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# Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

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NUMBER 7



- H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

When I wrote to you in the May issue, I mentioned that a trip to Lucile's place in New Mexico was being planned. Neither Lucile nor I drive a car, so Dorothy took time out from her busy life to take us.

My only previous glimpse of this part of New Mexico had been through train windows, so I much enjoyed the many rides we took around the countryside and to the towns and little villages in the area. Like so many people who visit Santa Fe for the first time, I found the city much different than what I expected in spite of all I had read, had seen pictured, and had heard from others. It is a most unusual and interesting town.

I won't say that the weather cooperated *entirely* during our stay, for we experienced some cool weather and high winds a good part of the time, but there were days when we could sit in the sun in protected areas and enjoy the climate for which the area is famous. I wasn't aware that I had picked up so much tan until I returned home and saw my friends!

Lucile had invited a very dear friend of mine and her daughter, who live in California, to spend a few days with us. Dorothy's sister-in-law from Phoenix also joined our party, so there were seven of us counting Julian. I must say that Julian has inherited Lucile's love of cooking. She is a "natural born cook" and seemed to enjoy planning and preparing all the meals during our visit.

The evenings were very cool due to the high elevation, so after supper we visited around a blazing fire in the living room. I particularly enjoyed this part of the day for we don't have a fireplace at home. Lucile's house is built in the native style of adobe brick and is cool in the summer and warm in the winter. As soon as school was out one of the neighbor boys was going to make some of these adobe bricks to sell. I would have enjoyed seeing just how they were made.

As most of you know, my husband has been ill for several years and it was difficult for me to consent to being gone for two weeks, but thanks to the telephone I could keep in touch with Ruby, his nurse, who assured me that everything was fine at home.

We returned to Iowa by way of Denver so we could have a short visit with our son Wayne and his family. They had added a new room to their home since I had last visited them — a large family room with a fireplace. (Dorothy took some pictures and if they are good, I'm sure Margery will put some in this issue.) They included a built-in charcoal grill in their plans as Wayne enjoys preparing meat by this method. One evening he fixed steaks, one of his specialties.

Shortly before we left on this trip my sister Jessie flew to California to spend a few weeks with her daughter and her family. She was having a wonderful time enjoying the activities of Ruth and Bob's six interesting children and making plans to return to her home in Clarinda, where the family would be coming later in the summer to visit, when she fell and fractured her pelvic bone and chipped a vertebra. She was taken to the hospital and will probably be there for some weeks. We feel so sorry that her happy trip had to include this unpleasant experience and hope that she will make a rapid recovery.

My brother Henry's son, Philip Field, and his wife Marie have recently returned to Shenandoah from Africa where they have lived for several years. I invited them to dinner the other day and we enjoyed hearing of their experiences in that faraway place. Philip takes many colored slides and movies, so we set up a date for showing them to the family the next Saturday evening. He has so many, more than he could possibly show in one evening, that we are making plans to have a little series of viewings. Margery and Oliver will have the next one.

Philip and Marie expect to make their home in Shenandoah, but before they settle down they are buying a trailer and will spend several months visiting their children and brothers and sisters in the western states.

You'll recall that my winter's project was making a hooked rug for each of our seven children. I have them all completed except for Howard's and would have made his, but he and Mae decided to paint and paper this summer and want to decide on their pattern after this work is finished. In the meantime I've been making a rug out of the leftover yarns from the other rugs. Ruby has made many hooked rugs too, and between us we had quite a box of yarn in every color of the rainbow — enough, we felt, to make two small rugs. I call mine "Joseph's Coat", and Ruby's, "Western Sunset". The one I'm working on looks so wild with its weird color combinations, that it may end up on the back porch! But it has been fun.

In spite of the dry spring we had, our gardens bloomed nicely. We did water some, especially the peonies, for we count on them each year for Memorial Day. Surprisingly, we had more flowers for the cemetery than usual as other flowers bloomed a bit earlier than was normal. Ruby's husband, who was killed in a car accident six years ago, was an avid gardener and planted many rare plants and shrubs. She tends them carefully and whenever she goes over to her home a few blocks away she returns with something special for us to enjoy in our house.

It won't be long until we'll be having visits from Wayne and Frederick and their families. Wayne plans to attend a nursery convention in Florida and they are combining this business trip with a family vacation. Emily will be returning to the States following her year as an exchange student in Costa Rica and they will meet her somewhere in the southland, this meeting place as yet undecided for there are several alternatives. Frederick and Betty and the children are still awaiting international developments before they decide on their final plans for their trip around the world.

We never know just what the summer months will bring. Perhaps we'll be surprised with visits from other relatives and friends. If your vacation brings you to our part of the country, we hope that you'll stop in and see us. If not, do try to write a letter.

Now I must end my letter for baking cookies is on my agenda for today and I would like to have them out of the oven in time for lunch.

Sincerely,

Leanna

## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Summer days have fallen into a normal pattern now. Only a few weeks ago we were all wondering if we would have as abnormal a summer as we had in spring, but the elements seem to have settled down.

How welcome were our rains when they finally came! Our neighbor has a large garden which we watch with interest each year. It is visible from our kitchen windows. After the lovely gentle rains following serious drouth conditions I could fairly see the plants grow — particularly the sweet corn and potatoes.

After a few days' rest following final examinations, Martin started working at the plant. Doane College was out earlier than most of the colleges and since it was a couple of weeks before any of his Shenandoah friends began turning up, Martin was very happy to start on a job so soon. Those first few days at home were almost endless for him since he was accustomed to being around many young people his own age where there was always something going on. If you have had young people return home after a busy nine months of college life, I'm sure you understand. It was a relief to him when the phone rang asking if he could get right down to the plant to unload a train car of the chemicals that go into making Kitchen-Klatter Kleener, and he has been at the plant ever since. He enjoys working with the young men and appreciates the physical activity for muscles that more or less have softened over the past months.

There are a couple of events concerning his last weeks of school that I would like to mention. One was the centennial play that the drama department put on which we attended, mainly because Martin had a part in it. The play was held in the outdoor theatre beside the student center. Inclement weather would have necessitated an indoor presentation and we kept a watchful eye on the weather, for a great deal would have been sacrificed if it had to be held inside, such as the open fire, the covered wagons, the tents, Indian dances, horses and the like. In spite of high winds, we were able to catch most of the lines — enough so that we could follow the action without difficulty. We were proud of Martin and the skill with which he handled his role, for his only previous experience in acting had been in a high school production. He is now a member of Doane Players, the drama club, and will be initiated in the fall when school resumes.

The other item I want to mention is that one of his water color paintings



In the lovely new family room of the Denver Driftmiers, Mother reads an accumulation of letters written by Emily to her parents describing the various activities she is experiencing as an exchange student in Costa Rica. At the left you can see part of the barbecue grill which gave Wayne and Abigail so much grief when the room was being constructed. Behind Mother is a serving buffet which comes in very handy when the family serves here.

was selected for reproduction in the end-of-the-year book published by the fine arts department. I'm glad that this particular work was chosen because it is my favorite of all his paintings.

Speaking of painting, but of another kind, we are still waiting for the house painter. We were a little slow about getting one lined up and found ourselves far down on the list. We are in hopes that this work will be completed before the end of the summer. We try to see a bright side to everything, and in this case we decided that the delay might have an advantage in that it gives us time to think of any changes we would like to make construction-wise before the painter arrives. One plan that has already been thought of is to build a ramp at the steps on the east side of the front porch. There are also front steps but when Mother comes to our home we use the side steps for there are the least there. This hasn't been done before as in the past there were always men around to lift her wheelchair. However, that isn't the situation now, and there have been times during the week when Oliver wasn't home when we had a bit of a problem. With a ramp I can bring her into the house myself. This is one bit of construction we can take care of before painting.

I'm delighted that one of my friends is moving into our immediate neighborhood. Although she hasn't lived too many blocks away, it wasn't what I'd call *easy* walking distance. (But then, I'm not much of a walker!) It will be much more convenient for us to have coffee together in the future.

Many of you will recall previous references to Oliver's sister Emma and her husband, Rev. Elder Anderson. They formerly were missionaries to Alaska, and have held pastorates in Nebraska and Minnesota. Their home now is in Lund, Wisconsin. Emma was here not long ago to attend the 50th anniversary of her graduating class in nearby Essex, and spent a few days visiting relatives. We had a number of get-togethers, of course. When they came to our house one evening, the conversation turned to the days they went to country school. I laughed so hard at their stories that I fairly fell out of my chair! All ten Strom children attended rural school and as nearly as I can gather from all past conversations about those days, most of the other pupils were related to them. Well! as Oliver has often said, you couldn't get away with much because there were so many relatives to tattle on you! Back to the original subject, though, at class reunions you can hear a lot of wild tales too! That's what makes them so much fun. And so often you are reminded of experiences that have long been forgotten.

A small group of my class met recently to discuss our next class reunion, which is to fall next summer. They tell me that it will be our 30th, but I just don't believe it! It can't be that ten years have passed since we had our last one. It seems to me that we voted to have one in five years, but those years slipped by so fast that they rolled around before we realized. If we thought we were surprised at how the members of the class had changed in 20 years, think how it must be to meet after 50 years! Perhaps by meeting every ten years the blow will be softened somewhat.

In some conversation that took place lately — and it may have been when Emma was here, but I don't recall — the subject came up of people who made great accomplishments at a very late age. It might have had to do with men who started a new business very late in life. It was one of those general conversations that you can't pinpoint the actual details. Anyway, I ran across an item yesterday that gave me some pause to think about this subject. I'd like to share it with you.

### THINK YOUNG

"Old age," someone once said, "is a state of mind." That maxim was approximated on another occasion when the immortal phrase, "You're as young as you feel" was uttered.

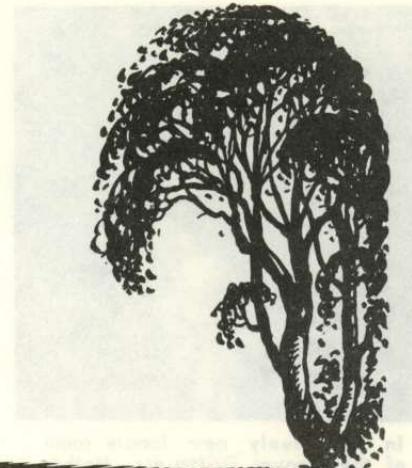
The point is, that throughout history living examples of both these adages have more than amply proved

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# Life Is an Adventure

## AN OUTDOOR VESPER SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** Out of some rough tree branches fashion signposts which can be stuck in the ground in a hit-and-miss rustic fashion. To these posts tack crude signs with large letters reading "Adventure Land", "Friendship", "Beauty", "Thrills and Spills", perhaps with an arrow pointing to the right. On a sign pointing in opposite direction write "UNAWARENESS" or "SHUT-EYE".

**Leader:** "What a large amount of adventure may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and chances are perpetually holding out to him as he journieth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his sight upon."

—Lawrence Sterne—1768

**Singing Call to Worship:** (all) "Jesus Stand among Us".

**Scripture:** (Excerpts from The Song of Solomon) *For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance.*

From Psalms:

*Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.*

*O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth . . .*

*Declare His glory among the nations, His wonders among all people . . .*

*Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall the trees of the wood rejoice.*

**Hymn:** "For the Beauty of the Earth" — verses 1, 2, and 3.

**Prayer:** Our God and Creator of earth and skies and seas, we come to Thee in these few moments of meditation in

a spirit of thanksgiving and praise. Grant to each of us a deeper awareness of the beauty of this earth, of friends and family, and O God, help us to see that we can make of each day a great day to be alive, and to make of all of life a great adventure in living for, and through, Thee. Amen.

**Leader:** Life is an adventure with the gift of each new day, and offers countless joys before it slips away.

**First Speaker:** W. A. Quale wrote, "When wonder is dead the soul is become bone dry." Do you find some *wonder* in each day? We will not all find it in the same way, in the same things, or at the same moment, but it is there! Waking to the sound of rain on the roof, the sparkle of dew-pearled grass in the early morning sun, a loaf of homemade bread rising in the pan, a toddler pausing in the building of his sand castles to listen to a robin's song, garden rows heavily laden with lush tomatoes and wax beans, the harvested grain filling the hopper with nature's gold, the sight of home after the vacation is over — yes, there is wonder all around, if we have eyes that are open to see, ears to hear. Truly we need all five senses alert to the wonder of our everyday world. Each of us must find his, or her, own moments of awareness that will make life an adventure. Listen to what Lord Byron wrote:

There is pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel

What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Let us each be sure we take time to "mingle with the universe", to *feel* and to *wonder*.

**Music:** Solo such as "Trees". "I Believe", or similar number.

**Leader:** Certainly life will not be the great adventure that it can be if it is not shared with family and friends, but do we always remember this? Do we appreciate it? I like these lines: "There isn't much that I can do, but I can share my bread with you, and I can share my joy with you, and sometimes share a sorrow, too, as on our way we go."

**Second Speaker:** Phillips Brooks tells us, "Every worthwhile accomplishment, big or little, has its stages of drudgery and triumph: a beginning, a struggle, and a victory . . . Lives are made of chapters. After one is written it cannot be revised, but we can write a new chapter with each new day."

*We can write a new chapter with each new day!* Isn't that a wonderful thought as we think of the love, the companionship, the fun, and laughter, that we may have forgotten or have been too busy to share with friends yesterday? Think what a great adventure we can make of it *today!* Who knows what can happen? Like the popular song of a few years back, "Open up your heart and let the sunshine in." Not only let the sunshine of friendship *in* but let it *out*. It can change your life, your home, your community, your world.

**Hymn:** "For the Beauty of the Earth", verse 4, or other appropriate song of friendship and brotherly love.

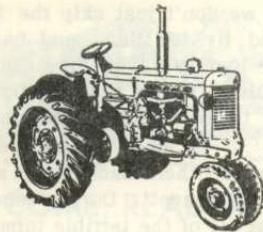
**Leader:** Each day can be an adventure in faith. "You are writing a Gospel, a chapter each day, by deeds that you do, by the words that you say. Men read what you write, whether faithless or true; say, what is the Gospel according to You?"

**Third Speaker:** Did you ever create a painting, a dress, a model airplane, or a garden out of a weed patch? Didn't it give you satisfaction?

God must surely have felt something like this after He had created the world. Remember how He said, "It is good"? God's universe is good. If we look we can see His signature everywhere. Each day as we *see, hear, and feel* God as He works in our lives are we letting it lead us to new adventures in living our faith so that, like Jesus, we grow "in wisdom and in truth"?

"With every rising of the sun think of your life as just begun. The past has cancelled and buried deep all yester-

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## MANY THINGS WILL STILL BE HERE TOMORROW

by  
*Mollie Dowdle*

Wal has been raking the fields these last few days and late yesterday afternoon he seemed so short of finishing when he crawled off the tractor, called the dogs who were following him and came up to the house for coffee.

With no concern over the mud on his feet, he sprawled out in the old rocking chair which is in the kitchen, turned on the TV, drank two or three cups of coffee and ate a plate of fresh ginger cookies. After walking around his feet for awhile I faintly inquired: "Aren't you going to try and finish up those fields tonight?"

He got as far as the outside steps, squinted up at the setting sun and calmly replied: "No, they'll still be there tomorrow." I love Wal's slow, homey philosophy and often times it starts me thinking about the eternal, permanent values of life — the things that stay and will be here tomorrow.

I'm prone to dash madly around in a mad pursuit of things that are only temporary so that I'm squeezed for time to enjoy the everlasting ones — perhaps it is best explained like this: "Trying so hard to make a living that I'm really not making a life."

Sometimes it takes a long time to learn and you must do it by trial and error but I'm getting there because I now realize "it's later than I think."

About the only time I ever really rush around at a break-neck speed anymore is to get to a rummage sale when the doors open. Not much use to go unless you do, but of course all the other girls do the same thing and as a rule we all arrive rather breathless.

I've made it a habit to constantly remind myself "slow up, slow up, you're not going to a fire." And if I refuse to listen to that still small voice I miss out on a lot. Like listening to the frogs singing at night; the steady glow of the stars; the laughter of my neighbor's children — these lovely things belong in the forever class.

So does love and that takes time. How is anyone going to know there's a mile of love in my heart if I don't take time to show it? The nicest thing in all the world is to know we're loved — it's a stockade which we can hide behind anytime the world afflicts hurt against us.

An old worn out phrase is "Time Marches On" but in reality it is a misconceived idea. Time actually doesn't move at all; it stays right there and we march through it. Clocks are a necessary piece of equipment but I've seen people living in the hills of the South that needed no clock. They got up when the chickens began crowing, divided their day into segments of time to eat three meals, did their day's work and went to bed when they were sleepy. Time didn't make any difference to them. It was there, the same yesterday, today and forever. And I envied those people; they were the happiest folks in the world.

It took me a long time to realize that I haven't time anymore to hurry. My time is measured by birthdays, hair that's showing gray streaks and steps that are slower. If I rush I'll miss out on the very nicest things — the robin building a nest in the hawthorne tree; the new shoots coming out on my rose-bush that I thought winter had killed or

### RAISE MONEY THE FUN WAY!

This idea was used by a club group in Iowa as a means to raise money. Perhaps it would appeal to your own club members.

**JULY:** Put triple the size of your shoes in the bag.

**AUGUST:** Put 1¢ in the bag for each letter in the State Flower of Iowa.

**SEPTEMBER:** Put 1¢ in the bag for each letter in your birth stone.

**OCTOBER:** Why worry? Just put 10¢ in the bag. Nuf said.

**NOVEMBER:** Put 5¢ in the bag for each sister; 5¢ for each brother; 10¢ if you have a husband.

**DECEMBER:** Put 2¢ in the bag for each letter in your birth month.

**JANUARY:** Put 1¢ in the bag for each year of your age up to 35, and 1/2¢ for each year after that.

**FEBRUARY:** Put 25¢ in the bag for the first 100 lbs. of your weight, 1/2¢ each additional pound.

**MARCH:** Put 2¢ in the bag for each letter in your name.

**APRIL:** If your hair is gray, pay 16¢; black, 13¢; white, 14¢; brown, 15¢; blond, 15¢; red, 18¢; dyed, any of the above colors plus 10¢ extra.

my neighbor's son relating his kindergarten activities.

Sure, the dishes pile up in the sink and you can't open the freezer door because there's a ton of ironing piled on it but they'll be there tomorrow. The other things can't wait.

Perhaps these intangible things give us a glimpse into immortality. It takes time for consideration, kindness and to be a worthwhile friend and neighbor.

"For now abideth" — in a confused world that's regulated by speed, abideth is a lovely word. It means there are things we will always have, things that will stay and be as near as breath itself — like faith, hope and the sunshine, cool earth and laughter. The best things belong to us and we have only to reach out and claim them. But we can't if we don't take time.

And why rush? In the end we won't need anything but six feet of earth.

Wal had other things to do today. Not really anything important nor anything that would make it easier for us to pay the light bill, but he did invite me to go with him to pick mushrooms. And the field with moss grown tight into the grass is still there. I see the dogs chasing the killdeer out there now and as they fly low it seems their wings almost touch the tractor. They'll be there later, waiting for Wal to finish his raking.

**MAY:** Put a penny in the bag for each inch around your waist.

**JUNE:** If your eyes are gray, pay 15¢; blue, 19¢; brown, 18¢; green or hazel, 16¢.



### SO MANY KINDS OF SONGS

One day a song came to me — not a throaty kind such as a brown thrush would sing, but tinkling like a bell would ring; all day it kept me wondering.

Later in the day  
I passed a small girl  
singing at her play.

After retiring to bed  
I heard a whistled melody,  
a passer-by's soft tread.  
And then all the songs  
of the day, came back with clarity:  
the tiny bird's, the child's sweet voice,  
the whistled tune. Then, to join the  
throng,  
the rhyme of the cottonwood leaves.  
I joined in thankfulness  
that in this world of scars from wrongs  
there are still so many kinds of songs.

—Ethel Tenhoff

## DENVER DRIFTMIERS MAKING VACATION PLANS

Dear Friends:

It seems in recent months as if every time I sit down to write to you the weather is anything but calm and peaceful. Last time the wind was blowing a gale; this time there is a thunderstorm. Lucky, our poodle, is frightened of thunder, so he always makes a bee-line for the nearest member of the family during a storm. In addition he feels compelled to "answer" the thunder by barking in reply. So I write today from a very noisy background.

We in Colorado are always glad when these thunderstorms produce some real moisture. Most of the time they rarely bring more than just enough sprinkles to spot up the windshield of the car. But when Lucile, Dorothy, and Mother were here for a brief stay, Denver bore a pronounced resemblance to the Olympic Peninsula. We had cold, fog, and rain in abundance. Since they were here so briefly and wanted to talk rather than sight-see, such weather was no real hindrance. I was disappointed, however, that we couldn't use our patio, for I had made an effort to get all the annuals planted before their arrival. Perhaps additional visitors will return later in the season and see the flowers in their full glory.

It hardly seems possible to me now that shortly after you receive this letter our immediate family will be starting out on our first trip into the southern United States. Except under special circumstances no "Cool Coloradoan" would schedule such a trip for the hot summer. But two special circumstances are taking us on this particular trip. Wayne, as president of the Horticultural Research Institute, must attend the national convention of the sponsoring organization, The American Association of Nurserymen. It is being held in Miami Beach, Florida, at approximately the same time Emily concludes her sojourn in Costa Rica. So the chance to meet her plane and spend several days driving back to Colorado provided an excellent second reason. After all, there are no better circumstances for uninterrupted recounting of a wonderful year of living than while driving along in an automobile. However, it was only today that for the first time I got out some maps to look over possible routes.

The entire southeastern quarter of the United States is totally untravelled by Wayne and me, so the variety of choices is almost overwhelming. This is particularly true because we have no expectation of returning to that section of the country again in the



Wayne Driftmier and his family much enjoy the new family room.

foreseeable future. The ideal time for us to travel South would be late winter or spring, but no full-time nurseryman can vacation at this time of year. Also it will be a long time before the nursery convention will return to this same area because it rotates around the various sections of the country. And we certainly have no expectation of meeting a returning exchange student offspring arriving from Central or South America again.

The weather is sure to be hot and we don't have air-conditioning in our car, but Mother Driftmier generously offered to let us borrow their car for the trip. So we know that the first and last legs of our trip will be between Denver and Shenandoah in order to trade cars. Perhaps you are won-

### I SHALL PAUSE

I shall pause for a moment  
Each and every day;  
I shall pause for a quiet moment  
To bow my head and pray.  
Through the hurried hours  
Of this busy road we trod,  
I shall pause for a moment  
And give thanks unto my God.  
For the promise of each sunrise,  
For the sunset's splendor, too,  
For the blessing of a gentle rain  
Or a sky of cloudless blue,  
I shall pause for a moment  
And give thanks unto my God.  
For the beauty of a rose in bloom,  
The miracle of the sod,  
I shall pause and I shall listen  
To the birds' sweet melodies,  
To the music of the whispering winds  
Echoing thru the trees,  
I shall pause for a moment.  
I shall take the time to see  
All the wonders of His handiwork  
That with love He made for me.  
I shall pause for a moment,  
Count the blessings each day brings.  
I shall pause for a quiet moment  
And give thanks for all these things.

—Gladys Billings Bratton

dering why we don't just skip the hot weather and fly to Miami and back. Frankly, we love to travel this country and we wouldn't forego this wonderful opportunity to see the countryside. I would like to be able to acquire a small hint of Southern background and "frame of reference". During recent years almost all of the terrible turmoil of the South has been quite incomprehensible to me. At least I'd like to have some idea of the geographic background of the Southern personality. This might give me a little more understanding.

Exact plans for meeting Emily are not completed yet. She would like to spend about a week following the end of her university classes in that section of the world. So there is a possibility we may be meeting her plane in New Orleans on our return trip following the convention. Wherever her plane does land, I'm certain we'll be waiting well ahead of time. A year can be a long, long time not to see someone!

Alison changed her mind about greeting Emily with long hair. She discovered that length and natural curl can mean a lot of extra time and trouble. The more she thought about hot, humid weather, and how unfashionable curly hair is in her age group, the more she decided length was not for her.

Horse Show activity has been at a decided low ebb in our family. Alison needed money for entry fees; babysitting opportunities are practically nonexistent in our neighborhood now. So she prevailed upon her father for possible employment and was offered a job selling annuals at the nursery on busy days. The busy days are weekend days, so this conflicted with entering horse shows until the end of the annual season and following the special rose-promotion weekend. By then it should be almost travel time for our family.

Moreover, the horse Alison was set to ride injured a leg in late winter and for a long time it was not certain how well it healed. The owners, therefore, didn't want the horse to use up his "green" or beginner year now. They prefer to hold him back until next summer. Under these circumstances Alison can ride him only in "schooling" shows, not in "point" shows this year; or if the horse is entered in point shows, he will enter only non-point events.

Well, the storm is over now. I think it is time to let Lucky outdoors while I dash to the grocery. With school no longer in session and Alison and Clark around all day, it seems as if we're always low on food!

Sincerely,  
Abigail

## OPEN HOUSE AT PARSONAGE

## A BIG SUCCESS

Dear Friends:

Here is an incredible statistic: over 500 people have been entertained in our new parsonage since we moved in just four months ago! Between the middle of February and the end of May we had just over 200 persons for dinners and lunches and teas, and then we had 300 more in at the time of our Open House. Oh! how we did work to get everything ready for that Open House. On the night before the big day, I was scrubbing floors right up until midnight! With fourteen major rooms, and three bathrooms and four lavatories, a laundry room and three big storerooms and any number of closets to have in perfect condition, Betty and I really had to work like busy beavers. And then there was the lawn and garden to have in tip-top condition. We also had to work out problems of parking and what to do in case of rain. Well, it didn't rain, and our neighbors helped out in the parking, and so everything worked out beautifully.

Those of you who are able to listen to Betty and me on the radio each Saturday morning have already heard about the beautiful flower arrangements that our church women provided for each room of the house, and you know how our ladies from the church served punch, cookies, and tea sandwiches both in the main dining room and out on the terrace porch. The food was prepared at the church and then brought up to the basement of the parsonage. During the entire afternoon the kitchen was free for inspection since even the dish washing was being done down in the basement. On each floor of the house we had two or three young women to act as guides, telling people some interesting things about each room. All Betty and I did was to stand at the front door and greet people. The party was a big success in every way, and we know that the church people were pleased with the hospitality.

As I write this letter to you, we are in the process of making some last-minute changes in our itinerary for the trip around the world. The trouble out in the Middle East has necessitated a drastic revision in our plans. We are going to skip Egypt and Palestine altogether, and instead of spending eight days there, we shall add a few days to our stay in Greece and India. It broke my heart to have to do this for two reasons. In the first place, I wanted to go back to the land of Egypt where I taught school for several years, and in the second place, my son, David, wants to go to Egypt



Such a large open house would have been difficult for Frederick and Betty to handle without the excellent help from some of the ladies of the church.

more than to any other place in the world. All his life he has heard me speaking about my life in Egypt, and already the waters of the Nile are in his blood! My one consolation is the thought that we shall now plan another trip for the sole purpose of visiting that part of the world. I do so much want the children to see the Holy Land.

From one day to the next we are not sure what we are going to do. It may be that we shall have to omit Hong Kong from our schedule, but I hope not. If we do find that it is not wise to go to Hong Kong, then we shall add a few days to our stay in Japan. In our original plans we had only allowed two days for Tokyo, and now we shall be able to stay there the better part of a week before going on to visit the rest of Japan. I had thought some about adding a day to our stay in Honolulu, but we have decided against that in favor of the extended stay in Tokyo.

As I find myself having to make these changes in our travel plans, it seems so unreal. Years ago when we Americans traveled, we were the best-liked nation in the world. To say that one was an American citizen was almost a guarantee of good treatment, but now it is quite different. There were some countries we could not visit at all because of the hatred for America, and that hatred in spite of all our country had done for others. Hard as it may be for us to realize it, we are no longer a country held in esteem and affection by the rest of the world. Travel for Americans now is not nearly as pleasant as it was a quarter of a century ago before we had become the policeman for the whole world. What a price we pay for trying to do the right thing!

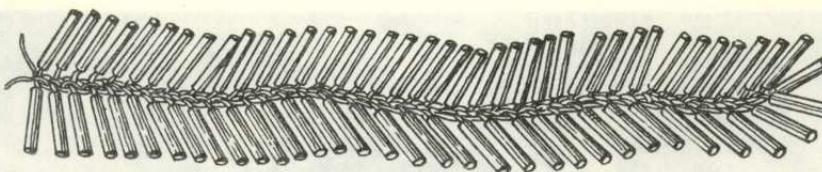
We decided to make our trip this year because of our fear that in another year conditions might be so bad we would not dare to make it, and now it begins to look as though we waited just one year too long. This is the trip we should have made last year.

Since last writing to you, I have had a birthday. Yes, I am now one-half of a century old, and already I begin to feel hardening of the arteries! Seriously now, did you know that hardening of the arteries is believed to begin at the age of forty-five? You should have seen all the birthday cards I received. I received far more than I could acknowledge. A diet-conscious person like me cannot afford to eat all of six delicious birthday cakes. That is right! I was given six magnificent cakes, and even though I love cake and can eat two big pieces of it every night, it takes many nights to eat all of six cakes.

The only surprise I had on my birthday came at a formal dinner party preceding the annual meeting of a club Betty and I attend. I happen to be president of the club and that night was seated at the head table. Just as we were about to eat the strawberry sundaes prepared for our dessert, the lights of the dining room dimmed, and in came a waitress carrying a beautiful big cake all aglow with fifty candles. The club members stood and to my speechless amazement and surprise, sang "Happy Birthday" to me. I really was surprised, and I really was speechless!

One of the nice things about my birthday was the fact that our David could be home from school to celebrate it with us. He and his mother gave me some nice gifts while we were

(Continued on page 22)



## The Heartbreaking Havoc of Fireworks

by

Joseph Arkin and Judith Jacobitz

Although there are laws to regulate the use and sale of fireworks, the greed of manufacturers and their purveyors of harm — the *fireworks bootleggers* — have made it all too easy for children and adults to purchase their own passports to potential disfigurement and death.

The sad fact is that violation of fireworks laws is readily possible while enforcement of these same laws is virtually impossible.

In 27 states, you cannot buy fireworks at all and in 21 states, only certain types are considered acceptable. Yet, look under the counters of storekeepers, search out the makeshift stands of highway merchants, and you will find the caches of flourishing fireworks bootleggers.

Virginia is a state which prohibits the sale of exploding fireworks. Nevertheless, last year, it was the scene of a number of accidents attributed to fireworks. The *source of supply* was a roadside stand . . . the *weapon* — a dangerously explosive cherry bomb . . . one *victim* was a 16-year-old son of a U.S. Marine Colonel . . . the *loss* — his right eye!

Another tragic accident occurred in the same state a few weeks later. A young father, while swimming in a lake, attempted to reach a canoe of teenagers who had lobbed a cherry bomb into a group of swimmers for "kicks". As he swam to the scene, another cherry bomb exploded under water, crushing his skull and fatally injuring him. A high price to pay for the undercover distribution of fireworks!

In Ohio a child was killed, swimming over an exploding cherry bomb. Doctors described his heart and stomach as being literally beaten to death.

Military demolition experts, after making tests of the plastic cherry bomb, had this to report. A *plastic cherry bomb* explodes with as much force as *four or five* dynamite caps!

What responsible adult would allow a child to play with dynamite caps? Yet how many shut their eyes to the purchase of the plastic cherry bomb?

The cherry bomb is only the size of a pinball, but it can crack a brick in two, tear up large pieces of metal, propelling them 50 feet away, split a submerged coconut wide open under water. It is not difficult to visualize how the human skull could be ripped apart in exactly the same manner.

Millions of these bombs flooded the country last summer and were sold to children in direct violation of the law. Although the bombs are made primarily in New Jersey, Ohio and Maryland, they are shipped illegally to all parts of the country. In Washington, D. C., where only non-explosive fireworks are permissible, a vendor displayed non-explosive fireworks and proceeded to bootleg illegal explosives, stored under the counter, to adults and children alike.

In Illinois, where no fireworks at all are allowed, a highway bootlegger hawked his wares, disregarding the possibility of being caught. When a police car trapped him and brought him before the local judge, he was fined fifty dollars. But since the fireworks were not confiscated, he took off for another town to sell out his stock. A fine in that town of one hundred dollars was of no concern to him for his profits far outweighed his losses. His supply renewed, he continued on his journey to become the indirect instrument of blindness for a twelve-year-old boy, who lit a cherry bomb and threw it to the ground. The explosion blinded the child in one eye.

Fireworks injuries are rising and reports of tragedy are grim. Last July, two young Iowans were driving with 100 firecrackers in the glove compartment. An apparent short in the radio triggered the fireworks, causing them to explode, nearly demolishing the car and severely injuring the two passengers. In Oregon, a father got out of his car to light an aerial bomb. His wife, fearing it would explode in his hand, pleaded with him to drop it. When the noise had died down and the smoke had cleared, his wife was seriously injured and his baby was dead. The

bomb had entered the back door and had exploded between the baby's blanket and his neck.

In states where fireworks are readily accessible, roads leading to borders are filled with enticing signs. "Last chance to buy fireworks." And for some who do take advantage of these offers, it is the last chance.

As long as the public continues to patronize these bootleggers, the explosives will continue to wreak their damage. Unfortunately, people remain apathetic, falling back on the old thought that it only happens to the other fellow.

Phil Dykstra, head of the home department of the National Safety Council, has this to say. "Many people seem to forget that until the 1930's, the annual fireworks toll was tremendous — about 200 dead and 5,000 injured. Only the passing of state laws was able to stop this carnage."

But the flagrant violation of the laws has brought forth this comment from Charles S. Morgan, assistant general manager of the National Fire Protection Association, "Our state fireworks laws are being weakened. Fireworks manufacturers nibble away at state legislatures, persuading them to end the total ban on fireworks and allow certain types. Two states recently altered their laws."

The sale of fireworks is so open that children can order them from comic book advertisements.

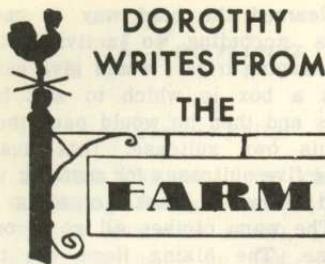
The only way to stop the bootleggers is to adopt the NFPA's model code, outlawing *all* fireworks except those displayed under supervision.

Don't let anyone tell you that some fireworks are "safe and sane." Did you know that sparklers burn at a temperature hot enough to melt copper — 1650 degrees? Flares burn at 1200 to 2500 degrees Fahrenheit and supposedly "safe" fireworks at a temperature such as these, could easily set a child's clothing afire. Above all, a combination of fireworks for a bigger boom will do just that . . . an explosion big enough to maim or kill.

It is up to you to cooperate with authorities and safety officials to protect your children, your family and the public at large from this deadly menace.

There are several things you can do. Don't buy fireworks and don't let children handle them. If you are aware of firework bootleggers, report this fact to your local police. Support

(Continued on page 20)



**DOROTHY  
WRITES FROM  
THE  
FARM**

Dear Friends:

My how time does fly! Another month has gone by and it's time to write a letter to you. This morning I put the finishing touches on a new dress for Lucile, and with it wrapped and ready to mail, I thought it a good idea to write my letter so one trip to the post office would take care of everything.

Mother and I told you in the May issue of our plans for a little trip with Lucile to visit her place near Santa Fe. I'm happy to say that we did go, are safely back home again, and had a thoroughly enjoyable trip.

Mother has a dear friend, Mrs. Charles Faulke, in San Bernardino, California. Their friendship began when they were in their teens and when Mother and Dad used to spend the winters in California, the two couples spent many happy hours together. It had been eight years since Mother and Olive had seen each other, so Lucile wrote her to see if she would be able to come to Santa Fe where she and Mother could have a few days together.

Olive's daughter Eleanore was just as determined as we were that our mothers make the trip. She got excused from her teaching duties in a Los Angeles school for a few days so that she could bring her mother. When all the plans were made and we knew we were definitely going, I wrote to Frank's sister Edna in Phoenix and suggested that if her health would permit, it would be nice if she could come and join the "house party", which she did.

Mother, Lucile, and I left Shenandoah on a beautiful but windy Sunday morning. It wasn't so windy when we left, but the farther we drove the windier it got. At times, as we were driving along the Kansas turnpike, the dust was so thick in the air we had to drive with our lights on. In the middle of the afternoon we stopped at one of eating places on the turnpike for coffee. I put a wind bonnet on before I got out of the car but the minute I stepped out the wind took it so fast I didn't even see it in the air. I took Mother's chair out and put the pillow in it, but the wind blew the pillow out of the chair, fortunately right up into my face so I was able to hang onto it.

This was Mother's first long trip in



We were happy for Mother (right) that her dear friend, Mrs. Charles Faulke of California, could join her in New Mexico for a few days.

six years, so we planned to spend two nights enroute and not try to cover too many miles in one day. This put us into our destinations early enough to rest awhile before dinner. We spent the first night in Pratt, Kansas, and drove to Tucumcari, New Mexico, the second day.

When we drove up to Lucile's place the next afternoon Juliana came running out to welcome us. She had been afraid we would get there ahead of her, but knowing Juliana would be disappointed if she wasn't there to greet us, we had taken our time that day. Since we hadn't eaten any lunch, the big platter of fried chicken, potato salad, sliced tomatoes, and cupcakes Juliana had all ready for us looked and tasted mighty good.

We were to meet Olive and Eleanore at the Albuquerque Airport the next night. Juliana suggested we leave about noon and instead of taking the interstate we should go the long way around, all the way through beautiful scenic mountains. This took us through the edge of Los Alamos, and lovely Jemez Springs. I was glad Juliana was along to do the driving so I could feast my eyes on the gorgeous scenery.

Since Olive and Eleanore were arriving at night and Edna's plane came in at noon the next day we decided to stay all night in Albuquerque rather than make two trips. After all guests and luggage were collected we drove back to Santa Fe, where we spent five wonderful days together. Right now I want to say a word of praise for Juliana, who took charge of all the meals and planned short side trips for us. She is very well organized — and efficient in the kitchen. She did the cooking and the rest of us helped get it on the table and cleaned up afterwards. We usually took a drive around the countryside in the afternoons, but our mornings and evenings were spent

sitting outside, soaking up sunshine, admiring the landscape, and enjoying conversation — a very quiet and restful vacation.

After we had seen the others safely on their planes and headed home, we stayed a couple of days longer and then started back to Shenandoah via Denver. Our highway took us through Taos, where we drove around the public square of this unusual and interesting town, and then out to the Taos Pueblo. This was the first time Mother and I had seen this well-known Indian village, the only one of its kind left in this country, and we were glad for this opportunity to see it.

The entire area of New Mexico that we saw is having the worst drouth in history and the situation is really serious. It seemed too bad that we couldn't have shared a little of the moisture we have had too much of at our farm this spring. Up until the time I left Frank had spent only one day in the field, and every time I called him while I was away it was raining and he still hadn't done any field work. When we left Santa Fe that morning it was hot and dry with no sign of rain in the future, but when we arrived in Denver about seven that night it was cloudy, cold, and drizzling — quite a change.

Except for Martin we were the first members of the family to see the new family room Wayne and Abigail have just completed. There was a cheerful fire burning in the fireplace, and after we had sat around it visiting for an hour, Wayne broiled delicious steaks on the built-in charcoal broiler for our dinner. We all fell in love with this room. We spent two nights and one day in Denver. The Denver Driftmiers remembered that I had recently had a birthday so while we were eating breakfast Clark and Alison came out of the kitchen singing "Happy Birthday" and carrying a coffeecake topped with lighted candles. They all laughed about my funny birthday cake, but I thought it was charming of them to remember it.

I learned before we went to Santa Fe that my friend from Washington, D. C., who was supposed to arrive in May, has decided to postpone her trip West until September, so now we have this visit to look forward to.

I brought the dry weather home with me, and Frank was happy as a lark. He worked day and night until he had his corn all planted. We can stand a nice gentle shower right now, which the forecast says we are to get.

Frank has just come in and wants me to help move the cows to another pasture before I go to the post office, so I must run. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

## HAPPY CAMPING

by

Evelyn Birkby

"Carefree Camping" is a wonderful phrase. It brings visions of driving gaily down a beautiful, winding, tree-lined road, stopping near a rushing mountain stream and staying in a campground beneath snow-capped peaks without a worry in the world.

But for one who is not only a realist when it comes to camping, and also the mother of a family whose idea of a vacation is *really* roughing it out-of-doors, I've come to many conclusions. One is that camping can be *happy, rewarding, educational and exciting*. Carefree it is not! With three children to watch, guide, assign to tasks and keep out of harm's way, *I care!*

The most "carefree" camper we ever met was a college boy on a bicycle who came peddling into a campsite next to ours at Gooseberry State Park on the shore of Lake Superior. He had his bedroll and a pack filled with dehydrated food. We envied his ability to maneuver as he wished. All three boys decided this was the life for them as soon as they were old enough! I might add that dehydrated food has its limitations; the boy gladly accepted our invitation to eat breakfast and downed a huge amount of bacon, eggs and pancakes.

Second on our list of "carefree campers" was a newly married couple who were also on bicycles. They were pumping their way through Yellowstone National Park, having marvelous adventures and planning to write a book when the honeymoon was over.

The moment children are added to the family circle, the traveling list goes up in the quantity of everything which is needed to sustain life. Away goes a great percentage of the freedom. The advantages are great, however. Children see much which adults miss. Trying to envisage the world through youthful eyes is rewarding. And, as the children grow older, they become more capable of helping and experienced in the ways of camp living.

Through the years we have tried to discipline ourselves to pack only the most essential items. It really is not a vacation if we have to cart along everything *including* the kitchen sink. Those who have campers or trailers, of course, have their own sinks to take along. These new units are terrifically efficient. When we are older, and the boys grown, we hope to have one, but at the moment simplicity of tent camping and even an inconvenience or two are memorable parts of our vacation trips.

Now that I've set up the premise that



Craig Birkby has his gear all ready to load into the station wagon for a camping trip.

camping can be *happy*, I'd like to share with you a few of the lessons we've learned which have made our vacations easier.

Along the shores of Lake Superior we learned that tennis shoes or sneakers are perfect to wear right into the water to keep sharp stones from hurting feet and to prevent falling on slippery, smooth ones. Sneakers also are good for bedroom slippers, shower clogs and to wear after a long day of hiking in heavy boots.

A small zipper bag, which was once a child's swimming bag, began life as a washable purse for me. Now it holds first-aid supplies, film and sunglasses.

A heavy shopping bag holds paper plates, cups, snacks and items needed for a roadside picnic. This is preferred over a picnic basket because it will fold down as it empties and takes up less room. If space permits, I take along a plastic tablecloth in the bag. If not, we use newspapers which can be discarded.

Individual toilet kits made from plastic are wonderful. A camping family with six children was next to us at the Lake of the Ozarks campground one year. The mother had made a kit for each child using an old shower curtain. Stitched in sections, each kit held a washcloth, soap, toothbrush, toothpaste and a comb. The mother stored each kit in a cloth bag which also held pajamas, a towel, thongs, bathing suit and a short beach coat. A plastic bag was tucked in, also, to hold the towel and bathing suit when they became wet and needed to be carried separately. A clothespin or two added to this assortment of items is wise so the child can hang up his suit and towel.

We learned the hard way to pack clothes according to activity. On early camping trips I would give each person a box in which to sort his clothes and then he would pack them into his own suitcase. This meant opening five suitcases for anything we needed. Now we pack according to use. The warm clothes all go in one suitcase. The hiking items are together.

One suitcase holds the good clothes. I lay out each person's shirt, trousers and underclothes together. Into the neck space of the shirt I pack a good pair of socks. This keeps the collar from wrinkling out of shape. Into one pocket goes a handkerchief, into another a belt, a third holds the necktie and tie clasp. When everything is together I slip the entire outfit into a plastic bag, pin on an identifying note, and place it in the suitcase reserved for this purpose. When we find a nice restaurant along the way or it's time for church or a place of interest which requires dressing up a bit more than camp clothing provides, it is simple to get out the one suitcase and have everything together. (I should add that I put in a dress and accessories for myself!)

Bright clothing is a must for a camping trip. They serve as protection and easy identification in the woods and help keep track of little ones around camp. Gay colors take better colored pictures as well.

Our family has a very special whistle which we can use to call the children together. It even has an answering trill so I know when they have heard me. This is fine for everyone except Jeff who cannot whistle! He either yells back an answer or carries an athletic whistle which he can blow in answer. A bell or a gong or a horn, anything which is a signal to congregate, is better than just calling for campgrounds abound in people who have similar names.

Speaking of limits which small children must have, one mother laid a string or rope on the ground and taught her toddler not to go beyond the rope! For babies and toddlers, a playpen can serve as a safe play area while meals are being prepared and also become a bed for the youngster at night. Children are good travelers and our three adjusted to camping when they were very tiny.

No camping trip ever goes perfectly. Really, it is part of the fun to return home and tell of the emergencies. It is not the peaceful, easy situations we remember but the time the bears smashed the icebox or the day Jeff slid down a spillway and wore the seat out of his jeans!

\* \* \*

## KNOW YOUR COUNTRY

For a Red, White and Blue Party

by

Mabel Nair Brown

### DECORATIONS

Gaily striped Uncle Sam hats can be used as decorations or worn by the guests. One can be turned upside down to become the container of a red, white, and blue floral centerpiece. Flags shields, the eagle, and the striped bunting will all add a colorful note to the decorations. Use your own state flower, emblem, or motto.

If prizes are offered why not choose some that are symbolic of your state — pottery, a mineral, sea shells, fruit plaques, hankies or headscarves, or ties with picture of the state on them are suggestions.

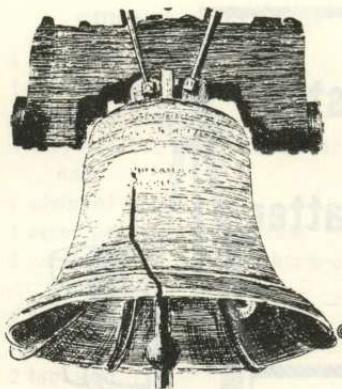
### ENTERTAINMENT

*Stars in the Flag.*

1. Used to stiffen. Starch
2. Subdue by famine. Starve
3. To be on the right. Starboard
4. Goes through the air with the greatest of ease. Starling
5. Strong or completely rigid. Stark
6. Might be in love. Stargazer
7. Sort of radiates. Starfish
8. To have it happen quick-like. Startle
9. Another name for aster. Starwort
10. Pitiful. Starveling

*The Name Game:* Mark out a large map of the United States with the states in outline on a large piece of wrapping paper. Draw Alaska in one corner and Hawaii in another. You will need two, since the game will be played in relay fashion. Choose two equal sides. Line them up opposite each other with one of the maps spread on the floor in front of each team. The first one in line on each team is given a crayon. At a signal from the leader, the first players rush to their maps to write in the name of one of the states, then rush back to hand the crayon to the next in line, who writes in name of another state, and so on until all the states are listed. The idea is to see which team can first have all fifty states named correctly. Members on a team cannot help the writer. If he puts a name in wrong place, another player can correct it when his turn comes. If player cannot think of any of the states that are not yet named, he can return to the line and next one tries. The same map can be used for a second relay, this time writing in the names of the capitals of the states.

*Red, White, and Blue:* Divide the



## LET FREEDOM RING

by

Carlita McKean Pedersen

At 2 p. m. on July 4th the freedom bells of America will ring out across our land. Church bells, school bells, all kinds of bells will peal the glad news of freedom, simultaneously. But what does it mean, this word "Freedom"?

In Europe, and other foreign countries, Freedom often means America. And in the United States we sometimes take freedom too lightly. Too many of us take the path of least resistance in our every day living, go along with the gag so to speak, forgetting that the path of least resistance usually runs downhill, that the freedom path is an uphill battleground of blood, sweat and tears, earned for us by our valiant forefathers.

In our Pledge of Allegiance we repeat the words "With liberty and justice for all". Are we but mouthing words we learned as children? There are undoubtedly some of us who don't even really know the meaning of these words. Webster defines freedom as

group in couples, giving each couple paper and pencil. See who can make the longest list of articles under each color; for example, blue — sky, ocean, etc.

*American Antiques:* Have the following arrangements ready and numbered. Give each guest paper and pencil and see how many of the objects he can properly identify with some object or event connected with American history.

1. Carpet tacks placed on letter T — Tax on tea.
2. Doll cradle — Early home of George Washington.
3. Picture of a laundry with numeral 2000 placed on map of Delaware — Washington crossing the Delaware.
4. Feather on map of Georgia — Way down upon the Swanee River.
5. Lantern, crescent moon cut from paper, and picture of a pony — Midnight ride of Paul Revere.

liberty, and liberty as the "right or power to do as one likes". In America we have the freedom, as individuals, to do as we please — up to a point — and we should guard this inalienable right with our very lives, if necessary.

Our forefathers crossed an uncharted ocean, tamed a wilderness filled with savages, and fought to the death in order that we might enjoy the liberty of freedom. Now a lackadaisical attitude on the parts of many of us could easily lose us that freedom. Vigilance is a very necessary part of our lives. America cannot afford to allow any power on earth to dictate to them in any way whatsoever, be it a body of men within our own city, state or nation, or a foreign power, for the heritage of freedom could be lost to our progenitors, and it is too dear a price to pay!

When the bells ring on the Fourth of July this year, thank God you are an American, teach your children their rightful heritage, and LET FREEDOM RING!

6. A single fence picket — General Pickett's charge.

7. A pair of spectacles, minus lenses, and a pen — "There, John Bull, and read that without spectacles."

8. A kernel of corn, picture of a wall, and picture of a pair of feet — Cornwall's defeat.

### NEEDLEWORK

Piece of embroidery

Of long ago,

Time and wear

Have taken their toll.

Now that I use you

For other things

I hope your spirit

Has taken wings

To dance with sweet daisies

Beneath skies of blue

As dainty and real

As once captured by you.

—Kay Lilly Cottrill



## Recipes Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### FAVORITE BARBECUED CHICKEN

1 3- to 3 1/2-lb. chicken  
1 small onion  
3 Tbls. fat  
2 Tbls. vinegar  
3 Tbls. brown sugar  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
1 cup catsup  
2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
1/2 Tbls. prepared mustard  
1 cup water  
Salt and pepper

Cut the chicken into serving pieces. Brown in hot fat. Brown onion in fat and then add remaining ingredients. Simmer for about 30 minutes and then pour over the browned chicken. Bake uncovered in a moderate oven for about 1 hour, or until done.

This is also a delicious sauce for barbecuing pork. —Margery

### CAMP BISCUIT MIX

6 cups flour  
2 Tbls. baking powder  
1 Tbls. salt  
1 cup homogenized shortening  
1 cup powdered milk

Mix ingredients well with electric mixer and store in covered container. This will store nicely without refrigeration if homogenized shortening is used. If lard is used it must be kept cool.

When ready to use, add desired amount of water to mixture. About 1 cup water to 2 cups biscuit mix will make 10 or 12 biscuits. (If no oven is available, bake in lightly greased covered, skillet over low heat. Turn biscuits once to brown.)

This mix is just as fine to use at home as it is to take on camping trips.

When we are camping, a hearty breakfast is a must and these biscuits add a great deal to an early morning meal. They are excellent for supper, also, served with honey or jam, with a creamed smoked beef sauce, with a mixture of chicken and gravy from a can, with the canned stews, or the canned gravy and roast pork or beef.

—Evelyn

### DEVILED EGGS IN SHRIMP SAUCE

8 hard-cooked eggs  
1/3 cup mayonnaise  
Dash of salt  
1/2 tsp. curry powder  
1/2 tsp. paprika  
1/4 tsp. dry mustard  
2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 Tbls. flour

1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup  
1 soup can milk  
1/2 cup shredded American cheese  
3/4 cup soft bread crumbs  
2 Tbls. butter, melted

Cut the cooked eggs in half and remove yolks to mash. Mix with mayonnaise and seasonings. Refill the whites and arrange in a 7- by 11-inch baking pan. Prepare the sauce by melting the butter or margarine. Add the butter flavoring and blend in flour. Stir in the soup and milk. Cook until sauce thickens. Add cheese and stir until melted. Cover the eggs with the sauce. Mix crumbs and melted butter. Sprinkle around the edge. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about 15 to 20 minutes to heat through. —Lucile

### MAPLE BROWNIES

1/4 cup butter or margarine  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed  
1 egg  
3/4 cup sifted flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring  
1/2 cup nuts

Melt butter in heavy saucepan. Remove from heat. Stir in butter flavoring and brown sugar. Cool. Beat in egg. Stir in dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add maple flavoring and nuts. Pat into 8-inch square baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. This will puff up and then settle back as it cools. It makes a very chewy brownie, so do not overbake.

### PATRIOTIC SALAD

#### 1st layer

1 pkg. strawberry gelatin  
2 cups hot water  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Combine ingredients. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into pan or mold and refrigerate until firm.

#### 2nd layer

1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 cup coffee cream  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
2 cups dairy sour cream

Soak unflavored gelatin in cold water. Combine cream and sugar and stir over low flame until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in unflavored gelatin while milk mixture is hot. Cool. Add vanilla and fold in sour cream. Spoon over 1st layer and refrigerate until set.

#### 3rd layer

1 pkg. raspberry gelatin  
1 cup hot water  
1 can blueberries, drained  
1 cup blueberry juice  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Cool slightly. Stir in 1 cup blueberry juice which has been drained from can of blueberries. Add blueberries and flavoring. Spoon over second layer. Refrigerate until well set. Makes a large salad, 15 servings of beautiful three-layered salad. Can be used very nicely with red, white and blue for a patriotic color scheme. The friend who sent this recipe to us serves it from a milk glass plate and says it is really spectacular! —Evelyn

### BLUEBERRY SHAKE

1 can blueberry pie mix  
2 pints vanilla ice cream  
1 cup milk  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine pie filling, 3 cups ice cream, milk and flavorings in mixer bowl or blender. Mix until smooth. Pour into glasses. Top each glass with scoop from remaining cup of ice cream. This makes a rich, thick, delicious blueberry shake. The flavor may be varied by using other pie mixes and flavorings (cherry with Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring, pineapple with Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring, etc.).

If you are using a blender it may be necessary to divide the recipe and mix just half at a time, depending on the size.

**HAWAIIAN WIENERS**

1 can seasoned tomato sauce  
 1 cup pineapple tidbits, undrained  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 Tbls. brown sugar  
 1/2 Tbls. vinegar  
 2 tsp. prepared mustard  
 1 Tbls. onion, finely chopped  
 1/2 tsp. chili powder  
 1 lb. wieners

Combine all ingredients with the exception of the wieners. Simmer 4 or 5 minutes, uncovered. Add wieners and continue cooking, covered, until heated through.

**WIENERS IN POCKETBOOKS**

Wieners

Cheese

Fresh bread

Butter one side of a *fresh* slice of bread. On the opposite side lay a thin slice cheese, then lay on a wiener. Fold two corners of bread up to point and fasten with toothpick. Lay on lightly greased cooky sheet. Bake at 400 degrees until bread is lightly toasted. It is best to have wieners at room temperature. Bread must be very fresh or it will break when folded up to make the little pocketbooks.

I prepare at least two each for my family as they are very fond of them.

—Evelyn

**BEEF CASSEROLE**

2 cups cooked beef, diced  
 1 medium onion  
 1 cup cooked carrots  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 4 medium potatoes, cooked and mashed  
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen Bouquet  
 3 Tbls. cream  
 4 Tbls. bread crumbs  
 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Brown onions in a little butter or margarine. Line a casserole with these fried onions. Add a layer of diced beef, a layer of carrots, salt and pepper to taste; continue in alternating layers. Cover with mashed potatoes. (Instant potatoes can be used nicely.) Combine cream, Worcestershire sauce and Kitchen Bouquet. Pour this over top of mashed potatoes. Combine bread crumbs, melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Sprinkle over top of casserole. Bake in hot oven, 400 degrees, until nicely browned.

If you have roast gravy and would like a more moist combination, pour over beef and carrot layers before adding mashed potatoes to the top. An unusual way to use up the leftover roast from Sunday's dinner.

**CHICKEN CACCIORE**

1 3 1/2-lb. chicken  
 1/2 cup flour  
 1/2 cup cooking oil  
 1 clove garlic, or a little garlic salt  
 1 chopped onion  
 1 green pepper, chopped fine  
 1 can tomatoes, or 1 pint home-canned tomatoes  
 1 8-oz. can tomato paste  
 1/4 cup mushroom pieces  
 2 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 1/2 tsp. oregano (scant)

Dredge chicken in flour. Heat oil and brown chicken. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for 1 hour, or until tender. This can be done in a skillet or in the oven at 350 degrees. Cook spaghetti in amount desired. Serve the sauce over the spaghetti and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Serve with the chicken.

**CHOCOLATE OATMEAL BALLS**

3/4 cup vegetable shortening  
 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)  
 2 oz. melted unsweetened chocolate  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1/4 cup milk  
 1 1/2 cups rolled oats  
 Pecan halves

Cream the shortening and sugar well. Add the melted, cooled chocolate. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk and flavorings. Work in the rolled oats. Form into walnut-size balls and put a pecan half on top of each one. Bake on a greased cooky sheet for 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This makes about three dozen cookies. —Dorothy

**CORN CASSEROLE**

1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn  
 1/2 4-oz. pkg. potato chips  
 Dash of pepper  
 1/2 to 1 can condensed cream of celery soup

Crush potato chips. Reserve some for top of casserole. Alternate layers of crushed chips and corn. Sprinkle with pepper. Pour soup over all. Top with crushed chips. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes.

This can be simplified, if you prefer, by combining all the ingredients in the casserole and then topping with a thin layer of crushed chips.

**RASPBERRY JEWEL DESSERT****1st layer**

1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
 1/4 cup nutmeats (optional)  
 Combine all ingredients and press firmly into a 9 by 13 pan.

**2nd layer**

2 pkgs. frozen red raspberries

1 cup water

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

4 Tbls. cornstarch

1/4 cup cold water

Heat raspberries with water and sugar. Dissolve cornstarch in water. Stir into raspberries and continue cooking until thick and clear. Stir in flavorings. Cool and then spread over graham cracker crust.

**3rd layer**

1 cup milk

50 large marshmallows

2 envelopes dessert topping mix

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Melt marshmallows in milk over low heat, stirring constantly. Cool. Whip topping according to directions and fold into marshmallow mixture. Add flavoring. Spread over top of 2nd layer. Refrigerate until time to serve. Makes 15 servings. Excellent for club or church group. Reverse two layers if you want red to predominate.

This dessert is an especially pretty one and never ceases to bring favorable comments. You'll enjoy making it not only for company, but on that occasion when you want an especially nice dessert for your family.

**RASPBERRY-CHERRY SALAD**

2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin

2 cups boiling water

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries

1 can dark sweet cherries, drained

1 cup cherry juice

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1/4 cup water

2 Tbls. lemon juice

Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water. Add the package of red raspberries and stir until dissolved. Add the cherry juice. If there isn't enough juice, add water to make the full cup. Add the additional 1/4 cup of water and the lemon juice. Chill until the gelatin begins to congeal, and then add the drained cherries. Chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on a bed of lettuce.

**GARDEN SLAW**

8 cups shredded cabbage  
2 shredded carrots  
1 green pepper, cut fine  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
3/4 cup cold water  
1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
2/3 cup sugar  
2/3 cup vinegar  
2 tsp. celery seed  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
2/3 cup salad oil, scant

Mix cabbage, carrots, green pepper and onion. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup cold water and chill. Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Mix sugar, vinegar, celery seeds, salt and pepper in saucepan and bring to a boil. Stir in the softened gelatin and cool until slightly thickened. Beat well. Gradually beat in the salad oil. Drain vegetables and pour the dressing over top. Mix lightly until all vegetables are coated with the dressing. This may be served immediately or stored in the refrigerator. Stir just before serving.

—Lucile

**CAULIFLOWER WITH SHRIMP SAUCE**

1 medium head cauliflower  
1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup  
1/2 cup sour cream  
1/4 cup toasted almonds

Break cauliflower into small pieces. Cook, covered, in a little salted boiling water until tender. Drain. Heat soup. Stir in cream until steaming hot but do not boil. Season to taste. Pour over hot cauliflower. Sprinkle almonds on top. Garnish with parsley. —Evelyn

**BISCUITS SUPREME***(Especially good for shortcakes)*

2 cups sifted flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
4 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar  
3 Tbls. sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
2/3 cup milk

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder, cream of tartar and sugar together. Cut in the shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add the milk and stir with a fork until dough follows around the bowl.

When I use this recipe for making shortcake, I divide the dough into two parts. After I pat out half, I spread it with melted butter and then place on the top half. Sprinkle with a little sugar and bake at 450 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until done. Split and fill with berries, and spoon berries over the top. We like to let it stand for a little before serving with rich milk or light cream. Yummmmm!

—Margery



Wayne Driftmier enjoys barbecuing meat on the built-in grill in their new family room.

**DENVER BARBECUED CHICKEN**

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

3/4 cup frozen orange-pineapple juice diluted according to directions on can

1/2 cup salad oil  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 Tbls. chopped chives  
1 tsp. oregano, crushed fine  
1/2 tsp. Accent  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
2 Tbls. garlic wine vinegar

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

—Abigail

**CHOCOLATE CRUNCH SUNDAE**

2 1/2 squares baking chocolate  
1/2 cup milk  
3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/4 cup crunchy School Day peanut butter

Melt the chocolate and milk over very, very low heat, until chocolate is melted, stirring constantly. Add sugar and cook over low heat until mixture bubbles. Add vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Cool. Stir in peanut butter. Serve over vanilla ice cream. This will keep in the refrigerator for weeks. Let stand at room temperature to soften after you take it out of the refrigerator, or heat for hot fudge sundaes.

—Margery

**SOFT DATE BARS**

2 cups chopped dates  
1/3 cup boiling water  
1/2 cup shortening  
1 cup sugar  
3/4 tsp. salt  
2 eggs, beaten  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 cup flour  
1/4 tsp. soda  
1/2 cup nuts

Pour the boiling water over the dates and let stand until cool. Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add salt, eggs and flavorings. Add date mixture and blend. Add flour sifted with soda. Then add nuts. Spread in a large greased pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes. Cool in pan, then cut in bars and roll in powdered sugar.

—Margery

**DOROTHY'S FAVORITE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES**

Cream together:

1 cup shortening  
2 cups brown sugar (firmly packed)

Add:

2 eggs, well beaten  
Sift together and add:  
3 1/2 cups flour  
2 tsp. cream of tartar  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. salt

Add:

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
1 cup chopped dates  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

This batter is very stiff. Form into rolls, wrap in foil or waxed paper, and put into the refrigerator. Cut into slices as needed and bake approximately 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

**APPLESAUCE-ORANGE SALAD**

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin  
1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin  
2 cups applesauce  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
2 scant cups of 7-Up, or similar type drink  
2 or 3 fresh oranges  
Heat the applesauce until boiling. Add gelatin and mix well to dissolve. Add lemon flavoring and 7-Up. Peel the oranges and cut fruit away from the membranes. Dice and add to the cooled gelatin mixture. Chill until congealed.

# Cleaning

by  
Marjorie Fuller

Digging deep into closet clutter and rummaging through crowded shelves (I'm an inveterate saver), I decided something had to go. But, at second glance, that blue glass candy dish with lid could serve as the colorful jampot I have been wanting for the breakfast table. This fancy apothecary jar, now empty of bath salts, will house grandchildren's suckers, forever slipping out of their plastic bag. These two small square apothecaries will hold cooking red-hots and nuts.

Fruit heaped in that old china tureen will add color to the kitchen decor. Octagonal in shape, this gold saucer trimmed with roses will add an interesting note to the coffee table. Here's a two-cup cup and saucer with a grinnin' face in which I can grow philodendron for a friend. Received from a neighbor, this little brown jug pushed to the back of the shelf looks just like maple syrup and pancakes.

Dusted and placed on the towel shelf, this sturdy old Easter basket will hold surplus bars of soap. Non-sterile cotton will pull easily from that round apothecary jar. Sparkling on the shelf, this pink glass cracker jar (Sheri broke the lid) can hold gauze, tape, and Band-aids just as compactly as the old bulging cardboard box. Pat's old fish bowl will group medication tubes together so that they will be visible. This large apothecary jar (how do we acquire so many?) will hold the colorfully wrapped small soaps, accumulated in travels, for a decorative touch in the bathroom.

Here is an old sheet blanket, that, cut in two, will make twin mattress pads, easy to wash and dry. A utilitarian throw from these wool scraps will comfort Grandma's feet on a winter's eve. These slip-cover remnants can cover a tiny pillow, so comfortable nestled along an aching back.

This piece of wood paneling left from the living room can be cut to fit across the arms of the easy chair in the den. A flannel backing will prevent scratching. What a dandy board to write on, hold a rag rug while crocheting, or worry through a lively game of solitaire.

Now things are back in place — another place. Prettier containers have replaced various sacks, jars, and boxes, making neater shelves — until next time.

## GIVING

"I shall pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do for any fellow creature, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

—Etienne de Grellet

## KEEP BEAUTIFUL, AMERICANS

A picnic on a private patio is always followed by a clean-up. Too often a picnic in a public park, beach, or roadside rest is only followed by litter and fruit peels. Good clean-up is good outdoor manners. Help conserve America's scenic beauty.

# TEST PILOTS



These are the Test Pilots you have to please when you experiment with a new recipe. Of course, they don't enthusiastically endorse every trial, but I'll bet they don't turn thumbs down on too many, either.

One way to ensure success is to use finest quality ingredients . . . especially **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. These are the rich, full strength flavorings that add so much to any recipe: brand-new or old favorites. A little goes a long way, and they never cook out or bake out (economical!). There are 16:

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

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

# KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

## MARY BETH DESCRIBES ANOTHER SCHOOL PROJECT

Dear Friends:

I've just dragged myself away from the window over the washing machine where I've been spending too many minutes watching the roof of a gymnasium being pieced together. This is the roof on the gymnasium of the new junior high school which our Academy of Basic Education is erecting by popular demand. In the five, almost six, years since its inception the Academy has outgrown its original building and now finds the need for a junior high school.

They broke ground the second week of March and I have a front row seat for all the sidewalk supervising that my housework time will allow. The junior high building is straight west of our house at the end of the street, which affords me a totally clear view of the entire proceedings. I don't even have a telephone pole to rubberneck around. This morning they are lifting the steel "I" beams and steel girders that span the width of the gymnasium. I don't blame small boys and grown men their interest in watching a building coming to life! I've had the binoculars out more than once to afford a closer view of how a big building such as this is put together. I've even considered carrying a camp chair down the street to get an even more on-the-spot vantage point.

Before I leave the subject of the school I want to tell you one more endeavor the students undertook which I found very interesting. In April I told you about the candy and supply store that one young man teacher started the youngsters on, and which flourished successfully.

The students were aware that in other schools there was a school paper relating the various activities of the grades. Several of the eighth grade boys approached another young male teacher to ask his advice on setting up a newspaper which would be published monthly on a profit-making basis. He was delighted with their interest and sought to encourage them. They sent out an appeal through the sixth and seventh grades for reporters to cover the students' activities on vacations, some to report on what their classes were doing academically, and still more to be responsible for book reviews from among the books in the school library.

The newspaper is entitled *Hoc Est Verbum*, which is Latin translated for me by Katharine to mean "Here Is the Word". The editor, an eighth grade boy, and the literary editor, a seventh grade girl, set up meetings with the reporters, arrange their schedule for



Katharine and Adrienne were conducted around their grandfather's farm this spring by Jody Whitehill (center), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Whitehill.

going to press — in short they have done everything themselves, and happily I can report it to be a smashing success.

They have a classified ad section for lost and found items. Each ad has to be bought. There are gerbils listed for sale and kittens, sometimes free to person answering the ad. This goes to offset the price of .004 cents per sheet for paper, there being five sheets of paper to the entire newspaper.

Anyone from any grade may submit a report from his class, and if it is accepted by the editor it is paid for. Katharine has written a book review for each of the editions, and has earned five cents each month for her efforts. I might add, and a very interesting point I think this is from the standard of quality of workmanship, the students' works are printed exactly as they are turned in. Spelling, punctuation, and sentence structure are unchanged. The work is accepted on the merit of its content, and it isn't many times that a child will affix his name to a misspelled, poorly done composition. They made quite a point of announcing in the paper that any mistakes found within the paper were not the fault of the typist but that the articles were printed as submitted. And as the teacher is the person who does the final typing — the only actual work he does on the paper — he frees himself from time spent correcting the papers.

These newspapers sell for five cents, and each month there is more demand for copies of the "News", so once again these children are seeing firsthand what hard work can produce. I

doubt that there is an economics book on the market which could by use of the printed word explain quite so dramatically that a person freely exchanges his money for goods offered for sale if they are desirable.

Such practical experiences go farther to teach children the value of money than any amount of lecturing or theory on the free enterprise system by which America operates and has become prosperous. If this system is to continue, the sooner our young people learn the real application of supply and demand, credit and debit, and honest pay for honest work the better for the future of a way of life we believe in.

I was reminded of Almanzo Wilder in the Little House Books when he and his brother were suffering through their first winter with the grain business they hoped to begin the spring after *The Long Winter*. He surely knew the meaning of hard work and suffering, and the eventual success that came from hard work. I also have renewed respect for two young boys next door to us, one aged 14 and one 16, who have two enormous morning paper routes. Day after day they are up at 3:30 in the morning, delivering their routes. They are learning, too.

The newest thing to report to you concerning our family is that in April on the eve of our 13th wedding anniversary my dear husband brought home the brightest most sparkling new station wagon you almost ever saw! He determined that it was finally time to put our 1957 car out to pasture. We're pretty excited with it because it is the first new car we've ever owned.

(Continued on page 22)

## DOUBLE TROUBLE

by

Carole Hefley Reese

There's a chronic malady afflicting most of us known as Keeping Up With The Joneses. Most of us talk about it; some worry about it, and some get themselves into a heap of trouble over it; but it does have its good points which seldom get mentioned. Keeping up with the Joneses keeps us *active* — that's a cheerful word for working. It fills us with ambition, and it keeps us mentally alert trying to figure out just *how* we're going to do it!

Those of us suffering from this disease have one main symptom. That is the keen desire to possess certain possessions known as *status symbols*. The frustrating thing about status symbols is that they keep changing.

The automobile was probably the first prominent, readily apparent status symbol. It used to be that the latest model car parked in your driveway indicated wealth and prestige. Now it probably indicates you are in debt, but that doesn't detract one bit from the car's value of not only keeping up with the Joneses but getting ahead of them too!

The discovery of electricity led the way to a whole parade of status symbols, but at first just having wires attached to your house was enough. The wires showed that you had acquired electric lights, and perhaps a telephone too. A little window located somewhere on your house told the world that you now had indoor plumbing. If your front window no longer sported a large "ice card" then everyone knew that *you* had an electric refrigerator!

Later, with the invention of television, a new status symbol was born. This was the antenna that went with the television. If your roof did not boast an antenna, then everyone knew that you had not yet acquired a television set in your home.

But prosperity evidently caught up with the inventors. When television became an economic possibility for most people, there seemed to be nothing left as a popular status symbol. What would we do now?

There was no cause for alarm; someone always has an answer. Somewhere the Joneses decided it would be nice to have *two* of everything!

Again the automobile led the march of the double status symbols. The

(Continued on page 20)



## PUT A TIGER IN THE BUCKET

Well, why not? Everybody else is doing it: putting them in gas tanks, clothing, and whatever. If you want a tiger for cleaning, no matter how tough the job, simply sift **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** into the water. Hard water or soft, this wonder-working powder goes into solution immediately, and cuts even grease and ground-in dirt right off. No scum to rinse away, either, and, though it's rough on dirt, it's gentle as a kitten on your hands. For every cleaning job, all over the house (and outside, too,) use

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"**

## A COLORFUL NAPKIN HOLDER

by

Inez C. Ladd

Have you been fortunate enough to receive an attractive napkin holder recently? I have, and I was so pleased I thought that some *Kitchen-Klatter* readers might be as pleased as I was. They are simple to make and require either what you have in the house or materials easy to procure.

First, take a tall one-pound coffee can. It must have a smooth edge. Also you will need the plastic lid that fits.

Second, measure enough aluminum foil to reach around the can with an inch and a half lap. Now fit it about the can, allowing enough at the bottom so it will be completely covered, folding the rest inside at the top. Smooth it down carefully so it will not tear. After the bottom is folded in, slip the plastic cover over it. This will do two things: hold the foil firmly in place, and keep the can from scratching any surface. The super-strength foil is the best to use, though I have used the lighter weight with success. I find the heavy weight a little too stiff to work with easily.

Third, take any colored plastic pot scraper and unwrap it. These come under several different trade names and can be found in shades of green, blue, red, orange and yellow. Smooth the plastic scraper out straight and then roll each end slightly. Slip this over the can, being careful not to tear the foil. Adjust until smooth, then complete the roll top and bottom with any extra length.

Fourth, sew a spray of plastic flowers to the covering. I use green thread to match the stems so it doesn't show. Then fill your colorful container with paper napkins to either match or contrast with your chief color.

Some combinations are yellow with yellow, white or blue flowers; aqua with pink, orange or brown; blue with white, pink or lavender flowers. The combinations are endless.

The expense for this little gift is very small. The sprays of flowers may usually be found for ten cents, and the pot scrapers are ten cents, too. A few napkins to show the purpose of the container and the foil cost only a few cents, and the coffee can is free!

Now the last step is the easiest of all. Either place it on your own breakfast table or take it to a friend for her kitchen or patio. When you use these outdoors you may want to place a small, clean rock in the bottom of the can to keep it from blowing over.



You will probably become so enthusiastic about making these little gifts, and you will find your friends so pleased to receive one that you will spend many happy hours making them and giving them away.



## THE CHECKER GAME

Grandpa's playing checkers

With grandson Tom of twelve.

Grandpa knows the answers

But Tommy boy must delve

Deep in the mysteries

Of an interesting game.

Grandpa makes a move

Tommy does the same.

The game progresses slowly

Tommy jumps a man.

A twinkle in his eye

"Catch me if you can."

Grandpa's interest wakens

With amazing zest.

Time for thoughtful thinking

Not for wishful rest.

Tommy over confident

Moves with reckless speed.

Grandpa with experienced eye

Notes the pitfalls he must heed.

Now he's moving cautiously,

Now he's crowned a king,

Taking two of Tommy's men

And two more can't get in.

Grandma looks on silently,

Her face calm and serene

Pondering on another game

When Grandpa crowned her queen.

Now the game has ended,

Do you know who won?

When Tommy's old as Grandpa

He'll be teaching his grandson.

—Mary E. Boyles

## THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

JULY! . . . Fourth of July picnics . . . County Fairs . . . canning of the vegetable crop . . . knee-high corn . . . "it's not the heat, it's the humidity" . . . transition dresses are advertised for Milady . . . the college plans are well in hand . . . July, the hectic month!

\*\*\*\*\*

Do you remember these childhood superstitions? When you and your friend would speak simultaneously you would link your little finger with hers and very seriously you would both make a wish; the first star you would see brought forth the familiar words, "Star light, star bright, grant my wish this starry night"; a white horse would call for "stamping" (touching your finger to your lips, placing it on your left hand and sealing it with a clap) and you would make another profound wish. How soon the pleasant childish beliefs in magic disappear into adult cynicism.

\*\*\*\*\*

Positive thinking can sometimes turn out to be a real joke, sometimes it CAN WORK.

\*\*\*\*\*

Summer! Glorious summer! The children are zooming along on their bikes gaily calling to one another as they pedal "a little bit faster" down the road; in the park the boys are having a vigorous game of baseball and their excited conversation can be heard for blocks. I wonder who is winning? Come the close of day a delightful cool settles in and you can hear nothing but the sleepy carol of the birds.

Glorious summer!

\*\*\*\*\*

HOME is more than a HOUSE. It serves as sort of a magnet to its occupants. When we leave on a trip, regardless of the mileage, the time it takes to arrive at our destination seems very short, but the return trip seems endless. I can't think it is because we are so travel worn. I like to think it is because we are eager to get back to that HOUSE, our HOME.

\*\*\*\*\*

Most people agree that new experiences both stimulate and fascinate them, so it is their desire to see new movies, hear new records, read the newest books, try the newest foods and travel to faraway places. We strive for the newest and latest in everything, except one. What is the one thing we wish to keep forever the same? FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS.



## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

While browsing through old books at an antique sale, I found three which especially appealed to me.

In *Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson* we read, "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud."

*Flower Fables* by Louisa May Alcott, written in 1854, carries this dedication, "To Ellen Emerson, for whom they were fancied, these flower fables are inscribed, by her friend, the author."

*The Young Folks' Book of Etiquette* by Caroline S. Griffin, originally published in 1905, is a gem of a book on manners of that day, some which are still appropriate. "Give a cheery 'Good-morning' to every one you meet. Never mind whether there is sunshine or rain out-of-doors; carry sunshine with you wherever you go. Never be late to church if you can possibly help it. If this misfortune can in no way be avoided, walk up the aisle quietly, so as to be noticed by as few people as possible. If your shoes squeak, you had better stay at home rather than disturb the whole congregation by entering late. Then start in season the next time."

Many publishing companies are reprinting books written some years ago for which there is now a demand. *Recipe for a Magic Childhood* (The MacMillan Co., \$1.95) by Mary Ellen Chase, mentioned in this column in the January, 1967, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, is now available in a new edition but with the same text. The author tells how writers can stir devotion within the hearts of their readers as she remembers the sorrow of her grandmother, an avid reader, at the death of R. L. S., as Robert Louis Stevenson was called. The author reminds us that the characters in books should become household words and their authors familiar presences at family tables.

A fascinating book which preserves the heritage handed down to us by the men who settled America is *An Age of Barns* (Funk and Wagnalls, \$12.50) by Eric Sloane. The pioneer was a practical man, with an appreciation for



Dorothy Johnson had fun shopping for books for her grandson Andy's birthday. When Kristin makes tape recordings to mail home to her parents, Andy "reads" his books to his grandparents.

beauty. His ingenuity is very evident in the barns he built. That some of these barns still stand today is because our forefathers had a reverence for excellence, a reverence so profound that all things they did, they did well. This book serves as a guide to the past, with remarkable text and superb illustrations including ten full-color plates and more than eighty pen-and-ink drawings by the author.

In doing research for a book on United States history, this same author, Eric Sloane, learned that for the first hundred years of the life of our nation the ringing of bells was the standard way of celebrating Independ-

**HUMMINGBIRDS**  
Twin infant hummers in their nest,  
A lichen-covered cup,  
Like long-nosed bumblebees they nap  
Until it's time to sup.  
Then Mother whirs back to her home  
With nectar from the flowers;  
She courses wide for babies' food  
Throughout the daylight hours.  
The nestlings gain; they stretch and  
grow,  
And sprout new feather suits,  
'Til one glad day they, too, whir off  
In hummingbird pursuits.

—Inez Baker

ence Day. Mr. Sloane and a neighbor went to work on plans to make freedom really ring. A Congressional Resolution was passed in 1963 asking that all bells in the nation ring together for four minutes at 2:00 P.M. (E.D.T.) on July Fourth. After research, Sloane concluded that the Declaration of Independence was approved by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, at 2:00 P.M. Therefore, that hour was selected. In his book *A Sound of Bells* (Doubleday, \$2.75) Mr. Sloane reminds us that Independence Day should have more significance than most people give it, and the revival of this early American custom is one way to do so.

My mother, celebrating her birthday on July 3, and I, with my birthday on July 4, will be proud to become bell-ringers on July 4. How about you?



**Wait a minute!**  
**Did you forget**  
**something?**

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1. Safety check your car regularly.
2. Fasten your seat belt. (Traffic accident injuries . . . serious and fatal . . . are reduced more than one-third by the use of seat belts.)
3. Be adjustable. (Adjust your driving to road, traffic and weather conditions.)
4. Think ahead. (The other guy may not.)



## STOP!

Pour yourself a cup of coffee, and catch up on the news, recipes and household helps from the KITCHEN-KLATTER FAMILY.

You can hear us each weekday morning over one of the following stations.

WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.

THE JOY  
OF  
GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Perhaps you have heard tales of the old-fashioned herbs our grandmothers and great-grandmothers brewed to serve as a refreshing beverage and often as not as a treatment for an upset stomach or some minor illness. Fennel was served as a purgative, camomile flowers for indigestion, sage tea for sore throat, and anise water to cleanse the complexion.

Oswego-tea was a popular beverage and was brewed from an herb called Bergamont or bee-balm, sometimes horsemint. Today's gardeners call this plant Monarda and grow it for its attractive and carefree bloom. It will thrive in semi-shade or in difficult spots in the border where other plants will not do well.

The flowers of Monarda have a wispy appearance and are carried in "whorls" toward the top of the stems. Most common colors are red or lavender but there are new hybrids in white, rose, dark orchid and pink.

Monardas do best in a rich soil but will grow well anywhere. I have found wild Bergamot growing along railroad tracks under the toughest of soil conditions. The plants spread quickly and should be divided every three years, preferably in the spring. Plant the roots sparingly here and there in the border. It is best to place a metal strip in a circle about the base so their wandering roots do not take over all the space and crowd out other desirable plants. In the fall when Monarda is no longer pretty, cut off the faded heads and the foliage will be attractive.

Recently a lady brought her Star of Bethlehem plant to us to find out why so many of the leaves were turning yellow, making the plant unsightly. Star of Bethlehem (*Campanula Isophylla*) is an attractive, vining house plant prized for its pretty cascading white star-like flowers. The plants need plenty of moisture, good drainage and a cool shady location in order to do well. If allowed to go "thirsty" for even a short period of time, many of the leaves will yellow and dry up (this had been her trouble). Star of Bethlehem should be repotted every other year as the roots quickly fill their containers and become overcrowded. New plants can be started from cuttings in early winter before buds are set.



## THE GIFT PERFECT

If you would take to lonely hearts  
A gift most charged with cheer,  
Along with flowers and souvenirs,  
Include a listening ear.

-Flo M. Tidwell

## DOUBLE TROUBLE - Concluded

two-car family became common. This called for two garages in which to keep the two cars. Somewhere along the line people realized it was much more sensible to have two bathrooms as well as two or more telephones. Then came the second television set along with a second living room, usually called the family room. And some people even like the idea of a second kitchen, which is usually more of a refreshment center, especially if their family room is located on a different level than their main kitchen.

The advantages of owning two of these things are apparent without even mentioning them. But sometimes we don't realize the disadvantages until a little time has passed. All the things that can go wrong with one car can go wrong with two of them. Having more than one bathroom and living room means more cleaning work for the homemaker. The man of the house soon discovers he has twice as many bathroom fixtures that develop leaks. And if you felt smug about acquiring the second television set, thinking that at least one of them would always be in working order, you can stop feeling secure right now. I have seen our second television quit working before we could get the first one repaired.

I guess that only time will tell whether owning two of everything is a double blessing or double trouble. What I'm wondering is: where do we go from here? What do we do now for a status symbol?

Well, don't tell anyone, but I know someone who has three living rooms!

## FIREWORKS - Concluded

stronger anti-fireworks laws and work for their enforcement.

States that need stronger legislation are Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, Wyoming.

Once the laws are strengthened against the use of fireworks and for the strong punishment of offenders, only then can we look for the threat of maiming and death by fireworks to disappear.

**JULY DEVOTIONS — Concluded**

days. There let them sleep. Concern yourself with but today. Grasp it, and teach it to obey your will and plan. Since time began today has been the friend of man. You and today! A soul sublime and the great heritage of time. With God Himself to bind the twain, go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!"

**Leader:** You are richer today than you were yesterday if you have laughed often, given something, forgiven even more, made a new friend, or made stepping stones of stumbling blocks; if you have thought more in terms of "thyself" than in "myself".

**Hymn:** "For the Beauty of the Earth" — verses 5 and 6.

**Litanies:** (Two people, or it can be mimeographed for audience response.)

Keep before me O, Lord, this purpose —

To awaken each day with a smile on my face and thanksgiving in the soul.

**Guide and keep me true, O Lord.**

To greet each new day as a special gift from Thee and to welcome the opportunities it contains.

**Guide and keep me true, O Lord.**

To approach my work each day with cheerful heart, open mind and willing hands.

**Guide me and keep me, O Lord.**

To find joy in family and friends and to meet them in love and in laughter with tolerance and understanding that shall reach out to my brothers around the world, to open new adventures in Christian fellowship for them and for me.

**Guide and keep me true, O Lord.**

To hold ever before me Thy love, Thy strength and Thy will that I may wisely use my days and find them the great adventure of living.

**Guide me and keep me true, O Lord.**

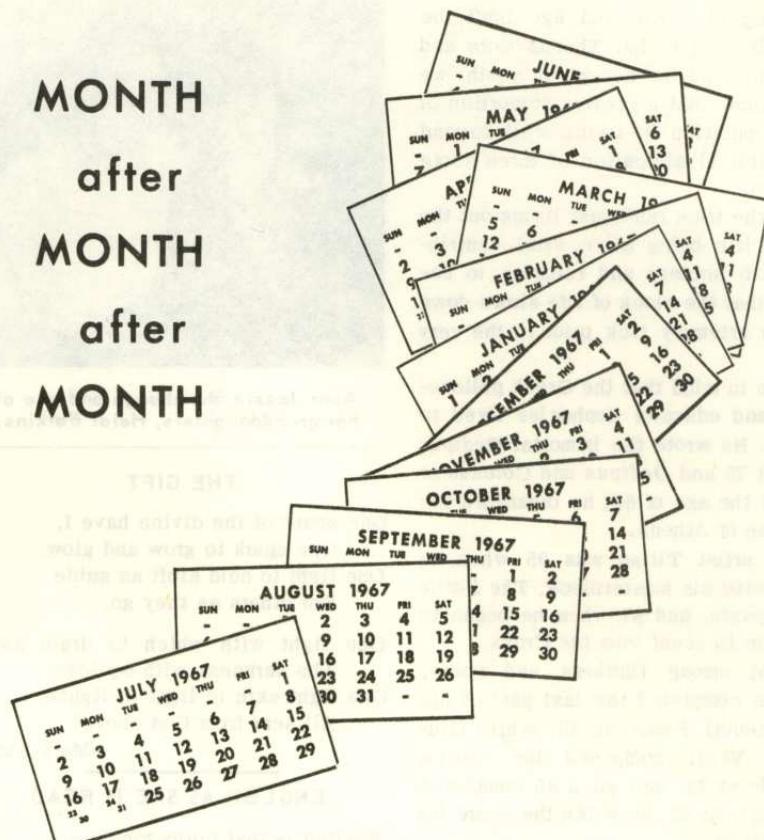
Amen.

**Leader:** "Life is a new adventure with the gift of each new day, and offers countless joys before it slips away. Though we may seek adventure in the sky, on sea, or land, sometimes we find to our surprise it is quite close at hand, for adventure's where we find it — around us every day — it dwells within and all around us, it is for us to do and say!"

**Closing Hymn:** "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee".

**Benediction:** Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the words we have heard here this day may kindle a response in our hearts. Strengthen us that we may truly remain steadfast to our purpose of high resolve that we may live to Thy honor, glory, and praise. Amen.

MONTH  
after  
MONTH  
after  
MONTH



When you buy new clothes, don't you delight in their fresh, crisp, "new" look? And isn't it a shame that you can't keep them looking that way forever? Well, nothing will do that, but there is a way to keep them looking new and fresh much longer than you ever thought possible.

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DO YOU HAVE YOUR CLOTHES  
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**BLEACH**

**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**

the truth embodied within them.

Living to a ripe old age isn't the trick it used to be. Though more and more we find the accent on youth, we also know that a greater proportion of our population is living well beyond the Biblical allocation of three score and ten.

No, the trick isn't just living out the years; it's being alive, vital, contributing to society and refusing to believe that the clock of life slows down at any arbitrary tick prior to the very last.

Keep in mind that the Greek philosopher and educator Sophocles lived to be 90. He wrote the immortal *Oedipus Rex* at 75 and *Oedipus and Colonus* at 89. At the age of 83, he organized the defense of Athens.

The artist Titian was 95 when he completed his masterpiece, *The Battle of Lepanto*, and 97 when he began to work on *Descent from the Cross*.

Giant among thinkers and poets, Goethe completed the last part of his monumental *Faust* at 83; while Giuseppe Verdi composed the opera *Othello* at 73, and when 80 completed *Falstaff*. At 85, he wrote the score for a *Te Deum*.

More closely to contemporary times, we need only remind you of physical culturist Bernarr MacFadden, statesman Sir Winston Churchill, artist Grandma Moses, and poets Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg.

You can be young at any age. Try ...

Martin just came into my office and said we'd be locked in here for the night if we didn't get out of here, so with that announcement, I guess I had better wind this up and put the cover on the typewriter.

Sincerely,

*Margery*



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh and one of her granddaughters, Heidi Watkins.

**THE GIFT**

One spark of the divine have I,  
One spark to grow and glow,  
One light to hold aloft as guide  
For others as they go.

One light with which to drain away  
The darkness with my love,  
One light akin to light of lights,  
All sent from God above.

—Mary Kurtz

**ENGLISH AS SHE IS READ**

English is that funny tongue,  
Riming words spelled like among.

Writing food and good with blood,  
Yet there's could and would and mud.  
Why not said and paid with fade,  
Adding fed and read with maid?

Further on we come to heard;  
Herd, not beard, is just the word.

Cow, with low; how with row;  
Now and blow; bow and foe.

Figure comb, then tomb and bomb;  
Pick on roam, then loom and calm.

Be now done with son and fun;  
English has me quite undone.

**MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded**

Back in those days before he had four dependents Don enjoyed the luxury of a new car, but marriage is a great leveler, to be sure, and he never complained. But this is most thrilling (for me at least) to drive a car that is rattle-free and trustworthy and *bright red*, I might add. We kidded Paul who is, needless to say, in a state of bouncing joy over this new beautiful possession in our garage, that the initials on the wheel discs were put there in honor of him as a special order. P.M.D. — Paul Martin Driftmier. Finally, after a little fun we enlightened him that it meant also Pontiac Motor Division but he still crows over having his initials on the car.

I have one more trip to make to the washing machine, and I'll have to check the progress on the new building, so until next month I bid you goodbye.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

having our Sunday dinner at the parsonage, and then I drove him back to school. From the time he got back there until it was time for him to come home at the end of the school year ready to leave on the trip, he was sick. For two weeks he was in the school infirmary with a high fever. It seems that he had some kind of a bad virus — something like pneumonia — and not realizing that he was sick with a virus, he was given his cholera antitoxin. The whole business gave him a bad reaction and matters got considerably worse before they got better. He lost quite a bit of weight, but more important to him, he lost quite a bit of time out of the classroom to the detriment of his final marks. He is a very conscientious boy, and having his marks affected bothered him greatly.

I hope that you will be remembering us in your prayers as we wing our way around the world. There will be so much to see and so much to do and to learn, and we want it all to count for some good. I am not sure where we shall be when I next write to you, but I rather think it will be in India. Of course some drastic change of plans could mean that I would write the letter to you from Nova Scotia, but I hope not. I shall write to you from Nova Scotia, but that won't be until the end of the summer after we have returned from our ride on the "magic carpet".

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

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### ARE YOU UTENSIL-WISE?

Of course you know the names of the utensils in your cupboards, but some of these receptacles are known by other names. Below, in the left column, are the well-known names of 12 of these containers, while at the right their other names are listed, in scrambled form.

1. Frying Pan	A. Dipper
2. Pitcher	B. Mazar
3. Ladle	C. Noggin
4. Pan	D. Spider
5. Cereal Dish	E. Bain Marie
6. Double Boiler	F. Caster
7. Large Kettle	G. Waiter
8. Tray	H. Caldron
9. Mug	I. Creamer
10. Platter	J. Porringer
11. Cruet	K. Patella
12. Cup	L. Trencher

Answers: I-D, 2-I, 3-A, 4-K, 5-J, 6-E, 7-H, 8-G, 9-C, 10-L, 11-F, 12-B.

—Erma Reynolds

### HOMEMADE ICE CREAM!

When I was just a country kid (And that's been quite awhile!), concocting rich, homemade ice cream just seemed to be in style; since cream and eggs were plentiful and not used sparingly.

The finished product that emerged was delicious as could be!

Today we have our ice cream stores — magnificent displays —

But I prefer the homemade kind. We had in good old days!

—Roy J. Wilkins

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## THE PATRIOTIC MONTH

by

*Mildred D. Cathcart*

July is our great patriotic month when perhaps we are more conscious of the meaning of our flag. It is an appropriate time to recall some interesting facts about Old Glory.

No one seems to know for sure just how flags originated. Some believe the Egyptians flew flag-like symbols thousands of years ago. These banners might have been no more than streamers bearing sacred emblems and attached to staffs of wheat.

The colonies had various flags and we do not know who actually designed our present-day flag. Betsy Ross is often credited with designing it and selecting the five-pointed star. On the first flag the stars, instead of forming a circle, were arranged in a 3-2-3-2-3 pattern.

The colors of the flag were made part of the Great Seal in 1782. The red meant courage, white stood for purity and the blue suggested vigilance and justice.

Washington is supposed to have said the stars and blue union were from Heaven, the red was from the Mother Country and the white stripes separating the red showed that we had separated from her, and the white represented our liberty.

The thirteen stripes from top to bottom represent Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island. Too many states were added to the Union to add a stripe for each. Instead, each state is represented by a star.

In 1892 the pledge of allegiance, drafted by James Upham, was used publicly in the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

In 1912 President Taft decided on the proportions of the flag but withdrew his order. In 1916, President Wilson put the order back into effect making the horizontal length one and nine-tenths times the vertical length, the blue field as wide vertically as seven stripes, and the horizontal length seventy-six hundredths the vertical width.

Old Glory is a proud symbol and is not dipped to anything or any person, not even the head of State. The flag may be dipped, in courtesy to another nation, but not to an official or ruler of that nation. Yes, our flag is a proud flag and we should feel a great deal of pride when we see this symbol waving in the breeze.

## MEMENTO

A rubber heel, detached from shoe  
So long ago still lies just off  
The pathway up the hill. How  
Angrily he limped across the lot, fum-  
ing

On his loss. Well hidden it remained  
Until another heel was nailed there in  
Its place. Then, there it was!  
And there it stays, though each  
Engulfing rain, each wash of winter  
snows

Brings it just one whit nearer to  
The gate.

Sometimes I nudge it thoughtfully  
Remembering a lanky boy in  
Threadbare jeans who all too soon  
Became a man.

—Leta Fulmer



## BLUEPRINT for REMODELING

Summer's a fine time for remodeling: a porch, a room, or even yourself! In this season of bright colors and lightweight fabrics, doesn't a little weight-losing seem in order?

And there's no pleasanter way to do it than with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. This clear liquid, in its flip-top bottle, sweetens everything accurately and perfectly: cereals, drinks, desserts. It always tastes sweet and natural — never bitter, never artificial. And never, never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use.

Whether you're on a doctor's diet or simply want to melt away a few excess pounds, **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** is your best friend. Look for 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.