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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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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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LETTER FROM LEANNA

My dear Friends:

Our back yard was very inviting during the cool hours of early morning so I spent a little time out there admiring the hemerocallis. The circle hedge in the center of the yard formerly contained roses but, since they required special attention which I found difficult to provide, we have replaced them with hems. They just grow and bloom!

I can thank my sister Helen for our many varieties of hemerocallis for they were her hobby. Many flower enthusiasts were inspired by Helen's radio visits to plant them in their gardens and I'm certain they've never regretted it, for during the hot summer months they can be counted on for continuous bloom.

Hot weather is very hard on those who are ill, so as soon as the day becomes too warm for comfort we shut up the house and start the air conditioners. As many of you know, my husband has been in very frail health and for the past several years has had nursing care in our home. Ruby, his nurse, is an absolute jewel and we are grateful that she was able to fill this need. When she took her vacation this summer (to Bellevue, Washington, to visit a son and his family, as well as a sister) one of Mart's former nurses came from her home in Wyoming to help out. Her parents live in Shenandoah so she combined a visit with them along with nursing duties. Mart's sister Clara was especially helpful during this period as well as our children. All in all, everything went along smoothly as we were sure it would.

There have been so many "comings and goings" that we found it necessary to circle dates on the calendar to remember them all. As you know, our son Donald and his family visited us in the spring, then Wayne and his family stopped in for a few days enroute to Miami, Florida, to attend a nursery convention. On their way home they stopped in New Orleans to meet their daughter Emily when she returned

to the States after her year of study in Costa Rica. Then they drove north to visit us again as we were all anxious to see Emily and hear about her experiences as a foreign exchange student.

Two days after these Denver Driftmiers departed, Frederick and his family arrived for a few days' visit. They were homeward bound from their trip around the world. It was a shame that the two brothers and their families missed each other, but due to business responsibilities Wayne just *had* to get back to Denver. The best they could manage was a visit on the phone when Frederick had a little time between planes in Denver.

The families will be telling you about their trips so I won't go into details here. I'll just add that it was wonderful having them with us. The grandchildren fairly wore paths between the homes of their aunts and uncles!

Howard and Mae were so in hopes that the work on their house would be completed before these visits, but just as they were preparing to lay the carpet, it was decided that they would have to tear out the old furnace and install a new one. This held things up a bit so they were still torn up at that point.

We were almost in the same situation for we ordered new linoleum for the kitchen, back hall and bath, and didn't know exactly when the men would appear to lay it. Luck was with us and they managed to get it laid between visits. We are very pleased with this new floor covering for the old linoleum had been down for over fifteen years and was badly worn.

My sister Jessie had written that she would be coming back to Iowa soon, but didn't know then what date she would be arriving. All depended upon when she could get a reservation, of course. I was very surprised when we received a call that she was back in her own home in Clarinda. In spite of

having her visit in California interrupted by a trip to the hospital, she had spent several happy months with her daughter and her family. Her son met her plane in Des Moines and saw that she was nicely settled back into her home. It is wonderful to have her so near again.

Philip and Marie Field, my brother Henry's son, have called on us frequently. We've enjoyed hearing about their years in Africa and seeing all their colored slides and movies. We look forward to their visits and are so happy that they plan to retire in Shenandoah. Right now they are enroute east to pick up their new trailer, but they'll be back soon. Plans now are that they'll travel in the west for a few months this fall and winter visiting their children and brothers and sisters before they look for housing here.

Very soon we'll be seeing our former neighbors, Eltora and Howard Alexander. They moved to Tucson two years ago this fall and how we have missed them. This will be their first trip back to Iowa since they moved away, so we'll have a lot of catching up to do. They'll see a few changes in our town — a large new high school under construction, many new homes, but perhaps most of all, the disappearance of many large old elms that lined our streets. The city has marked those which must come down due to the Dutch elm disease. Margery and Oliver have been very concerned about theirs, and look each day to see if a large red X has been painted on any of them. They had them sprayed this spring and so far they still look pretty healthy, but it is doubtful if anything can prevent the spread of the disease. Eventually, no doubt, they'll have to be cut down too.

Like frosting on the cake, I've saved the best to the last! Our family is so thrilled that Lucile's daughter Juliana is getting married. Jed is a wonderful young man and we are very happy to have him join our family circle. And now you must read Juliana's letter, for she wants to tell you about him herself.

Sincerely,

Leanna

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

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

—Unknown

JULIANA HAS EXCITING NEWS FOR YOU

Dear Friends:

With this letter I am winding up all of the years that you've known me as Juliana Verness, for by the time you read these words I will be Mrs. James Edward Lowey. That's the way the wedding announcements read because you follow formal traditions for such an occasion, but for all practical realities I will be Mrs. Jed Lowey and that's the only way you'll hear about us in years to come.

Jed is a native of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, and went out to the University of New Mexico to enroll in the School of Business Administration. He got his degree two years ago but is now enrolled in the School of Engineering and will continue with those tough classes until he gets his degree.

Jed and I have known each other for a long time, but our marriage plans weren't completely settled until this summer when I went to Massachusetts to meet his family. I'll admit that I was very nervous when I walked into the Lowey home for the first time, but Jed's parents put me at ease immediately and in just a few minutes I felt that I'd know them for years. Jed's sister, Beth, had flown down to Albuquerque for a visit last year so I'd already met her, but I was meeting his other sister, Carol, for the first time, as well as cousins, uncles and aunts. The Loweys are a very closely knit family and it was just like being with the Driftmiers!

I hadn't been "back East" since the trip I made with my parents and my cousin, Kristin, in 1958, so it really seemed like new territory to me. Woods Hole is located on Cape Cod and my! what beautiful country this is. Spring was unusually late back there this year, so I was lucky enough to see all of the countless flowering trees in their full glory. It seemed as though every road was lined with pink and white rhododendrons and azaleas. I was surprised to find that azaleas grew that far north for I'd only seen them before in the Southern states, but they were just more than flourishing on Cape Cod.

Jed was determined that I get to see as many of the high spots on the Cape as possible, so we started driving around the village of Woods Hole on the second day and I began to orient myself. We visited the Steamship Authority which is in charge of all the ferry boats that take visitors to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and then drove through roads that passed many of the huge summer estates. I was fascinated with these old family homes. The houses were in beautiful



Juliana thought the Webster rose gardens, which are open to the public, were particularly lovely.

condition and the surrounding grounds were immaculately tended.

One of the homes which belongs to the Webster family opens its rose garden to the public, and if you are a rose fancier and are ever in this area I urge that you visit it. When we were there the roses were in full bloom and surpassed any that I have ever seen. (It brought back so many memories to see some varieties that my father used to have in our garden at home.) Incidentally, I was particularly impressed with the spectacular climbing roses — one trellis over the path was completely covered with huge pink blossoms. All in all, the Webster rose garden is a "must" for flower lovers.

Another side trip that I enjoyed very much was a visit to the Sandwich Glass Museum in the town of Sandwich. This glass factory operated in the eighteen hundreds and turned out lovely glass of all kinds. In the Museum the glass is displayed in cases in front of windows and the light through the brilliant colors was dazzling. Jed's favorite type of glass was opalescent, and my favorite was a serving bowl molded like a cabbage leaf — the cover to the bowl was shaped like a small rabbit.

The second floor of this Museum has many old pieces of everyday equipment. We saw school desks made of wrought iron and wood with holes for the ink wells, and much to my surprise we found a tiny baby carriage which was made for twins. It was obviously designed to be pulled, and we wondered what in the world could ever have been hitched to it. A large dog, do you suppose?

On the way back from Sandwich we took a back road which wound around through Yarmouth, Barnstable and Hyannis. These are wonderful old towns just full of antique shops, and I'm afraid that if I had had my way I would still be there browsing through antiques. Of course, these back roads

are narrow and you don't make "good time", but to me they are much, much more interesting than the Mid-Cape highway which goes through the same area. It is a good, four-lane road and very fast, but one misses the atmosphere of the villages.

I was continually amazed at the dates on buildings. Many of them dated back to the sixteen hundreds, and one of the oldest places I saw was the Aptucxet Trading Post. This was established in 1627. The building has been reconstructed, but the copper ale brewing kettle and most of the furnishings dated back to the original store. There is an enormous stone fireplace which opens into two rooms on the main floor and into one room on the second floor. Imagine the building skill required to have a second-story fireplace without filling the room with smoke, or even catching the floor on fire!

In contrast with the very, very old, Jed and I visited the brand-new community of New Seabury. I'd never seen anything like it because this is a planned community which concentrated on retaining the natural scenery. All of the developments I've seen have been bulldozed into bare areas with houses placed on very small lots, but New Seabury is covered with pine trees, small hills, streams and ponds. It is a charming community.

Jed and I also visited the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket by way of the ferry boat service from Woods Hole. These boat trips were short and very pleasant, and we were fortunate enough to be able to take the car to Martha's Vineyard. We spent the entire day driving all around the Island, and on the western end we saw the beautiful Gay Head cliffs. These are very sheer cliffs that drop right down to the ocean, and they are brilliantly colored. We also found a beach by Lobsterville where the sea gulls were raising their chicks. The mature sea gulls are very sleek, handsome birds, but the babies are a mass of grey, ungainly fuzz.

On Nantucket we decided to have a walking expedition and our first stop was the Whaling Museum. I could have spent a week in this one place! I was fascinated by the large collection of scrimshaw — this is the art of etching whalebone. Most of the scrimshaw pieces were done by the whalers on their long, long voyages which frequently lasted up to four years. (Imagine leaving your family for four years!)

Of course, by far the best part of my time on Cape Cod was spent with Jed's family; we had wonderful visits together. Mrs. Lowey is a marvelous cook and I was lucky enough to get some of her recipes. They had a splen-

(Continued on page 22)

The "Ers" Have It

CLUB SKIT

by
Mabel Nair Brown



This skit will be most effectively presented by a leader with other club members presenting each main part. The use of pantomime would add to the effectiveness of the "Which 'Er' Are You" poem.

Leader:

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day.

I'd rather one would walk with me than merely show the way.

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;

Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;

And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.

I can learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done;

I can see your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.

The lectures you deliver may be very wide and true;

But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.

For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,

But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

—Selected

Leader: I wonder how many of these "Ers" have you met? I'm sure you are going to recognize many of them; some of them may even be too clearly recognized for comfort. Haven't we met them all at our meetings? Will they be present this year, or do we dare hope some of them will take the hint and leave? WHICH "ER" ARE YOU?

WHICH "ER" ARE YOU?

There are many "Ers" whom we've all seen;

We meet them every day.

Some we like to have around, but some we wish would go away!

The COMPLAIN-er is one gal

Who can really get your goat —

Always finding fault you know —

Too high — too low — poor eats — wrong vote!

And the WHISPER-er and the GIGGLE-er

Can surely be defeating;

Like the everlasting GRIPE-er

They can disrupt any meeting.

The FUSS-ers and the FUME-ers —

They're a real pain in the neck,

Sputtering' over nothing really —

They leave the president a wreck!

Sometimes things look right well,

The project's off to a fine start —

Then the FORGET-er fails to get there
And upsets the apple cart.

Then there are the GAB-ers and BRAG-ers —

How many words do you 'spose they go a minute?

Well, if quantity were to get the prize,
They'd be sure to win it!

But praises be for the GIVE-ers and WORK-ers

On whom we can depend

To be the DO-ers in the club

From beginning to the end.

And if with these you mix a LISTEN-er

And a FLATTER-er or two,

Some SMILE-ers and a JOKE-er,

Together they'll see things through.

Now take a moment — look at the "Ers",

And as you do

Take time to ponder and to think —
WHICH "ER" ARE YOU? —M.N.B.

Leader: Putting it all together we can plainly see that all signs point to "WOMAN WANTED".

WANTED: A woman who isn't afraid to work; a woman who can find things to be done without the help of the president and other officers and a committee.

A woman who listens carefully when others speak, asks intelligent questions but not belittling ones, and can offer some ideas of her own, yet can happily follow through on someone else's suggestions.

A woman who moves in quietly to get a job done, with as little noise as possible.

A woman who isn't feeling "put upon" because she has been given some work to do.

A woman who doesn't begrudge going the second mile when it is necessary, or can lift another's load.

A woman who finds joy in accomplishment — in a job well done — and has fun doing it.

A woman who can acknowledge her own mistakes as easily as she sees the mistakes of others and who can enjoy a good joke on herself. (We admit this is a rare variety of woman.)

A woman who makes friends because she is a friend.

A woman who is generous with her thank yous and her praise.

A woman who is cheerful from the inside out and spreads her smiles, like rays of sunshine, wherever she goes.

Age does not matter, experience not necessary but must be rapidly acquired. No limit on hours used — plenty of overtime offered. Big dividends are possible. **WANTED: A WOMAN!**

Leader: Each day offers an opportunity to think greater thoughts and to perform greater deeds.

A CLUB PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE RECIPE

"Take twelve clean, new months. Look over to see that they are thoroughly free from old bitternesses, hates, and jealousies. Wipe clean of every speck of pettiness and intolerance and pick off every shred of envy.

"Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts, a quantity enough for one full year. Do not attempt to prepare the whole batch at one time, as this has a tendency to lessen the quality of the batch. Prepare one day at a time as follows:

"Into each day put twelve parts faith, eleven parts patience, ten parts of work. (To omit this is to spoil the flavor entirely.) Toss in a handful of hope, and an equal amount of kindness. Add a generous measure of prayer and allow to stand for a measure of meditation; then proceed as follows:

"Stir in about a tablespoon of cheer, a dash of fun, a sprig of frivolity, two sprigs of pleasure, a rounded cup of humor, and a heaping cup of laughter. Cook thoroughly in plenty of love. Garnish with smiles and serve with a sauce made by combining equal parts of unselfishness, cheerfulness, joy, and gentleness. Sprinkle with good deeds." —Adapted from old clipping

"Someone lifted a load today

From off a heavy heart.

Someone carried a lighted torch

Where all was dim and dark.

Someone brought a handclasp and a smile

Where hope was well nigh gone.

Someone entered a room of woe

And sang a cheerful song.

(Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK'S FAMILY HAD MEMORABLE EXPERIENCES IN INDIA

Dear Friends:

Last month I wrote to you from New Delhi, India, at the beginning of our magic carpet trip around the world, and this month I am writing to you from Honolulu at the near end of that same never-to-be-forgotten journey. Good fortune has been with us all the way, and we arrived here in good health and high spirits. Our Honolulu friends asked us the question that I know will be asked us a thousand times during the next year: "What was the most memorable part of your trip?" Let me answer the question right now.

Because we could not visit Egypt and the Holy Land, we added some extra days to our stay in India, and that provided us with an opportunity to fly from Calcutta, India, up to the foot of the great Himalaya Mountains from where we drove high, high up toward the border of Tibet. It was an unbelievable ride up thousands of feet on a narrow road that crossed one particular railroad track 164 times before we reached our destination of Darjeeling. Famous for its tea plantations clinging to the sides of the mountains, Darjeeling is surely one of the most beautiful and exciting towns in the world. Years ago it was a vacation spot for the British rulers of India, a place where they could escape the heat of the plains, but today it is a mecca for those few tourists brave enough to venture so close to the Chinese forces guarding the border of Tibet.

In Darjeeling we stayed at a small hotel that literally sits atop a small mountain. From one side of the hotel we looked across a valley to the great snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas towering 28,000 feet into the air, and from the other side we looked down thousands of feet to hundreds and hundreds of tea plantations. The populations of that part of India is largely Nepalese and Tibetan, and the staff of our hotel was almost entirely Tibetan. It was our first experience with these hardy people who are as much at home in the mountains as any wild mountain goat. All the time I was there, I panted for more oxygen whenever I walked up the steep mountain trails, but the Tibetans never took one extra breath.

We spent one day visiting a large refugee camp where hundreds of Tibetans only recently escaped from behind the Bamboo Curtain are now being cared for with funds partially supplied by our American protestant churches. I say, "partially supplied" because this is a self-help refugee camp where the people earn their



Frederick's letter came from Honolulu only a few days before he and his family arrived in Shenandoah. It was a scorching hot Sunday afternoon when they posed with Mother for this picture.

board and room by making various handicrafts that are sold through some of our missionary outlets. I wish that you could have been with us on the drive up the mountain to that camp! We were in a little four-wheel-drive jeep, and even that had difficulty. I never thought we would make it alive, for there were times when the jeep went almost straight up on a mountain trail meant more for Tibetan yaks than for cars.

We saw the Tibetans making beautiful sweaters and rugs from wool that is smuggled out of Tibet under the very eyes of the Red Chinese. The wool is washed and combed and made into yarn and then woven right there in the camp. We gave David a beautiful sweater for his birthday, and now on the rest of our trip whenever he opens his suitcase he says: "I still smell the sheep," and I am sure he does. Incidentally, those Tibetans are the friendliest people, so quick to laugh, and so appreciative of all that is being done for them. Since the government of India will not permit these refugees to leave their camp, I am afraid that the many children we saw there will have to live a good part of their lives right where they are now, unless something should happen to force the Red Chinese out of Tibet.

Since our hotel was high above the clouds, there were parts of the day when we could not see down into the lovely valleys. We learned to get up at the crack of dawn before the clouds had rolled in, and at that hour we were provided with one thrilling sight after another. Only a few hundred feet from our hotel there was a holy shrine, a spot sacred to both the Hindus of India and the Buddhists of Tibet, and all day long there was a constant procession of persons going to worship. The Buddhists would offer a prayer flag covered with all kinds of holy in-

cantations, and the Hindus would burn incense. Along the path leading to the shrine there were dozens and dozens of beggars, many of them lepers, who make their living providing the pilgrims to the shrine with an opportunity to give alms. You see, in both the Hindu and Buddhist religion there is a strong emphasis upon the giving of alms, and so at every holy spot there are beggars. At the same time, it should be noted that organized charity of the kind known in the Christian world is almost non-existent. Most of the Tibetan beggars had prayer wheels, little revolving metal cases about the size of a plum, which they whirled around and around in the belief that the prayers written on scraps of paper inside the prayer wheels were being whirled out through space to God.

The Tibetan people are some of the strongest people in the world, and I never ceased to wonder at the way the women carried heavy burdens on their backs. There was some road building going on, and the stone and concrete was carried up the side of the mountain on the backs of women. It was all I could do to get myself up that trail, and yet those little women carried such heavy loads on their backs all day long. On our trip down to the plains for our flight back to Calcutta we saw children nine and ten years of age working on highway gangs, carrying rocks, chipping stones into gravel, and doing all kinds of labor that here in our country is done only by grown men.

Well, here we are today in Honolulu. In all my life I never have seen so many tourists. We are told that there are more tourists here this week than ever before in the history of Hawaii, and one look out of this hotel window convinces me that it is true. We left these islands just eighteen years ago, and there have been many changes since then. We hardly recognize downtown Honolulu and Waikiki. To care for the tourists they have built and are still building dozens of skyscraper hotels. It is all too much like a big amusement park to suit me. If we ever come here again, it will not be to stay in Waikiki for more than overnight. The real Hawaii is now on the outer islands, and that is where I urge any of you to stay if you plan to visit what used to be the Paradise of the Pacific.

By the time you read this letter, Betty and I will be back on the radio with our Saturday morning visits from the parsonage. We hope you will be listening, for we have so much more to tell you than can be written to you this month or for months to come.

Sincerely,

Frederick



When You Invite a Guest Speaker

by
Mabel Nair Brown

If you are responsible for securing a guest speaker, do give a choice of dates, if possible, and extend the invitation well in advance — months in advance if you can.

It is only courteous to ask what fee or expenses (mileage, etc.) is expected. If the fee asked is more than the club can pay, be frank in telling the speaker so and, at the same time thank her for her consideration in the matter, and express your regret that your club will be unable to have the pleasure of her talk.

In some organizations the district and state officers are paid certain expenditures by the state office, but this is usually a minimum, so if the local group can help out through purchase of banquet tickets, incidental meals, provide sleeping facilities in case of a long journey, or otherwise help out in small ways, you will find it is greatly appreciated.

If your speaker is a woman she will appreciate a hint as to whether or not the occasion is formal so she will know how to dress.

Give definite information to the speaker as to the date, the place, and the time, and who will meet her upon arrival. (It is disheartening to arrive in a strange place with no one to meet you and not know just what to do or where to go.)

In your advance letters it is considerate to give the speaker a bit of background as to the nature of your club and the reason for this special occasion, and in turn ask the speaker for the title of her speech and some personal information to use in the introduction.

Be sure to have a definite time limit for the speech, bearing in mind that if a speaker is willing to give of her time, perhaps traveling some distance, you should be willing to allow her adequate time to present her topic. If you plan for a question and answer session following the talk, be sure to ask in advance if this will be agreeable to the speaker.

GIVE THE SPEAKER HER DUE!

Don't plan to have several other features on the program — musical numbers, dances, etc., in addition to the main speaker, and then place this speaker at the "tail end" with an audience already programmed-out and ready for refreshments. One or two other numbers can add variety and contrast, but *do* let the speaker be the feature, and speak early in the program. If at all possible, leave any business of the club until after the speech.

Find out beforehand if the speaker wants a stand for her notes. If she is doing demonstrations, determine the size of table needed.

If a public address system is being used, *do* test it out ahead of time so that the speaker need not be embarrassed by standing by for adjustments.

Introducing the speaker should not be like the presentation of an obituary. Give the high lights, but not every detail of her background and every degree and title. Bear in mind that the more well known the speaker, the shorter the introduction. The speaker's name is not mentioned until just at the end — her cue, so to speak.

IF I WERE

Timely Tips for New Officers

by
Virginia Thomas

If I were President, I would be sure to read the by-laws and any manuals that had to do with my organization and my office.

I would immediately call all of the officers so that *together* we might appoint chairmen of committees and go over program plans and goals in general, and would hand out materials intended for individual officers.

I would be sure that any visitors at our regular meetings were given recognition and a warm welcome.

I would never change the program

without consulting the program chairman and her committee.

I would be liberal with telephone or written "thank you's" to my fellow officers and to anyone who in any way helped to keep the ball rolling, and I would be generous with compliments to those taking part in programs for the regular meetings. (Everyone likes to be appreciated.)

I would start and *close* the meetings on time.

I would, upon my retirement as president, pass on to my successor all helpful material and cooperate in any way, but I would be very sure to *let go* the reins completely. I would not be a hanger-on-er.

If I were Vice-President, I would familiarize myself with the duties of the president and the program of the club so that I could be the best "personal aide" possible to the president.

If I were Recording Secretary, I would attend regularly and keep an accurate and detailed account of each regular meeting and executive meeting, getting every motion down correctly as made, so there need never be any wondering as to exactly what was stated in that motion or just *what* amount the club agreed to spend.

If I were Corresponding Secretary, I would see that all notices got into the local paper or to the radio news office a week to two ahead of the meeting or event.

I would see that a thank-you note went immediately to any guest speaker, along with any honorarium or fee to be paid.

In corresponding with a prospective guest speaker, I would have it fully understood by all concerned just what the fee was to be if speaker charged a fee, and about mileage expense. If our club could not pay a large fee, but customarily gave a small honorarium, this would be made clear to the prospective guest speaker in the advance correspondence to avoid embarrassment.

If I were Program Chairman, I would call all of the committee together, invite the president also, and plan for the whole year in advance.

I would see that the program had plenty of humor and plenty of spice. I would be ready at each meeting with a bit of humor, a timely poem, or perhaps a little game, to pep up a lagging meeting, or perhaps to ease prolonged moments of tension.

I would check before each meeting with those responsible for the program to be sure they had not forgotten their responsibility.

If I were Treasurer, I would keep my books up-to-date and neat, and see that check stubs and bank statements

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Shortly after I wrote my letter to you last month we experienced the worst flood at our farm that we had had for twenty years. The water was across the road for the first time since they straightened the creek. Cornstalks and debris are still clinging to the top wire of the fences, so this gives you an idea of how high the water was. By the time the water receded and the ground dried out there wasn't much corn left, so there was nothing for Frank to do but replant. He said if we had a very late frost we might have something, and if it didn't finish out, at least he could use it for silage.

When the rains finally stopped and the dry weather set in everything needed taking care of all at once. No one had been able to put up any hay nor do any cultivation nor weed spraying. Driving around the country, I have never seen corn and bean fields in this part of Iowa look sicker. On my last trip to Shenandoah, however, I was happy to see that a lot of the corn had regained its good color and was growing fast after it had been sprayed and cultivated.

After Frank had the corn that didn't need replanting sprayed and cultivated, his replanting done, and was able to get to the hayfield six weeks late, the hay was so thick and tangled that mowing it was a real job. It certainly made a lot of bales to haul in.

Last month I told you about our trip to Laramie and didn't have enough space to tell you everything so I want to tell you a little more in this letter. The day after we went to Saratoga was the nicest weatherwise, since our arrival. We all agreed that it was too beautiful a day to stay at home so Art suggested that we drive to Cache La Poudre Canyon in northern Colorado. This was a place I hadn't seen either, and I must say that it was breathtaking! The highway follows the Poudre River all the way to a lake at the top. One can't drive very fast which has the advantage that one sees more. The river and the Poudre Falls are the most spectacular during late May and early June due to the runoff of the water from the melting snowfields in the higher mountains.

Roosevelt National Forest is located in this canyon, and all along the highway there were nice roadside parks



A number of readers have remarked that they think Frederick's wife Betty looks a great deal like our Dorothy. We're sorry we didn't have Dorothy in this picture so you could see the resemblance.

with tables, water, fireplaces for cooking out and clean rest rooms. There were wonderful sites for camping. We saw many lovely summer cabins nestled in the pines. One cabin was almost completely concealed in the huge pines with a rock wall rising straight up. We couldn't see how in the world they got in unless they were dropped out of a helicopter!

After passing a few of the nice picnic areas we suddenly were disgusted with ourselves that we hadn't thought to bring a picnic lunch along. Just then we spotted a little grocery store and that solved that problem. We were able to purchase all we needed and drove on to the next picnic site. Andy had fun throwing scraps of food to the little woodchucks (I think they were) and three large birds that looked a lot like bluejays.

At one spot we came across an area where considerable road construction was going on, obviously blasting rock away to widen the highway. The river was far below us at this spot and the road looked so precarious we almost decided to turn around and go back the way we had come. Just then a car came through from the other direction. We stopped them and inquired if the road were passable. It was, much to our relief, so we drove slowly on and made it without any trouble. I was so glad we did because had we turned around we would have missed seeing the beautiful big lake at the top of the mountain, and it was REALLY big! We could catch glimpses of it through the pines for a long, long ways.

Farther down the mountain on the other side we came across a lush green valley with many big ranches. After a while I began to notice houses that looked familiar and mentioned the fact. Art laughed and said, "You've seen them all before. We're almost back at Woods Landing again." With

all that driving in the mountains, I was completely turned around!

Bernie and I went home the day after Kristin's graduation and although we had a perfectly marvelous time, it was good to get back home again and settled into the familiar routine. Bernie is out to the farm several times a week and on each visit we think of something else we had failed to tell Frank.

The day after Bernie and I left, Kristin, Art, Andy, and Art's mother drove to Phoenix to spend a few days with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. Edna and Raymond hadn't seen Andy since he was just a baby and I hear he really made a hit with them. We talked to all of them on the phone when they were together, and Andy said, "Grandma Johnson, I walked under the bridge, saw the good ones and the bad ones, and went swimming in the pool." Needless to say this conversation made absolutely no sense to me until Kristin interpreted it for me. Art and Uncle Raymond had taken Andy to the zoo and he was fascinated at the covered bridge they had there and walked back and forth through it. The "good ones and the bad ones" were the monkeys. The "bad ones" had thrown water on him.

They were able to stay only three days because they had to get back to Laramie to enroll in summer school. Kristin is starting work on a Master's degree, and Art is finishing requirements for his degree except for his practice teaching, which will be done the first nine weeks this fall. Kristin writes that they have their classes arranged so that one or the other of them can be with Andy. We are still hoping they will have time after the summer session to make a trip back to the farm.

I have been busy sewing. Lucile picked out material for four dresses when we were in Santa Fe, and I now have them all made and even found time to make a new dress for Kristin. I'm anxious to hear from her to see if she recognized the material. When she and Juliana were about 14 or 15 and Juliana was visiting us during the summer, they decided to make skirts, and picked out material just alike. They didn't want any help from me, and I decided they weren't happy with their results because I doubt if they wore them more than a couple of times. I don't know what ever happened to Juliana's, but I took Kristin's apart about a year ago, washed and ironed the material, and found there was enough to make a cute dress.

I hear the tractor coming up the lane so I had better run and put the coffee-pot on. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS SEE SOME NEW COUNTRY

Dear Friends:

It has been several weeks and several thousand miles of travel since I last sat down to write to you. Necessity forced our travel plans to include little more than a glimpse of many unfamiliar and interesting places in the southeastern quarter of the United States. But at least from now on when one of these states is mentioned, we have our own vivid recollections rather than being dependent solely on pictures or descriptions.

When we left our home in Denver to drive east, we found the eastern plains portion of Colorado an unusual color — *lush green*. The temperatures were pleasantly cool and the sun shone brightly, conditions that prevailed throughout our drive to Miami Beach, Florida.

We noted water standing in the fields of Nebraska which border the interstate highway near Grand Island. Every river was running full in testimony to the rains which had been drenching the entire Midwest. One of the sights which most impressed Alison and Clark was the rivers — not just the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, which they expected to be big, broad, and muddy, but the unfamiliar rivers of Indiana, Kentucky, and the Virginias, which were also big, broad, and muddy.

One day was spent in Shenandoah "catching our breath" and getting Mother Driftmier's car in final readiness for the lengthy drive. Life had been unusually hectic in Denver before we left, and we were planning to drive the folks' car, which has air-conditioning. These two items accomplished, we headed north from Shenandoah to reach the interstate highway which traverses Iowa. We had never been on the fine route and were absolutely flabbergasted to find ourselves nearing Iowa City in hours less than the journey used to take in the old days. We couldn't resist turning off for a quick tour of the campus of the University of Iowa since we both have warm memories of that institution. Doubtless Alison and Clark grew more than a little bored with our recollections of how things used to be and our exclamations over the multitude of changes. Even so, we found many familiar buildings and sights.

The first genuine sightseeing stop was at West Branch, Iowa, for the Herbert Hoover Museum and birthplace. (What a contrast it was when, in a few days, we toured Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.) We spent that night in Springfield, Illinois.



Clark Driftmier was anxious to play one of the Spanish recordings his sister Emily brought back from Costa Rica so it was one of the first things to come out of her suitcase when they arrived.

Early the next morning we toured the Lincoln home and tomb but gave up the trip to reconstructed New Salem Park. Alison was terribly eager to reach Lexington, Kentucky, and "real horse country".

We suspected it might take quite a bit of driving to reach Lexington and this certainly proved to be a valid hunch. There were no interstate highways to travel across southern Illinois and Indiana; the highways we selected turned out to be narrow, rough, busy, and engineered for automobiles of at least thirty years ago. It was with renewed gratitude that we approached interstates from then on.

There is available a conducted tour of some of the famous thoroughbred horse farms that cluster around Lexington. However, as happened time and again the scheduled time didn't fit our travel schedule. So instead we all arose very early the following morning and drove the few miles to "Keeneland". This large establishment has its own operating race track as well as a practice course. As a result, most of the young thoroughbreds around are brought here for final training. We watched these early morning work-outs and then drove over to see the statue of the immortal "Man o' War" at the burial ground he shares with several other famous horses. These bluegrass farms look exactly like the pictures — large lush green pastures surrounded by sparkling white or charcoal fences, housing the many hundreds of magnificent thoroughbreds. Alison had expected the entire state of Kentucky to look like this, so she was more than a little disappointed to find that these dream farms don't extend far beyond Lexington.

As a matter of fact, before Alison had had time to recuperate from this disappointment, we were deep into West Virginia. Driving along the Kan-

awha River is the best antidote I can think of for someone who is just a little green with envy over the millionaires' horse farms. This highway twists and turns through one dreary, depressed small industrial city after another. Few of the bordering homes or businesses have seen a fresh coat of paint in years. The industrial stacks emit their smoke, which hangs as an unwelcome blanket over the length of the long valley.

While our introduction to West Virginia was unfavorable, the exact opposite was true of our initial reaction to the sister state of Virginia. All of us decided that the countryside around Charlottesville could claim considerable credit for inspiring so many of our country's leaders. What better place could we find to spend the Fourth of July than in historic Virginia? We devoted most of the morning to touring Monticello. In so doing we all found the great man, Thomas Jefferson, climbing right out of the pages of history books into a vivid personality which encompassed so many outstanding abilities.

This feeling for the closeness to our nation's early history continued as we walked through the state Capitol building in Richmond and continued on through Williamsburg. But contemporary accomplishments contrast to the early life in this country in short order upon leaving Williamsburg. We departed the state of Virginia through one of the modern bridge-tunnels which nowadays speed traffic over and under the many branches of Chesapeake Bay.

The Atlantic Ocean remained hidden from our eager eyes until we were well into South Carolina. Near Georgetown we turned off U. S. 17 onto a local road that took us out to Pawley's Island. We just couldn't wait any longer to see the ocean waves breaking along the sand dune shore line. That night we stayed in Charleston, South Carolina, arriving too late to catch the boat out to Ft. Sumter. Our brief glimpse of the beautiful old homes and historic streets made us resolve to return another time and "really see" Charleston.

The desire to return and "really see" continued after we reached Savannah, Georgia. The fort which guarded this important harbor during the Civil War was Ft. Pulaski. It can be reached by auto and is also a national monument. Although restored, the bombardment damage has not been repaired and once again a segment of our country's history became very real.

Time was getting ever more limited for us as we neared St. Augustine, Florida, so there was only one stop

(Continued on page 22)

Silent Servants of Today

by
Selma Ross



Housewives, be on the lookout for new robots on the "beckoning shelf" of your supermarket . . . for a cheese package with a built-in grater . . . for a package that pours flour or sugar by setting a dial (one ounce, two ounces, three?) and stops the pouring automatically at just the amount you want. And don't be surprised if you see in your lifetime the push-button kitchen — where packages will cook themselves, mix themselves, mix with each other and empty themselves on plates.

Fantastic? Perhaps. The housewife of 1900 would have said "Bosh!" if somebody predicted her grandchildren would be able to have TV dinners ready for their families in twenty minutes. And what would have been more fantastic to Grandma than aerosol sprays, tomatoes in polystyrene boxes, and a metallic tube that squeezes peppermint stick toothpaste!

Yet modern packaging has brought all these "miracles" to the housewife of today: TV trays, "Brown n' serve" foil casseroles, polyethylene cans shooting batter for your pancakes and cream for your instant coffee by the push of a button! These are only a few of the "robots" you can buy in our supermarkets of today. Modern packaging is relieving your hands of work by making the package your servant.

Some say packaging began early in the nineteenth century when outbreaks of scurvy and starvation among Napoleon's soldiers prompted Nicholas Appert, a French confectioner, to invent a method of preserving food in sealed glass containers. But the metal can industry was probably born in England in 1810 when patents were first issued on the use of tinplate containers for preserving food.

Others date the beginning of modern packaging in the 1880's when a printer's assistant in a Midwestern printing shop made a "bad bungle". The company was printing seed boxes and the boy ruled the type too high. The type

scored the cardboard and the order was ruined, but a shrewd foreman saw that scored perforated cardboard could be easily folded and the fold would not break. Cardboard boxes could be flattened before shipping . . . thousands of cubic feet of space would be saved . . . mass production could enter the scene. The big cereal companies took advantage of the new development. They took their breakfast food out of barrels and put it in boxes. The folding box industry was born!

But the growth of the supermarket was the main spark behind packaging's success in the twentieth century — the success of the "beckoning shelf". The supermarket was introduced in the depression by enterprising retailers who found that a lot of people were eager to save money by going to dingy warehouses, roaming through a maze of stacked foods, selecting for themselves and buying at low prices. Self-service caught the public's fancy.

In the period after World War II, the clerk behind the counter began to look like a relic from grandmother's day. The package had come to be its own "silent salesman". The supermarket had come to be a pageant of color — a drama of thousands of silent salesmen each saying, "Here, buy me" . . . each trying to catch your eye with brilliantly colored inks and finished formulated in the labs of color pioneers.

As the package became more and more of a salesman, it also became more and more of a servant who brought its master protection, cleanliness and convenience. Aerosol sprays (no more need for filling the spray gun and spilling some on your carpet) . . . soft drinks in cans (no more deposit bottle burdens) . . . pickles in their own brine in laminated plastic pouches (no more elbow-deep dives into the pickles barrels in the corner delicatessen!) Now there are cans that provide, at the push of a button, whipped cream

REFINISH THAT MAPLE CHAIR

Maple furniture has long been a favorite because it requires a minimum of care and is decorative, blending with almost any decor. However, there comes the time when any much-used furniture needs refinishing. This wood is so easily refinished that it hardly pays one to attempt touching up small portions or spots. So little effort is required to have the piece looking absolutely new again.

The first step is to provide plenty of clean, soft rags and plenty of good quality finish remover. In every refinishing job the less scraping you do the less sanding will be necessary. It is a good idea to forget your scraper except for doing the corners or crevices or trim. Always work with the grain of the wood.

Clean the wood thoroughly with wood alcohol and let dry for a few days; then sand all surfaces until smooth and wipe free of dust.

Maple must be restrained. This is very easily done by adding a tested amount of mahogany stain to the brown stain in order to achieve that reddish tone. Most maple stain needs this addition. Let stand a couple of days. When the wood is the desired color you are ready to apply the one coat of clear shellac. Apply with the grain of the wood. Shellac dries quickly, which means you must brush rapidly to prevent a streaky finish. After the shellac is well dried, apply two coats of clear varnish, allowing forty-eight hours for drying after each coat. The surface must be well, but gently, rubbed with steel wool after each coat is dry.

The final step is simple but rewarding. Rub the entire surface with a felt eraser which has been dipped in a solution of pumice and oil (pumice dampened with small amount of oil). This gives a beautiful satiny finish. For easy upkeep finish, apply a coat of good furniture wax.

One important factor cannot be overstressed: use the best quality furniture wax. Read the label and insist upon the best.

by Gladys Niece Templeton

for your dessert, and shampoo for your hair . . . these are only a few of the new package developments that are providing substitution for human hands. And there will be more!

In time to come these silent servants of today's beckoning shelf will seem as primitive to the housewife of the future as grandmother's cracker barrel grocery store seems to the housewife of today.



Women Are Women

by
Dorothy Shumate

A thought often fondly expressed by women I know is: "Men are just little boys — grown up!" And . . . being a woman myself, I'm happily inclined to agree. Wouldn't life be terribly dull if they weren't?

Then, quite by chance a short time ago, it came to my attention that this definitely worked the other way too; that little boys are really men in miniature; and little girls just little women — after all.

Our next-door neighbors, the Wainwrights, have two children: David — eight, and Sue — going on seven. Two of the most fascinating youngsters a person could get to know. And intelligent? Well, I'll have to admit they've taught me plenty!

Our houses are so situated that my kitchen window directly overlooks the Wainwright's driveway, with very little in between. And on the occasion mentioned, I was busy at the kitchen sink when David and Sue raced into the drive, to admire their new family convertible. So, quite by accident, I happened in on the tour of inspection by way of the open window . . .

"See the pretty blue seats," Sue exclaimed. "And . . . feel the soft carpet!"

Young David didn't answer. He was already behind the wheel. Reaching for the gear shift, his palm caressed the knob. "This is the automatic shift," he announced. From there, he proceeded to point out the car's ignition, speedometer; even the light switch. "And, did you ever see such a dash!" he exclaimed with satisfaction.

"This car has lots of things," Sue ventured, "a clock . . . a radio . . . and it's so pretty!"

David nodded. He gestured toward the floor. "See that pedal? That's the gas," he said. "And, that one's the brake. This car has power brakes," he added proudly.

"What are power brakes?" Sue asked.

"Well," David said slowly, "with power brakes you just have to barely touch the pedal and the car stops. You don't have to press down hard at all." He leaned back in the seat. "It's a

hydraulic system!" he announced grandly.

After a moment of silence, Sue said, "Oh!" . . . Nothing else, just "Oh." Although she seemed duly impressed with her brother's great store of knowledge, she asked for no further explanation. Apparently she couldn't have cared less how the brakes actually worked.

The phrase, "Just like a woman!" came to mind, and I laughed to myself. For it was then I realized that all I knew about braking a car was strictly between my foot and the pedal.

However, I was impressed with the obvious; that little boys think very much like men, and little girls, almost exactly like women. I pondered this great truth long after the children left the drive.

It wasn't until sometime later, though, that a real question came to mind . . .

If men are just little boys — grown up, little boys, small-sized men, and little girls just little women — after all. Then . . . why aren't women just little girls — grown up???

They aren't, you know!

It's quite possible, of course, that men might sometimes think they are. But just ask any woman! She'll tell you . . . that women are serious-minded, responsible, mature creatures . . . with perhaps only just enough exceptions to prove the rule!

Right, girls?

TALENT

Your talents, whether great or small,
All are Heaven-sent,
And must be used to help inspire
Joy, success, content.

To you, your gift may seem quite slight,
Of mediocre hue,
But who can know, throughout the years,
The good it's meant to do?

So, cherish native talent,
Use it the best you can;
Your cup overflows when you find it
Helps your fellow man.

—Inez Baker

VIVACIOUS VEGETABLES

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

"Eat your vegetables!" How often have we all heard those words from a concerned mother in our childhood? And now we carry these words over to our own children or grandchildren. Vegetables are important to health. If yours are looking or tasting a little lifeless at times here are a few simple ways to put new life and zest in your vegetable dishes.

You can "create" a quick vegetable dish simply by heating canned whole kernel corn in its liquid. When heated, drain the liquid, add butter and sprinkle with chopped chives.

Are you getting "beefs" on your beef stew lately? You can perk that dish up simply by adding another vegetable, Brussels sprouts to the old stand-by of just carrots and potatoes. Brussels sprouts add extra taste appeal to a beef stew. I use a 12-ounce package of frozen sprouts adding them to the stew in the last fifteen or twenty minutes of cooking.

Fried eggplant prepared by dipping thinly cut slices into beaten eggs and then into wheat germ coating both sides and frying until golden will reward you with a new taste treat. Wheat germ is very nutritious and will give eggplant an appetizing nutlike flavor.

Tomatoes can be stuffed with so many foods — ever try mashed sardines? Makes a quick, appetizing lunch.

Parsley has long been a pretty garnish for meat dishes. Perk up any meat platter with a different garnish of thinly sliced cucumber.

Green beans take on a new zest by adding sliced water chestnuts to them. Slivered almonds are another tasty addition to green beans as is crisply fried crumbled bacon.

As a child I remember my mother telling me that eating carrots would make your hair curly. Well, that's one way to coax a child to eat carrots. Just making them more appetizing would appeal to adults. Chopped onion and a pinch each of sugar and thyme added to braised carrots does give them an interesting and appealing taste.

There are many interesting and tasty ways to prepare carrots. Like the potato, carrots can be boiled with the skin on and then the outside jacket will slip off easily.

Carrots can be fried. Dipped in flour, egg, and then flour again before frying, they're delicious. Crushed breakfast cereal makes a tasty coating for fried carrots also.

Carrots can also be cooked with po-
(Continued on page 20)

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

There are so many things of interest to share with you this month, that I'm not going to take up much space for my letter.

Actually, the Stroms haven't been up to much since I last wrote to you with one exception: the painters arrived and the house is getting its nice new coat of paint. As I told you some months ago, the last paint job we had was far from successful. What reasons lay behind that are debatable, but since we had selected a fine quality of paint, it must have been due to the weather conditions at the time it was applied. At any rate, it peeled badly and just plain didn't stand up. After much scraping and brushing, the surface was at last prepared and the final coat is going on today. This is a great relief to us for we were mighty tired of apologizing for its appearance!

We decided to have wrought iron rails installed down the front steps and a ramp for Mother's and Dad's wheel chairs put at the side steps. The men are expected today to take care of those details.

Since there hasn't been much that we could do this past week in weeding the plantings around the house, what with ladders and canvas covers over the shrubs, we've utilized our extra time in other pursuits.

With the help of Martin's strong muscles, we moved some furniture around in two of the rooms. We decided to pass on an old davenport and chair (which had been temporarily stored in the little office) to a needy family, and move a single bed into that room. I've always thought it was nice to have a bed downstairs in case of illness, to save tramping up and down stairs. I've ordered a Hollywood cover and bolsters for it. This office has been the most neglected room in the house. We have plans for building shelves and cupboards to utilize the space more efficiently, but have a few little remodeling projects in mind for other parts of the house so will just wait until we are ready for all of them. That way we'll be torn up only once!

Periodically we've toyed with the idea of selling this big old house and moving into something newer and smaller. We certainly don't need this amount of living space now, but *it is home*, and even though we're perhaps a bit foolish to stay where we are, we can't bring ourselves to make a change.

One advantage to having a large old-fashioned home is that there seems to be endless possibilities with room arrangements. Before Wayne's and Frederick's families came, Martin had a



Mexican hand-painted birds are popular souvenirs from south-of-the-border. Margery received these as a gift.

brainstorm about the big hall room at the top of the stairs. He decided to make it into a game room. He set up a card table and chairs and gathered to all the jigsaw puzzles, anagrams and other table games and put them on shelves against the wall, then put his tape-recorder on a sturdy table, added an easy chair, lamp, etc., and ended up with an attractive little room. The young people did enjoy themselves with the various activities.

Before Martin resumes his studies at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, we plan to take a vacation trip. With all three of us working this summer it wasn't an easy matter planning time when we could get away, but we think everything is set now and, if there aren't last-minute complications, we'll be heading out very soon.

Had plans not worked out, we would have called our week-end jaunt to Illinois to visit two of Oliver's sisters our vacation. Actually, it was a long weekend for it ran over Monday and Tuesday of the following week. We hadn't visited Nina and Bob and Viola and Carl for several years, so it was a real treat to spend those few days with them.

What a joy it has been to see so many members of the family this summer. I won't go into detail about their visits as you'll read that elsewhere in this issue.

Now it is time to go to the office, so I'll say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,
Margery

NODAWAY RIVER

There's a river in the Midwest
With a most melodious name,
And it flows among the farmlands,
Quiet, tree-fringed, without fame,
Reminding one of other rivers,
Rivers near and far away,
Streams a-coursing their home country,
Just as does our Nodaway.

—Inez Baker



KITCHEN BRIDE DOLLS

by

Evelyn Pickering

Would you like to make extra money in your spare time? I have an idea which will put money in your pocket or help to raise needed funds for a worthy project.

Fashion these useful but unusual kitchen dolls as bridal shower gifts, Christmas gifts or for any other special occasion. Show these clever little creations to your friends and I promise they will speak for themselves. When questioned how the dolls are made, the expense, and etc., use these pointers to sell your product: The doll contains ten useful kitchen items; any housewife would be pleased with this gift; the cost is low compared to the serviceability.

Here is the way to dress up your "kitchen bride doll". Buy a four-sided grater for the base. Use a wooden spoon for the head and make a face on it. (Use lipstick for mouth and cheeks, eyebrow pencil for eyes, etc.) A string mop (tinted with yellow food coloring) serves for the hair. Tape these all together inside the grater and stand it in an upright position.

Next, fold a tea towel to make a long dress, and drape a loosely woven dishcloth around the doll's shoulders for the lace top of her wedding dress. Tie two small measuring spoons in her hair to dangle down as earrings, then sew two larger measuring spoons to her dress for arms and hands. To make your doll more glamorous, glue tiny artificial flowers on one hand for her bouquet, and use small pearls from a broken string for the "bride's" traditional pearls.

Finally, fold back a corner of a square of nylon net (later to be used as a dishcloth), gather it and pin to the doll's mop head. The long corner of the net becomes the bride's train.

COVER STORY

The tag end of summer — and fishing docks that were seething with activity only a week or so ago are almost deserted. How excited were the little children who pulled in their first catch from the end of the dock! And how many were the promises from mothers and fathers that they could come back again next year. There will be day dreaming those first days of school — plenty of it — as youngsters recollect the happy, carefree days of vacation.

**CHICKEN-ALMOND CASSEROLE**

- 2 cups diced cooked chicken
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 Tbls. onion flakes
- 3/4 cup slivered almonds
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 cups diced celery
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice

Combine all the ingredients in a large casserole or a 7- x 11-inch pan and let stand refrigerated overnight. The next day remove from refrigerator about 45 minutes or an hour before baking. Top with buttered crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

This would make a perfectly marvelous luncheon dish. It would easily serve 10 or 12 persons.

SWEET POTATO BREAD

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. mace
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup mashed, cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening or oil

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and mace into mixing bowl. Stir in the chopped nuts. Blend together the eggs, sweet potatoes, flavorings, milk and melted shortening. Add this mixture all at once to the flour mixture, stirring until blended. Turn into a loaf pan which has been well greased and bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour and 10 minutes, or until done. Cool in the pan for 10 minutes before removing from the pan. This is exceptionally delicious.

LEANNA'S APRICOT-PINEAPPLE JAM

- 1 pkg. dried apricots
- 1 13 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Soak the apricots overnight. Cook over very low heat until liquid is absorbed. Add pineapple, sugar and flavorings and cook down.

We Driftmier children could always count on a jar of this marvelous jam to spread on fresh homemade bread when we came home from school.

BAKED SANDWICHES

- 1/4 lb. American cheese, cubed
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 flat can tuna
- 2 Tbls. sweet pickle relish
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 2 Tbls. green pepper, diced
- 2 Tbls. stuffed olives, diced

Fill buns with this mixture. It should be enough for about 8 sandwiches. Wrap each in foil and heat for about 20 minutes at 350 degrees.

We like these for Sunday night supper. —Margery

SHORT-CUT PUMPKIN CAKE

- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 box spice cake mix
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup canned pumpkin
- 3/4 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Stir the soda into the cake mix. Add the eggs, water and flavorings and beat for two minutes. Add the pumpkin and mix well. Stir in the dates and nuts. Pour batter into a 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan which has been greased and floured, and bake in a 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes. Frost as desired, or serve with whipped cream.

TUNA RING

- 2 flat cans tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 3 slightly beaten egg yolks
- 1 cup fine cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped parsley
- 2 Tbls. diced pimiento
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Dash of pepper
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

Thoroughly combine all the ingredients except the egg whites, which you will fold in carefully. Turn into a well-greased ring mold. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Loosen the edges and turn out onto a platter. Fill the center with creamed peas.

SWISS STEAK CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 lb. Swiss steak
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 large onion
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 2 cups hot water

Mix the flour, salt, paprika and pepper together. Cut the steak in serving pieces, rub with garlic and roll in the seasoned flour. Dice the onion and brown in melted shortening and remove from the skillet. Brown the meat on both sides in the shortening and place in a greased 2-qt. casserole. Add the rice and onions and pour the tomato sauce over all. Add the remainder of the flour mixture to the shortening in the skillet, then add the hot water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Pour over the ingredients in the casserole. Cover and cook in a 350-degree oven for at least one and a half hours, or until the meat is good and tender. —Dorothy

PINEAPPLE-APRICOT DESSERT

- 1 can apricot-pineapple pie filling
- 1 small pkg. yellow cake mix
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- Whipped cream for garnish

Put the pie filling in an 8-inch square pan. Mix the little cake mix according to directions, adding the pineapple and butter flavoring to the batter. Pour the batter over the pie mix and dribble and melted butter or margarine over it. Sprinkle with the coconut and nutmeats. Bake at 350 degrees until done. Cut into squares and serve with whipped cream.

SPICY PUMPKIN DESSERT

- 1 cup canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. pumpkin pie spice mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

1 quart vanilla ice cream

Blend together the pumpkin, sugar, salt, spice and flavoring. Fold into softened ice cream. Pour into a mold and freeze.

RAISIN BREAD

- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup raisins, washed
- 1/2 cup currants, washed
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

3 cups flour, more if needed

Combine warm water, sugar and yeast. Let dissolve for 5 minutes. Mix milk, sugar, butter, salt and butter flavoring in saucepan. Heat, stirring, until sugar is dissolved and butter melted. Remove from heat. Cool. Combine washed raisins and currants with boiling water. Let stand at least 3 minutes. Beat eggs and vanilla and lemon flavorings together. Into a large bowl, stir yeast mixture with milk mixture. Add raisin mixture, eggs and flavorings. Gradually add flour to make a light dough. Knead until smooth and elastic. Do not add any more flour than absolutely necessary as this makes the bread heavy. Place dough in greased bowl, turning to grease all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and let rise again until almost double.

Knead out. Make into one large loaf or into small buns. Cover. Let rise until almost double. Bake at 350 degrees, 50 minutes for loaf and 20 to 25 minutes for buns, or until nicely brown.

To make these into hot cross buns, snip an X in the top of each bun before baking. After baking make a powdered sugar icing flavored with Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Outline the cross on the top of each bun with the icing. This frosting is also delicious as a glaze on top of plain buns and on top of the loaf of bread. Sugar and cinnamon mixed together may also be sprinkled on top before baking for a spicy variation.

—Evelyn

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW FLOAT

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 12 marshmallows, quartered
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

These ingredients are mixed in the order given. Cook the first amount of sugar in the water for 5 minutes. Pour into a casserole. Top with marshmallows. Cream shortening and remaining sugar. Add flavorings. Add flour, sifted with salt, baking powder and cocoa, alternately with the milk. Add nuts. Drop from spoon over marshmallows. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Serves 6. This is delicious topped with whipped cream for garnish.

—Margery

QUICK HAM CASSEROLE

- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 cups diced ham
- 1 can whole kernel corn, drained
- 2 cups medium white sauce
- 1 cup soft buttered bread crumbs

Slice three of the eggs and place in a layer in the bottom of a buttered casserole. Cover with half the ham, half of the corn and half of the white sauce. Repeat the layers, top with the bread crumbs and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 minutes.

—Dorothy

PINEAPPLE OATMEAL DROPS

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 egg
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups quick oats

Cream shortening, sugar and spices until fluffy. Beat in the egg, pineapple and flavorings. Sift flour with salt and soda and add. Stir in the oats. Drop by spoon onto greased cooky sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

You might like to add nuts to this recipe, and if you do, a little Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring would be a nice addition.

PEAR SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup pear juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese (room temperature)
- 1 can drained pears, about #303 size can
- 1 cup whipping cream, or pkg. whipped topping mix
- 1/2 cup quartered maraschino cherries
- 1/3 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling pear juice. Add the lemon flavoring and beat in the cream cheese. Add the drained pears which have been crushed. Chill until mixture is syrupy, then fold in the whipped cream, maraschino cherries and nuts. Pour into a 9-inch square pan and chill until firm.

—Margery

BAKED TUNA WITH SAUCE

- 2 cans tuna, drained
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 cup oatmeal, uncooked
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3 Tbls. celery, diced
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped

Combine all ingredients. Spoon into greased casserole or into individual baking cups. Top with sauce and bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

Sauce

- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. prepared horseradish
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients in saucepan. Bring to boil. Spoon over top of tuna before baking.

HOMEMADE PLAY DOUGH

- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup salt
- 1 Tbls. alum
- 2 cups boiling water
- 3 Tbls. corn oil
- Food coloring

Combine flour, salt and alum. Mix with boiling water. Add oil and mix well. Divide and add food coloring as desired. Keep covered when not in use.

This is a very fine quality, soft clay. It stores very well and will keep indefinitely when kept covered. It does harden somewhat when left out in the air so it can be used to make figures and trees, etc. for scenes and Scout or church school projects.

SIMPLY ELEGANT FRENCH DRESSING

In a large mixer bowl place:

1/2 cup sugar

2 tsp. salt

1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

1/2 tsp. paprika

1 can tomato soup

1 cup salad oil

Stir well, then add:

3/4 cup cider vinegar

1/4 cup tarragon vinegar

1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

1 medium onion, diced fine

1 clove garlic, diced fine

Beat well and store in refrigerator for 48 hours. Strain. Keep in refrigerator and use as needed. Makes about 1 1/2 pints.

APPLE BUTTER COFFEECAKE

1/2 cup shortening

1 cup sugar

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 eggs

3/4 cup apple butter

2 cups flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. soda

1 tsp. salt

3/4 cup sour milk

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 cup brown sugar

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. nutmeg

3/4 cup nuts (optional)

Cream together shortening, sugar and butter flavoring. Beat in eggs. Add apple butter. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately to batter with sour milk and vanilla flavoring. Spoon half of batter into greased 8-inch square baking pan. Combine brown sugar, spices and nuts. Sprinkle half this mixture over half the batter in pan. Spoon remaining batter over the brown sugar mixture. Sprinkle rest of sugar mixture over top of batter. Bake about 40 minutes in 350-degree oven, or until done.

GLAZED CARROTS

10 or 12 small carrots, sliced

1 Tbls. lemon juice

A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1/3 cup sugar

2 Tbls. butter

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/2 cup water

Salt to taste

Slice carrots as desired. Combine with other ingredients. Simmer, covered, over low heat until nearly tender. Uncover and continue simmering until liquid is almost gone. Stir frequently to prevent sticking and to give carrots a shiny glazed coating.

QUICK BROILER FROSTING

6 Tbls. butter

5 Tbls. cream

10 Tbls. brown sugar

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Mix and spread over cake. Place under broiler until lightly browned.



IN THE DARK?

In the dark about meal-planning? Feel trapped by dog-day doldrums? Need menu-inspiration? Take a look at your cupboard shelves. Line up those sixteen great **Kitchen-Klatter Flavors** and see if inspiration doesn't come running! Imagine how many of your old favorite recipes will brighten up with new life with the addition of a few drops of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring** and a little imagination.

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ANOTHER WAGON GOES WEST

by
Evelyn Birkby

In the courthouse square of our home town of Sidney, Iowa, is a brown and white sign saying, "Lewis and Clark Trail". Along the Missouri River and into Fremont County came these famous explorers and their small group of brave men. Through this area, also, came covered wagons on their way to join caravans headed along the Oregon Trail, Mormons on their trek to Salt Lake City, and a few gold prospectors eager to reach the California gold fields.

Even though most of the wagon ruts have been turned under by the plow or covered by smooth cement highways, the trails west can still be followed, and comfortably so, by the tourists of today. We loaded our station wagon with camping equipment and necessary clothing, added the family and left the Lewis and Clark sign and headed west across the Missouri River. Soon we were following the old trails west: along the Platte River, past Fort Kearney, Chimney Rock, Scottsbluff, and Fort Laramie.

Across southern Wyoming we followed the easiest, fastest route between the mountains just as the pioneers had. We saw ruins of old pony express stations and paused at Fort Bridger where decisions were made by many a family in a covered wagon: go to Salt Lake City? on to Oregon? cut off to the gold fields of California?

Salt Lake City, with its tremendous history of courage and fortitude, beckons to the visitor to come and stay. The Tabernacle with its great organ and tremendous choir, the Temple, the historical museum and the statue of the sea gull which saved an early crop from destruction by insects, vie with the great Salt Lake itself for attention. The largest open pit copper mine in the world is difficult to miss if you are in the area and it, too, is worthy of a visit.

We especially enjoyed the quiet, reverent beauty around Logan, Utah. Nearby, Cache National Forest provided us one of the most magical camping sites of the trip. The mountain stream ran high from melting snows, the grass was soft and smooth for sleeping bags and the sun shown brightly as a chorus of friendly birds serenaded us when we ate our breakfast under towering evergreen trees.

Our trip through southern Idaho along the Snake River was made more interesting by an account of that part of the pioneer trail read from the books, *The Gold Rush Trail and the Road to Ore-*



Jeff is looking thoughtfully at the replica of the salt cairn which Lewis and Clark's men built at Seaside, Oregon, for the purpose of obtaining salt from the ocean.

gon by Todd Webb (Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y. Published in 1963) and *The Old Trails West* by Ralph Moody (Crowell, N. Y. Published in 1963). As the winds blew hot and the road stretched along endless vistas of rolling, sagebrush-covered plains, we read of the struggles of the early travelers across this same area.

"We shouldn't complain," Jeff commented as he took a long, cool drink from the thermos. "At least we know a gas station or a cafe will not be very far down the road."

Boise, Idaho, is an interesting city. It was named by French Canadian explorers who saw the valley first in 1832 and called out "Les bois, les bois" meaning the place of the trees. Julia Davis Park includes a reconstructed pioneer village as well as fine recreational and picnic facilities for families. We paused long enough to see the state capitol building and take a few pictures before hurrying on.

The highway west and north parallels the Oregon Trail perfectly. Pendleton, Oregon, offered an interesting stop. The city is well prepared for visitors with tours through woolen mills, lumber mills, leather tanning and, in September, the *Round-Up* and Indian exhibitions.

Since many weary travelers along the Oregon Trail stopped at Walla Walla, Washington, at the Whitman Mission, we took a side trip to see this National Historical site. This place has long been of interest to me since the story of Narcissa Whitman was made alive for me by a book, *To Heaven on Horseback* by Paul Cranston (Julia Messner, New York, published in 1952). Here we saw the outline of the homes, the blacksmith shop and grist mill built by Marcus Whitman so long ago. Narcissa was the first white woman to cross the Rocky Mountains. She and her husband were among the first missionaries in

Oregon who worked and served the Indians and settlers and finally, one terrible day, were killed by the Cayuse Indians whom they tried to help.

Signs proclaiming the Lewis and Clark Trail greeted us as we entered the Columbia River area. An exciting account of the journey help us appreciate the wonder of that first exploration: *Two Captains West* written by Albert and Jane Salisbury (Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, copyright 1950). Along the way we purchased *The Journals of Lewis and Clark* edited by John Bakeless (Mentor Books, N. Y., 1964) in a paperback edition. We watched for the landmarks along the river as noted in the early journals. For one wonderful day we visited places of interest near the Columbia River, climbing up and down the rugged paths around the numerous falls the gorge affords. In many respects this was the first day of real vacation as we relaxed, forgot our responsibilities and seemed to absorb the beauty of our surroundings through our very pores.

Equal to the thrill of the Whitman Mission and the wonders of the Columbia River Gorge was our trip to Fort Clatsop near Astoria, Oregon. Here, where Lewis and Clark and their brave group spent a long, rainy winter, a replica of the fort has been created. We would not have been surprised to see one of the rugged woodsmen coming up from the path to the spring or climbing into the dugout which rests on the river bank nearby. It was that real in our minds!

The most western spot of the Lewis and Clark Trail is Seaside, Oregon, where the explorers boiled ocean water to obtain much needed salt. We found a fine replica of the cairn the men built to accommodate the fire and kettles. It is plainly marked and easy to find.

The entire northwestern part of Oregon is fascinating. Astoria was settled in 1811, the first American city in the far west. Its name and history are tied in with John Jacob Astor and the fur-trading business. The Astoria Column overlooking the mouth of the Columbia River, Fisherman's Wharf, Fort Astoria, a marine museum, a historical museum and fish canneries are all interesting places to visit. Our time was far too short and we regretted having to hurry along.

Just south of the mouth of the Columbia River, we found Fort Stevens State Park not only a delightful place to camp but with a lake for swimming, an honest-to-goodness ship wreck on the ocean's shore (the Peter Iredale, a British ship which ran aground in 1906) and Battery Russell, the only

(Continued on page 20)

Covered Bridges

by
Leslie C. Swanson

Illinois has another brand-new covered bridge to attract the attention of historic buffs. A picturesque structure was added a year ago across the Sangamon River in the eastern side of the state.

Now a covered railroad bridge has been added in the Niabi Zoo park of the Rock Island County forest preserve district south of Moline. The new bridge, measuring 78 feet in length and crossing the upper part of a gully, serves a narrow gauge railroad which courses through the park.

The opening of the bridge was a gala occasion with county officials, railroad representatives, and other dignitaries on hand to take part in the festivities. The ceremony included the driving of the golden spike to signal the opening of the railroad, following the tradition of the famous railroad link-up in the historic West.

The bridge is a full-scale covered bridge and not a small-scale replica of a covered span, such as those occasionally built in parks or on private estates. It is anchored with solid concrete footings and is provided with



Covered bridge enthusiasts will be interested in the new one in Illinois.

heavy railroad trestle work strong to carry a modern-day locomotive.

The railroad measures about a mile in length and one of its stopping places is the historic Hunky-Dory coal mine, a long-abandoned coal shaft which was restored as a county park feature. At night the steam engine of

the railroad wheels back into the covered bridge which does double duty as a garage for the railroad.

The addition of the two new covered bridges has thrust Illinois into a tie with Iowa in the number of such structures. Iowa was leading 12 to 9 during the past decade, but lost one structure last fall when the Durham bridge, near Knoxville, was destroyed by fire on October second.

With each having 11 covered bridges now, Illinois and Iowa rank 14th in the nation in the total of such structures. Both states actually have more covered bridges than all of the states in New England with the exception of Vermont and New Hampshire. These figures are surprising to many people because the New England states were long considered the center of the covered bridges in the nation.

Actually, Vermont with 110 ranks only fourth in the nation, and New Hampshire is down in sixth place with 64. The national leaders are Pennsylvania, 287; Ohio, 207; and Indiana, 130. Other states ahead of Illinois and Iowa include Oregon with 60; New York, 35; Georgia, 31; West Virginia, 23; and Kentucky, 23.

Many states are entirely without covered bridges, including such Mid-west ones as the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. Missouri has seven and Wisconsin has one to complete the Midwest setup.

Back to school

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



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

KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
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AN OCCASION

"Don't go to any trouble, now,"

Says your invited guest.

If she but knew, you hail this chance
To show off all your best.

-Flo Montgomery Tidgwell



COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

With September and school bells ringing, we've read with interest of a boy who desired to find out what made hail and snow, and whether a person could change the color of a flower by changing the seed. In 1875 fourteen-year-old George Washington Carver walked through Moses Carver's gate down the road, near Diamond Grove, Missouri, that ended at the far horizon in search of an education. In a bundle over his shoulder he carried some of his rocks, a clean shirt, and food consisting of strips of fat meat between loaves of baked corn bread. As a man he was to triumph over bitter obstacles to become a benefactor of all mankind.

In this moving biography *George Washington Carver: The Man Who Overcame* (Prentice-Hall Publishers, \$4.95) Lawrence Elliott has brilliantly recreated the story of a great man who never looked for fame and fortune, yet found the world coming to him for his knowledge and friendship. A Negro born into slavery, he was plagued by prejudice, poverty and ill health. After years of struggle to earn his master's degree in agriculture and bacterial botany, he felt it was God's plan that he turn his knowledge back to his people.

After studying at Simpson College and Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Ames he journeyed to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama to join Booker T. Washington. There he stayed until his death 47 years later. Of special interest was his transformation of the peanut into various uses. It was the "Tuskegee Man" who freed the South from the scourge of the boll weevil by his urging to plant peanuts instead of cotton. This book is highly recommended for adults and children. After reading it, you will agree with George Washington Carver's epitaph: "He could have added fortune to fame, but caring for neither, he found happiness and honor in being helpful to the world."

For those who enjoy the inspirational verses of Helen Steiner Rice, a special collection is contained in *Just for You* (Doubleday and Co., \$2.95). "The Praying Hands" is included, as well as "The Key to Living Is Giving" and "The Windows of Gold and the Kingdom of God". Helen Steiner Rice writes with a simplicity of style that

THE NIGHT SHIFT

What bird is this who sings
So softly in the dark? His
Trilling notes must be a
Lullaby to fill his neighbor's
Sleep with dreams of peace and
Good things yet to come. He's
Hidden there, well camouflaged
By leaves of nighttime green.
Is he too shy to vie with orioles
And cardinals who reign in beauty
Through the day? — a dowdy little
Bird who hides in anonymity to spark
The velvet curtain of the night
With all the beauty in his heart.

—Leta Fulmer

appeals to people in all countries. A bishop in Australia writes for permission to reprint her poems for his parishioners. A publishing house in South Africa is translating her writings to be distributed. A soldier in Viet Nam writes for a copy of "The Praying Hands" to carry with him. Through her writings she hopes that all races can be brought closer to God.

The Presidency of the United States is a taxing position. The responsibilities are tremendous. A sense of humor helps maintain equilibrium from tension. *Presidential Wit from Washington to Johnson* (Trident Press, \$4.95) compiled and edited by Bill Adler is more than a collection of political humor — it gives a warm new slant to the men who over the years have been most instrumental in molding our national history. An example:

"Once, when Lincoln was carrying two of his sons, Willie and Tad, and both were yelling at the top of their lungs, he was asked what was wrong. 'Just what's the matter with the whole world. I've got three walnuts and each wants two.' "

Eighth Moon, from the young adult section of the library, is the true story of a young girl's life in Communist China (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$4.95) written by Sansan as told to

Bette Lord. Published in 1964, this compelling book tells how Sansan was four when the Communists took Tientsin. At seventeen she left China in 1962. Her story is of the years in between: how she lived, what she hated; a sturdy, stubborn girl's true record of an existence none of her readers has ever known.



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The Old District School

Fun for Fall Parties

by

Virginia Thomas

"District School Party". Write the invitations on a black construction paper "slate" with white marking pencil. Red and white striped paper can be used around the edge of the slate as the frame. The invitation might read: "You are invited to attend the opening session of the District School. This institution guarantees to give a complete education in two hours, with the course beginning at kindergarten and ending at graduation. Opening date _____, at the home of _____."

If possible, have several rooms for this. If you use the fellowship hall at the church, you can use room dividers or screens to divide the area into rooms — one for each "grade" you plan to have in your school. Decorate each room with pictures, pennants, and maps appropriate to the grade. (Perhaps you will decide to have it by courses, instead of grades, such as math, literature, history, etc.)

As the guests arrive start them through the school by beginning with kindergarten. Here you will have modeling clay, paper cutting supplies, coloring pictures, and water paints. Each "pupil" chooses his own "busy work". When finished there he moves on to primary, and so on through all the classes. Prizes might be awarded the best students in each class.

Primary Class: Learning the alphabet.

What letter is:

1. A vegetable? (P)
2. An insect? (B)
3. A clew? (Q)
4. A lamb? (U)
5. Part of a house? (L)
6. Large body of water? (C)
7. A bird? (J)
8. A direction to a horse? (G)
9. A beverage? (T)
10. Being in debt? (O)

Literature: Articles are arranged on a table and numbered. Each pupil tries to guess the quotation the object sug-



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh will be leaving California for her home in Iowa soon. Her six west-coast grandchildren (Heather and Jeddie are pictured with her) will miss her, but four more will be anxious for her return to the Midwest.

gests, writing it after the correct number.

1. A rose with a label "tulip" attached to it. (A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.)

2. Soap and Bible. (Cleanliness is next to godliness.)

3. Washboard. (That's where the rub comes in.)

4. Feathers. (Fine feathers do not make fine birds.)

5. Stocking with a hole in it. (A stitch in time saves nine.)

6. Small rock. (A rolling stone gathers no moss.)

7. Empty goblet and pair of spectacles. (Drink to me only with thine eyes.)

8. Short story. (And thereby hangs a tale.)

9. Candle. (How far that little candle sheds its beam, so shines a good deed in a naughty world.)

10. Toy horse. (My horse! My kingdom for a horse!)

Geography: Fasten to the wall numbered pictures of famous scenic spots around the world, and let guests write down the name of country or state where each is located. One could use objects here, too, such as coal, iron, picture of a fish, piece of board, a coin — anything indicative of the resources or industry of a state.

Arithmetic:

1. 500 plus large boat equals without light (D-ark)

2. 1000 plus a poem equals manner (M-ode)

3. 50 plus a tree equals a part of a whip (L-ash)

4. 1000 plus help equals more help (M-aid)

5. 500 uncooked equals to pull (D-row)

6. 1 plus to scold equals angry (I-rate)

7. 100 plus competent equals a heavy rope (C-able)

8. 5 plus frozen water equals wickedness (V-ice)

9. 500 plus a preposition equals noise (D-in)

10. 50 plus a finish equals a loan (L-end)

Spelling-bee type games, art classes, drama (charades), and a story hour, or "tell it" time, are other ideas for various classes.

Graduation time can also be filled with plenty of humor. The class will or prophecy idea can be carried out by the hostess's preparing them ahead of time, leaving blanks for the objects willed or the prophecies. Write funny answers on slips of paper, which are passed out to be read by the guests as the story is read, with a pause for each blank. Small humorous prizes might be awarded to the graduates also, suiting them to the recipient. Finally, the diplomas are handed out, with each diploma having a fortune written on it.

Refreshments should be served in individual lunch boxes or dinner pails. The latter might be syrup pails or coffee cans which the hostess has collected for this purpose.

Generous use of an old-fashioned school bell will add atmosphere. Wall decorations should include some blackboards and bulletin boards. These can have caricatures of teacher, games of Old Cat, and various other humorous things on them.

IF I WERE — Concluded

tallied correctly. I would pay all dues and contributions promptly and pay all bills as soon as possible.

If I were Publicity Chairman, I would strive for the best possible public relations by getting copy in on time, or well in advance, to the local paper or the radio station while it is still news, I would strive through eye-catching posters and catchy advertisements to give good advance publicity and wide coverage to all club projects, and keep state and national offices of my organizations informed on our activities.

If I were any officer, I would be sure to attend, if possible, all county, district, or state meetings of my organization, and bring back interesting, informative reports to my local club.

I would at all times strive to keep an ear open to ideas and suggestions from fellow members concerning the work and activities of the club, so that whatever we did we would be working together.

HYACINTH HERITAGE

by
Evelyn Witter

Once a wild flower, now a cultivated beauty, the hyacinth's heritage of fragrance and form are yours to enjoy.

You can grow hyacinths even if your thumb never came near to being green. Hyacinths are easy to grow. Plant them in September or October in dirt that doesn't hold on to the water too much. Take a ruler and measure every six inches. Drop a bulb at every six-inch spot, and with your ruler again drop the bulb about six inches down. That's all there is to it!

Maybe this easiness in planting was the reason that people began growing hyacinths 'way back as far as 1570 when the bulb was first brought to Holland from places around the Eastern Mediterranean.

People all over Europe took the hyacinth to their hearts . . . and gardens. In a couple of hundred years there were fifty different varieties. It wasn't long before there were 2,000 varieties! The hyacinth even became the flower of fashion, especially after Madam de Pompadour, in the last part of the eighteenth century, featured it as a court flower.

Hyacinths began their cultivated lives as purple flowers. Now they come in a bewildering variety of whites, reds, blues, and even yellows. They are really members of the lily family. Like the lily, they are dainty, yet dignified and stately flowers.

But for all their dignity they are so cosmopolitan that they mix well with other flowers. They hob-nob nicely with tulips, daffodils and crocus. White and blue hyacinths blend beautifully with the pinks and reds of azaleas. They mingle well when planted around light-leaved trees or beneath flowering crab, apple or cherry trees. They enjoy growing at the base or in between shrubbery.

They brighten the landscape in early spring, whether they're in informal clusters around your doorstep or in formal plantings around the house's foundation. But they are perfectly willing to brighten the inside of the house too.

Hyacinths make thoroughly successful house plants; they are willing to produce color and fragrance with just a little help from even the I-can't-grow-a-thing gardener.

Hyacinths may be grown in pots or in glass. If grown in pots place one bulb in a five-inch pot, about an inch of the bulb remaining above the soil, which should be rich with a very liberal sprinkling of sand. After potting place outdoors, covered with soil or ashes, to a depth of about six inches for about



Plant some hyacinths this fall.

six weeks. This will check growth but not root action. At the end of this time bring the potted bulb in and give it plenty of water and light. It grows so fast you can almost see it grow!

Glass culture of hyacinths has the charm of novelty. The base of the bulb should just touch the water, which should contain a bit of charcoal. As long as the water stays clear it doesn't have to be changed. The bulbs are to be kept away from light until roots two or three inches long are formed. Then you can bring them into the light. Watch them grow!

Whether you plant hyacinths outdoors or indoors the pleasure of their company will be unmistakable. Their fragrance, their vivid colors and stately stature is their heritage. Here is an inheritance you can easily share.

When you have a problem, don't worry . . . think!

An ounce of prevention may be worth your life.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

"Each fall I dig dahlia tubers and store them in my heated basement. I've tried burying them in sand but this is heavy for me to lug in and out, although it does keep the tubers fairly plump. Is there any other material that is suitable for storing tender bulbs?"

Yes, builder's vermiculite that comes in 2-bushel bags from lumber dealers makes a fine material to pour over and around dahlia and other bulbs that may shrink during storage. I bought a bag for \$1.65 a few years ago and keep using it over and over. It may be a little higher in price now but is worth the cost as it is clean, light and easy to handle. Sturdy cardboard grocery boxes make good containers for the tubers. Pour a layer of the vermiculite in the bottom, place the clean, dry clumps of dahlia tubers on this and then pour on enough to cover all.

Some growers store their tubers and other bulbs in polyethylene bags. These work fine too if the tubers are thoroughly dried before placing in the bags. They should be examined periodically for excess moisture which would cause mold and rot to develop. Should this happen, remove the tubers and dust with sulphur. Leave the bags open for a period of time so that air gets into the contents.

Another reader requests some information on daffodils. She writes, "What is the difference between narcissi and daffodils? Can you tell me the name of the little cream-colored narcissi that have double blooms and smell so heavenly when in flower? Also what is the best yellow trumpet daffodil to grow outdoors?"

Daffodils are narcissi and there are
(Continued on page 20)

**These DUTCH IRIS
look like Orchids**



Special Offer 5 for 10¢
Shipped direct to you at proper planting time.

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

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

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Address _____

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VIVACIOUS VEGETABLES - Concluded
tatoes and then mashed together. Prepared this way they will give the potatoes a delightful flavor plus a tinge of orange in their color. Cooked sliced carrots can be added to the potatoes after mashing them too if you prefer the carrots in pieces.

You can have "garnished green" mashed potatoes simply by adding cooked, cubed green peppers to them. Delightful!

Mashed potatoes take on a new flavor by adding a can of undiluted cream of celery soup in place of the usual milk. If you prefer potatoes "in the pink" simply add cream of tomato soup to them in place of the milk.

If you like potatoes mashed in the

usual manner but want a little pick up to them simply add one teaspoon of chopped dill weed at the same time you blend in the butter, salt, and hot milk.

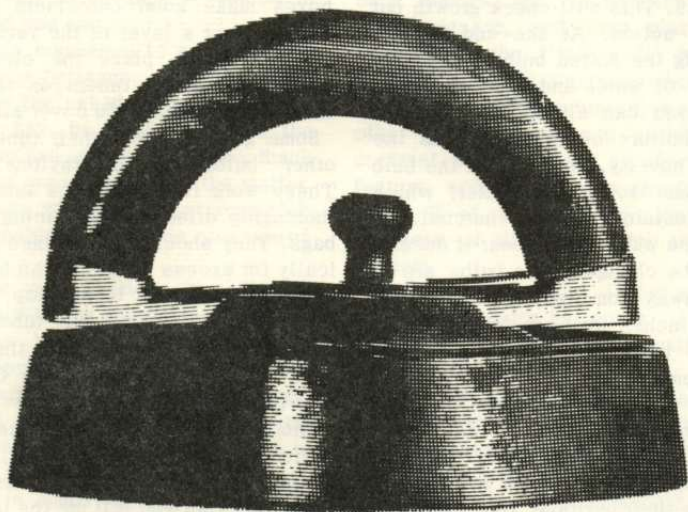
It seems we all love dips. A quick tasty dip for vegetable sticks is sour cream mixed with chili sauce.

The chewing of crisp foods such as raw carrots, celery, cabbage and lettuce cleans the teeth and also massages the gum line. So they are beneficial for muscle action as well as delicious.

With all these little flavor accents I am indeed going to "eat my vegetables!"



Jeff Birkby is standing at the entrance to Fort Clatsop near Astoria, Oregon. This replica of the winter home of the Lewis and Clark expedition is one of the places Evelyn and her family visited on their recent vacation.



DO YOU IRON WITH THIS?

No one, in this day and age, would even consider ironing with grandmother's old stove-top model. Modern electric steam irons have sent them to the antique shops.

Yet, you'd be surprised how many women have old-fashioned ideas about bleaching clothes. They still think you must use harsh liquid bleaches (that, like as not, will harm most anything . . . and certainly can't be used on the new synthetics). Or they're afraid to put bleach in the wash when colored things are in it.

These are almost hoop-skirt notions, thanks to wonderful **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Because it contains no harsh chlorine, **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** can be safely used on colored things as well as whites - even the lovely new synthetics. But that doesn't mean it doesn't do its job of bleaching! You'll agree: you've never seen your wash so sparkling. Everything looks newer . . . brighter . . . when you use safe and economical

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

WAGON GOES WEST - Concluded

fortified point in the United States to be shelled by the Japanese in World War II. Since the fortification is now abandoned, the boys enjoyed running up and down the stairs and ladders and exploring the underground rooms.

Our visit to Portland was enhanced with a stay at the home of Robert's brother Jack, his wife and three daughters. We included a drive up Mt. Hood to the famous Timberline Lodge, a visit to the Museum of Science and Industry which included many activities for the boys to do, the very fine Portland Zoo with its nursery of captivity-born elephants, the exotic Lambert Gardens, the largest shopping center in the world and an outdoor fair and artists' exhibition.

No trip to Oregon is complete without a stay near the ocean. Next month I will share with you the wonderful time our family had at Arch Cape, Oregon.

JOY OF GARDENING - Concluded

numerous types listed in catalogues. The little double-flowering type mentioned above could be a POETAZ variety called "Cheerfulness". There is also a yellow Cheerfulness and both are multi-flowering. That is, there are more than one flower to each stalk. They are lovely in the garden or for winter forcing. We have success with the old KING ALFRED daffodil, but I note some catalogues offer a new improved King Alfred listed as FLOWER CARPET. Another fine yellow trumpet daffodil is one called UNSURPASSABLE. Look through fall bulb catalogues and order early. Daffodils should be set out as soon as the bulbs are available as they need to become established before cold weather sets in.





We are on the threshold of another school year and it is appropriate that public attention be called to the importance of protecting and conserving the youth of our nation. Parents, teachers, public officials, in fact all adults, have a responsibility to instruct children in sound safety practices in traffic, on the playground, in the classroom, and at home.

For many it will be their first experience in going to school and returning to their homes. They are our nation's most precious resource and it is our responsibility, as parents, to properly instruct them to stay on the sidewalk, to cross streets only on the proper crosswalks, to obey the signals of police officers, safety patrols, and traffic lights.

The attention of Mr. and Mrs. Motorist must be alerted that after a carefree summer many children, in the excitement of renewing old friendships, will do the unexpected even though instructed and cautioned at home. We, as drivers, must remain alert and be extra cautious of children walking or riding to school.

The month of September is a good time for all of us to check up on our safe travel habits and to cooperate in every way in making our streets and highways safe for children.

AUNT ELLEN

Aunt Ellen knows the mostest things
That children like to do;
We ask her lots of questions
And she knows the answers too.

She knows that little boys like string,
And kites and marbles, bats and balls;
And little girls like pans and brooms
And picture books and dolls.

Aunt Ellen baked a pie for us,
Of pumpkin sweet with spice,
Piled whipped cream high upon the top
To make it look so nice.

We spied it on the window seat —
We knew we'd have a feast.
Aunt Ellen says, "Go wash your hands;
I'll give you each a piece."

Aunt Ellen, she bakes bread and rolls
And doughnuts fat and round,

And she puts jam up on our bread,
Both white and graham brown.

Aunt Ellen washed my face and hands
When I fell out the swing
And bumped my head, skinned my nose,
And made my elbow sting.

And then she took me in her arms
And rocked me to and fro,
And sang of fairies, elves and gnomes,
In measures soft and low.

Aunt Ellen's face is fat and fair
Her smile, it is the sweetest,
Her aprons are so perky proud,
Her kitchen is the neatest.

Years pass, I've grown to man's estate,
And ponder days of yore;
Aunt Ellen's kindly words and deeds
Have helped me make the score.
—Mary E. Boyles

"ERS" HAVE IT — Concluded
Someone found a lonely soul —
Knew just the words to choose —
Someone made the world brighter today;
Was that somebody you?"

Leader:

WHICH "ER" ARE YOU?

We ask not for blessings heaped on those we have today,
Or for a year better than the last.
Give us, instead, eyes to see that what we have today
Will be that successful "last year" of the future.
Let us live not by the year, but day by day.
Keep us alert; keep us awake; keep us aware,
Knowing that if we will we can do all things well.
For where'er we live and work, Thou art always there.

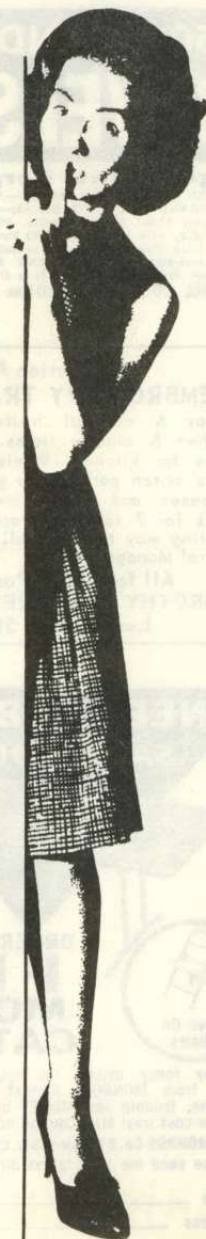
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Your taste buds will never know when you switch from sugar to **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** — but your waistline will! That's because **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** only adds sweetness . . . never calories nor bitterness. There's never an "artificial" taste, never an aftertaste. Only natural-tasting sweetness.

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 Address _____
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**SEPTEMBER**

September is the seasons' blend,
 Summer mellowed,
 Autumn tanged.
 She sends birds arrowing southward,
 Black darts against an Indian summer sky.
 She fluffs soft pillow drifts of clouds,
 And scatters them across the sky with windy breath,
 White wisps of cotton sailing toward a distant goal.

September is an artist's sketch,
 Summer dappled,
 Autumn splashed.
 She tangs the evening with the crisp coolness of autumn,
 And drugs the day with the warm drowsiness of summer.
 She sets each tree ablaze with flaming torch,
 In fiery scarlet, orange, and smoky brown.
 With frosted fingers she coaxes shy bittersweet to open,
 Gay strands of crimson on a dead-gray vine.

September is a vibrant sound,
 The laughter of autumn,
 The echo of summer.
 In the dusk she directs a symphony of crickets,
 And lights a moon in the star-spangled sky.
 When dawn's pink glow blushes the horizon,
 She silvertips the grass with drops of dew,
 Bright morning diamonds glistening in the light.

September is a flavored brew,
 Summer seasoned,
 Autumn spiced.
 A bond of friendship between the two...
 September. —Mary Margaret Trapp

Peanut Pixies

Keep these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as birthday gifts, bridge prizes, hostess gifts or your own decorations. Made entirely by hand with red trimming.

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Around each curve of shore line another interesting view appeared. Juliana said she had never seen such picturesque country as that around Cape Cod.

JULIANA'S LETTER - Concluded

did strawberry crop this year and we had heavenly shortcakes several times. (Very, very delicious and very, very fattening!) I'm anxious to get settled in our new apartment in Albuquerque and begin trying some of Mrs. Lowey's recipes.

Through the years I've been a member of the wedding party for relatives and friends, and by contrast my wedding will be very simple indeed. But even so there seems to be a great deal that must be done, and I should stop right now and put my mind to details that no one else can handle.

To all of you who've known me since my first baby pictures appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter*, I want to say thank you so much for all the interest you've shown in my welfare through these years. I appreciate it much more than you can possibly imagine.

Sincerely yours,

Juliana

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

made. We couldn't pass up seeing the "oldest house in the U.S.A."; I'm sure this title must give some of the Pueblo Indians a laugh. Even so we thought the visit there a fitting prelude to our agenda for the next morning, when we would be immersed in the world of today and tomorrow at the John F. Kennedy Space Center.

Having arrived in the world of modern Florida, and space having run out for me and this letter, I'd better bid a hasty good-bye for now.

Sincerely,
 Abigail

Sight is simple; seeing is difficult.

Share your happy moments and your hours will be long with joy.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢, a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

November ads due September 10.

December ads due October 10.

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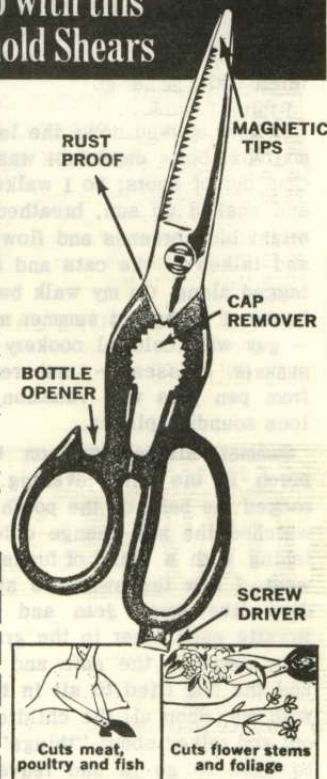
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ENTHUSIASM - The inspiration that makes us "Wake Up and Live". It puts spring in our step - spring in our hearts - a twinkle in our eyes and gives us confidence in ourselves and our fellow men. If we have it, we should thank God for it. If we don't have it, then we should get down on our knees and pray for it.

Where Did Summer Go?

by

Elaine Derendinger

Today the air feels crisp and the hills in the distance have a misty look. It means only one thing: while my back was turned, fall has come. I love autumn. But I want to know this. Where did summer go?

I think I know . . .

Summer walked down the lane to the mailbox. Some days this was my only time out of doors; so I walked slowly and soaked up sun, breathed deep of bright blue breezes and flower smells and talked to the cats and dogs that tagged along. On my walk back to the house, I peeked at summer magazines — gay with colorful cookery and soft summer dresses — and read cards from pen pals who vacation in fabulous sounding places.

Summer slipped out on the front porch in the early evening. While I rocked the baby on the porch swing, I watched the sky change color — finishing with a blaze of fuchsia in the west. I saw the swallows swoop and dive like small jets and the cats wrestle each other in the grass. The pony came to the gate and whinnied and the dog tried to sit in the swing with me. Soon all the children drifted out and talked about "things". I hated to have to go in and leave summer outside!

Summer walked back in the woods and picked blackberries. It was a wonderful year for them. Lots of rain and sun and in the early spring a "blackberry winter". Each berry was bigger and better than the last and in my delight I nearly fell over a cliff trying to reach those hanging out over the abyss. We had all we wanted to eat and I kept some of summer in my jars of blackberry preserves.

Summer strolled out to the pond with me and watched my son paddle around in his combination boat and raft made from old innertubes and a door with box lashed on for a seat. He was planning to float down the river on this but I persuaded him to "think about it awhile". Summer was all around at the pond; insects buzzed, frogs croaked and weeds grew green and lush.

Summer was in the garden, hot and steamy, when I picked tomatoes, green beans, etc. Summer creaked in the joints of sweet corn and rustled the leaves and caused the strawberries to grow red and plump. A bit of summer still hangs on the garage wall in the form of a string of green-striped gourds and red Indian corn.

Summer attended the picnics, wiener roasts and fish fries held under the elm tree in the back yard. Summer's

warm breezes blew the smoke from the fire away from our tables — and also brought mosquitoes — summer's almost only flaw!

Summer rode the pony around the yard. It was my very first pony ride and I'm past 30! I thought it looked so easy when the boys rode him — and it was because they knew how. I spent all my time trying to make him go in one direction when he wanted to go in circles!

Summer came to visit — when friends from California and New York, whom we hadn't seen for ages, dropped in. We caught up on news and took pic-

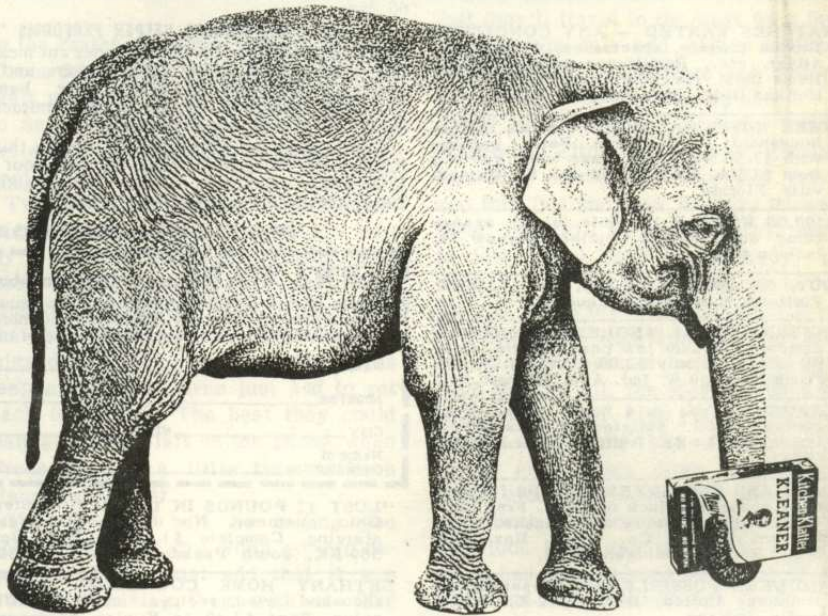
tures, watched the kids' antics and drank lemonade. (I knew summer was *really* here when I found the ice cubes had *not* frozen!)

Summer went for rides through sun-sparkled countryside. Summer went swimming in bright, blue water. Summer swayed gently in a green-striped hammock.

Summer has gone now — but one thing is absolutely certain.

Summer will be back next year.

No matter how poor or how grand the clothes you wear, be sure to wear a pleasant expression.



For the BIG jobs

If fall housecleaning is towering over you, you'd better send for jumbo help: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! It's the white powder miracle worker that makes mammoth jobs seem like peanuts.

That's because **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** gets right down to work the minute it touches water (even hard water!). It digs out stains, floats off dirt, even scoops up greasy grime. And it does it without harming the surface being cleaned. And because **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** leaves no scum or froth to rinse away, it actually cuts your cleaning time in half.

So if fall housecleaning threatens to trample you, don't pack your trunk — just make a fast trip to your grocer's for a big box of

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"