We knew, by then, that Martin would *never* make his connection. Checking with the station agent, we learned that that was the only train that sent cars on to Springfield at the break-off point in Albany, New York. My only advice to Martin was to try to get a later train out of Chicago for Albany and *hope* for a bus on to Springfield. Martin was way ahead of me! He'd already thought of the same possibility. And just then the train pulled in and he was off.

Back home again, we waited and waited for some word from him. It wasn't that we were afraid he couldn't manage by himself, but it was the fact that we knew how crowded everything was and it might be difficult to get on *anything* out of Chicago! About 8:30 that evening he called from the Chicago station with the news that he could get a train out in 15 minutes that would take him to Albany, and there *was* good bus service on to Springfield, and NOT TO WORRY! Nevertheless, I'm a *mother*, and I can only say that it was a great relief when the call came that in spite of the many complications of late depar-



Here is the picture of Lucile Verness that we promised, taken in her favorite chair by the windows overlooking her garden.

tures all the way around, he was THERE.

Martin's first week was spent at Frederick's and Betty's cottage in Rhode Island, although very little time was actually spent there. He made a side trip to Boston to see the historical sites there, and another day was spent in New York City. Frederick spread out a big city map of New York City and gave Martin a detailed plan to see the most in the least amount of time. He went down by train and during the day visited the United Nations Building, Times Square, Rockefeller Center, and the Empire State Building, to name a few that I remember off hand. It was certainly a fine experience for him, and a trip he'll always remember.

Now we're waiting to hear the details of the drive up to Nova Scotia and his experiences there. Since Martin isn't the greatest letter-writer in the world, we may have that news from Frederick before direct word comes from Martin.

One thing I did have to get completed before vacation was the yearbook for a club I belong to. I'm program chairman this year; we take turns and my turn had rolled around again. The other member on my committee is a neighbor, so it was easy to get together for planning sessions. When we had our first meeting we hadn't as yet heard what the national and state themes would be, so imagine our great good fortune, *after* we had the programs outlined for the meetings, to learn that everything fit together very neatly. We'll just say it was our women's intuition! Everything is all typed up now and the books will be printed while I'm gone.

My only other responsibility outside of my home and my work is being a member of the budget committee for our Women's Fellowship of the church.

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ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell
you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were
playing,

Though you'd never have known it
to be —

With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet?"

He would cry and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet —
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old
key?"

And she said: "You are warm and
warmer;

But you're not quite right," said
she.

"It can't be the little cupboard

Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Grand-
ma."

And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her
fingers,

That were wrinkled and white and
wee,

And she guessed where the boy was
hiding,

With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their
places

Right under the maple tree —

This old, old, old, old lady

And the boy with the lame little
knee —

This dear, dear, dear, old lady

And the boy who was half-past
three.

—H. C. Bunner



DOORS & KEYS

*Program for Opening New Club or
Church Year*

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make a mobile or stabile by bending a coat hanger into a modernistic shape. Or you might cover a large hoop with silver foil to represent a key ring and suspend it from the ceiling or from a tall pole with an arm. As the various doors are mentioned, fasten their keys to the support provided.

Place a candle on either side of the key arrangement — one, a lighted candle that is well burned down; the other a tall, unlighted one will be lighted as designated at the close of the service.

Leader:

There was a door that stood ajar

That one had left for me,

But I was seeking other doors

To which I had no key.

And when at last I turned to seek

The refuge and the light,

A gust of wind had shut the door,

And left me in the night.

Today we shall think for a few moments about doors and keys. We stand here today at the threshold of a new year, ready to open the door to find what is on the other side. Do we have the key to open the door? When we walk through, do we shut the door behind us, or leave it open? What does this door *lock out*? What does it *shut in*? Are there other doors beyond this first one? What keys will open them?

First Speaker: Let us consider the first door and the doors beyond. Are we ready to open the door to the new year ahead and to face the challenges that lie beyond? As homemakers, mothers, and citizens, what will face us this year? Surely we are aware that to live in today's world we face constantly changing problems, pressures, and projects — doors beyond the entrance door, if you please. Some of these doors are marked LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, and GROWTH, to mention only a few.

Beyond one door might lie poverty, not our own, perhaps, but does that mean it is any the less our responsibility? There is the door opening upon

strife and dissention. Will we have the courage to enter that door and take a stand — to bring light where there has been darkness, and love where there has been hate?

Will we be so busy trying to open doors of our choice of special interest that we fail to see the doors opening to family fellowship, unity, neighborliness, and anchoring faith? As we think of the problems that so vitally concern our community and nation, will we be wise enough to leave some doors closed — doors of intolerance, selfishness, pride, and indifference? What are some of the keys we will want to use this year? What doors shall we open?

Leader: "Ask, and it will be given you; seek and you will find; knock and it will be opened to you. For every one who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened."

Second Speaker: We are seeking the art of mature living in today's world. Life is too short to be wasted in hatred, revenge, fault-finding, prejudice, intolerance, destruction, worry, fear, and self-pity — a humorless and selfish attitude.

We definitely want the key of FRIENDSHIP (place first key) which opens the door to family unity and world brotherhood. We want the key of HELPFULNESS, (2nd key, etc.) the key of CHEER, and the key of LAUGHTER, because:

We are helped by helping others;

If we give we always get.

Seeing others as our brothers

Is life's safest, surest bet.

If we give what folks are needing,

It will pay us in the end,

And we just can't help succeeding

In the game of life, my friend.

Cheerfulness is always catching,

Certain cure for many an ill.

Happiness is always hatching

In the sunshine of a smile.

Banish gloom by being cheerful;

Blaze the trail and set the pace.
We'll see expressions dreadful
Swiftly fade from many a face.

Life gives back just what we give it —
Give it smiles and smiles we get.
If we learn this rule, and live it,
We will never know regret.
Give a kindly word, we'll reap it —
It will come back multiplied
And will linger — we can keep it
In our "treasure chest" inside.

Let's get together! Pull together!
That's the spirit that will win;
If the doors of life we'd open,
We must face 'em with a grin!
We help ourselves by helping others;
Welcome the challenge, open the
door —

Helping our brothers we help ourselves
To a better world than ever before.

—Anonymous

Leader: "And be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another." There are also doors to lock and leave behind us in the old year past.

Third Speaker: Who can count all the mistakes that have led to our heartaches, and to the heartaches of others in the year past? These we would *shut in* behind the doors of UNDERSTANDING, TOLERANCE, LOVE, and KNOWLEDGE.

First on the list to be locked behind a closed door and forgotten let us put the *delusion* that individual advancement is made by crushing others down. If we only knew how much we trim down our own stature when we yield to envy and pride!

Let us shut out the mistake of *worrying* about those things which cannot be changed, thereby missing a chance to change that which can be changed, or correct a wrong that can be righted.

Let us lock up our mistake of allowing *trivial preferences* to shove aside the important issues at stake.

Let us shut out *discouragement* which indicates an important task is impossible because we alone cannot accomplish it.

Let us lock up *negative thinking*. Try locking your fingers tightly together and then concentrate on saying, "I can't pull my fingers apart; I can't pull my fingers apart", as you try to pull your fingers loose from each other. You'll find it's almost impossible to do. Such is the power of negative thinking.

Most important of all, as we stand at the threshold of a new door, closing it
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AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Since I haven't had an opportunity to visit with you on the radio for such a long, long time, I decided to sit down and visit with you in a letter.

I was extremely busy with school work during the spring months, and now I'm finding these summer months equally harried, but at least I've been able to do several things that are a change of pace.

The most interesting and rewarding of these projects is my volunteer work for the Albuquerque Public Schools. This is a tutoring program for underprivileged children and is supported by a combination of the local schools, the Headstart Program and volunteer help. As a tutor, it is my responsibility to help youngsters in the areas of English and math.

English is a severe problem and actual barrier for countless children in Albuquerque who are of Spanish descent, because Spanish is the language they hear in their homes. New Mexico is the only state in the Union that can accurately be described as bi-lingual, and when these children of Spanish descent get into the public school system they are up against real trouble. Math presents another problem also because of the recent change-over to the "new" math system. The way they are teaching math today is certainly a far cry from the math I was taught in the Shenandoah public schools. I'll admit that I have to spend a lot of time preparing for these math classes that I am tutoring.

As you may know, I am getting my degree at the University of New Mexico in art education. Because of this training, I am also in charge of the art program for the children — thirty of them. Every day these youngsters have a forty-five minute art period and I have much enjoyed this chance to see them experimenting with color paints. We purchased only three basic colors (red, yellow and blue) and practiced mixing greens, oranges and purples from them. The children were enchanted to discover how to make their own colors.

In addition to tutoring and teaching the art class, I am also taking an art history course at the University in Contemporary Art. A visiting professor, Dr. Mills, is teaching the course and I was delighted to learn that he is



Juliana Verness finds a large map very helpful in locating points of interest in one of the parks.

from Iowa. He and his family decided to escape the Midwest humidity and spend the summer in the Southwest. However, Albuquerque has had very unseasonable thunderstorms and the humidity has been running a race with the temperatures. My apartment isn't air-conditioned, of course, and I'm sure a cornfield would flourish in my living room! It *feels* just like Iowa all of the time.

In spite of the heat and humidity I've had a chance to do some work around my apartment. Like the usual college student, my budget is skimpy and this means that my furniture consists of kitchen appliances, a bed, a sofa and one chair. I desperately needed a coffee table and a phone table, so I found these for only \$2.00 each at a used furniture store and immediately set to work rehabilitating them.

I spent considerable time sanding the legs and when this was done I painted both of them a flat black and then finished the tops in ceramic tile. I had always supposed that it would be hard to work with ceramic tile, but I was happily surprised to discover how easy it is to do. The tile I chose was white, beige and dark brown, and I'm sure these colors will blend with any color scheme I might have at a later date. All in all, I was very pleased to have such attractive tables at such a low cost.

Until this summer I had never had a chance to go camping, but Mother's and Daddy's old friends, Dr. Leonardo

Garcia and his family, are great camping fans and they have invited me on several of their expeditions. These trips start on Friday night and end on Sunday night because, once Monday morning rolls around, Dr. Garcia must be back at his post at the University of New Mexico medical school and I must be on deck for my tutoring-teaching responsibilities.

Two of the trips we've enjoyed the most were to Canyon de Chelly (Chelly is pronounced as if it were spelled shay) in Arizona, and the Santa Barbara campgrounds in northern New Mexico. I hope that Mother gets a chance to see these places sometime.

Canyon de Chelly is a huge canyon which is simply honey-combed with ancient pueblo sites. The scenery itself is magnificent, and there is a trail going down into the ruins that permits able-bodied people to study some of our earliest Americans' dwellings. When you live in the Southwest you become very conscious of the fact that white men are extremely recent newcomers to this scene.

The Santa Barbara camping grounds are located near the beautiful Penasco valley in the Kit Carson National Forest. The camping area is in a high mountain valley with a lovely stream dashing along just a few feet from the camp sites. This stream is large enough to have several islands in it, and just above our camp site there was a big log which gave us access to one of the islands. Of course, I had to try to maneuver the log and promptly fell into the stream! The water was only about two feet deep but it was certainly mighty cold.

However, exploring that little island was really worth the drenching. I found many wild flowers which would have been blooming in Iowa in early May. The high altitude and resultantly cool temperatures had evidently slowed down the blooming process by several months. It made me downright homesick to see the anemones, May apples and other wild flowers which I remember so vividly from springtime visits to my Aunt Dorothy's farm.

Well, I have an art history test tomorrow morning so I must brush up on my reading, and there is always work to do on that "new" math! My apartment is so hot that there's no use in thinking about getting to sleep before 1:00 or 1:30 A.M., but at least it's given me extra hours to get my work done.

Sincerely yours,
Juliana

JUST THINKING

I've wondered if this modern world With its busyness and hurry, May not have traded peace and quiet For noisiness and worry.

—Lula Lamme

AN INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT

by

Evelyn Birkby

"Go to St. Louis and tell our friends of the places of interest you find there," was the assignment handed to me. It proved to be a most enjoyable trip filled with friendly people, historical pilgrimages, beauty and music.

My first step in planning the trip was to write the Chamber of Commerce for information. A list of hotels was included in their material. I chose the Mayfair Hotel (an older, very fine hotel with three excellent restaurants and a lovely gift shop) because it was in the center of the business district. A number of equally fine hotels and new high-rise motels are also in the immediate vicinity.

The first morning I talked to the desk clerk about the area, went to a nearby book store to get material on the history of the city, and finally was directed to the visitors' center in the Old Post Office. Here were maps, booklets, historical brochures, souvenirs of the 200th birthday of St. Louis, and even a fine selection of locally compiled recipe books. The young lady in charge was delightful and so very kind in answering my *myriads* of questions.

Since the present-day history of St. Louis started with the Mississippi River it seemed the waterfront was the best place for me to begin my exploration. While several excursion boats are available, I chose the "Huck Finn" because it is a replica of the early paddle wheel steamboat which carried passengers and cargo up and down the river.

As I waited for the boat to leave the dock I sat in the air-conditioned lounge eating a quick lunch and checking through the material on the history of the very spot where we were moored. In 1764 a Frenchman, Pierre LaCledé, came up the Mississippi to trade with the Indians. He established a settlement on the banks of the river. Auguste Chouteau, a lad of fourteen who was clerk of the expedition, also stayed and together they helped build early St. Louis.

Fur traders, explorers, homesteaders, pioneers, merchants, rivermen, gold seekers, immigrants, peddlers and many others came and played a part in the city's growth. The land first belonged to France, then to Spain. For a brief moment it went back to France and finally was bought by the United States as a part of the Louisiana Purchase.

My reverie was broken by the vibra-



This happy boy is Kurt Bauer of St. Louis, Mo., who generously posed so Evelyn could get a picture of a child feeding one of the cute little lambs at Grant's Farm.

tion of the engines of the Huck Finn as we began to slowly move away from the dock. I went out on the sunlit deck to better watch the shore line and the sweep of the river as we moved upstream. Just after going under a large highway bridge of old stone construction we passed a boat yard filled with small pleasure craft. Here, we were told, the horrible St. Louis fire of 1849 had started.

As the boat moved upstream we could see high flood walls, industrial buildings and barges being loaded with cargo, but most exciting was the river itself. This was the gateway to the West! Here Louis and Clark began their momentous journey as did many courageous men and women who moved upward to the Missouri River and far beyond.

The boat returned and disembarked its passengers near the foot of a great stainless steel arch which reaches a graceful 630 feet into the air from the river bank. It is a magnificent symbol of the role St. Louis played as "Gateway to the West". I found it *most* impressive!

The entire waterfront area around the arch has been cleared of old buildings. Under the guidance of the Nation Park system it is being developed into the Jefferson National Memorial. Eventually elevators will lift visitors to an observation section of the arch, an underground historical museum will be built at the base of the arch and landscaping will be done to enhance the beauty of the location.

Two historical buildings were preserved near the arch and they proved most interesting. I walked first to the Old Cathedral, a Basilica of St. Louis

the King. It was erected in 1834 on the site of the first celebration of Mass in St. Louis in 1764. The interior is beautiful with great chandeliers, marble statues and other fine appointments. A tremendous painting of Christ on the cross hangs above a magnificent marble altar.

The other old building which narrowly escaped the disastrous fire of 1849 and is now part of the Jefferson National Memorial is the Old Courthouse. It was started in 1839. For many years the building was used for public meetings as well as for county and city business. On its steps slave auctions were once held. The famous Dred Scott case was tried in its courtrooms.

I especially enjoyed the fine historical display rooms, the murals around the dome and a special showing of historical paintings of LaSalle's exploration.

Within walking distance, though just barely, was the childhood home of Eugene Field. The house is of red brick, three stories tall, and very narrow (in fact, it once was one of a row of houses). It was built in 1845, and because of its historical and literary importance was saved when other old buildings in the area were being demolished. The house is now a museum furnished with Eugene Field's own furniture and clothing, (a beautiful example of the way in which a family of modest means lived in the middle 1800's). The part I enjoyed most was the children's display: a large doll house, miniature furniture, a real hobby horse, toy soldiers and an iron stove, to name a few. On the mantel stood a calico cat and a gingham dog, illustrating one of Mr. Field's best-loved poems.

Another old house far out on the outskirts of town is called "Hardscrabble" and was built by Ulysses S. Grant in 1854. The log house has been preserved and is now a part of "Grant's Farm" where I spent two delightful hours.

To reach Grant's Farm it is necessary to have a car or take one of the commercial tours. Reservations are needed because clever rubber-tired trains drive the guests around the 281 acres of the estate now owned by the Busch family. There is no charge; reservations are needed to limit the number so all can ride.

The train took us first past pens of elephants and camels. We stopped at a German farmstead. Here the Busch family houses some of its magnificent horses and displays many of the rib-

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EXCITING SUMMER OVER FOR THE DENVER DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

This past summer has been such an eventful one that it makes my head spin just to recall some of the events. I remember the last time I wrote was just before we left on a weekend camping trip. Another family in the neighborhood joined us, and, since they have children who are the same ages as Alison and Clark, Emily invited one of her friends to pal around with.

The weather couldn't have been more co-operative and our campsite was perfect. Because we had only two and a half days for the outing, we chose a place that necessitated just two hours of driving to reach. It was Spruce Grove Campground in Pike National Forest. We drove along U. S. 285 as far as the tiny village of Jefferson, turned left on a county road and followed the Tarryall River several miles to this campground. With 6 children along to transport our gear, we had no qualms about selecting the campsites across the river. The fishing left much to be desired but the children had a marvelous time climbing the large rock formations that make this such an attractive place.

Our final outing with Emily before she left for Costa Rica was a long weekend spent at Lucile's home near Santa Fe, New Mexico. The children love it there, as do Wayne and I. Since the drive from here takes about 7 hours, we feel we need five days' vacation time to make the trip restful. The quickest and most scenic route follows U. S. 285 the entire distance except for one stretch in the San Luis valley where Colo. 17 cuts off a few miles.

An unexpected pleasure awaited us upon our arrival at the house — Juliana was on hand with all the makings for a refreshing supper for hot, travel-weary guests. We always enjoy arriving in late afternoon for that is such an outstandingly beautiful time of the day in that country. We love our Colorado scenery dearly, but this doesn't keep us from appreciating the peculiar beauty of New Mexico.

Juliana told us that this time for sure we must get around to seeing the beautiful Nambe Falls. Frankly, Wayne and I were more than a little skeptical. We recalled the hot dusty hike we had previously made to see the falls in Bandelier National Monument and how they had turned out to be a disappointment to us. However, since the Indians were going to be



Under a bright New Mexico sun are Alison and Emily Driftmier with their cousin Juliana Verness, who drove up from Albuquerque to visit the vacationing Denver Driftmiers.

putting on dances at a festival near the falls, we decided it was worth a visit. As we drove along the hot, dusty little road we just couldn't believe there was a cool mountain stream within miles and another disappointment seemed inevitable.

Suddenly, in the midst of desert appeared a grove of large native cottonwood and willow trees. Because of the festival an Indian was on hand to direct us to a parking place. We later noticed that all the "Anglos" had to park in the sun; the Indians were directed in closer among the trees. Much to our surprise, there flowing through the grove of trees was a sizeable stream of cool, clear mountain water. What welcome refreshment it provided!

Juliana had warned us to wear old tennis shoes as it was necessary to ford the stream several times on the walk up to the falls. I never saw as many people in such an off-the-beaten-track locale having a marvelous time just wading. It was delightful for us adults to have an obvious excuse to wade in the stream. It is full of rocks so that is why you want to wear something to protect your feet. The falls are really quite lovely, cutting through sheer rock to fall down and form this lovely stream which flows through miles of barren countryside. Then it becomes the "liquid gold" that is the life-blood of the farms near Nambe.

Wayne was quite anxious to play golf at the Santa Fe course since they had recently opened a second nine holes there. Because of his responsibilities for the design and construction of our new country club course in quite comparable terrain, he was eager to view their handling of similar problems. While we were golfing the children browsed the ever-intriguing shops and galleries of

Santa Fe. I enjoyed the golf very much, but since that was the only afternoon during our visit when the shops were open, I missed out on that form of entertainment. But that just gives me another excuse to return to one of our favorite spots.

Alison turned fifteen this summer (does it seem possible?) and you can probably guess how she wanted to celebrate her birthday. Yes, it was on horseback! She stated well in advance that she wished to spend that occasion riding in a two-day show for juniors sponsored by the Littleton Lions Club. So her birthday presents consisted mostly of the fees to enter the show and her own black velvet hunt cap. She won two ribbons so the weekend was an unqualified success.

At the conclusion of this horse show it was time to plunge into the final preparations that filled the remaining five and one-half days until Emily's departure for Costa Rica. Somehow everything got done in plenty of time and even the airline strike didn't delay her departure. She flew Braniff to Mexico City, and from there to San Jose flew on LACSA, the Costa Rican airline. She could have flown the entire distance on a U. S. airline but felt her hosts would be pleased if she arrived on their aircraft.

Believe me, it gave Wayne and me cause to think of Emily's traveling alone and spending two nights and a day in Mexico City. However, we were quite confident that she could take care of herself very adequately, or we never would have permitted her to leave on such a trip in the first place. Even so, it was a relief to answer the phone and receive the cabled message that she had arrived safely in San Jose.

Next month I'll try to bring you up to date on her experiences in Central America and perhaps there will be space enough to describe our new family room which was started this busy summer. Oh yes, one final news item — our church has just located the money for financing the new building. Hopefully, construction will be underway shortly. Until then,

Sincerely,

Abigail

COVER PICTURE

For parents, the summer passed much too quickly, but for little children, it seemed an eternity. The doors of the schoolrooms are opened and in bounce the youngsters in their first-day-of-school clothes, looking happily for their old friends and apprehensively for their new teachers.

FREDERICK WRITES FROM NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Friends:

Here I am writing to you from beautiful Nova Scotia, the New Scotland of the Western Hemisphere. I am told that it is much like Scotland, but even more like North Ireland, and even though I never have visited either of those countries, I am inclined to believe that such judgment is right. Never have I been in any country where there is more water abounding. There are lakes, and more lakes, and then along the sea coast there are countless inlets, harbors, and bays. Like so much of Canada, Nova Scotia also is a land of forests — miles and miles of them stretching out endlessly across the horizon.

When I tell people that each summer Betty and I have 24 or 28 house guests spending at least one full week with us, they look amazed. Ten years ago, I would not have believed it either, but now that we have done it for so many years, it does not seem so out of the ordinary. Of course we could not do this, if we did not have a large place, and a large place is just what we have. As most of you know, Betty's father permits us to use his summer estate located 18 miles from Yarmouth, on the southern tip of Nova Scotia. It is an old hunting lodge with several small guest cottages and a boathouse having in all about 12 bedrooms and nine bathrooms or lavatories. We have some fine people from a near-by village who help us to maintain the place, and so Betty does not have to worry about feeding everyone. We plan the menus before we leave for the estate, and the help has everything in order for us when we arrive.

Normally, we have one-half of our guests come during our first week in Nova Scotia, and the other group comes up the last week we are there, while we take the in-between week for more quiet and intimate entertaining. Our guests are always people from our church in Springfield, Massachusetts, and this year we are having some of the leaders of one of our large women's organizations with us the first week, and then later we have some of our deacons and their wives with us. On alternate years we take some of the church young people with us.

One thing we have learned about entertaining such large groups of guests for days at a time, and that is the absolute necessity for good organization and very careful planning. We know exactly what we are going to do each day, always having an alternate



Martin Strom is having a marvelous vacation with his Uncle Frederick (with him here) and Aunt Betty.

plan in case there should be a change in the weather or some other emergency. A second thing we have learned is the necessity of having on hand a wide range of indoor activities that can be enjoyed by any number of people, quiet games and exciting fun games, motion pictures and music, and a goodly number of current magazines and popular books.

In all our years of going to Nova Scotia with church parties, we never have had any illness or serious accidents. Since the nearest medical help is several miles away, we always keep our fingers crossed, but this year we are going to have four doctors in one of our parties. If anything should happen, we shall be prepared. There have been occasions when some of our guests have been on special diets or have had certain food dislikes, and we have learned to be prepared for that. The meals are planned in such a way that there is much variety and always a substitute main meat course and dessert course.

It has been such a long time since anyone from Shenandoah, Iowa, has visited us at the Nova Scotia place, and so we have been very pleased to have Martin Strom with us this year. Before we left for the trip north, we gave him a good time at our little cottage down in the Rhode Island woods with a few side trips to Boston, New York, Cape Cod and Springfield. He may tell you differently, but I think his biggest thrill was learning to sail my small sailboat. Next to flying an airplane, I think that sailing is just about as thrilling a fun sport as there is, and by this time I think that Martin agrees with me. There was one good laugh when only five minutes after I had told him that he was the most able student I ever had taught to sail, he dumped the boat over in a sudden gust

of wind, and we both got a good dunking. Here in Nova Scotia we were able to do quite a bit of sailing this summer, and by now Martin is as salty as the rest of us.

While sitting around the fireplace one evening here in Nova Scotia, a group of us were discussing the reasons people have to be hopeful and optimistic in spite of all the tragedy and woe of this age, and again and again someone would mention the fact of love. Why do we forget that God is love? Why do we permit some hour of despair to blind us to the truth that God loves us? No matter what happens to us or to the world around us, there is nothing that can separate us from the love of God! This idea is so basic to our faith, and if we will just remember it, the world could look a lot brighter to us.

We always attend the village church when we are in Nova Scotia, and there we hear some of the plain Gospel truths as they are preached to the fishermen and the woodsmen and their families. Because it remains light for such a long time after sunset in this part of the world, we sat out-of-doors when we got home from church one evening. Looking out across the lake and the woods, I found myself saying to my friends that the greatest proof we have of God's love is the beauty of the world. Each visit to our summer retreat reminds me again and again that in spite of all the world's trouble, we do have such a marvelous earth around us for anyone who wants to see it and to sense it: the sky, the clouds, the sunshine, the forests, the lakes, the fields, the hills, all growing things and wildlife. If we will just receive it, there is an enrichment and a comfort that is to be had from being near all these things, from being near to Nature and from feeling one's self a small part of her.

Of course, not everyone can enjoy these things, but surely most of us can if we just care to make the effort and to get out-of-doors and away from the house or the office for a few minutes. Appreciating the wonderful world our loving Heavenly Father has given us may not be enough to overcome all our sorrows, to put an end to separations we cannot bear, and to entirely heal painful injuries to our spirit, but it can help! Everywhere the month of September is a beautiful month, and I hope that some of you good friends will find in it time for getting new hope and strength in your garden, in the fields, in the woods, or out on a lake in some little boat. Sincerely,

Frederick

Nothing of Good Is Forever Lost

by
Mollie Dowdle



Deep down inside my treasures of memories I have some extra special things stored away that I bring out on occasions when I feel the years have dulled my sense of wonder and the joy of remembrance is being lost in the humdrum process of living.

Like at night when I'm too tired to sleep, instead of worrying about how I'm going to meet my responsibilities the next day, I try and recreate out of the past a mind picture of some experience that has brought me happiness.

The work I must try to accomplish tomorrow is pushed out of my thoughts and I'm a young mother again with my active youngsters. It's a lovely spring day, the day after school is out, and we're rattling up a mountain road in an old car that threatens to fly apart with every turn of the wheel. In the back seat is a dog, our lunch basket, a dull axe and a pile of gunny bags. Our purpose is to search for cascara bark, but in reality we're on an excursion to the hills.

I can hear the children call out as they locate a tree of good size and the excitement as we look it over. And again I smell the distinct fragrance of the long strips as we push our knives into the bark and peel it off.

And the added wonder of the day when the boys discover a bird's nest or an animal track. Their sensitive appreciation of the beauty of childhood I have kept in a special place in my heart, along with a deep feeling of gratitude. When you see the world through a child's eyes you see creation as God intends us to. I see a tight, short-stemmed bouquet of wild flowers, plucked by the grubby hands of a little boy, and presented to me when we are ready to start home. These are lovely memories.

There was the time when after long agonizing months of pain I underwent surgery on my back and then I realized how my recuperation would be slow and painful. The trip back to the local hospital in an ambulance was excruciating that dark day in the late fall.

It was a gray, sordid world, the leaves were all off the trees and the rain clouds were spilling out themselves, but after my walk through the dark valley of pain it wasn't a dull world — it was achingly beautiful. I have never remembered the pain, but I do recall the bushes along the way were flaunting their red berries and that I saw a bank of flaming red poinsettias in a greenhouse window. I also remember an old man, who was pedaling his bicycle along a side road with his dog running behind.

Out of the past I've brought back again the little gurgling creeks and waded criss-cross back and forth as I fished in the deep still holes for trout. Or a special mountain lake, the altitude so high that the violets were just coming into bloom in July, and the concert of the singing frogs whose melody echoed against the surrounding cliffs of solid rock. I sit on a moss covered log, projected out into the water and with a little boy cuddled close to me we have watched the fish rise to the water, golden in the setting sun, as they flip their sides in quest of food.

With a conscious effort it's possible to forget our present day fears and problems and recaptivate the wonders of our past life.

On lonely days I've found it possible to feel the touch of a baby's head against my cheek or see my children stroke their pets. I can see glass fruit jars with bees droning in captivity or I empty overall pockets which are filled with a small boy's worldly possessions. And again I see an old dog, with his feet so sore he could hardly walk, because he insisted on following his master, who was learning to ride a new bicycle.

I know where there is a small cabin, built close to the ocean side, and on its wall is a colored portrait of an old man in a fishing boat. Surrounding him is all the gear a fisherman would need and in his gnarled hands is a fish pole, its tip arched out over the boat as he struggles to bring in his fish.

His expression is one of delight and in his eyes is the gladness of being alive. His hair is disheveled, blown back from his forehead, and his glasses have fallen down over his nose.

Underneath the picture is this caption: "The Old Man of the Sea". That picture is indelibly stamped in my mind, so real that I've mentally helped him bring in his fish to shore. I have only to shut my eyes and I can hear the lapping of the waves, see the sea gulls dipping close to the old man's boat and the outline of the village just beyond. The old man has become my friend and on long nights when I can't sleep we go fishing together.

On winter days when the outside world is one of moisture I sit by my wood stove, close my eyes and do a washing. The sun is shining and the wind is billowing the white sheets on the line. I've changed all the beds and I go out and bring in the linen. Without ironing I put them back on and I feel their fresh cool touch to my hands and smell their fragrance. It isn't winter anymore, it's spring!

Nothing good that we have ever experienced in our lives is ever lost. It can be lived over and over again and in these moments of awareness we can overcome loneliness fear and worry. Because good always overcomes evil if we will only work at it hard enough. There is a magnetic unexplainable force binding our entire lives into one mold and pattern and the antenna of the controlling force, our minds, can tune in on reveries at our own will.

YOU CAN FIND THESE ANSWERS IN YOUR HOUSE

Look up the references, then fill in the blanks with items found in the house.

1. Psalm 23:5 _____
2. St. John 5:11 _____
3. Acts 5:15 _____
4. Matthew 26:23 _____
5. Genesis 7:11 _____
6. Mark 23:25 _____
7. Deuteronomy 3:11 _____
8. Revelation 2:5 _____
9. Proverbs 25:11 _____
10. Matthew 5:15 _____
11. Mark 6:43 _____
12. Proverbs 26:14 _____
13. Psalms 119:105 _____
14. Luke 11:39 _____

Answers:

1. Table 2. Bed 3. Couch 4. Dishes
5. Windows 6. Cup 7. Bedstead 8. Candlestick 9. Picture 10. Candle 11. Basket 12. Door 13. Lamp 14. Platter.

—Mildred Cathcart



Politeness Must Be Taught

by
Helen Hanson Hess

Whenever I hear the words *politeness* and *well-bred*, I think of my parents. Father, as a rule, used the word *politeness*; occasionally, he said *good manners*. Mother always said *well-bred*.

The matter of training children to be polite, or well-bred, was almost a fetish with my parents, who always explained why we should, or should not, do or say certain things, rather than merely admonishing us, as many parents do.

So, we learned, when quite young, that it was unthinkable for a child or an adult to reach clear across the table for food. We were taught to ask for food, such as "Please pass the bread." We learned that we should not stare at people for any reason, whether out of curiosity, or because they were abnormal in some way, such as crippled, or badly scarred. We must not make a racket when others were conversing. We must not interrupt a conversation, whether the visitors were our elders or of our own group. If we must say something, we were to speak in a normal tone of voice, and also say "Excuse me for interrupting." We, the younger persons, should be the first to say "How-do-you-do", not wait for the older persons to speak to us first. Above all else, we were cautioned to refrain from talking, or leaving the table, or rattling dishes, while someone was asking the blessing, whether we were guests in a home, or in our own home. We must try to be at the table when the meal was ready to serve, out of consideration for the person who was serving the food. Thus we were reminded to be considerate of others, which is, actually, simple politeness.

There is a little verse, that, in my opinion, should be framed and hung on the wall in every child's room. Parents can first repeat it, and later the children can read it themselves. They love to memorize it because it rhymes and makes sense to them.

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the nicest
way."

Parents can explain that even simple little acts of kindness, (consideration for others) on the part of the child, such as getting up from a comfortable chair and offering the chair to an elderly person, is doing a kindness in the nicest way.

We must not expect too much of the very little ones, of course. They must learn gradually, just as a school child progresses from one grade to another.

One of my pet quotations is: "Politeness is the key that unlocks every door." Children are not likely to get the implication, so it is a parent's duty to break it down into simple language that a child can understand, and to discuss it with the child. I use the word *DISCUSS* advisedly, because I know from experience that children enjoy being included in a conversation, especially a discussion. I know, also, that this method is more effective than lecturing at length. Children become bored with lectures, but they will listen to advice offered in small doses, in a kindly tone of voice, and in language suited to their ages. Small doses each time, I repeat, when needed.

When I was quite young, I learned that I must always knock on a door before I presumed to enter, wait for someone to come to the door, and even then, wait to be invited to come in. This was not only because it might be inconvenient for that person to be bothered with me at that particular time, but by waiting to be invited to come in I was showing respect for the host or hostess.

Many children not taught manners in the home are unpopular with playmates, as well as with the parents of those playmates. They became unhappy little folk because they cannot understand why they are shunned.

I also fondly believe that good manners must be acquired by example as

well as by precept, so it behooves the parents to watch their step.

When children have not had the privilege of learning courtesy at home, the school teacher must supply the need. I once had to tackle such a problem, and had to be very, very cautious lest I offend or embarrass little folk, particularly if they had reached the third or fourth grade.

One of Mother's favorite quotations was "Manners make the man", which reminds me of the time a neighbor's family was visiting us. Their 12-year-old son constantly interrupted the conversation loudly and with irrelevant remarks. He whistled through his hands from time to time. When the visitors left, my father, who rarely criticized anyone in our presence, commented, "That lad certainly left his good manners at home." I was amazed that the boy's parents did not chastise him. Had I behaved in like manner I would have been quietly eliminated from the group.

Politeness learned in the home, in easy stages, becomes an ingrained, natural trait, a practice easy to remember. This is far different from what young ladies were supposed to acquire in a "finishing school".

I vividly recall receiving a gift from a relative living in another state. I must have been quite young, because when my parents set me the task of writing a "thank you" note, I had to print it as well as ask how to spell "lovely". That impressed me to the extent that even today, at 89, I feel obligated to write thank you notes just as a matter of course.

A psychology professor once told our class, "We must lay the foundation of a person's adult behavior while that person is still in his impressionable years, which are from four to 10." Time has proved him right.

WET PET

The goldfish is a proper pet,

You must be sure to keep him wet.
He's neat, he's clean, he doesn't shed,
He never jumps upon your bed.

He will not bite or kick or bark,

You needn't walk him in the park.
When you come home, he's always
there,

And NOT sprawled in your easy
chair.

He won't eat carrots, meat or seeds;
Some "paper" food is all he
needs;

But if this "paper" he's not fed,

You'll find him simply, surely
dead!

—Inez Baker.

MARY BETH DESCRIBES BIRTHDAY PARTIES

Dear Friends:

I mentioned last month that I wanted to tell you more about the children's birthday parties, so I'll start with Katharine's group.

We invited twelve girls with the full expectation that several girls would be unable to attend. However, much to my surprise, every last girl accepted, which, including Katharine, made 13 young ladies to sit down at the dining room table, with thirteen glasses and plates and silverware services to scare up. We enlisted chairs from all over the house, and by using my good crystal and china I was able to set the table for this big group.

The last party we had in the winter for Katharine was served in the kitchen, and apparently the girls felt pretty casual, because they were throwing dinner rolls and slipping platefuls of spaghetti to the dog. Deciding that there is no excuse for girls from eleven to thirteen to exhibit such poor manners, I moved them in on the carpet in the dining room and thought I would outwit them by treating them as young ladies; hence they would rise to the occasion and behave as such. And you know something, that is exactly what they did. They were lovely.

I served Imperial Chicken, a recipe I included in *Kitchen-Klatter* before, so I'll not repeat it. It is a recipe such that I was able to prepare for baking in the morning and refrigerate until the hour before serving time. We also served simply prepared broccoli. I was afraid the girls' tastes might not be sophisticated enough to warrant any special sauces, so I boiled it in lightly salted water and served it plain. I whipped dozens of boiled potatoes, and served a salad of orange sherbet, mandarin orange sections, drained crushed pineapple, and orange-flavored gelatin. With this were dozens of hot plain dinner rolls, and, of course, ice cream and cake.

Katharine's guests were invited for four o'clock to eight o'clock. When they first arrived Katharine opened her presents which took the better part of thirty minutes or so. Immediately after this we passed out index-size cards with eight items listed on them, and started out on a Treasure Hunt. We told the girls that there was no need to kill themselves hurrying be-



Katharine assisted her mother with the parties for Adrienne and Paul. The three are children of Donald and Mary Beth Drifftmier.

cause there were prizes for everyone, although the first four would receive something different than the remaining contestants.

Katharine had run her legs off the morning before the party distributing the treasures around the twelve acres on which our school is located. This way we didn't offend neighbors by having our guests tramping through their flower beds or vegetable gardens. The only hitch we ran into was having the apple and banana that were hidden disappear. We never found these but we took this into consideration and awarded the prizes regardless. The prizes were inexpensive, but the girls seemed delighted with what they received.

After this we gave them a less active game to keep them busy. Once again we passed out index cards and pencils and asked them to divide up into two teams. Then they wrote down the name of a movie, book, song, or play. This is old-fashioned charades and it appeals to all from the youngest children to the big folks. The only requirement is that you can read and write because anybody can act out words. This time prizes were awarded the team that took the fewest total number of seconds to act out the titles they received from the opposing team. This game took nearly an hour to play and certainly held their attention. It is anything but a quiet game because the excitement and cheering rose to a fevered pitch.

By now it was time to get everybody clean-handed, and thanks to a helping

hand from my mother who had just arrived from Indiana and my good husband, we got all thirty-six pieces of chicken heaped onto platters and the dinner served. The girls' good manners didn't hold down the waves and gales of laughter that surely indicated they were having a good time. There wasn't one thing spilled either on the tablecloth or on the carpet. I was really very proud of these girls, and they seemed very impressed to be sitting down to a beautifully-laid table.

Although we had more games ready to play the girls deliberated so long over their meal that it was almost time for their parents to come to pick them up, so we didn't attempt any further entertainment.

Paul's party was a two-man operation. We didn't attempt to invite as many of his classmates and neighbors as we did with Katharine. We had eight boys counting Paul, and believe me that was enough. It seemed like sixteen. Such energy and enthusiasm! Neither did we attempt a meal with these fellows. Usually this age group is more excited than hungry, so we limited the food to punch, ice cream and cake. When the boys arrived they stayed outside until everyone was accounted for. Then we brought them inside the house to the most tangled web of string that you can imagine.

Running all over the house was a maze of eight balls of string woven in and out between chair legs, across rooms, up the stairs and through the bedrooms and down the stairs again. Each boy had a roller upon which to wind his string and eventually at the end of the string, which was several hundred feet long, was a prize. It started the party on a very quiet key. These little fellows went immediately to work with quiet determination and before long they were completed. Donald had put these "cobwebs" up about an hour before the party and when I was ready to run upstairs to wash up before the boys' arrival I could hardly inch my way through the sea of strings. They simply loved this game and I heartily recommend it.

After the house was clear of string we had birthday cake and ice cream. Then we went outside to the one grassy strip that remained in the yard and had several relay races. First we strapped two boys' legs together and had them race across the yard, around the swing set, and back to the starting position where the next two fellows

(Continued on page 20)

**DELICIOUS RASPBERRY CAKE**

- 2 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 cup-thick raspberry jelly
- Cinnamon-nut topping

Sift the cake flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar into a mixing bowl. Add the shortening and 1/2 cup of the milk. Beat two minutes at medium speed with the mixer, or by hand. Add the rest of the milk, eggs, and flavorings and beat one minute more. Cut the jelly into small chunks and fold into the batter. Pour batter into a 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan and sprinkle with a topping made by combining 1/3 cup of sugar, 1/3 cup of chopped pecans, and 1 tsp. of cinnamon. Bake about 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

If you prefer, this cake can also be baked in layers, and when the layers are cool, they can be put together by spreading a thin layer of jam in between, and covering the top with sweetened whipped cream. —Dorothy

EASY ESCALLOPED POTATOES

- 4 or 5 medium potatoes
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup or cream of celery soup
- 1 soup can of milk

Butter a casserole. Slice the potatoes quite thin and arrange in layers alternating with the diluted soup, ending with soup. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until done.

The addition of bits of ham or bacon, or perhaps some onion, is very tasty.

PERFECT PEACH CONSERVES

- 1 quart prepared fresh peaches (peeled, pitted, and chopped fine)
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained
- Juice of 1 orange
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Sugar

Combine first six ingredients. Measure. Stir in an equal amount of sugar. Simmer in a heavy saucepan. (A heavy pressure pan is excellent for this combination.) Stir often until mixture is thick and clear. Pour in hot sterilized jars and top with paraffin. You'll want to open these when you have company.

FAVORITE BLACK WALNUT REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped black walnuts

Cream together the shortening and brown sugar. Add eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift together flour, soda and salt and add. Stir in nuts. As is usual with a refrigerator cookie batter, the dough will be very, very stiff. You might have to do as I did and add the nutmeats with your hands! Divide the dough into three parts and shape into rolls. Wrap in waxed paper or aluminum foil and chill in the refrigerator for several hours. Cut into thin slices and bake at 350 degrees for about 7 or 8 minutes, depending upon thinness of slices.

ELEGANT HAM BALLS

- 2 lbs. ground smoked ham
- 1 lb. ground lean pork
- 2 cups cracker crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs

Mix together and shape into balls a little larger than an egg. (I think mine were about 2 inches in diameter.) Arrange in a baking dish in a single layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes and turn. Pour topping over balls and bake 45 minutes longer, basting frequently.

Topping

- 1/2 cup vinegar
 - 1/2 cup water
 - 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 2 tsp. prepared horseradish
- Heat to boiling and pour over ham balls.

This makes about 35 balls. I used some and put the remainder in the freezer. When I took them out to use, I made up a little additional topping to pour over them as they heated.

—Margery

SEVEN-MINUTE BIRTHDAY CAKE FROSTING

- 2 egg whites
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. light corn syrup
- 1/3 cup cold water
- Dash of salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (I varied this from vanilla to cherry to almond depending on the flavor cake I had baked.)

Place all ingredients except flavoring in double boiler; mix thoroughly. Cook, beating constantly with electric beater until mixture forms peaks, about 7 minutes. Remove from heat; add flavoring. Beat until of spreading consistency.

—Mary Beth

ALMOND BARK CANDY

- 2/3 cup rich milk, scalded
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. corn syrup
- A dash of salt
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup almonds, chopped

Combine milk, sugar, corn syrup and salt. Cook to soft ball stage. Cool slightly (*do not beat*) and add butter, flavorings and nuts. Stir just enough to combine mixture. Pour into large buttered pan in a thin layer. When cool, break or cut into pieces.

**BROWN SUGAR CAKE WITH
MERINGUE TOPPING**

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 2 egg yolks and 1 whole egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 2 beaten egg whites
- 1 cup brown sugar

Cream sugar and butter. (I used light brown sugar for this.) Add egg yolks and the whole egg and then the flavorings. Sift together the flour, cinnamon, baking powder and add alternately with the milk. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes in a large greased pan in a 350-degree oven. Remove pan from oven. Beat the two egg whites, add the cup of sugar and mix well. Spread over the hot cake and return to oven to brown a little. Leave in pan until time to serve.

—Margery

LUCILE'S GLAZED PEACH PIE

- 9" baked pie shell
- 4 cups sliced peaches
- 1/2 cup water
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. butter

Crush enough of the peaches to make 1 cup. Combine with the water, sugar, flavoring and cornstarch. Bring to a boil and cook over low heat until clear. Add the butter and cool slightly. Line the baked pie shell with fresh peach slices. Spread on the peach filling. Chill for two hours. Top with layer of whipped cream to serve.

BAKED CARROTS

- 3 cups sliced carrots
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 cup bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/3 cup grated American cheese

Boil the carrots in salted water until tender. Drain, reserving 1/2 cup of the liquid. Mash the carrots well and stir in the crumbs, onion, butter and pepper. Put in a greased baking dish and pour the 1/2 cup of liquid over it. Dot with additional butter and sprinkle the cheese over the top. Bake about 15 minutes in a 425-degree oven.

—Dorothy

ANNIVERSARY SALAD

- 1 can (1 lb. size) spiced grapes
 - 2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 - 1 #2 can pitted Bing cherries
 - Juice of 1 lemon
 - 1/2 cup broken pecans
- Drain juice from grapes and add water to make 2 cups of liquid. Heat to boiling and dissolve gelatin in it. Add flavoring. Drain cherries, add lemon juice and water to make 2 cups liquid. Add to gelatin mixture. Chill in very large pan until slightly set. (My pan was 9 x 13 inches.) Add grapes, cherries and nuts and chill until firm.

Topping

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Blend the cream cheese into the whipped cream. Add crushed pineapple, which has been drained, and the flavoring and pour over the first gelatin layer. Chill until firm before serving.

This was the salad served at the family dinner honoring Margery and Oliver on their wedding anniversary.

ORIENTAL GREEN BEANS

- 1 can French-style green beans, drained
- 1 small can pimientos, diced
- 4 stalks celery, sliced thin
- 1/3 cup sharp Cheddar cheese, diced
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 small can peas, drained
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad oil

Prepare vegetable and cheese and combine. Mix salt, sugar, vinegar and oil in a saucepan. Bring to a rolling boil. Pour hot over the vegetables. Cool and then refrigerate for several hours, or overnight. Drain before serving.

This makes a very delicious and unusual combination of vegetables. It keeps well and can be used for several days. I did return mine to the dressing when I wanted to store it after serving so it would remain moist. It could be stored drained if kept in a tightly covered container.

Mark this as excellent for a make-ahead salad.

SPECIAL CASSEROLE

- 2 cups uncooked noodles
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 cup milk
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 2 eggs, beaten

Cook the noodles until tender in boiling salted water. Drain. Cook onion and hamburger in butter until lightly done. Add the cottage cheese. In a 2-quart casserole put 1/3 of the noodles and then a layer of the meat mixture. Repeat, and end with a layer of noodles. Combine milk, soup and salt and pour over the layers. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Beat eggs and pour over the cheese. Bake, uncovered, in 375-degree oven for 1 hour. Serves 6 to 8.

FRESH PEACH DELIGHT

Place a layer of sliced fresh peaches in the bottom of an 8-inch square cake pan and sprinkle them with a little cinnamon.

Mix until crumbly the following ingredients:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Sprinkle this mixture over the peaches and bake for 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. This is delicious just as is, but simply elegant when served with rich cream.

GOLDEN OVEN SANDWICHES

- 12 slices whole wheat sandwich bread
 - 8 slices American cheese
- Combine:
- 4 beaten eggs
 - 2 1/2 cups milk
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. curry powder

Place four slices of bread in an 8-inch square baking dish. Top each with a cheese slice. Repeat and place the third slice of bread on top. Pour the liquid combination over this. Bake 40 minutes in a 375-degree oven. These may be baked immediately, or can be prepared and refrigerated for baking later in the day. If you wish to dress these up a little, before serving you can place a slice of pineapple on the top of each layer, with a little jelly in the center of each ring.

—Dorothy

APRICOT SALAD

- 1 1/2 cups apricot nectar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained (about 8 oz.)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 bananas, sliced
- 10 marshmallows, cut in eighths

1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Heat 1 cup of the apricot nectar. In this dissolve the gelatin. Add remaining 1/2 cup nectar and the crushed pineapple and flavoring. When the mixture starts to congeal, add the bananas, marshmallows and nuts. Pour into a mold and chill until firm.

—Margery

DANISH COOKIES

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in egg and flavorings. Sift together the flour, cream of tartar and soda and add. Batter will be stiff. Shape into small balls and dip top in water and then in sugar. Flatten with bottom of a glass. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes.

SUPERIOR MEAT CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 medium green pepper, diced
- 1/2 lb. Cheddar cheese, diced
- 1 cup carrots, grated
- 4 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients together for casserole. Spoon into casserole and chill several hours or overnight. Bake covered about 2 hours in 300-degree oven. Remove cover and brown slightly. Crushed potato chips may be sprinkled over the top of the meat to give a fine brown topping. Cut in squares and serve with the following mixture which has been heated:

Topping

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 to 3/4 cups milk

This makes a very fine meat to serve for church dinners. It serves from 12 to 15 nicely. 1 can meat (such as Spam) or 2 cans tuna fish may be used to vary this recipe.

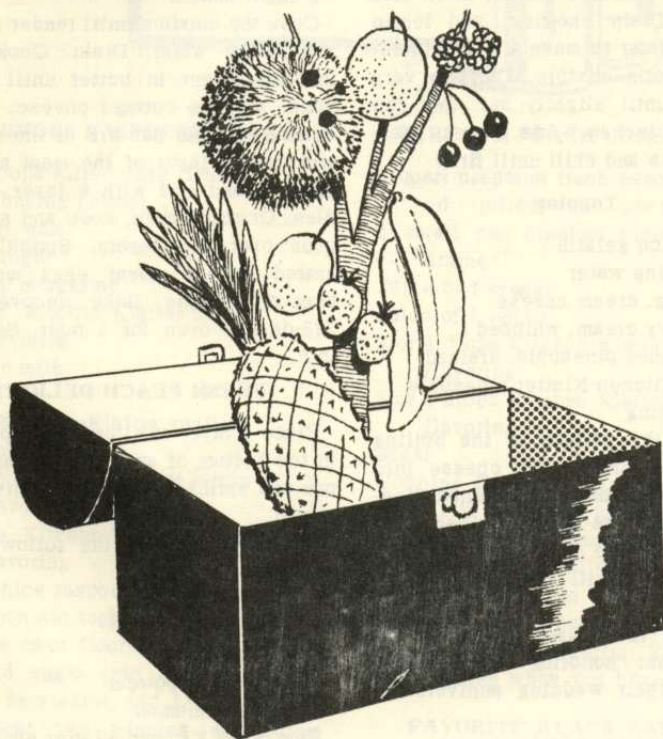
—Evelyn

TASTY LIME SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup crushed pineapple (with juice)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup diced cucumber
- 5 Tbls. finely diced green pepper
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise

Heat juice and add gelatin to dissolve. Let cool and add flavoring, pineapple, cucumber and green pepper. When it begins to congeal, fold in the mayonnaise. Chill until firm. Serve on salad greens. This is very good with ham.

—Margery

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SPEAK WITH A LOVING HEART

by
Jean Russel

"I wish I had told her how much she meant to me," sobbed a white-haired old gentleman. He had lived with his wife more than forty years but, being an undemonstrative man, she died not knowing the depth of his love.

"But he is a good boy, Judge," protested a mother in bewilderment after her son was sentenced for petty thievery.

The boy turned to look at his mother. "If you really mean that, why didn't you tell me sooner?" he demanded.

It is ironic that many people quite capably and readily express criticism but seem unable to perform the simple expressions of sincere appreciation. All ages from the smallest child to the elderly person need words of praise or encouragement given from a loving heart.

One evening, I wearily sank into my favorite chair. The children were finally in bed after long hours crowded with youngsters full of noisy play, a constant stream of callers, and more tasks than could possibly be completed in one day. My long-suffering husband listened to my recital of the day's activities mostly dealing with the difficulties I was having with nine-year-old Jim. I concluded my little narration with the remark that at least Jim did do a neat job of cleaning his room.

My husband looked at me over his newspaper. "After a day like that, I hope you told him that his work was appreciated."

"No," I said, startled, "I don't believe I did."

All day long, I had been issuing commands: "Close the door. Clean the sink after washing your hands. Wipe your shoes before coming into the house."

I noticed the resentment building in his eyes, but my tasks were pressing me to greater speed. Who had time to stop to reason with an uncooperative child?

At his call to come and check his room, I stopped for a quick look. Although it was obvious that his room was shining from unusually diligent effort, I forgot to thank him.

As I sat recalling the day's events, it became very clear that my haste and impatience were setting a poor example for the rest of the family.

I didn't mount the bandstand and deliver a speech to my family on mutual appreciation after this experience. After this, however, I did go out of my



Lori, Lynn and Lisa Nigus, triplet daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Don L. Nigus, live in Highland, Kans., where their daddy teaches in the high school. They have a 3-year-old brother named Philip. Their great-grandmother, Mrs. Boyd Gentzler of Leona, Kans., sent the picture.

way to give praise for a task well done or for thoughtful consideration in play.

It didn't take much effort to give a quick hug and a few whispered words of affection which made boyish eyes sparkle. They were quick to follow my example and thoughtfully praised each other for a helping hand with their duties.

Moreover, I discovered this method of "catching more flies with honey than vinegar" is never more effective than in the relationship of a wife and husband. Although incompatibility, etc., are usually given as reasons for the failure of a marriage, neglect is usually the basic cause. It seems that a large percentage of the feeling of neglect stems from the failure of being appreciated by one or both partners.

I became specific in my appreciation. My pastor admitted he had grown weary of the murmured, "Enjoyed your sermon today." When I told him exactly what portion of his sermon was impressive or especially "hit home" in my heart, he responded immediately. I came to realize that this man of God could become discouraged too.

Have you ever watched a Sunday school teacher or program leader give a lesson in the halting, self-conscious manner of the inexperienced?

These people are made even more aware of their difficulty by an inattentive audience or by critical comment. Perhaps the lesson was so poorly given that there could be no honest praise for what was said. But maybe the speaker can be complimented for a pleasant speaking voice, or for the effort he has made to give the lesson. It is in these situations that we must remember the speaker has not been trying to perform for an audience but has been seeking only to serve God.

Every person you meet has many

TV TRAYS SERVE IN VARIOUS WAYS

by
Evelyn Pickering

If you are fortunate enough to possess all-occasion tables and have ample storage space in your home, count yourself lucky.

Not being blessed with an abundance of handy household belongings, four large TV trays have served me in numerous capacities. The handiest gadget on wheels is my living room TV tray. On this I keep our most recent reading material near a comfortable armchair. It can soon be wheeled elsewhere for another family member's reading enjoyment. When eating meals alone, this tray often becomes a dining table as I unload the magazines and watch my favorite TV program. At night, with manicure set, comb, brush and other toiletries on tray, I spend an evening of leisure reading and beautifying (?) myself with all necessary items nearby.

In another room a TV tray serves as typewriter table. A back bedroom, minus closet, is neater because a tray is stacked carefully with unused quilts, blankets and spreads. An empty corner in our hallway has become a rendezvous for visiting grandchildren since I supplied a TV tray with story books, old Sunday school take-home papers and other appealing literature for 3- to 16-year-olds.

If you own several unused TV trays, place them in convenient spots in your guest bedroom. Visitors will use and appreciate these as luggage holders.

Do my TV trays ever serve the purpose for which they were originally made? Yes, once a month they do. Magazines, books, typewriter, and bed-clothes are unloaded when four of our children (another son lives in Virginia) and their families arrive for a happy get-together. Then TV trays are set up in the living room to hold plates of 8 hungry grandchildren, while we grown-ups feast in the dining room, enjoying a quiet noonday meal. Thanks to TV trays!

good qualities if you will only take the time and trouble to search for them. It is so easy to say the words that can give a lift to the weary, encourage the disheartened, and create smiles that erase frowns.

(Editor's note: This article first appeared in the Christian Life magazine.)



SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

by

Evelyn P. Johnson

"We cannot be happy if we are indifferent to the happiness of others. In the giving of ourselves, through little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness of the feelings of those who yearn for our sympathy, understanding, and a crumb of human comfort, we unconsciously plant and seed of happiness in our own lives."

This paragraph from an old scrapbook appeals to me. "Plant the seed of happiness . . ."

In planting seeds of happiness, of kindness, we do not have to wait on the weather or the soil — it is always planting season and always harvesting time.

It was a cold wintry day when an old decrepit beggar walked the streets of a small town in search of someone who might give him a warm meal and a place to sleep. All whom he approached were in a hurry to return to the warmth of their firesides and had nothing to offer him — not even a kind word. Then he met a man who spoke to him kindly and apologized that he had not the price of a meal to give, nor even a room to share. As he grasped



Lucile's little Chihuahua, Jake, is just about a handful for her nephew, Paul Solstad. Also shown are Paul's mother, Mrs. John Solstad, and his sister Kyra.

the old beggar's hand, he said, "I'm sorry — I wish I could help you."

The cold, blue lips of the beggar formed a feeble smile as he replied, "But you have! Thanks for the clasp of a friendly hand."

The seeds of kindness had been sown in the dead of winter and bore fruit.

There is a couple I know who sows seeds of kindness every Sunday (not that they wait for Sunday, but this is the day I see them). As soon as church

services are over they go to the strangers, or visitors, and make them feel welcome. The answering glow on the faces of those people is harvest enough for my friends.

A woman's club in my home town adopted a child from an orphanage. With willing hands they made dainty dresses; from already over-worked budgets they spared enough for gifts; they opened their homes to the child. Each member of that club is sowing seeds without benefit of sunshine. They are sowing them in the shade of sorrow and the coldness of a broken home, but each one becomes a harvester as she listens to the lilting notes of song in the child's voice, and sees the sparkle of joy in her eyes.

A family in my community needed help. The father and husband was ill and his crops needed work. Neighbors went in and did the work for him. Whenever a home burns in our area, the surrounding community extends a helping hand by sharing food and clothing and contributing labor, money and materials toward a new home.

These neighbors are sowing seeds of kindness and helpfulness. When the ailing neighbor gets well, and when the new house goes up, and these people take up their lives again with determination to overcome the backsets, the community, as a whole, reaps a rich harvest.

Emerson said, "Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without you spill a little on yourself."

I would paraphrase: Happiness is a seed. Every day we see some fertile spot for sowing this seed. If we scatter the seeds we have, our pathways will be bordered with beauty and the fragrance from the blossoms will permeate our lives.

BUTTON BUSYNESS

Make hot dish mats by cutting out a piece of heavy cardboard or felt, the size desired.

Beginning in the center of the mat, with heavy thread and a large needle, sew on a large flat button. Now work around it adding only flat buttons until the mat is covered. It is not necessary to break the thread while sewing on the buttons.

When finished shellac on both sides for longer wear. These mats make inexpensive gifts with a personal touch.

—Evelyn Pickering

When everything else fails, read the instructions.

If you're going around in circles, maybe you're cutting too many corners.

Back to school

With the children off to school again and the house settling down to a normal routine, take time to listen to the **KITCHEN-KLATTER** radio visit.



We can be heard over the following stations each weekday morning:

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans. 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn. 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

All times listed are Central Standard Time.

MARK TWAIN AT MANY POINTS

by
Martha Dudley Smith

Midwesterners, out to see the United States and Canada on vacation, soon discover that Mark Twain left his imprint at widely-separated points. He almost brings to mind the "Kilroy was here" notices of World War II.

Probably these travelers remember Samuel Clemens — the beloved Mark Twain — as the author of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* but may have skipped studying his biography.

They took for granted that Hannibal, Missouri, was his principal stomping grounds. Of course in Hannibal who would ever think Mark Twain had ever gone away?

Besides his boyhood home and his father's law office, there are the Mark Twain museum and bridge, the historic old stern-wheel riverboat, "Mississippi", Becky Thatcher's house, Mark Twain cave and statues not only of Tom and Huck but also of Mark Twain.

Perry, Missouri, has another Mark Twain museum.

But, a surprise comes at Elmira, New York, where the octagonal study stands on the Elmira College campus. In that structure, resembling a pilothouse on a riverboat, Mark Twain did much of his writing, reminiscing about his boyhood days on the Mississippi River. In his time the study was on the Quarry farm, property of his wife's older sister and brother-in-law, the Theodore W. Cranes. Once Rudyard Kipling visited him there.

Mark Twain (as well as his wife and four children) is buried in Elmira's Woodlawn cemetery.

Summer visitors tour the \$131,000 house in Hartford, Connecticut, where he lived seventeen years with his wife and children. At that address friends of the family gathered in great numbers and were free to come and go as they pleased, at any hour.

Prior to his death in 1910, Mark Twain had lived at "Stormfield", Redding, Connecticut. That house burned in 1923. In Redding, though, he gave a library to the town as a memorial to his daughter Jean. Today it is principally supported by the local residents.

Early in life Mark Twain worked for his brother, Orion Clemens, in Keokuk and Muscatine, Iowa. Among historical displays in Keokuk's library are two samples from the Clemens printing shop: the first Keokuk city directory and a menu printed on silk. They also claim to have the only oil painting known to exist of Samuel Clemens.

In the 1860's Twain went out West to prospect for gold and later wrote articles for the "Territorial Enterprise". A desk he reputedly used, testifies to the "life that was" at the present ghost town of Virginia City, Nevada.

Since 1928 Angels Camp, California, has honored his story *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* with a frog jubilee the third weekend of May each year. Angels hotel, where Mark Twain stopped, is still in use. A statue of him stands in Utica Park, Angels Camp.

San Francisco has a Mark Twain hotel and Berkeley, California, has a Twain avenue. Travel on to the wax


museums at either Scottsdale, Arizona, or Banff, B.C., Canada, and you'll see his figure included in both those exhibits.

Records there indicate that Mark Twain, in manhood, was five feet, eight inches tall and weighed an average of 129 pounds. He had a great tuft of sandy hair, which later turned silver. In his last years he wore white clothing almost exclusively.

In lieu of a trip to Mark Twain's haunts, discovering them in his biography makes lively reading about a great American who indeed traveled far, both from Hannibal, Missouri, and his birthplace, Florida, Missouri.

30 DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER 1966						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
			7	8	9	10
4	5	6	14	15	16	17
11	12	13	21	22	23	24
18	19	20	28	29	30	
25						



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—M. B. Grenier



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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The "Peanuts" Summer Reading Program for children at the Sioux City Public Library has been a great success. Designed to interest children in continuing reading during vacation, clever folders were given each child in which to record books read. The "Peanuts" gang adorn the folder, along with sayings such as "Happiness is having your own library card!" and "I think Libraries are wonderful . . ." The suggestion is made to talk to the librarian about good books to read because "I think everyone should know his librarian." After completing ten books for the Reading Program, the children bring in their folder (and get another if they wish) and are then awarded a certificate this September.

Charlie Brown's All-Stars (World Publishing Co., \$2.50) by Charles M. Schulz concerns the all-star baseball team and its misunderstood manager-pitcher, Charlie Brown. The trouble was that Charlie Brown's team was always losing. In the closing inning of an important game with a score of 123 to 0, Charlie Brown missed an important catch. The team, including Lucy, Frieda, and Snoopy, the dog, quit. They come back when Mr. Hennessy offers free uniforms, but since girl players and dogs aren't allowed, Charlie is again "down in the dumps." The team cheers him up by making a special manager's uniform, from — of all things — Linus's security blanket. A

game is scheduled, then it rains, so Charlie loses again!

Charles M. Schulz is the author of *A Charlie Brown Christmas*. His best-selling *Peanuts* books and cartoons are famous throughout the world.

Winner of the Dutton Junior Animal Book Award for 1965 and selected by the American Library Association as a Notable Children's Book is *Gentle Ben* (E. P. Dutton, \$3.95) by Walt Morey. Gentle Ben was an Alaskan brown bear, Mark Andersen's only friend. The owner, Fog Benson, kept Ben chained in a dark shed on Mark's route between home and school. Mark shared his left-over sandwiches with Ben and between the two a warm bond developed. To save the bear's life when the owner wanted to get rid of him, Mark led Ben up to the white mountains in Alaska, but Ben would not leave the boy. Then Mark's father knew that between the boy and the Alaskan brown bear existed a feeling that overcame fear and suspicion.

Although Walt Morey has been a writer for many years, *Gentle Ben* is his first book for children. He has written a warm, dramatic story about Ben and the Andersen family and has woven through it the story of Alaska when it was our last great frontier.

For adults, *Adlai Stevenson* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2.95) gives us a rare and durable memoir of the United States Ambassador to the United Nations. For a year Miss Ross had been composing a Profile of Stevenson for *The New Yorker*, and in the course of her work had had many long talks with Mr. Stevenson. After his death she composed a tribute to him consisting of a series of glimpses of the Ambassador that stood out in her memory. She has captured the Stevenson character and spirit in this slim volume, *Adlai Stevenson*.

A little over a year ago, August 13, 1965, we moved to Sioux City, Iowa. It has been a rich and rewarding year. The hands of friendship were extended in so many ways — thanks to Ann for the neighborhood coffee, to Maralyn for the crock for my red geraniums, to the girls who helped me with knitting, and to the friendly staff at the Morningside Branch Library who do a tremendous volume of business in book-lending. I've been asked, as I'm buying groceries, or yarn, or books, if I'm the Mrs. Swanson who writes for *Kitchen-Klatter*, and then follows an expression of interest in the magazine.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

With the advent of September comes the school bus, peony-planting time, and bulb-digging time. Many perennials can be divided and planted this month and it is a good idea to do as much of this as possible as time has a way of running out on the gardener in the spring.

Bring indoors cuttings of house plants that summered in the garden. It is not necessary to lug in the big ungainly plants of geraniums, coleus, fuchsias, abutilon, or any indoor plant that will root readily from cuttings. You can lift and pot up late-blooming mum plants and enjoy them indoors long after cold weather comes.

Dig, dry off, and store all the tender bulbs and gladiolus corms. When you lift tuberose, dig the whole clump and cut back the tops to short stubs. Do not divide them or remove the soil from around the roots. Store upside down in empty peach crates until spring. Then replant the whole clumps and they should bloom and fill the area with their delightful fragrance.

A reader writes, "Last spring I bought two pretty lantana plants that were just starting to bud. They did not do much for me and now the foliage is starting to fall off. Should I discard these plants or will they come back and bloom again? I have them near a north window where they get good light but no sun, of course."

Answer: Lantanas are sun-loving plants and will not do well unless they have an abundance of it. Prune your plants back, repot in a good, humusy, rich soil and set near a south window. Water the plants thoroughly (until water seeps out of the drainage holes in the containers) and repeat the soaking every few days. Feed a soluble plant food after the days begin to lengthen in the late winter and your lantana should send forth new, vigorous growth and, should bloom well.

Question: What should I do with a huge amaryllis plant that has summered outdoors? The strap-like leaves are so large I have no window space for it now.

Answer: Bring the plant indoors, withhold water and let it go completely dormant. Cut off the dead foliage and store the bulb in its pot in a frost-free place (basement) until late winter. You will know when the bulb is

ready to renew growth by examining it for green tips of leaves in the center. An amaryllis that has produced big husky leaves during the summer should bloom beautifully for you.

ASSIGNMENT - Concluded

bons and trophies won at horse shows. A fine display of old carriages is included in the barns built old-world style around a square.

Pens near the barns house young goats and lambs. Children can purchase milk and pet food at a stand and go right in with the baby animals and feed them. A perfectly marvelous experience for city children!

A bird show featuring trained macaws, parrots and other colorful birds concluded our trip to the farmstead. We climbed back aboard the train to ride through meadows where huge buffalo were grazing, past a herd of deer and along a lovely lake populated by graceful waterfowl.

St. Louis abounds in excellent parks and gardens and next month I'll tell about my impressions of the ones I visited.

Beware of the man who is usually right—but never in doubt.



This isn't what we call "a good sharp picture", but we're sharing it anyway, for it shows Alison Driftmier with the two giant ribbons she won at a recent horse show. Alison has been "wild about horses" since she knew what a horse was. Every bit of her baby-sitting money has gone into lessons, and now she is seeing the results of hours and hours of practicing.

Let America's favorite fund-raiser help you
RAISE \$40, \$200, \$400
 or more for your Church or Group with this
 6-in-1 pair of Kitchen and Household Shears

As America's favorite fund-raiser, Anna Wade has helped to raise money for over 100,000 Church Groups, Clubs, PTA's, Scout Troops, Veterans' Auxiliaries, Fraternal and other groups. Now she wants to help your church or group raise \$40, \$200, \$400 even more, with this 6-in-1 Homemaker's Helper.

YOU DON'T SPEND A CENT OF YOUR OWN MONEY!

To start, Anna Wade ships you 100 of her Kitchen and Household Shears ON CREDIT. She trusts you! Have 10 members of your group each sell 10 shears for \$1 each. You return \$60 of the proceeds, keep \$40 for your treasury. Take up to 60 days.

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It does everything! Stay-sharp blades cut meat, poultry, vegetables, even light wire... trim flowers and foliage. Multi-purpose handles serve as a screw-driver... hammer... lid pryer... bottle opener. It's an all-around "miracle" worker that saves time and money day after day.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY

ANNA WADE dpt.420ct, Lynchburg, Va. 24505

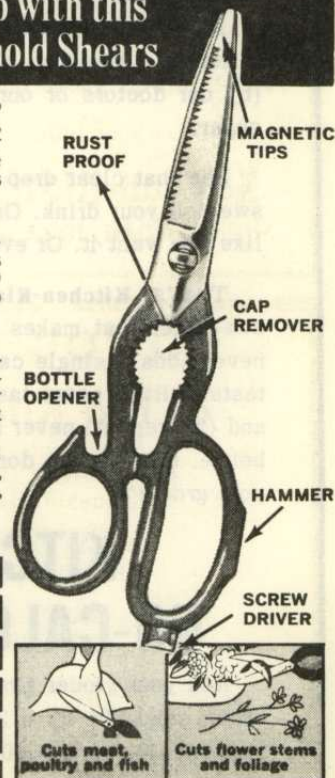
Please RUSH FREE complete details of your proven Plan for our group to raise \$40, \$200, \$400 and more with Kitchen & Household Shears without spending 1¢ of our own money.

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12 BRAND NEW TOWELS FREE!**Unwoven Cotton & Rayon**

To make new friends, we'll send anyone who mails us this Ad, together with 25¢ for postage & handling, 12 fine quality, brand-new genuine Unwoven Cotton & Rayon Towels. But order NOW before we run out of Towels. No Towels sent without Ad and 25¢ per each set of 12 Towels. LIMIT - 2 sets. Make wonderful gifts.

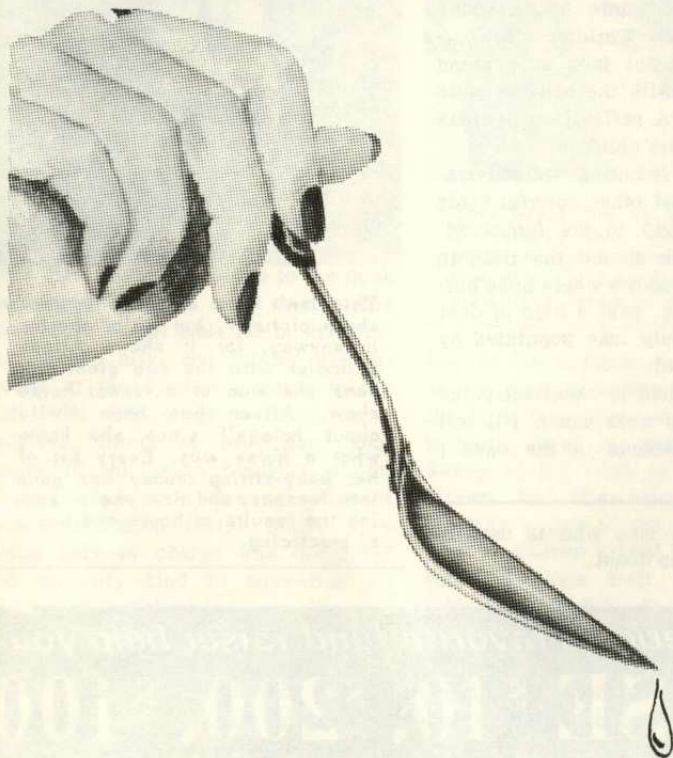
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Collection #3

NEW Tea Towels and Pillowcases;
Kitchen Motifs for Aprons and Pot-
holders; Variety of patterns for
every use. \$1.00 Postpaid.

DOROTHY DRIFTMIER JOHNSON
Lucas, Iowa 50151

**THIS
IS
IT**

All of us like sweet things; sweetened cereals, coffee, tea, lemonade, desserts. Unfortunately, some of us have been told (by our doctors or our scales) that we need to stay away from sugar.

See that clear drop coming out of that spoon above? That can sweeten your drink. Or, with a few more, can make cereal taste like you want it. Or even cake or pie in some recipes.

That's **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**...the miracle sweetener that makes everything honest-to-goodness sweet, yet never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use! Never tastes bitter, never tastes artificial, never leaves an aftertaste, and (we repeat) never adds a calorie! Comes in a handy flip-top bottle, too, so you don't even need the spoon. You'll find it at your grocer's.

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for a 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



Paul Driftmier celebrated his 8th birthday with a wonderful party.

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

started out. We had three separate relay races planned and in less time than it takes to write this they were through. It was right here that I realized that these speed demons were going to whiz through our game list before the time was half way used.

Because it was pretty warm we went back into the house where we had a spoonful-of-beans-carried-from-a-pot-to-the-waiting-team contest, and when everyone had had a chance to carry his spoonful of beans to the pot we counted to see which team had moved the most beans. Next we had the boys slide on their tummies under a broom stick placed across two equal stacks of books. When all the boys had scooted under the stick we removed two books from each stack and they repeated the scooting-under process. Finally the stick got very close to the ground and we got down to just one boy who was able to crawl under.

All too soon the planned games were over and here were these boys with boundless energy waiting either to burst forth upon the neighborhood or be engaged in some stimulating game. Donald took them to the family room and we dragged out a bingo game. Fortunately, I had some boxes of caramel corn in the cupboard and some other little trinkets which could be used for bingo awards. They played this with great gusto and finally, as the last possible bingo prize was awarded, the parents began to arrive.

What a month that was! About now I'm ready to settle for only one party a year. We have more pictures of their big days which I'll send on to you as soon as they are out of the camera.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

BIRD FLIGHT FANTASY

From ash to pine, to yonder tree of oak,
 Straight as a die, true as spoke
 Of wheel that is circumference
 For summer song, and preference
 Of nesting place; Fresh from the sleep
 of night,
 Precipitously launched in feathered
 flight,
 Birds have no need to zag or zig,
 But chart true course to very topmost
 twig.
 Something must guide them so they
 know

The surest truest way to go;
 And watching, can we then deny
 Designs of patterned pathways tie
 From tree to tree, and stretching high
 Form unseen song roads in the sky?
 —Lula Lamme



THE ABANDONED CHURCH

Little gray church — the pioneers'
 shrine
 'Lone and forlorn, forsaken by
 time,
 The wild ivy creeps on the ground, in
 the leaves,
 Up over the windows, the cornice
 and eaves;
 The pines in the background smother a
 sigh
 Singing a requiem of days long
 gone by.
 Your church bell once called the far
 countryside,
 A summons to worship from far
 and wide,
 Told the time to a gathering throng,
 Your rafters once echoed with
 sermon and song;
 Little gray church — what stories you
 know
 Of valor and fame, of sorrow and
 woe.
 Little gray church — the benediction
 at last;
 But you left us a heritage that out-
 lives the past.
 —Mary E. Boyles

DOORS AND KEYS — Concluded

on the *mistakes* behind us, let us be
 sure we have learned well the lessons
 those mistakes have taught us! Let us
 use the length and breadth of all our
 faculties to adjust ourselves to what
 God would reveal to us through our
 mistakes. Only then can we step
 through the door to a better tomorrow.

Leader: From this old candle symbolizing the year now gone, I light the new, and ask you to think on these lines: "Year's end; candles burn out, but purposes continue through — as the glowing flame of the old lights the taper of the new." Mistakes of the past need not mean failure, if out of them we build a better today.

I close with this prayer for us in the new year:

When we are tempted to be critical of others, help us to be kind in our judgment, O God. When we are ready to

speak sharply, help us to hold our tongues, O God. When it would be easy to find fault that we might build our own ego, help us to be humble and true to what is right, O God. When we have been harmed by others, give us a forgiving spirit, O God. When there is a hard job that needs doing, give us the will and the courage to try, O God. When we are discouraged and unhappy, lift up our spirits, O God, and make us glad with thy gladness. Open our eyes to count our blessings and to share them, we pray. Amen.



**THE SAME
 BLEACH
 FOR BOTH?**

**ARE YOU
 SURE?**

Yes, my dear, we're sure: you can and should use the same bleach for the filmy nightie and the greasy coveralls. If, of course, your bleach is **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

For Kitchen-Klatter is the modern miracle bleach that combines heavy-duty bleaching power with complete safety. It keeps everything looking bright and new, yet is so gentle, even new synthetics are perfectly safe.

Just remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

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no money
needed



Maybe all of us didn't come over on the Mayflower, but we're all in the same boat now.

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Dutch Iris Beautiful as a Rare Orchid

5 BULBS

Low, Low Price 10¢

These unusual iris will delight you with their exotic blooms. Lovely enough to wear as a corsage. Sturdy and hardy. All bulbs are blooming-size, imported direct from Holland. We want you to try these exotics in your garden—so send 10¢, we'll send you 5 bulbs...two blue, two golden and one white. Sorry—only one order per customer at this low, low price.

EARL MAY Seed and Nursery Co.

6137 Elm Street, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

I enclose 10¢... send me your Dutch Iris bulbs and free catalog.

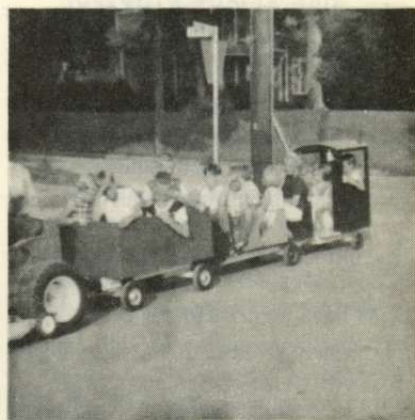
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Remember Margery's description of the little train last month? It was moving along at such a clip that she cut off the tractor and driver, but at least you can see what she was describing and how the neighborhood children pile into the cars each evening.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

They decided not to meet until after the first meeting of the year, so there is nothing pressing in that department.

What a thrill it has been to meet so many of you friends this summer. Almost every day has brought bus loads and car loads of people to tour our Kitchen-Klatter plant. I made every effort to be on hand to meet you personally, but with the broadcasting, recipe testing and a home and family to take care of, it wasn't always possible. I did the very best I could, and if I missed seeing some of you I'm sorry. We'll just hope for another opportunity to meet in the future.

Until next month, when I'll be back from a restful vacation, God bless you all.

Sincerely,

Margery

LEANNA'S LETTER - Concluded

objectives: that of giving the Brazilians a more realistic idea of what Americans are like."

Judie goes on to tell about her work, but we'll see if she will write more fully about that for a special article in the magazine in a future issue. This, I'm sure, would give us a wonderful insight into the important part our young folks are playing in helping to build a better world.

I just remembered that those flowers we picked are still in a pail of water on the back porch, so I must bring them in and arrange them.

Sincerely,

Leanna

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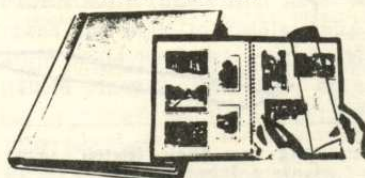
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WATCHES WANTED — ANY CONDITION. Also broken jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, diamonds, silver, etc. Remittance sent promptly and items held for your approval. B LOWE, Holland Bldg., St. Louis 1, Mo.

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\$100.00 WEEK Possible, sewing, assembling, our products. Everything furnished! United, 3173-NKK, Delaware, Indianapolis, Indiana 46205.

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RAISE \$40, \$200, \$400 . . . or more for your church or group with handy 6-in-1 Household Shears. 100 shears sent ON CREDIT. Have 10 members sell 10 shears at \$1 each. Return \$60 — keep \$40. FREE details, write ANNA WADE, Dept. 419CT, Lynchburg Va. 24505.

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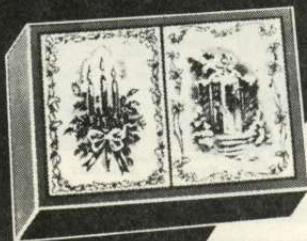
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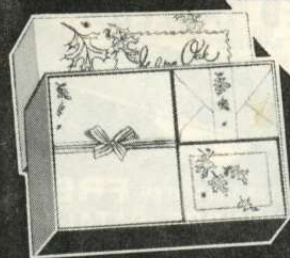
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