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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

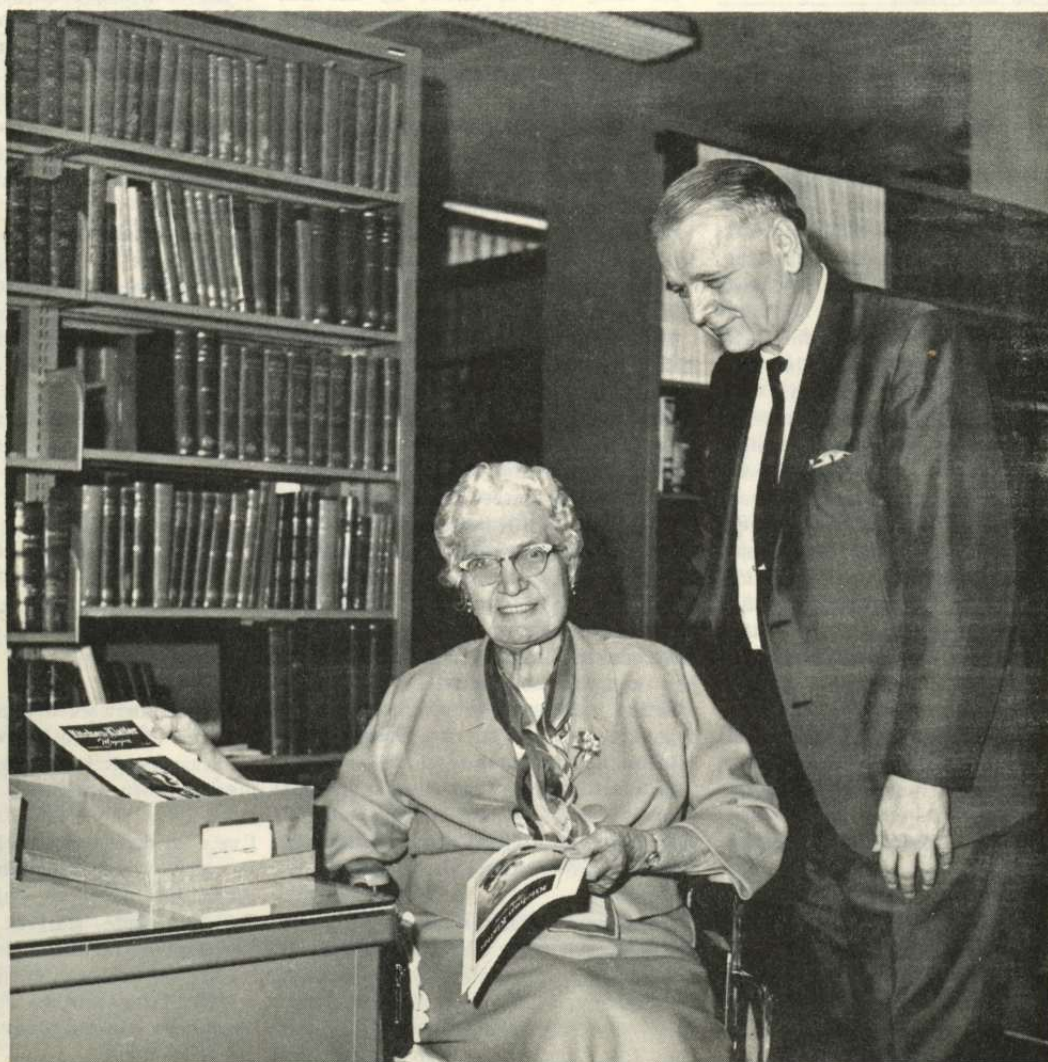
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,
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My dear Friends:

At breakfast this morning, when Ruby asked what my program was for the day, I told her that the first thing I was going to do was write a letter for this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. It has been some time since you've heard from me, but I know the girls have kept you informed of my activities.

By the time you read this, I'm sure Lucile will be home from her trip to Santa Fe. She expected to be gone only a short time, but one never knows how plans will change.

The first week was a really happy one for Juliana and Jed presented her with her first grandchild. The baby was not expected for a few weeks when Juliana asked her doctor if it would be all right for her to ride up to Santa Fe to spend a few days with her mother. She had her instructions not to travel the last few weeks of her pregnancy, but her doctor gave permission for this one last trip. It turned out to be only an overnight stay, for the next morning they had to make a fast return trip to Albuquerque, and little James arrived only a few hours after Juliana entered the hospital. What a frantic drive that must have been for poor Jed! He said, "All these months I'd been so thankful that we lived only three blocks from the hospital and under any conditions we'd be able to get there in a matter of minutes, and here we ended up having to drive about 90 miles!" The baby had a difficult start but is doing nicely now. I'll be able to see this fourth little great-grandchild when Juliana and Jed come for a brief visit sometime this summer.

To come back to Lucile, she suddenly developed a severe pain and swelling in her leg and entered the Santa Fe hospital for an examination to determine the cause. The doctors found the trouble was due to a blood clot, and after intensive treatment to try to dissolve it, it was decided that surgery was necessary.

She had a telephone in her room so we called her frequently to keep in close touch and learn what progress

was being made in her recovery. It is hard to have a member of the family in a hospital so far away from home, but her friend Anita, who is making her home with her, was there and other Santa Fe friends were frequent visitors, so she didn't lack for company during this hospital stay.

As many of you know, my husband passed away in January after being in failing health for several years. I find it very hard to realize yet that he is gone. Although we had our wonderful nurse Ruby, I was never away from home for more than a few hours except for the brief trips to Arkansas and New Mexico. The children felt that a little vacation was in order for me, so with Dorothy in the driver's seat we started out for Milwaukee to visit my youngest son Donald and his family.

The week we spent there was a short but happy one. No doubt Dorothy and Mary Beth will tell you all about it in their letters, so I won't go into detail.

Perhaps I should tell you, though, that because of the trip I celebrated my 82nd birthday three times — here in Shenandoah with Howard and Mae, Margery and Oliver and Lucile; again in Milwaukee with Don and his family; and a third time with Dorothy and Frank. By the time I had blown out the candles on three cakes I really felt my birthday had been well celebrated!

While I was gone Ruby did the spring housecleaning and spent a considerable amount of time in the yard. She loves flowers and for the first time in several years I'll have a good showing in the yard. We hadn't added new plantings in recent years, so there was a great deal to be done.

The other evening when Howard and Mae dropped in for a chat, I told Howard that we were going to try to keep up with him with our roses this year. They have many beautiful ones and the past few summers he has brought me choice blooms — some of the largest, loveliest I've seen. Ruby and I have set out some new rosebushes and we are going to baby them along as best we can and see if we can come up with

comparable results. Howard said that ours very likely will surpass his as he isn't spending as much time in the yard as he has in the past. He is building some new furniture for their recently redecorated living room, and most of his spare time is spent in his basement workshop. Knowing my oldest son's love for roses, I expect he'll find the time to care for them somehow or other.

I would like to tell you about the cover this month, as it is the result of a very interesting experience. For many years Mart kept a file of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* which he always referred to as "the historical file". Several years ago Mr. William J. Peterson, the superintendent of the Iowa State Historical Society, wrote to us and asked for a file of the magazines for their library. Mart always planned that someday we would drive to Iowa City and present this set to them, but then his health began to fail so the trip was never made. After Mr. Peterson got in touch with us recently, Margery and I decided to drive to Iowa City to take the magazines to the historical building. We had a nice visit with Mr. and Mrs. Peterson and enjoyed a tour through the library. The picture on the cover was taken that afternoon as I was discussing the magazines with Mr. Peterson.

In late afternoon we went to the home of my niece Gretchen and her husband Clay and we went out for a lovely dinner. We had stopped by only a short time before, but we always have so much family chat that we could never catch up!

This week we are working on our dining room chairs. It had been a number of years since they had been reupholstered, so I decided it was about time to tackle that big job again. When I brought up the subject Ruby told me that she had re-done hers and knew just how to go about it, so we ordered material and started in. They are in a lovely soft green stripe and really perk up the room.

In the handwork department, I'm just winding up the quilt I've been making for Margery. It is a cross stitch "Sampler" pattern which will be very attractive. It is the most elaborate pattern I've ever done and to tell the truth, I'll be glad when it is finished! It has taken me longer to embroider it than any I've made. Margery says it is the prettiest by far and I do believe it is.

I see the mailman coming up the walk so I'll bring this to a close and see what he's leaving today. I hope it is a letter from you!

Sincerely,

MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

When I leave the house this afternoon to attend a club meeting, I'll take my umbrella along with me, for as the day progresses it looks more and more like rain. The little plants that Oliver set out over the weekend can use the moisture, so a shower will be welcome.

The last time I wrote to you we were preparing to take a short vacation down to the Gulf Coast. It was scheduled for the week Martin had his spring break at college so he could go with us. My! that seems like a long time ago now for so much has happened since then, but before I go into more recent activities, I'd like to mention a few highlights of that trip south.

We covered much of the country that Oliver and I traveled five years ago, but with Martin along to see the area for the first time, we enjoyed seeing it through his eyes. It was interesting to note that he was particularly impressed with the very same things we found so exciting the first time we saw them.

Since spring was just coming to Iowa when we left, we were much aware of the advanced season as we progressed south. Forsythia was in bloom, tulips made dazzling displays, and dogwood and redbud trees were out in all their glory. By the time we reached Vicksburg, Mississippi, we found azaleas a blaze of color.

We stayed in Arkansas the first night out and arrived in Vicksburg around noon so we were able to tour the battlefield that afternoon. At the motel we got in touch with the Guides Association and arranged for the same guide we had five years ago. Her name at that time was Mrs. Ballard, but she is now Mrs. Fields, and she remembered us because of *Kitchen-Klatter*. I had mentioned in one of my letters how much we had enjoyed and appreciated her fine guided tour and lecture and one of the local residents, who was a subscriber, shared that issue with her. We felt like we were seeing an old friend when she walked into the lobby where we were watching for her. Again, she gave us another vivid account of the Siege of Vicksburg as we toured the battlefield. Martin hung onto every word, and said afterward that Mrs. Fields really made the history of Vicksburg come alive to him.

The drive from Vicksburg down to Natchez is a particularly lovely one. The area is very wooded and here and there we noted redbud, wild dogwood and occasionally a gorgeous display of wisteria creeping up the trees. We kept busy pointing out especially pretty sights.

During the Pilgrimage in Natchez many, many of the ante-bellum homes



One of the most beautiful, and I believe the largest, of the memorials on the battlegrounds at Vicksburg is the Illinois Memorial.

are open to the public, but a surprising number are open throughout the year. We went through some of them five years ago, and went through a few more this trip. Martin had read a great deal about Longwood, the unfinished octagonal house, and as far as he was concerned, this was the purpose of the trip — to get into that home! We thought we would never get him out of it! Well, it is fascinating, and to us it is the high point of any stop in Natchez.

When we reached Gulfport we had our first view of the Gulf of Mexico. We turned east and drove to Dauphin Island, which is south of Mobile. We had wanted to stay there the last time but didn't realize that we could get accommodations at the motel there until we had settled down in Mobile. We were so in hopes that it wouldn't be too late to stay there, and we were not disappointed. We were given rooms overlooking the gulf, and we had hardly unloaded the car before Martin put on his bathing suit and was swimming in that cold, cold water!

Dauphin Island is small, and at the eastern tip is Ft. Gaines, a very historic old fort which has been restored in part, and which is interesting to see. This was the first time Martin had seen such a fort as this and he found it very worthwhile.

The next day we had a lot of ground to cover so we were up and away at an early hour. Our first stop was Bellingrath Gardens near Mobile. A great deal has been written about these gardens, which rank among the most beautiful in the world, and if you are ever in the area, I highly recommend that you visit them. Martin was sorry that he didn't have more film for he used up all he had with him in the first 20 minutes.

Our only other stop in the Mobile area was to tour the *USS Alabama*. Wayne and his family had gone through the battleship, which is anchored in

the bay, and thought it was fascinating, so we were eager to see it, too. Martin and I had never been aboard a large ship, but Oliver had while in the service, of course. It took two hours to cover it, and we kept moving all the while, so you can see that it is really enormous.

The next stop of importance was in New Orleans. We really hadn't planned it in our itinerary, but while we were driving west along the gulf we decided we had time to include it. We stopped for the night in Biloxi and then drove to New Orleans the next morning. As soon as we arrived in the city we got tickets for a guided tour. This really is the finest way to see a city when you haven't much time to spend, for the bus trip is 3 1/2 hours and the driver gives a fine lecture as you ride along. Most everything of importance is included and you feel you get a fine education. That evening we walked down to the French quarter for dinner and wandered around to see what we could see, and believe me! we saw things we never expected to see!

There was a lot of catching up to do when we arrived home. Mother had just returned from her trip to visit brother Don and his family and Lucile was preparing to leave for New Mexico. These were such busy days that even yet we think of something we forgot to mention about the trips.

When one is gone things pile up and it takes a while to get back on a normal schedule. I'm not so sure things are normal now for some haven't been tackled yet! Last night I made a list of jobs that still are waiting for attention, such as cleaning cupboards and moving my collection of cookbooks to the office. Those are just two chores I haven't gotten to. The list is long.

This brings me up to the recent activities I mentioned, and the reasons why I'm still behind. One beautiful Saturday when I could have spent a day doing something about the house which required Oliver's help, we chose, instead, to drive over to see Martin and attend one of the fine art exhibits at Goodall Gallery on campus. It was an exhibit of works of nationally recognized artists and well worth driving 100 miles to see. Martin was pleased that we could spend a few hours with him and that we remembered to bring the notarized statements that he needed to send to the Mexican consulate concerning his trip to Mexico to study this summer. (Since he is not of age, he had to have statements from us granting our permission for him to enter the country.) He was busy working on final term papers and studying for exams, so we didn't linger long. As a matter of fact, thanks to daylight

(Continued on page 22)



Hats in the Ring!

A Father-Son "Convention"

by

Mabel Nair Brown

What could be a more timely theme for a father-son banquet this year than a take-off on a political convention?

DECORATIONS

Decorate the dining room as a convention hall with red, white, and blue streamers, bunting draped around the speakers' table, and gigantic campaign posters splashed on all the walls.

These posters can set the mood of the party as the guests arrive if you have several on the walls of corridors and doors leading to the dining hall. They can be simple cartoon-type pictures of imaginary candidates, or illustrations to fit such captions as: "Dad — always good for a soft touch"; "Nominated for hero of the block" (postman retreating down walk — fierce dog has piece of his trousers in his mouth); "Vote for bravery" or "That's my boy!" (boy is pictured holding a bouquet and standing at door, screwing up courage to ring the bell); and "His hat's in the ring" (picture of battered straw hat).

Banners can be cut from wallpaper or worn bed sheets. Print on them snappy slogans such as: "A vote for Dad is a vote for a real man", "My favorite son", "Put a soft soap on your ballot — vote for my son", "Every home should have a boy", "Long hair, tight pants, an old jalopy — that's my boy!", "Punch your ballot for Papa", "It's Papa who pays", "Sound off for Sonny", "Gallop to the front with Grandpa", "Someone's gotta give — Pop!"

Table Centerpieces: Using the hat theme, scatter all types of men's and boy's hats down the center of the table, or use the familiar stovepipe hat, often associated with the politician. Miniature "silk" hats could be set over each nut cup. Each hat might have a band of red or blue paper, on which is written a clever slogan or the words "Father-Son Convention—1968". Silhouettes of a man's and a boy's head might be cut from heavy poster paper, stood upright in a needle-point holder, and placed on the table along with the hats. Conceal the holders with a rosette of crepe paper in a patriotic color.

Program Booklet covers can be campaign posters and slogans or a

sample ballot. Those having charge of the program can be designated as the campaign manager, keynote speaker, and convention chairman.

A **Campaign Button** should be pinned on each guest as he arrives by one of the convention hosts. These hosts should wear fancy campaign hats fashioned of paper, and big badges which identify each as HOST. By being most officious they can create a lot of fun among the arriving guests.

The out-sized buttons should be cut from heavy white poster board. Decorate the men's buttons with the silhouette of a boy cut from red paper, and use a man's silhouette for the boy's buttons. With a blue marking pen write a clever slogan on each campaign button.

ENTERTAINMENT

To add to the convention mood, enlist a few persons to appear on the scene at intervals, carrying large banners on which are silly slogans, cartoons, and parodies. These persons should wear outlandish costumes — campaign hats, swallow-tailed coats, unusual badges, etc. They can march up and down between the tables or in front of the entrance to the hall and, if they have some peppy campaign songs, so much the better. A drummer and some kazoo players will add to the fun.

Sample Campaign Ditties: (Tune: "Cheer, Boys, for Old Notre Dame")
Cheer, boys, cheer, for our dads so fine,

We may not agree but we'll toe the line,

Though we may fume, and fuss, and fret,

Still we ain't ready to trade 'em off yet!

So —

Cheer, boys, cheer, for our dads so true,

Whatever happens, we count on you. Dad, you're tops, let none forget

And we'll tell the world, you bet!

(Tune: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here")

Hail, hail the gang's all here!

Dads and lads together,

Never mind the weather,

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!

It's convention time right now!

(Tune: "Smiles")

I was kissed when I was just a baby,
I was kissed when I was just a child,
I was kissed by doting aunts
And it nearly drove me wild.
Now I've found a way I can get even
I know just what I'm gonna do —
I'm gonna be a politician
And kiss all the babies, too!

PROGRAM

Leader: "If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of the Creator and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity."

—D. Webster

Invocation: Our Heavenly Father, we thank You for families and for the happy relationships we have known together as fathers and sons. Help us to be reminded often that Thou art the source of all that we have and are and that we can live harmoniously together in the home if we but seek to have Thee also a part of our family circle. May Your blessing rest upon each home represented here. Help those of us who are parents in our task of guiding our children. Grant that those of us who are children will find in Thee a way to find our needs for direction and in finding a purpose for our lives. We thank Thee, O God, for the pleasure and joy that is ours in sharing this time together as fathers, sons, friends. Amen.

Scripture: (by a father) 2 Timothy 1:2-7; 3:14-15 and (by a son) Proverbs 2:1-11. In unison they read Deuteronomy 6:4-9.

Hymn: "O Lord, May Church and Home Combine" or similar hymn on the home or family life.

Leader: You may bring to office a slogan with which you have won votes and fame, but it isn't the slogan and banners that count, you know — it's how you played the game.

You can stick placards up all over the hall, but heed these words I announce — it isn't the placards you hang on the wall, but the motto you live that counts.

If your banners say "Smile" and you always complain and frown; if your slogan has been "Work" and you hang back and wait; if you've boasted your friendship, then trample men down — you've come in with too little, too late!

Oh beware of campaign slogans you strew, for truth will come forth with a bounce — It isn't the slogans that are plastered on walls, but the marks on Life's Ballot that counts.

Salute to Fathers: I toss Dad's hat

in the ring, knowing he'll always be a winner on our ballots. Why not? He already holds down the job of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and members of the cabinet, all in one! How else can you account for the fact that he calmly goes about his job of earning the daily bread at the same time he's finding time to help Sissy with her date problems, lend Junior a hand with his old jalopy, secretly bone up on new math so he can keep up with Buddy, fix a dripping faucet for the Little Woman, argue the news headlines with a friend, be a Scout leader, serve on the church board, help a neighbor repair the garage door, and take Grandma for a drive to the old home farm? Whew! that's not near the end of the list of my nominee's activities, but I'm out of breath! Why, the strategies Dad uses to keep all the department of his family household under control and in harmony would rival those of a military commander; and the "facts and figures" he juggles equal those of a state economist. Yes, Dad is quite a guy! We need more like him. God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor, men who will not lie!

So the name I place before the convention tonight

Is the name of a man who will guide us about right;

For tops in the field, you needn't look farther.

For the MAN IN OUR LIFE, I nominate FATHER!

Salute to Sons:

Take lots and lots of common sense;
Mix well with some intelligence
And patience — it will take enough
To keep it all from being tough;
Remove all nerves (there's no place for them —

Boy-child noises only jar them);
Sprinkle well with giggles 'n' laughter;
This adds a better flavor after.
Put in lots of humor to spice it,
Add love and understanding. Ice it
With disposition as 'good' as you can—
You're ready now to train a man!

Yes, it takes plenty of grit, elbow grease, determination (bordering on the headstrong on occasion!) to be a father, to train a man, But surely all one's creativeness and love could not be put to a more rewarding task — so think the dads. Son, too, is quite a guy!

He is the person that is going to carry on what we have started. He is going to sit where we are sitting, and, when we are gone, attend to things we think are important, plus many new



Frederick and son David aboard a school boat at Tabor Academy.

things he thinks are important. We can adopt all the policies we please, put as many planks as we like in our campaign platform but how they will be carried out depends on him.

He will assume control of our cities, states, and nation. He is going to take over our churches, homes, our schools, our businesses and corporations. Our work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him. Our reputations and our future are in his hands. So —

Mark the name of SON on your ballot. It might be well to pay some attention to that kid!

Salute to Grandfathers: Some people might suggest that Grandpa looms up as the dark horse in this convention and perhaps that is just what he is. More often than not, you know, the dark horse comes out the winner! But there is nothing "dark horse", or "lame duck candidate" about Grandpa. His "git-up-and-go" is still going! Somehow all the knowledge, the understanding, the love that he has been giving away all these years flows on heavier than ever — like a flowing well. Grandpa has time, now that the pressure of his more active breadwinning is off, to do the little extra things; to be a grand listener, a booster, and the pep-per-up-er that is just what a feller needs! Putting in words just what it is that makes grandfathers so special is hard, but —

It's just the little homely things,
The unobtrusive friendly things,
The won't you let-me-help-you things,
That Grandpa does to make our path-way light.

The laugh-with-me-it's-funny things,
The jolly, joking, giggling things,
The there's-something-in-my-pocket things,

That makes a day 'specially bright.
There's the just-because-I-like-you things,

The did-I-ever-tell-you-about-the-time things,

The just-between-us-fellows things
That makes Grandpa tops-on-the-ticket man tonight!

—Paraphrased from an very old verse
Candidate Special: (A musical number or an "exhibition" by the placard bearers and musicians. It might be a

pantomime of a popular opera star invited to "render" a number at the convention.)

THE PARTY PLATFORM — FOR PA AND PARDNER (skit)

(Note: The key words for each plank in the platform might be printed in large letters on "planks" cut from a heavy brown carton. Different persons can hold up each plank and give its narration, or a single speaker might give the whole thing.)

The "Planks" of a Good Man

1. (Worthy Goals) A good man has worthy goals. "When a man does not know what harbor he is heading for, no wind is the right wind."

2. (High Standards) The good man believes that certain values are important, and he is willing to face opposition, and criticism to uphold those standards. The good man makes compromises in solving problems and in his relationship with others, but never compromises on his basic values of life — his ideals and purposes.

3. (Inner Resources) A good man will have inner resources which give him the courage to stand by his convictions even though it means sacrificing advancement, personal achievement, or social popularity.

4. (Adaptability) A good man adjusts himself to that which must be met each day, not trying to make the day adjust to him. "This is the day which the Lord hath made. I will rejoice and be glad in it."

5. (Soul Exercise) A good man will exercise his soul in this manner daily: by doing a good turn to someone, anonymously, if possible; by not allowing hurt feelings to show; and by counting five special blessings that he has known this day.

6. (Joyousness) A good man will find in the commonplace a happiness and joy in just being alive in God's world; joy in sharing the moments of the day with family and friends. "Sometimes we wonder where happiness lies. Is it found way out yonder beneath the blue skies? We search for it, yearn for it, year after year, and come back to find it awaiting us here."

Leader: In the warm clasp of friendship, the light of a smile; the cheer of a comrade which brightens each mile; though riches may lure us, and travel may call — in the light of our fireside we'll find our all.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can. —Wesley
Musical Number and Benediction.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We are enjoying a gorgeous spring day. Frank was just in for a sandwich and cup of coffee before going to the field, and this should sustain him until dinnertime. The field work has been progressing much more rapidly this year than last, with just enough rainfall to make the ground work up nicely.

It has been several years since Mother visited brother Don and his wife Mary Beth and their children, and she was anxious to see their new home in Brookfield, Wisconsin, so before Easter, while the children were having their spring vacation, Mother and I took a week off and drove to Wisconsin.

Mother spent a few days with us before starting the trip, and the night before we left she called her niece, Gretchen Harshbarger, in Iowa City to tell her we would be driving through. Gretchen was going to be home and asked us to get there in time for lunch, which we did.

After we got on the interstate highway at Newton, Iowa, we were able to travel on super-wonderful roads all the way to within a few blocks of Don's house, so the miles ticked off much faster than we had expected. Even after spending two hours with Gretchen we were able to reach our motel at Peru, Illinois, by four in the afternoon.

I had told Don I was concerned about getting lost when we reached the Chicago area, where there are so many highways and toll roads, and was thoroughly convinced I would make a wrong turnoff somewhere, so he drew us a map to follow with arrows showing where to turn, how many toll gates to go through, and how much change to have ready. In fact, it was so complete we breezed right along and didn't make one single mistake until we got within one block of his house, and this was my fault. Mother said I should have turned, but I went two blocks farther and had to turn around and go back. The children had seen the car go by, so everyone was out in front waiting for us when we came back.

The next day Don drove us over to see the big new Brookfield Mall shopping center. I have visited many shopping centers but none as large or as beautiful as this one. The entire center is enclosed so that the temperature is the same the year around. There are



Mother and Dorothy visited two of Uncle Henry Field's daughters, Ruth (right) and Jessie (p. 19), when they were in Wisconsin.

beautiful long avenues bordered with every kind of shop imaginable. There are flower beds, a puppet show for children, and benches situated around pools with gorgeous fountains where the weary can rest. It is certainly a place where one could shop all day in complete comfort.

One of the highlights was going to see the Mitchell Park Horticultural Conservatory, the only one of its kind in all the world. The conservatory includes three large glass domes. One is called "The Show House", where the landscaping and flowers and shrubs are changed seven times a year for major shows. These shows are Orchid, Easter, Mother's Day, Summer, Exotic Plant Clinic, Chrysanthemum, and Christmas. The day we were there they were preparing the Easter show, so we weren't permitted to walk around the paths but had to look from the balcony. There must have been thousands of hyacinths, tulips, lilies, daffodils. Seemingly every single flower, shrub, and tree that blooms in the spring was represented to make up the most beautiful garden I ever saw.

The second dome is called "The Arid House". This has a setting of man-made rock that closely simulates the appearance of our southwest desert, and includes cacti and succulent plants from the world's deserts, acacia trees, and an oasis, featuring large palm trees and typical desert plants. At the base of the beautiful stonework are desert-blooming flowers.

The third dome is "The Tropical House", where the highlight is a 25-foot recirculating waterfall with a pool at the base. The atmosphere in this dome is the same as that near the equator. The lush tropical jungle includes a most realistic growth arrangement, with palms 70 feet high and tall

shrubs which provide a natural shade for the delicate ferns and orchids. There is foliage as well as "economic" plants, such as citrus, papaya, and banana trees. In the future they plan to enliven this tropical atmosphere with bird sounds, either live or recorded. I believe plans call for a fourth dome to be called "The Temperate Climate House".

To give you an idea of the size of each dome, they say there is enough space in each to enclose 35 average-sized ranch homes if packed on top of each other. A comparison like this means much more to me than stating the exact number of cubic feet of space. There were more than 100 tons of glass and aluminum used for each dome. If you are ever in Milwaukee, be sure you make a trip to the Domes a "must" on your itinerary.

Later we drove through downtown Milwaukee on our way to the lakeshore and saw Marquette University and the Frank Lloyd Wright Art Museum. We stopped to let the children run along the beach and climb on the rocks. The wind was strong that day so the waves were pretty big. Katharine got caught unawares by a bigger wave than she expected, and was a little uncomfortable the rest of the ride with soaking wet shoes and stockings.

Besides all the delicious meals Mary Beth prepared for us, we enjoyed eating dinner out one evening at the well-known "Top of the Marine" restaurant located on the top floor (22nd) of the Marine Bank building. The atmosphere and decor of this restaurant is that of the famous old Great Lakes paddle-wheel luxury steamers. It was still daylight when we arrived, and from our table by the window we had a wonderful view of the lake with ferry boats coming in to dock. When it got dark and all the city lights came on it was a beautiful sight.

The day before we started home Don drove Mother and me to Appleton for a visit with two of Mother's nieces, the former Ruth and Jessie Field, Uncle Henry's daughters. It had been thirty years since I had seen these two cousins, so we had a wonderful reunion. Ruth and her husband Kermit and young daughter Jessie entertained us at noon dinner, but Jessie, who is a beauty operator, had an appointment at that time and couldn't be with us. We did have a chance to see her later in the afternoon. After we had eaten we went for a drive around the city and were impressed with Appleton — a beautiful city. Lawrence University is located here, with a lovely campus. Also located here is the Institute of Paper Chemistry, an institute which is supported by approximately 50 paper mills (Continued on page 19)

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

In your neighborhood do you have "Ham-and-Bean Suppers" with the frequency with which we have them out here in New England? Last night I was the guest at a Ham-and-Bean Supper put on by one of the couples clubs in our church, and in a few days Betty and I will attend another such supper put on by the Boy Scouts. It is a good thing that I like baked beans, because I certainly have to eat a lot of them! I don't know if the popularity of such suppers is due to the association of baked beans with New England or whether it is because of the low cost of the beans. Whatever the reason, it seems to me that every organization in town puts on such a supper at least once or twice a year.

Another type of meal that is a favorite in these parts is a "Pancake Breakfast". Usually the advance publicity says: "Pancakes! All you can eat for a dollar!" These breakfasts are most often served by the young people of a church or lodge, and there isn't a Saturday morning in the year when there is not at least one such affair in our town. The two churches that I have served here in New England have not put on such breakfasts, but the time may come. I won't object when it does, because I love pancakes as much as I love baked beans.

We have many Italian churches in our city, and they are great for putting on "Spaghetti Suppers". Next week Betty and I are invited to attend one of them, and I think that we shall do so. The spaghetti will be served with a choice of sauce — tomato, mushroom, or clam — and of course there will be assorted meatballs. There may be good profit in spaghetti suppers, but when I attend, there won't be much because I do love to eat quantities of spaghetti. At least twice a year we attend suppers at one of the local Greek or Armenian churches, and we always get good food there — a bit exotic perhaps, but good.

I am writing this letter to you just before the biggest church dinner of the entire year for us. We are about to hold our Annual Dinner, and as in all the other years, it will be a sell-out. Some churches have trouble getting out a quorum for the Annual Meeting, but not our church. We have to turn people away for lack of space. I think that the secret of the good attendance is the abundance of good food, and the shortage of speeches. We read no reports of any kind, but have them printed and circulated. The chief part of the program is my report made in color slides. All year long I have been taking photographs of the various church activities, and the church members love to see



Mrs. Frederick Driftmier served tea to Mrs. Craig Epperson and Sharon Epperson, Kitchen-Klatter friends from Independence, Missouri, when they called at the parsonage. Son David was home from school at the time and enjoyed visiting with these friends from the Midwest too.

themselves and their friends projected on the screen. It is one meeting that is much fun!

Betty is quite worried about my working late at the church and then going out into a dark parking lot to get into my car. In the past two years we have had three murders within a block of the church, and one murder just two blocks from the church. One day last week they arrested a man for murder who lives right next door to the church. I had often seen the man going in and out of the apartment house next door, but never dreamed that he was wanted for murder. Back in the days when I had my big watch dog, Betty was not so concerned but she does worry some about it now. We have elaborate burglar alarms all over the church building, and most of the time we have two college boys living in an apartment that we have here in the church building. But with all our precautions, we still have trouble on occasion. Twice in the past week we have had automobiles stolen out of the church parking lot.

Sometimes I wonder if churches in small towns have to worry about things like that. I don't recall any such trouble for churches when I was a boy back in Iowa. If they had church robberies and vandalism in those days, I have forgotten about it. There are so many things about a small town that appeal to me, and one of them is the freedom to walk on the streets at night. Here in our town there is so much crime that one tries never to walk anywhere in the city alone. This causes quite a problem for the women who live in the apartment houses near the

church. Some of them can look out the window and see the church building, and yet they have to be so careful about coming out after dark to a church function. How strange it is that Americans can feel safer in a foreign city overseas than they can feel in their own hometowns.

So often when I am counseling with parents about some problem child I remind them that children become a part of their environment, a part of where they live and how they live. Dirty, unfriendly houses are apt to have dirty, unfriendly children living in them. Children who live in the same house with quarrelling parents are apt to be a bit antagonistic themselves. If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn, and if he lives with hostility he learns to fight, and if he lives with ridicule he learns to be shy and unsure of himself. Too often parents forget this; they forget all the subtle influences that go to make up a child's emotional and intellectual body.

The big job of parents is that of learning the happy medium between too much discipline and control, and too little discipline and control. It is not as easy a balance, but it is one that has to be found. With all of our demands for a child's obedience we must remember that if a child lives with encouragement he learns confidence, and if he lives with praise he learns to appreciate, and if he lives with fairness he learns to be just. The child who lives with security knowing that his parents love him no matter what happens is a child who learns to have faith. If a child lives with acceptance

(Continued on page 22)



Romance Around the World

by
Myrtle E. Felkner

There's something about Romance that seems terribly appropriate to June! Courtship may range from the elaborate diplomatic maneuverings of royal marriages to the simplicity of tribal customs, but however it happens, most of us find it interesting. Consider the fellow from Nigeria who uses his toothbrush by way of proposal. Customarily, young men sit around and brush their teeth a good bit with the frayed end of a small stick. But when he has chosen a lady he wishes to marry, the young man sends his toothbrush to her. If she accepts it, the happy young man is altar-bound. Usually, though, modesty compels her to return it at least twice. However, unless she has better pickings lined up someplace else, the young lady usually accepts it the third time it is offered.

Imagine the plight of one happy prospective bridegroom in a remote village of Sicily not too long ago. For centuries it had been customary for a young man to kidnap his lady love, often with the help of several of his friends, and keep her captive overnight. The next morning he would return with her to her village where all the relatives would prepare a feast and a wedding. If the girl were pleased and happy, fine; if she weren't, too bad, because to refuse the man would have meant shame and humiliation in her village. Imagine, then, the chagrin of our hero when the girl not only refused to marry him but proceeded to the magistrate's office, where she lodged charges of kidnapping against him! The twentieth century came belatedly to that village, and we hope that the unhappy fellow is out of the jail by now and possibly thinking up a way to rephrase his proposal.

In American pioneer days, "bundling" was a common form of courtship. The young man called upon the young lady of his choice in her home; but heating facilities and frigid weather being what they were, courting in the parlor could be pretty chilly business. To insure the young couple's

comfort and chastity, a specially contrived bed was used. A board was nailed securely down the middle and the young folks were tucked in on either side, where they could hold hands, play games or visit. Because they were "bundled up" against the cold, the practice was commonly called "bundling." This is one to ask Grandma about!

Probably the greatest changes in patterns of romance and marriage, at least during the past two decades, have occurred in Oriental countries. For centuries it has been proper procedure in China and Japan for the parents to select the mate, often with little or no consideration being given for the preference of the young people. A thriving profession was that of "matchmaker", who assisted families in finding suitable wives for their sons and husbands for their daughters. In Japan even today the bride wears white, not as a symbol of virginity, but as a symbol of death...first, as an assertion that she is now "dead" to her own family, and secondly, that she will never leave her husband's care until her death. The Chinese bride is a little more cheerful about the whole thing, wearing red, a symbol of happiness and permanence. Nowadays the matchmaker is seen very little, perhaps only in the remotest villages. Japanese young people still look for guidance to their parents, but more and more often they are choosing their mates themselves. Almost always they are well-acquainted before the ceremony which unites their lives.

Some of the most unusual and most romantic stories we have come from the Bible. Imagine Rebekah, who left her father's house and country and traveled a long, fearsome journey through the desert sands in the care of a servant, to become the wife of a man whom she had never met. We are told that Isaac came to meet her and loved her; he took her to his mother's tent, and she became his wife. We have every reason to believe that they were happily married. Later in the

Bible we are told that they were buried together in the same cave where Abraham and Sarah were buried.

Their son Jacob was another romantic fellow! Jacob fell in love with his lovely cousin Rachel. Jacob worked seven years for his uncle Laban in order to win the hand of Rachel. Unfortunately, after the ceremony, when he raised his bride's veil, he discovered that his uncle had given the older daughter, Leah, to him instead. Jacob was terribly angered, but his uncle explained that it was customary for the older daughter to be married first. Now Jacob was required to labor another seven years for his father-in-law in order to get the beautiful Rachel. (My husband contends that the only difference in custom here is that nowadays you get the bride first, then work for her the rest of your life. Maybe so.) Later, Rachel's two sons, Joseph and Benjamin, were the most beloved of all Jacob's children.

We think of Ruth and Boaz, David and Bathsheba, and we begin to feel that our Old Testament writers were very human and very romantic men.

Gypsy tribes in their pagan marriage ceremonies make a promise which seems in direct contrast with the Christian promises of love. Gypsy couples promise that when love dies, they will separate, although throughout their lives they regard each other as blood brother and sister and show this type of regard for each other's welfare. Perhaps this is the basis for the saying that all gypsy children are born of loving parents.

Fascinating and different are the customs of romance, but of this we may be sure: through all the shiftings of history, the family has remained the one stable unit of society. Powers, wars and political theories have failed to destroy it, so in a very real sense we may continue to believe that "it's love that makes the world go 'round!"

Today's brides can rejoice that they were not living in Not-So-Merrie England in the 1770's. During that decade Parliament passed a law that no doubt kept many a maiden and her swain in a state of single blessedness. This law stipulated that "any woman, of whatever age or rank who shall impose or seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects by virtue of paints, cosmetic washes, perfumes, false hair, artificial teeth, Spanish wool, iron stays, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, and the marriage shall be completely nullified."

—Marjorie Spiller Neagle

NEVER A DULL MOMENT WITH THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

This morning as I sit down to write to you the neighborhood is quiet. It is one of those gorgeous spring mornings which makes one feel sorry for everyone who must spend the entire day indoors. I remember vividly how much, as a school child, I resented the time consumed inside the school building on comparable days. How welcome was the ring of the dismissal bell when we were free to race home, throw off shoes and sox, change into play clothes and tear back outdoors again! How regretful we were when the lingering rays of the setting sun forced us to bring such a glorious afternoon and evening to an end.

Unless they travel elsewhere, children living here on the eastern slope of the mountains never experience the lingering rays of the setting sun. Within minutes after the sun reaches the tops of the mountains, our day is ended. There is no twilight to prolong the glories of the day before darkness brings a halt to outside activities. Our mountains act as a curtain drawn to bring an abrupt end to the light of day. This is the main reason we are such strong advocates of Daylight Savings Time for our area. Both from a personal living and from a business standpoint this is beneficial and important to us.

This has been a busy spring at the nursery. Naturally we are most grateful that in general business conditions in our region are pretty good. I don't know how soon the effects of the low farm prices will be felt here in this metropolitan region. But there isn't much doubt that eventually all of us will be affected. I guess we're just lucky at this point that few of our customers have their incomes directly related to farm prices.

Wayne has naturally been working long hours for many weeks now. Unfortunately, coinciding with the busy season at the nursery have been numerous and strenuous demands imposed upon him as Senior Warden of our church. I don't wish to delve into the troubles that have beset the Episcopal Diocese of Colorado in the past year, but they have been many and serious. These were climaxed when our own relatively new minister suffered severe personal problems and then a nervous breakdown, necessitating his resignation just before Easter. There is a real shortage of retired priests available to substitute until a new minister can be found. Fortunately we have seven trained lay-readers, of whom Wayne is one, within our congregation, and they are a real boon to keeping our worship service going week after week.



Alison Driftmier, who enters many horse shows, has new hobby.

During the two and one-third years Wayne has been Senior Warden of St. James he has been responsible for locating mortgage money in a tight money market to finance building a new church, seeing construction begun and completed on the new building, and supervising the location of two new ministers to serve the congregation; this in addition to the more customary responsibilities of being the lay administrative head of the congregation. It's no wonder that now he's beginning to cast some longing thoughts towards getting a few days away from it all.

Probably many of you have summer plans in your thoughts these days, too, and probably a number of you are thinking about vacationing in Colorado. Those of you who haven't visited our state in the last year or so should be quite impressed by the increased amount of new vacation facilities available. The impressive thing to me is the quantity of facilities which have been constructed in the nearby mountains in recent years. Winter skiing may have prompted a number of them — but summer recreation needs have benefited greatly, also. The completion of several large new lakes has vastly expanded boating and fishing locales. The state of Colorado has begun to provide facilities in addition to those on the federally owned land located within Colorado.

Recently I was delighted to read that the Old Fall River Road in Rocky Mountain National Park will be reopened this summer to four-wheel drive vehicles. This one-way road was the original route up to the top of Trail Ridge. Wayne and I drove over it twice prior to its being closed back in 1953. We don't own a four-wheel drive vehicle, but our neighbors do, and they are always offering to chauffeur us on

such a trip.

Wayne and I have heard a great deal in recent weeks about how little camping we have done in the last couple of years and also about how "homesick" certain people in our house are for northern New Mexico. During Lent we heard one lecture about the Penitentes of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado. There were also several articles published locally about the unique devotional practices of these people. There isn't much question but that our children consider this particular area the most intriguing one in the country.

But before we can start in on summer living, the school year must be finished. Emily has spent a tremendously stimulating two semesters at the University of Colorado. She is the type of person who enjoys being an active participant in the life around her, and C. U. certainly has a great deal going on all the time. As president of her wing of the dorm she spearheaded the adoption of a new constitution permitting freshmen women the same self-determination in personal conduct as that enjoyed by upper class women. One of the highlights of her spring was being a delegate to the model United Nations meeting at the University of Arizona. In attendance were representatives from almost every college and university in the West. The C. U. delegates were assigned to be the representatives from Cuba, so there was the additional challenge of trying to represent an entirely different viewpoint. There is no class credit given for the many hours of research and planning that went into this experience, but even so it certainly was valuable.

The "show" circuits which entice Alison don't wait for the end of school, so she has spent a mighty busy spring, also. Last winter she decided to enter Lucky in a 4-H dog-training course. She stuck with it and the results were most gratifying. In his initial show Lucky took a first place over about sixty other dogs in the sub-novice class. It was quite a treat for Alison to return home with a trophy and blue ribbon when "it didn't cost a cent to enter". She is accustomed to paying two or three dollars entry fee for every class in every horse show. I tried to tell her that our tax money, which subsidizes the Extension Service, isn't exactly "free" as far as her parents are concerned. But that doesn't have much meaning when it isn't cash out of her own pocket. Perhaps Lucky will even perform well enough to warrant entering the county fair and even the state fair! You know how one success can lead to dreams of glory.

Sincerely,
Abigail

IT'S GRADUATION TIME

by
Evelyn Birkby

The members of the graduating class of 1968 sat in straight, dignified rows listening to the speaker. They heard themselves described as the brightest, best educated, finest group of young people the world had ever produced. Their duties, their opportunities, their responsibilities as they moved from these cloistered, sheltered halls of learning into the world, were described vividly.

The class had marched into the large room to the familiar strains of "Pomp and Circumstance", looking far more solemn and adult than ever before. The school colors of red and white were used for the robes and mortarboards and gave a bright appearance to the scene. How much more appropriate for a group of high school seniors than the traditional black. Bright red curtains framed the stage and huge white baskets of flowers added a lovely floral touch to each corner of the platform.

Across the top of the stage the letters forming the class motto were hung — "NOT MERELY TO EXIST BUT TO EXCEL!"

The gymnasium was crowded with relatives and friends. I looked around at the familiar faces. Memories of other activities held in this room flooded into my mind, for this gym is used for community and school activities. It is truly the focal point for this small town of Sidney, Iowa. Banquets, political rallies, church receptions, farmer's meetings and P.T.A. teas have been held here. The school uses it for most of its public events — band concerts, plays, operettas, school dances, queen crownings, science fairs, art exhibits, career days, basketball games, etc.

Now the game boards and balls were stored away. The scenery for the plays and decorations for the recently held prom had been dismantled. The concerts and cheer leaders and athletic teams and raucous sounds of the past year were tucked into the pages of the school annual and the big room was made as dignified as possible.

A soft breeze drifted in through the open doors near the folding chairs where Robert and I sat with Jeff and Craig beside us. It seemed incredible that it was time for this particular class to graduate from high school. Why, only yesterday, it seems, I was putting one of them, that tall one near the end, into a bright plaid shirt and blue jeans and waving him on to the school bus for this first day in kindergarten.

Just a short time ago I was baking a 6th birthday cake and topping it with bright yellow frosting. Around the edge



Bob Birkby, son of Robert and Evelyn Birkby, graduated from high school this spring and will continue his education next fall at Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa.

I stood animal crackers just as Bob and his friend Ted walked in through the kitchen door. The boys played cowboy and Indian, went down to the creek and skated on the ice and then returned to build corrals for toy horses. It was an exciting birthday, I remember, as I looked down the row to find Ted, the boy seated almost in the center of the class. He turned into a crackerjack of an athlete.

Farther down the row sat Bill. He used to load up his back pack, come out to our country home and go hiking across the bluffs with Bob. They would come back so hungry. Hamburgers and French fries would disappear in abundance when Bill and Bob finished one of their exciting journeys.

How grownup the girls looked. These same girls who dressed in little Dutch costumes and danced so prettily when they were in third grade. The music department put on an operetta about children around the world. Surely, no group was more delightful than the Dutch children. In fact, I cannot even remember what countries the other classes portrayed!

I sat and looked along the row of graduates to pick out the ones who started in fourth grade in my Junior Choir at church. Many of them stayed right through and are just completing their four years in my High School Choir, bless them! I feel as if I know each one so well and the church will miss those who soon leave to go elsewhere. I know I will miss each one painfully. Strange how our lives and hearts get tied up with the lives of those with whom we work.

Most of Bob's classmates started with him and have had the interesting experience of being together for the thirteen years of school. A few moved in, several left for other communities, but a large number continued through school together. I wondered what was going on in their minds as the graduation ceremonies continued. Did they remember the great football team they had? The band trips? The plays and speech contests? Or perhaps they were thinking back just a few short weeks to the Junior-Senior Prom when this very same gymnasium was transformed into a bit of Hawaii with a volcano and little grass shack and a blue sky sprinkled with bright-colored birds.

Or perhaps they were thinking, "Hooray, this is over!" or "Shucks, it all went too fast." or "Gee, it wasn't really as bad as I thought. I'm going to miss school."

The speaker had finished challenging the students before him and the time had come to call the names of the graduating class and have them step forward to receive their diplomas. Here they were, young men and women ready to get on with the business of living. Anxious to be on their own, yet sorry to leave their classmates, glad to get away from parental controls and try their wings, but well aware of the awesome responsibilities of making a living and confronting personally some of the world's problems.

The young people walked a bit straighter. Their heads were held high, diplomas clasped tightly in their hands. They had achieved a pinnacle. It was a great evening, one filled with pride and memories, love and admiration. Later the decisions and concerns and problems of being an adult can be faced. Graduation is a mountain top, a glorious moment to be cherished and enjoyed to the utmost, untarnished by past regrets or concerns for the future.

Each one of us was, in a way, a different person than we had been when we came in. Now Robert and I were parents of a graduate. Now Bob was no longer a high school student. We silently breathed a thankful prayer that he was ours and we had enjoyed the years when he was home. Now we will move into a new experience, hopefully growing and learning right along with him.

I turned and looked back at the motto as we walked through the door. "NOT MERELY TO EXIST BUT TO EXCEL!" "Me, too," I whispered, "A good motto for us all."

To gather much later, give a little now.

If you must . . . grin and bear it.

If you can . . . work and change it.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING STATISTIC

by
Evelyn S. Cason

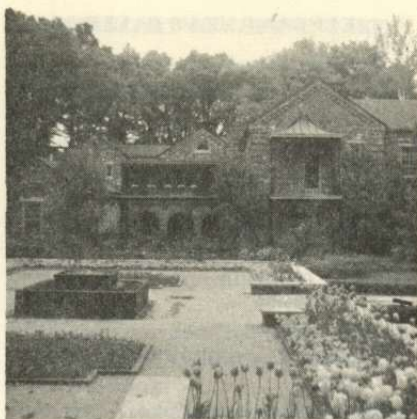
Be it ever so humble, there's no place so *dangerous* as home.

If Grandmother could visit the scene of one of our modern homes, she would certainly be amazed, and no doubt a little green with envy to witness the labor-saving devices which operate a household today. Amazed may be too mild a word; shocked might be more appropriate. Grandmother never had it so good, but neither did she have it so dangerous. Oh, there were Indians and perils of the wild, but for simple, unsuspected, sugar-coated booby-traps, the average suburban home could make the wild West blush with shame.

Highway holiday statistics are predicted, quoted, and confirmed in tones of horror, but who has a word of caution for the labor-saved housewife, returning 'safely' to her kitchen after an outdoor weekend? Is there no note of sympathy for Father that danger lurks in the path of the power lawn mower as he attacks the uncut grass? No, it's every-one for himself as Junior uses electric erasers without proper safeguards, Miss Teen-Ager handles an electric can-opener sharper than a serpent's tooth, and even the preschoolers guard precious teeth against decay with electric toothbrushes which have no ground wire protection.

As the wife of a safety engineer I am well overseen and pretty well protected from such modern-day folly. But when it takes the trained eye of an engineer to detect and avoid such pitfalls, I agree with the Scottish professor in his conclusion that home mechanization has reached the heights of absurdity. Professor E. Maurice Bockett of the University of Aberdeen, researching the problem for the World Health Organization of the U.N., observed that gadgets and labor-saving devices have mounted home accidents to such a degree they should be treated by health authorities as an epidemic. Perhaps folks at home should consider them the same way, especially old folks at home. The study showed that many older people are unable to handle even simple labor-saving devices, and average homes are complicated workshops far beyond the ability of uninformed operators.

So, before we reminisce in sympathetic mood of former homemaking difficulties, let's pause to reconsider. A former generation fought a war to make the world safe for democracy, but have domestics been forgotten? We pride ourselves on being a civilized generation, not to mention modernized, mechanized, and, of course, computerized. But,

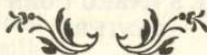


The Stroms visited the Bellingrath Gardens near Mobile, Ala., which are considered among the most beautiful in the world. The home is also open to the public.

while we are counting up the score, have we overlooked the statistic of common-sense safety in our convenient efficiency?

Before we smugly decide that the "Ize" do have it, let's recognize that a word to the wise had better be sufficient. And from where I live, I wonder if the "Ize" do really have it?

In this push-button age, a switch in time may be needed to save our own scalp as well as our smug pride in our labor-saving households.



HOW GRANDPA PROPOSED

"Tell you how Grandpa proposed? Dear me!"

And Grandma nodded her silver head. (Her hair was like gold in the days of old

But the years have brought silver instead.)

"How your grandpa proposed? Dear me!

Well, it happened the eve before Christmas, you see,

(How Grandma's dark eyes shone.) And this tiny gold heart and this tiny gold key

Your grandpa brought them and gave them to me.

'I have brought you my heart. Will you keep it?' said he.

'It will open to you, dear, alone.'

(What a flush on the dear old face.) And when in the heart I fitted the key, I found that the space — just a large enough space —

Held the tiniest picture of me!

'You will live in my heart forever,' said he.

And that's how your grandpa proposed, dear, to me.

And you think it is sweet as it ever could be?

Well, I thought so myself," said she.

—Author Unknown



YOU ARE WHAT YOU SAY AND DO

The Saturday bus to town was jammed with people. And every stop along the route picked up additional passengers. Surely, the bursting point was close.

But the tired, overloaded bus was stronger than most of the passengers. "Get off my foot, you clumsy oaf," hissed one lady. "Can't you stand someplace else?"

"Would if I could," shot back the reply from a salesman whose car fainted near town after a rough month on the road. "Your big feet are just not my type."

The lady squirmed away from him only to be met by a young man who lost his balance when the bus jerked to a stop. His elbow hit her. "Look, Sonny," her karate-like tongue snapped. "Keep your dirty little elbows to yourself."

The young man, too embarrassed to excuse himself, simply mumbled disagreeably at her command.

"Drop dead," she replied.

At the next stop, she got off the bus and still more people crammed in.

Again the salesman accidentally stepped on a lady's foot. This lady, however, "ouched" once and smiled, "Guess the sardines are too big for the can."

"Yeah," grinned the salesman. "And I'm sure sorry about my big feet."

"No bigger than mine," returned the lady.

And everyone around them laughed.

A few stops farther, the young man lost his balance once more and his elbow found its mark.

The lady "oofed" this time and still smiling blurted out, "Anyone need a punching bag cheap?"

"Please, excuse me," apologized the young man, still embarrassed. "Just plain clumsy of me."

"No, it's not your fault. I guess too many of us decided to go to town on the same bus. We'll all get there in one piece."

Now, everybody smiled.

And one miserable bus trip to town was changed by just a few polite words and an attitude worthy of human beings.

A civilized person is one who can disagree with you without becoming disagreeable.

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

REFRESHING ORANGE SALAD

- 2 pkgs. orange gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 pint orange sherbet
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 3 bananas, chopped
- 1/2 pint cream, whipped

Dissolve the orange gelatin in the hot water. Add the flavoring and sherbet and stir until sherbet is melted. When this mixture has begun to thicken (which it will do very quickly), add the fruits. Fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a 13- by 9-inch pan and refrigerate overnight.

—Dorothy

COUNTRY RIBS AND KRAUT

- 2 cans sauerkraut
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 4 lbs. country-style spareribs
- Salt and pepper

Sprinkle the brown sugar over the sauerkraut in a large baking pan. Cut the ribs into serving pieces and place on top of the kraut, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake at 325 degrees for 2 1/2 to 3 hours, turning the ribs occasionally to brown on both sides.

—Margery

ESCALLOPED ASPARAGUS

- 2 cups asparagus (canned or fresh cooked)
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup asparagus liquid
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup bread cubes

Drain the asparagus and place in a buttered casserole. Melt 3 Tbls. butter, add flour and mix well. Add asparagus liquid, milk and salt and pepper. Cook until thick. Pour over asparagus and top with bread cubes brushed with the remaining butter which has been melted. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Sprinkle a little grated cheese over the top and place under the broiler for a few minutes, if desired for a nice finishing touch.

—Margery

ELEGANT MEAT BALLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. instant minced onion
- 1 tsp. dried parsley flakes
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, cubed

Combine beef, crumbs, milk, egg, onion, parsley, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and thyme; mix thoroughly and shape into 20 meat balls.

Place oil in skillet and heat; add meat balls and brown on all sides; cover, reduce heat and cook 15 minutes.

Remove meat balls, reduce heat to simmer and spoon off drippings. Combine soup, water and cream cheese in skillet, stirring until cheese melts.

Return meat balls to sauce and heat to serving temperature. Serve over hot cooked rice or noodles.

I usually double the recipe and freeze half for later.

—Abigail

BERNIE'S BAKED CORN AND OYSTERS

- 1 cup cream-style corn
- 1 can oysters
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup buttered cracker crumbs

Mix all the ingredients together except the crumbs, and place in a buttered casserole. Sprinkle the crumbs over the top and bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

- 1 1/2 envelopes of unflavored gelatin
- 2 1/2 cups grape juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup lemon juice

Sprinkle the unflavored gelatin over 1/2 cup of the grape juice to soften. Stand the container of gelatin in a saucepan of hot water and heat it, stirring constantly, until the mixture is completely dissolved. Combine the gelatin with 2 cups of grape juice, 1/3 cup of sugar and 1/4 cup of lemon juice. Heat the mixture gently until the sugar is dissolved. Pour the gelatin in a mold and chill until it is set. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

My children like this in individual molds. It is one of their favorite desserts and one that I serve frequently.

—Mary Beth

GREAT COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Cream the butter, peanut butter and sugars well, then add the eggs and flavorings. Sift flour with baking soda and add. Lastly, add the chocolate chips. Drop from spoon onto ungreased cookie sheets, flatten slightly with back of spoon, and bake for 12 to 15 minutes at 325 degrees. Makes about 5 dozen cookies — delicious ones!

—Margery

CREAMY BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2/3 cup white corn syrup
- 4 tsp. butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup evaporated milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine sugar, syrup and butter or margarine. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until soft ball stage is reached. Cool until underside of pan feels just warm. Stir in milk and flavorings slowly. When thoroughly mixed, store in covered jar in refrigerator.

This is a marvelous ice cream sauce. It does not thicken or get too firm when spooned over cold ice cream. The consistency stays the same regardless of the temperature.

—Evelyn

CHEESE-ESCALLOPED CORN

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 1/4 cups crushed saltine crackers
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 can (1 lb.) cream-style corn
- 1 4-oz. jar pimientos, diced
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Cook the bacon until crisp. Remove from the skillet. Mix 2 Tbls. bacon drippings with 1/4 cup of the cracker crumbs and set aside for the topping. Cook onion in remaining drippings until tender. Add remaining cup of cracker crumbs. Mix and brown slightly. Combine onion-crumbs mixture with beaten eggs. Add other ingredients. Mix well and pour into a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with the reserved crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Serves about 6.

—Margery

STRAWBERRY SQUARES

- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup corn-flake crumbs
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 pint strawberry ice cream, softened
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen sliced strawberries, thawed

Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan and stir in the crumbs, sugar and vanilla and almond flavorings. Press half of the mixture into an 8-inch square pan. Heat the water to boiling and stir in the gelatin until dissolved. Add the softened ice cream and strawberries (with juice) until blended. The mixture will thicken quickly. Pour into the crumb-lined pan and sprinkle the remaining crumbs over the top. Chill for several hours before cutting into squares to serve.

—Margery

TURKEY SUPREME

- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 cups medium-thin white sauce
- 2 1/2 cups diced cooked turkey
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 can peas, drained
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Combine all the ingredients and put in a two-quart buttered casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 to 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

SERVICEMAN'S CAKE

- 1 1/4 cups margarine
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 6 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 lb. crushed vanilla wafers
- 2 cups flaked coconut
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Cream the margarine and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in the flavorings. Add the vanilla wafer crumbs, coconut, pecans and blend well. Bake 1 1/2 to 2 hours in a 300-degree oven in a tube cake pan. Refrigerate overnight before slicing.

If this is to be mailed, wrap in foil while still hot and put in the freezer immediately. When frozen, pack in freshly popped corn, leaving the foil on the cake, and wrap securely. The boys will enjoy the popcorn too.

—Dorothy

REFRIGERATOR CHEESE CAKE

- #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3 cups crushed graham cracker crumbs
- 1 1/2 sticks of butter or margarine, melted
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 large can evaporated milk, chilled
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Thoroughly chill the large mixing bowl, beaters and the can of milk. Drain pineapple. Dissolve the gelatin in 1 cup of boiling water and set aside. Crush the crackers, mix them with the melted butter or margarine, and press into two 8-inch square pans. Thoroughly blend the cheese, sugar and pineapple. Whip the chilled milk and add the flavorings to it. Add the gelatin to the cheese mixture. Gently combine the whipped milk to the mixture. Pour into the pans over the crumb layers and chill well.

—Margery

FULL FLAVOR TUNA DISH

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. dried minced onion flakes
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can tuna
- 2 cups raw macaroni (small size)

Soften the cream cheese, then blend in the mustard, onion, milk, soup and tuna. Cook the macaroni in salted water until tender, then combine with the ingredients. Place in a two-quart buttered casserole, cover with buttered bread crumbs, and bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

ENGLISH TOFFEE PUDDING

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 rounding tsp. cocoa
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 eggs whites, stiffly beaten
- 1/2 lb. vanilla wafers, crushed

Cream together the powdered sugar, cocoa and butter or margarine. Add flavorings and beaten egg yolks. Stir in the nuts and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Line an 8-inch square pan with half of the wafer crumbs. Cover with the filling and then sprinkle remaining crumbs over the top. Pat down lightly. Top with whipped cream. Chill for several hours before serving. This can be frozen.

UNUSUAL TUNA CASSEROLE

- 1 can (8 oz.) cut green beans
 - Water
 - 1 can (10 3/4 oz.) condensed Cheddar cheese soup
 - 2 cans (7 oz. each) tuna
 - 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 - 1/4 tsp. dried leaf thyme
 - 1 1/3 cups packaged precooked rice
 - 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 - 1 small can whole pimientos
- Drain beans; add enough water to bean liquid to make 1 1/4 cups. Combine with undiluted soup in saucepan. Stir in beans, tuna, onion and thyme. Bring to boil, stirring occasionally. Add rice to mixture. Turn into large casserole and sprinkle with shredded cheese. Decorate top with slices of pimiento. Cover. Bake in 400-degree oven for 20 minutes.

This rather unusual-sounding list of ingredients really makes a very tasty and tempting main dish. It will easily serve 8 or 10 people. Ideal for a covered dish luncheon.

—Lucile

DUMPLINGS

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup milk (about)
- 1 egg, well beaten

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Work in the butter. Stir in enough milk to make a soft dough. Add the egg. Drop from teaspoon into boiling broth. Cover tightly and simmer for about 10 minutes.

If the broth isn't very rich, add a little butter to it. It adds to the flavor of the dumplings.

—Margery

KING MIDAS PEAR SALAD

- 1 pkg. (3-oz.) peach gelatin
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 can (12-oz.) apricot nectar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Dash of salt

2 pears (fresh or the equivalent of canned pears)

1 can (11-oz.) mandarin oranges, drained

1/2 cup halved green grapes

Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water. Stir in the apricot nectar, lemon juice, flavorings and salt. Chill until the mixture begins to congeal. If fresh pears are used, peel and core them and cut them into cubes. If canned pears are used, dice them into cubes, and drain thoroughly. Drain the orange sections and then fold all the fruits into the thickened gelatin and pour into a mold. Chill until firm.

—Margery

DUTCH SLAW

3 cups cabbage, shredded
 1 egg
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
 1 tsp. salt
 A dash of pepper
 1/4 cup mild cider vinegar

Shred cabbage fine. Put in saucepan and sprinkle with salt. Cover pan and place over low heat. Steam until ten-

der. (Add 2 Tbls. water if too dry.) Beat egg, add sweetener, pepper and vinegar. Pour slowly over steamed cabbage. Heat thoroughly. Stir and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot.

This is an old-fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch recipe. It may be served as a hot vegetable or as a salad. You may vary it as to sweetness or tartness according to the tastes of your family.
 —Evelyn

CLASSIC HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Have 1 cup butter at room temperature. In top of double boiler combine 3 egg yolks with 1 Tbls. water. Cook the mixture over hot, but not boiling, water, stirring it briskly with a wire whisk until it is light and fluffy.

Add about one-third of the butter and whip the mixture constantly until it thickens. Add the remaining butter in at least 2 parts, stirring briskly. Let the mixture thicken after each addition. Season the sauce with salt and a little Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring to taste. Makes approximately 1 cup.

—Mary Beth

ORANGE SLICE BARS

2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
 2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 cup fresh orange slice candy, cut fine
 4 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Put the sugar, flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeats and candy into a bowl and mix. Beat the eggs until thick, add the flavorings and mix well. Pour over the other ingredients and blend well. Line a 10- x 15-inch pan with waxed paper, then grease and flour it. Spread the dough in even layer and bake 30 minutes in a 325-degree oven. When cool, cut into squares and roll in powdered sugar. Store in a tight container.

—Dorothy

HE-MAN SOUP

1/4 lb. salt pork or bacon
 1 lb. ground beef
 1/2 cup celery, diced
 1 can tomato paste
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 2 carrots, chopped
 1 medium-sized onion, diced
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup uncooked rice
 1 1/2 quarts water
 2 cups potatoes, cubed

Cook salt pork or bacon until brown. Remove from pan. Brown ground beef in hot drippings. Drain off excess fat. Add remaining ingredients, including cooked salt pork or bacon. Simmer about 20 minutes, or until rice and potatoes are done. Cooked potatoes may be used. Dice and add during last 10 minutes of cooking.

This makes a very hearty, delicious he-man soup. It can be made early and reheated. Freezes well.
 —Evelyn

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MARY BETH TELLS MORE ABOUT MOTHER'S & DOROTHY'S VISIT

Dear Friends:

The house is so quiet this morning that I can hear the even, steady ticking of our beautiful Seth Thomas clock in the family room. Don particularly treasures this clock, which was his father's boyhood family clock and then his take-apart toy when it ceased to operate. It's quite old and after being put back into workable order to come into our family we all love and cherish it. One of the neighbor girls who was visiting Katharine not long ago commented that a house really seemed like a home with a steadily ticking clock making its presence known. Her parents have an antique school clock, some hundred years old, and its tick is nearly as loud as ours.

While Don's Mother and Dorothy were visiting us we made the family room into a bedroom by bringing Paul's bed downstairs, and during the night we stopped the clock. Mother Driftmier is accustomed to the deep-toned ticking of their grandfather clock, but it isn't in the same room where she sleeps. So we simply stopped the little pendulum and then started it swinging again in the morning.

Our visit with Mother Driftmier and Dorothy was such a treat for us and particularly for the children, who see all too little of their Granny and Aunt Dorothy. When I have company in the house my interests turn to visiting and eating and the preparation of the meals involved. Dorothy is the most marvelous helper that any hostess could ever pray would come to grace her hearth. While I would be puttering with some yummy thing in the kitchen, she would be quietly helping out with the removal of yesterday's dirt and dust that had slipped in unnoticed. So when I was through in the kitchen my house once again looked as it did when the company first arrived, which, considering that there are three children, a dog, and two gerbils involved, was no small feat! How many hostesses are able to sit down with family and visit, or run about as though they hadn't a responsibility in the world and do things for sheer pleasure?

We had many interesting side trips which I'll let Dorothy and Mother Driftmier tell you about. Because the children were on vacation we had a fine opportunity to include them in our activities.

Our Shenandoah family was here for Paul's and my birthdays. One of my packages, from a bookstore in Chicago, was a collection of the "Poems of Dr. Zhivago" by Boris Pasternak. Since no card was enclosed we had a bit of a



It was a happy occasion for Paul, Katharine and Adrienne when Granny Driftmier came to visit.

mystery for a while. It was soon solved when our sweet new neighbor teacher from the children's school, Miss Patricia Jones, came to the house. She came to Brookfield from Redwood City, California, and because she has no automobile (which in suburbia makes buying groceries and many other activities a bit difficult) we have included her in our family plans as often as possible. She rides to church with us, and when we go past the grocery on the way to the allergist or the dentist we take her along and pick her up on the way back. It was she who had sent the book to us. We invited her to come in and have ox tail soup with us, and she enjoyed our family a little extra because she is a long, long way from her family and it's been a long, long time since she has seen them.

We have had some pleasant hours with this dear girl, and I've developed a deep affection for her. She's almost young enough to be an older sister to Katharine and yet she's such a mature person that she has become a very good friend to me. What prompted the gift of the book of poems was the occasion when one of Katharine's friends

and Miss Jones and I went to see the movie "Dr. Zhivago". From the point of view of beauty of scenery and depth of historical significance in the Russian Revolution, this moving picture was, in my opinion, on a plane equal to "Gone with the Wind". I saw the movie a year ago with Don and thought at the time that Katharine would enjoy it although she was as yet a little young for the shocking scenes of the Revolution. However, she has had considerable European History this year, so I felt she would understand the story. This is not a recommendation to rush your early teenagers off to see the film. It is a movie at which a parent's attendance with the child is very much in order, but I think a child well versed in Christian concepts of right and wrong can take it in stride.

Right at present we are trying to decide whether to leave the house in Miss Jones' care, with all the attendant responsibilities that go with it, or to lock it up for the four weeks we are on our vacation. She will be teaching summer school at the Academy for the entire time we are gone, and since it is just up the hill from here it could be very convenient for her if she wants the extra responsibility. Our hound Eloise would be the biggest responsibility she would have to contend with. The gerbils require little care, but they frequently throw their food dishes over and in four weeks time they might starve.

I've been planning what to pack for our vacation to the west coast. Katharine has grown too much to fit into any of last year's summer clothes, and since I lack Abigail's talent for sewing for my girls I've been trying to buy Dacron wash-and-wear items. Don has taken care of Paul's needs as well as his own, and this has kept us deliciously busy. I still can't believe we're going and until we're on that train I doubt if I really will.

Do you know when we tell people about our trip they are all surprised that we're taking the train because it isn't any more expensive to travel by family plan by air? But we *want* to take the train. Everyone wants to get places so rapidly these days that two and a half days on a train sounds like forever. A week in a car with three lively youngsters sounds like an eternity to me, so I guess it all depends on one's point of view!

I must run now and gather up the day's scattering of dog hairs. Dogs were surely meant to be outside pets. Or perhaps I'm more of a people-lover than a dog-lover.

Until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

IN THE GARDEN

When the blush of evening
Had crimsoned the sky,
We walked in the garden,
My Father and I.

I saw there the beauty
That He can disclose,
In the face of a lily,
And the heart of a rose.

Inspired with delight,
My trials soared away
As I walked in the garden
At the close of the day.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs



A bridal shower is one time when a hostess feels justified in going all out on decorations, refreshments, and entertainment, and so she will allow plenty of time for the "fussing and the frill-making" and, if she can, she will enlist the help of two or three friends.

Invitations can be cut in the shape of a crescent moon. Cut the moons from construction paper and outline the edges of the front cover with glue and sprinkle with silver glitter. For example, if blue and white are the bridal colors, make the front and back covers of pale blue paper and the inside pages of white. Write words "Moon Magic" across the front with a white marking pencil. Tie booklet together with narrow white ribbon.

Another cover idea is to cut rectangular pieces of white lace the size of the book. Use construction paper in one of the bride's colors for the cover and glue the lace to the paper. Tie booklet with a dainty ribbon bow, with one or two tiny artificial flowers or a spray of lily of the valley tied into the bow.

DECORATIONS

Lovely decorations can be made by using more white lace, dipping it in full-strength liquid starch, and drying it over bell molds or paper cones, shaping it to the mold while it is still wet.

For a bride centerpiece, make a cone of heavy paper and dry a piece of the lace over this paper mold. When dry this becomes the skirt for the bride. Small cones or cornucopias, cut and folded from more of the lace which has been starched and dried, are pinned to the top of the lace cone for the sleeves of the gown. A small foam ball is pinned to the cone for the head. Pin or glue on felt and sequin features. A tiny circle of net and a cluster of miniature flowers are pinned to the head for the bridal veil. Tie a bow of narrow ribbon at the neck to conceal the top edge of the lace cone, letting long streamers fall to the hemline. Tiny sprays of lily of the

valley may be pinned in a cluster to the front of the dress beside the sleeve for the bride's bouquet. The starched lace will be very stiff when dry, so the bride will stand nicely.

A *lace angel* — pretty suspended from the light fixture or a canopy over the tea table — is made in much the same fashion as the bride, except that she has lace wings added. The wings are also cut from the stiffened lace.

Lace bells are lovely used in a variety of ways for the shower. Plastic bell molds are ideal to mold the starched lace on, but if not available, use small paper cones for molds, or look around the house for some other bell-shaped object, such as a Christmas tree ornament. A tiny flower blossom is used for the bell clapper. The bells can be attached to a ribbon bow and streamer. They can be hung in clusters, placed around a centerpiece or a punch bowl, or single bells can be used as nut cups by laying a single large floral mint or mint patty in the bell as the clapper. Tiny lace bells can be molded over a thimble and these are darling to tie on a nut cup handle or to glue to a name card for a bridal luncheon.

Little lace bells, in graduated sizes, dainty artificial flowers, and net pom-poms can be pinned to white foam balls to form a topiary centerpiece. Ribbon streamers might run from this centerpiece out to larger lace bells which form a circle around it.

A canopy effect is always attractive over a bride's tea table. Here again the bells might be suspended by ribbons of graduated lengths with a big moon, well sprinkled with silver glitter, from the center of the canopy. Often an extension curtain rod can be fastened across a corner of a room to make this canopy.

(Note: Whether it is the bells or the cones for bride's skirt, when making the stiffened lace articles, cut a piece of the material the approximate size. Dip it in the starch and then press firmly around the mold, trimming off the excess lace. I usually trim the bot-

toms of the bells and skirts again after they are dry. This sounds complicated, but really goes quickly once you get started. Just allow time to dry overnight.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Quiz on Brides:

1. What bride married John Rolfe? Pocahontas
2. What woman caused a king to abdicate? Wallis Warfield Simpson
3. What bride gleaned the fields of her future husband? Ruth
4. Who married John Alden? Priscilla
5. Who spent most of her life looking for her future mate? Evangeline
6. Who married Hiawatha? Minnehaha
7. What was the name of Lochinvar's wife? Ellen
8. What bride went to Camelot? Guinevere
9. What bride made the name "Tony" famous? Princess Margaret
10. What bride won her groom with a slipper? Cinderella

Guess What? Have the bride sit in a chair so that she can be seen by all the other guests. The hostess stands behind her and holds over her head various kitchen articles and gadgets. The bride must not see the articles, but may ask questions of the other guests — questions to be answered only by "yes" or "no" — until she can identify it correctly. Another way to play the game is to go around the circle as guests take turns describing an article which the hostess holds over the bride's head, until the bride can guess it. Of course, the trickier the descriptions, the more fun! You'll be surprised how hard it is to identify ordinary articles from the descriptions.

The Bride Travels: Often we hear of guests making an outfit for the bride from materials provided by the hostess. This time how about making the bride a going-away costume — hat, suit or dress, purse and corsage — using scraps of material, net, artificial flowers, ribbons, paper plates, plastic flowerpot, etc., which the hostess has ready? One group can make the hat, another the dress, etc. Be sure to have a camera ready to take a picture of the bride in the finished outfit for her scrapbook.



A NEW DRESS FOR CLUB

A pincushion and needles,
Some findings and thread,
Some cloth and a scissors,
A clear-thinking head,
A pattern that fits
And I can begin
To create a new garment
For next week's "sit-in".

—R. L. Hansen



COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

It was Emily Dickinson who wrote, "There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away, . . ." During vacation days ahead, when our boys and girls are signed up for various activities and projects, let's leave some time for private leisure with a good book.

Preschool division —

Be Good, Harry (Harper & Row, \$2.19) story and pictures by Mary Chalmers, is a small book written with simplicity. When Harry's mother went to visit a sick friend, young Harry had to stay with someone else for the first time. He was unhappy, but soon learned to enjoy himself with the help of Mrs. Brewster. The fact Harry is a kitten will add to the enjoyment of reading *Be Good, Harry*.

Brookie and Her Lamb (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$1.95) by M. B. Goffstein is another tiny book — youngsters love them small in size — about Brookie and her pet lamb; how she gave the lamb singing lessons but all that came out was "BaaBaa." A tender story with expressive illustrations.

Peter's Chair (Harper & Row, \$3.95) written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats, tells of a little Negro boy who decided to leave home when his parents painted his cradle and crib for the new baby. But soon Peter found he was growing up in many ways. Mr. Keats won the Caldecott medal for his book *The Snowy Day* in 1963.

Grades 1-3 —

Drummer Hoff (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95) by Ed and Barbara Emberley is a rhythmic tale about the building of a cannon and Drummer Hoff, who fired it off. This book won the Caldecott award as the most distinguished American picture book of 1967.

Frederick (Pantheon, \$3.50) was written by Leo Lienni. Having lived on a farm as a child, field mice don't appeal to me, but we laughed over the adventures of the field mice who gathered food for winter; all except Frederick. He gathered sunrays for dark winter days; colors, featuring red poppies and green leaves; and words, so they wouldn't run out of things to say. Children will chuckle at cheerful *Frederick*.

Zeralda's Ogre (Harper & Row, \$3.95) by Tomi Ungerer tells of an ogre who liked to eat children for



Dorothy and Mother enjoy a chat in the Johnsons' living room.

breakfast. But all ended well when Zeralda went to the castle to cook "veal cutlets on a bed of truffled aspic" for the ogre. Zeralda grew up, married the well-fed ogre, who shaved off his beard, and "they lived happily ever after." Absurd, but funny.

Grades 4-6 —

The Newbery Medal for the "most distinguished contribution to American children's literature for the year" goes to Elaine Konigsburg for her book *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* (Atheneum, \$3.95). Claudia decided to run away to give her parents a lesson in "Claudia appreciation." She decided to live at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Because he was a miser and had money, brother Jamie was invited. Art lovers will appreciate reading of the Museum, as well as the mystery of the new statue. But best of all is the conversation between Claudia and Jamie, which sounds exactly as real children.

Mrs. Konigsburg has written two books, both concerned with the problems and pleasures of suburban children. *Jennifer, Hecate, MacBeth, Wil-*

liam McKinley, and me, Elizabeth (Atheneum, \$3.50) was one of the runners-up for the Newbery award. Elizabeth was a lonely child until she met Jennifer, a witch. Together they cast spells, ate raw eggs — and became friends. Elizabeth, a newcomer, and Jennifer, a Negro, developed a satisfying friendship without the need for witchery.

Grades 6-8 —

Adam Bookout (The Viking Press, \$3.95) by Louisa R. Shotwell tells of this lad from Oklahoma who decides, after sadness in his family, to go to Brooklyn to live with relatives. The story concerns the friends — from different races and religions — that he makes at school, and their daily experiences. Well-written and entertaining.

The Black Pearl (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.25) by Scott O'Dell is another book of courage as that of *Island of the Blue Dolphins*. Sixteen-year-old Ramon became a pearl diver in the waters of Baja, California, where he found the Pearl of Heaven. The discovery brought only heartaches to him and his family. Beautifully written, the underlying meaning of *The Black Pearl* will be long remembered by readers of all ages.

My gratitude goes to Miss Ella L. Lauritsen, Librarian of the Children's Department, Sioux City Public Library, for selection of these outstanding books for 1967. Books of courage and faith, of fun and fancy, of racial and religious relations, all help your child grow to be a well-rounded individual.

(If your bookstore owner does not have a book in stock, ask him to order it for you from the publishing company. Give the title, author and publisher, which is usually listed in parentheses after the title of the book.)

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KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



THROUGH MY KITCHEN WINDOW

by
Marie Mitchell

Through my kitchen window, the shape of spring is crystalizing. The matted winter lawn is turning green. The crocuses are up. The season of bud and bloom, of tender leaf and shoot, gives winter worn spirits a surge, a renewal of hope, a strengthening of faith.

When spring comes tapping at the window, winter's cares can be folded up and packed away.

Spring marks the beginning of so many things — a new garden season, a new bonnet season, and a new house-keeping season.

It envelops all within its radiant reach with new beauty and sharpened awareness.

My kitchen window is the portal through which summer's sun enters. The sun is hot in a sapphire sky. White sheets flap on the line, loudly applauding a bright windy day.

Flowers are at their fragrant best. Ripening peaches scent summer's air. Blackberry patches are beautifully burdened with big juicy berries, pleading to be picked for a mouth-watering pie. Fruits and vegetables are plentiful and at their peak of flavor.

A hammock has been strung in a shady nook, a reminder that vacation time is fast approaching. Visions of pebbles, driftwood and sand pop into mind, as well as those of beaches, boats and travel trailers.

Everything is possible in summer. It's so easy to exercise. Swimming, golfing, hiking, etc., aren't exercise — they're summer fun.

Summer is just right for bicycles and picnics and soaking up sunshine. Its golden stretch of time is to savor and enjoy to the fullest.

When summer slips away, I catch glimpses of autumn's glory through my kitchen window. The bluish mist on the hills, the pleasant nip in the air, the bronzes, russets, scarlets and golds of the foliage provide ample evidence of

autumn's arrival.

During the glorious interlude known as autumn, pause occurs for reverie and meditation to give thanks for family and friends, for bountiful harvests and for the myriad blessings that touch our lives daily.

The sod has yielded its precious reward of fruit and grain. The storage bins have been filled. Logs for the fireplace have been cut. The quiet time, the fallow time, designed for contemplation and appreciation is at hand.

When winter's book unfolds through my kitchen window, I observe a sullen sky studded with dark clouds.

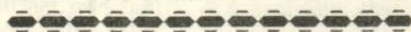
Many birds have raced south; many animals have discovered cozy hibernation hideouts.

In certain areas, the cold hand of winter has cloaked the earth in white. Winter sunshine, though wan, is appreciated, not taken for granted.

The holiday of Christmas falls during this season. Carols, creche and choir; mistletoe, holly and bells; stars, gifts and ancient tidings of peace and goodwill play their part in the celebration.

This is the season for putting up new calendars, for armchair gardening, for curling up before a crackling hearth with a bowl of freshly popped corn and a book.

The attraction of my favorite vantage point, my kitchen window, goes beyond outward beauty of scene. For a kitchen is very involved with the inward aspects of a woman's day, as a haven for visits with friends, as a center of culinary creativity, and as a memory bulder of years of vibrant family living.



THINGS TO MAKE

USEFUL PROJECTS WITH WOODEN PADDLES

A Sewing Equipment Caddy

To make a lovely sewing accessory, cover a 15-cent wooden paddle with adhesive-coated plastic, such as Contact, or give it two coats of paint. When dry, glue a pretty decal in the center. Punch a hole near the top with a large nail. Drive seven smaller nails along edge to hold spools of thread; glue two corks at top to hold thimbles; tack on a small pincushion.

A Potholder Caddy

To make a handy kitchen accessory, cover a 15-cent wooden paddle with adhesive-coated plastic or give it two coats of paint. When dry, glue a nice decal in the center. Punch a hole near the top with a large nail. Attach three cup hooks near bottom of caddy to be used for hanging potholders, or keys.

—Marie Mitchell

FOR FANCY FENCES

A blank wall can be dressed up with climbing vines or espaliered shrubs. Vines require an open frame trellis with light members. One-inch redwood strips are recommended, because redwood resists termites and rotting and it shrinks and swells less than other woods. The strips can be placed in an interesting pattern to add interest to the wall even before the vine has its growth.

Nail holes should be prebored. Trellises against walls may be hinged at bottom and hooked to wall at top to permit painting the wall.

An espalier for trees and shrubs must be more sturdy than the simple trellis for vines, especially if fruit-bearing trees are planted. Size of members will depend on the shrub.

An arbor can carry the vine overhead as a colorful sunshade. It can be of the same design as the vertical plant support, and both should blend with the architecture of the home.

Away from the house wall, a vine-covered trellis can be used to set garden areas apart, or a pleasant bower can be a combination of trellis and arbor.

BOARD THE BEAD WAGON

Many women find various and sundry ways of improving their lot, or their possessions. Now I'm not a Type-writer Tillie or a Career Carrie, just a broken-down retired nurse. But my time is happily taken up with the needles—and not that "horrible hypo" I left behind me.

I've put in many happy years with the knit ones, the crochet ones, and the machine ones. But now I've discovered a most unusual one, the BEAD BUG. It has made my humdrum wardrobe into a thing of glamour and glitter — and for pennies in cost.

For about a dollar I have gotten dime-store beads — big ones, tiny ones, pear-shaped or square ones, with a smattering of rhinestone glitter ones — and have transformed almost everything I own.

I wanted to perk up a pajama top, so I outlined the collar and bodice in beads. Experience has taught to knot each one well in case one comes off in the wash! A sweater received a merry medallion. The collar of a suit bloomed with flowerettes. A nightgown was "gussied up" the same way. Just let your artistic abilities "flower". You may look like Mrs. Got Rocks, when all you really need are rocks.

So if you long to be *different*, or to have that *Expensive Look*, board the bead wagon.

—Elenore Nourse



Dorothy and her cousin Jessie.

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded
in the United States for research and development of paper products. Post graduate students in chemistry with an interest in this industry come here to further their education. There are ten paper mills in Appleton alone.

Frank and I managed to get Mother to stay with us a few days after our return before I drove her back to Shenandoah. She had never celebrated a birthday at our house, so we decided to have a little dinner for her this trip, including a cake and presents. My friend June Seufferer baked and decorated the cake in the shape of a typewriter (signifying the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*) which was an exact replica, even to having all the keys in the right places, with the message "Happy Birthday, Mother" on white frosting which looked like paper rolled into the machine. Frank had picked out a lovely piece of blue bonded linen material, enough for a suit, along with a pattern and a note stating that Dorothy would make it for her. I did, and it looks lovely on her with a white blouse she bought in Milwaukee before she even knew about the suit.

The clock says it is time to start dinner. This afternoon I'm going to clean the front porch so we can enjoy sitting out there.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

ABOUT COFFEE

Coffee was originally used for medicinal purposes. Then an English doctor, William Harvey, had the idea that it would make a pleasing beverage. At his death in 1657 Dr. Harvey requested that his colleagues meet once a month and drink some of the brew in his memory. With the request he left a fund of fifty pounds from which the coffee was to be purchased.

—Marjorie Spiller Neagle



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

One of the most delightful, interesting and useful gardening books to find its way to my desk in recent months is *McCall's Garden Book*. Written by the knowledgeable Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, especially for *McCall's*, the book is a veritable gold mine of gardening information. Its clear, graphic, and down-to-earth advice covers every aspect of gardening in easy terms for the beginner, yet is challenging enough for the more experienced gardener. If you have never gardened before, *McCall's Garden Book* is a *must*, and if you are an experienced gardener, this book can bring you up-to-date on all aspects of modern gardening. The book is available from Simon & Schuster, 630 First Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York City, New York 10020, and the price is \$6.98. It is truly a fine choice for a gift, a valuable addition to any garden club library, and a treasure for all gardeners to own. Please order direct from the above address.

A reader writes, "When we eat in a better restaurant we get a lovely sprig of crisp parsley as a garnish.



Mother and her niece, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, in front of the Harshbarger home in Iowa City. Mother and Dorothy were lucky to catch Gretchen at home as she had been making many trips in connection with the "McCall's Garden Book" which came out this spring. You can read more about the book in the article on this page.

Our small grocery does not have parsley in its vegetable counter as the owner says there is not enough demand for it. When I go to a larger

town, I usually try to get some. I'm wondering if parsley is hard to grow?"

Parsley is not difficult to grow from seed. I planted a packet last St. Patrick's Day and the little seedlings started to appear just twelve days later. I sowed the seed on damp sphagnum moss, covered it lightly with dry moss and placed the seed pan in a plastic bag. This was set on a heat cable to provide bottom heat. As soon as the seedlings appeared the plastic bag was removed and the flat set near a sunny window. The little plants were given a feeding of Hyponex when they were five days old. The seedlings were pricked out of the moss and planted in soil-filled peat pots. By the time you read this they should be providing a few leaves for garnish and seasoning.

There are several varieties of parsley available from seedsmen. MOSS CURLED parsley is a dwarf type with densely curled and finely cut dark green foliage. A fine new parsley developed by the University of Minnesota is called MINNCURL. It has a deep green color, a crisp bright curl and high flavor. HAMBURG parsley has thick, edible roots which are used in soups and stews. If you grow parsley, do lift a plant or two before hard frost and pot it up to bring indoors to provide "parsley sprigs" during the winter. If you would like a list of several reliable seed and nursery firms across the nation, send me, Eva M. Schroeder, Eagle Bend, Minnesota 56446, one dime and a stamped self-addressed envelope for a prompt reply.



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KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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I KNOW A PLACE

I know a path
that is seldom trod;
in each step is the feeling
of walking on sod.
In abandon grow vines
(no corseting thongs
to hamper their twining
or alter their will),
and it is so still
that small bird
calls are heard.
Even the complaint
of a too crowded tree
as it brushes its limbs
is as plain as can be.
Sometimes I go there
when pressures are strong
from too rapid a pace,
or if a day is too long.
I know when I leave
it will be with new zeal
for this presence of God
in this place is so real.

—Ethel Tenhoff

LET THE GIVER BEWARE

by

Muriel Preble Childs

Sometimes I think that my years of studying Latin didn't do much for me. Right now, though, I remember a sign that was supposed to appear outside Roman shops: Let the buyer beware!

This seems almost impossible to me. It is certainly not our Twentieth Century philosophy. Too much of modern business seems to be based on the idea expressed in the 20's: there's a sucker born every minute.

Since reputable businesses are honest today, the suckers have changed. They are now the businessmen and the housewives.

I well recall my mother's feeding every man who came to our back door. She couldn't turn one away. She fed so many beggars that I'm sure that the old idea that one hobo left a sign for another was probably true.

I'm not talking about that sort of beggar. I'm talking about the professionals.

We have been pestered at our record shop for years by these professional-type beggars. Lately, we have not seen them. It makes me wonder if there is some "negative" sign outside our store. Let me tell you about this, in case you're still bothered. (I'm sure they have not ceased operation.)

For years, we were visited by a respectable-looking middle-aged woman, dressed in a vague sort of uniform. When I asked her what she was collecting for, her answers were also vague. It was for homes for the aged and the orphans, but I could never pin her down to *where* these homes were. Nor could I learn *what* organization she represented.

A more recent experience prompted me to call our Chamber of Commerce to report a solicitor. This man, in clerical black, entered the shop carrying a well-filled brief case and an impressively-stuffed clip board. He wore a "turned-around" collar. In our town we have a Roman Catholic priest, several Lutheran pastors, and an Episcopalian rector. This man didn't look just right; a bit too theatrical, perhaps.

Not wanting to pre-judge, I asked him what I could do for him. (I recognized him as a collector — not a customer.) He was collecting for an "inter-denominational school". When I asked where this school was, he gave me the name of a city common to several states.

I asked what churches he represented. He said, "O, the Methodists, the Episcopalians, the ---"

At that point, I'm afraid, I interrupted him. Being a member of the Episcopal church, and knowing of no inter-denominational schools that we help to support, I asked him if he had contacted our local priest. He said "No." That didn't make sense to me. Then I asked exactly where these schools were located. He muttered something, and left. That's when I called our Chamber of Commerce. What happened to him, I don't know.

This was his thinking, as I see it. The Episcopal fellowship is small here. The Methodist membership is large. So, if he approached a Methodist, that man might well believe that his church had interests in inter-denominational schools. Perhaps they do. The least likely to meet was an Episcopalian, but he met one in me.

Such beggars prefer to approach

store-owners when customers are about. They feel that no decent person will dare turn down such a humanitarian plea in front of others.

We have the perfect answer, because it is true. I say, simply, that we are paying every penny that we can afford to our own church; that sometimes we give more than we can afford. This statement, when it is true, as in our case, carries conviction. As I see it, if we have to contribute to phony charities to hold customers, the customers are not worth holding.

So, givers, beware! Don't give to collectors off the street. You have your own churches, and your own private charities. Don't, *don't* give to these strangers, most of whom won't bear investigation. Give your money where you *know* that it does good, and dare to say "No".

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
and friendship, he learns to find love in the world, and once he has found love in the world, the child will have what it takes to rise above the disappointments of life.

I wish that I could be sure that our church Sunday schools were doing all we expect from them today, but I am not. It seems to me that the influence of the home does more to make a child religious or irreligious than any other factor or combination of factors. How often I have said to parents: "If it is a case of your influence versus the influence of our Sunday school, you will win every time." How often I have heard parents demand good Sunday school teachers and then set an example for their children that no amount of Sunday school teaching could overcome. We have a good Sunday school and I am proud of it, but I am not so proud as to be blinded to all the bright lights of our society.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Love makes people believe in immortality because there seems not to be room enough in life for so great a tenderness and it is inconceivable that the most masterful of our emotions should have no more than the spare moments of a few brief years.

—Robert Louis Stevenson



Longwood, one of the most interesting ante-bellum homes in Natchez, was under construction at the outbreak of the Civil War. The Pennsylvania workmen left their tools where they lay in their haste to leave the area, and there they have remained to this day.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded
saving time, we arrived home with several hours of daylight left for some planting in the garden.

Another Saturday I attended an antique show and sale here in Shenandoah. It was sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution and was a two-day affair. There were 19 or 20 dealers represented and a wide variety of antiques were on display. This was the first event of this type to

be held in Shenandoah, and it was well attended. I noticed license plates on the cars in the parking area and believe that most of the states in the Midwest were represented. Dealers came from Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois and South Dakota as well as from Iowa. If you are interested in antiques and missed this show, I'm sorry, but perhaps there will be another one next year.

I've been busy with various meetings of one organization or another. I was on the nominating committee for church officers for the coming year and we met several evenings getting our slate made out before the annual business meeting of the church. These meetings used to be poorly attended, but now that we have incorporated it with the dinner to honor our high school seniors, we have much better crowds. And we include some entertainment. This year we were entertained by a group from the high school called "The Loos Ends". (The vocal music director is Mr. Loos, and that is how they came about naming the group.) Their program is much like those given by The Young Americans whom you've probably seen on television. Dorothy was here at the time and went to the dinner with us and enjoyed it. Before we left the church we slipped upstairs to see the memorial gifts in memory of our father, as they had just been installed in the sanctuary.

While I write this Lucile is still in the hospital in Santa Fe. When I talked to her last night, she said that the doctors still hadn't given her word as to how long she will have to remain there. We are doing all we can to make her stay less lonely by telephoning frequently, and writing long letters, including some that have come in the radio mail. We just hope that she recovers soon so that she can leave the hospital and enjoy holding her little grandson, as she hasn't seen little James since soon after his birth. They just don't let you bring little babies into the hospital, you know, and I believe this has been harder on her than anything else.

It is still cloudy, but hasn't rained yet. I think, though, that I smell rain in the air, so chances are my prediction will come to pass. Now I must stop and get ready to go to my meeting. I have to give part of the program and need to look over my papers a little more.

Sincerely,

Margery

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I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.

I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe that thrift is essential to well-ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character - not wealth or power or position - is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

-John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

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SAVE YOUR CLOTHES

Are you one of those people who toss a few mothballs into an ordinary closet and consider your winter wardrobe safely hibernated for the season?

It just doesn't work that way. Careless winter storage can be a real hazard to clothing.

The most important thing to remember is never put clothing away dirty. Dirt and food stains are an insect's invitation to dinner. And larvae already deposited on garments must be removed. They eat many times their weight daily - and your clothing is their favorite meal, no matter what the fabric.

Garments should be cleaned - and all spots removed - before storing.

Remove belts from their loops and hang them from a coat hanger so the backing won't crack. Close all fastenings so garments won't hang out of shape. Then hang the clothes carefully or fold them into boxes.

Sweaters and knitted garments should be stored flat. You might stuff them with tissue paper so fold marks won't be obvious. But remember, pile can be distorted when you fold garments into boxes.

Sprinkle a reliable moth preventive into the closets and seal them shut. Storage area should be kept cool, dry, and away from sunlight to discourage the hatching of insects. Cleaned and moth-protected garments must be sealed from air and moisture to be completely safe.

Come next season, your fall and winter clothing will be ready to wear - good as new.

Waste today and part of tomorrow is lost.



24-Hour Flag

by
Marjorie Fuller

"Your flag and my flag —
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!"

Red, white, and blue, are your colors showing? Flag Day, June 14, should break with flags waving.

Traditionally a symbol of liberty, our flag silently speaks to us of principle and truths familiarly woven throughout our history. It is our heritage, this vibrance of color lifting our eyes upward toward its majestic waving.

Customarily the Flag of the United States is flown from sunrise to sunset, though there is no law against its display by any citizen at any time if done properly and respectfully, weather permitting.

Twenty-four hour public display is ordinarily authorized by a Presidential proclamation or public law, or it flies with tradition.

President Kennedy proclaimed on June 12, 1961, that the flag fly at the Marine Corps Memorial in Arlington, Virginia, at all times except in inclement weather.

In July 1948 President Truman issued a proclamation that the flag fly day and night at Ft. McHenry National Monument, in Baltimore.

The continual flying of the Stars and Stripes at Flag House Square, Baltimore, is by authority of Public Law 319, 83rd Congress in 1954.

Since 1861 Taos, New Mexico, has had round-the-clock display. At the time Confederate sympathizers smashed the town flagpole and brought down the Union flag. A captain, Smith Simpson, refused to accept the act and nailed his own flag to a cottonwood pole. The town has long since replaced the wood with a steel pole, and accepts maintenance of the flag.

The east and west fronts of the United States Capitol have flown flags day and night since World War I. Custom dictates here as it does in other locations in the United States and abroad.

Appropriately, the Star-Spangled Banner is raised at all times over the graves of Francis Scott Key and Betsy Ross.

May she wave as well in the hearts of her countrymen.

PINK AT LAST

There have been no dolls in our house;
We've had trucks, trains, tanks, and
clay.

Cowboy boots clumped and drums were
beat

As our four sons romped at play.

Now boyish trebles have deepened,
After-shave scents fill the air;
Talk on the phone is hushed whispers,
Family evenings are rare.

Our first-born's looking at diamonds;
Dad and I are all a-whirl.

There's going to be a wedding;

At last we will have a girl!

—Hilda Gieseke

REASON ENOUGH!

Be glad for mud upon the floor,
For mischiefs banging at the door.
Be glad for hungry kids and dogs;
Be glad for lots of dirty togs.
Be glad for constant wear and tear —
All this means you're needed there.

—EMM

Have patience with all things, all
persons, but especially with yourself.
Do not lose courage by considering
your own imperfections but rise up
bravely after each fall and instantly
set about remedying these imperfec-
tions. Every day begin the task anew.

—St. Francis De Sales

HOW DOES SHE DO IT?



Whether it's club meeting or just "drop-ins" for coffee, her house always sparkles. It always looks like the day after spring cleaning. And, amazingly, she doesn't look worn out from keeping it that way.

Perhaps some of that credit should go to **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. She knows this one fine cleaner does all the tough cleaning jobs — all over the house. It goes into solution immediately, even in hardest water. And, since it never leaves froth and scum to rinse and wipe away, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** actually cuts cleaning time in half.

Keep *your* house up with minimum work. From cellar to attic, front porch to garage, the work goes better when you use

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"