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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,

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My dear Friends:

This letter is being written just before leaving for Springfield, Massachusetts, where I will be visiting my son Frederick and his family for a couple of weeks. I planned to make the trip alone as there are no transfers on this flight, but we learned that the airline prefers that passengers who can't walk travel with a companion in case of any emergency, so we quickly made an additional reservation and my grandson Martin will make the trip with me. Frederick called that David and Mary Leanna would be thrilled with the visit from their cousin as living so far apart they haven't had very many opportunities to be together.

On one of the tape-recorded broadcasts from Frederick and Betty, they spoke of people being sorry for themselves and how we must count our blessings to find out how very much we have to be thankful for. When the children were little, they always closed their prayers with "and thank you, God, for everything." That really tells how many blessings we do have. Back in 1930 when I learned that I would never be able to walk again, my favorite song was "Count your many blessings, name them one by one, and it will surprise you what the Lord hath done." Now, 38 years later, "My cup runneth over."

For me it is a great blessing that I'm able to wing my way through the skies in a matter of only a few hours to visit one of my sons and his family. I'm grateful that the airlines make a special effort to assist handicapped persons, such as myself, so that they can travel comfortably like any other passenger.

I had hoped that Lucile would be home from the hospital in Santa Fe by this time, but she had another setback, and it will be several weeks yet before she can return to Iowa. She was dismissed from the hospital following the surgery to remove a blood clot from her leg and returned to her home north of Santa Fe. But on the third day she fell and broke her wrist and had to be

rushed by ambulance back to the hospital for surgery to set the bones and another long session in bed. The cast covers her entire arm from fingertips to shoulder, and since it is the arm with which she uses her cane, she is unable to walk at all until the cast can be removed.

I called last night to tell her goodbye and she said that they were going to use a hoist to get her into a wheel chair one day this week, which was the first goal in getting around. This is most important to her for it means that she can be wheeled down to the visitors' lounge and would at last get another look at her little grandson. Juliana couldn't bring the baby beyond the lounge so it has been many weeks since she has seen him.

Lucile said that time would pass more quickly for her as soon as she could be up a little. One of her friends brought a piece of equipment for her to use in writing letters in bed, and as soon as she can be elevated a little, she'll be able to write some letters. Very likely she'll write something for the next magazine. I know you've missed her letters and will enjoy hearing from her.

My nephew Philip Field and his wife Marie are spending the summer in Shenandoah after traveling around the West and in Mexico this past winter and spring. You'll remember my telling you that Philip has retired after serving over 20 years as a representative of our government in foreign lands. They bought a beautiful trailer and spent several months visiting family and friends in the West. While on that trip they learned of a trailer caravan preparing to leave for a tour of Mexico. This sounded to them like a wonderful way to see Mexico for the first time, so they signed up to join this group. Perhaps Philip will write something about this adventure for the magazine soon. We mentioned it to him when he and Marie came one evening to show his movies and slides of the trip.

We all enjoyed the pictures, but perhaps the most interested was Martin

for a very special reason. He will be leaving for Mexico soon after our return and will be attending the summer session at the University of Guadalajara. His major is Art History and he will be taking two courses in that field.

So far this has been a wonderful year for flowers. Our Beauty Bush was especially lovely. It must be at least 15 feet tall and 10 feet across, its branches making a huge pink umbrella. The single peonies in white were my choice from the garden to take to the cemetery on Memorial Day; then followed the early hemerocallis, which are making their usual fine bloom. We count on the hems for steady bloom through the summer, for we have many varieties and they come into bloom at different times.

Our new rose bushes are in bloom and Ruby keeps an arrangement on the coffee table. Just for fun she is keeping track of how many blooms we pick, and I've already been amazed at how many we've brought into the house. The new roses were presents for Mothers Day. Margery had passed the word around the family that I wanted to renew my circle rose garden. There were eleven new bushes and no duplicates!

I spend as much time outdoors as I can, but when the weather doesn't cooperate I have plenty to do in the house. After making ten hooked rugs I had quite a collection of leftover yarn in a wide range of colors, so I ordered a plain piece of backing and am creating my own design on it. I think I have planned out my colors so I'll come out even, but if not and if it doesn't look right, we can always use it for a porch rug.

For variety in handwork, I'm also working on an afghan in shades of green. It is the ripple pattern which you probably are familiar with. I expect I'll put it away to give as a Christmas present. I'm taking it along to Massachusetts to work on while I'm visiting at Frederick's home.

My grandmother bracelet will have to have more links to accommodate the great-grandchildren. Little James, on the cover, is my fourth one and I'm not sure there is a space left on the bracelet for him! When I get back to Shenandoah that is one of the first things I must attend to as I would like to add little James to the bracelet before Juliana and Jed come late in the summer. They will be flying to Shenandoah and then on to Massachusetts where Jed's parents live.

We plan to make several little short trips while I'm at Frederick's and one will be to visit Jed's parents at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. We also plan to stop in to see my dear friend Ethel

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

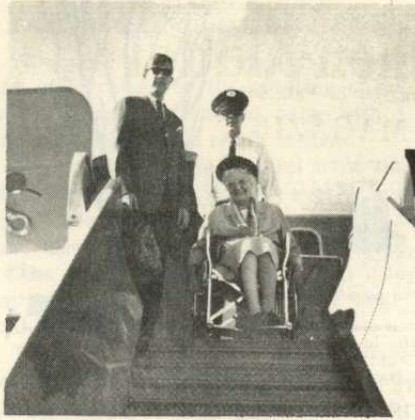
We've just experienced the Kennedy tragedy, and I've sat here at the typewriter staring off into space for a long time trying to collect myself to write to you. How do we explain what is going on in our country? How can these things happen to us? What are the answers to these tremendous problems we face in our society? It is as if this is a horrible nightmare and I'll wake up and find it isn't so. But I mustn't sit here immobilized. I must snap back to keep my mind on what is before me, and that is to bring you up to date on what we've been doing at our house since last I wrote.

This is the last bit of copy for this issue, so I can catch up on Mother's departure for Frederick's home in the East.

My first words to our son Martin when he got up that Saturday morning were, "Run down and get a haircut. You may be flying to your Uncle Frederick's with your grandmother." His reply to that statement was, "Well, when you get up in the morning in this family, you never know what you are going to hear." And this certainly is true! Back from the barbershop, he tore upstairs to be sure that he had what he needed to pack. Fortunately, I had just done a laundry on Friday evening, so there was no last minute rush to wash and iron.

Mae, Howard's wife, went with us to the airport in Omaha. We thought it would be a good chance to run out to their daughter's home after the plane took off, and get some new pictures of their two little granddaughters, Lisa and Natalie. I'm glad that we had that extra pair of hands along, for they came in handy. While Martin wheeled Granny into the airport and I parked the car in the lot, Mae loaded the suitcases on Mother's little wheel chair that she was taking with her. After their check-in, we went down to the proper gate and waited only a few minutes until an employee from the airport came to get Mother on board. Handicapped passengers are taken to the plane first. And do you know how they get on? The huge hydraulic lift that is used to get the luggage into the plane is used. Mother rolled her chair right onto it and up she went to the top of the steps where a chain was unfastened and she wheeled right over to the top landing. There she stopped briefly while I took their picture. Mae and I waited until the plane took off and then we headed for the parking lot and the car.

Mae had called Donna that we would be coming, so she had a pitcher of iced tea waiting and the children



This picture was taken just as Mother and her grandson, Martin Strom, were boarding the plane to leave for Massachusetts.

joined us for a tea party. They are the dearest little girls, and oh! so well behaved. They played quietly while we had our chat and then I took pictures of them. Like most youngsters, they love to have pictures taken and were eager to please me. I've never had such wonderful cooperation from such young children.

On the way home, I said to Mae, "Can you believe it? They have left the airport in Chicago and are halfway to Springfield by now!" Isn't it amazing how quickly one can get somewhere by jet travel? We were having our evening meal when Mother called that they had a perfectly marvelous flight, were all unpacked and were having a good visit. She'll tell you all about her stay in Springfield in next month's issue.

Martin was thrilled that he was the family member selected to make the trip because he was getting very restless waiting for the day to come when he would be leaving for summer school in Mexico. He wasn't going to have enough time at home to get any kind of job and he had just about caught up on all the chores we had lined up for him. He will have only a few days to get ready for his departure, but enough time to do what needs to be done.

We've had a marvelous addition to

DEARLY BELOVED

I thought of them as tried and true,
Each dear old sturdy friend.
It never once occurred to me
That they were near the end.

Till I wore them to The Shoe Shoppe
To look at models new.
I didn't really need new shoes,
Just something fun to do.

BUT!

An almost tear stood in Clerk's eye,
He choked as he arose,
An emotional eyebrow lifted high.
"You Wanted More LIKE THOSE??"
—Harverna Woodling

the house since last month. We have had new carpet laid downstairs, and what a joy it is. I had been wanting to get new carpet while there was still wear left in the old to carpet the hall upstairs. After studying many, many samples, we decided on light gold in Orlon. This particular color went with all the furniture and wallpaper, so one thing *didn't* call for another in our case.

The week the men came to lay it was the very week I had planned to have a bridal shower. I was a bit uncertain as to whether to let them go ahead or wait until later, but they assured me that they would finish up in plenty of time for me to get the house ready, so with bated breath I watched them start in. They were true to their word and I was all straightened up before the day of the party.

This is a strange letter for I'm working backwards in telling things! I don't know that I've ever done that before. It just happens to be the way things are coming to mind.

About the time school was out for Martin, I drove over to Crete, Nebr., to attend a meeting of the Parents Association of Doane College. The executive committee is a rather small group made up of parents of students from all parts of the country. I'm a new member of this committee and since Martin will be a senior, my appointment will be for this coming year only. It was interesting to meet the other members of the group and plan together some of the projects for the coming year. We'll meet again in the early fall.

On one of Frederick's and Betty's tapes recently, they were discussing outdoor games and mentioned two that I'd never heard of. They must be more peculiar to that part of the country than this. When Martin comes home he will have to tell us all about them. Maybe they are some that we can get started in our neighborhood. We used to play a lot of croquet in our big side yard, but I guess we are getting too lazy for outdoor games for we haven't had the croquet set out for several years. As a matter of fact, I don't recall seeing the set in the basement, so maybe we even gave it away. Oliver says that the yard is too rough for croquet now, so perhaps he'll have to wage a battle with the night crawlers before we can set up for croquet.

Speaking of Oliver, he'll be coming home any minute, so I had better get my mind on food. He'll want to work in the yard for a while so I haven't had to interrupt my typing to get anything started.

Sincerely,

Margery

Mountain Top or Valley?

An Outdoor Vesper Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Mother Nature herself can provide the setting for an outdoor vesper hour — a beautiful sunset framed in the leafy tree branches, twilight at a peaceful lakeside, a glowing campfire, or a quiet glade in the woods — any of these eloquently remind us to "Be still and know that I am God."

Three candles will be needed at the close of the service. Perhaps they can be placed on a tree stump.

A guitar or flute makes a lovely accompaniment for group singing. Perhaps you will rely on a portable phonograph with recordings to provide the appropriate hymns and also the mood music before the service begins and for the closing.

Call to Worship:

I sought to hear the voice of God
And climbed the topmost steeple,
But God declared, "Go down again —
I dwell among the people."

Scriptures: (may be read responsively by two readers)

Be patient toward all men. See that none render evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

JUDGE NOT, THAT YOU BE NOT JUDGED. FOR WITH THE JUDGMENT YOU PRONOUNCE YOU WILL BE JUDGED, AND THE MEASURE YOU GIVE WILL BE THE MEASURE YOU GET.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear though the earth should change, though the mountains shake in the heart of the sea; though its waters foam, though the mountains tremble with the tumult . . .

GOD IS IN THE MIDST OF HER, SHE SHALL NOT BE MOVED . . . THE NATIONS RAGE, THE KINGDOMS TOTTER: HE UTTERS HIS VOICE, THE EARTH MELTS. THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US: THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

Come behold the works of the Lord, how He has wrought desolations in the earth. He makes wars to cease to the end of the earth . . . Be still and know that I am God.

I am exalted among the nations, I am exalted in the earth!

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US:

THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE . . . THOU HAST BEEN MY HELP AND IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS I SING FOR JOY. MY SOUL CLINGS TO THEE: THY RIGHT HAND UPHOLDS ME.

Hymn: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life".

Prayer: Our heavenly Father, as we face these disturbing days of war and hate and strife and hunger and helplessness and ignorance and pride and intolerance, help to take advantage of every opportunity to be kind, considerate, and understanding. Grant us the courage to dare and do that which we know must be done to right the wrongs we have done. Help us to avoid hasty judgments and the unkind remarks that injure personalities and spread prejudices. Open our hearts that we might share and give, that hunger may be appeased, and ignorance obliterated, and hate banished. Give us the compassion to help all those who need our help. These things we beseech Thee, O God. Amen.

Leader:

To be alive in such an age!

To live in it,

To give in it!

Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk of lees?
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind —
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.

Breathe the world thought, do the world deed,

Think hugely of thy brother's need.
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart—
Crave but to have in it a part.

Give thanks and clasp thy heritage —
To be alive in such an age!

Meditation: Many of us are so busy striving for, or scrambling around on, the mountain top, that we forget that God's work is done "in the valley", among the people — all peoples. But today's headlines and news reports are jarring us sharply awake.

Our whole life has changed markedly in the last few years. Our total life is being exposed to the life of others in ways we never dreamed of in our wildest imaginings. Our image of people and their station in life is being

changed drastically every day, and we constantly have to make adjustments to new concepts. We have dragged our feet long enough. Now we are being challenged to stand up and be counted or — more crudely put — "to put up or shut up"!

TO BE ALIVE IN SUCH AN AGE!

Our little applecarts of complacency and indifference have suddenly been upset. So long we have gone along trying to kid ourselves that our pettiness and apathy are without, like briar scratches! How sure we were that big people, important occasions, loud talking, and big ideas would make us big-hearted and high minded and turn the world our way. We forgot that Jesus lived and died among the undistinguished. We forgot that to follow in his footsteps is to walk in the valley — with the people.

How hard we have pushed around up on our own little mountain top! Many of us have even thought we were actually trying to do something even if we were not sure just what. We are like the group of tired and thirsty soldiers who halted in their march and saw some coconut trees in a garden. They looked up at the tall, slender trees, surveying the fruits. However none of their group were willing to climb the trees to get the coconuts. Instead, they cut down the trees! We, too, haven't wanted to face up to the realities in our land, our world. We haven't wanted to become involved.

A publication called "Nuggets" says that people who refuse to become involved in community problems (or their country's problems) are like the two men shipwrecked in a lifeboat. From their end of the boat they watched as those at the other end bailed furiously to keep the boat afloat. One of the men said to the other "Thank goodness the hole isn't in our end of the boat." How often we, too, have shut our eyes to truth!

Today it comes hurtling at us from all sides — don't just sit there, *do something!* Oh, to be alive in such an age! What a challenge! Who will answer?

Leader:

The easy roads are crowded;

The level roads are jammed;

The pleasant little rivers

With the drifting folk are crammed.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant

You will always find the throng;

For the many, more's the pity,

Seem to like to drift along.

But the steps that call for courage,

And the task that's hard to do,

In the end result in glory

For the never-wavering few!

Special Musical Number or Reading:
"Who Will Answer?" or the hymn "God

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FREDERICK AND FAMILY WILL HAVE A BUSY SUMMER

Dear Friends:

I am sitting upstairs in the den right off David's bedroom where I love to do most of my writing. When we moved into this beautiful, large parsonage many months ago, I never dreamed that my favorite room would turn out to be one of the smallest rooms in the house. When I sit here surrounded by big windows and a door that opens onto a lovely balcony, it is something like being up in a tree house, and perhaps that is why I like it; it takes me back to my boyhood days. I find that I do better work here than I do in my nice study down at the church. When I am at the church there always are a thousand interruptions, and every time I look up from my desk I think of something else that needs to be done about the church. As you read this letter think of me in a snug little room with a view looking out over a peaceful garden full of trees and flowers.

Today I really need some kind of a retreat like this, because believe me this has been a day! This morning I had a big wedding at the church. I have just finished writing a sermon to be preached tomorrow. Right now I am writing to you, and then in a few minutes I must begin writing a dedication speech to be given at a memorial for President John F. Kennedy in the largest of our city parks. So often when there are public meetings of one kind or another, I have to be present — not because of my importance in the city, but because of the importance of the church I serve. It is an old, old church that is in the very heart of the city, and one in which many civic meetings are held. When I get all this writing done, and if it is still light, I am going to try to get some work done in the garden.

I wish that you could see our flower garden. It is lovely, and if all goes well it will be lovelier still. Do you know what I am most concerned about at the moment? It is my hollyhocks. When I was a boy I just loved the hollyhocks that grew all up and down the alley behind the house, but here in New England we have very few hollyhocks. Well, we are going to have some more, I hope! I planted one dozen hollyhock plants along our back fence, but for some reason they are not growing as well as they should, and I am worried about them. I thought that they would be rugged enough to grow anywhere under any conditions, but evidently not. I think that they need some kind of plant food.

We're expecting a visit from Mother, and then in a short while I shall be leaving here for the family place in



We thought you might like to see Mary Leanna's passport picture. She is going to spend several weeks abroad this summer visiting in the homes of family friends.

Nova Scotia, and I am taking with me twelve boys from our church. These are the boys who so faithfully serve as junior ushers and acolytes at our church services. The long boat trip and the adventure of the north woods will mean so much to these boys, but it will mean very much more to one of them than to all the others. One of the boys is a cripple who has spent nearly half of his sixteen years in and out of hospitals. It will be the first trip of any kind for him, and you can imagine how happy and excited he is. David already has flown up to Nova Scotia to be with his grandparents for a few days, and joining our church group up there will be some of David's friends from Tabor Academy where he goes to school.

We got David off to Nova Scotia one day, and Mary Leanna off to Europe the next. She sailed on the beautiful German-Lloyd liner, the *Europa* all by herself. She knows one of the other passengers, but for the most part she will be traveling alone for the next two months. We have a friend in Germany who will suggest things for her to do in Germany for a week, and then she will go to Copenhagen for a couple of days. Copenhagen is noted for its hospitality to strangers, and even though alone, we know that she will manage

PLANTING GOD'S GARDEN

Plant five rows of peas: preparedness, promptness, perseverance, politeness, prayer.

Plant three rows of squash: squash gossip, squash criticism, squash indifference.

Plant five rows of lettuce: let us be faithful, let us be loyal, let us be unselfish, let us love one another, let us be truthful.

Plant eight rows of turnips: turn up for church service, turn up for church school, turn up for committee meetings, turn up for projects, turn up for choir practice, turn up for prayer, turn up with new ideas, turn up with real determination. —From a church bulletin

very well there. From Denmark she will fly to Helsinki where she will be the guest of some friends of ours for two weeks. Our friends are planning to take their summer vacation while Mary Leanna is with them, and that means she will get a wonderful opportunity to travel around the country.

From Helsinki, Finland, she will go to Sweden for two days, and then on to Oslo, Norway, where a friend of hers is going to summer school. The next port of call will be London where she will be the guest of some dear, dear friends of ours who a few years ago came over to this country and lived in our home for two weeks. They will take her around London, up to Stratford-on-Avon and Coventry, and then down to Canterbury. After a week or ten days with them she will be off to Wales where she will again be the guest of some friends of ours who two years ago visited us here in Springfield. After a week of Wales, she will be off to Scotland and perhaps Ireland. Her trip home will be on the world's largest ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*. What a summer! She can afford to make the trip because next year she will not have to pay for her board and room at Boston University. Since she is to serve as a Resident Counselor in the dormitory, her board and room will be gratis.

I am coming back to Springfield after I have the church boys with me for ten days, and Betty and I shall be right here at the parsonage through the early part of July. Then we return to Nova Scotia with a party of twelve church members, all adults, who will stay with us for eight days. My goodness! When I think of the dozens and dozens of church members who have been our guests in Nova Scotia, I can hardly believe it. As another pastor said to me recently: "Driftmier, you are the only clergyman I know of who takes his church with him on vacation." And I guess that there is some truth in it.

Do any of you know who wrote this little verse?

I have wept in the night
For the shortness of sight
That to somebody's need made me blind;
But I never have yet
Felt a tinge of regret
For being a little too kind.

I happened to come across this verse in some reading I was doing this morning, and there was no author listed. I love it! Oh! how true it is that we never have reason to regret being too kind. Sometimes we make mistakes in judgment, but not what I would call a mistake in kindness.

Don't you get a certain ecstasy out of your generosity? I just love to do
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MOTHERS, LET'S STRIKE

by
Marie Mitchell

If there's such a thing as a vintage institution, it has to be motherhood. It's an institution that has endured from time immemorial. Nevertheless, have you ever read a headline proclaiming 'Mother Unrest Spreads'? Or mothers are demanding better working conditions? Or of legislation permitting collective bargaining for mothers? Yet in the line of duty, mothers regularly encounter: a house that won't clean itself, toys that honk, bang, boom, clang, ring and rattle; tirades and reverberations; ominous silence; much dissention and little co-operation; rampant responsibility, scant recognition, and extracurricular activities galore.

Theirs is a precarious position since it demands the wisdom of Socrates, the patience of Job, the selflessness of Florence Nightingale, plus a liberal sprinkling of T.L.C. (Tender Loving Concern.) Mothers are everywhere — in a quandary, over a barrel, up a tree. They are not victims of chipped nail polish for the simple reason they can't find time to apply polish in the first place. They have lists to make and schedules to keep and miles of ironing before they sleep.

I know a mother whose grocery list includes cat food. Only because she does not wish to appear inhospitable when neighborhood felines pay their respects.

A mother I know is a list dropper. She drops lists all over the house. This game of finders-keepers is being played in the wild hope that the finder might turn out to be a keeper to the extent of performing the listed task. To date, the upshot has been a faithful return of each and every list to the dropper. However, mothers are steeped in patience, and list dropping hasn't been scratched from her agenda yet.

A schedule encompasses a wide variety of such mundane and exotic activities as: find Brad's other sneaker; stop at shoemaker's; get sand out of crevices in children's shoes; water potted plants; clean mud off garden tools; garden club luncheon; company coming; clean company silver; wash vacuum bottles, jugs and ice chest; spur-of-the moment picnic; introduce toddler to variety of strained meats; wash kitchen walls; fill up cookie jar; mend boys' socks; church guild meeting; touch up scratched furniture; PTA bake sale; bake a cake; outfit moths; line shelves; etc. This is but a sampling. Schedules are constantly subject to addition and multiplication; but seldom to division.

(Continued on page 20)



We can hardly wait to cuddle little James when Juliana and Jed bring him to Iowa to meet the relatives.

CONCERNING BABIES

by
Connie K. Owens

You show me a sleeping sweetie's basket and I'll show you proud and doting relatives who display vast quantities of "oh's" and "ah's" and squeals of delight at the wonder of the resemblance of the new somebody to this cousin or that uncle!

Babies mean little shirts and big appetites; minute footprints and enormous eyes; new christening outfits and fluffy blanket fuzz. They are invariably accompanied by partially edited baby books; ill-fitting receiving squares, and a bureau full of clothes which are outgrown in a twinkling of the pediatrician's eye. Where there lives a tiny one, there is also likely to be a hand-made layette and oodles of love.

Infants are to cuddle, admire, rock, squeeze a little, enjoy a lot. And if you are among the number of that special breed called "Grandparents" you are entitled to a generous quota of the rights and privileges society knows as "spoiling".

Innocently, babies upset schedules, delay family meals, clutter houses and steal hearts. They can befriend and charm even a stranger for babies are positively irresistible.

Oblivious to anyone's feelings, they make unlimited demands on time and attention. As if they could say the words they command parents to mix cereal, brew the formula, strain the vegetables and hang line after line of fresh linen. At a mere whimper they are catered to so that they may be warm as toast, clean as a whistle, full to the brim and as dry as is humanly possible to keep a baby.

All the things that are necessary for the well being of a tiny newborn may cause a mother to falter under fatigue. But when the Cheerio-sized lips of the babe part and two dimples announce that first treasured *real* smile, parental love is returned a hundredfold.

FILES FOR PRESCHOOLERS

by
Evelyn Witter

To teach preschoolers to be neat, we have to do more than remind them to put their things away. We have to show them how and where to put their possessions so they will know where to find them when they want them and how to put them away properly when they are through using them.

The little things like drawing paper, paper dolls, odds and ends of crayons and pencils, puzzles whose boxes are worn out, are the difficult ones to keep unless there is some sort of a system for filing them away.

This problem was solved in our house by the use of a filing system. We bought a packet of large Manila envelopes from the dime store. Since our four-year-old Louise couldn't read yet, we had to think of a system to mark the envelopes so she would know what was supposed to go in each one.

On the first envelope, we pasted a piece of drawing paper of the kind that was to be kept in that envelope. On the next one, we made a rough sketch of pencils and crayons to indicate the contents of that envelope. The third envelope had a piece of the worn-out puzzle box pasted in its corner to show that a puzzle was inside. A paper doll was pasted to another envelope, a Sunday church school paper was pasted to another to tell the envelope contained these papers, and a birthday card was pasted to still another for the envelope in which she could save the personal cards she received.

Our file system has worked very well. Louise can run her fingers over the envelopes and in a matter of seconds have just what she is looking for. And since she knows where everything belongs she is not at all reluctant about putting her things away.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Sight dims so slowly as time passes,
I didn't know I needed glasses;
I saw the outlines blue and grey
Of mountain ranges far away;
I saw red roses on the vine,
As round the trellis they'd entwine;
I saw the cattails out beyond
The lily pads upon the pond.
And then a neighbor spoke to me
About a bird's nest in a tree.
Not till then was I aware
That there was a bird's nest there.
Now I've been fitted with new specs,
And see designs, bright-colored flecks
On butterflies and blooming plants,
And towns of busy little ants.
What a miracle to see
The veins in the leaves on our maple tree.
—Gladise Kelly



To Market, to Market

by
Leta Fulmer

Helping to pick, wash and prepare for market 15 bushels of wax beans is a hard job — particularly backbreaking for me, since I haven't been helping in the truck garden for some time. Rosemary, our married daughter, walked the short distance from her house to watch us. "Remember how much fun we used to have going to market?" she asked. I remembered.

My first trips were just going along for the ride with my husband-to-be. We started at midnight after I had had a short nap, already dressed for the trip.

To my surprise, I found that there was a certain protocol to be observed in this agricultural bartering. Both buyer and seller were aloofly indifferent to each other and to the produce. With a deal finally in the offing, the buyer automatically objected to price, color, and weight, while the farmer stared abstractedly into the distance. Without this odd ceremony, the transaction just wouldn't be legitimate.

The high spot of the trip was hot cakes with my boy friend in a nearby cafe. While we consumed pancakes swimming in maple syrup, he'd take stock of his profit, or, on occasion, loss.

Now, thirty years later, we were alone again. But there were the years of in-between when we had had young-uns along. Our son sat with us in the cab of the pick-up. Riding in back, surrounded by crates of black raspberries, joggled our small daughter and her chum. The night it rained, we tied the tarp securely over the back of the pick-up. Inside, the two girls felt like early settlers riding in a covered wagon. Then came the deluge. With the splash of the rain and the whine of the wind, we didn't hear their frantic calls for some time. By the time we rescued them from beneath the leaking tarp, they looked like two drowned little kittens. With the five of us illegally in the front seat, we hoped that no traffic cop would glance in our direction.

In the blowing downpour we ran a stop light — not intentionally of course — but we did run it! The sound of a screaming siren pulled us to the curb

and we sat in silence, awaiting our doom. The officer took one look at the subdued, bedraggled little girls, and carefully avoided any mention of overcrowding. With a warm twinkle in his eye, he warned us to watch the signals more closely, and sent us on our way. In a few moments we rounded into a market place that teemed with activity.

Big shiny trucks sat next to rusty, fender-drooping farm jitneys, while a motley assortment of huckster wagons dotted the area. Many families made the trip to market. Some were taking in the sights; others were curled up in cars sound asleep. Often some hardy soul was able to snooze on the hard concrete sidewalk. We pulled into a vacant stall, to be greeted immediately by the market master, who collected his dollar fee. We had a set routine for these journeys. While my husband reconnoitered to see just which items had flooded the market and what was most in demand, Johnnie started the unloading.

An irresistible magnet always pulled the girls and me to just one place — the crowded market restaurant. Nowhere else could be found doughnuts so big, so covered with gooey frosting; or such enormous rolls just bursting with goodies. By the time I was ready for a second cup of coffee, the men-folks would appear. They, too, ordered only rolls and coffee, while the two girls took off to explore. A big ham-and-egg breakfast, complete with hash browns, was the looked-forward-to finale just before the trip home. And always there was a big brown sack on the seat, bulging with loaves of warm Italian bread from the bread wagon.

For many years we'd done no market-ing. Now, as the car purred its way along, I wondered if I'd see a change. We turned into a square that was subdued and only dimly lighted, with a few scattered trucks leaning against the curbs. The activity, the exciting hubbub, was gone. Huge trailer trucks with their stacks spouting Diesel fumes unloaded their refrigerated cargo of peaches, watermelons, and greens. The market master, however, was still

very much in evidence, rushing up to collect his tithe — three dollars now! And wonder of wonders, we'd hit the market just right. There was not even the set routine of observe and ignore. We were sold out before we were unloaded.

We sat in the restaurant. The rolls were just as big as before; the coffee just as hot. But the bevy of smiling waitresses was missing. One silent waiter could easily care for the wants of the two itinerant market workers staring glumly into their cups of cooling coffee — and us. Nostalgia filled me. The market is on its way out — another bit of real Americana that is being chipped away, bit by bit.

As we unlocked our car, a familiar vehicle turned into the street — the bakery wagon. I quickly hailed him to buy two loaves of crusty Italian bread — one for us and one for the little girl who used to go with us.

Back home again, dawn was beginning to break as I pulled the covers over my head. I must sleep fast. Another day was in the offing. And — oh, my aching back — the bean patch was waiting!

TROUBLE'S DAD

It's little things that trouble me,

Oh, how trifling they can be —

Say, a letter long past due,

My favorite dress no longer new;

Paint, a-peeling off the house,

The midnight scurry of a mouse —

Trifling? Sure, I'll admit

To class as troubles they're not fit.

Now we have met old troubles' dad;

He was a monster, ugly, bad,

And our troubles as of old

Seem beside him chunks of gold.

Come a Sunday morn with pelting sleet,

All our neighbors fast asleep,

Biscuits browning, country ham,

And coffee?? Just an empty can!

—Ann Parish Slankard

LONE STAR QUILT

When Mother pieced a patchwork quilt,

I watched with great delight

As she cut and fit the pieces

And stitched the seams just right.

Then as the fitted pattern grew

I planned, I too, some day

Would make a pretty patchwork quilt

With colors bright and gay.

I chose the Lone Star pattern

And pieced each row with care

And lived again my childhood dreams

From Mother's platform rocking

chair.

Now that my quilt is finished

And I view the treasured art,

I feel a real worthwhileness

In a quaint, and lonely heart.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



The fish weren't biting but Mother enjoyed sitting on the bank of the bayou holding her pole and soaking up some sunshine. If the turtles ate the worm, Ruby was there to bait her hook.

Dear Friends:

This morning after the heavy dew had evaporated off the grass I spent a couple of hours pushing the lawn mower. We have such a big yard I never try to do it all at one time, but work away at it a little each day. As fast as the grass grows this time of year, by the time we have finished, it is time to start over. Frank and I have a good working arrangement on the yard. I mow the level areas and he takes care of the sloping banks and the cave. The lawn sweeper (Frank's Christmas present) does a good job of picking up the cut grass, and certainly does it a lot faster than a rake.

Frank had made the comment many times that he wished we had a martin house. At one of the service stations in Wisconsin where Mother and I stopped, we noticed a couple of martin houses. One was painted and the other unpainted. I asked if they were for sale and was pleased to learn that they were. The attendant said that an elderly retired man living in the vicinity made them to help supplement his income and they let him display them at the station. I told Mother that if we had room in the car when we returned, I would get one for Frank because I knew there was nothing else I could take home to him that he would appreciate more. We had no difficulty finding the station on our way home and managed to squeeze it in between the wheel chairs and luggage. Frank was really surprised and happy when he saw it. He fastened it to a steel pipe and one of the neighbors helped him hold it straight while he placed it in cement. We got it too late to attract any martins this year, but it didn't take long for the sparrows to find it and now I think every apartment is full.

We were very pleased this past month to have a two-day visit from Mother and Ruby, and this was Ruby's first trip to our house. During the four years she took care of Dad we always hoped there would be a time when Dad would be strong enough for the drive to our house, as this was something he always enjoyed, but this time never came. Mother called one evening and said if Frank and I didn't have any other plans, she and Ruby would drive up the next morning and would arrive in time for lunch.

In the afternoon after Mother had rested, I drove them all around our countryside. We spent the next morning in Chariton doing a little shopping. By afternoon it warmed up sufficiently to sit outside, and Mother suggested that we might fish. Since the flood the fish seemed to have so much to eat in the bayou that friends who had been out hadn't caught any, but she said she didn't care whether she caught any or not. It was such a beautiful day she and Ruby would just enjoy sitting down by the water soaking up the sunshine. We planned to have a wiener roast that evening, but decided instead to take the electric broiler to the front porch and fix our wieners that way. It would be easier to get into the house if it cooled off fast after the sun went down.

The little neighbor dog Susie, who came to make her home with us after Mr. Pennington died and his wife moved to town, was killed the other day when she was hit by a pickup truck in our lane. She was running ahead of the tractor and didn't hear the truck. When the truck started around the tractor Frank honked to warn the driver, but Susie darted out in front of him before he could apply his brakes. It wasn't the driver's fault, and he felt sick about it. This happened to me once and I know just how he felt.

This didn't leave us without a dog, however, as we still have the little beagle we call Friday. She has two little roly-poly pups that we saw the other day for the first time. They were born under the corn crib, and it was a long time before we even knew where they were or how many. She brought them out the other day to teach them a few tricks, or maybe she was just ready to show them off to us! They are awfully cute, but I'm glad there are only two!

We recently acquired some land that

will make wonderful pasture for the cattle, but it didn't have good water on it so Frank decided to have a pond built. When I saw where the men, who are experts at this sort of thing, had decided it should be made, I supposed it would take at least a week to complete it. There were huge trees to be removed, a big hill of earth to be dozed out, and the dam itself had to be very high. I was *very much* surprised when Frank came in at the end of the second day and asked if I would like to see the completed project. Sure as the world, there it was all finished except for smoothing up the dam which would only take an hour or two the next morning. With the big machinery used today, a lot of work can be done in a short period of time. Before they took the big dozer away Frank had them doze out a couple of fence rows along the road where the trees and brush had grown so high it sapped the ground. It certainly changed the appearance of things in a hurry.

We were very thrilled for Kristin this spring when she received word that she had been awarded a fellowship grant which will enable her to go ahead with the work for her Master's degree and a Doctor's degree. The wonderful part is that they will be able to stay in Laramie where they have their home, and where Art's job is. In her last letter she said the next week would be her last week of elementary teaching for a while, and maybe forever. She has enjoyed it, but knows she will find as much pleasure in what lies ahead. The final days would be busy with achievement tests, Field Day, Rural Day and the school picnic. A few days before she had taken her students to see a fish hatchery. They have 700,000 fish there, mostly rainbow trout. Some of the fish were very large since they keep them at the hatchery until they are six years old. My! Frank would have enjoyed seeing all that.

When the weather has been beautiful and the day has gone along smoothly with no machinery breakdowns or any of the numerous other things that happen to cause interruptions in a farmer's work day, Frank will come in at night and say, "This has been a good day, Dorothy; we got a lot accomplished." This is such a day. Everything is going smoothly! Right now I'm going to slice off some icebox cookies to bake and take them to the field with a pot of coffee. I'll ride around on the tractor with Frank for a while before I come back to the house and the ironing. If I had my "ruthers", I'd spend the rest of the afternoon outside.

Sincerely,

Dorothy



Dear to My Heart

by
Harverna Woodling

Where did you play when you were a child? Today's children may enjoy the park, play ground, school gym, tennis courts, or city swimming pool, but when my brother and I were young, we played at home or at a chum's home.

Our farm house was a big old house, built by my grandfather for his good-sized family. Now it was home for my dad, mother, brother Don, and me. Our floors and furniture were never too good for use and we were allowed to romp in some rooms, but rough and tumble was forbidden in the "Parlor" or "Front Room." Nevertheless, this was a fascinating room for quiet play. We spent hours sprawled out on its rug with our noses in books, completely lost to our farm world. We might be with Robin Hood, lost in the jungles of the Amazon, out west with Zane Grey's cowboys and beautiful maidens, or more tamely adventuring with the Bobbsey Twins. Among the most interesting volumes in the bookcase, although I didn't fully understand them, were a history of our county, and the story of Billy Sunday and his evangelistic efforts. I even went through one stage when I cried softly and often over the many woes of the "Lost Heir of Linlithgow".

When our "town" cousin, Dorothy, came visiting, she and I found the Front Room a splendid place to play paper dolls. These were not "boughten" dolls, usually, although we did have some of those. We preferred to take an old mail-order catalog apiece, select from its pages one or more pretty models, and outfit them with all the pretty clothes we ourselves admired. Then we took them traveling in imagination to all the places we thought it would be fun to visit.

An ever present source of fun was the walnut organ in the Front Room. None of us could really play, but we could make a noise that sounded musical to us. Occasionally we even learned a real chord.

Another favorite spot was our long front porch. It was ideal for quiet games on rainy or hot days, such games

as "Tin, Tin, Come In". It was also a pleasant resting place between croquet games or running games in the yard, especially when Mother treated us with newly baked sugar cookies. As a matter of fact, sugar cookies were apt to travel in our pockets wherever we played. When we were not in a quiet mood, the porch was a great track for tricycle riding (sometimes frowned upon by parents) or as a base for hide-and-seek, board down, or sheep my pen.

When the weather was warm, we often headed for "The Hollow". This was a wide, grassy, shady, winding ditch with a tiny trickle of water at the bottom. It was a good place to pick violets and daisies, eat a picnic lunch, hide Easter eggs, or act out whatever book or story we were most interested in at the time. One tree had a trunk that obligingly grew along the ground for several feet, making a bench, stage, trapeze, pirate plank, or whatever our imaginations dictated.

Perhaps the best place to play in the whole world was our barn. This, too, had been built by our grandfather, and it was big but not rambling, for every foot had been designed for use. It included a front driveway where a team and hay wagon drove in loaded and backed out empty, another driveway through the center, the horse stalls and mangers, the cow barn with stanchions and feed boxes, bins and cribs, the huge hay loft, and a tall silo attached to the south end of the barn.

Often Don's friends and my especial chum, Betty, usually accompanied by her younger brother and sister, came to visit. Then someone was sure to suggest, "Let's play in the barn."

The silo was our special play place at chore time but it was a fun place at any time when empty. Lit very dimly, and slightly eery, it echoed! We wriggled in through the small opening, adjusted our eyes to the semi-darkness, and called out our names or "Hellooo" or "Hi, there," and marveled at the resonant version that came back to us. It was a fine hiding place, too, when

we played hide-and-seek, although it was almost impossible to crawl through the door and get in "free" if we were discovered.

Many of the games we played in the haymow were the same we played elsewhere — hiding games or dramatizations, although we were unaware of "dramatizing". We were "acting things out", and it was great fun.

Our hayloft or haymow, though, had advantages over other play places. It was very big and even when a plentiful winter supply of cured loose hay was stored there, play room was still abundant. Lighted by the hay window in the north and a similar window in the south; a cupola set in the high, high roof; and the daylight coming up from below, it was still shadowy enough to be fun.

Crossing the loft several feet above the floor were strong beams which the boys walked with great nonchalance and bravado. Betty was brave, too, but very seldom could I force my cowardly feet to walk those rafters. Clinging to the strong vertical supporting posts, I edged out on a beam to arm's length from my anchor, finally let go, inched out a few more inches, then flew back to safety. Another exciting pastime for the brave was jumping from the edge of the loft to a pile of hay on the driveway floor, dashing back up the stairway which really was a set of regular stair steps, and then jumping again. How I longed to be brave, but I did not jump very often, although I know now that there was very little danger in the distance the others leaped so gaily.

That loft was versatile. It could be anything from its everyday self to a pioneer settlement to a circus tent to a ship. It sometimes served as an impromptu wrestling or boxing ring for the boys, and, needless to say, when disagreements arose, we had lots of space and time to "fuss it out" without adult help. And I know now that the haymow had an added benefit for my mother. It gave her a good many hours of peace and quiet.

When first my brother, and then I started to high school in a neighboring town, our attitudes and pastimes inevitably changed. We played in the barn very seldom, but it still was a beloved retreat. Sometimes I studied for a promised history or English test in the shadowy, fragrant, peaceful loft where we had spent so many happy play hours.

Of course, times change, and I do not minimize the pleasures of modern children, but I remember my own childhood with gratitude for my understanding parents and for our happy play ground — one whole farm.



THE PEDDLER

by
Irene M. Gogerty



Summertime brought many visitors to our farm. Among them were men who made their living traveling about the country, selling their wares to the families. There were magazine men, apple men, stove and piano men, book men, and patent medicine men.

I remember them vaguely, their products far better than their faces. All save one! He was the only real peddler in the lot of them. Him I remember! Where he came from or where he went when he left us, no one knew, but his arrival was an annual event.

He drove a pair of small brown horses. His wagon was the forerunner of today's panel truck. Mustard yellow, it was fitted with a pair of doors at the back secured with a stout padlock.

The Peddler was a small man, ageless; his suit was baggy; his shirt yellowed and too large; around his thin neck he wore a black string tie that flopped with each turn of his head. He had a thatch of coarse black hair that curled over the top of his shirt collar and around his ears. His brows were thick patches of black hair and these, too, were snarled and over long. His eyes were jet black and busy, darting in all directions at once. The eyes were set deep in a web of wrinkles and sometimes they seemed to vanish entirely.

There was an ancient wisdom in his face, an amused guile that could almost invite mistrust and yet, in that face, sometimes cunning, there was also a look of intense suffering, of rejection, loneliness and despair. His eyes, his shaggy hair, his swarthy skin almost begged for acceptance — almost, but not quite!

He talked rapidly in broken English. When he smiled he displayed a set of the most fascinatingly crooked teeth I have ever seen.

After his arrival, there were certain amenities to be observed. He greeted the lady of the house, Mother; he looked at our dog with suspicion and the look was returned. He totally ignored us children, but we children, in those days accustomed to this treatment, were so completely captivated that nothing could discourage us.

The moment had arrived. The Peddler rubbed his hands together and anticipation was a sudden and sharp appe-

tite, but wait! Now he spied Grandmother, and with a great show of old world charm and a kinship for someone who had also lived in the "old country", he sent my brother scurrying into the house for a chair which he dusted with his sleeve and, drawing it closer to the wagon, asked Grandmother to be seated.

At last, he threw open the doors of the wagon and, smiling archly, stepped back so all could see. We had observed this ritual before, so we knew what to expect; nothing was visible, nothing but bulky packages wrapped in wrinkled tissue paper. He had created the desire. Now he snatched the parcels from the shelves, cast the tissue covering aside and, like magic, swirled a virtual cloud of pale blue silk before our enchanted eyes. In moments he had draped the delicate fabric across one of the opened doors and then drew a length of pink lace and a pair of black gloves and created a vision of ball gowns and violins playing. The pale silk did not excite Mother, and in an instant he hurled the entire illusion aside and began again. This time his choice was scarlet wool. With a flourish of his bony fingers he draped the scratchy fabric next to my chin while his eyes begged Mother to buy. I was on the side of the Peddler. I, too, wanted to be clad from head to foot in the bright red stuff. Gold buttons and black silk braid must accompany this fabric. These he produced and Mother's face said "maybe".

For Grandmother's approval the Peddler selected some dull brown silk with bronze and green threads shot through the material. Holding a corner of the silk in one hand, he danced a step and performed a pirouette. Grandmother blushed to find the lovely softness clinging to her drab percale house dress as the Peddler waltzed away.

A rainbow of colors were then arranged on the backs of chairs as pieces of dress goods were pulled from the Peddler's wagon and displayed to entice the buyer.

The Peddler had many other items to show us: boxes of lace, slightly aged, to be sure; hat trimmings; glossy cherries fastened to a cluster of faded velvet leaves; daisies whose stems were curled; and dull brown, funny little cloth birds whose feathers were permanently ruffled; ragged plumes no self-respecting ostrich would ever claim; and yards and yards of veiling wrapped with care around a soiled piece of cardboard. He had belt buckles, some of them tarnished; assorted buttons; various lengths of ribbons all gloriously tangled among silk embroidery floss; and the tag ends of paper patterns that had somehow lost their envelopes.

He touched these treasures with

sweetness and tenderness and one forgave the shop-worn shoddiness. These were riches; we were privileged to have glimpsed their splendor.

He carried other items and, without interest, we examined them — black cotton stockings, coarse and horrid; mittens; stocking caps, out of season to be sure, but who knew when he would be this way again? The Peddler sold small household items such as thimbles, scissors, needles, pins, shoe polish, stove blacking, and evil-smelling concoctions in tin boxes — "salves", he said. He even had tiny glass dolls with saccharine smiles painted on strange little faces.

Selections were made and money was counted and dropped into a leather pouch.

Now the Peddler hurried. He folded, patted, wrapped and tied strings, replacing each item in its proper place in the wagon. He slammed the doors, locked the treasures away, and walked around to the front of the wagon. He bowed to Grandmother, shook Mother's hand, swept his black eyes over the dog and the children, hopped up to his seat, spoke to the horses in a foreign tongue, and was off! The wagon turned the corner in a cloud of dust and was gone!

With reluctance we returned to games and chores. There was a sadness in our hearts — a regret that life was dull and boring, bound by cornfields and pasture lands and orchards. We were cheated because we lived in a house and had proper beds and tables and chairs. We were doomed to sameness. How we longed for the life of the Peddler, that exotic nomad — the life of carefree wondering that was his by obvious choice.

Today we'd had a glimpse into the land of foreign bazaars, of jewels that sent our blood racing. We had seen precious silks, purchased, no doubt, in the gloom of some hidden market place and bargained over by swarthy chieftains in flowing robe with daggers clutched in gnarled hands.

Marco Polo had visited us this day! A caravan from some ancient city had found its way to our farm. Arabian steeds in golden harness with silver bells and jewelled bridles had stood just inside our gate and a merchant prince had allowed us to gaze at wealth far beyond our wildest dreams.

Lonely little Peddler, thank you for the bright and shining threads you wove into the fabric of yesterday.

BIRTHDAY GIFT

Another year has hurried by;
It's gone, I know not where,
And though it didn't bring me gold,
It left silver in my hair.

—Hilda Gieseke

A LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

This letter will be written with one eye on the paper and one eye glancing out the window. It looks as if rain could pour down at any moment and there is a clothesline filled with half dry laundry out in our back yard. The weatherman didn't predict much likelihood of showers today, but the sun hasn't gotten going and the freshly washed clothing and linens aren't drying very quickly. I hate to rehang them in the basement unless it is absolutely necessary. I'm one of the few housewives I know who doesn't own and doesn't care about owning a dryer. I guess I have an old-fashioned addiction to the benefits of drying by sunlight. Since I live in a climate where ordinarily this is quite possible almost any day of the year, I guess I'm not likely to change very soon.

Emily came home from her year in college complaining about the appearance of her clothing. She handled her own laundry with the facilities provided in the dorm. I don't know whether it was the equipment or her technique, but something was certainly responsible for turning her washable clothing to the dreariest color imaginable. Believe me! the first thing we did was to put the Kitchen-Klatter Kleener, the Kitchen-Klatter Bleach and old Mr. Sun to work brightening up her clothing and linens.

It's very comfortable to be able to sit in the peace and quiet of our suburban home during the long hot summer and be concerned with such things as how bright the laundry looks. Even though we live on the fringe of a large city, the terrible problems of our cities seem quite removed from our immediate lives.

Last spring Wayne made a flying trip to Washington, D.C. during that period between the death of Dr. Martin Luther King and the Poor Peoples' March. The thing which impressed him most was the all-pervading attitude of fearful anticipation for the events of this current summer. Every siren brought an instant reaction of fear that the terrible riots had started once again.

As of this moment of writing, Denver is one of the fortunate cities that has so far escaped the ravages of hate and frustration run rampant. But no one would venture to predict that "it can't happen here". Perhaps some of the reasons it hasn't happened so far are the following. In the first place, Denver doesn't have a large number of non-white people. The combined total of all minority groups is considerably less than half our urban population.

Also, Colorado has one of the oldest and most liberal of the "open housing" laws. However, such a law is no guar-



Abigail and Wayne Driftmier.

antee of the dispersal of minority people throughout the metropolitan area. For example, here in Jefferson County less than 2 percent of our population is of the minority classification — Negro, Oriental, Hispano and Indian.

Among our Negro population there are two or three favorable factors operating. First, the Negroes are not the most economically depressed group in Denver; the Hispanos are considerably less able to cope with "our" society. By and large, local Negroes are quite experienced in and oriented toward operating in the white man's world. Also, there are quite a number of well-paid, middle-class Negroes, possibly due to the large number of federal employees and service men located here. In addition, there is a very nice middle-class suburban area which is fully integrated. This section has remained totally integrated largely due to the

I REMEMBER

I remember in the evening
Of an old-time summer day
How we barefoot children frolicked
In our favorite time for play.

We caught fireflies in a bottle,
We ran hard at hide-and-seek;
Panting, then, all hot and sticky,
We dashed pell-mell to the creek.

Oh, those magic days of childhood,
Happy times of long ago,
Gone forever, leaving memories
At each twilight afterglow.

—Inez Baker

ON THE FACE OF MY TYPEWRITER

Twenty-six letters — twenty-six,
But quite enough each word to fix.
Ten little numbers and no more;
But quite enough to score the count
Of every game or bank account.

A single lifetime, only one
But quite enough to make the sun
Shine just a little every day.

Quantity is not the key —
It's how we use our legacy!

—Leta Fulmer

efforts of the Christian Churches in the neighborhood. These churches spear-headed groups which have worked for years to keep this locale a desirable residential area for people of any color.

In spite of a somewhat enlightened community, complete integration and economic mobility is pitifully lacking to large numbers of our minority groups. There are many schools which because of the neighborhood boundary requirements are either almost totally Negro or almost totally white. In an effort to relieve this situation, the Denver School Board recently ordered a study to result next fall in definite proposals to dissipate such educational segregation.

Another promising venture occurred recently when a number of successful Negro professional athletes promoted the purchase of a sizeable neighborhood shopping center. They felt a definite need existed for stores owned and operated by Negroes. Many of these same athletes spent long hours last summer calming the hot tempers of youthful gangs who might have turned into rioting mobs.

But out here in the suburbs we feel far removed from these dynamic events. We're not active participants in these changes. No one seems to have very realistic suggestions for any contributions we might make other than money or sympathetic understanding. There has been the suggestion that perhaps the suburban schools might promote exchange programs of a week or so's duration with schools of minority enrollment. But that idea is generally regarded as too paternalistic. "Let our children see how 'bad' your school is, while you enjoy the privilege of attending our 'good' school," isn't the answer.

Personally, I think we are terribly fortunate that local Negroes have taken several peaceful steps to improve their position. The really depressed group locally, though, remains the Hispano. They live in the worst conditions and their cultural background leaves them terribly ill-equipped to confront our modern urban society. They are quite bewildered by our aggressive, "go-getter", "take care of yourself" culture and as a result they become the lost souls of the city.

Certainly writing about a difficult problem doesn't solve anything. Making repeated surveys of the situation doesn't help either. Obviously, the time has come to do something but, like most other people, we don't know what it is that we can do!

A few drops of rain have started to fall so I'll rescue the clothes and get started on the ironing.

Sincerely,
Abigail

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

LEMONADE COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup frozen lemonade mix (thawed)
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs and flavorings and beat well. Combine flour and soda and add alternately with the lemonade. Chill the dough for 1 hour or longer in refrigerator. Drop by spoon on ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

—Margery

FRIED CORN

- 6 ears fresh corn
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Dash of pepper
- 2/3 cup cream or evaporated milk

Cut the corn from the cob, then scrape to get the last little bit of milk remaining on the cob. Melt the butter or margarine in a skillet and add the corn. Cook over medium heat for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add the salt, sugar and pepper and cook five more minutes. Stir in the cream or evaporated milk and heat.

—Dorothy

PEANUT BUTTER CARAMEL SAUCE

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1/4 cup rich milk or half-and-half
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 Tbls. School Day peanut butter

Combine sugar, corn syrup and rich milk. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring often. Remove from heat and stir in remaining ingredients. Serve on ice cream or squares of cake.

DELICIOUS BAKED CARROTS

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 12 carrots, scraped and shredded
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt

Melt the butter or margarine in a skillet. Add the onion and let simmer until tender. Mix the onion and carrot together and pour into a casserole. Mix the rest of the ingredients together and pour over the carrots. Cover and bake one hour in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

DRESSED-UP WIENERS AND KRAUT

- 8 wieners
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 medium-sized can sauerkraut (2 cups)
- 1/2 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. paprika

Cut each wiener into 6 diagonal slices. Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet. Add the onion and wieners. Cook over medium heat until the onion is tender and wiener slices slightly browned. Place the sauerkraut in a colander and rinse well under cold running water, and when it is very well drained add it to the wieners. Cover and simmer for about five minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the sour cream and paprika and blend well.

—Dorothy

HOT POTATO SALAD CASSEROLE

- 8 slices bacon
- 1 small onion, diced
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- A dash of pepper
- 4 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup green pepper (optional)
- Potatoes, cooked

Cook bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towel. Pour off excess fat leaving about 2 Tbls. in skillet. Add onion, vinegar, salt, pepper and flavoring. Stir in sugar. Cook about 3 minutes. Dice cooked potatoes into casserole. 2 to 3 cups potatoes can be used. Crumble bacon over potatoes. Add green pepper and toss lightly. Pour vinegar mixture over potatoes. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

This is excellent as a supper or luncheon dish. It is also good as an accompaniment to ham or fried chicken. It keeps well in the refrigerator and may be served either hot or cold.

—Evelyn

SOUR CREAM OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 2/3 cup quick oats

Cream together the butter and brown sugar. Add egg and vanilla. Sift the flour, baking powder, soda, nutmeg and salt and add alternately with the sour cream. Stir in the raisins, nuts and oats. Drop by teaspoon onto lightly greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 3 dozen cookies.

—Margery

MOLDED TOMATO SALAD

- 1 46-oz. can tomato juice
- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin

Dissolve the 3 envelopes of gelatin in 1 cup of the tomato juice for 5 minutes. Heat 2 cups tomato juice to boiling point; add the gelatin dissolved in tomato juice and stir until completely melted. Add remaining tomato juice and the following:

- 1/4 cup wine vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. coarse black pepper
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. powdered onion

Mix thoroughly and chill until partially set. Then fold in the following:

- 1/2 cup finely cut cabbage
- 1/4 cup finely cubed cucumber
- 1/4 cup finely cut celery
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper

Chill until firm and serve on lettuce with a dressing made from mayonnaise mixed with softened cream cheese.

—Abigail

CHICKEN LOAF

- 1 cup hot chicken broth
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. chicken fat or butter
- 3 cups ground, cooked chicken
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 3 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 2 tsp. finely crushed sage
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Gradually stir a little of the hot broth into the eggs, then return to broth. Add the bread crumbs and chicken fat and mix well. Add the remaining ingredients. When thoroughly mixed, place in greased loaf pan and bake in 325-degree oven for 1 hour, or until firm.

—Abigail

BOHEMIAN CHEWEY SQUARES**1st Layer**

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 cup flour

2nd Layer

1/2 cup coconut
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1 cup pecans, chopped
2 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

Frosting

1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
2 tsp. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

2 Tbls. orange juice

Combine ingredients in 1st layer and pat into 8 by 16 pan (or 2 8-inch pans). Bake until light brown at 350 degrees—about 10 minutes.

While first layer browns, combine all ingredients for 2nd layer. Spoon over baked crust and return to 350-degree oven. Bake 20 minutes more. Cool.

Combine ingredients for frosting. If a little more liquid is needed to make of spreading consistency, use either lemon or orange juice. Frost cooled bars. Sprinkle top with nuts if desired. Cut into squares.

This is one of the finest bar cookies in our files. Perfect for a tea tray or special refreshments. —Evelyn

PEANUT BUTTER-COCONUT SQUARES

1 cup sifted flour
3/4 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
3 eggs
1 1/3 cups brown sugar, firmly
packed

1/3 cup margarine or butter, melted
1/2 cup peanut butter
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut
flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
flavoring
1/2 cup flaked coconut

Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Beat the eggs in a medium-sized bowl until thick. Gradually add the sugar and beat well. Add the butter, peanut butter and flavorings and blend well. Fold in the sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Pour into a 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan which has been greased and floured. Bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. When cool cut into squares. —Dorothy

FISH STEAKS CREOLE

(Note: If your family is tired of the ways you have been cooking frozen fish filets, try this recipe.)

1 1/2 lbs. fish steak
1 sweet green pepper
1 small onion
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 cup tomatoes
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup bread crumbs

Place fish on well-oiled baking pan. Chop pepper and onion and add chopped celery. Fry slightly in 2 Tbls. butter. Add tomatoes and cook for 5 minutes, season; spread this over the fish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs which have been moistened with melted butter. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes. —Margery

ELEGANT APRICOT DESSERT

2/3 cup soft margarine
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2/3 cup chopped pecans
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

Mix this together well and spread loosely in a 13-by 9-inch pan. Bake 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Remove from oven and stir, then press down into pan. Chill.

2 pkgs. whipped cream substitute
1/2-pint box commercial sour cream
1/2 cup powdered sugar
1 can apricot pie filling
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple
flavoring

Make up the two packages of cream substitute as directed on the package. Add the sour cream and powdered sugar and whip up well. Spread this over the chilled crust. Blend the pie filling and pineapple flavoring well and spread over the top. Chill several hours or overnight. Cut in squares to serve. —Dorothy

SUPERIOR BARBECUE SAUCE

2 Tbls. onion, minced
1/2 cup green pepper, diced
2 Tbls. chili sauce
2 Tbls. salad oil
1/2 cup cider vinegar
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. chili powder
1 tsp. salt

A dash of pepper

2 Tbls. brown sugar

Combine ingredients in heavy saucepan. Cook 3 to 5 minutes to blend flavors. Brush on meats to cook on grill or in oven. Excellent on chicken, pork chops, ribs, lamb, or beef. —Evelyn

CHOCOLATE MINT CHERRY CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 Tbls. baking powder
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
2 squares unsweetened chocolate,
grated
2/3 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint
flavoring
2 Tbls. hot milk
1 cup mashed potatoes
1/3 cup maraschino cherries, drained
and diced

Sift dry ingredients together. Stir in grated chocolate. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add flavoring. Combine hot milk and mashed potatoes. (Instant mashed potatoes may be used—mix as directed to make 1 cup.) Add flour mixture and potato mixture alternately into creamed combination. Beat well. Fold in cherries. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch layer pans or a 9 by 13 baking pan, 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool and frost with powdered sugar frosting flavored with Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring.

The mashed potatoes in this recipe give a little different texture to the cake and also keeps any leftover cake moist longer than usual. One friend wrote that she likes this cake with the chocolate melted and cooled, and then added along with the eggs. This gives it an all-over chocolate appearance.

Try this cake—we think you'll like it. —Evelyn

FAVORITE TWO-LAYER SALAD**1st layer**

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup cottage cheese
1 cup mayonnaise
A few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

2nd layer

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 can crushed pineapple, undrained
1/2 cup nuts, chopped
1/2 cup stuffed green olives, sliced
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint
flavoring

Dissolve lemon gelatin in hot water. Stir in cottage cheese, mayonnaise and lemon flavoring. Spoon into lightly oiled salad mold. Chill until firm.

Combine lime gelatin with hot water. When dissolved, stir in remaining ingredients. (1/4 to 1/2 cup celery, diced, may be added to this layer if desired.) Spoon over top of lemon layer and refrigerate. Unmold on lettuce leaves.

This can also be made in a 9- by 13-inch pan.



SUMMERTIME SOFT DRINK

Low in calories, high in nutrition

Here's the "summer cooler" that made such a hit with the children (and parents) last year. The children loved it because it tastes so good and comes in such a variety of flavors. And mothers approved because it made drinking milk so much fun—and replaced the sugary soft drinks that so often ruin appetites these hot summer days.

And it's so easy to make, with 16 **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** to choose from. Inexpensive, too! If you didn't try it last year, here's your chance: the recipe is printed below. Just be sure to have plenty of **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** and **KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER** on hand, because the kids will insist on more!

If you can't buy **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** or **Sweetener** at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3-oz. bottles of flavorings. Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00. 3-oz. sweetener 50¢. We pay the postage.

Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



HOW TO MAKE IT:

SUMMER SPECIAL

MILK MIX

1 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**

4 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**

Combine and keep in capped bottle until needed.

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of this concentrated mix to 1 cup of milk.



SWEETENER PICKLED BEETS OR CARROTS

2 cups cooked beets or carrots
1/2 cup liquid
1/2 cup mild cider vinegar
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. mixed pickling spices
1/2 to 1 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener**
1/2 tsp. salt
Red or yellow food coloring, if desired

Slice or dice beets or carrots. Use liquid from canned vegetable or liquid in which vegetable was cooked. Combine all ingredients. Simmer 5 minutes, or until flavors are blended. Chill and serve. Refrigerate any not used.

If you want to use this recipe for canning, simmer mixture 10 minutes. Ladle, boiling hot, into sterilized jars and seal.

I discovered a red pepper in my mixed pickling spices when I first tested this recipe and suggest it NOT be used for pickling vegetables. The addition of 1/2 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter orange** flavoring to the mixture gives an interesting variation to this recipe.

—Evelyn

DEEP SOUTH CASSEROLE

3/4 cup raw rice
1 lb. bulk sausage
1 can cream of tomato soup
1 can water
1 medium onion, minced or grated
1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Cook the rice until tender. Shape the sausage into small cakes and fry until done. Into a greased casserole place alternate layers of rice, onion, and sausage cakes until you have two layers of each. Blend the soup and water together and pour over all, pricking mixture with a fork so the soup can trickle down through. Top with layer of grated cheese and bake in a 400-degree oven for 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

MARY BETH'S POPOVERS

1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. salt
3 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup milk
2 Tbls. melted butter

Sift the flour and salt into a bowl. Add the lightly beaten eggs, milk and melted butter. Beat the mixture with a rotary beater until the batter is smooth. Heat the popover pans (or muffin pans) until they are hot and then butter them generously. Fill the cups half full with the batter and bake in a very hot oven, 450 degrees, for 20 minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees and continue baking for 20 to 25 minutes, or until the popovers are brown and crisp.

MARY BETH ENJOYED CONCERT BY YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear Friends:

This is an unusually quiet Sunday afternoon! The girls are involved with their books; Paul is off for a combination birthday-swimming-dinner party; and Don is outside spraying the lawn in a valiant attempt to keep ahead of the weeds. He's still wall building, too. The retaining wall, which will one day run along the southwest side of our driveway and quite importantly keep the entire yard from washing into the Fox River Valley, seems to be taking as long to build as the Great Wall in China. He is eager to get started with our shrubbery plantings, but the sight of the unfinished wall seems to demand every spare second of his time. And with his traveling and being away from home so much his "spare" minutes are all too few.

He's feeling guilty about taking four weeks vacation all in one lump because he dislikes having such an unfinished look to his yard. And he worries about the neighbors' growing weary at looking at this endless project and wondering if it will ever be done. I reminded him that precious few of the neighbors devote as much time to their children as he does, and he'll be happy one day that he took time for the children and let the wall go when he had to make a choice. We'll be home from our trip through the West by mid-July, and then he will have all of August and September to devote to his back-breaking task.

We had a delightfully different evening one night in May when we went to church to hear a young singing group who were so outstanding that I want to tell you a little about them. I get several letters each month asking about certain of my church activities, and for this reason I want to include even more than the usual sketchy details. Our assistant pastor, Mr. Asher, is primarily involved with the youth activities in the church, and it was through his suggestion that the Pilgrim Fellowship sponsored the "Spurrlows". (Pilgrim Fellowship is the name which our church gives to its 9th, 10th, and 11th grade association.) Reverend Asher heard about the Spurrlows and decided, with the agreement of the P. F., that this was a group which deserved the church's support, and, indeed, after an evening listening to them, I am in total agreement.

The Spurrlows are a vibrant group of young people, ranging in age from 17 to 22, who sing out their hearts for Christ. Ten years ago a man named Thurlow Spurr, then a young music director of the Salem Baptist Church in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, called six other young people together and



Paul and Adrienne Driftmier stop a moment while walking through the Botanic Gardens in Milwaukee to have their picture taken.

polished up a concert of sacred music which he hoped would get through to the younger generation who were apparently rejecting the traditional treatment of anything relating to church. This group traveled throughout the Southeast, and it was here that they coined the name "Spurrlows". They were so successful that the Youth for Christ International asked Mr. Spurr to be its full-time music director.

Soon the production grew to 23 young people and now includes a vibrant brass section of eight pieces and a bass viola and piano accompanist. Their program, named "Splendor of Sacred Song", combined lights, color, sound effects, motion, all working into one sparkling program. There were some segments that felt uncomfortable about such dazzling testimony in the House of the Lord, but wherever they went young people were jamming into the sanctuaries and civic halls to hear them.

In 1962, under the title of Splendor Productions, Mr. Spurr began holding auditions for a full-time, year-round troupe moving from coast to coast. They rehearse on the road and perform three to six concerts a day. Since 1964 the Spurrlows have been under contract to the Chrysler Corporation on behalf of their Driver Education Program. This takes them into high schools where they sing their safety story and then on their own they book sacred music programs when they are in a city for several days.

When we arrived at church we sat down in a mood of not knowing what to expect. We took the children because we thought they needed to see young folks stand up and really sing for fun about God. They had two large amplifiers set up in the front of the church with four microphones placed across the front of the lower part of the sanctuary. They started out with a perfectly hair-raising rendition of all eight brass

pieces playing "Onward Christian Soldiers". Then the director asked everyone to join in singing "Lead On, O King Eternal" and I noticed how enormous our voices sounded. I noticed that the church was filled, downstairs and up in the balcony and, as if led by a Pied Piper, 75% of those in the audience were the young people to whom the Spurrlows wanted to get their message. I don't know where these young people came from or even if they were all members of our church, but there they sat, and I couldn't help but marvel at this man's success. The vocal group soon joined the brass section in the front of the church and there appeared the sharpest, most up-to-date, good-looking group of late teens and early twenty-year-olds you would ever hope to see. No squares these! One of the second sopranos was 1966 "Junior Miss" from Ohio. Many of them are pre-seminary students; many were music majors in college (all were soloists in their own right); many of the girls were Bible college students; and all of them, just for the privilege of singing with the Spurrlows for a year, were donating a year from school just to give witness to their personal belief in God and Jesus Christ.

After reading every morning in the paper what a foolish image so few of this age group are giving to the great group of young people in this country, it was really refreshing, to say the least, to see these nice young men, with clean-shaven faces and neat haircuts, and girls with something other than long, endless mops of unwashed hair coming forth to sing with such joy for a cause that isn't very much in vogue today. If these youngsters can get their message across to this enormous age group in our country there may yet be a chance to salvage the moral standards that once were so acceptable in this country.

As for pay, these folks asked for a freewill offering during the course of the concert, which, incidentally, lasted 90 minutes, and they earned every penny that was collected. Their selections were many good old favorites, some new ones which Billy Graham has written, and several patriotic numbers. These, they hastened to explain, were included because they love their country and they wanted to remind people that God does bless America.

I was moved by their program and it was obvious that the young folks in the church were caught up by their spirit.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

(Editor's Note: This outstanding singing group Mary Beth enjoyed so much has made a number of recordings. See page 23.)

WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

by
Evelyn Birkby

The breeze blowing softly from Lake Superior ruffled the sides of our nearby tent and brightened the flames of the campfire at our feet. It had been a happy day with a hike back into the heavy timber to find a waterfall. Small pools had collected in depressions in the rocks and our three boys had especially enjoyed wading in the sun-warmed water and searching for natural treasures which had accumulated in accessible corners.

We talked of all the beauties we had seen and fun we had enjoyed during our hike.

"I liked swimming under the waterfall best of all," Craig stated.

"That water was certainly warmer than Lake Superior!" Bob chuckled.

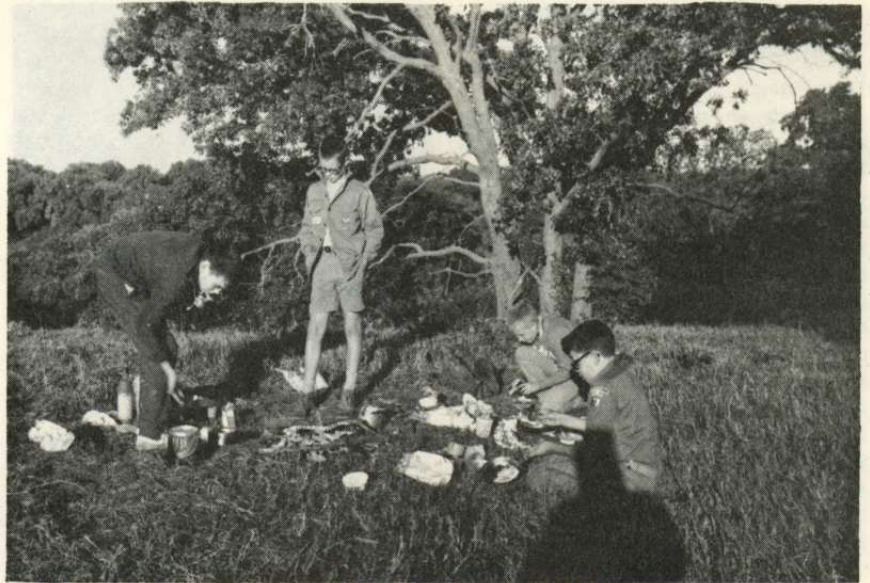
"I liked eating our sandwiches up on the cliff overlooking the lake," Jeff chimed in. "We could see way out to the east where the iron ore boat was pushing through the water. But not one person was around except our family. I really think that was best of all. It was so quiet."

"Did you notice the little wild flowers back where the forest was deep and dark and moist?" Robert asked his sons. "One murky place had such a beautiful lady's-slipper. Those Showy Lady's-Slipper or Moccasin Flower are very difficult to find anymore, yet they were once so common the flower was declared Minnesota's state flower. It is a good lesson for us when we realize that people who have dug up or picked the Showy Lady's-Slipper have almost destroyed it."

"Is that why you get so cross with the Scouts in your troop back home when they pick or pull up wild flowers even when it looks like *millions* are growing?" Craig asked his father.

"Yes, indeed. It may look as if more flowers are around than can ever be destroyed, but if I pull one and you pick one or two and the next person who comes along does the same, and the next, it isn't long until no flowers are left for any of us to enjoy. Being careful of wild life, either animal or plant, is a quality every parent should instill in his child and not wait for a Scoutmaster or teacher to emphasize."

"We were reading in school about Albert Schweitzer and his idea of *reverence for life*," Bob added. "Perhaps if more people had Dr. Schweitzer's love for all living things and would let plants and animals live and grow strong we wouldn't have many of the troubles we now have with both plants and animals of some kinds disappearing."



Many organized youth groups stress conservation practices. This group of Scouts is cleaning up camp in preparation for a nature hike. Bob Birkby is on the left and Craig Birkby is standing in the center. Jim Beneke and Jeff Penn of the Sidney troop are the Scouts on the right.

"Much of this destruction has come because of ignorance or neglect," Robert agreed with his son. "Some of the damage is done because of selfishness and greed. Commercial interests try to make as much money as they can and conservation often does not enter into their thinking."

"Building cities, creating great stretches of highway, clearing out trees and using our streams and rivers as dumping places for refuse, have all taken a great toll in plants and animals. We may call it progress but it does have a destructive side as well."

"I remember a film we saw in Junior High which started with a thick marsh land which was drained for farm land. It showed all the little animals which died because their natural home was gone," Jeff spoke up.

"Conservationists are discovering a need for these so-called swamplands. These marshy areas serve as reservoirs to store water. They are also important breeding grounds for tiny plants and creatures which float out to the ocean and provide food for the fish which live in the deep water. This balance of nature is more far reaching than we've realized," Robert said to Jeff.

"This must be a problem everywhere," Bob chimed in. "Do you remember the forest ranger telling of mining groups who wanted permission to go into state park areas to mine minerals? Out in California problems have developed over the redwood trees with both lumber and highway groups wanting to cut down numbers of these great trees. I also read not long ago that the dunes around the south shore of Lake Michigan are still in danger of

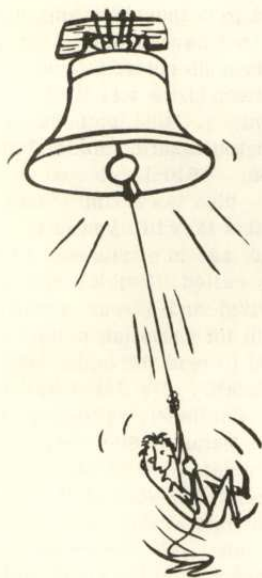
being destroyed because of commercial desires."

"I guess this is a problem all over the world," Craig insisted. "Our teacher told us about the fish in the ocean and the seals and the whales and other animals which no country can protect because they are out in the sea."

"Even in our country where we do have protecting laws to protect species which are threatened with extinction we still have trouble with dishonest people. However, it sounds as if conservation is a big problem far off someplace. There is a *great deal* we can do *right at home*. Remember the hike we took along the top of the bluff west of Sidney?" The boys all nodded as their father continued. "One of the farmers had taken a bulldozer and pushed a path through the length of his land. A Scout group from the city is using one section of that trail for camp-outs. A hiking trail could be developed all along the bluffs from Hamburg to Sioux City if farmers and conservation groups would get interested and work together in putting through such a project. The Appalachian Trail goes for 2,000 miles from Maine to Georgia and it began with one person, Benton MacKaye, who envisioned such a hiking trail and then worked up enough enthusiasm to make it a reality."

"Any person with a conservation or recreation idea of value," Robert explained, "should enlist aid from his local Chamber of Commerce, County Conservation Board, local club and church groups, 4-H clubs, Scout troops, county soil and water conservation officers, State Department of Agriculture, National Forest Service and Depart-

(Continued on page 22)



Ding Dong Party

For the Fourth of July

by
Erma Reynolds

Ringling bells, the Fourth of July's new noisemaker, will peal out the sound of freedom on our Nation's birthday. Why not plan a DING DONG PARTY for the young folks as a gay way to celebrate the holiday.

Take advantage of July's warm weather and make this an outdoor party. Hang bells (purchasable at stationery stores), red, white and blue streamers, and balloons everywhere.

For a *Ding Dong Relay*, the guests form two relay teams. The leader of each team is given a bell with a handle. At the starting signal the players hold their hands behind their back, and the bell is started down the line, passing from hand to hand. The catch to this relay is that the bell must not make a sound. Should it ring, back it goes to the leader to be started over again. When the bell reaches the last player in the line he rings it loudly, and then starts it back to the leader. This time the players hold their hands over their heads to receive the bell. First team to finish wins the relay, and each player on the team is rewarded with a lollypop.

Hit-a-Bell Contest comes next. Three bells, of different sizes, are hung on a line suspended at shoulder height. Each player in turn stands on a throwing line about six feet away, and pitches 10 soda bottle tops at the bells. Hitting the small bell counts 10 points, next size, 5 points, and the largest 1 point. When everyone has had a turn, player with high score is rewarded with a bottle of soda pop.

One guest, chosen to be the *Bell*

Ringer, has a large cardboard bell hung around his neck, and is given a bell with a handle. Each guest receives a paper clapper with a piece of sticky tape attached to one end. They are instructed to write their name on the clapper. In turn, the players are blindfolded and set out to try to attach their clapper to its proper position on the cardboard bell. No easy task this, for the "bell ringer" keeps moving, ringing his bell all the while. He can bend and twist, but must keep ringing his bell to give the blindfolded player a clue to his position. The moment a player touches an object with his clapper, he must stick it to the spot and leave the game. At the end of the contest any player who succeeded in landing his clapper on the proper spot on the bell is rewarded with a grand prize for this amazing feat.

For *Bell Tell*, each player is given a pencil and paper. They are allowed 10 minutes to write down words, or phrases, that contain the word "Bell". For example; bellhop, bell the cat, etc. At the end of the time limit the player with the longest list receives a small dictionary.

For a more active game, designate a very large playing area and mark a starting line at one end. At the opposite side of the course, suspend a bell at shoulder height. One player, chosen to be "it", is given a hand bell, and stands by the suspended bell, with his back to the other players, who stand on the starting line, facing the bell. Without looking at the players, "it" rings his hand bell. As long as it is ringing the player may race toward the suspended bell. But, when "it" stops ringing, and turns suddenly to look at them, the players must freeze on the spot. Anyone caught moving, or laughing, is sent back to the starting line. Players may "tattle" on each other if they detect signs of moving or laughing. "It" then turns his back again and resumes the ringing. First player to reach the suspended bell and ring it is the winner of the contest, and is rewarded with a candy bar. This contest may be repeated a number of times as long as the players are having fun, choosing a new "it" for each "run".

The refreshment table is covered with a red cloth, with bells cut from grey construction paper, scattered here and there. Paper plates and napkins are decorated with a red, white and blue holiday motif.

The menu consists of individual bell salads, made by laying half a canned pear, hollow side down, on a round of red gelatin, with a maraschino cherry serving as the clapper. Sandwiches, are cut bell-shaped. Dessert is vanilla ice cream topped with red cherry sauce, and the beverage is red fruit punch.

CROPS

by
Lillian M. Bartlow

As we rode along through North Dakota, beautiful blue fields came into view. They were large and I thought I had never seen fields so pretty. I was used to the pinkish white of a buckwheat field in New York, but that did not compare with this. Then someone in the party said, "It's flax." After a minute, I thought of Martha Ostenso's novel, *Wild Geese*, where the man burned to death in his ripe flax fields in a prairie fire. One could see that it could happen in these large areas with dry plants four feet high. Then I remembered that the early Lake Dwellers of the Stone Age in Switzerland raised flax. Pieces of clothing and fish nets made of linen have been found. Later I learned that this had been the most important textile fiber of North American colonies until the invention of the cotton gin made cotton cheap enough to be used for ordinary purposes. Until I saw these fields, I had no idea of its beauty.

Going on up into Saskatchewan, we came to waving yellow fields. If the flax fields had seemed large, these seemed farther than I could see — much, much larger. I thought, "It's mustard" — but what can be done with so much mustard! Where I had lived a farmer pulled it out of his crops. Or, if it was wide-spread, ploughed it under. But what in the world do they do with all this? A little bit of mustard spice goes a long way. When we stopped at a service station, I inquired of the attendant, "Are all these yellow fields crops?" He answered, "Oh yes, ma'am", apparently thinking it a queer question. So I asked, "Is it mustard and what do they do with it?" Very definitely he said, "It isn't mustard. It is rape, grown for the oil from the seeds and the market is Japan." I asked no more questions and assumed it was cooking oil. On looking it up, I find that as a cooking oil it is used throughout Asia. Here in North America we once used it as a lubricant.

These things brought to my mind my first trip through Prince Edward Island. We noticed the green fields — not very large fields but nice farm crops with deep green leaves. And I said, "Potatoes." As we went on there were more of these green acres and more and more, on and on it was the same. Finally, I began to doubt myself and thought, "Can I be wrong — don't I know potatoes when I see them?" Aloud I said, "Well, maybe I am wrong but they look just like the potatoes we grew at home on the farm. But it is the only crop I see." We drove on and

(Continued on page 22)



COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

It may strike some of you, however fond of animals you may be, that owning thirty-five cocker spaniels at one time is rather too much of a good thing (and that's not taking into account a pair of Irish setters and three decidedly overmatched cats). But at Stillmeadow, Gladys Taber's 1690 farmhouse surrounded by thirty-eight acres of woods and meadows, there is always room for one more. The entire Taber "dog-clan" is written about in *Epecially Dogs... Especially at Stillmeadow* (J. B. Lippincott Co., 191 pages, \$4.50).

Gladys Taber's legion of devoted fans as well as dog lovers who haven't yet had the pleasure of her acquaintance will welcome this wonderfully warm, human and evocative book which brings together for the first time all of the author's beloved dog-friends from Timmie, the Irish setter male she owned when she was a girl in Wisconsin, to Holly, her beautiful prize-winning Irish bitch.

"I got my first dog in place of a diamond ring," she begins. "The ring was to be a present from my father because I was doing well in grade school . . . I said I didn't want any old ring, I wanted an Irish setter. He said he had no idea of getting me an unsanitary pet. Mama said nothing, for she never interfered with our deadly conflicts. Papa said I was the most ungrateful child ever born to a long-suffering parent and I said I wanted an Irish setter." She got her dog and "Timmie" won over the household — and the neighborhood.



Ann Swanson (right) and her cousin, Annette Kirchhoff, agree that "Tak" is a very special dog. He belongs to their cousins in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

This is a book you will want to share. Probably you will find yourself reading passages to whoever is within earshot. In it you will learn how Mrs. Taber took care of the new puppies, housebroke, raised and trained them; nursed them through illnesses; took them through obedience training. Most exciting of all are the dog shows which Holly, a born trouper, thoroughly enjoyed — from the first field trial up to the final show ring at Langley Field, Virginia, where she was named Champion Stillmeadow Hollyberry Red. This joyful account of the Stillmeadow dogs will surely become one of Gladys Taber's best-loved books.

Since her father was a mining engineer, the family traveled much during her childhood. She learned to call many places home, among them New Mexico, Old Mexico, California and Illinois. When her father finally settled down as head of the geology department at Lawrence College, Mrs. Taber says, "I spent my happiest years in Appleton, Wisconsin."

(*Epecially Dogs . . . Especially at Stillmeadow* by Gladys Taber may be

ordered from the publishing company if you do not have a book store near you. Address requests as follows: Mr. Ralph C. Glisson, Director, Mail Service Department, J. B. Lippincott Co., East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Enclose payment, \$4.50 — plus tax if applicable — or request that they bill you later.)

Awhile ago in a magazine I read some essays called "Rejoice and Be Glad" — a vivid and joyous account of the struggle for Christian perfection — and decided to read the entire book. Called *The Quantity of a Hazel Nut* (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, \$4.95), it is written by Fae Malania. She marvels not only at the great world of sky and mountain and ocean, but also at the little world of daily duties. She looks at the "ordinary" and the "commonplace" and sees beyond to the secret splendor at the heart of all things. From a pigeon on East 36th St. to the clouds of the Manitoba sky, from a phrase in the Psalms to the Prayer of Consecration in the Mass, from a vague memory of a great-grandmother to a disconcerting precise analysis of a saint, all things convey "bright realities of being . . ." She writes a wholehearted search for joy has to be dug for, in people, in work.



WHAT'S A GRANDMA?

A Grandma is a lady who has no children of her own, so she likes other people's little children. A Grandfather is a man Grandmother. He goes for walks with the boys and they talk about fishing and things like that.

Grandmas don't have to do anything except be there. They're so old they shouldn't play hard. It is enough if they drive us to the supermarket where the pretend horse is and have lots of dimes ready. Or if they take us for walks, they should slow down past things like pretty leaves or caterpillars. They should never say "hurry up."

Usually they are fat, but not too fat. They wear glasses. They can take their teeth and gums off. It is better if they don't typewrite or play cards, except with us. They don't have to be be smart, only answer questions like why dogs hate cats and how come God isn't married. They don't talk baby talk like visitors do, because it is hard to understand. When they read to us, they don't skip words or mind if it is the same story again.

Everybody should try to have a Grandmother, especially if you don't have television, because Grandmas are the only grownups who have got time.

—by a third grade pupil



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THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

July! This month all vegetation seems to stand still, and the drowsiness of summer is upon us. Come July 4th, don't forget to fly the flag. There is something about the ceremony of flying Old Glory that excites a spirit of great love and reverence. July, the month of vacations, picnics, county fairs, and, if you're lucky, a circus somewhere close.

You are really among friends if you can polish your bifocals on your petticoat.

I like the lowly sunflowers — their sunny yellow petals and brown cushion-like centers. They have the "look you in the eye" approach.

Take time to pause occasionally and reaffirm faith in yourself.

Nothing can be sweeter and more welcome than these two little words, "Hi, Mom!"

Someone has said, "It is better to struggle through life with a broken wing than to have no wings at all."

The sing-song of the cicada tells us that summer is at its peak.

What has become of the old-fashioned virtue of contentment?

Have you found a four-leaf clover this summer? Remember when putting one in your shoe was supposed to bring good luck? Perhaps the clover was a bit bedraggled at the end of one day's wearing but we kept right on wearing it until it was nothing but green dust — it was then the wish was supposed to come true.

I "betcha" that if you smile at a total stranger it will be returned. Maybe the smile will be even bigger and broader than the one you gave.

Choose this day the habits you would have rule over you.

Someone has described America's torch of freedom as "Hi, Neighbor!"

I remember: My mother's patience as she taught me to embroider . . . playing marbles with my youngest brother . . . entertaining at my first boy-girl party . . . holding my dad's hand as I would skip to keep pace with his long easy strides.

"RAG RUGS" FROM PLASTIC

by
Evelyn S. Cason

It takes a normal amount of skill and a king-sized lot of patience to crochet rugs from plastic bags. Loyd Harper of Salem, Missouri, has both, and he has recently added this activity to a variety of creative hobbies. Loyd's first job is caring for an invalid mother, so he puts this time at home to good use with his natural talent for making things. This ranges from purses, lamps or birdhouses made from ice cream sticks, to flower planters made from old tires, painted and decorated with bird or flower design. One of the favorite articles he has built for me is a little farm wagon — the size of a child's toy wagon — complete with wooden wheels and springboard seat, and painted a farm-wagon red and green.

But one of the most popular items is

crocheted "rag rugs". He has made them for us with our family name in red in the center, against a white background, and bordered in navy blue.

I had read of rugs being made from plastic bags, such as bread wrappers, cleaner's bags, etc., and asked Loyd to do one for me. We were all completely amazed at how colorfully and beautifully it worked up. He has also made one from scraps I cut from my plastic drapes.

The plastic is more difficult to cut than rags, so I offered my pinking shears and it has simplified the job. Also, he finds that a plastic needle works better than a wooden one.

I have read of these rugs fashioned in designs — one of which was in the shape of a ship — and I'm sure Loyd could make one, but for now he is confining himself to the simple basic round or oval ones, and their attractive appearance never fails to call for comments from those who see them.



FUN TIME IS BLEACH TIME

This time of year, shirts and blouses get changed oftener, get dirty quicker. That means they get bleached oftener . . . and can grow old faster.

Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**! It's the handy powdered bleach that always gets whites whiter and colors brighter. Yet, because it contains no harsh chlorines, more-frequent bleaching with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** doesn't shorten fabric life. Even the new synthetics stay new looking longer.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

SOUNDS

by
Marie Mitchell

One evening, after my children were tucked into bed, safe and soundless, I reflected upon sounds and the glory and enrichment they bring into our lives.

Memories of past vacations brought to mind the sound of the sea pounding against the rocks, a crackling campfire, campfire songs, whispering leaves, singing birds and brooks, crickets chirping, acorns falling and cameras clicking.

Animals, insects and birds aren't always silent. We've all heard a dog's bark, a cat's purr, a horse's neigh, a rooster's crow, a hen's cluck, a bullfrog's croak, a bee's hum, and a flock of crows holding a "caw-cus".

Seasonal sounds which came to mind included the rustling of autumn leaves, the patter of summer rain on a roof, the wind whistling through the trees, the crackle of a fire in a fireplace, blustery winds, school buses, parades, Christmas bells and the rustle of gift wrapping paper.

Homey sounds emanate from: a clock ticking to itself, steps, musical instruments, voices, wind chimes, appliances, cookery, toys, games, a rocking chair, dishes being washed, lawn mowers, scis-



Mrs. Ed Lewis is another proud mother of a brand-new baby boy. Helen is in charge of our book-keeping department and has adjusted her workday around little Dale's schedule.

sors, shears, gardening tools, a doorbell, a telephone, hair clippers, a cuckoo clock, a door opening or closing, an egg beater, a food chopper, a vacuum cleaner, a toaster, and coffee chuckling in a percolator.

What happy sounds we generally asso-

ciate with: laughing, shouting children at play, swings and gates, roller skates, seashells, oars, clowns, bands, choirs, church bells, blenders, mixers, corn poppers, knitting needles, sewing machines, record players, pianos, whistling, humming, singing, radios, television sets, stereos, and musical instruments.

Not all sounds are euphonious, of course. There are shrieks and screams, wails and howls, cries and whines, slams and bangs, clanks and clangs, crashes and screeches; but lovely sounds outnumber the unlovely, by far. Truly, the world abounds in glorious sounds — ours for the listening.

HOME

The braided rugs, chintz-covered chairs,
Milk glass of satin white;
Geraniums in quaint old pots,
And rare books to delight.
The walnut table's marble top
Attracts one by its treasure . . .
Small figurines and Dresden cups
Of value beyond measure.

Yet eye can never see the wealth
Within these faded walls . . .
The loving warmth of hearts THAT TRUST,
And JOYS each one recalls.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

MOTHERS, LET'S STRIKE — Concluded

Supposing mothers decided to call a strike demanding more money, shorter hours, better working conditions, some fringe benefits. Habits ingrained through the years are not easily shed. After successfully coping with chicken pox, children's birthday parties and 'daddy said I could' refrainers, a small matter such as a prospective walkout will not faze her. But her household must be put in order first. Mother Organizer advises all the other mothers to get this orderliness accomplished as quickly as possible. Mothers A to Z slog through their schedules with amazing rapidity, and in a state of near exhaustion reach, say item no. 9. What happens next? Routine attention demanders such as mounds of clammy clothes and dirty dishes clamor for immediate pristine restoration, and a schedule succumbs to Humpty Dumpty's fate.

Would an announcement of an imminent mothers strike cause consternation, concern, even one raised eyebrow? Not on your life! Everyone knows about a mother's lists and schedules, to say nothing of routine contingencies and setbacks. They know full well that as soon as she completes, say item no. 7 on a lengthy list, a strident setback, such as an ailing child, will put her schedule right out of whack. What with lists, schedules, contingencies and setbacks, any proposed strike never has a chance to get off the ground. That is the reason why a rally cry such as 'Mothers, Let's Strike' elicits nothing more than a smile.



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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

JULY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

Send Us Men".

Leader: Recall the lines by James Russell Lowell, "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide". For us that moment is now at hand to speak up in our church and our clubs — to vote — to promote equal opportunity projects and, if none are needed in our area to promote them, to give our time, our talents, our prayers, and to share of our affluence and knowledge — to offer love and understanding and friendship to all peoples, so that once again America may become the land of freedom and opportunity which our founding fathers intended — for Indian, Negro, migrant, — red and yellow, black and white — from Appalachia to Apache Reservation to Watts — from "sea to shining sea". Then we must go the second mile to see that the farthest reaches of the globe feel and know our love and compassion. This is the challenge of the age!

If we answer, what will it mean to us? We light these three candles for the three things it will demand of us.

First, it means **DEVOTION** to God first and then to his causes in behalf of the welfare of his people, wherever they may be.

Second, it means **COMMITMENT** to those beliefs and ideals which we know in our hearts are right and just.

Third, it means **LOYALTY** to our commitment, our convictions, and our church.

Who will answer?

Hymn: "Lord, Speak to Me That I May Speak".

Benediction: "Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

"O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

—St. Francis of Assisi

(Note: The words of this lovely prayer have been set to music, so perhaps you have a soloist who would sing it to close the service.)

TO A NEIGHBOR

The rolls are warm and fresh and good,
The coffee's brewing as it should.
Not significant at all:
Whose turn it is to pay a call,
How brief or long a time has passed,
Or who has corresponded last;
Don't calculate who's owing whom,
Or obligations. Just assume
We'd love to have you come again,
And need you every now and then.

—Marilyn Brown

A FAVORITE PRAYER OF
CARDINAL CARDINAL OF BOSTON

Slow me down, Lord. Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me, amid the confusion of the day, the calmness of the everlasting hills. Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that still live in my memory. Help me to know the magical restoring power of sleep.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations . . . of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to

pat a dog, to answer a child's questions, to read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, that I may know that the race is not always to the swift; that there is more to life than increasing its speed. Let me look upward into the branches of the towering oak, and know that it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values, that I may grow more surely toward the stars.

—Anonymous

WHO DOES THE CLEANING
AT YOUR HOUSE?

If you are scrubbing and rubbing at stains and fingerprints—if you are rinsing or wiping away froth, scum and left-over suds—if you are scrubbing when you should be only wiping, then **YOU** are doing the work your cleaner should be doing for you.

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Your grocer has **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, or can get it if you ask him. Remember:

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LEANNA'S LETTER - Concluded

Wells who lives not far from Springfield.

"Brows may wrinkle,
Hair grow gray,
But Friendship
Never fades away."

Old friends are also counted among my many blessings, and new ones, too, so perhaps today you'll sit down and write a letter to us.

Sincerely,

Leanna



Howard's and Mae's two little granddaughters, Lisa and Natalie, stopped their play so their Aunt Margery could take some pictures. Their parents are Donna and Tom Nenneman of Ralston, Nebraska.

WHAT'S IT TO YOU? - Concluded

ment of Interior. Local newspapers can be of great help in getting the news out to the people, also."

The fire was beginning to burn low and Craig was yawning. "I don't know if the Department of Interior would listen to me or not," he chuckled, "but I do know I'm going to work on my Conservation of Natural Resources merit badge in Scouts this year. It says I should pick up all litter and remind my parents and friends to do the same. I need to find ways to help make our roadside parks and places near where we live cleaner and prettier. That sure is something everybody could do. But I think I'll start tomorrow. I'm going to bed."

And Craig, his bright red blanket wrapped around him Indian style, shuffled into the waiting tent, thoughts of his coming conservation projects tumbling in his head.

CROPS - Concluded

stopped at a shop where I bought a little book. In it I read about the educational opportunities available and used by a great part of the people and also of the attainments of these people. Then I learned that the most important exports of Prince Edward Island are "Seed potatoes and Professors". This answered my questions about this small, beautiful part of Canada.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

generous things, and I am always getting mad at myself for overlooking some of the opportunities to be generous that must come to me a dozen times a day. The other day I read about a man stopping at a small restaurant run by a blind veteran. When the man paid his bill, he paid it with a paper dollar. The blind veteran asked what denomination the bill was, and then he expertly made the right change. The customer asked: "Do you ever have trouble with people giving you ones and saying that they are fives?" "No, sir," he replied, "The only trouble I have is with people who give me fives and tell me they're ones!" Oh! the ecstasy of giving a five-dollar bill when all that is honestly expected of us is one dollar, and oh! the joy of writing a generous check knowing that the check is like a gift from heaven for the person or the institution receiving it. One of the divine miracles about generosity is that the less we have to do with, the bigger the reward of giving. Remember the story of the widow's mite?

Sincerely,

Frederick

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"With county fairs and flower shows just around the corner," writes a reader, "I would like some information on growing exhibition flowers. Last spring I selected flowers recommended in the seed catalogues as being the better varieties of their kind. Should I disbud everything so as to get a few larger blooms to exhibit? I sowed many of the annual flowers in rows in the garden so I could have a good selection. My neighbor tells me the plants are too thick in the rows and that I should pull out every other one. I water and feed them generously so feel this isn't necessary. What is your advice?"

Over-crowding is a bad fault that most of us are guilty of because we cannot bear to pull out a flowering plant. You would be wise to take your neighbor's advice and thin the plants in the rows to allow ample room for the remaining plants to develop properly. Giving too much plant food to annuals will result in lush, soft growth and few blooms. If the soil is reasonably rich most annual flowers will grow well without additional plant food. It is a good idea to water them if rainfall is insufficient as is often the case in late July.

As to disbudding, only certain flowers require this for exhibit. Many dahlia classes specify the flower should be grown "disbudded". Chrysanthemums and peonies are two perennials that may be disbudded for show purposes as this makes for larger and better individual blooms.

Flower show judges do not necessarily look for the largest flowers in an exhibit; rather, they want uniformity, clearness of color, sturdy, straight stems, good substance, and clean healthy foliage which is indication of good cultural practices.

It is important to condition show specimens properly. A wilted, limp exhibit will be ignored by the judges no matter how lovely it looked in the garden. Cut the stems of flowers on a slant and place them in warm water immediately. Set the container in a cool room overnight. The warm water is taken up into the stems more easily than cold water.

For a parting tip, don't attempt to exhibit a large flower such as a gladiolus stock or a dinner plate dahlia in a catsup bottle! Use a container that does not tip easily and that will hold enough water for the duration of the show. Quart milk bottles work nicely for such flowers.

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—Marjorie Spiller Neagle

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